

## Cupid Works by Starlight

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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"You're an old maid, Susy Lawrence and you might as well face the fact!"

Susan Lawrence was staring into the mirror above her wash-bowl and pitcher when she made this barely audible remark. No one else was in the room. It was not the kind of room that Mrs. Tuppit allowed her boarders to entertain in. If they wished to have visitors, she explained, they must have them in the parlor. But Mrs. Tuppit's parlor—a rubber plant with dusty leaves blocked the window, and the chairs in ugly tapestry creaked loudly when Susy sank into their depths.

She had had only one visitor in Mrs. Tuppit's parlor, and he had not come back.

So now Susy kept to her room in the evenings and could sit in the straight chair beside the bureau or on her own cot. Her company was limited to one colored print on the wall and a little row of books on the window ledge.

Now she had just thrown her book down on the cot and gone over to stare at herself with critical eyes. It was quite true, she did look like an old maid. Not a hair of her smooth brown head escaped her hair net, and her white blouse was so immaculate that it was tiresome. Her eyes had lost their sparkle, but that was all.

"What have you got to complain of?" Susy went on harshly to the watchful reflection, "you're independent, your work isn't disagreeable and you're in New York, where you have all the advantages."

But a little voice on the other side of her mind interrupted, "If you can afford 'em."

She sat down suddenly on the little cot. She remembered the small town she had come from, where any one could "afford" the cool evening air, and the white stars. Where any one

last time he had seen her was in Mrs. Tuppit's parlor, and the last time she had seen him his broad back was disappearing down the steps of the brownstone house as she looked wistfully from between the Nottingham curtains.

He glanced down at her in surprise; little wisps of her hair blew about her cheeks and her bare white arms clasped her knees.

"Why, Susan Lawrence, how you've changed!" he exclaimed, trying to reconcile this picture with the prim girl in stiff blouse and stiffer manner he had seen last.

"And how you've changed, Petie Harris!" she gibed. "With a milk pail on one arm and—"

"And you want to be off with the raggle-taggle gypsies, do you?" he chuckled.

Susy stood up suddenly, poised on bare feet, and clutching her shoes in one hand she made a little break down the road. It was starlight; there was something provocative in the way she laughed back over her shoulder, and Peter Harris forgot everything but that she was a fleet white thing who was teasing him. He set his milk pail down, and in a few strides he had caught her, and looking down into her mocking face he said sternly: "I came into the city to see you, and when you sat across the room from me I couldn't talk to you, and the way you had—so stiff and cityfied—put me off—I never dared go again, Susy!"

Then very suddenly he leaned down and kissed her.

She broke away from his arms, and this time she did not take a few fleet steps, but she ran breathless, with thumping heart, through the meadow grass that cut her feet, stumbled into a rabbit hole, was up again with a sobbing breath and down the back road to Aunt Mame's white cottage. The screen door snapped behind her, and she reached the white fastness of her room, still unseen.

She, Susy Lawrence, had been kissed under the stars by a man she hadn't seen for a year! She knew all of a sudden why she had come back to the village. It was not the green hedgerows nor the daisy fields. It was not the white stars nor the meadow-sweet, but just Petie Harris, with his brown skin and his clear eyes and his great voice and strong arms. And he had kissed her under the stars! She did not sleep well that night, and when at dawn she tossed at last into oblivion, a tiny teasing thought came to the door of her mind. Why had he said, "So, Polly, you thought you could hide from me?"

Susy waited for him all next morning, but he did not come. In the late afternoon she packed her bag and decided to go back to the city at once.

She was saying good-by to Aunt Mame as a tall figure pushed open the gate.

"Going, Susy? I'll carry your bag," was all Peter Harris said.

They walked silently down the village street. Once Susy glanced up at his face, but the set look about the mouth frightened her. At the triangular common he put down her bag.

"You're changed again, Susy," he said, "and I can't get a word—"

"I suppose you want to tell me about Polly?" she asked in a repressed voice.

"Polly?" he questioned. "You mean the little kid on the next farm. No, it's about you—"

Susy flamed crimson. Then she gravely took off her hat, pulled off her hair net and smiled up at him. "Can you say it now?" she asked.

"Susy, Susy, you raggle-taggle gypsy," he whispered huskily, "you know what I want to say!"

"Perhaps," said Susy slowly, "I won't take the afternoon train to the city!"

## SOURCES OF WATER SUPPLY

English Metropolis Gets Indispensable Fluid From River Thames and Lake Under City.

Few people have any idea of the vast organization that is necessary to supply the enormous amount of water consumed in London every day.

