THE ARGUS

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—

"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiased by partisans that may from time to time be found—nevertheless in the interest of the common welfare."

Business is not picking up, say the New York rag pickers. They're on strike.

With paper so high one may get leather soles again.

"Paper suits may be all right," says the philosopher, "but where'll I strike my matches?"

General Barnett would have us believe it was the Haitians who first called the marines "devil dogs."

It is easy to imagine that the poet who wrote of "Home, Sweet Home" was not thinking of a modern apartment with a modern landlord in the offing.

At Duquoin, Ill., a negro laborer piece worker in a tie factory, earned $148 last week. Is it possible that Republican prosperity is already here?

Mark Twain has been admitted to the hall of fame of New York university, but Noah Webster has been barred. One wonders what the electors have uncovered in the life of Noah.

General Pershing, who is a widower, has purchased a home on Long Island. There are 14 rooms in the house. The general denies that he is to be married. Possibly you will recall the general did not publicly discuss his engagement plans during his recent European sojourn.

Miss Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, just elected to congress, declares that she does not wear silk hose or high heel shoes. Not in Oklahoma, perhaps, but we will wait and see what we shall see after she gets buzzing around the nifty dressers in the national capital.

David Lawrence has discovered that Mr. Harding chews and smokes, likes a good story and predicts that he won't get the swelled head when he goes to Washington because his wife won't let him be other than just common folks. The more the American public hears of Mr. Harding the more it begins to believe that we are to have just a plain, regular fellow in the White house the coming four years.

Only Hurts the Game.

Lovers of clean sport will condemn riotous features of yesterday's football game at Douglas park. It was unfortunate that one of the Staley players should have so far forgotten himself as to descend to dirty work on the field, resulting in injury to one of the Independents, but matters were not helped by the actions of spectators that followed in resentment of the unsportsmanlike conduct of the visiting athlete.

Only police interference prevented what threatened to develop into a clash that might have necessitated a call for physicians and ambulances. It was to be expected that fans would have been incensed by the attack upon one of their favorite players, but they went far outside when they virtually visited their protests. Attempting chastisement with pop bottles could have brought no good result and the batting of the referee was entirely uncalled for. The rivalry between the Independents and the Staleys has reached the high tension stage. Probably never in the history of football did two more determined teams enter a contest, and it is a tribute to the sportsmanship and manliness of the members of both organizations that the game was as free of unsportsmanlike tactics as it proved to be. The opposing players, save for the single untoward incident, were able to control themselves and adhere to the rules of the game. It was expected that the onlookers would become excited, but there was absolutely no excuse for the scenes that were enacted at the conclusion of the game.

If professional football is to endure in Rock Island we must prepare to restrain ourselves in such acute moments as were experienced yesterday. Rowdyism has no place in football, either on the field or on the sidelines. The Argus hopes there will be no repetition of yesterday's disgraceful exhibition.

The Case of Debs.

President Wilson announces he has no intention of pardoning Eugene V. Debs, serving a 10-year sentence in the Atlanta federal penitentiary for violation of the espionage act during the war. Mr. Debs retorts with the assertion that he would prefer not to be given his freedom while Mr. Wilson is president. President Wilson justifies his course on purely legal grounds. Mr. Debs would have the American people believe that Mr. Wilson harbors a personal grievance against him.

No reasonable thinker will concur in the delusion that seems to possess Mr. Debs. While a great many people take the position that Debs has suffered enough for his offense and should be allowed his freedom, now that the war is ended, and that others who committed offenses equally as serious as his have been turned loose, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Debs is more than an ordinary citizen. He represents a party that gradually is gaining the ascendancy in this country, a party with tendencies whose encroachments might, if they were unchecked, bring national chaos. Mr. Debs, as the spokesman of that element of American citizenship, freed at this time, at a period in American history when serious minds are striving for the calming of general restlessness, might do serious harm. At least he could were he so inclined.

Plainly, the purpose of President Wilson in keeping Mr. Debs in prison is not to give him any chance to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

All of One Mind.

