

Cynthia Grey

Girl Twists "Sense of Duty" to Suit Her Own Whims—But Facts and Common Sense Must Rule All Well-Ordered Lives.

Dear Miss Grey: Several years ago I met a young man and fell in love with him, but he was engaged to a girl who lived in an Eastern state. When he returned from France he stopped at his home town on his way out West and married her, I believe, simply from a sense of duty to his parents.

I know he does not love her from the way he talks, and I realize now every day that I cannot live without him. Please tell me what I should do.

A gentleman does not talk about the state of his affections for his wife with another woman. And a real lady never listens to a man who complains of his wife.

Of course, this is not answering your question, but it is the sort of information which many young women, with your complaint, require. It is highly improbable that your betrovement will kill you, especially if you remember that the man married the other woman after he had made your acquaintance. The "duty" you mention is a good excuse, but men are pretty apt to follow the greater inclination in any love triangle, and this man could have chosen you, had he preferred you.

You will have to adjust yourself to conditions. So eliminate sentiment and be ruled by facts, plus common sense.

Question of Immigration

Dear Miss Grey: A naturalized American of Hungarian birth wishes to bring his niece and nephew, aged 25 and 21 respectively, to America. What papers must he sign?

The bureau of immigration says there are no papers to sign. Inasmuch as the young man and woman are over 16 years, they are entitled to admission, if otherwise qualified.

Alien Can't Join U. S. Navy

Dear Miss Grey: Can a foreign citizen enlist in the United States army or navy, and in that way become a citizen of the United States?

R. T. L. The bureau of naturalization says the navy will not admit any man who is not a citizen of the United States. The army will admit those who have first papers. After a man is discharged from the army, he will have to wait only six months before becoming a naturalized citizen.

Only Unmarried U. S. President

Dear Miss Grey: Was there ever a president who was not married?

Yes, James Buchanan. Beloved "Teddy" Over Youngest President

Dear Miss Grey: What was the name of our youngest president?

JIM. Theodore Roosevelt, who was 42 years of age when inaugurated.

Comparison of Planets

Dear Miss Grey: How much larger than our world is the planet Mars? YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

The diameter of Mars (about 4,300 miles) is only 0.53 that of the earth. If the earth is thought of as a baseball, Mars would be about the size of a large pea.

Information About Old Family

Dear Miss Grey: Can you tell me the maiden name of the wife of John Jay, the great revolution statesman?

STUDENT. John Jay married Sarah Livingston (daughter of William Livingston, who was governor of New Jersey from 1775 to 1790), at Elizabeth, New Jersey, April, 1774.

Population of Earth

Dear Miss Grey: What is the population of the world?

MARIE. It is estimated at 1,750,291,224.

Would Learn of Baker Estate

Dear Miss Grey: Please give me information about the Baker estate located in Philadelphia, Pa. I understand this land was given to him by the government for his services in the war of 1812. Is Chillicothe, Ohio, located on this land? What is Mr. Baker's given name?

The Wreckers

by Francis Lynde

(Continued From Yesterday)

"If you should get some one of these new efficiency experts out here he would probably tell you that you could cut your staff right in two in the middle."

I could see that the boss was getting mighty nearly impatient. "You are merely turning hand-springs around the edges of the thing you have come to say, Upton," he barked out. "Come to the point, city!" "What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Nothing that I could make you understand in a month of Sundays. I'm sure on my job and I want to quit."

"Senseless! You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. I'm tired of wearing the brass collar of a soulless corporation. What's the use, anyway? I found a bunch of dividend checks from my bank at home in the mail today, and what good does the money do me? I can't spend it out here, not even the servants at the hotel without everlastingly demoralizing them. I'm like the little boy who wanted to go out in the garden and eat worms."

The boss was frowning thoughtfully. "You're not giving me a show, Upton," he protested. "Can't you blow the froth off and let me see what's in the bottom of the stein?"

"Pledge you my word, it's all froth, Graham. I want to climb up on the mesa behind the shops and put it in the deep breath of free air and shake my fist at your blasted old cow-track of a railroad and tell it to go to the devil. You shouldn't deny me a little pleasure like that."

It was getting under the boss' skin at last. "I can't believe that you really want to resign," he broke out, sort of hopelessly. "It's simply preposterous!"

"Pull it down out of the future and put it in the present, and you've got it," said Mr. Van Brit. "I have resigned. I wrote it out on a piece of paper and dropped it into your mail box as I came thru the outer office. It's signed, sealed, and delivered. You'll give me a testimonial or something of that sort, 'To Whom It May Concern,' won't you? I've been obedient and faithful and honest and efficient, and all that, haven't I?"

"I'd like to know first where you got your liquor, Upton. That is the most charitable construction I can put upon all this. Why, man alive! you're quitting me in the thick of the toughest fight the grafters have put up!"

"Yes, I know, but a man's got only one life to live, and I've always had a sneaking sympathy for the high private in the front rank who didn't want to stand up and get himself shot full of holes. I'm running, and if you should ask me why, I'd tell you that the retreating soldier told Stonewall Jackson; he said he was running only because he couldn't fly."