The Metropolitan water board, which is the responsible authority, obtains its supplies from two sources—the river Thames and a huge shallow lake which lies beneath the ground upon which the city is built.

Londoners need one hundred thousand million gallons of water every year, and all this has to pass through reservoirs and filters before it can be used. About two hundred thousand tons of coal are used annually to work the pumping stations.

The board employs about four thousand people and owns two hundred and sixty pumping engines, fifty wells and springs, a hundred and seventy filter beds and nearly a hundred reservoirs.

In addition there is a laboratory where scientists are constantly at work testing the water to see that it is as pure as it should be. The experts in charge are the greatest water authorities in the world, and they are often consulted by the water boards of other countries.—London Mail.

House Cows to Prevent Theft. Hungry peasants in the district of Nikolai, Russia, are sheltering their cattle in their houses because of an epidemic of cattle stealing. Extreme shortage of live cattle has put a high premium on cattle, with the result that those fortunate enough to own even one head find it much safer to keep the animal under the family roof.

## LOUISIANA

### Bands of Furry Add to Attractiveness of the Wrap.

Winsome Decoration for the Winter Coat May Be Had at Slight Expenditure.

Fur is the accepted trimming for the longer coats, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. By using this for a trimming you can have the most luxurious sort of a wrap with the slightest expenditure of money. If you were to have a fur wrap of this distinction, this width and this length, you would find yourself involved with hundreds—no thousands—of dollars. But you can have a cloth wrap with the wide bands of fur trimming and the price will not be too startling for a winter costume.

There is one very economical way of cutting up an old fur coat and using it for trimming on a newer one. You may have a short one or a three-quarter length coat which would never do to be worn as it is, but which could be cut up advantageously for the trimming of a woolen coat made to accompany some very smart frock or a series of fashionable dresses.

There is the coat made on strictly straight lines. Its material is a light



Straight Lines and Black Fur Trimming Distinguish This Coat of Blue Mauve Broadcloth.

bluish mauve broadcloth suited to the lines of this particular coat in an admirable manner. In the front there is a flat panel and the belt around the sides and back is made of some composition material in a deep purple, touched with spots of green. The fur is black—a deep, rich seal, and the wide collar repeats the design of the straight cuffs as well as the band at the end of the long panel in front.

A band of the fur is added about a draped turban of the same material,

### CAPE STILL HOLDS FAVOR

Flowing Wrap Has Countless Friends Among the Women; Many Are in Bright Coloring.

"What about capes?" was an oft-repeated question at the beginning of the season. For the cape has many a friend and no enemies among women. True, it seemed to be holding an over-long reign in the fashion world, the designers agreed that it was time to displace it with some other wrap, but the fact that women bought the capes and asked for them insistently gave them a place in the fashion world. For evening the cape is supreme; it is fashioned in fur, in velvets, brocades, metal cloth and fur, in matelasse, in velvet and all kindred soft pile fabrics.

A great many velvet capes have yokes shirred or smocked in deep points. A lovely green one seen recently was shirred to represent a chrysanthemum, another black velvet cape was shirred yoke depth and finished by a padded roll about the hem. Short capes (meaning hip-length and knee-length capes) are often a part of the smart coat-dress costume. The cape of metal brocade is trimmed in deep fur bands, as this fabric does not take the soft folds of velvet.

The bright shades of velvet capes, orange, purple and green, give a delightful dash of color to evening affairs. These capes are lined with silver cloth velled in chiffon or crepe of contrasting hue. Matelasse, too, is one of the much-chosen fabrics for evening wraps. Capes appear in many variations from straight ones gathered very full to circular capes of

## LOUISIANA

### Opportunities for Ingenuity and Initiative in Railroad Operation

By WALKER D. HINES, Former Director General.



There are today new opportunities for ingenuity and initiative in the operation of American railroads.

The present difficulties in railroad service constitute only a temporary emergency condition. While standardization of wages, agreement on working conditions and the decisions of the labor board have restricted the initiative of the railroads, there still is opportunity to find new ways to make progress.

Railroad managements, while concentrating their attention largely upon efficiency in the movement of trains, have not given sufficient attention to the efficiency of labor employed in the terminals and in the maintenance of trackage and equipment.

It is in the terminal and maintenance work that the increased labor cost proves most burdensome. I cannot avoid the belief that great opportunities still exist for important improvements in the use of terminal labor and of maintenance labor.

But there remains an even greater field for effort and initiative, which, in my opinion, never has been worked by railroad managements as it ought to have been, and as it must be in the future; and that is the field of the relationship between the management and the employees. At the present time I think many railroad managements are giving serious attention to this great problem.

