

# Cynthia Grey:

Not Necessary to "Make Home Brew" or Flourish Perfumed Cigarettes to Entertain Our Most Interesting Young Men, Says One Girl Who Boasts of Being Both Modern and Old-Fashioned.

BY CYNTHIA GREY

In the aftermath of answers to "Jack" and "Mr. Twenty-Six" is one from a modern girl who considers herself old-fashioned at heart. Her letter is straight from the shoulder, so to speak, and is refreshing. It follows:

Dear Miss Grey: Your last discussion concerning "old-fashioned and modern girls" has interested me a good bit, as I certainly consider myself an old-fashioned girl.

Or were "Jack" and "Mr. Twenty-Six," his pal, merely referring to the girls of large towns?

I go to church when I feel inclined to and am proud of my religious friends, since they are mostly kind-hearted and just.

But I do not spend my entire time in that fashion. I go to dances and the theatre as well, and tho I do not make up to any great extent or wear extreme clothes, I have never as yet found reason to complain of neglect.

I drive my own roadster and have traveled alone to a great many out-of-the-way places, but have never had reason to complain of the discourtesy of men in general. So far I have found the old quotation, "As you measure to your neighbor he will measure back to you," usually holds good.

So to me, the repeated statement of a number of your girl correspondents to the effect that old-fashioned girls will only be found at home or in church seems odd. And their final statement that they just gave up and went to extremes, too, for the sake of attention, odd still.

To my way of thinking, the insolent admiration of some half-baked young jazz hounds is not worth the loss of real self-respect.

I am more proud of the fact that my own brothers are not ashamed to present me to their pals at any time.

Another letter from a boy of 21 set me wondering. He seemed firm in his belief that the boys who came back from "over there" had become so fed up on "jazzy junes" that anything else must look tame and uninteresting.

I wonder if he is speaking from actual experience. I received a rather different opinion from the many boys I have known and talked with from over there; my own brothers, several of them, included.

From all I have gathered so far, the girls of Europe, the majority of them, were either disgustingly vulgar or stupidly uninteresting.

But be that as it may, from the experience of my brothers and a number of boy friends, the greatest shock of all was the terrible change in their own girls when they came back.

The main idea of entertaining the boys seemed to be to drag them off by force, if no other way, to sample their latest "home brew" or tinted and perfumed cigarettes.

I have heard more than one boy say, "I kept straight all the time over there and then some girl friend gave me a party as soon as I got back and thought it the greatest sport to see me afflicted." Miss Grey, I prefer to remain an old-fashioned girl at heart and I am here to tell the whole world that I have plenty of nice, interesting boy friends who are ready to respect me at any and all times. So, speaking from experience, I should say it is not necessary for a girl to look like a burlesque billboard, twirl a cigarette or make home brew to catch the most worthwhile, attractive boys. JACK'S SISTER.

## "THE UPHILL ROAD"

By RUBY M. AYRES

(Continued From Yesterday) When Joan had gone, he blew a kiss toward the closed door. "Charming, charming," he said stupidly. "Grows more charming every day."

Major intervened lastly, yet with an undercurrent of sharp reminder in his voice. "You've never seen Miss Hastings before," he said.

"Of course not—never seen Miss Hastings before," he repeated, as if he were learning a lesson. He looked up at Ferrier. "Have you known Miss Hastings long?" he asked.

"No, only since I landed." "Nearly a month now," said Hastings pleasantly.

He pushed the decanter across the table. "You're drinking nothing," he said to Ferrier.

"No, I can't drink if we're going to play cards. I shall need all my wits to play with master hands like you fellows," said Ferrier.

His voice was ordinary, but there was a glint in his eyes.

"I'm a rotten player," said Bennett confidentially. "Simply rotten! If I got all the money I've chucked away over cards, I'd be a rich man today—eh, Major?"

Major did not answer. Ferrier looked at the man beside him with a sort of disgust. He wondered what the idea was in sending him to the table. Presently he made an excuse and went up to his room. He looked into the small drawing-room on the way, hoping to find Joan, but it was empty. The piano stood open—the song she had sung to him earlier listened to on the rack. Her glance at the opening words grimly—

"I know a maiden fair to see—Take care!"

She can both false and friendly me—Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

He counted her out, and she counted him in. He was acting the fool by remaining in the house, he knew, and yet—

There was a knock. He refused to allow him to run away.

Not until he was safe in his own room, with the door locked, did he dare to open the little folded scrap of paper which lay in his waistcoat pocket. It was hastily torn from a sheet of notepaper, and the words it contained were hurriedly scribbled in pencil, as if the writer had written in great haste or agitation.

"Not baccarat!" That was all. Ferrier read them thru twice, then he tore the paper to shreds, and burnt it in a candle before he went downstairs.

When he was half way down to the hall, Joan called to him softly from above. She looked like a smile

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



## Cupid at Half Price



## BY ALLMAN



## BY BLOSSER



## BY ALLMAN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Something Boys Would Never Notice!



## BY BLOSSER



## BY BLOSSER



## BY BLOSSER



## THE CRAZY QUILT



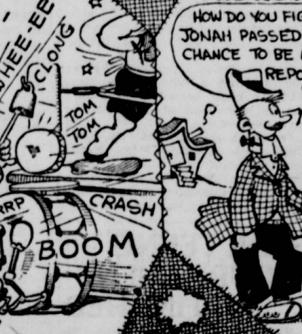
## EVERETT TRUE



## BY CONDO



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



## BY CONDO



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

YOU CERTAINLY GOT THOSE SHOES SMALL ENOUGH!! I GUESS IT'S TRUE, THAT WOMEN CAN STAND MORE PAIN THAN MEN CAN—



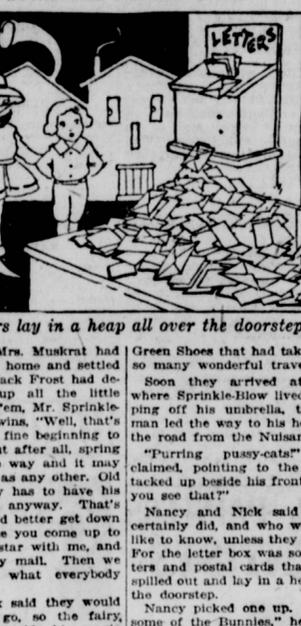
## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

LETTERS SPRINKLE-BLOW'S MAIL



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

LETTERS SPRINKLE-BLOW'S MAIL



# Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 391 THE TEST

Mr. Abrams was going to tell starting, and they will not confess. "Then down the line she went again—questioning and cross-questioning, and every little face lifted to her a picture of clear-eyed innocence and every little voice from the visitor down to Jimmie, who was only 4 or 5 years old, said, 'No, mama, really and truly, I didn't do it; I don't know a thing about it.'"

## CHAPTER IX.

A sudden scarlet flush dyed Joan's white cheeks. The small hand resting on Major's chair-back clenched itself suddenly. Then she laughed. "Baccarat," she echoed lightly. "Your favorite game, isn't it, Teddy?" She looked defiantly at Ferrier again as she addressed Major by the little familiar abbreviation of his name.

## CHAPTER IX.

Joan moved away with a little shrug of her shoulders. She sank into an arm chair near to where Hastings sat, and took up a book. Ferrier, watching her, saw that although Major's chair and hand a friendly hand on his shoulder. Ferrier saw the little familiar action and set his teeth.

## CHAPTER IX.

Major stood upright. He laughed, pulling at his dark mustache. He flashed an amused glance at Ferrier's towering figure. "You flatter me," he said. He made a mock bow.

## Confessions of a Husband

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36. DOT HAS A FLARE OF JEALOUSY dear? That seems to have been what you lacked when the time came to pay the check. "Change! Humph!" and my mother-in-law strode out of the room.

But Joan did not answer. The smart maid sat down on the stairs beside her mistress. "What's the use of taking on?" she asked, her usual rather affected way of speaking reverting into Cockney. "He big enough and strong enough to look after himself? What's the use of taking on?" She waited a moment; a burst of laughter came from behind the closed door.

"There now," she said cheerfully. "Didn't you hear that? Mr. Ferrier laughing louder than any of them!"

Major was counting a small heap of silver coin at his elbow. He raised his brows laconically, glancing at Bennett.

"Fifteen pounds out," he said. He yawned and rose to his feet. "All

"That hasn't a thing to do with it. Cross your heart, you didn't sit in one of those alcoves?" "Cross my heart." It was like a woman to get jealous at the wrong time and at the wrong thing. (To Be Continued)