

Shaking Hands

FOR many years we have been warned by doctors against kissing. Now we are told that shaking hands is dangerous. Asiatics rub cheeks or noses. Hindus fall in the dust when greeting superiors.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1682, of Murillo, the Spanish painter, whose masterpieces are found in all the great galleries of Europe. An "Immaculate Conception" hangs in the Louvre.

BEAUTY'S WORTH

The Delightful Love Story of a Quaker Maid

A Fascinating Romance in Which an Ingenuous and Beautiful Girl Finds the Rainbow's End.

Follow This Serial Here, Then See It in Motion Pictures at the Leading Theaters Soon.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Prudence Cole, whose ancestors founded the Quaker settlement of Pottstown, finds herself as a little girl left motherless. Her father leaves her to be brought up by two aunts—the Misses Elizabeth and Cynthia Whitney. While she is with them, being reared in the old homestead, her father dies. Prudence is the delight of her relatives. She weaves a girlish romance about Henry Garrison, a good-looking boy, and defends him against the aspersions of a newcomer, Cheyne Rowell, whose language shocks the aunts. The Garrisons plan to leave Pottstown and Prudence laments.

On the eve of his going, the son of the house of Garrisons met his inamorata on her own front porch and barely had time to inform her that he had something important to impart when his mother swept him into the living room, and he departed with the secret untold.

And although Prudence wrote to him with the permission of her aunts he never put his declaration on paper and his handwriting proved such a puzzle that even youthful admiration could not stand the strain of deciphering it.

To answer a letter you cannot read is more than a labor of love. The correspondence fell off, ceased altogether; the Garrisons became a shadow, a mist, a myth, and then were referred to as the people who used to live in the white house on the Square.

"It is comforting to know Mr. Garrison is growing rich," said Miss Cynthia.

"It is comforting for his wife, but not for anyone else," replied Elizabeth.

"It will be comforting for his son," remarked her sister; "that is, unless he has developed a great deal."

"His mother regarded him as very gifted," Elizabeth put in. Miss Cynthia smiled, and the Garrisons were not mentioned again for a year.

A Mere Memory.

Meanwhile, Master Rowell had also vanished with his family, root and branch. Where, no one knew and no one cared. With Prudence the memory of Henry lingered, fostered by sporadic allusions to the family, but Master Rowell grew dimmer and dimmer and finally faded out of her view altogether save as a freckled boy whose very name she could not recall.

But neither the departure of the Garrisons nor the elimination



The demure Prudence Cole (Marion Davies) arrives at the fashionable summer resort as Mrs. Garrison's guest and is shocked by the offer of a cigarette from Amy Tillson, to whom Henry has introduced her.

THERE was nothing for it but to walk away with dignity; this Prudence proceeded to do and Master Rowell, transferring his interest to a passing farm wagon, got a hitch an apparently forgot all about her.

She stood aside to let the wagon pass and refused to look at her dangling tormentor. Nor did he openly look back, but out of the corner of his eye he observed her stolen glances in his direction.

"He's horrid an I hate him," she said aloud as the wagon lumbered out of sight.

"Wait till I meet that Henry. I'll lick him good," said the boy.

The Garrisons moved out of Pottstown almost as silently as the Arabs fold their proverbial tents, and, strange to say, even in that quiet and exclusive town, life seemed to go along much the same.

For a while Mrs. Garrison was missed by the ladies and Mr. Garrison by the small boys, but Henry, the youngster, made no visible hole in the social landscape.

of the boy who could draw seemed to check the growing beauty of Prudence Cole, now blooming into her teens in the ancient home of her ancestors.

But her aunts were firm in the belief that all she needed to imbibe of higher education was available in the Quaker school, and thus when she had reached eighteen she knew very little of

the ways of the world the Garrisons lived in and evinced no desire to know more.

There always seems to be a pleasure for certain people to revisit the scenes of their youth; and, strange to say, mighty few reap any satisfaction from the experience. The banker coming back to the shaky little shingled house where he passed his early years

does not see the romance about it; his fancy has pictured; rather, he is inclined to say: "How did I ever live here without a bathroom," and his wife ditto.

