

CINDERELLA SALLY

SALLY BEGINS TO SEE AT FIRST HAND MIRACLES OF NEW YORK

BEGIN HERE TODAY
An orphan girl, has won a newspaper beauty contest through the efforts of her...



Sally clung to her near-alligator bag, sincerely that she would not think of anything else.

Towns followed one another faster, and grew bigger and bigger. When the train reached Newark, it seemed so huge to Sally that she felt it must be New York and reached for her imitation leather bag.

Sally clung to her near-alligator grip and would not let the red-capped porter take it, so lost she felt in the great splendid cavern of a railroad terminal.

Surely it must have been built for a race of giants! And this was what Miss Bennett had told her to treat as a newcomer to her town.

A taxi hurried them from the station. Sally turned pale at the white and thunder, the noise and wonder of the city, its jurgernaut traffic, its tremendous accustomedness to itself.

Shopgirls chattered, so complacent were they, so scornfully critical—and these were the least of those before whom she would soon be placed in the glare of exhibition.

Sally's blood seemed turned to water. (To Be Continued.)

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THE DUFFS

Danny Is Keeping Books

BY ALLMAN



Dorothy Dix Talks

BRAINS A LA MODE

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A famous moving picture director said the other day that a woman must possess beauty and intelligence in order to become a successful film star.

That is pretty much the specification for the successful woman everywhere else, as well as on the silver screen.

The world has this prejudice against feminine intelligence, no one knows it more than I do.

A woman who has beauty may make the most of it, and if it is in our faces, and we applaud her for it, and admire her. The minute, however, a woman begins displaying her superior quality of grey matter before us, we turn our thumbs down, and she is finished.

A woman with good, hard, honest sense and the desire to arrive at her goal, puts the dimmer on her brilliance, and Duffs her hair to down over her tall, knobby forehead.

She would sternly discourage a woman from showing that she has more than barely human intelligence, we secretly demand the results of brains from her.

We want her to be educated, well read, a good talker, and an intelligent, competent to do whatever work she has in hand.

But she must not show it. She must not show it. She must not show it. She must not show it.

She must never let the men with whom she works discover how much she knows about business.

She must listen to them as to oracles when they tell the things she knows a great deal more about than they do.

She must not show her intelligence, and never boast of her own skill, nor talk of her ambitions.

She must let her own success be attributed to luck, or pull, thus shall her co-workers speak of her as a highly gifted but unfortunat.

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AN EDITORIAL BY FLORENCE DAVIES

MIRRORS.

Mirrors are all the fashion. If you are fortunate to possess an old one in heavy gilt frame you rescued from Grandmother's old house in the country, you get it out and dust it off, polish up the tarnished gilt and hang it in the place of honor over the mantel piece or at one end of your long living room.

But that's not all. There is still another kind of mirror which is all the rage just now. A gentleman in London started making them several years ago and a lot of scribblers have been following suit ever since.

This man held a mental mirror up to a great many notables he had known and showed the world the reflection.

And now a woman comes along and suggests a definite use for mirrors. She is Miss Anne Trotter and she says that when a young woman comes crying to her that she has lost a job she tells her to look in the mirror.

Which kind of a mirror does Miss Trotter mean? She might do well to recommend both. Looks are important. They do count. No woman has any business to be homely.

Some people excuse themselves on the ground they were born homely and can't help it. But they have only to study the features of some awfully good looking women to find them intrinsically lacking in beauty and to examine the natural endowment of some woman who seems unattractive to find that art could have made her lovely.

And so the rule to look in the old mirror over the mantel is a good one. Looks do count; they at least prejudice the world in one's favor.

But perhaps, after all, it was a mental mirror to which the lady referred. The girl who has lost her job might do well to look in a mental mirror and take stock of what she finds there. And the same rule wouldn't be a bad one for wives who find themselves unhappy.

They might see in that mental mirror the most surprising lines of worry and nagging and complaint—those small dissatisfactions which rob life of its charm, and those little irritabilities which pepper it with ugly blemishes.

Mental mirrors are very good things whenever we are fortunate enough to get them in a good light so that we can really see the image there. The trouble is most of the time they are shadowed by our own prejudice. But in the main Miss Trotter's advice is good. If you've lost a job, either at home or in the office, look in the mirror.

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A PUZZLE A DAY

A PUZZLE A DAY.

A man had \$1000 that he was ready to lend to a friend. He did not know how much the friend wanted; it might have been any sum between \$1 and \$1000. He had ten bags in which he kept his money, and he desired to give the friend whatever sum he requested by merely handing him some of the bags, and opening some of them. How did he arrange the money? How much did he put in each bag?

Yesterday's answer:
E R A V E R T
R A V E R T
A V E R T
S E N T V E R
E N T E R

The five words shown above read the same from top to bottom as they do crossways.

A THOUGHT A DAY

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.—Isaiah 12:2.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PROBLEM.

By Bertie Healey, Gillette and Durham-Duplex, Gem, and Ever-Ready, all are fine; We all their need of praise to them. They work according to design. They shave the young, they shave the old.

They mow thick beards of many shades; But here's the thing we would be told: Where are we gonna put the blades?

Not in the ash-can may they go, Nor in the garbage, nor the street. Where motors ramble to and fro, And people tread with hurrying feet.

They will not burn, they won't decay, Until the sun in heaven fades, And so they pile up, day by day; Say, where we gonna put the blades?

You cannot keep them safely hid in any chest, on any shelf. But what some energetic kid Will find them there and cut himself.

Dropped in the sea, the surging tide Bears them where some blithe bather wades; The world, it's true, is very wide, But where we gonna put those blades?

Oh, Einstein, use your master-mind. Call in your scholars and your aids, And solve this problem of our kind. Where shall we put our razor blades? (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.)

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

The Persians sometimes resort to a queer method to test the state of a woman's feelings before suggesting matrimony.

The suitor will often inflict pain upon himself, such as burning his hand or face, in the presence of the woman he loves.

If she hastens to bind up his wounds with her silken scarf he takes it as a sign that she cares for him and declares his love.

CORN MEAL BATTER BREAD

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

One cup white or yellow cornmeal, 2 cups hot milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Pour the hot milk over the corn and salt. Let stand until cool. Add the butter or bacon fat, melted, the eggs well beaten, and lastly stir in the baking powder.

Beat for a few seconds and turn into a well greased, deep baking dish. Bake 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serve from the dish in which it is baked.

This bread is very good with meat and gravy instead of potatoes or rice. (Cut this out and paste it in your cook book)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



WHAT BECAME OF THAT FAT HEN?

By Thornton W. Burgess.
Don't give up until you're beaten. Nor count a chicken yours till eaten.—Reddy Fox.

Farmer Brown's Boy understood just what he had seen as he peeped out in the moonlight from the darkness of the barn. He knew that the burking of Reddy Fox back of the barn had been to draw Bowser the Hound away. He knew that Mrs. Reddy had been hiding in the Black Shadows ready to go to the box where her young son was a prisoner the instant Bowser was out of the way. He knew that the fat hen which she had brought must have been caught a long distance away. He understood by her actions how puzzled and distressed she was when she found there was no longer an entrance to that box. When at last the return of Bowser forced her to leave and she dragged that fat hen close to the door in that box Farmer Brown's Boy knew she was leaving it there in the hope that somehow that young Fox would be able to get it.

Farmer Brown's Boy got up, yawned and started for the house. It was very late in the night and he longed for his bed. But he had taken but a few steps when he changed his mind. He just had to know if Mother Fox had really given up hope of seeing the young Fox. He just had to know if Mother Fox would be strong enough to lead her to risk a second visit that night. So he settled himself in patience and waited.

It was just about an hour later that he heard Reddy Fox bark behind the barn again and Bowser started to chase him away, as before. Again Mrs. Reddy did her best to find some way of getting into that box and worked with all her might until she heard Bowser returning. As before, she left the fat hen close to the little door that closed the entrance.

"That fat hen will make good eating," thought Farmer Brown's Boy. "When I go into the house I will take it along with me. We will have it roasted tomorrow. There is plenty of other food for that young Fox. I'll wait a little while longer, just to see if his mother will come back again."

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy had the best intentions in the world. He didn't mean to close his eyes, but it was long past his bedtime and in spite of himself he began to nod. His eyes would close for a few minutes, and then with a jerk he would awaken and hurriedly look over to that box.

On one of these occasions he became dimly aware that something was missing. At first he couldn't think what it was. Then all of a sudden he knew. "That fat hen is gone!" he exclaimed to himself. "Yes, sir, there is no fat hen there! I must have slept longer than I thought for and Mother Fox must have come back and taken that hen away."

But just then he heard Reddy Fox bark again back of the barn and saw Bowser the Hound hurry around there as before. Then he saw Mrs. Reddy appear from around back of the box. At the place where that fat hen had been she stopped abruptly and Farmer Brown's Boy could feel just by the looks of her that she was just as much surprised at the disappearance of that fat hen as he had been. She began to run all about with her nose to the ground, trying to find the scent of any one who could have been there to take that fat hen away.

"She doesn't know any more about it than I do!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy to himself. "Now what could have become of that hen? It couldn't have come to life and walked off and there was no way for that young Fox to get it inside the box. It was there, and now it is a mystery. Yes, sir, it is a mystery. And if I know anything about it, that Fox out there is just as much mystified as I am. It is too much for me."

The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Learns Where the Fat Hen Went."

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SKIN TORTURED BABIES SLEEP

Mothers Rest After Cuticura

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR KIRK'S ORIGINAL COCOA HARDWATER CASTLE

FOR BURNING ECZEMA

Apply Zemo, the Antiseptic Liquid—Easy to Use

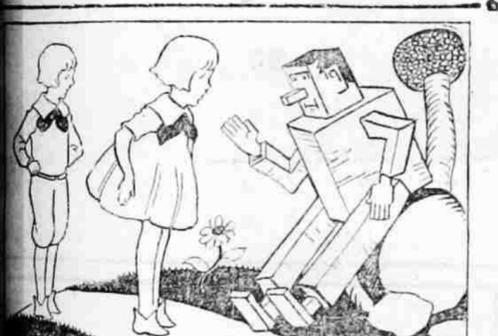
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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



"No," said the square man. "We're all different."

square man who stared at them in a most unmannerly way.

"Hello," called Nick. "Is this Mars?"

"Yes," answered the square man in a jerky voice.

"Well, we're hunting for Mother Goose's broom," Nick told him. "Did you see it?"

"Once," answered the square man stiffly.

"Was it lately?" asked Nancy eagerly.

"Yes," answered the man. "Only about a hundred years ago. She swept a cobweb off my left eyebrow. I wish she would come back. There's another cobweb on my right eye-brow and one, I fear, in each of my ears. I can't hear as well as I did a thousand years ago."

"Goodness alive," gasped Nick. "A thousand years?"

"Gracious," exclaimed Nancy. "Are you as old as that?"

"Older," said the square man gravely. "About a million. I'm only stone now. When I'm two million I'll turn to iron."

"And what will you do when you're three million?" asked Nick.

"I forget," said the man. "I'll have to ask somebody. Perhaps I'll try to up and blow away."

"This is a queer place," declared Nancy. "Is everybody like you, poor thing?"

"No," said the square man. "We're all different." (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.) (To Be Continued.)

Oatmeal

a "new dish"

Sun-Maid Raisins

Have RESINOL

ready to stop that itching torment

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