William G. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasurer, sounds wholesome advice in an election commentary he has just issued in New York when he says that what the country imperatively needs now is subsidence of the passions and hatreds engendered by the war and the partisan political appeals that have followed. The Republican party will be in complete control of the government after next March, with the president and majorities in both branches of congress.

It would be futile for the Democrats, even though they harbored any such ambitions, to seek to block contemplated legislation, but Mr. McAdoo is of the opinion that those members of his party who will be in the service at the national capital are going to unite in the attainment of those ends that will be for the general good and will forget partisan differences. He says the watchword henceforth should be cooperation and peace. There are grave problems confronting the country that must be settled in the interest of all, not in the interest of the Republican or the Democratic party. They must be settled right and every man and woman with a vote in congress will be expected to fall in line to the end that the country is placed in a position where business can move along secure in the assurance that there will be no further disturbances such as upset the world a few years ago.

The main thought in the American mind today is peace. Prosperity will come naturally. As Mr. McAdoo rightly says, the Democratic party is not dead because of the overwhelming victory of the Republican party at the recent election. It would be a sad thing for the nation if the Democratic party were dead. The Democratic party must live in order to be able in future, when the people feel the time is ripe for a change, to do to the Republican party what the latter did to its old rival on Nov. 2 last.

HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY,
DULL CARE,
WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSS,
BEWARE!

SHOULD SHE- ASK HER! ASK HER!

("Should the wife go to bed early to warm the bed for the husband?"—Clinton Herald headline).

J. William Shanks was very tall and skinny,
So frail that he could scarce a shadow make;
Poor William was, in fact, so doggone' thin he
Couldn't tell if he had back- or stomach-ache.
Each bony leg was but the merest splinter
And—but p'raps the rest had best be left untold.
That's quite enough to show why every winter
Bill suffered so intensely from the cold.

Now, Mrs. Bill, though not exactly tubby,
Was fond of dieting on orange juice,
For Mrs. Bill was—well, let's say quite chubby,
And had an anxious longing to reduce.
One could not say, with justice, she was heedless
Of comfort, warmth and pleasure of her Bill;
But, as you may surmise, it is quite needless
To say she never feared the winter's chill.

The night was cold. Bill spoke. His voice was surly.
"Now, look-a-here, old girl, I do not see
Why you can't go to bed a trifle early
So it will be all nice and warm for me."
What did she say? Her language was amazing;
Her phrases were a scandal, I declare!
With verbal pyrotechnics, eyes a-blazing,
She made it warm for Bill right then and there!

THE president will not pardon Comrade Debs because, "according to those who profess to know his views" it "would set a bad precedent and would encourage others to oppose the government in the event of another war." Tut, tut; the "association of nations" will never permit another war.

He Is Looking for the Fellow Who Cut Off His Tail . . . Please Remit Reward by Check.

(From the Aledo Times-Record).

STRAYED OR KIDNAPED—My collie dog, Monday, Oct. 25. Hasn't got no more tail than a rabbit. It was cut off close to the body when the dog was little. His name is Ted. Had three license numbers on collar, two city and one state. City, No. 9. Anybody seeing this dog, please let me know where he is and receive $5 reward. J. A. Stineman, New Boston, Ill.

IT seems safe to assume that Mr. and Mrs. George Harness of Clarence, Iowa, pull well together.

Cheer Up, Brother: It Might Be Worse. You Don't Have to Conduct a Colyum.

(From the Port Byron Globe).

There are several uses for the animal sometimes called an editor. In many places there is so much handed in for his paper that he needs to pick out and print what he thinks the people wish to read. The editor does not write very much himself, because he has to do the sorting that is what editing is. The editor of this paper has published everything that the people in this town have asked him to print. He can't help it if only one side brings in anything. The paper belongs to everybody, so come on.

Another use for an editor is to take the kicks that often belong to other folks. One man kicks because some article has mistakes in it, while another man kicks because the article is published at all. If the editor prints nothing about town affairs he is not useful; that is what he is for. If he does print it and prints all he is asked to print sometimes, he is useful to fill a coffin.

"NOTED EDUCATOR LOST IN ELECTION."—Dubuque Times-Journal.

Buried in the landslide, of course.

'T WAS a terrible blow, mates. Even yet the words in his telegram to the New Jersey Democratic state chairman on Oct. 26 are ringing in Mr. Cox's ears: "The most reprehensible and untruthful campaign in political history is at the brink of defeat."

HOME FOR FINE 4-MONTHS-OLD BLUE mouse and white kitten. Well trained. Call R. I. 3270.—The Argus.

No wonder the mouse is blue!

"BY the light of pumpkins only the following program was carried out," says the Monmouth Atlas. What is more luminous than a pumpkin! What indeed—unless it be a squash.

LICENSED to wed: Edward Pins, Dubuque, and Louis Tropf, Dubuque.

Some day there may be a lot of little Pins sticking around.

"THE flag of Democracy still flies," asserts Gov. Cox.

Look out, James! Bryan is edging toward the halyards!

R. E. M'G.

Heart Home Problems

by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been married three months and when I was first married my husband was nice to me and would give me money and bring home fruits and all such things when he was out late. Now he has become distant and at night he will tell me he is going to work and he goes to see other women. He has told me he goes to see other women and he means to as long as he lives.

At times I don't feel that I love him as I should. He often tells me to go home and he won't have to support me, and he tells me he is dissatisfied.

Do you think we will ever live happily together, or should I leave him? When we were first married he would get angry when I would go home and now he wants me to go. He writes to other girls and sometimes I see his mail. I am 20 years old.

WORRIED WOMAN.

It is my opinion that you should leave your husband. It is degrading for a wife to live with a man who refuses to give up other women. Now, before you have children, is the time to go. At the age of 20 you are really too young to recognize true love. Another time be sure that the object of your affections is a man of good character.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 15 years old. Which will be the most stylish footwear for winter—high cut shoes or oxfords? Also, would a dainty light-colored sweater worn with a very full plaited white mohair skirt be suitable to wear to an informal party?

JUST PEGGY.

High shoes are always stylish in winter. This year oxfords with wool hose will also be worn.

A sweater would not be suitable for most parties. You know how the rest will dress, however, and should be able to judge for yourself whether or not to wear it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 18 years of age and have been going with a boy for some time, but against my parents' wishes. I love this boy very dearly and want to marry him. I know my parents will never consent, but I cannot do without him. He is very nice and I know he loves me. Can you please advise me what to do?

BLUE EYES.

Yours is a case where it will be better not to do anything. You are too young to take the matter in your own hands and act contrary to the wishes of your parents.

Don't be blind to the experiences of others. Several times a week some poor woman writes to me of her unhappiness resulting from an early marriage. You would not be an exception. Prices would be just as high for you as for any one else. Difficulties and misfortunes would pile up for you and your young husband just as they have for all other youthful couples who married before they were enough ahead to start out with a comfortable bank account and unencumbered with debts.

MOTIVE-POWER

BY DR. JAMES I. VANCE.
(Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of America.)

It is easy to go to pieces. Houses and people, if left to themselves, fall into decay. Just let yourself alone and you will decline. What is needed by all of us is a motive big enough to drive life up hill. We must have some compelling task that ever summons our best endeavors, some exacting obligation that will not let us lapse, some high passion or holy purpose that is sufficiently enchanting to lead us on and up, in the face of all obstacles.

Don't pity yourself because you have to struggle. It is the people who can afford to live without struggle that are to be pitied. It is the people whose stagnant souls are never stirred by the relentless demands of exacting duties that are unfortunate.

Do you love anything enough to be willing to die for it? Then you have some chance of getting somewhere. If there is anything that makes suc ha sublime appeal to your soul that you have and are on the chance to win? Then you are getting to be a live wire. The current is on and motive-power is mering in your blood.

The purpose of religion is to equip life with a motive strong enough to drive us over obstacles, through temptations, right on and up to the heights.

If your religion is not doing this you, there is something wrong with either your religion or you—maybe both.

Your religion may be a dead dogma, or you may be merely pretending to be religious. The world needs people today who have motive-power, who are able to lift and drive and help, who cannot only climb themselves, but carry society up hill.

What's In A Name?

By MILDRED MARSHALL

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LILLIAN.

Lillian is one of the charming flower names which are so popular in the English language. Like all flower names, it is somewhat difficult to trace, but it is known that the name was a favorite with Italian ladies as early as the 14th century, because of its romantic allusion.

Curiously enough, Lillian is not derived from Lily as is popularly supposed, though it is called by etymologists a "flower name." The consensus of opinion seems to be that it has the same origin as Cecelia, though the connection seems a trifle difficult to perceive. However, Coeler Vivenna, an Etruscan general; who named the Coelian hill and gens, it is the root from which a number of names containing the syllable "lia" is derived.

There was a Liliola Gonzaga in Italy in 1340, and she is considered the first instance of the name. Lilias was another form, which is still in popular use. Lilias Ruthven appears in Scotland in 1557. She was probably so called from the old romantic poem of Roswel and Lillians, which was a great favorite in Scotland. The Lillian of this ballad is the queen of Naples. The English adopted the name as it stood and claim that it comes from Lily, using it as such. The Scotch have always preferred Lilias or Lillias, but America adopted both Lilias and Lillian.

Tennyson is responsible for the picture of Lillian as a charming thistle-down sort of mid:

"Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she loves me,
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she loves me,
Cruel little Lilian.

"So innocent arch, so cunning-simple.
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing from black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
Hhe baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies."

Lillian's jewel is the lovely lapis lazuli, the grienta gem as blue as the sea with tiny gold flecks like bits of sunshine. It has the power to cure melancholy and it is also believed to have medicinal value in allaying intermittent fever. To dream of it means faithful love. Lillian's flower is most fittingly the morning glory, the fairy bloom which scarcely survives the dew that vanishes before the sun's rays. Her lucky day is Thrusday and two is her mystic number.

Frederic Haskin's Letter

(Special Correspondence of The Argus).

Gas About Gas.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3.—There is no subject upon which you can collect more misinformation in a given length of time than that of our failing supply of petroleum. And it is a subject that comes home to everyone who rides in an automobile in the form of a high price for gas, and of frequent alarms as to the complete failure of the supply.

These alarms are generally offset by equally stirring tales of enormous supplies of oil untapped, or of the discovery of substitutes which will soon make us independent of petroleum as petroleum made us independent of whales for an oil supply. The humble owner of a flivver does not know whether to believe that he may be robbed of his transportation any day by the failure of his fuel supply, or that the supply is inexhaustible, or that he will have to change his carburetor presently and use a fuel made out of alfalfa, shavings and waste paper. Likewise he is sometimes tempted to believe that he will have to go to war and fight for a supply of gas with other nations, and at other times he is encouraged to think that the United States will be as independent in this respect for all time as the irreconcilables would have it be in political questions.

The oil supply question, like every other vital question in America, has been converted into a frightful bugaboo which is used to scare us by all sorts of interested and mischievous persons, as boys use a hollow pumpkin and a sheet on Hallowe'en. People that want to invade Mexico and people who oppose intervention, people that want to stir up feeling against England, and people that want us to love her, people that want a high price for gas and people that want a low one, all use this question as a means to an end, and all of them can find figures to support their several contentions.

This Is the Truth.

Yet the facts about the oil supply are comparatively simple, according to the bureau of mines.

The consumption of gasoline in this country increases at an alarming rate. That is the first important fact. It looks as though we would always use all the gas we can get. Barring some improbable great find of oil in this country, we will always live in fear of a shortage and we will occasionally suffer from a temporary shortage at least. We are dependent upon constant new discoveries for keeping up our supply. From 20 to 35 per cent of the oil we use in any year comes from new wells. We are to some extent like the tramp who never knows where the next meal is coming from, but who nearly always finds it somewhere. Each year there is a little oil boom or a big one somewhere in the United States, and that oil boom saves the situation. If a year or two should pass without the opening of new wells of substantial value, there would be a shortage which would probably continue until new finds were made.

In other words, while the end of our known oil supply is just a little way ahead, our unknown oil supply keeps coming to the rescue. But it is not a thing to rely upon.

Then, too, our known oil supply is being stretched in ways that were not dreamed of a few years ago. Wells in old fields, such as that at Bradford, Penn., which were supposed to be about exhausted, are being made to yield by ingenious methods. Water-flooding, and the forcing of a flow of oil by means of compressed air are the best of these methods. As a result of what they have shown some experts believe that we have not been recovering more than 20 per cent of the oil from our wells, and they believe that our estimate of oil supply in this country must be increased at least 50 per cent and perhaps 100 per cent.

Three Sources of Supply.

Our supply of motor fuel may be supplemented chiefly in three ways. In the first place, motor fuel may be obtained from coal by coking it and also from natural gas. Neither of these sources offers a solution of the problem, of course, because the coal and gas supplies are inadequate. But they will help. Especially important is the growth of the tendency to coke all coal before it is used as furnace fuel.

In the second place, we have vast deposits of shales containing petroleum which science has found ways of extracting. The supply of oil in oil shales is vastly greater than that in the known fields of free oil. These oil shales have recently been held up as a complete solution of the problem. As a matter of fact, they are no immediate solution at all. The extraction of oil from the shales is hardly on a commercial basis yet, and the more difficult of the shales would take almost as many men as it takes to dig our coal supply. It is reasonable to hope that the oil shales will ultimately supply a large part of our needs for petroleum, and it is comforting to know that this great potential supply is at hand in our own country; but it must be borne in mind that we have not yet learned how to get at this treasure.

The use of alcohol as a motor fuel, and even as a source of all power, has also been the subject of much misrepresentation. Alcohol can be made from most vegetable matter, and vegetable matter renews itself indefinitely. Therefore, here is theoretically an inexhaustible source of motor fuel. But here, again, the whole technique of producing the fuel remains to be discovered. Alcohol is now worth three times as much as gasoline. From the leaves of forest trees enough alcohol could be made to run all the automobiles in the country but the cost of gathering the leaves is prohibitive. Enough vegetable matter goes to waste on farms and in sawmills to make an alcohol supply adequate for our motor fuel needs, but here again the cost of gathering this widely scattered material and making it into alcohol is prohibitive.

Industry Lags.

The inertia of our industrial system must be taken into account here. Government bureaus are doing a little experimental work on both oil shales and alcohol production, but not much. If scientific commissions of the highest character were constituted to look into these matters, and were given all necessary funds to make experiments on a commercial scale, we would certainly progress more rapidly toward a solution of the motor fuel problem. But the interests that sell us our fuel at high prices are not interested in creating large supplies of cheap fuel, nor do they care to have the government do it. And the government dances more to their music than to the somewhat vague and discordant tune which arises from the mass of the consumers.

There are enormous supplies of fuel in other parts of the world than the United States, but obtaining a share of this supply is complicated by considerations of international policy and of commercial expediency. Besides, an autonomous supply of fuel is an advantage in peace and a necessity in war.

The situation may be sized up by saying that no great shortage or sudden exhaustion of the oil supply is apt to occur; but temporary shortages and disturbing vacillations in price are almost certain to occur. The supply of motor fuel probably can be sustained indefinitely, and whether this is done and how well depends largely upon how the supply is administered by the government and by private interests who control it. This administration in turn probably depends upon how well the average consumer understands his own interest in the matter and how vigorously he asserts it.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters).

Q. How much castor oil is used in the United States? N. E. T.

A. The department of agriculture says that the normal annual consumption of castor oil in this country is more than 2,000,000 gallons. The castor beans are imported from India, China, the West Indies and South America, and crushed in crushing plants in this country. Importation of the oils are small.

Q. Can you go to Africa and be safe from cannibals? A. E. M.

—A. The greater part of Africa, particularly South Africa, is civilized and extremely up-to-date in as far as its cities are concerned. The only cannibals now found in Africa are in the extreme central jungle regions, which are practically unexplored. Africa today has many large and flourishing cities, and also a large white population.