Perhaps an artist who has remained an artist while still a man may sense in the overgrown porch and the weather eaten eaves the spirit of the past and long to put it on canvas, but the only ones who

win a real thrill are those who, having gone away in modest circumstances come back as millionaires, not to see but to be seen, not to reminisce but to patronize.

And in such guise Mrs. Henry Gilfeather Garrison returned to Pottstown after more than a decade. Returned in a high powered touring car driven by an immaculate chauffeur and came with malice prepense.

With her was Henry, the boy who had been slapped; quite the correct young man of affairs now, Henry was one of those fashion-plates that puzzle the serious minded who have been taught that nature has a use for all things.

Henry's father must have lamented that Master Rowell never had a chance to catch his son again, but even then it is doubtful if Henry would have profited.

His mother broached the news of her proposed call on Pottstown to him at a summer resort not so far away.

"Pottstown?" asked Henry vacuously. "But why Pottstown?" "I want to call on some dear old friends of mine, the Whitneys," she explained, making a virtue of a worldly motive.

"But can't you go alone?" "No, my dear, I can't go alone—I want you to come with me—you know I don't ask you to do many things."

This insistence accounted for the glum look on Henry's face as the car whirled along the country roads toward the home of the first Mr. Potts.

"It's rather interesting country, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Garrison in the same tone she would have used if they had been riding from Orizaba to the crest of the Mexican plateau.

And Henry's answer would have been what it was now, a nod of his well manicured head.

"You know," remarked his mother with a well bred air, "you can't be with Amy all the time—you're not married yet."

"Wasn't thinking of Amy," he managed to reply.

"And I think you should be interested in seeing the old place where you had such happy times as a boy."

ed his protest with the almost rude remark, "Happy times with a lot of rubes."

"Some of the oldest families in the State," said his mother; "if they're rubes, then we're rubes."

"Oh, well," said Henry, whose mental equipment could not endure the strain of an argument.

Not a Bit Changed.

"You needn't forget that your grandmother lived in Pottstown," his mother went on "because I'm proud of the fact."

"It wouldn't do any good if father hadn't made the kale," he remarked.

"And your father wouldn't have died a rich man if I hadn't urged him on," added Mrs. Garrison a little proudly.

Her son had no evidence to the contrary; there was no mutuality of interest between him and his father and never had been. To the younger the elder had been the personification of easy money; to the older the younger in his own forceful language had been a "damned fool and never would be anything else."

He was so convinced of this fact he did what many rich men do not do; he made a will and left his fortune in trust, the interest to be paid to his widow and Henry to be provided for as she saw fit.

In doing this he showed a keen knowledge of his capable wife, who in spite of his faults was never known to give away something for nothing.

This had happened two years before and Mr. Garrison having made money like the industrious bee he was signed the document giving credit where credit was due and left this mortal hive to bask in fields of celestial clover and watch the play below.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Beatrice Fairfax, Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

WE hear a great deal of talk about "the good old days." We do a great deal of sighing over the sad past to which things are coming today. But I believe that no matter how discouraging surface indications are now and then, the world is moving ahead and growing. I think that we humans are learning more about living all the time.

Perhaps it takes a century to show change in the human race. But think of all the centuries it took to evolve a flaming mass of gases into this earth which we now know. Reflect how long it required to conquer the winds which long ago tribes tremulously worshipped, and to learn to ride above and through them in airplanes.

Humanity moved forward slowly. We came from life, which evolved in "primeval ooze." When our animal forebears learned to stand upright, they had accomplished a great thing in evolution. To hunt, to find caves, to evolve a spoken language, a written literature, all took centuries. Some scientists put the time through which man has been evolving at a million years. Some call it the trifling amount of five hundred thousand years. But in any event and at any count, we've been a long time on the way.

Even today we know little about our minds and their workings. We're just beginning to realize that sick nerves may make a body seem ill—that a badly functioning digestion may mean nothing more than a soul struggle. Twenty years ago this idea might have been laughed out of court. Today psychology has discovered that something is

bound to communicate itself from mind to body and from body to mind.

