

Cynthia Grey

Wife Jealous of Handsome Husband; Asks How She May Overcome It

Dear Miss Grey: I may as well confess it at once—I am desperately jealous of my husband. He is good looking, attractive to women, and I really think he enjoys making me miserable. He insists that he cares only for me, and I know he does; but his attentions to other women cause me to suffer agonies. Can't I control this feeling in any way? It seems that I have honestly tried, Miss Grey, because I at least have sense enough to realize that it is marring the happiness in our home, and all my life I have planned for a happy home when I wedded. I will do whatever you say, if it is within my power.

EDNA.

Jealousy is a disease of the mind that must be eradicated by love, honesty, faithfulness and discretion in conduct. Jealousy is also a primitive emotion that isn't easily controlled by judgment.

Keep your jealous feelings down at any cost, that is, don't betray any evidences of them. You give your husband a great deal of power when you let him see that you are jealous. He probably enjoys rousing your jealousy—it flatters his vanity. Try this plan:

Be just as attractive as you can in every way, both to your husband and your friends. Don't deliberately set about to make your husband jealous, but show him that you, too, can attract other people. You'll find less cause for jealousy.

Requests Poetry

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please publish the enclosed first verse of the old song, named, "The White Captive," with the request that if any one of your numerous subscribers has the song, they will be so kind as to send it to you for publication in The Star, and oblige several friends that want to get it?

"At the foot of the hemlock, the wild game was flung, Above from its branches, the rude armor hung. From battle and plunder the warriors were seen A light on their features, a brand in the gleam."

If any of the readers have this poem and will be kind enough to send me a copy, I shall be glad to print it.

Query About Eugene V. Debs

Dear Miss Grey: What is Eugene V. Debs' native state and the state in which he votes?

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

He was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, November 5, 1855. His home and place of voting has been Terre Haute. He was sentenced to prison and began serving his term, April 15, 1919; consequently did not vote in the last election.

Information About Naturalization

Dear Miss Grey: Is there a law which can prevent me from becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States after having claimed exemption from the draft during the war on grounds of being a friendly alien?

The naturalization bureau states that the matter rests entirely with the judge before whom you will appear for your final papers.

Number of Boats on Ohio River

Dear Miss Grey: About how many steamboats are there on the Ohio river?

S. D.

The Steamboat Inspection Service says there are approximately 193 at the present time. The number varies.

Date of Capture Of Confederate General

Dear Miss Grey: Where was General Morgan captured? I. J.

The Confederate general, John H. Morgan, was captured at a place three miles south of New Lisbon, Ohio, while on a cavalry raiding expedition. He was confined in a penitentiary from which he escaped, November, 1863. In September, 1861, he was surprised in the night at Greenville, Tenn., and was killed.

How to Take Steps to Bar Publication in Mail

Dear Miss Grey: Where is the proper place to start an investigation to bar a publication from the U. S. mails?

A. M. T.

The postmaster general charges with the execution of the law as to the mailability of postal matter. Address your complaint to the Solicitor for the Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C.

How to Determine if Fish Is Fresh

Dear Miss Grey: How can I tell whether fish are fresh?

HOUSEWIFE.

In selecting fish, choose only those in which the eye is full and prominent, the flesh thick and firm, the scales bright and the fins stiff.

Lost Army Discharge Paper

Dear Miss Grey: How can I get a duplicate of my discharge from the army? I have lost mine.

EX-SOLDIER.

The war department says it is impossible to give a copy of a discharge certificate, as no duplicates are retained, but a certificate in place of a discharge certificate may be obtained. Write to the Adjutant General of the Army, War Department, who will send you the proper blank to be filled out.

Confederate Soldier's Widow Doesn't Receive Government Pension

Dear Miss Grey: Can the widow of a Confederate soldier get a pension from the government?

WIDOW.

No, but she may obtain a pension from the state from which her husband served in the Confederate army.

For Good Apple Pie go to Boid's.—Advertisement.

The Wreckers

by Francis Lynde

(Continued From Yesterday)

"This the boss went a step farther, saying: 'He does, indeed, Upton, I happen to know the young woman.'"

"That was when Mr. Van Brittt fired his own little bomb-shell. 'So do I,' he answered quietly. 'But you said you had forgotten her name?'"

"So—have—her—married—name. And what's more, I mean to keep on forgetting it."

"There was no mistake about the boss' own time."

"That won't do, Upton," he said, kind of warningly.

"It will do well enough for the present. I'd marry her tomorrow. Graham, if she were free, and there were no obstacles. Unhappily, there are two—besides the small legal difficulty; she doesn't care for my money—having a little of her own; and she happens to be in love with the other fellow."