Once more the boss grew silently thoughtful. Out of the digging mental inquiry he brought this: "Has this sudden notion of yours anything to do with Sheila Macrae, Upton?"

"Pledge you my word again. I met Sheila on the street today and promised her that I wouldn't so much as tip my hat to her while Collinwood is on this side of the Missouri river."

"But if you quit, you'll go East yourself, won't you?"

"Maybe, after a while. For the time being, I'd like to loaf on you for a week or so and watch the wheels go around without my having to prod them. It's running in my mind that this newest phase of the C. & W. business is going to stir up a mighty pretty shindy, and I had a foolish notion that I'd like to stick around and look on—as an innocent bystander."

"The innocent bystander usually gets shot in the leg," the boss ripped out, with the brittlest kind of humor. "And I suppose I suppose I want to—and let you pick your own time for giving me the real reason. But you're crippling me most savagely, Upton—and at a time when I am least able to stand it."

Mr. Van Brit got up and edged his way toward the door. "It's a good reason, Graham, and sometimes—say when we are walking thru the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem together—maybe I'll tell you about it. If I were really a good scrapper, I'd stay and help you fight it out with Hatch; but you know the old saying—capital is always cowardly; and my present credit at the Port City National is pretty well up to a quarter of a million, thanks to the dividends of the Charms. Don't think for one minute he would ever forget that."

They were just in time getting away from the top of the mountain, for they could hear the swish of the eagle's wings (the wicked Bobbidi Jim it was, to tell you the truth), and they knew that he was just as likely as not to carry them both off again to some dreadful place. Yes, they were safer in the sky among the stars.

The eagle did not try to follow very far. The sound of his wings suddenly ceased and the twins supposed he had returned to earth. He white flower in Nancy's hand moved, but when she looked at it curiously it was still again.

Up and up they went until they came quite close to the star. It was swinging happily on a long rope hanging from a corner of the moon.

"Oh, hello," it called. "Here you are at last. I've been waiting and waiting. Come along to my house and I'll tell you how you may get to the South Pole safely. With my sharp eyes I have spied out a secret passage. And thank you for the lovely flower you have brought. The twins were looking about curiously. "You are not a bit like Mr. Morning Star," said Nancy. "We visited him once."

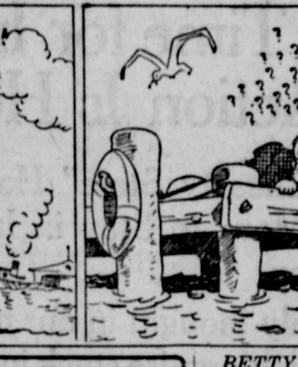
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



It Was an Expensive Night for Bailey



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 287

NO ONE TO MEET HER

Alice went into the dingy little station and sat down in the waiting room.

"Surely," she told herself, "surely, father will be here any minute now; something has happened to make him late. I'm not going to be afraid. I'll just sit here and wait."

The station clock ticked loudly, and a man who seemed to be in charge of the place came and looked in every little while; looked at the clock, looked at the girl, looked at his watch and walked about again. After a long time he coughed as one does when one doesn't quite know what to say, and in a gruff voice said: "Guess you'll have to get out of here, Miss. I'm going to lock up. 'Lock up the station!'" Alice cried in amazement. "Why—in New York stations stay open all the time."

"Well, this isn't New York," he assured her, "and this place closes at 11:30." Alice had been feeling smaller and smaller as the minutes slipped by without bringing her father. Now she felt like a tiny girl and she longed to just pick her up in strong arms and carry her to a safe place.

But she didn't say anything about baby feelings to the gruff station man; she stuck her little chin up and picked up her bags and things and walked out on the street.

You must remember how different these streets were then—not very well lighted, not many kind policemen to help you find a hotel, no Y. W. C. A. to take you in and make you safe.

Alice was just a little helpless (somehow girl, who had nobody at all to tell her what to do, and no possible way to reach her father, for the address he had sent them was not Seattle at all, but a little place across the bay, where he could be reached only two days in the week.

An evil looking man slouching along the street spoke to her and offered to take her to a hotel, but she walked on alone.

An impudent boy called to her, but she kept her eyes straight ahead and walked and walked until she found a hotel, then it was past midnight, and when she locked herself in her room she was about the most frightened child you could imagine. And it was five days before she found her father, who hadn't received the letters at all and wasn't expecting her at that time.

(To Be Continued)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

"UP IN THE SKY"

The twins came close to the star, which was swinging happily on a long rope hanging from a corner of the moon.

Up thru the sky sailed Nancy and Nick in their Magic Green Shoes, carrying with them the white mountain flower that the bright star had admired. Also Nick had his precious Box of Charms. Don't think for one minute he would ever forget that.

They were just in time getting away from the top of the mountain, for they could hear the swish of the eagle's wings (the wicked Bobbidi Jim it was, to tell you the truth), and they knew that he was just as likely as not to carry them both off again to some dreadful place. Yes, they were safer in the sky among the stars.

