

'S' Matter, Pop?

By C. M. Payne

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! NOW WHAT?

UH-HUH, A PIECE OF POPCORN (BUT WHAT ABOUT...)

WELL?

I HAD A BUG IN ONE HAN' AN A PEECH OF POPCORN IN THE OTHER. AN' WHEN I WUTH WUNNING, I ATE THE POP CORN.

YES

NOW, I DONT THEE HOW I GOT THE PEECH OF POP CORN LEFT!

OH N HUH-H! DONT MIND A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT YOU CAN EASILY FIND ANOTHER BUG

THE ROAD TO THE TOP

Those Who Are at the Summit Point Out the Route to Others Who Are Beginning to Climb.

A LIFE'S STRANGE CAREER. By E. E. Rittenhouse.

REBELS without getting discouraged. You will need to stand in the eyes of your fellows as a young man of integrity. You will need to be industrious and to know the value of patience and perseverance.

THE young man who would climb the "Road to the Top" in the life insurance business must incorporate in his makeup the quality of self-reliance.

For in that way the big agencies are created and earn for their founders many times over the salary that goes even with executive positions.

There is now and always will be a demand for efficient young men in the field, but they must be efficient. There is unlimited room at the top, but to get through the press at the bottom takes strength and purpose and will and the cultivation of these attributes will make a young man stand out apart from his fellows; to tower above them, to outdistance them, you will need the ability to take

Sonnet to the Sausage.

Alas! that boon was cruelly denied To dine the royal feasts. But such is fate. Whether thou'rt made of dog meat chipped up fine, Or weary car horse recently demised, Or plant porker, ludicrously stout— It matters not. Thou art not less divine. By lovers always shall be idolized Thy strings of linked sweetness long drawn out.

\$100?—\$20,000?—Nothing?—Or Less?

When the door of the new Junior partner would wear. "Going to treat us all?" asked O'Brien. "You ought to!" "Treating is a pernicious habit," Jonathan Peters broke in coldly. "I'm surprised, Mr. O'Brien, at your suggesting it!" Miss Dean patted O'Brien's arm—the one that Peters was not holding. "Even if you do stay all evening at Peters," she whispered, "it won't be too late for you to drop in at our house on your way home."

Novelettes of New York Streets

By Ethel Watts Mumford

5--The Hidden Room On Fifth Avenue

The Story of a Girl Who Lost Her Job, and How It Came Back to Her of Its Own Accord.

but again, to her practiced eye, the lure was not sufficient to account for it. A wise-eyed young woman approached her, noting Estelle's coquettish hat, well-dressed hair and impeccable figure.

The maid vouchsafed a smile that was almost a wink and retired. The rooms began to fill. More tables were provided. Petit Chevaux and Boule were commenced in the adjoining apartment. Still Estelle sat observing madame and Mrs. Whesme.

Two black clad young women turned shocked faces away from their customer and gasped at such temerity. "By-by, girls, I'm blowing the job," she called gaily.

The Girl Without a Job. Estelle's feelings calmed somewhat as she found herself on the avenue—the sunlit avenue, which had been "not for her," even at lunch hour, that being too variable an event with madame's clients to be counted on.

Madame now claimed her attention, but it was short, while alluring, were not to her taste, fed as it was on the "creations" of the foremost makers. "Fifth for mine," she thought, and turned in that direction through one of the middle forty side streets.

Watching it all with wide eyes, Estelle sank into one of the gilded chairs beside an unoccupied table. Instantly the maid approached and set a bubbling glass on the table and a tray of bon-

bons. Estelle fumbled with her purse. "On the house, miss." The maid looked at her sharply. "Who are you with, please, miss?" "I was with Mrs. Alphonstine," Estelle replied with the ring of truth in her dulcet voice.

"Of course you won't, my dear," madame interrupted. "We quite understand one another. Come, Mrs. Whesme, let's try our luck again!"

O'Brien on the back. "Bully for you! By George Olden, you're the clever chap." Twenty thousand dollars—my Gawd!

"Twenty thousand dollars!" he gasped. "Twenty thousand!" Quincy echoed in an awed whisper. "I always said, Olden, that you had more brains than all the rest of us put together. Say, come here with me for dinner—I want to show you a piece of property I own that I'll sell you!"

Quincy O'Brien, Carlton, and a score of others laid violent hands on the pink sheet. In a second it was in shreds. With a whoop, O'Brien pounded

Old Clothes for New

Simple Ways to Renovate Your Wardrobe

By Andra Dupont

KEEPING WHITE KID GLOVES CLEAN.

There's another pair of white kids that must go to the cleaners. I declare I can't wear gloves but once before they are not black. That makes five pairs this week, and all the long ones cost from ten to fifteen cents a pair to clean. Little enough, but it's astonishing how fast one's money all trickles away in tiny dribbles like this.

So grabbed a pretty friend of mine the other day, looking for sympathy. But I didn't sympathize a little bit.

Why do you let them get so dirty that you have to send them to the cleaners? I said, "You can't help the dirt getting on, of course," I said, "but you CAN help letting it stay on. There's nothing looks worse than a soiled pair of white kid gloves or more elegant than the same pair when they are immaculate. The French woman always keeps herself 'blan gantee,' as she expresses it, by attending to her gloves the moment she comes home from a call or any daylight expedition and the first thing the next morning after the theatre.

While the gloves are still on her hands she takes a clean piece of white flannel and, dipping it in naphtha or gasoline or one of the safer cleaning fluids, she rubs it carefully over the tips of the fingers so that any dust or grease spots are removed at once before they have a chance to sink in and permanently stain the kid. When she uses naphtha or gasoline she is of course careful never to do it in a room lighted by gas or lamp or where there is a fire, as such fluids are highly explosive.

A small spot or smudge can easily be removed from white gloves with a perfectly clean eraser—one of the cheap rubber erasers that you can buy anywhere for a few cents will answer perfectly, provided that it is not made of hard rubber. The soft composition called 'art gum,' sometimes used by draughtsmen, is excellent for the purpose.

If a white glove breaks at the tip of the finger and you want to make a neat job mending it, don't sew the edges over and over in the usual way on the outside but turn it inside out and, putting the edges together carefully, overcast them finely but firmly. Always use fine white thread, never silk, as the latter will rot the kid."

Were You Satisfied With Your Presents?

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Are you disappointed with your Christmas gifts? Did you expect more? Have you a regret that you sent something to him or her that did not receive like measure? And did some one, from whom you expected to hear no word, respond? And are you planning to be at a secret grievance about it all?

If you receive an unexpected present, don't worry and fret because you have not sent something in its place and don't rush out to forward a belated return of it. The motive will be at once recognized, which is not as it should be. At any rate, if you are disappointed and have not yet acquired the great pleasure of giving rather than receiving, "The Worldly Hope men set their hearts upon. Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face, Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

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"What?" screamed Ethel Dean. "Clarance Olden, you—you stashed!" "Oh-h—how chump! You double-headed, putty-faced, brainless stuff!" And O'Brien actually began to cry with

the End.



ETHEL W. MUMFORD.

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