Q. When was Thanksgiving first observed? C. K. B.

A. Thanksgiving day originated in the New England states in 1621. After the first harvest, Governor Bradford made provisions for a day of fasting and prayer. In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer in the midst of a drought was changed to a day of thanksgiving because of the coming of rain during their prayers. This was observed annually and son spread through the New England colony. In 1817 New York adopted it as an annual custom. In 1864 President Lincoln appointed a day of thanksgiving, and since then the presidents have issued a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Q. Can birds of paradise and aigrettes be sold and worn in the United States? R. J.

A. The Bureau of Biological Survey says birds of paradise may be worn and sold in the United States. It is, however, against the federal law to import birds of paradise into the United States. It is against the law to buy or sell or possess aigrettes except any aigrettes which may have been purchased prior to July 3, 1918, in which case one may retain such aigrettes, but it is against the law to sell same.

Q. Is chop suey a native Chinese dish? H. F.

A. This dish, popular in Chinese resturants in America, was apparently formed by English-speaking Chinese restaurant keepers in this country. English "chop" plus Chinese "sui," meaning bits of fragments chopped into small pieces and cooked.

Q. What is the difference between "perspire" and "transpire"? M. E. R.

A. In physiology, the two words have a similar meaning, in fact "perspire" is given as a synonym for "transpire." The term "perspire" is applied to human beings, whereas, "transpire" is used mainly in reference to plants. To "perspire," is to exude a fluid matter through the pores of the skin, to "transpire" is to exhale water vapor, as from the tissues of plants.

Q. I run a machine that has a belt that slips a great deal. What should be done? W. M. B.

A. The bureau of standards says that there are a number of belt dressings on the market which will reduce the slipping somewhat. However, if the belt slips, it is an indication that it is being called upon to carry more power than it was intended to carry. A wider belt may be needed.

Q. How much is a quart in cubic inches? W. J. L.

A. A liquid quart is equal to 57.7 cubic inches.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"LUCY'S BOY."
By Kitty Parsons.

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"I don't care if he is a nice man, Aunt Mary—I don't want to meet him! I hate paragons and from what I hear about him, he's a regular one. Please don't ask him while I'm here, dear aunty; I'll just be horrid to him if you do!"

Aunt Mary frowned and tried to look angry.

"You're an ungrateful child, Mollie, and goodness knows when you'll ever have another chance to meet anyone with as much money as Lucy's boy has. Not that I'd think of money, if I didn't know he was a fine young fellow, besides. He couldn't be anything else with such a mother as he had. Lucy was the dearest friend I ever had in the world. Her boy couldn't be anything but a paragon, my dear. I don't see why you're so stubborn about this, Mollie."

"I'm sorry, aunty, but I'm so happy and contented here that I can't bear to have anybody's pampered darling boy come along and spoil it, even for a week. Summer is so short, and I'll have to go back to work next month. Please let me enjoy it just with you and the other folks around here; every single minute is so very precious!"

"Well, well, you're a funny girl, and I suppose you might as well have your own way. What have you young people planned for tonight?"

"Bess, and Chet Olney, and a friend of his are coming to drive me out to the club with them to a dance—I suppose I'd better get ready now." Mollie kissed her aunt on the tip of her nose. "Don't be cross with me, dear, about 'Lucy's boy.' I know he's a marvel of virtue, but I don't pine to know him."

Bess and the two young men called for Mollie about half-past eight, and she was quickly hustled into the back seat with Chet's friend, who was cheerfully introduced as "Skinny" Smith. She couldn't see him very clearly, but his voice was nice, and they found each other's company so agreeable that when they reached the club and the others got out, they still sat talking together.

"Come on, Skinny—up to your old tricks again?" called Chet. "This is the last stop!"

They all laughed and started up the steps of the clubhouse. It was a beautiful night and Mollie was sure she was going to have a wonderful time—she felt just in the spirit to enjoy every minute of it. She was always popular, but she found young Smith such a good dancer and so entertaining a talker that she didn't mind at all when he repeatedly begged her to dance with him. They found a great deal to talk about, too, and when they were tired of dancing they sat out on the cool porch where they could look at the moon.

"I guess Mollie's made some hit with old Skinny," whispered Chet to Bess, as they disappeared in the direction of two wicker porch chairs.

"Do you live in this town all the time?" asked the visiting young man hopefully.

"I'm just spending the summer here with my aunt. She's a dear, and I adore her. We had our very first quarrel today because she wanted to have a stupid young man from Greenfield here on a visit. His mother was her best friend, Lucy Norris, and I've heard somuch about 'Lucy's boy' that if I ever see him I think I could choke him with my bare hands! Why are you laughing, Mr. Skinny Smith?"

"I was just thinking I might know him—I live in Greenfield myself. What's his name?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I always think of him as 'Lucy's boy.' I think it's Carter or something or other, but I'm not at all sure. Do you know such a person?"

"We went to school together; he's sort of a queer fish—not much of a lady's man as a rule, either."

"I know there must be something wrong with him the way aunty raved. I loathe paragons, and I hope I never have to meet this one—never!"

Skinny became suddenly serious.

"Please don't say that," he begged her.

"Why not?"

"You've met him already—yes, you have, too. I'm he—'Carter something or other.' I'm sorry, but I didn't know you had such an aversion to me, really."

Mollie was covered with confusion.

"Oh, you can't be 'Lucy's boy'! I never pictured him that way. I'm dreadfully sorry I spoke as I did."

"Are you sorry, or glad I'm different?"

"Why, I'm glad, of course! You're a perfect angel compared to what I thought you might be."

"If you think I'd improve on acquaintance would you be willing to think about me a little more?"

"How much more?"

"Well, for life, anyway—for better or worse."

Bess and Chet came rushing out on the porch to tell them that the last dance was over.

"How is it?" Skinny asked Mollie, scarcely noticing the others at all. "Better or worse?"

"Why, what's the matter with Mollie? Is she sick?" cried Bess in concern.

Mollie laughed a little nervously.

"Just a little headache," she told them reassuringly. "And now that I've been sitting out here in this bracing atmosphere, I begin to feel sure that it is really going to be better."

Household Hints

Menu Hint.

BREAKFAST.
Steamed Apricots
Cereal and Cream
Panned Scrapple
Rolls Coffee

LUNCHEON.
Vegetable Soup
Coleslaw
Apple Pie Cocoa

DINNER.
Radishes Broiled Steak
French Fried Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes Lettuce
Pineapple Tapioca

Pumpkin Recipes.

Pumpkin Muffins—Place in a mixing bowl two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon salt, two level tablespoons baking powder, one level tablespoon shortening, four level tablespoons brown sugar, one cup milk, one and one-half cups stewed pumpkin.

Beat to mix and then pour in well-greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Pumpkin Custard—Place in a mixing bowl one cup stewed pumpkin, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup sugar, two tablespoons melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoon ginger.

Beat to mix and then turn into well-greased custard cups. Set the cups in a baking pan and fill the pan with two-thirds of the depth of cups with cold water. Bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes.

Pumpkin Pie—From the early colonial days this delicacy has always been a great favorite. To prepare the pastry for this pie place in a mixing bowl: Two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, two level teaspoons baking powder.

Sift to mix. Now rub into the flour seven tablespoons shortening and use six tablespoons of cold water to form a paste. Divide for two pies.

Roll out and cover pie plates and then roll the trimmings into a long, thin and narrow strip and cut in inch-wide strips. Wet the edge of the pastry and use this strip to build up the edge to prevent the filling from overflowing. Now rub the bottom of the pastry with salad oil to prevent the filling from soaking the lower crust.

Now place in a bowl: Two cups stewed pumpkin, one-half teaspoon salt, one and one-quarter cups of brown sugar, one and one-half teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon, tiny pinch of allspice, four level tablespoons cornstarch, two level tablespoons butter, one and one-half cups milk, two well beaten eggs.

Beat mixture to blend thoroughly and then fill into the pies and bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes.