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FEATURES, FICTION
MONDAY, MAY 1, 1922.

Busy Eyes

by Marguerite Hurter

Eyes speak all languages; wait yor no introduction, they ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again and go through and through you in a moment of time.
Emerson.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

JANE RICHARDS, private secretary, who has her eyes opened in the business world. She supports her mother.

MRS. RICHARDS, who cannot understand the temptations in offices of men like

ROGERS, rich roue, who hires only pretty girls.

WINSTON RANDOLPH, swindling broker, who uses Jane's name on bogus stock and then decamps. He returns under cover, begs Jane not to expose him, and makes her a proposal of marriage. His former wife turns up as a shock to Jane, introduced by

JULIAN REYNOLDS, who engages Jane only because he wants her testimony against Randolph. Jane interviews his lawyer. She rides home in his limousine, but that night is warned by telephone never to enter the car again. Mrs. Reynolds has threatened to have her discharged. Mrs. Reynolds insults Jane openly in the office. Reynolds discharges her with an advance of salary.

HATTIE BRYANT, protege of Jane, a little typist.

Continued from Yesterday.

"All set?" he asked pleasantly, as though he had known Jane forever and the little scene of the clam chowder had been years instead of just one hour ago!

"I'm glad you came," he smiled boyishly, as he took her arm to pass through the swinging cars.

"I'm glad the waiter spilled the soup!" Jane said recklessly.

The adventure was stirring!

"If it hadn't been that way I should have met you some other way. I'd been watching you," he confessed honestly.

"And why?"

"A gypsy girl wearing starched collars!"

"A gypsy girl?" Jane laughed.

"You wear starched collars!" he repeated mockingly.

"But you think I could be a gypsy?" Jane smiled.

"You not only can—but you will be," he asserted boldly. "You'll trail with me! I'm a wild hiker."

And then they were silent for a while. Watching the mountains, Jane was afraid to breathe.

"Every time I come into New York the mountains mock me," he said reminiscently.

"Do you live in New York?"

"As little as possible," he said dryly. "By the way, which end of town do you inhabit?"

"Eighty-fifth!" Jane sighed. She thought of the storm-windows again, and the winter blankets and hated the thought of not being a gypsy, of going back to a kitchenette!

"Horrible!" he said.

"How dare you!" Jane laughed. "It's really a river view!"

"I live in Greenwich Village. Less plumbing, but more personality!"

"I always think of garlic when I hear Greenwich Village! I dined once at the Chat Noir!"

"The Black Cat, eh? Well, that's the local color the people demand. I'm in Washington Mews. I live in a pink barn!"

"A pink barn?"

"You must come up to tea," he said cordially.

"I'd love it!" she sighed, and then saw her mother coming down the aisle. Jane jumped up guiltily with cheecks aflame.

"Pretend—pretend you didn't expect to meet me," she begged.

"And don't breathe a word about my pink barn," he mocked. Then in a whisper, "What's the difference, I'm going to have you ever after this."

"Good-bye," Jane sighed and hurried back to meet her mother, who looked suspicious, but couldn't prove anything.

Opposite her mother Jane sat very miserably in the horrid green plush seat, thinking red thoughts. She decided never to wear starched collars again! She wished that she could live in a pink barn without much plumbing! She loved a Batik studio!

But she was going back to a kitchenette on the tenth floor, and to an office all in oak trim—sided with filing cabinets! Hours, 8:30 to 5:30!

What a life for a gypsy!

The next morning Jane met the young man at breakfast. She realized only then that she did not know his name!

"Fine morning!" he said breezily.

"Isn't it," Mrs. Richards coughed. Jane thought almost anybody could be pleasant watching the green hills waking with sunshine, in the mist of the morning.

"When we must leave the mountains I regret that New York is so near," the young man commented, gazing out at the wonderful view that made eating breakfast seem a sacrilege.

"Are we on time?" Jane asked like all stupid travelers who do not know what else to talk about.

"Half hour or so behind—but we'll make it up," the waiter replied.

"Watch the speed they'll put on," the young man said.

"I don't like it at all. Why aren't they running according to schelule? I think it's wrong to endanger our lives to make up lost time," Jane's mother complained.

"There is seldom a wreck."

But Mrs. Richards continued to review all the wrecks that had been known in the history of railroading. Jane was sure the man was bored. He left the diner before they did.

"I hope to see you again," he bowed pleasantly.

"He seems a gentleman," Mrs. Richards observed.

"I think he is a writer," Jane suggested.

"He looks like a gentleman, but you can't tell! I never approve of strangers."

When they got back to their car, Jane took up a book, a daring novel of divorce. The story was of a young married couple who separated because the husband was too artistic to make money! Jane disliked the character of the wife, but admitted her cause. It would be hard to live with a man who had no income and made a family depend upon the doubtful sale of magazine stories to meet the butcher and grocer.

