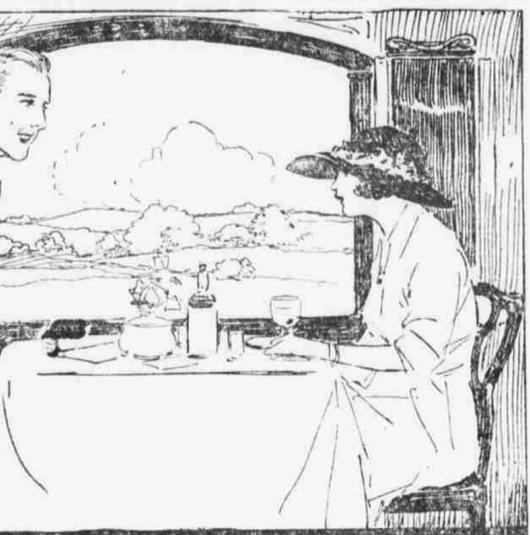


DOES a Girl Ever Marry Her Summer Beau?

SALLY'S SUMMER A New Love Serial By Caroline Crawford.

WATCH AND SEE IF YOU RECOGNIZE TYPES YOU KNOW AMONG THE MANY MEN SHE MEETS.

With Sally, New York Girl, the country for a month's summer vacation. She decided to take a whole month. Two weeks were to be the office's expense and the other two weeks were to be at her own expense.



"MAY I SIT HERE?" THE YOUNG MAN POLITELY INQUIRED AND THEIR EYES MET FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME, BUT THIS TIME A SMILE PLAYED ABOUT THEIR LIPS.

glanced out of the window taking in all the scenery and particularly enjoying the station greetings. Occasionally their eyes met but there was always a stony reserve which made them turn away.

At the first call for the dinner Sally arose and followed the white-coated waiter five cars ahead into the diner. When she reached her destination and was seated at a table for two she looked in vain for the young man who she supposed, of course, would follow and introduce himself.

Hungry looking old men with still hungrier looking old ladies, who insisted upon closing all the windows around them, began to pour into the diner. A couple who looked as if they were on their honeymoon took another table for two and then a boy of seven or eight bounded into the car and began to give his order from soup to ice cream and place chairs back for the other members of his family.

But no blond young man with a suspicion of a blond mustache swung into the car. Every seat was taken but the one at her table and then, just as a fat man entered the diner, this tall, willowy young man entered, scanned the situation and was at her table in a second.

"GETTING ACQUAINTED. WHEN this big, ambling blond six-footer stopped at her table in the diner, Sally Peters tried to look surprised and also become interested in the telegraph poles which they were speeding by.

"May I sit here?" the young man politely inquired, and their eyes met for the hundredth time, but this time a smile played about their lips. "Under the circumstances, yes," she replied, assuming rather an icy tone of voice. "I believe it is the only remaining seat in the diner."

Again Sally became interested in the telegraph poles and the young man gave his attention to the menu. "It's a great State, New York," he said. "I suppose of course you live here?" "Yes."

UTOPIA

Near City Where Tax Rate and Aldermen Amount to Nothing.

By Neal R. O'Hara

All the Improvements Genius Can Provide, Including Bullet-Proof Checks in One-Arm Lunches.

UTOPIA is ectoplasmic suburb, one thousand miles and five-cent carfare from municipal noises and annoyances. It is on main line of Poppy, Hashcash and Hypodermic Railroad. One minute walk to seashore; half mile to mountains and lakes. Stone's throw from service-at-cost garage. Eight mails per day. Monthly statements excluded.

Village barber is dumb and blind. Can't recommend any dandruff lotion; can't identify falling hair. Instantant guys wear squeaky shoes and do collection business by appointment only. Doctor on call night and day, but fee is smaller after sundown when rush hour has petered out.

Local rainfall is one-half of 1 per cent, and refreshments assay at 99 1/2. This gives Utopia grand average of 100 per cent. In Americanism, patriotism and public throat, Congressmen from Utopia district sends back seeds for manichina cherries and olive stones for growing Martini foundations.

Everything in this town is on the up-and-up. Local lodge of Ku Klux Klan appears only in full dress sheets and pillow slips, and authorized burglars have permits issued for all trips above the second floor.

There is no pretense or swank in this burg. Cool guys deliver their clinkers at catch weights and consumers pay bills under Queensberry rules. Sparring for time and clinching with Sheriff perfectly allowable, in season or out. Stock salesmen licensed to operate during good behavior of the market, but liable to arrest when margins get feeble.

Other reforms are visible in Utopia. Taxi drivers speak soprano and say "Thank you" to passengers hands out. Sparring for time and clinching with Sheriff perfectly allowable, in season or out. Stock salesmen licensed to operate during good behavior of the market, but liable to arrest when margins get feeble.

Keeping a husband is like keeping a dog—a matter of kindness, firmness and home attractions. But a perfect pet will sometimes run away in spite of all that you can do. THE only way a man can expatriate a woman more than by forgetting the thing she has asked him to remember is by remembering the thing she hopes to heaven he will forget!

A bridegroom's friends go about wondering, naively, "What he ever saw in that girl?" He saw whatever she wanted him to see—either she had decided that what SHE saw in HIM would do!

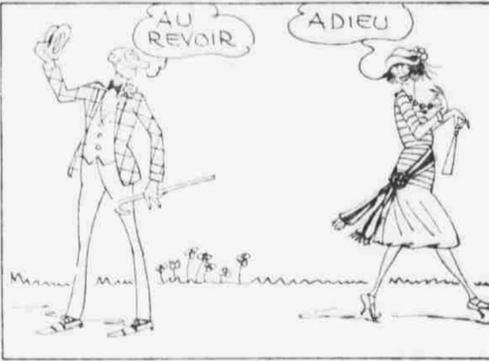
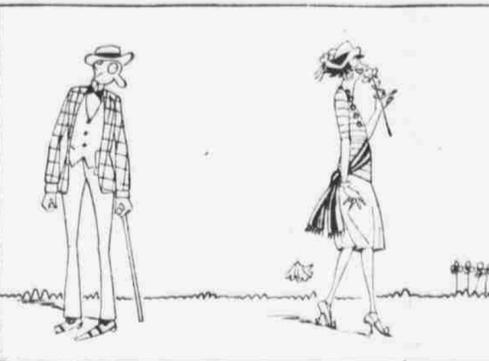
When a woman coos, "Tell me everything, dearest," nothing can save a man—except instantaneous backslap!

It's easy enough for a business woman to turn down a man who wants a wife, but refusing another woman who wants a job spoils the day of the most hard-hearted among us.

Even after a girl has suggested to a man that he needn't take her to an expensive place for dinner, she considers it sheer brutality if he takes her—at her word.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MR. JARR shrieked and fell back from the front window, pale and trembling.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Jarr anxiously. "Our Willie was nearly run over by an automobile!" gasped Mrs. Jarr. "I just missed him by a hair's breadth as he ran across the street!"

"Those reckless drivers should be sent to jail!" Mr. Jarr declared. "Automobiles shouldn't be allowed to run over five miles an hour in crowded streets."

"My heart is in my mouth the whole time the children are out for a breath of fresh air," said Mrs. Jarr with a moan. "Oh, I do wish I had them safe in the country for the summer."

"It's just as dangerous for children in the country, where automobiles tear along the highways at sixty miles an hour," growled Mr. Jarr. "I tell you, every automobile owner or driver is an actual or potential murderer, and I would not take one of those man-slashing machines as a gift. Uncle Henry writes me they have killed two of his pigs, four of his dogs and ten of his chickens as they rushed past his farm this summer, and he wasn't able to stop them and collect damages."

"And what makes me so angry," said Mrs. Jarr, "is the supercilious way autoists turn around and glare at you if you dare to cross the street in front of their machines, or if you even dodge back just in time to save your life. Their expressions seem to say, 'What right have people to live who are so poor that they can't afford automobiles?'"

The rather criticisms were out about Gertrude, the maid, entering and announcing that Mrs. Mudridge-Smith's chauffeur was at the door and said that Mrs. Mudridge-Smith presented her compliments and wished to know if Mr. and Mrs. Jarr would care to come out for an automobile ride.

"Certainly," said, "we'll be down in a few minutes!" replied Mr. Jarr, and a short space of time that lay and his husband were gliding away in their friend's automobile. "Look where you're going, stupid!"

Look Your Best

By Doris Doscher

DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I am a young man, mechanic by trade, and as I handle a great deal of metal my hands are discolored and the pores of the skin grimy. I have used several patented cleansers for the skin, but none of them helps much.

Any advice which you could give me on this subject would be greatly appreciated. E. B. E.

You will find that the hands can be whitened very readily by washing them thoroughly with a handful of ground corn meal and a little soap. This penetrates the pores and scours the roughened skin without inflaming it. Then rinse with warm water, after which place a little glycerine which has been slightly diluted with spirits of camphor in the palm of one moistened hand and thoroughly rub over each hand and wrist. This will whiten and soften the roughened skin.

You can avoid a great many stains by scratching the inner nails in a bar of soap before attempting any work. This prevents the grease from entering the delicate cuticle of the nails.

I wish to consult you as to the best way to shape my legs. I have pretty narrow ankles, but my knees are very poor. How can I remedy this in the shortest possible time? Also how can I remove tan and freckles? G. M.

The legs can be wonderfully improved in shape by proper exercises. The ankles can be rounded out by thoroughly massaging with olive oil or lanolin, using a rotary motion. Tan and freckles can be faded out by bathing the face with lemon juice or buttermilk or glycerine to which a few drops of camphor have been added.

A good way to amuse the little folk when the weather is too hot for active play is to half fill baby's bathtub with water and set it either on the porch or in a shady spot in the yard and let them sail a boat or amuse themselves with the swimming toys. Roll up their sleeves and put on a rubber apron so they can splash in the water unhampered.

Ice cream cones are a menace to children with unwise mothers. Children under six years of age are better off without ice cream, and when it is allowed it should be restricted to the noon meal dessert and only once or twice a week at that. It should be served in dishes and never in cones.

BIBLE QUESTIONS and Answers

QUESTIONS.

- 1. How many words are there in the Bible?
2. What is the shortest Book of the Bible?
3. What was the meaning of "Patriarch" in Old Testament times?
4. Who were the Pharisees?
5. What was the meaning of "Seraphim"?
6. Why did the Egyptian Princess rescue Moses from the bulrushes?

ANSWERS.

- 1. There are 775,922 words in the Bible.
2. III. John is the shortest Book of the Bible.
3. Patriarch was the name given to the head of the family.
4. The Pharisees were a religious party among the Jews at the time of Christ.
5. "Seraphim" was an order of Celestial beings, whom Isaiah beheld in vision standing above Jehovah as he sat upon his throne.
6. The Egyptian Princess, rescued Moses from the bulrushes because his mother moved her to compassion.

MAXIMS Of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Keeping a husband is like keeping a dog—a matter of kindness, firmness and home attractions. But a perfect pet will sometimes run away in spite of all that you can do.

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