"No, I'm not mistaken. But that's neither here nor there. Neither you nor I can send Collingwood to the penitentiary—that's a cinch. Wherefore, I'm advising you to quit, walk out, jump the job."

At that the boss took a fresh snap, righting his swing chair with a snap.

"You know very little about me, Upton, if you think I'm going to throw up my hands now, when the real pinch has come. A while back I might have done it, but now I'll fight until I'm permanently killed. I have a scheme—if it could only be worked. But it can't be worked on a rising market. I suppose you have seen the morning's quotations. By some trick or other, the Dunton people are boosting the stock again. It went up three points yesterday."

Mr. Van Brittt grinned. "They're discounting the effect of this little political deal—which will at least rope your reform scheme down, if it doesn't do anything else. What you need is a good, old-fashioned cataclysm of some sort; something that would fairly knock the tar out of P. S. L. securities and send them skittering down the toboggan slide in spite of anything Uncle Breckenridge could do to stop them; down to where they could be safely and profitably picked up by the dear public. Unfortunately, those things don't happen outside of the story books. If they did, if the earthquake should happen along our way just now, I don't know but I'd be disloyal enough to get out and help it shake things up a bit."

After Mr. Van Brittt had gone, the boss put in the remainder of the day like a workman, skipping the noon luncheon as he sometimes did when the work drive was extra heavy. Meanwhile, as you'd suppose, rumor was plentifully busy, on the railroad, and also in town.

By noon it was well understood that there had been a radical change in the management of C. S. & W., and that there was going to be a general strike in answer to the slashing cut in wages. I slipped up-town to get a bite while Fred May was spelling me at the dictation desk, and I heard some of the talk. It was a strange, almost of it—which shows how useless it is to try to keep any business secrets, nowadays.

For example: The three men at my table in the Bullard grill-room—they didn't know me or who I was—knew that a council of war had been called in the railroad headquarters, and that Ripley had been pulled in by wire from Lesterburg, and that we were rushing around hurriedly to provide storage room for the wheat shippers in case of a tie-up, and that we were arranging to distribute railroad company coal in case the tie-up should bring on a fuel famine—knew all these things and talked about them.

They were fact, as far as they went—these things. The boss hadn't been idle during the forenoon, and he kept up the drive straight thru to quitting time. Word was brought in during the afternoon by Tarbell that the men in charge were wiring the Kansas City and Omaha employment agencies and placing hurry orders for strikebreakers. The boss' answer to this was a peremptory wire to our passenger agents at both points to make no rate concessions whatever, of any kind, for the transportation of laborers under contract. It was a shrewd little knock. Labor of that kind is mighty hard to move unless it can get free transportation or a low rate of fare, and I could see that Mr. Norcross was hoping to keep the strikebreakers away.

When six o'clock came, the boss asked May to stay and keep the office open while I could go down stairs and get my dinner in the station restaurant, and he went off up-town—to the club, I suppose. After I had my bite, I let May go. Everything was moving along all right, so far as anybody could see. We had five extra fuel trains loading at the company's chutes at Coalville, and the dispatcher was instructed to work them out on the line during the night, distributing them to the towns that had reported shortages. They were not to be turned over to the regular coal yards; they were to be side-tracked and held for emergencies.

Mr. Norcross came back about eight o'clock and I gave him my report of how things were going on the line. A little later Mr. Cantrell dropped in, and there was a quiet talk about the situation, and what it was likely to develop. The Mountaineer editor was given all the facts, except the one big one about Hatch's death grip on us, and in turn Mr. Cantrell promised the help of his paper to the last ditch—tho, of course, he had no idea of how deep that last ditch was going to be. I had a lot of filing and indexing to do, and I kept at work while they were talking, wondering all the time if the boss would venture to tell the editor about the depth of that "last ditch." He didn't. I guess he thought he wouldn't until he had to.

(Continued Tomorrow)

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



AMERICA IS FIRST, HELEN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



OTTO AUTO



OTTO AUTO



BETTY AND HER BEAU



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



EVERETT TRUE



Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 284 NOT TO BE HEATEN

"Vivian and Peggy were having luncheon, and Vivian was being very polite about the salmon, because she was a guest. When at home she always said she didn't like salmon at all, and couldn't eat it."

"Vivian said: 'Peggy, do you know how the Indians used to catch fish? They speared them.'"

"What is spearing 'em?" Peggy wanted to know. "Why, they built platforms out in the river by sticking poles up between the rocks and laying boards across them."

"Then they would be right out over the water, see? And they made long spears with sharp points of stone or iron tied on with strips of buckskin."

"Then they tied a long rope to the spear so that the fish could tire himself out a little before the Indians began to pull him in. Once when papa was watching some Indians fishing that way down at the Columbia river, he

saw an Indian come very near getting drowned. "The Indian threw his spear and stuck it into a big lively salmon. I guess he was specially lively and big, too, because when he got to the end of the rope he just kept on jumping and he gave one jerk so hard that he jerked the Indian off the platform into the water."