As Jane was perusing the chapter of their domestic fiasco, she became conscious of her Pullman Romeo's approach.

"I wonder if you care to look at these magazines?" he proffered, handing her mother an assortment of the best monthlies.

"Thank you," Mrs. Richards acknowledged.

"Won't you sit down?" Jane invited.

He accepted easily, and soon they were discussing the story Jane had been reading.

"Do you like it?" he asked, marking her hold on the page.

"I enjoy the way it is written, but I think it too bad the way things finish."

"What else could happen?" he asked. "The fellow wouldn't take a regular job, and you couldn't expect the girl to starve, could you?"

"No; but he is a genius, and I should think she could have taken up some work to help along until—"

"Ah, but how do you know he is a genius? Because a person writes does not guarantee that the stuff will ever amount to anything."

"Oh, but the spirit of the thing! They could have been so happy together—trying!"

"You really think so?" he asked rather cynically.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Horoscope

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1922.

This is rather an uncertain day, according to astrology. Mars and Saturn are adverse early in the morning, but Mercury dominates in benefic aspect later.

It is a rule under which to be extremely conservative in business matters and speculation may be especially unfortunate.

Mars and Saturn are menacing and certainly bode ill for labor conditions.

Strikes, long prophesied, may be particularly serious, since riots and bloodshed may be easily precipitated, owing to the aspect of Mars.

Military affairs will not be satisfactory and there may be some sort of army activity, for men under arms may be called into the field.

The planetary government long has been threatening to the mining industry and warning is given that labor is subject to forces making for co-operation and independence.

Farmers should benefit from this sway of Saturn which seems to indicate fruitfulness for the earth.

Again severe storms are foretold and unusual weather is forecast, but agriculturists will benefit through improved market conditions.

This should be an auspicious day for the signing of leases and contracts of every sort. Real estate conditions will continue satisfactory in all parts of the country, it is predicted.

The lunation of this month should bring happiness to Ireland, since it falls in Taurus well aspected by Uranus.

Traffic conditions should be improved, owing to legislation and increased travel at this time.

Deaths from accident and especially from accidents caused in the course of sporting events are foretold.

ECKLOFF HEADS SECULAR LEAGUE

Thomas B. Eckloff was chosen unanimously president of the Washington Secular League for a third term yesterday at its last meeting of the season, at 1101 E street northwest. Other officers elected were: John D. Bradley, secretary; A. D. Baden, treasurer; Mrs. Sara A. Barnes, Prof. J. W. High and Prof. David Eccles, vice presidents.

Gen. Jacob S. Coxey told of his experiences before various Congressional committees.

THE GUMPS—

(A full page of The Gumps in the comic section of the Sunday Herald).

—By SMITH

Memory Tests

Answers to These Questions Will Be Published Tomorrow.

1. What causes the Sahara desert?
2. What is an archipelago?
3. What well known naturalist died in the last year?
4. What proportion of copper is there in our bronze cents?
5. To what colony did the territory of Maine belong? Vermont?
6. Where does the lord mayor of London have his residence?
7. Give two synonyms for sodality; for paramount.
8. Where is Lake George and for what is it noted?
9. Who is premier of China?
10. Who were some of the champion screen heartbreakers of other days?

Answers to Yesterday's Questions.

1. How much of the metal in our 5 cent nickel coins is nickel? Only 25 per cent. The rest is copper.
2. Who might be termed the "veteran vamp" of the screen? Theda Bara.
3. What is the Gulf Stream? Where in its course could a dam be put that would make all Europe freeze? The Gulf Stream is a current of warm water, gathered for the most part in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and flowing northeast and warming all Europe as far east as Russia. A dam across the Strait of Florida of about 100 miles' length would stop the Gulf Stream and bring an arctic climate over all of Europe north of Italy.
4. What is a nonagon? A nine-sided figure.
5. What is the amount of cash admissions paid daily to motion picture theaters? Approximately $4,000,000.
6. What is the soutehrnmost point of the United States? Cape Sable, Fla.
7. When was the battle of Bull Run and where did it take place? It took place on Sunday, July 21, 1861, in the vicinity of Manassas, Va. It was the first great battle of the civil war.
8. Who were the young conquerors who attracted the eyes of the world before they were 30 years of age? Alexander the Great, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Scipio Africanus the Elder, the great Conde, Charles XII. of Sweden, Napoleon.
9. When was the Smithsonian Institution founded at Washington and by whom? It was founded in 1846 by means of a legacy bequeathed to the United States government by James Smithson, illegitimate son of Sir Hugh Smithson, who later became Duke of Northumberland.
10. Give two synonyms for prophylactic; for sardonic. Preventive, preservative. Derisive, bitterly ironical.