I believe a sincere desire to promote the welfare of employees and a settled policy to obtain through regular conferences the views of the employees as to what their welfare requires and to explain to the employees the necessities of the management will have a progressively beneficial effect upon the efficiency of railroad labor.

### Are Wives Happier Now Than When Spanking Was Thought Respectable?

By KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, in London Chronicle.

Husbands no longer, except in rare cases, administer corporal chastisement. So far has civilization advanced. Yet sometimes—sometimes I wonder . . .

Let us be plain with ourselves. Are wives any happier for being spanked? Please observe that I do not support spanking qua spanking. I merely ask, are wives happier than they were when spanking was considered respectable, homely, and decent?

Personally, I don't believe they are. It is a horrible admission to make; but an indigenous honesty wrings it from me. Neurasthenia among married women is alarmingly prevalent. Hysterical symptoms are on the increase. In short we have developed "tantrums."

"Tantrums" are an unpleasant affliction. Nobody having tantrums can be happy. That is where the husband's responsibility comes in. Didn't he promise to cherish her in tantrums and in health? I consider it his positive duty to put his foot down firmly on a tantrum whenever it threatens to disturb his poor wife's native serenity.

Oh! if husbands would only realize how much happier we should be if, on the first appearance of a tantrum they would quite kindly and tenderly throw the furniture at our heads!

### Tradition in the Motion-Picture Field That Bars Religious Pictures

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST, in Christian Herald.

And there has grown up a tradition in the motion-picture field—a tradition that bars religious pictures. Think of such a tradition, of such a principle, in an industry to which twenty million people a week pay tribute! There are over forty million registered members of various churches in the United States and all of them Christian with the exception of the Jewish synagogues—357,000. One would imagine that with a specific audience of forty million church members a picture with a religious theme might be worth while even considered purely as a business move. On the contrary a religious picture—one with a religious theme—is taboo.

"Not interested in a picture with a religious subject," says one big motion-picture producer. "No need to talk about the subject, we don't want it," says another. "The public don't want a religious picture," explains a third—all leading producing organizations. "Or with a religious theme."

"Don't you think an audience of forty million people—all members of Christian churches—might be interested?" was asked.

"They come to our theaters anyway—we don't need to make a picture for them," was the answer.

Is it the answer?

### Here Is an Evil to Be Uprooted if the United States Is to Prevail

By JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor.

Two hundred and fifty thousand American babies are snatched by death from their mothers' breasts every year before they have had time scarcely to open their eyes.

Half a million children, so-called defectives and delinquents, are growing up almost totally neglected.

Thirty million American children of school age, who, even if they can win the opportunity for education, face in our schools a false learning, an education that will not fit more than one in ten of them for the places they must occupy in life.

But more portentous yet looms the problem of the child in industry. Approximately a million and a half American boys and girls of school age are today pressed to labor before their time, doomed to the drudgery of mine and mill and factory by economic necessity. They face hopeless futures.

Here, if anywhere, we face a real danger to the republic. Not in the gospel of the peddler of political nostrums is our peril, but here, where citizens of the future are broken, mentally, morally and physically, by misled industrial management, is the evil which must be uprooted if America is to prevail.



She Heard Footsteps.

could afford the walks through green hedgerows, to daisy fields, and where the air, soft with meadow-sweet and honey-rich with buckwheat flowers, was free air.

"Oh, I'd like to go back just once and see it!" she whispered.

Her cheeks glowed suddenly and she caught her breath. She made a jumble of handkerchiefs and gloves and collars as she searched out a time-table. Tomorrow was Friday and perhaps Mr. Hopkins would let her have the whole week-end!

Mr. Hopkins did. As Susy wandered up the village street to the house with its green blinds and old-fashioned flower garden where she knew she could have a room for the night, the drowsy peace seemed to flow into her very soul.

After she had dipped her face into the cold spring water and answered all the questions of "Aunt Mame," as the village called her, Susy wandered down the quiet street.

There was not a single farmhouse in sight, just a long, gray road with a white-topped buckwheat field on one side and the trickle of a brook on the other side. She wasn't an old maid longer, but just a girl sitting at roadside humming over and over the lines which began:

"The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies, oh!" she slipped off her shoes and stockings and buried her toes in the dewy grass. Then she heard footsteps beating along the road. If she shrank into the shadow and scarcely dared to breathe, she might not see her. But she stopped short and scarcely dared to breathe. "So, Polly, you thought you could hide from me?" she answered, and the footsteps turned back. The