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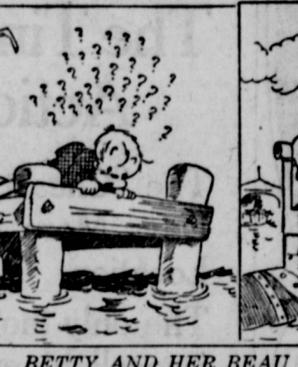
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BETTY AND HER BEAU



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CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

THE BOOK OF MARTHA

PAYING FOR PERVERSITY

"You never came home to sleep while I was in New York! I could tell by the state of your room!" I managed to keep my voice steady while I talked to my husband, but my whole body was trembling.

"You were not here, Jane. What I thought about you I dare not recall—but you ought to realize that the inside of this house was infernal to me."

I restrained my impulse to throw myself into Bob's arms. I had still to put the most important of all my questions: "You stayed at the hotel, I suppose."

"Of course I did. Katherine was registered there." Suddenly Bob perceived what he had let himself in for. He put his arm around me and held me close as he finished his statement: "Dear! Dearest! Please try to be fair! Katherine was investigating vice among the high-ups. She was working with the assistance of the hotel detective! She had to stay at the hotel in order to discover, if possible, when certain respectables left the place. Can't you see, dear?"

"Nothing too much?"

"Nothing! I happened that you might not have shared?"

"Very plausible! But you must admit, Bob, that nothing at all would have happened had I been with you! Certainly you wouldn't have been that night in the same hotel with Katherine! I couldn't make my tone express my indignation."

"Dearest! Dearest! Be reasonable! Don't let us quarrel any more! We are true lovers—and you know it. Nothing can separate us!"

"I'll agree not to quarrel any more, Bob. I'm tired, too! Very tired of explanations which never explain!"

"And so we closed the discussion and took up our round of mutual interest."

But I was far from happy. I could see exactly what had happened to Bob. I recognized the perversity in him which makes him persist in a course even when he knows it will involve him in a great risk, and is sure to turn out badly.

Many a time had I paid for his perversity. I had learned better than to mope about it, but mope I did, so that Martha Palmer, seeing me a few days later, said: "You're looking your good looks, Jane. What's the matter?"

I put my head on her shoulder, had a good cry, and confessed. "Bob is mighty tender of Katherine's feelings," I wailed. "He says she bores him—but he will do the most absurd things to please her, when he knows his conduct will hurt me."

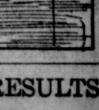
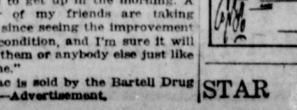
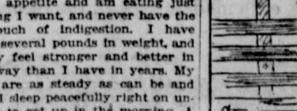
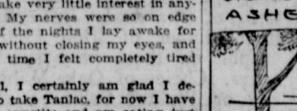
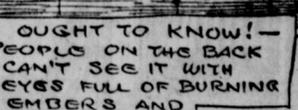
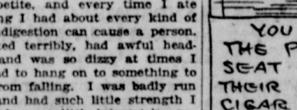
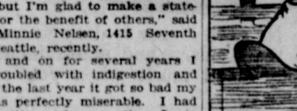
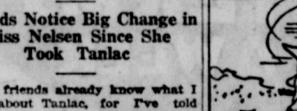
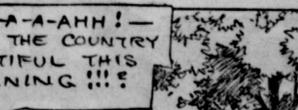
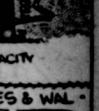
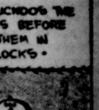
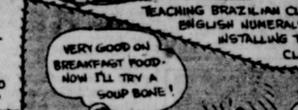
THE CRAZY QUILT



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THE CRAZY QUILT



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WEAK WOMEN

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NUXATED IRON

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THE BOOK OF MARTHA

PAYING FOR PERVERSITY

"You never came home to sleep while I was in New York! I could tell by the state of your room!" I managed to keep my voice steady while I talked to my husband, but my whole body was trembling.

THE CRAZY QUILT

SOME JOBS NOT AFFECTED BY WAR REACTION.

WHA-A-NICE BATCH OF FAT ONES.

USE NO SOAP.

EXTRACTING KNOT-HOLES FROM YOUNG TREES TO BE SHIPPED TO SWITZERLAND IN MAKING CHEESE.

THE CRAZY QUILT

TEACHING BRAZILIAN CHICKS THE ENGLISH NUMERALS BEFORE INSTALLING THEM IN CLOCKS.

VERY GOOD ON BREAKFAST FOOD—NOW I'LL TRY A SOUP BONE!

THE CRAZY QUILT

THE NUT BROS - CHES & WAL.

WHY DON'T YOU GO TO WORK? I AM WORKING.

I'M MANUFACTURING CIGAR ASHES!

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EXPERT TESTING NEXT WINTER'S CROP OF ITCHES FOR WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.

NUMANUE OFFICER INSPECTING CROWDED SARDINES TO SEE IF THEY ARE PROPERLY LUBRICATED WITH OIL.

THE CRAZY QUILT

TAKing THE BITING CAPACITY OF FALSE TEETH.

THE CRAZY QUILT

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOU BIG STIFF?

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MOVIE OVER YOU ON THIS END!

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