

Good Light Stories

By Blanch Silver

Illustrated by Neva Harrison

DAVID MAKES FRIENDS WITH MAMMA AND DADDY ECHIDNA

ONE day while David was on a visit to his aunt, who lived in New South Wales, he was walking down by the stream when he spied a queer-looking creature dozing on the sand. It wore a little overcoat of quills like David had seen the sea-urchins wearing back home. Its funny little head was very small and pointed and its eyes were almost hidden under the quills. Its head ran out into a slender bill, for the nose and mouth. Its legs were short and strong. The feet were furnished with very powerful claws fitted for digging. The hind feet had spurs on them, just like David's rooster back home, but its tail was very short and so hidden by the quills that David could hardly tell he had a tail at all.

David's foot struck a twig, and the strange creature rolled itself up into a prickly ball. After waiting a few seconds for the attack, which it fully expected, and hearing everything quiet, the queer creature finally uncurled and looked at David in surprise.

"Then you didn't intend to catch me," he squeaked.

"I should say not!" replied David, laughing to think of a strange little creature talking to him. "Certainly not, after I saw what an armor you wear. But I would like to know what your name is."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" exclaimed the funny creature. "Eddy Echidna, at your service. If you come as a friend, I'll be glad to know you. Come on, I'll show you my home. I know by your face that you're a friend of the woodfolk."

"Indeed, am I?" laughed David. "I never harm them, and I try not to frighten them. You won't bite me, will you?"

"Bite?" exclaimed Eddy Echidna, and he laughed so loudly that Mrs. Echidna came out from her burrow in the soft sand to see what the commotion was about. "Come over here, this chap wants to know if we bite. Oh, that's some joke! Why, we couldn't if we wanted to—we haven't a tooth in our heads. We depend on our tongue to catch our food—which, let me say, before going any farther, is like the tongue of an ant-eater, long and flexible, and covered with a

THE ELOPEMENT

By Juanita Hamel



ELOPEMENTS, like everything else, are the result of cause and effect. In elopements the cause is usually an obstinate or irate parent—though doubtless many young lovers have eloped just for the sake of added romance.

But whatever be the cause, the story—it comes to me as a true

one—of the girl who eloped with a cook book tucked under one arm and a bisque image of the god of love under the other, proves that she was practical, with just a dash of sentiment—enough to hold the love she had won. It proves, too, that truth is stronger, if not stranger, than fiction.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

A Wolf Walks Into Lillian's Trap.

AS I hurried to Lillian with the news that Alice Holcombe and the man Jake Wiley were on their way to our house I felt my knees shaking with nervousness, and I had to muster all my strength to keep my voice from trembling as I told my friend of the telephone message from Alice Holcombe's mother.

But the enforced calmness of my voice did not deceive Lillian. She looked at me keenly and spoke crisply.

"Look here, Madge. Are you going to funk this?"

"The tone and words were just what I needed. I threw up my head angrily. 'You know I'm not!' I said, my tremor forgotten.

Lillian still continued to look at me, a considering, speculative gaze that made my cheeks flush. By the time she withdrew her eyes I was one hot-dame from the door, and my terror of Jake Wiley was swallowed up in the desire to strike that doubting look from Lillian's eyes—the very result which sober reflection a few minutes later told me she had striven for.

"The first thing to guard against is that we are not disturbed," Lillian said when she had finally taken her eyes from my flushed face. "No doubt we'll be late for dinner, so if you'll tell Katie to wait dinner indefinitely and tip Jim off not to let Katie into the garden, I'll fix things with your mother-in-law, when she comes over and test me. The only thing to be as meek as a dozen lambs, rolled into one. I'll have her keep Robert and Marion with her until we come back. It's sheer fool luck that the Dicky-bird is to stay in town for dinner tonight."

Lillian's Plan.

She paused, cupped her chin in her hands for a minute, and I knew that she was looking over her plan to see if there was in it some unsuspected weak spot. When she lifted her head again I saw that every link in the chain had been gone over and tested.