Beauty Answers

Mother of Five: Too old to study French? How utterly ridiculous! You are never too old to study anything, unless you make yourself too old for the task. Isn't mental development the beauty of age, anyway? If a mind is allowed to become faded, dull and uninteresting, how quick the physical deterioration! You keep your body young by exercise. Your mind the same way. Mental indolence is death to the body, death to youth. When the mind foregoes the privilege of progression and abandons itself to ruts, you're gone so for as youth, beauty and charm are concerned. When you get through with French, tackle Spanish, Italian and every other language that appeals to you—and more power to you!

Esther: Try an eye wash of boiled water in which a little salt—just enough to make the water taste salty—is used. It is almost as good as the natural eyewash tears.

Discouraged: It certainly takes the photographer to discover protuberances and canons in your physiognomy that you never dreamed were there. But you're not alone in your misery, old dear. We've all been shown up at one time or another with ruthless brutality and lived to face another camera less expectantly. You just have to keep on going the rounds until you meet the man with a camera who catches you on your best side. There's not much an amateur in the way of make-up can do to improve.

Embarrassing Moments

Getting at the Truth.

When I was a normal school student I was a practice teacher in the first grade. We were required by our instructors to write a criticism of the teaching we observed. One morning I was greeted by the first grade teacher with the remark that I had left my note book on her desk the previous day, and she added, "Thank you for the criticism you made on my loud voice and excited manner." W. C.

She Took Him.

When I was in college I had an admirer in whom I was not at all interested, and one night, in order to avoid what promised to be a boring engagement, I pleaded illness and asked a friend of mine to act as substitute. I saw no more of him, but learned indirectly that he was rushing my friend. About a month afterward several of us were invited to her room for tea. I at once started teasing her. I thanked her for taking him off my hands and commented on what a bore he was. Imagine my chagrin when, later, came the announcement of her engagement to him. M. P.

All Laughed Merrily.

I walked into the railroad station and up to the ticket window. I put my money down on the ledge saying, "One, please."

The agent waited a moment and asked "Where to, please?"

Still absent-minded, I replied, "Center front, if you have any left."

I "came to" when I heard the merry laughter of the rest in line. G. G.

Good Morning Judge

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

Preston Medley comes pretty near being his brother's keeper. At least that is what Hattie Spriggs intimated when she testified against Medley after accusing him of threatening her life.

Preston's brother had a quarrel with a woman. The woman ran into Hattie's apartment. The commotion frightened Hattie, she said, and she threw a pot of scalding hot coffee on the brother and burned his side.

Then, Hattie said, Preston heard about it and grumbled. The man said that he was going to wait until pay day, Hattie declared, and get a gun and blow off her topknot for scalding his brother.

"I never changed words with that woman in my life," said Preston.

"You let your brother take care of his own troubles," the court warned the accused. "If he has any grievance against Hattie, let him get a warrant."

The court then took Preston's personal bonds and advised him to let the woman alone.

Bright Sayings of Children

Harold had often heard the poem, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Last summer we visited Aunt Louise, who lived in the country. In the evening we would all sit on the porch and, of course, hear all the night noises, such as frogs, crickets, etc. One evening Harold sat gazing intently at the sky for some time, then, suddenly looking at his mother, he exclaimed, "Mother, just hear the stars twinkle." M. F.

Helen, who was studying fractions in school, could not quite understand how an article could be divided into thirds.

Father, trying to help her, asked, "Well, Helen, suppose you had three little girls here and only one apple, how would you divide it?"

"O!" answered Helen promptly, "I'd cut it in two and give the other one a banana." H. L. C.

"Now, I do hope you act nice, Robert, and that Mary Lou will forget her bashfulness," I said, as I started the children out to a party.

When they returned Robert immediately volunteered the information that he had acted nice and that Mary Lou had been bashful in talking—"but she was real unbashful about eating." M. C. R.

Robert had never heard anyone stutter, and when a little boy who had this affliction moved in next door he came home and told me this: "His name is William. He is 6 years old, but he talks with a stop between his letters." C. A. R.

Frank and Paul are playmates. Paul is one year older than Frank, and, accordingly, is in an advanced class at school. Frank's father is constantly urging him to study with greater energy that he may come up with Paul. The other day Frank came home from school, his face radiant with smiles.

He exclaimed: "Papa! Papa! I am up with Paul!"

"Good, my son," said the father, "in what class are you now?"

"O, I am in the same class," replied Frank.

"But I thought you said you were up with Paul?"

"Well, I am. They put Paul back." J. J. B.

One morning Herbert went to the barn to help his father with the chores.

Soon he came back to the house and his mother said: "Why, son, are you through so soon?"

Herbert swelled up with pride as he answered, "Yes; you see, it don't take long when two mens get at it." M. R.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

—By BRIGGS