

Cynthia Grey

"God's in His Heaven—All's Right With the World."

BY CYNTHIA GREY

"The world's getting scarce instead of better." This statement is made by many people who should know better—for instance, by wise men and women, educators and scientists. The continual harping on this string should get on the nerves of any right-thinking person. They talk themselves red in the face over the curious crimes and shortcomings of human nature.

The fact is, the world is getting right down to brass tacks, that the todays are not very different from the yesterdays. A close study of history will give us proofs that the last century was no more desirable than this one, and the future will undoubtedly show that all will not be pleasure in its years.

The trouble with our thoughts is that we forget that the good and honest and virtuous people hardly ever get into the papers. For every scandal we hear about we can count dozens of people who have never committed any splendid wrong; for every one convicted of a positive crime there are thousands who have never come under the condemnation of the law. There are countless happy homes, virtuous wives, hard-working, home-loving fathers and husbands. For every brainless degenerate there are hundreds of intelligent, honorable human beings.

We're a pretty decent people, after all. The present upheaval of war from the strict standards of right will have its opposite effect in due time. It does not do, of course, to get ourselves on the back with Pharisaic complacencies and decide that there is no need for trying to better ourselves, our aims, and our daily deeds. But there is no need either to mourn over present tendencies and prophesy terrible evils come.

We hold always to an even tenor life, to refuse to be led away into excess of thought or condemnation criticism, to do our level best right where we are placed with the work that is nearest to us, this, if success crowns our effort, will keep our minds so busily employed that we shall find no time for morbid questionings or dole.

Exception Proves the Rule Dear Miss Grey: I was raised to respect womanhood and to think the unusual woman was the exception and not the rule. But since being out in the world, I have been compelled to change my opinion, almost to the point of thinking the exact opposite of what I once thought. It is the good woman who is the exception, for it is almost unbelievable that the ordinary girl will encourage a man to take liberties with her and let her remarks that would almost cause the other sort of girl to blush for shame.

And again I say, do motherhood and marriage mean nothing to the ordinary woman? I will relate a little incident of the past week, which is a fair example: For some time I have been eating in a restaurant in which a comely young married woman works as a waitress. She is the good woman who is the exception, for she is a wonderfully beautiful child, and people will turn to look at her on the street.

It is difficult to imagine anyone with such a child doing anything questionable. I pride myself on being a good judge of people, and immediately placed this woman as a good woman and mother. Nevertheless, a few nights ago, it was arranged, without my being consulted, for me to accompany her to a party.

To describe the party, a stinking room in a third-class hotel, plenty of bottles, booze, and several cigar-smoking females and disreputable men.

Well, as soon as possible, I made my getaway and took my companion home to her. I suppose, unsuspecting of her husband and beautiful, innocent child, as I wanted my way home, as in the morning, a badly disgraced hick, trying to figure out why things are thus, I thought of what a friend recently said to me: "When you have something on your chest, write it to Cynthia Grey." Thank you.

French Army Term Dear Miss Grey: I came across the word "martinet" and looked it up. It gave as a definition, a system of military drills devised by a French army officer by the name of Martinet.

Now could you please give me the details of this drill or tell me where to find it? That is, I mean a general description of this system. Thanking you,

A SOPHOMORE AT THE U. Martinet is a military term more generally used in a disparaging than in a complimentary sense, implying a strict disciplinarian or drill master. The term originated in the French army about the middle of Louis XIV's reign and was derived from Jean Martinet, who as a lieutenant of the king's regiment foot and inspector general of infantry, drilled and trained that arm in the model regular army created by Louis between 1660 and 1670. Martinet also seems to have introduced the copper pontoons with which Louis bridged the Rhine in 1673. I have been unable to obtain more information about this word used in an army sense.

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Cow Country

BY R. M. BOWER (Copyright, 1921, by Little, Brown & Co.)

(Continued From Yesterday)

CHAPTER XII

Sunday was fair.

At the corral fresh-shaven men foregathered, looking over the horses and making bets. Pop came sidling up to Bud, who was leading Smoky out of the stable. Smoky walked with a slight limp.

"Going to try, anyway," said Bud. "I've got a bet up on him, dad."