With this knowledge why should we become pessimistic over certain tendencies of today? The "wildness" of our young people may be deplorable in many senses. But if through the exuberant self expression of youth we come to a greater honesty with life and ourselves something great will be gained.

We clutter up our lives with many ancient prejudices. I'm not going contrary to a bit of verse by James Russell Lowell when I say this. His lines run: "In vain we call old notions fudge, and bend our conscience to our dealing. The Ten Commandments will not budge, and stealing still continues stealing."

This is true. But we have accepted a great many diets without thinking of them in the light of today. The stage coach has given way to the steam engine and the automobile. We accept all the discoveries of science and exploration and incorporate the changes in our lives. But in our human relations we move slowly. We are held by fear of change. What was right for people living under primitive conditions may be unnecessary for us in our age of modern invention and modern thought.

We need to keep our minds open. Each forward movement in knowledge of our minds and souls brings us nearer real humanity and worthwhile civilization.

Household Hints

Street begging is greatly on the increase in London.

With the latest telegraph instruments, it is possible to send twelve messages simultaneously on one wire.

The pipe which Sir Walter Raleigh smoked on the scaffold in 1618 is now in the private museum belonging to a London firm of tobacconists.

The Starry Jewels of the Milky Way

By Garrett P. Serviss, to the axis of the earth that as the earth rotates the Milky Way seems to swing eccentrically around the sky, its silvery zone now lying along the northern horizon from the east to the west point; now passing overhead in a great arch from northwest to southwest, and at the same hour of the night a few months later throwing its span from northwest to southeast.

It is most imposing and beautiful in the warm nights of summer, say about 8 P. M. at the end of July, when it rises from behind the northern horizon, directly under the Pole Star, with the beautiful Capella glimmering at the edge of its softly luminous scarf, passes west of the zenith, through the "Key" of Cassiopeia and the "Cross" of Cygnus, and by the outstretched "Wings" of Aquila, the Eagle, and finally breaks and spreads in vast glowing masses, like sheets of "summer lightning" congealed in the sky, imparting a wonderful splendor to the constellations, Scythia, Ophiuchus, Scorpio, and Sagittarius.

It is in the direction of Sagittarius, whose "Milk Dipper" is on the meridian about 10 P. M. in the latter part of July, that the heavens are richest in stars, and in that direction, it is believed, lies, at a distance of something like four hundred thousand trillions of miles.

The rich appearance of the Milky Way in that region is simply to be ascribed to the immense depth of stars through which the vision ranges. It is something like looking toward the center of an immense city. Among the plates of the Franklin-Adams photographic star-charts one has been found covering this Sagittarius region of the Milky Way on which the star clouds, over limited portions, "are so thick that in the case of twelve out of the twenty-five areas counted on it was found impossible to count every star shown; the images of the faintest stars in these regions merged into one another, forming a continuous gray background. On every other plate of the Franklin-Adams series even the faintest star images shown were separate and distinct, and the counts included all stars visible."

"The extreme richness of the Sagittarius region may be judged, then, when it is noticed that the incomplete counts on it show more stars than are found in any other part of the Milky Way."

The Milky Way is most inconspicuous in the evenings of April and May, when it lies along the northern horizon between the east and west points. But at the same time, in the Southern hemisphere it spans the sky in the magnificent "Southern Cross" glowing like a golden keystone at its apex. And, if you get up at an hour or two before sunrise in April

and May you will see the Milky Way in about the same position that it occupies in the evenings of July, with the marvelous Sagittarius region illuminating the southern horizon.

You ought, by all means, use some kind of optical aid in viewing the Milky Way. If you have not command of a telescope use a spy-glass, or an ordinary binocular, or an ordinary opera glass. The most interesting portions are in Sagittarius, Scorpio, Scutum, Sobieski, Cygnus, Aquila, Cassiopeia, Perseus. Around the head of the "Cross" in Cygnus, which begins to be well placed for evening observation during June, there are some remarkable dark or relatively vacant regions, sometimes called "coal-sacks," because of their contrast with the brighter areas surrounding them. These are most noticeable to naked-eye observation.

WHAT CAUSES RHEUMATISM

By Brice Belden, M. D. MANY cases of arthritis, so-called, do not represent actual involvement of the joint proper so much as of the tissues surrounding the joint (or joints). This fact gives added hope, in such cases, of accomplishing good results in the treatment.

We are not now concerned with the graver forms of arthritis, such as the condition known as arthritis deformans, in which extensive and intractable changes occur, but with the more common and less serious varieties.

Some of these cases of arthritis go by the name of chronic rheumatism, but there is no proof that rheumatism ever passes into a distinctly chronic condition or ever begins as a chronic affection. These cases seem to owe their origin to special factors bearing no relation to rheumatism.

Anything that will improve the general condition of these patients will help the joint trouble, in other words, good food, pure air, rest, bathing, freedom from worry, change of climate, etc.

It is a fact that very many of these patients are remarkably benefited by cutting down the carbohydrates in the diet, in other words, the starches and sugars. This, of course, means giving up such food as bread, which is quite a hardship for many people. But since the results are sometimes curative and almost always beneficial in these arthritis cases the sacrifice will be found to pay.

The patients promising the best results are those who have long been excessive consumers of carbohydrate foods and who are consequently of large body bulk.

Of course, being that you did not spring the joak yourself, sed Ma. You never seem to give me any credit for a sense of humor, sed Ma.

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk. MA was telling Pa a joak which she red in the paper and did not think much of the joak. The joak was about a man which his little boy a wudden whissel and wen the boy tried to blow it it wudden whissel.

Doant you see, sed Ma, the joak means that the whissel wudden whissel, it is merely a play on words, sed Ma.

Vary punkereno, sed Pa. Of course, being that you did not spring the joak yourself, sed Ma. You never seem to give me any credit for a sense of humor, sed Ma.

How can I give you any credit for a sense of humor, sed Pa, when the Tyrant put a appeal on the boy's head & told his father to shoot it off with a arrow, why dident William Tell? sed Pa.

See here, sed Ma, are you trying to riddi-kule me? Never in a 1,000 years, sed Pa.

You had better not, sed Ma. I will not toller-rate it. I wud go back to my mother. It is quick enuff if I whisseld for you on a wudden whissel, sed Pa.

You fatter yureself, sed Ma, and you are never flatter than wen you flatter yureself.

I guess Ma started something wen she read that joak & told it to Pa. Groat-up folks is hard to doap out sumtimes.

RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis. THE DOCTOR.

"O H. Doc, my lungs are on the blink, my liver's out of gear; now, tell me truly, do you think I'll last another year? I've no desire to rise each day, my number is distressed; at 9 a. m. I quit the hay with spirit sore depressed. I've worked too hard; of that I'm sure; but, Doc, what shall I do? Would you prescribe a long rest cure to make me feel like new?" The doctor hears such tales all day from many a husky crank; but still he smiles, he dare not say, "Dad-gum, gosh-darn, blank-blank!" though this is often what he thinks while hearing of such ills, and so he feeds them smelly drinks and pretty purple pills. The doctor wakes at day's first peep and works for sixteen hours; he gets but mighty little sleep and few bouquets of flowers. Folks call the doctor up at night and make him toddle out when Baby isn't breathing right or Grandma has the gout. And when he starts to eat his soup, and pumpkin pie in view, they phone him: Johnny has the croup; come hither, P. D. Q.!" He greets the hypochondriac and hears his dismal whine, and then he slaps him on the back and says, "You're looking fine!"

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1 cup Brown Sugar 2 cups Flour
1/2 cup Karo, Blue Label 1 teaspoon Ginger
2 tablespoons Cocoa 1/2 cup Maltol
1/2 cup Sour Milk 1 cup Raisins
1 teaspoon Baking Powder
1 teaspoon Baking Soda

Sift dry ingredients. Add raisins and stir. Mix Karo, Maltol and sour milk. Drop unbroken eggs into dry ingredients, add liquids and stir well. Bake in slow oven about forty-five minutes.

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