"I'm a bit of a nervous wreck, she directed, 'something heavier if you think you need it, and as soon as you have spoken to Katie go to the summer house across the brook and stay there. Tell Katie if Miss Holcombe asks for you to send her out there, but to tell any one else you are not at home.'

She sent me a quick, shrewd glance. I think she half expected me to ask where she would be, but I remained locally

silent, and saw a gleam of approval creep into her eyes.

"I shall be out there about as soon as you are, but you won't see me. I am going over to the Durkee house and following their path through the woods to that clump of bushes which Alfred and Dicky wouldn't have disturbed because they were so wonderfully hung with vines. From there I can hear and see everything that goes on, and will be able to confront Mr. Wiley when he needs it, at a second's notice. As soon as I'm safely settled in there I'll give that little bird call we used to try. I don't do it very well, but it'll serve."

A Brutal Laugh.

With my heart much lighter for the knowledge that Lillian was 'strictly on the job'—her favorite phrase—I did the things she bade me, and was soon settled in the summer house with a book, an accordion, Lillian had suggested. A few minutes later the faint notes of a bird call came to my ears, and I knew Lillian was close by, although I had seen her only once.

The next sound I heard—excluding the chirping of the birds and the rattling of the brook—was the chug of a motor

tuning into the drive. And then, after an interval that was less than two minutes in actuality, but seems in feeling, I saw Alice Holcombe, her face wax and pallid, but her eyes bright with determination, coming across the little footbridge which at this point spanned the brook, feeding our little lake at the garden's foot. In her wake lounged the unspoken man who had so frightened both of us. He was puffing vigorously at a cigar, and his whole attitude spoke loudly of his elation at having both of us in his power.

"Hello, little lady!" he leered as he came up the one step of the summer house. "You're not quite so upish as you were the last time I saw you. I owe you one for that, but I won't collect my pay—yet—that is if you're reasonable."

That he would collect his pay on any grudge he had to the last drop of blood I saw by the wolfish gleam in his eyes, Alice Holcombe and I moved nearer to each other involuntarily. He saw the movement and laughed brutally.

"It's about time you two came to your senses!" he snarled. "A pair of prize idiots you've been, trying to dodge me, and refusing to give up what you know about Stockbridge when all the time I had the power to send both of you to the chair."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Doctor Should Be One to Prescribe Rhubarb

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

EVERY now and then I am asked why rhubarb, once the vogue as a purgative, has its use now confined more or less to pies and tarts. Rhubarb is a part of the human system, but by no means identical with the "pie plant." The latter is a type of vegetation with juicy stems, used for pastry and pies as well as a sauce like stewed apples.

To eat stewed rhubarb or rhubarb pie is not to obtain any laxative effect. To take rhubarb as a purgative, you need must obtain the medical kind to be had at a pharmacy.

As a matter of fact, rhubarb, like castor oil, may be grouped with purges which really constipate. That is to say, they will perhaps cleanse the intestines once or twice, and then by virtue of certain astringent acids produce the opposite to the effect desired.

Rhubarb is a powerful medicine, and especially medicines, has different effects according to the size and quality of the dose. This great fact is not taught in homes, schools and some newspapers. Few persons realize that a quarter of a teaspoonful of castor oil may do one thing, a teaspoonful may do another, and a tablespoonful bring about effects entirely different from either.

These facts, you will, as usual, ignore them and recommend some medicine to the next acquaintance and never mention the dose. It is one of the worst of all cathartics with a tendency to leave worse constipation as an after-effect. On the other hand, it is a powerful purgative for persons of feeble constitution to the use of decayed foods, unsuitable

rituals and drink, late dinners, curds from milk and other things which often result in an ailment called "auto-intoxication," "botulism," "stomachic poisoning" and "dysentery are soon relieved by your family doctor's appropriate dose of rhubarb. As a child under the age of 2 to 3-year-old child, a teaspoonful for an infant under 15 months, two teaspoonfuls for a child over this age, and three to four teaspoonfuls for a 2 to 3-year-old child. Here then is another lesson which you somehow refuse to learn, namely, that what you consider a right for grown-ups or for boys and girls, may be twenty times as potent and many times too strong for little ones. Please remember that rhubarb, if used without much suffering. Rhubarb, as well as all other medicines, calls for different treatment in different ages, as well as for different patients. It is not your physician's knowledge, cannot afford to prescribe for yourself.

Answers to Health Questions

A. F. B. Q.—Please give me a remedy for freckles.

A.—Commonly, no matter what is used, freckles usually return, and if the skin peels it is better to stop the use of all remedies, because more harm than good may result. As a trial try a little of 1 dram salicylic acid to 1 ounce of alcohol.

S. W. A.—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query rephrased I will be glad to answer your questions.

MISS Z. Z. Q.—How shall I keep superfluous hair from my face? 3.—Can you suggest something for white spots on the finger-nails?

A.—There is no certain, permanent method. You may try the following: 1.—Wash face with soap and water, and leave it on for five minutes. 2.—Starch or acacia mucilage. 1 part Calamine. 2 parts. 3.—Sulphur. 1 part. 4.—Perfume to give fragrance. 5.—Rub the edges of your nails and cuticles with a little cocoa butter, also the fingers.

S. H. P. Q.—Please suggest nourishing foods for a run-down person. A.—Sleep outdoors, ride in the open air, rest in the sun. Drink milk, cream, orange juice, eat eggs, fresh fruits, meats, cereals, ice cream and a large variety of vegetables. Have a dentist attend to your teeth.

MRS. M. R. Q.—What causes gritting of the teeth at night? A.—Some sort of interior disturbance such as muscle fatigue, from being up too long, too tired, wrong food, overeating, need of a bath before bedtime; adenoids, tonsils, skin, scalp or nose (if infection are to be corrected. Remove a full pint of intestinal gas. Take a hot bath and a hot glass of milk before retiring.

MISS M. B. Q.—Is there any way to restore the natural color of the hair? A.—It has been known to return by itself, but we know of no way. You might try shampoos, black crayon, henna and indigo mixed to make a shade you wish.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. When the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: We are two chums, 17 and 18, and are very much in love with two boys one year our senior. They used to call frequently at our homes, but one night we had a misunderstanding and they have never called since. We see them quite often, and they just raise their caps. They're too bashful to make up.

How can we gain their friendship? APPLE BLOSSOMS: When next you meet these boys and they greet you just walk up to them and have a little chat. This may assist them over their bashfulness.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I have gone with two boys alternately until recently one went away. I have received letters from him, but the boy at home does not wish me to answer them. Should I? BLUE EYES.

BLUE EYES: There is no reason for you not to write to your friend.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am seeing your advice about a very romantic love affair. I am deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. He has a very high position in one of the stores and is making lots of money. I am living with a married sister to be near him, but I am not sure he loves me. It has been said that he is in love with another girl, so I ask if it would be right to propose to him, as this is leap year. MISS REBECCA.

MISS REBECCA: I fear that this leap year superstition is going to cause lots of girls to suffer much humiliation. Don't be one of them.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care of this office.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Love of a Bad Woman

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THE soldier is home from the war. And he isn't having as good a time as he thought he would have—when he got home. Over there, in the trenches, and in the dug-outs, and even in the Y. M. C. A. huts, he used to sit and dream about home, and oh, what a beautiful place it was!

Warm, first of all, and very dry. He couldn't wait to remember ever being really wet, clear through, back home; and if you were, all you had to do was to dry out and get a bath—a nice hot one, and some fresh things, and there you were, all the better for a little sprinkling.

And things to eat—apple pie, and chocolate layer cake, and chicken and dumplings, like mother used to make, and second helpings or third, if you wanted them, and all the coffee you could drink and white tablecloths. And girls—the prettiest girls in the world, and the best, and the most affectionate.

But now he's home, and he's used to the food, and he doesn't see what there is so grand about a white tablecloth, after all, and he feels sort of cooped up and tied down and nobody loves him, and he wishes—oh, he doesn't know what he wishes—and then there's the girl.

She isn't a good girl, and he knows it. Knew it all the time, but he's in love with her just the same, and she's gone away and married another man. But the other night, when he met her at a party, she gave him the old look, and he knew that she would run away from her husband and go with him to the ends of the earth, if he just asked her. And why shouldn't he ask her? he says. He's crazy about her, and he doesn't care whether she's good or not. She's as good as he is, anyhow—and all that old talk about a woman's character, what does that amount to?

Life's short. Why, he's seen it snuffed out in an instant, the little flickering lamp of life—over there at the front. Why not make it sweet while it lasts? What if they do quarrel and part? Wouldn't it be worth it? What's the use of living if you must measure and mark, and weigh and argue over everything? A week or two of happiness—that's something to live for, even if you never get anything else in life. He's so hungry and so thirsty for happiness, poor lad—oh, he can't wait and starve and parch. Why should he?

And yet, and yet— I hope some good friend will come and take him away somewhere, outdoors into the man's world, where it's clean and cool, and where the earth begins to smell like spring and the tumbling waters are full and brown and rushing, and where the bare branches of the trees begin to give a little promise of budding, and where the great, clean wind will smite him on the back, like a friendly "Buddy," and where he will see the stars sparkling in



Winifred Black.

the vaulted skies, and where he can get well of the ache and the fever that consumes him.

For it is nothing but a fever—such love as this. It isn't love at all. It is a mad passion, a wild infatuation, and such things never brought anything but misery to any man or any woman on earth who gave way to them.

She leaves her husband for you today, my boy. Tomorrow she will leave you for some one else. How are you going to bear alone the bitterness of that hour?

Be careful. Be very careful. From such things as these spring murder and suicide and all the dreadful tale of hideous tragedy.

The papers are full of these stories. Life is full of them. It is a part of the aftermath of war.

The love of a good woman is worth life and worth death, and worth suffering and worth all agony of soul and body, to get and to hold.

The love of a bad woman is the most dreadful curse you can call down upon your head. Believe it or not today, some day you will believe it. Forget this light woman and her appeal to everything that is base in you. You are not light like her. You cannot play the game she plays and win.

Forget it—and her—and turn your mind to some true heart that will not tear your life to rending pieces.

Forget It—and Her

The Black Charmeuse Satin Sash on This Suit Is Embroidered with Gay Worsteds.

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON "Everything About the House Helps to Make the Home"

HOME-MAKING HELPS

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, APRIL 25-26.

Sunday's astrological chart, while holding many conflicting testimonies, promises some unexpected benefits, and announces the promise of new and helpful friends. It is probable that these will hold high positions in both public and social activities, and will be disposed to be of service.

Those whose birthday it is, while having a checkered year, will be helped by high and powerful friends. A child born on this day will be clever, have good judgment and will rise in life.

Monday's horoscope lays the emphasis on domestic, social and affectional activities, with the promise of good fortune and happiness in these. The mental faculties will also be alert and profound, with a tendency to turn to the obscure, metaphysical or occult.

Those whose birthday it is will have a successful and interesting year. A child born on this day will be active, progressive and fortunate.

OWN your own home! advice to most people means buying a lot and building not really what they want but what they can afford, with or without the aid of the local "building and loan" assistance. But to buy an old house that stands in a garden you have fallen in love with at sight is a whole lot more fun and will probably cost less to start with, but the garden will have to make up for a lot of deficiencies. If the house is well built and is in fair repair, to remodel it little by little is a continuous joy.

One such home, purchased by a young couple of garden lovers was slowly but surely made over inside until today it is one of the most convenient and charming homes you could wish.

For instance, they began on the parlor, a good-sized room opening into what had been a downstairs bedroom, which was not very attractive. They broke through the partition and joined the rooms with a gridded archway and, on the lower level, making the windows double French windows opening on to a new

wide porch, which ran around one side and across an end of the house. After opening the stove hole in a deep chimney for an open fire, and erecting a wood mantle, a hardwood floor was laid and the decorations did the rest.

The sitting room across the hall was turned into a library, and by a peculiarly clever arrangement of built-in bookcases, and enlarged window casements was made into an octagonal room. The open fireplace filled one angle. The dining room had a large, old-fashioned pantry adjoining it, which contained a large window. This was cut in two so that the dining room won a wide joy plus a window. The pantry had a window for serving cut into the kitchen, and with good shelf arrangement it filled its need satisfactorily. Among changes in the kitchen was the removal of the cellar stairs to the opposite side of the cellar, where they opened on to a closed-in end of the porch, thus appreciably increasing the size of the kitchen.

Upstairs there was a small room be-

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Diary of a Fashion Model

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Declares That the Sash Is "The Thing" on Eton Suits.

THE popularity of the Eton suit increases as spring advances. Although Etons have been used in various picturesque ways in many periods of woman's dress, Madame says they will always be in good style because they're invariably youthful.

This season the Eton's contrive to look very different from jackets of former years, and manage to achieve individualities of collar, cuffs or cut, and they also find distinction in the striking accessories—the sash—which ties itself into a position of importance on the smartest models.

These sashes may be of silk, satin, tulle, cloth or wide black braid, but there is invariably a bewitchingly be-

litting-in fact everything a room of this sort should contain. The house being heated by a hot water system this room was perfectly comfortable even in extreme weather.

The sewing room was equipped with many improvements not often found in rooms of this sort. On one side was a glass front sliding door closet to hold unfinished gowns. Three long, deep drawers to hold work were built under a wide, long cutting table. A folding ironing board with an electric iron was placed near the sewing machine, which was run by electric motor. A drop leaf cutting table was attached to the wall and could be dropped out of the way when not in use. And special lights were arranged over the work table to make night work possible if it was necessary.

The charm of remodeling a fine old house is that the house is never done. There are always possibilities. With the "ready-made" house it is as if it were left or leave it. Don't take liberties with its partitions, for it's doing its best.

She is going to copy this sash to wear with her suit.

The suit in my sketch is dark blue tulle, with the round collar of the frock gives a curve to the bust line, which is a good point of tailoring. Madame especially recommends this feature on the plain jacket.

The reverses are notched and are youthfully becoming. The jacket fastens with black bow buttons, and bone buttons link the sleeves.

Two curved pockets that follow the line of the curved seams in front are very effective. The invisible arched heads embroidered in black silk floss complete these pockets.

Now I must tell you about the sash. I've been saying that important item of the suit for the last.

It is black charmeuse satin of a very soft, simple weave, and is cut long enough to reach twice around the body, crossing in the back and lying in front at the left side.

The ends are embroidered in gayly-colored worsteds in bright greens, cherry, yellow, old blue and black.

When Madame adjusted this sash around my waist and took the last surveying glance at the model she said that this sash might also carry fringe to match the colored flowers if any customer wanted to have it that way.

You will observe that the skirt is gathered around the waistline and that the fulness is very pretty, falling beneath the skirt and sash.

"How would such a sash look with an accordion pleated skirt?" I asked Madame.

"It would be quite effective," she replied, "though it would be prettier with a knife-pleated skirt for the pleats would lie flat beneath the sash."

I also asked Madame in what colors the black straw strapped with the various bright colors found in the worsted embroidery of the sash. These straps are made from taffeta cut on the bias. With this hat I wear one of the new black lace veils that fall around the brim and shade my eyes.

I am wearing our newest Eton at the Fashion Show tomorrow, and I drew this sketch to show my brother's wife

omitting sash that outlines the slenderness of the waistline.

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