"What? You ain't off, Jeff? You ain't so unreasonable he'd make you run a lame horse. Air yuh, Jeff?"

Jeff strolled over and looked Smoky over with critical eyes. "What's the matter? Ain't the kid game to run him? Looks to me like a good little geezer."

"He's got a limp—but I'll run him anyway."

"Seen my Skeeter?"

"Good horse, I should judge," Bud observed indifferently. "But I ain't worrying any."

"Well, neither am I," Jeff grinned. Pop stood, plainly uneasy. "I'd rub him right good with liniment," he advised Bud.

"What's the matter, Pop? You got money up on that cayuse?" Jeff laughed.

Pop whirled on him. "I ain't got money up on him, no. But if he wasn't lame I'd have some. I'd show ye 'I admire gameness in a kid."

"There ain't a gamer old bird in the valley than Pop," Jeff cried. "C'm awn, Pop, I'll bet yuh \$10 the kid beats me!"

"I'm giving the kid a chance to back out," Jeff hastened to declare. "He can put it off till his horse gets well, if he wants to."

"That's mighty kind of you," Bud said, coming up. "But I'll run him just the same. Smoky has favored this foot before. I'll bet another \$10 that I don't come in more than a neck behind, same horse or not."

Bud took several other small bets on the race.

"By Christmas, I'll just put up \$10 on the kid," Pop chuckled. "Old Pop ain't going to see the young feller stand alone."

A crowd of perhaps 100 men and women lined the bank of the creek bed and watched the horses run. The men called Bud a fool, and either refused to bet at all or bet against him.

Not a man save Pop and Bud had placed a bet on Smoky. They looked at Bud, who grinned and took it good-naturedly, and found another \$5 to bet—this time with Pop.

The two men rode down the hoof-scored sand to the quarter post.

"He's not limping now," Bud gloated.

Dave started them with a pistol shot and the two horses darted away. Smoky half a jump in the lead. His limp was forgotten, and for half the distance he ran neck and neck with Skeeter. Then he dropped to Skeeter's middle, to his flank—then ran with his black nose even with Skeeter's rump. Even so it was a closer race than the crowd had expected, and the dewboys began to yell.

But when they were yet a few leaps from the wire clothes line stretched high, from post to post, Bud leaned forward until he lay flat alongside Smoky's neck and gave a real Indian war-whoop. Smoky lifted and lengthened his stride and came up again to Skeeter's middle, to his shoulder, to his ear—and with the next leap thrust his nose past Skeeter's as they finished.

Bud rode to where Pop was sitting and paused to say guardedly, "I pulled him, Pop. But at that I won, so if I can pry another race out of this bunch today, you can bet all you like. And you owe me \$5," he added triumphantly.

"Skeeter's a close runner, spluttered Pop, reaching reluctantly into his pocket for the money. "Jeff, he done some pullin' himself."

"Jeff, he'd beat him a mile if his bridle rein had busted," an arrogant voice shouted recklessly. "Jeff, you know you pulled Skeeter."

"If you think I didn't run right," Jeff retorted, someone else can ride the horse. How about it, Bud? Think you wan' fair?"

Bud was collecting his money, and did not immediately answer. When he did it was to offer another race. He would bet his last cent on little Smoky. Within half an hour he had once more staked all the money he had in the world. The number of men who wanted to bet with him surprised him a little. Also the fact that the Little Lost men were betting on Smoky.

Honey called him over to the bank and gave him \$10 which she wanted to wager on his winning. As he whirled away, Marian beckoned impulsively and leaned forward, stretching out to him her closed hand.

"Here's \$10," she smiled. "Put it on Smoky, please." When Bud was almost out of easy hearing, she called to him, "Oh—was that a five or a \$10 bill I gave you?" Bud turned back, unfolding the banknote. A very tightly folded scrap of paper slid into his palm.

"Oh, all right—I have the five here in my pocket," called Marian. Bud turned back, puzzled and with his heart jumping. For some reason Marian had taken the money from getting a message into his hands. He did not think that it concerned the race, so he did not risk opening the note then, with so many people about.

(Continued Tomorrow)

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Private, Keep Out!



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

His Ieda Is Fine, But Will It Work?



Private, Keep Out!



BY BLOSSER

BY ALLMAN



BY BLOSSER

BY BLOSSER



BY BLOSSER

BY BLOSSER



BY BLOSSER

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

THE LITTLE PIG

Page 348 (Continued)

The little girl begged to go and look for the pig, but it was dark in the woods and nobody could see to look for anything, so they just had to go to bed and hope he would find his way home for breakfast.

By and by, way in the night, they were started out of their sleep.

"Frank," whispered Mary, "Frank, do you hear that warty noise! What on earth do you suppose it is?"

"It certainly is an awful noise," he agreed, "I'm afraid it is a lizard."

The little log cabin seemed suddenly to grow small, and the forest all about them seemed filled with terrors.

They lay still and listened and waited. The sound was not near enough for them to hear whether it was human voices or the voices of beasts in battle; it was very terrible to the like that with danger so near and not to know just what it was.

Presently, out of the clamor, they heard a familiar sound. It was piggy's squeal—terrified, piercing, hurt, it rang out in the night.

Quickly making a light, Frank placed it in the window because a light or a fire is the best thing to frighten off a cougar.

And a cougar it was, after the pet pig; a great mother cougar with her two babies.

It was very plain to Frank that the mother was giving her babies a lesson in pig killing, for not once did she tear the pig with her cruel claws, but showed the little ones how, coaxed and urged them on, and they did their terrible little best.

After they were driven off, Frank got poor piggy to the house, so torn and scratched that it seemed he must die.

But Frank held him down, took a butcher knife and cut away the torn part of his fat thighs, mended him all up and took him out to his pen.

The pen was a little shed of heavy boards placed against a great fallen tree trunk, and when the ends were closed, piggy was quite safe.

All thru the night they heard the cougars padding around the pen and in the morning the trucks were there, but good old piggy was safe and got quite well.

(To Be Continued)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

OFF TO CALIPH CAMELS

"How many animals have we brought back?" asked Flip-pety-Flap.

Nancy and Nick and Flip-pety-Flap sat on top of an empty bandwagon and talked things over. "Let's see," the fairymen was saying. "How many animals have we brought back to the circus?"

Nick counted up on his fingers. "The elephant, Mrs. Kangaroo and Kicky Kang, her son, the Lion family, Mr. and Mrs. Seal, Gyp the Giraffe, the Monkey family and old Granny Hippo and her neighbor."

"That's all the fingers I've got," Nancy yelled helpfully. "I've got 'em."

"Fine," exclaimed Flip-pety-Flap. "The excellent part of it is, they are all happy and glad they came; better still, they wouldn't leave now if all the gnomes in fairyland let them out tickets home on a gold plate, but best of all, I saw a man put a big stack of pink tickets into a drawer this morning. That means that we are to have a real circus this year."

"Another thing, when I passed Mrs. Bobard's house, I saw her husband's down-suit hanging on a line in the back yard to let the smell of camphor balls blow off. Besides I heard someone practicing on a big brass horn. The band's getting busy. But heigh-ho, we must not be loafing here, kiddies. A half a circus is better than none, I daresay, but a

whole circus is what we are after. Let's see. Where would we better go next, Nickie?"

Nick ran his eye down the list of names on the fairymen's green. "Caliph Camel," he read. "Shoo Ooah, Great Brown Desert, As-Far-Away-As-the-Eye-Can-Reach."

Nancy clapped her hands. "Oh, let's go get him," she cried. "It wouldn't be a good circus without a camel."

"No, indeed!" answered Flip-pety-Flap, sliding down. "We'll round up the oldascal at once."

(To Be Continued) (Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

BETTY AND HER BEAU



BY AHERN

THE CRAZY QUILT



BY AHERN

BY PARKS



BY PARKS

THE CRAZY QUILT



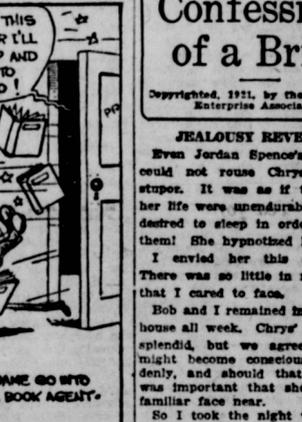
BY AHERN

THE CRAZY QUILT



BY AHERN

BY PARKS



BY PARKS

Confessions of a Bride

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JEALOUSY REVEALED

Even Jordan Spence's great skill could not rouse Chrys from her stupor. It was as if the facts of her life were unendurable, as if she desired to sleep in order to escape them! She hypnotized herself!

I envied her this abnormality. There was so little in my own life that I cared to face.

Bob and I remained in his father's house all week. Chrys' nurse was splendid, but we agreed that she might become conscious very suddenly, and should that happen, it was important that she find some familiar face near.

So I took the night watch. Bob was busy with his father's affairs and with Morrison, who believed he had found a clew to the gems. I saw little of my husband except at the table, where the conversation was limited to our late adventure, to "clews" and to Chrys' condition.

Katherine Miller had gone home the day after the discovery and the loss of the royal rings and things. More than once I let myself think that she might know something about "the inside job," but I realized that I was almost willfully unjust.

The tawny-haired beauty was never out of my mind. As I sat by Chrys' bed my thoughts went round and round the facts which connected Bob and Katherine.

At no angle did I find them tolerable. But I did not refer to them when Bob and I met.

Spence proposed hypnotic to raise Chrys from her trance but postponed the execution of his plan from day to day. Since Chrys was not suffering from her long summer he would give nature a chance to solve her own mystery.

This decision being announced, Bob came to me with: "Jane, let's go home tonight!"

"I am not—going back—to your home!"

"You're not—you're not—I don't understand you, Jane." Bob came toward me but I raised a forbidding palm.

"You never try to understand me," I replied. "You take a great deal of pains to understand a woman with red hair!"

"Jane! Jane! You're unreasonable! You've no right to be bitter!"

"Oh, yes, I have," I raged. "I'm bitter because I've found out at last where you've been spending your spare time. It wasn't a nice discovery! Thus I lashed my husband and scourged myself. And according to your precious selfish theory, I haven't any right to be bitter! Bob, you've made your choice. In many a time of your need have I given you my strength, my uplift, my peace. Eith these are forgotten—when a pretty girl calls you. But there's one thing, Bob, that I've never surrendered—my right to leave you!"

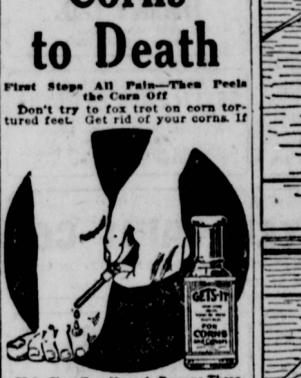
"Jane! The word was like the moon of a sick man."

(To Be Continued)

"Gets-It" Tickles Corns to Death

First Steps All Pain—Then Feels the Corn Off

Don't try to fox trot on corn-tortured feet. Get rid of your corns. If



Make Your Feet Happy! Remove Those Corns With "Gets-It."

You have never seen a corn tickled to death, just apply a few drops of "Gets-It" to yours. Then watch that corn die—peacefully as if it had gone to sleep. Soon it is nothing but a loose piece of dead skin that you can lift right off with your fingers.

Get after them now. Your druggist has "Gets-It." Costs but a trifle—or nothing at all if it fails. Manufactured by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago. Sold in Seattle by the Owl Drug Co.

EVERETT TRUE

SAY, I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF!! TAKE IT BACK AND GET ME SOMETHING THAT'S FIT TO EAT!! AND HURRY UP!!



I WON'T SIT BY AND LISTEN TO A REALLY GOOD WAITER BAWLED OUT BY SOME SPOILED CHILD!!! GET THE HIGH-CHAIR FOR HIM, GEORGE!!!



BY CONDO

LAND AND SKY TAXI SERVICE. Did you see "MAIN 6500" flying over the city today? It was painted on the wings of the great Curtiss Sea Gull flying boat. This air taxi is operated by the Puget Sound Airway Company, with a hangar at Madison Park, on Lake Washington. If you want a combination of land and sky taxi ride, call MAIN 6500, and we will take you to any part of the business section of the city, including both LAND and SKY trip are: For one passenger... \$10.00 For two passengers... \$15.00 For three passengers... \$20.00 SEATTLE TAXICAB COMPANY MAIN 6500

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