"But the Indian was game, papa said; he put one arm around the pole as he fell in, and with the other he held onto the struggling fish."

"The fish flopped and jumped, swam deep in the water and leaped into the air. The Indian held on like grim death and yelled for help. His partner came running up and took the rope. Then the Indian climbed out of the water and together they landed the fish."

"Papa says the Indians still catch salmon, and that they depend largely on it for their winter meat."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

"THE FISH AND THE EAGLE"

The pelican was getting quite hungry, and as, of course, he was not allowed to swallow Nancy and Nick, the sight of that lovely, tender, delicious-looking fish was more than human nature, or I mean pelican nature, could endure; he forgot himself completely.

Before the twins had the least idea of what had happened, they found themselves falling straight towards the waves.

But before they touched the water, a wonderful thing occurred. The fish disappeared, and a huge eagle appeared at the same instant in the air beside them. He grabbed a twin in each great claw and flew towards the land, flapping his great wings, and screaming wickedly.

But instead of dropping them in a safe place as the pelican had been

EVERETT TRUE

By CONDO

I'M THE KID THAT BRINGS YER PAPER AN' I'VE COME T' COLLEK 'ER FER IT -

THIS TIME, MY LAD, I'M PAYING YOU RIGHT UP HERE ON THE PORCH, BUT AFTER THIS, IF WE HAVE TO HUNT FOR OUR PAPER OUT IN THE YARD IN THE SNOW AS USUAL, THEN I'LL THROW THE MONEY OUT THERE AND YOU CAN HAVE AS MUCH FUN AS WE HAVE! NOW RUN ALONG AND GOD BLESS YOU!

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Aspirin

Then it is Genuine

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Pain, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetatoldester of Salicylic Acid

STAR WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

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CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE... THE BOOK OF MARTHA

"I'll get my lawyers to attend to your case in the morning!" Daddy Lorimer became serious at last. "Better get down to my office at 11 sharp, young lady."

"Now isn't it just like you men to ignore a woman's rights!" I protested.

"Martha Palmer undertook Ann's case, and now you're proceeding as if she hadn't! Why, Martha would have had Ann bailed out and the case all settled up with that department store, only Ann insisted on staying in jail all night! Ann was so obstinate—"

"Obstinate!" finished the bebe gleefully.

"Sure—Martha can do it! I'll talk to her now—and tell her what I want!" Thus Daddy permitted us women to manage in our own way! He went over to the phone and Mother Lorimer switched the conversation to talk about growing hydrangeas in glass bowls.

Presently I saw Ann slip away from the party and glide quietly upstairs. I surmised what she was up to and so I wasn't at all surprised when she did not appear at the dinner table. But nobody else guessed, for Ann is seldom prompt at dinner. Neither etiquette nor consideration for others ever made her on time to a meal. Therefore nobody commented on her absence—not even Jim. When the butler handed him a note, he turned it over to my father, who read it aloud, very solemnly.

"I've surrendered myself to the law," Ann's letter began. "I've gone to find a jail since my own has burned down! I couldn't cheat the courts! Besides, when will I ever have a chance like this to get ideas for my big play?"

The note was signed "Pearl Blanchard."

Once more Ann's trickiness amused Daddy and Bob. Their merriment was interrupted by a phone call for Daddy. He spoke from an adjoining room, so loudly that we were obliged to hear his end of the talk.

"Lock her up! Yes! Lock her up! Tell her we'll bail her out tomorrow, maybe!"

Daddy was still laughing when he rejoined us.

"Ann has found a jail, all right!" he said. Once more Ann scored with the men.

I was simply furious with her, not because of the scandal, but on account of her husband's health. Jim's nervous were in a bad way. I know he wouldn't sleep a wink that night. I almost hoped that mice and rats would frighten his selfish little ingenu wife half to death before morning.

Not every one would have blamed Ann. Many girls would have envied her, for she was the embodiment of modern ideas about individualism. She shaped her career to suit herself, at any cost to anybody! She was so set in her purpose to express herself in art, to write the great American play, that she couldn't give a thought to the effect of her selfishness upon her husband's condition.

Her folly made me furious. I knew that Ann never could feel deeply nor greatly.

In the morning, Martha Palmer arranged matters in a way to win Daddy Lorimer's approval. The episode retained its importance, to me only because it started my dear brother-in-law in a rapid decline.

Ann herself became more willful and headstrong than ever. More that once I wanted to warn her that she would soon be a widow.

(To Be Continued)

BRUISES-SPRAINS
Alternate applications hot and cold cloths—then apply—

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly