DO YOU WANT WORK
—of an interesting, healthful nature?
—at good wages?
—outdoors?
—with a manly group of he-Americans?
—traveling all over Northeastern United States?
—with an exceptional opportunity for advancement on merit?
—and the chance to receive professional training while you earn?

WE HAVE JUST SUCH WORK FOR YOU IF YOU ARE
—between 20 and 30 years of age
—unmarried
—in good health
—of good American stock
—not afraid of real work
—honest, energetic and ambitious
—able to supply good references
—equipped with high school education or equivalent.
—This is not a selling job; it is a real opportunity to learn the profession of tree surgery thoroughly from the bottom up, and to establish yourself in a responsible position with the only national concern engaged in this profession, which now employs more than 200 men.

Write, or better yet, use the coupon.

COUPON
The Davey Tree Expert Company, 14 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio.
I am interested in your offer. Please send me your illustrated folder and qualification blank.

Name ....
Address ....

To avoid delay, please write name and address plainly.

Dress and Undress.

Otto Kahn, the New York financier, was talking about Deauville at a dinner party.

"Deauville is the most famous summer resort in the world," he said. "Kings flock to it—the king of Spain, the king of the Belgians, the king of Rumania, ex-King Manoel.

"They dress in Deauville rather remarkably, of course. A beautiful young lady traveling Deauvilleward was having her luggage examined by a customs officer at a frontier.

"'What is in this pocketbook, ma'am?' he said.

"'My clothes,' said the young lady—'three bathing costumes, eight day frocks, ten evening gowns and 25 sets of lingerie.'

"'And in this large trunk?'

"'My cosmetics,' she answered—'lip sticks, creams, rouge and so on.'"

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

MOON'S EFFECT ON CONVICTS

When It Is Full, Confined Men Seem to Be Affected With Mild Lunacy.

Centuries ago men came to believe that the moon has a peculiar influence over human mind, stimulating it in an unusual way or inciting to insanity. Hence the words "lunatic" and "moon-struck," both meaning mentally deranged.

Officials of the state prison at San Quentin, Cal., are inclined to believe that there is something in the old theory. Most of the prison breaks, they say, are planned for execution between the new moon and the first quarter.

The appearance of the new moon seems to shatter the nerves of some of the men. Some burst into song spontaneously and others make the night hideous with other noises. For these reasons the full-orbed moon is not popular with guards. During its period of maximum brightness they are obliged to exercise unusual vigilance.

PLAN TO FIGHT CORN BORER

Canada Is to Import French Wasps With the Idea of Exterminating That Costly Pest.

Dominion bug experts will import from the United States this summer a horde of parasitic wasps which they will turn loose in the Canadian corn belt to destroy and fatten upon their hereditary enemy, the corn-boring worm.

The campaign will be waged along lines drawn by W. R. Walton, superintendent of the insect division of the United States bureau of entomology, who offered his aid at a recent meeting of grain growers.

Wherever corn is grown in America there lives the corn borer, taking his toll of millions of dollars from the value of crops each year. He makes his home within the green husk of the tender plant, and eats his way over the milky ear, completing his work of destruction long before the crop matures.

Individuality.

We never get the best out of people as long as we treat them as a mob, ignoring the unique interest and value of each individual.—Richard Cabot.

Application makes a scholar; genius is an accident.

Better an ounce of example than a pound of advice.

If coffee disagrees drink Postu[m]

The Custard Cup

by **Florence Bingham Livingston**

COPYRIGHT by GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

A TEMPER GONG

SYNOPSIS.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as "The Custard Cup," originally "Cluster Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatius Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Pensie." Thad tells Pensie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name. A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Pensie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings. Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Pensie, and Lettie gets adopted into the family. The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle Jerry. He announces he is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup. Uncle Jerry arranges to occupy the lot where Mrs. Penfield's abode is. Uncle Jerry meets Prudence Hopwood, no longer young, but attractive, and the two appear to "hit it off" well. Lettie's, Percy, young friend of Pensie's, tells her of her engagement to Dick Chase, also a mutual friend. Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Bosley, husband of Gussie, worries Pensie. Calming a tenant, Mrs. Sanders, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mrs. Penfield reveals the tragic story of her own life, the sudden death of her three children in an epidemic and the subsequent death of her husband. Lettie's pet aversion in The Custard Cup has long been a certain Mr. Josiah Wopple, and the animosity culminates in a physical encounter in which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.
—10—

"Now will you let dogs alone?" inquired Lettie pertinently. "Men that pester dogs ain't no good. They'd oughter——"

Before her eyes the water suddenly dwindled in the hose she was holding, disappeared with a gentle gurgle. Mr. Wopple had turned off the faucet. The two dripping human beings glared at each other during a moment of truce.

"You'll pay for this," threatened Mr. Wopple. "Think I'll have a dog 'round after he bit me?"

A great fear clutched Lettie's heart. For a moment her blood stopped; she felt dizzy and sick. Recovering herself with a tremendous effort, she took up the defense at random.

"He didn't bite you."

"He did, too," maintained Mr. Wopple, but with a subtle lack of conviction which Lettie's sharpened senses pounced upon.

"Show me where," demanded Lettie, with an anxious eye on Fil Caesar, who was standing by during the suspension of hostilities, waiting for the signal to begin again.

"He didn't bite you 't all," repeated Lettie, with growing assurance.

"He did, too, but he ain't never goin' to again. Darn him!" His eyes searched the ground; he stopped.

"Don't you dare!" cried Lettie. "Don't you dare! Just you let Fil alone, and I won't never—"

But Mr. Wopple had found a stone that suited him, and without changing position had let it fly. It caught the unsuspecting Fillibuster on a front leg. There was a yelp of pain from Fil, a screech of rage from Lettie.

"Oh! Oh! You've hit him. You've killed him."

Mr. Wopple reached for another stone.

Fillibuster Caesar, by no means killed but rendered strikingly discreet, limped swiftly out of range. Lettie heard him; but beyond realizing that he was able to move, she paid him no attention. Instead, she faced her neighbor with a fury that gave him pause. Her thin chest rising on a high wave of anger, her cheeks flaming, her black eyes shooting danger sparks, she was beside herself with contempt and wrath.

"You beast!" she screamed. "To hit a dog! You're worse'n no good. Pensie says she don't see why the Lord ever made you. So!"

"Wha-at!" gasped the astounded Mr. Wopple, for the moment overwhelmed by this revelation.

"Yi! Yi!" shrieked Lettie. "That got you, didn't it? I'll give you some more. I'll—" With a quick swoop, she picked up a stick and threw it. It glanced past Mr. Wopple and struck a window behind him, shattering the glass; but Lettie, blinded by rage, scarcely noted the disaster. She darted here and there in search of a second missile, relieving her feelings with all the stormy phrases she could think of.

"Pensie hates you—hates you!" she repeated, having produced more effect with this information than with anything else she had tried. "She loves 'most ev'rybody, but she hates you. She says she don't know why the Lord ever—"

"Lettie!"

The one word had an astonishing effect—not merely upon Lettie but upon Mr. Wopple. His conduct underwent immediate reversal. He did not glance at Mrs. Penfield, who had come quietly around the house and was still standing on the community walk; rather, his attention was wholly absorbed by matters in his own yard. With nervous jerks he detached the old hose and coiled it carefully, an operation noticeably contrary to his custom.

As for Lettie, Mrs. Penfield's voice had been to her like the breaking of a spell. She went suddenly limp. Rage dropped out of her face; frenzy released its hold of her muscles; a strange expression took the place of anger in her eyes—an expression of realization, of frightened dismay.

"Lettie, go into the house."

Lettie went.

For a brief space Mrs. Penfield did not move. Her troubled eyes traveled from one bit of testimony to another.

"It's a nice day, Mis' Penfield, ain't it?" volunteered Mr. Wopple ingratiatingly.

She did not reply; she seemed not to hear. Slowly she came forward.

"You seem to have watered a lot in one place," she observed presently. "And thank you for sprinkling my yard, too."

"Well, now, see here, Mis' Penfield, you wait a minute and I'll tell you how 'twas."

"It isn't necessary," she interposed. "Lettie'll tell me."

"Sure she'll tell you her side. But you can't trust a little vixen like that—"

"I can always trust Lettie, Mr. Wopple. That's the reason I got faith in her. So long as you can trust a person, you got something mighty firm to pin to. One thing I like 'bout Lettie is: she don't never try to hide behind somebody else."

"Say, now, I wa'n't— Say, Mis' Penfield— Say—"

But she had gone.

In the kitchen Mrs. Penfield found Lettie, down on the floor, cradling the small Fil Caesar in her arms, crooning and sobbing in a remarkable combination.

"O Pensie, his leg's broke, and I'm 'fraid he's killed inside. See, he won't let me touch it. Darling Fil! Crink never'll forgive me. Oh, I wisht I—"

"Let me take him, Lettie. Get me the liniment and a cloth out of the piece bag. Fillibuster's 'bout the simplest problem of the afternoon."

But when Fil Caesar had acquired the badge of honorable injury and been invalided to an old rug by the door, Lettie's anxiety, subsiding at one point, bulged out at another.

"What you going to do with me, Pensie?"

"I do not know," admitted Mrs. Penfield wearily.

"I—I'm awful sorry, Pensie. You see, he—he makes me so mad!"

"Yes, I should judge he did. Now begin at the beginning and tell me what happened."

Lettie complied, with a faithful observance of sequence and a realistic touch on all details. "He's a mean man," she concluded vehemently. "He gets me going."

Mrs. Penfield, sitting on the end of the wash bench, watched her gravely, thoughtfully.

"This is a serious matter Lettie. Do you realize that you have destroyed property?"

"I didn't mean to do that, Pensie. I meant—"

"Yes, you intended to injure a human being. That is far more serious."

"Oh, not really injure!" protested Lettie. "And besides, didn't he hit Fil Caesar?" she added hotly.

Mrs. Penfield sighed. "Come here, Lettie; I want to tell you something. I hain't never told you how it makes me feel when you lose your temper and do these awful things. I keep my feelings inside me, but I got 'em just the same. And if you keep on like this, you'll get me going, too. Had you ever thought of that? Now, when things don't go the way I want 'em to—like this afternoon, for instance—if I got mad as you do, and struck out at ev'rything 'round, do you know what it would mean to you?"

Lettie's face whitened; the color dropped out of her lips; her black eyes grew wild with fright. "You mean—you'd send me—away?" The words came slowly out of her terror.

"Wouldn't I—if I acted the way you act?"

Lettie's body swayed. Her lids fluttered. In the few weeks that she had been in this house, she had attached herself to Mrs. Penfield with a doglike devotion. All the rich affection in her nature, held in check for want of an outlet, had poured out to this woman who had fed and clothed and loved her. Lettie idolized her; she would have walked straight to destruction for her if occasion had offered. She would not have shrunk from the high, spectacular deed of sacrifice; but the more difficult, humble matter of controlling her own temper, had been too much for her to compass. Yet not once had it occurred to her that she might be jeopardizing this new home, that there might be an end to the patience that had borne with her.

"O Pensie!" She threw herself into Mrs. Penfield's lap and burst into wild sobbing.

Mrs. Penfield drew her closer. "Dear child, I didn't say I was going to send you away. I merely said I should if I acted the way you do. Don't you see you expect me to be patient, but you ain't willing to be patient yourself? You're willing I should do lots of things for you, but you ain't willing to do this one thing for me. All is, Lettie, we got to pull together—or not 't all. I'll help you if you'll help me."

"O Pensie," sobbed the child, "I'll do anything—anything—if you'll only keep me. Honest, I will. I'll work and pay for the window. I'll go without eating just as long's you say. I won't play with Fil Caesar. I'll—"

Mrs. Penfield interrupted before Lettie had wiped the slate entirely clean of all the pleasures she had ever known.

"Sure. We'll attend to all the punishing for this time; but the main point is, what will you do the next time you get mad? Will you try to control yourself and keep calm?"

The child looked up through streaming tears. "I will, honest," she gulped. "I'll do that very thing, so help me Jacob! I'm going to be so good that you'll want to keep me—darned if I ain't!"

"Now you're talking," encouraged Mrs. Penfield, with a brighter expression. "And I'm going to make it as easy for you as I can. I'm going to make you a temper gong right away."

Lettie dried her eyes. "What's a temper gong?"

"You watch, and you'll find out."

Mrs. Penfield went over to the corner where the firewood was drying and picked out a piece of board that had a knot-hole in one end. Passing a heavy twine through the knot-hole, she hung the board on the wall. From the cupboard she produced a toy rolling-pin that had been given to Crink when the first owner had tired of it. This she hung also, suspending it by a longer piece of twine beside the board.

"There you are," she announced to the watchful Lettie. "You try this, and I bet it'll help. Now, whenever you feel yourself getting mad, you run right in here and pound that board with this here rolling-pin. Try it fifty times; and if your arm ain't tired then, do it a hundred. It's a strange thing, but if you get your muscles good and tired, you get over being angry right away. Here in the kitchen I guess you won't disturb the neighbors—they make consid'rable noise themselves — and 'pears like you'll have to hit something for a while till you learn better."

Lettie, being now very mellow, looked upon this arrangement with favor.

"Now Lettie, if you get mad again, 'fore you do anything 't all, will you remember to say, 'Excuse me, I got an engagement in the kitchen?'"

Lettie gulped and capitulated. "Yes'm," she promised. "I'll bet I won't want to! but, by jingoes, I'll do it."

CHAPTER X

The Back-Yard Code.

One of the hardest things that Lettie was ever called upon to do was to apologize to Mr. Wopple. In her chastened mood she submitted to this item of penance, but the mere physical doing of it came near being beyond her. The words, half out of her mouth, seemed to turn and slip back down her throat. Difficulty was made the more difficult by Mr. Wopple's supercilious satisfaction in the humiliation of his small antagonist.

"Darn it all!" burst out Lettie in exasperation. "Stop smiling till I get through doing it, can't you?"

"Serve you right to suffer a little," he cackled. "Mebbe it'll learn you better next time."

"Shut up!" stormed Lettie. "I you don't shut—" She stopped. She had recalled something that made it impossible to go on. "Excuse me," she muttered, "I got an engagement—"

Black curls flying, she dashed into the kitchen, whence presently issued muffled sounds as of a tom-tom in the distance. When Lettie reappeared, she was holding her right arm as though it ached, and her lips were drawn into a firm line that fairly pressed out their color.

"Now, Mr. Wopple," she said, squeezing out the words as if she hated every one of them. "I ap—apologise—she breathed more freely—"for ev'rything I done and said this afternoon. Will you please to overlook it?"

"It's your idea, then, to put all human nuisances into reform schools?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARDI-GRAS

By CECILIA WEXLER

(© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"AW, PAM, have a heart. My hair will be all over the road if you don't slow down!"

But if Pam heard, she paid no attention to her friend's old-fashioned worry about flying hair.

As she heard the whirr of the wind in her ears, Ray felt a shiver race down her already cold spine. "But, Pam!" she shouted, "you were going to tell me—"

For an instant Pam's eyes met hers. Gradually she slowed down and with a little laugh she said, "You're not enjoying this. Forgive me, dear." Ray settled back in relief. For five minutes they rode on in silence, Pam unsteadily keeping the slow pace and thinking how to begin what she wanted to say.

"Ray!"

"Pam?"

"Do you remember the Mardi-Gras last year at the school? Of course you do. Everybody does; it was such a wonderful time. Wonderful. And yet—that's what I'm to tell you about. When we were children—remember, Ray, how we used to smuggle and read those forbidden novels; and secretly pass our opinions on them; and how we vowed that we'd marry for love only; and how I said that I would know my man the instant I met him; and how I'd know I loved him the instant I felt his presence?

"Silly, weren't we? And yet, it's a funny thing, but that's just how it happened. It was at the Mardi-Gras ball. It was during the 'cut-in' dance that I saw a tall man, heretofore an onlooker, come toward me, tap my partner on the shoulder, and gather me close in the dance.

"How good it was! We didn't bother to talk. We just made a business of dancing. We went so perfectly together. When some one tried to cut in, we disregarded him. Then he led me out on the lawn, found an alcove, fixed the cushions, and sat down.

"It was all done so naturally, and I didn't even know him! We didn't talk much, and you know what a chatterer I am. We just sat there, and you know how I hate 'moon gazing.' I felt so at ease, it seemed so natural for me to be there, that I never thought of the wasted music in the hall, and I didn't miss the rest of the excitement.

"But it didn't last long. We were intruded upon by another masquerader who handed 'him' a telegram. 'Recognized your costume, Jack,' he said. 'The boy was paging you, so I offered to find you. Hope it isn't serious.'

"But it was serious. His father was dying, and he was called home immediately. Patting me in his pal's, Jimmy's, care, he rushed away. I've never seen him since. All I know is that his name is Jack, but there are hundreds of Jacks. From what Jimmy told me as we walked back to the hall, I know his home is in Tennessee.

"One year ago tonight the Mardi-Gras brought me the meeting of Jack. No wonder I'm blue. I hope you don't mind my using you for a confidante."

For the first time Ray had no advice or comfort to offer her friend. It was strange to see Pam so subdued, serious. She didn't like it. She longed to see her as she had been before; the breeze blowing the chestnut curls away from the rose-tinted cheeks, the sparkling eyes and the sweet smile on the half-parted lips.

"For goodness sake, Pam, step on her!"

Pam's face miraculously broke into a vision of happiness. "You, dear," she cried, "you always manage to say the right thing." And Pam stepped on her.

Instantly it seemed as if they left the earth. Again objects became blurred and distant. Mile after mile was left behind. The road was becoming narrower. Now and then they came upon an unexpected turn, but Pam managed beautifully.

"Pam, dear," Ray put an affectionate hand on her arm, "I'm glad you told me."

"So am I." Pam took her eyes off the road for an instant, and in that time they came to another short bend. A monster of a machine loomed before them. Pam made for the brakes, but it was too late. With a crash the two cars met.

When Pam awoke, the dusk enveloped the trees about her. Like Mardi-Gras, she thought. Then she felt sure, for she saw the face that had smiled down on her during the "cut-in" dance.

"Jack," she murmured, "tonight's Mardi-Gras."

"Yes, dear."

Then, as she remembered more clearly, she asked, "But you here. How come?"

"You struck my car," he said smiling, "but we should worry."

"And Ray?"

"Getting along famously with Jimmy," he said.

"Oh," she sighed. Then, "Anybody hurt?"

"Only you."

"Oh, me! I'm all right." Pam jumped up.

"Here, lean on me. You'll fall."

"I've already fallen," Pam answered, "and I don't even know your name!"

"What's in a mere name, when the time's Mardi-Gras?"

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Dear is my friend, yet from my foe as from my friend comes good. My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.—Schiller.

GOOSEBERRY GOOD THINGS

It is wise to look ahead to the season when fruits will be ripe for preserving, save recipes which appeal, and be ready to put up some new conserves, at the same time providing for desserts for the winter.

Gooseberry pies and tarts are delicious; just plain canned berries may be used at any time and when they are fresh and in season they are very appetizing.

Prepare a baked shell and just before serving fill with the following: To three cupfuls of gooseberries, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar. Cook until soft, add the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little sugar to blend the flour; cook until smooth. Cool and pour into the pastry shell and cover with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs and six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake until the meringue is brown. Less sugar may be used in the meringue and half a dozen marshmallows added, making a very pretty top to the pie.

Gooseberry Bar le Duc.—Head and tail six pounds of gooseberries, add four pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Cook for 20 minutes and add four more pounds of sugar. Continue cooking for 45 minutes, or until thick. Put into glasses and let stand in the sun well covered until thoroughly set. Cover with paraffin when cold.

Rice and Gooseberry Compote.—Steam two-thirds of a cupful of well-washed rice in one cupful of water in a double boiler until the water is absorbed. Now add one cupful of hot milk, one quarter of a cupful of sugar and a little salt; cook until the rice is very soft. When cool turn into a shallow dish and surround with mounds of gooseberry jam and alternate with whipped cream in mounds.

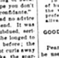
Sour Cream Frosting.—Take one cupful each of sugar and sour cream, and the same of nuts. Cook the cream and sugar to the soft ball stage, add the nuts and beat until creamy and cool enough to use as filling.

Gooseberry Jam.—Weigh the prepared berries, adding three tablespoonfuls of water to start the steam, allow three-fourths as much sugar by weight as berries, and when they are boiling add one-half of the sugar, boil five minutes and add the remainder.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying "amen" to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—R. L. Stevenson.

GOOD THINGS FOR EVERYDAY

Peanut butter is a food that may be used in various ways. It is nice for sandwich fillings, good added to any stuffing used for green peppers or stuffed onions, and will be found an addition to many dishes.



Peanut Butter Biscuit.—Take two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of peanut butter and two tablespoonfuls of seedless raisins. Mix and roll in a sheet, spreading with the peanut butter and sprinkling with the raisins. Roll up and cut into small slices and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Kentucky Pie.—Steam six large tart apples and run them through a sieve; stir in while hot one tablespoonful of butter. When cool add the yolks of three eggs, the rind and juice of a lemon and one cupful of sugar which have been beaten together. Cover a deep plate with a rich pastry and fill with the mixture, baking in a moderate oven forty minutes.

Apple Punch.—Cut six tart apples into quarters without paring, add one cupful of raisins, two bay leaves, a small piece of stick cinnamon, the grated rind of three lemons and two quarts of cold water; let come to a boil and boil thirty minutes; drain and when cold add the juice of three lemons, two pounds of sugar and serve with ice.

Doughnuts.—Take two cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of sour cream, one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nutmeg to flavor and flour to roll. Chill well and they can be handled with much less flour, making a more tender and delicate cake.

Raisin Candy.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, one-half cupful of roasted almonds. Heat the sugar until a golden brown syrup, remove from the fire and add the raisins and nuts, stirring them quickly. Pour into ungreased pans and mark off in squares.

Nellie Maxwell

Stout Women Like Long-Lined Gowns

Plaited Sections Have Tendency to Reduce Milady's Size.

For the women of larger proportions the dress with plaited sections holds a strong appeal, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times. Everything has been done with this design to give it long lines and a salutary effect upon the figure that is inclined to stoutness. There are the plaited sections interspersed with those that are plain and, since the material is all the same quality and coloring, it offers no distinct lines of divergence to work havoc with figure lines that in themselves are not entirely straight. The frock was made of a heavy weave of silk crepe in dark brown, or rather one of those shades of brown that lie between the dark and the light and are most expressive of the color tendencies of the present season.

The little cape is indicative of the present mode. Women are finding out how useful a garment of this sort can be. They are rejoicing in its possibilities of offering a slight covering for the frock along with its tendency to give to the costume a more formal sort of appearance. This little, short cape has plaited sections over the sides; and the back section, along with portions on either side of the front, is left plain. Then there is a collar made

Frock of Plaited Brown Crepe, With Short Cape to Match; Trimmings of Printed Silk to Tone in With General Color Scheme.

of printed silk showing tones of brown, green and yellow. It is attached in the most informal manner with tied ends on front that give it a becoming appearance and provide a finish that is consistent with the character of the frock. Then, to repeat the printed silk, cuffs have been added to the plaited frock, and they take on the same appearance as the collar by being provided with tie ends that knot about the wrists and leave loose pieces flying. Then, around the waist on the little hat a scarf of the same silk is tied as an interesting way to solve the consistency of the entire costume.

The dress has been plaited in sections, the idea being that a whole plaited frock becomes too hard a thing to manage, but that when it is done in this manner it solves every practical difficulty and produces a frock of fashion just the same.

This sort of dress can be done in all colors of crepe from white, which is one of the enthusiasms of the season, to the dullest black, and in every case it can be so helped by the small application of brilliantly printed silk that it is at once lifted out of the somber and uninteresting class.

Chic Garden Hat to Be Summer Favorite

Midsummer will bring the charming hat. It is of mustard-colored French horsehair, with a rare flower trim in green and shrimp.

Long and Full Skirt Not Liked in Paris

The moderately short skirt for the street has taken firm hold of feminine affections, observes a fashion correspondent in the Boston Globe. It has been found impossible to dethrone it. Many of the smartest and most distinguished Parisiennes have steadily refused to accept long and full skirts for the street. They reserve models of this order for garden parties, dance teas, and of course, for the evening. Very determined efforts have been made in Paris to bring in full skirts which passed the ankles—and this for walking. A good many foreign buyers snapped up these models because they were "something new," but the really well-dressed women in Paris, and on the Riviera, refused to wear them.

And now, at the opening of the summer season, one prominent designer is showing walking skirts which freely display the ankles and which are notably tight. Some of the latest models are cut with straight side seams, the hem measuring about one yard and a half, even less, and the fullness at the waist gathered into tiny folds. Some of the smartest of these models are cleverly slit up at one side, the material running under the "slit" a little way. All the street models were worn by very young and slender girls, who wore no corset of any kind, and who, I suspect, were clad in tricot combinations. Certainly there was no sign of a petticoat.

Silk and Linens for Three-Piece Dresses

Adapting fabrics to the style desired, rather than the style to the fabric is the policy apparently followed by one manufacturer in developing cotton dresses, notes a fashion writer in the Indianapolis News. In addition to the wash numbers which include dotted swisses, ratines, linens and ginghams, this house presents some semi-formal frocks of the sheer chiffon type that are decidedly wearable.

Three-piece dresses in silks and linens are an important item in this collection and particular attention has been given to the straight-line dress with accompanying jacket. The frock portions of these costumes endorse the sleeveless bodice and the jackets are of box coat delineation.

In contrast to the street numbers which favor the straight-line, simple treatment, one finds the summer dance frock shown in panels and undulating folds of the softest materials. Delicately printed chiffons are more prominent than Egyptian prints for street wear, and figured effects are produced mainly through the use of embroideries.

An imported swiss dress is rather interesting in a slate gray, with striped organdie sash of black and gray. Plaited puffed sleeves that drop beauty below the shoulder are noted and a prominent sash fastens at one side.

The use of colored linen lace on a ratine frock is one of the typically distinctive notes found in this group of cottons. The lace color blends perfectly with the mottled tones of the ratine, and effective pipings of black leather mark the side opening and tailored buttonholes of this straight-line dress.

A gingham frock that rather cleverly simulates the bouffant lines of a silk dress uses silk embroidery to trim the border of its skirt, as well as the collar and short sleeves.

Linen dresses of the three-piece type are extensively embroidered and present a decidedly wearable collection of severely tailored numbers. Smart color combinations add to the interest of the embroidery which is generally worked in allover designs.

Trimmings of Posies for New White Hats

New white hats show trimmings of flowers. For the all-white hat that is meeting with such great favor, gardenias are much used.

One sees much of the violet shades among the new offerings in all departments of dress, especially in the millinery shops where even sport hats in the purple hues are prominent. It is a tone that harmonizes nicely with most of the other fashionable colors and its popularity is assured.

The Bustle Gown.

Almost any woman would groan at the idea of having to make a bustle. But it is really very simple after all. A clever little plaited georgette apron for the front of the gown, which ties itself in the back with an exceedingly flippant and rather large bow, creates for an old frock the silhouette of a new one. Of such illusion is the bustle made.

Exercise and Proper Foods, Aids to Beauty

The way to keep your figure is by exercise and eating proper food. But one of them is no use without the other, writes a prominent "movie" actress.

The keenest exponent of the strenuous life is likely to get stouter and stouter, if she is disposed to obesity, providing she does not guard against eating fattening foods.

Persistence is absolutely essential, both in dieting and exercising. There are several simple exercises which can be performed in the home. Walking and swimming—my favorite diversions—are the greatest means there are for keeping the figure slender.

As for dieting, I go light on starches—such as potatoes and bread—and sweets. These two foodstuffs are the arch enemies of slenderness.

Ribbon Hatpins.

From the brain and fingers of an ingenious woman comes the ribbon hatpin, truly decorative millinery accessory. The ribbon hatpin means that the same hat can have many styles of trimmings, for the hatpin with a large head of pearl, jade, jet, Egyptian design or what not forms the center of the ribbon trimming chosen. The trimming can be pinned on wherever desired. Where two bockades or flowers are desired to balance the hat, it simply means that two of the ribbon hatpins are used instead of one.

Cement Floors.

Cement floors are found much more frequently than formerly. These appear in different colors and tones, and are either plain and smooth or laid off in tile effect. In kitchens the edges are usually curved up so as to abolish cracks and sharp angles in which dust and dirt may accumulate. They are also used in bathrooms, sun parlors, breakfast rooms and even, now and then, in quite formal rooms. They are sanitary, but cold to the feet.

MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD

Interesting Speculation as to What Really Are the Most Ancient Things on Earth.

Writing of the oldest thing in the world, an English antiquarian says: "I would say that from a geological point of view the igneous or fire-fused rocks composing the mountain ranges of Norway and Scotland easily hold the first place, as being among the oldest matter on the surface of the globe, dating considerably before the rock-masses which went to build up the lofty mountain chains of the Alps, Andes and Himalayas. Specimens of such rocks may be seen in the excellent museum of mineralogy in Jermyn street. From a biological standpoint the remains of primitive seaweeds and shellfish, preserved as fossils in the early stratified rocks, represent the most ancient forms of life on earth. These are to be seen in the British museum. Lastly, the most venerable remains of human agency are represented by the stone implements of prehistoric man, first discovered and recognized as such by the famous French savant, Boucher de Perthes, in the river-drifts and gravels of the Somme. Specimens of these rude weapons and tools are on view in almost every museum."

Customer Wanted Sugar.

Grocer—What are you grumbling about? D'ye want the earth?

Customer—No; not in the sugar.

Little Things Count.

Fourteen years ago a Chinese fish seller in Hong-Kong sold some fish to a woman missionary. On counting her change she handed him back several coins of very small value. The fish seller who had never had money returned to him before, was much impressed with the honesty of the foreigner, and made inquiries about the religion which she taught. He came under Christian instruction and was baptized. In the course of time he was ordained. Now he has 13 churches in his charge.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Firemen fighting oil-well blazes frequently resort to asbestos clothing.

There were 846 forest fires in Oregon's national forests during the season of 1922.

C. C. Dill, from Washington, thirty-[eight] years old, is the youngest man [in the] senate.

[...] took the lives of 1,200,000 [in] the United States between [...]922.

A large steamship may have as many as 168 furnaces.

Failure of the French prune crop in 1922 made an excellent demand for American prunes.

Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon, never saw the emperor again after his exile to Elba.

Margaret Goldman, 4 feet 4 inches tall, is one of the best deep-sea divers in America.

Bad Case.

Mr. Tarr—Doctah, whas de mattah wid Brudder Snoops? What 'sease de 'peah to be flicted wid, in yo' humble opinion?

"Chronic chicken stealin' complicated wid birdshot in de back, sah."—The Watchman-Examiner.

Then She Called the Dog.

Lady of House—"Go along! I have nothing for you." Tramp—"Now don't get excited, lady; I was presented wid some turkey at de last house, and having found de wishbone, I called thinkin' yer might like to break it wid me."—Boston Evening Transcript.

St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands.

The islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon are mostly barren rock, unsuitable for agriculture. They are of great importance as the center of the French cod fisheries.

Half Way Yielding.

Do not think that you can go just half way and keep the other half to yourself! Half way yielding is worse than none.—Rev. H. R. Weir.

The Cheerful Man.

What more than birth would mortals have?—the cheerful man is a king.—I. Bickerstaff.

Revolutions.

Revolutions begin in the best heads and run steadily down to the populace. —Metternich.

Woman Holds Honor.

The first woman to talk by telephone is said to have been Mrs. E. G. Sovereign. In 1874, when Alexander Graham Bell was making his first experiments with the telephone at Brantford, Ont., Mrs. Sovereign was teaching school in that place and helped the inventor string the wire and set up his first telephone instruments.

Timely Advice.

"Hitch your wagon to a star, but avoid shooting stars," says the Wall Street Journal.

Necklace Is Missing

London.—A necklace, said to be valued at £20,000, the property of Mrs. William E. Corey, formerly Mabelle Gilman, an American actress, disappeared from her apartment in the Carlton Hotel. Scotland Yard detectives investigating the case assert the belief that the necklace was misplaced or lost, and that it was not stolen. A search made by Mrs. Corey of her apartment failed to reveal the missing necklace.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Now Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Washington, D. C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 97 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know what the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. IDA HEWITT, 1629 Penna. Ave. S. E., Washington, D. C.

Such letters from women in every section of this country prove beyond question the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

HERE'S HEIGHT OF SOMETHING

Matter of Worry Seems to Have Been Principal Subject in This Little Discussion.

An old man with gray whiskers sat on the steps of the village post office, sunning himself. He whittled idly on a cigar box lid and whistled softly to himself. Another man came up the street and paused beside the first.

"What you doin', Ed?" the newcomer asked.

"Ain't doin' nothin' much," Ed informed him.

The questioner was silent for a minute, as though considering this information deeply.

"What you waitin' for?" he asked later.

"Ain't waitin' for nothin', Jim," Ed replied. "Just waitin', that's all."

Jim pondered this statement, too.

"Say, Ed," he ventured after a while, "if I was waitin' and wasn't waitin' for nothin' it would worry me so I couldn't wait nohow!"—Kansas City Star.

Metal Resists Tarnish and Corrosion.

Following the discovery of a nontarnishable silver, reported recently in the London Daily Mail, comes the news of a white metal which resists both tarnish and corrosion, and has a remarkably deep and brilliant luster when polished.

The day appears to have come when the chemist, by skillfully alloying his metals, can make them resist the ravages of impure air produced by modern industrial conditions. The new white metal, which, it is stated, can be produced at a price within everybody's reach, has good casting qualities and is both malleable and ductile.

When She Appeared.

First Man—"When do you expect your wife home?" Second Man—"When I least expect her."

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles; and you are likely to have headaches, too, with dizziness, stabbing pains and bladder irregularities. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

An Ohio Case

John McMahon, 19 Jennings St., Shelby, O., says: "There was a dull, steady ache in my back and this often changed to a sharp pain. My muscles were lame and mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My kidneys bothered me at night by their too free action. Doan's Kidney Pills had been highly recommended, so I tried them. Doan's surely gave me relief."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.— Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

Salesman Wanted

Spare or full time. Easy sales. Pleasant work. Big commissions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Represent a good, home firm, and a fast line of monument furnished in Granite or Marble. One of our men in Virginia made $112.50 last week. Write for our plan. Our proposition is a big money-maker. No experience needed. Write today for full particulars.
ETOWAH MONUMENT CO.
(Capital $100,000.00) Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's **EYEWATER**
HELPFUL EYE WASH

$$ AGENTS $$

Big Money for Spare or Full time. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. CRECO PRODUCTS CO. P. O. Box 636 Portsmouth, Ohio

Blue Cupid on the Mantel

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Donald Adams regarded the blue cupid with great disfavor. "So," he said slowly, with a jealous light in his black eyes, "so you are keeping the wretched thing just because it has a sentimental value?"

Elsie took the small pale blue bisque figure from the mantelpiece, balancing it on her small palm. A mischievous smile deepened the corners of her mouth and her eyes were merry. Donald was such a fierce suitor, so arrogant in his demands for her whole time, so jealous of the years before he had known her!

"Yes," she murmured softly. "Billy gave it to me—years ago."

"Billy?" bitterly.

She nodded. "I have always loved it for that reason—you see the quiver is large enough to hold ma'ches. He put it on this mantelpiece himself, and so I keep it there always."

"Incongruous as it is, near the Sheffield candlesticks and the Wedgwood vase?"

"Poor little blue cupid," purred Elsie tenderly. "He shall go to my own room and sit on the dressing table, so he shall!"

"Bah!" muttered Donald childishly. "Perhaps you would like to get rid of my photograph so as to make room for your keepsake."

"I never thought of that, Donald—it's an idea—if you really want the picture—you know I value your photograph, my friend."

"Friend? You know I want to be more than that!"

"Have I encouraged you? Deceived you?" she asked gently.

"No," he said glumly. "You have made it plain that you do not care for me."

"I am truly sorry, Donald."

"I must go. Good-by, Elsie. Think of me sometimes," he muttered, grasping her hand.

"You are going away?"

He nodded. "With my uncle to England. I will write you one letter, Elsie, and if your answer is still the same, then I shall not come again."

So he took his departure, dark in his resolve not to pursue a girl who could not make up her mind whether she loved him or not. Elsie let him go, glad of a respite wherein she could study her wayward heart.

"Why can't I love Donald?" she asked herself despairingly. "He is the nicest boy in the world, but there is just one little bit of feeling that is missing. I can't quite make up my mind that I would be happy with him forever! His aunt Bee said he was fickle and upon that remark has grown my distrust until I am afraid to like him too much! Oh, blue cupid, where is the little boy who gave you to me so many years ago? Dear old Billy Vane, what has become of you? How he did blush that day when he told me that some day he was coming back to marry me!" She laughed softly as her thoughts went back to the little boy neighbor whose family had moved to another city and who had drifted from her sight. That was fifteen years ago, and she was an adorable little lass, and Billy was a small freckled Adonis.

That was the story of the blue cupid which had sent Donald Adams across the sea and left Elsie without any immediate attending swain. After the first few weeks Elsie discovered that she really missed Donald and when a letter did not come from him she scolded the blue cupid soundly as the author of all her woes.

But the brave little blue figurine merely aimed his golden arrow toward her heart, as he had always done.

The telephone tinkled at her elbow. "Such news," called her friend, Laura McNair. "We have just had a letter from England—Donald is engaged to some lovely girl over there—he is wild about her. Who would believe it?"

"I would," declared Elsie cheerfully. "Donald is the nicest boy!"

"You should not have allowed him to go."

"Nonsense. He will miss me always. We must have a nice party for her when she comes."

Hanging up the receiver Elsie stared a little blankly out of the open window, where an early spring came drifting in on the wings of a tiny sweet-scented breeze. Outside a robin hopped on the patch of green grass within the iron fence. Spring—Donald was married, or about to be—she felt hurt—a strange sense of loneliness. She was not in love with him, but she felt an unrest, a longing for happiness as she turned away from the window and saw the artful blue cupid. With a sudden flare of temper she snatched it from its place and flung it out of the window and heard a soft crash on the pavement. A moment later the doorbell rang. Elsie reached the hall before Molly, the parlor maid, and opened the door herself.

A very tall, grave young man, quite brown of face and darkly handsome, held in his hands the fragments of the blue cupid. He bared his head and looked curiously at her.

"I happened to be passing when this flew out of the window and knocked off my hat. I am sorry it is broken." He hesitated as she held out her hands for the toy, amazement in her face.

"I threw it out of the window," she explained simply. "I was in a horrid temper. I am sorry it is broken, but I am very grateful to you." Her radiant smile made her look very like a little girl.

"My name is Vane—William Vane," he said hurriedly. "I used to live on Summer—"

"So did I!" she exclaimed. "Oh, do come in, Mr. Vane, and tell me if you remember—"

"I do remember Elsie Rowe," he grinned delightedly. "I was thinking of her when the blue cupid aimed a blow at me. So you have kept it ever since? I wonder why you tired of poor cupid at last?"

Elsie blushed. "Do come in and see mother. She will be so glad to see you again, and I will mend poor cupid."

The strangest thing of all was that when the blue cupid was skillfully mended, the only part missing was the tiny golden arrow broken from the bow.

"It is buried deep in my heart," asserted Billy Vane, and Elsie pretended to believe it, for they were madly in love with each other; but on their wedding day he put the tiny broken arrow in her hand with a smile, and the blue cupid occupies a place of honor on the mantelpiece of their home, quarreling fiercely with a bit of cloisonne and an ivory carving that was a wedding gift from Donald Adams and his lovely bride.

Lost Aerolite Found.

The whereabouts of an aerolite of great size, which was revealed to the Spanish conquerors by Indians about the middle of the Seventeenth century, and of which traces have been lost since the year 1812, have again been ascertained, according to a communication received by Prof. Clemente Onelli, an Argentine naturalist of Buenos Aires, from a Senor Leberthou, who claims the rediscovery of the aerolite, says an exchange. The aerolite is located in the province of Santiago del Estero, in the uninhabited Otumpa pampa, which is also known as "Sky pampa," after the celestial origin of the stone.

It was about the middle of the Seventeenth century that the Spaniards, guided by the Vilelas Indians, discovered the great meteoric mass, half buried in the sands.

According to certain analyses alleged to have been made in 1812, the meteorite was constituted of pure meteoric iron, nickel and cobalt.

Rice in South Carolina.

It is interesting to note that rice production began in the South Carolina colony as a result of an experimental sowing of rice in the governor's garden in Charleston in 1694. During the Colonial period of our history the population was too small to consume much of the crop and the greater part of it was exported to England.

The crop became important in Louisiana when it was definitely determined in 1887 that rice could be grown profitably on the prairies in the southwestern part of the state. These tracts of land are level, broken here and there by sluggish streams from which irrigation water can be obtained. Organized irrigation companies soon gave added impetus to the rice-growing industry in that region.

Bones Betray Age.

X-ray of Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy will settle the dispute as to his age when he died, says Prof. Flinders Petrie. A few years ago X-ray photographs were admitted in an Indian law court as evidence of age. The case concerned a transfer of property by a certain Behari Lal, who was alleged to be under twenty-one years of age, and therefore debarred from executing the transfer. Eight X-ray plates were produced showing the condition of Behari Lal's bones with regard to the joining of the cartilages to the shafts of the bones, and expert witnesses agreed that these plates showed that the age of the youth was between eighteen years and nineteen and one-half years. So there need be no uncertainty about a lady's age in future.

Disorder Destroyed Love.

I was a freshman, and head over heels in love with the Latin teacher. He was the finest looking, most immaculate man I had ever known! One day I stopped at his place with my brother, and such a delusion. Dirty shirts, soiled collars and crumpled up sox were strewn all around the room. The sight quite overwhelmed me. Love flew out of the window.—Exchange.

SOME WAYS OF GAINING WEIGHT

There Are Many, but There Must Be a Systematic Observance of the Rules Laid Down.

Plan to gain weight gradually; gain in itself does not mean much unless you have built up muscle and bone as well as fat.

Get weighed regularly every week or every two weeks and note carefully your gain.

Sleep long hours and take short rest periods at regular times during the day; sleep, if possible, but at least relax thoroughly.

Avoid working to the point of exhaustion.

Avoid excitement.

Take moderate exercises, of a kind that will develop good posture and deep breathing.

Discontinue excessive use of tea and coffee.

Eat more cereal, bacon, cream, butter, salad oil and whole milk.

Eat vegetables and fruits liberally.

Eat oranges and tomatoes plentifully; they help to increase the appetite.

Eat sweets moderately, and only at meals. They tend to dull the appetite for other food.

Observe other rational health rules.

If greatly underweight, or if there is difficulty in digesting hearty meals, four somewhat lighter meals may be taken at regular hours, in place of three meals a day.—Miss K. D. Washington, Nutrition Specialist, Colorado Agricultural College.

Sharing Birthday.

Paul and Phil were twins. One morning aunty approached and Paul blithely reminded: "Don't forget this is my birthday!" "Mine, too!" chimed in Phil. "No, it's only mine," stoutly maintained Paul. "I'm not going to divide my birthday. Other kids have a whole birthday all to theirselves!" "Well," calmly adjusted Phil, "you can have your birthdays in the mornings and I'll have mine in the afternoons."

Only Corpse Unshocked

A short time ago I attended a bunco party and won the booby prize. As the party was given by a club of young high school girls, we all started home together. The prize was a tiny rooster on a stand, and when pressed, or squeezed, it crowed most naturally. As we were nearing home we saw crape on the door of one of our neighbor's houses, so went in and, after looking at the corpse, we knelt down to offer prayer. In kneeling, I squeezed against a chair and, to my horror and surprise, Mr. Rooster crowed lustily.—Exchange.

Rotten Luck.

Jack—"You say you fell from a ladder and were painfully injured? Why don't you file a claim on your insurance company?" Clarence—"I would, but you see it wasn't exactly an accident. I was planning to elope with Mabel and I mistook her father's room for hers."

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

AT CROSS ROADS

CROSS roads are dangerous places. In the Great war allied and German soldiers alike shunned all points where roads crossed. When a motor truck or an ambulance or an ambulance wagon neared such a point, the driver put on full speed and rushed past in the direction he had decided to follow.

There was no hesitating and wavering, backing and filling. This was because it was just about as dangerous to stand at a cross roads in the combat zone as it is to stand on a railroad track. If you stood long enough at the cross roads a shell would hit you. If you stood long enough on a railroad track a train would hit you.

The cross roads of life are just as dangerous as were the cross roads in Flanders and France.

When you come to a parting of the ways, make up your mind quickly which is the right way to go, and go.

Sooner or later you will come to a situation where you can save yourself a lot of trouble by departing from your usual rule of truthfulness and telling a lie.

That is a cross roads.

If you linger at it, wondering which way to turn, vacillating between the two courses, the chances are greater that you will take the wrong road—the road of the lie.

Your first impulse will be to take the course of truth. You will know it is the right road. Don't stand at the cross roads. Go full speed down the route you know is the right one. Next time you come to a cross roads with the same signs displayed, it will be easier to keep right on going.

And if you select the road of truth you will come to fewer puzzling corners than you will on the road to lies. It will be much easier to stay on the right road than to get back to it. Sometimes it is impossible to get back.

The same thing will be true of every road parting which you encounter. To linger there will be dangerous. To wabble back and forth between the two routes will mean that you are liable to be engulfed in a disastrous chain of circumstances before you have made your move. It is just like the soldier who stands at the cross roads until a shell searches him out and its explosion destroys him.

The armies shelled all cross roads at frequent intervals because they knew that somebody was likely to be there, either because of congested traffic or because of indecision as to which way to go.

Chief among your enemies are your own weaknesses and habits. They will deliberately attack you while you are at the parting of the ways.

Do not loiter there.

(© by John Blake.)

Unforgotten

By GRACE E. HALL

DO YOU think of me sometimes,
you who went
On an alien path ere our love grew
cold?
Out in the spaces where you have won
To the heights that you dreamed of,
have you done
Such deeds as have made you more
content
Than you were in our love of old?

Do you think of me sometimes, where
you are,
And wish you had held to the other
way?
Those high-flung trails—are they all
you crave?
Do they yield the sweetness our young
love gave?
You fastened your wagon to a star—
Does it brighten your every day?

Oh! I warm my heart by that youth-
time fire
When the breath of the years grows
chill;
And always I wonder if you recall
That white-hot flame, when the shad-
ows fall—
Do the heights suffice for your soul's
desire?
Do they warm like our first love's
thrill?

Do you think of me sometimes, dear,
out, there,
Where the trails lead high and you
longed to go?
I could not forget if I tried! I keep
My faith with you ever, awake, asleep;
And sometimes I call, and it is a
prayer—
Do you hear my voice on the warm
night air
Ever, when soft winds blow?

(Copyright, by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PICNIC"

DURING the early years of the past century it was customary for those who were invited to an outdoor entertainment to bring their own refreshments. A list of what was considered necessary would be made out and passed around among the guests, and each person would agree to furnish a certain portion of the repast, the name of each article being then crossed, or nicked, off the list. For this reason, this form of what the French refer to as fete champetre became known as a "pick-and-nick," referring to the selection or picking of the various articles and the crossing them off upon the card, and, through the usual contraction, the central word was dropped and the term shortened to "picnic."

Though this word does not appear to have been used prior to 1802, outdoor entertainments of this nature were common during the two centuries which preceded. Mainwaring, in a letter dated November 22, 1618, describes a birthday party for the Prince of Wales, at which "every man did bring his dish of meat." "Sir George Young's invention," adds the writer, "was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot and harnessed with ropes of sausages, all tied in a monstrous bag pudding."

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

SCHOOL DAYS

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

DISCONTENT

THERE are those who are continually complaining about some mysterious power which is holding them back. They begin to grumble at the breakfast table and keep airing their discontent until night, when their mood changes and they don their best clothes and hurry away for their customary frolic.

These are the individuals who pile upon the backs of humanity its heaviest burdens of unhappiness. They are always out of step, lagging behind, contentious, gruff-voiced and ill-humored.

They would like to sit in the high places, give orders, read the law of deportment to subordinates, but they lack the spirit to make themselves capable, so they keep scuffing along their gloomy way and acquiring bearish dispositions.

It involves too much work, too many deprivations of things which they consider essential to their body-comfort, so they loiter along through the best years of their life, envious, unruly and wretched.

When the awakening comes, as it eventually does, they find themselves so enslaved to pernicious habits that they are powerless to break away. Their customary diversions have lost their lure. Old associates with whom they idled their precious years have disappeared. There is nothing ahead but blankness and emptiness.

Study and books are a bore. Anything that calls for thought or fixed attention of the mind cannot be endured. They never meditate, never reach out for the great, glorious ideals which have been hovering around them all their life, begging recognition and acceptance.

If you would not be among these hapless souls when the shadows begin to lengthen, seek while you are yet in the flower of youth to improve yourself. Make the start today.

You cannot hope to attain success and attain except by hard work, long solitary hours of study and constructive reflections.

At the top there is boundless room for the faithful. The air is large and free and inspiring. The world is calling for creative thinkers, offering them her richest treasures and highest honors. Heed the call while youth flushes your cheek. Press forward, keep going and help yourself.

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH

Mother's Cook Book

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man.
When she wooed with love so kind
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride
Their husband's pockets trimming
The women are so full of whims
That men pronounce them wimmen.

SEA MOSS AND ITS USES

SEA moss or carrageen is not well enough known to any but our New England friends, who have used and enjoyed it for years. The whitish sea weed which has the pleasant tang of salt water may be gathered freely on the coast or may be purchased at stores in various places. A pound goes a long way as a substitute for gelatin, sago and rennet.

Of course in its preparation it should be carefully washed in several waters, until every individual piece is clean. Tie the moss in a piece of cheesecloth or put into a small bag, drop it into the milk and cook for a half hour, or until the sea moss is well softened. Remove the moss, add such flavoring as desired with sugar to sweeten. A good flavor is orange, almond or caramel, while honey is also good; a plain unflavored blanc mange served with maple sirup is especially delicious. A bit of salt, a few chopped almonds with almond extract makes a dainty dessert.

Peach Pudding.

Add one-third of a cupful of sea moss to one quart of milk and cook for half an hour in a double boiler. If fresh peaches are to be used add two or three crushed peach kernels to the milk or three peach leaves. Strain and partly cool, add one stiffly-beaten egg white, four tablespoonfuls of coconut, a little salt and one-fourth of a cupful of peach jam. If fresh peaches are used add sugar to sweeten and heap the sliced peaches in the center of a dish, cover with marshmallow cream or whipped cream and surround with the blanc mange.

Nellie Maxwell

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

What Good Are "Ads"

Advertising methods of the past were rather poor, and the advertisements themselves often misleading. As a result, even conservative and legitimate publicity was looked upon with disfavor for many years. The chief essentials in advertising today are truth and accuracy. No longer do huge advertising campaigns arouse astonishment and suspicion. The selling news furnished by the modern advertiser is a real boon to the busy housewife, as well as to those engaged in pursuits outside of the home, and who have so little time in which to shop. If advertising did nothing else, it would be worth while as a conservator of energy in shopping, writes Floyd W. Parsons in the World's Work.

Adding to Their Value.

A certain millionaire's wife is rather frugal. She likes to embroider useless gifts and hand them out at Christmas as well as on other occasions. This display of thrift embarrasses her husband.

One day recently he came in at the conclusion of an elaborate bridge party. The prizes being handed out were handsomely embroidered wash cloths, worth about 10 cents each at retail. After some hesitation his wife asked if he didn't think they were pretty.

"Very pretty," he boomed, "and every lady who captured one may have a bath on the house."

HAD SUFFERED FOR TEN YEARS

Now Well and Strong, Little Cleveland Woman Pours Out Gratitude to Tanlac.

"If I could only have had Tanlac ten years ago, what suffering—and money, too—it would have saved me!" recently said Mrs. Onna Van Meter, 1383 W. 28th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

"This grand medicine has not only relieved every ailment, but I've gained ten pounds, and my friends all say I'm looking fine.

"It almost makes me shudder to think how I have suffered from indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, headaches and dizzy spells. If I set my heart on enjoying a good meal, indigestion nearly always robbed me of that pleasure, and loss of appetite and sleeplessness got me so weak and run down I often wondered of mornings how I would ever get through the day.

"Well, the Tanlac treatment has been wonderful for me. I am eating and sleeping fine now and feeling as strong and well as if I'd never been sick. Tanlac will always have my deepest gratitude."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Advertisement.

Plan to Preserve Eyesight.

A nation-wide campaign of eye conservation is planned by the Eyesight Conservation Council of America in an effort to prevent blindness in this country resulting from avoidable causes. Co-operation in the movement has been promised by the federal bureau of education, the bureau of standards, several universities and various civic organizations.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

American Tires in Barbados.

Practically all automobile tires used in Barbados are of American make. The total number of passenger cars is about 1,000; in addition there are about 50 trucks and 50 motorcycles. Nearly all of the automotive equipment also is of American make. Each motor vehicle requires four tires per year on the average. Three repair shops do vulcanizing and retreading, for which American equipment is used, Consul John J. C. Watson reports.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcel post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

Aids Telephone Service.

A little mechanism called a telechronometer measures the amount of time that a person spends in using the telephone. It registers only at the instrument of the person who calls. In one city where the meter has been tried it not only quickened service, but reduced the telephone bills of the subscribers.

California's Lemon Crop.

The present lemon crop of the state of California with one exception, will be the largest ever shipped out of that state. It is estimated that it will consist of 10,878 carloads of 400 boxes each. The crop of 1920-21 was slightly larger.

Sure Re[lief] FOR INDIGEST[ION]

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for Painful, Swollen, Sweating feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease say that they have solved their foot troubles. Sold everywhere. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

PILES of the most stubborn kind relieved in 3 to 10 days. One trial convinces **MIRO** AT ALL DRUGGISTS

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

LATHROP'S **GOLD MEDAL** HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Dizzy Spells

Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. D. **KELLOGG'S** REMEDY

FOR SALE—85-ACRE FRUIT FARM. [...] E. M. KALTEIS, NORTH EAST, PA.

Freezing Eyeglasses.

Since optical glasses cannot be cut unless they are fixed in an immovable position, it has been the practice to glue them to iron frames of various sizes and shapes. Until a few years ago the plates of glass, when finished, were knocked off the frame by means of a light mallet, the blow being delivered cautiously upon the edges of the plates. Naturally enough, this was a delicate and dangerous bit of work, and unless performed by the most expert of workmen resulted, of course, in the injury of the lens.

But the discovery was made that the blocks of crystal separated more readily when they had been exposed to a certain degree of cold. The result has been what might be called a revolution in the making of special glasses.

Caught Herself in Time.

Adele had a habit of asking for cookies at my neighbors. One day I left her with a neighbor while I went to see a dentist. Before leaving I told her not to ask for anything to eat. When I returned my neighbor was laughing. She said Adele had seen some cookies on the table and said: "Oh, I wanted a—" Then she said: "Oh I'm so tired."

Lighthouse for Airplanes.

The first "air lighthouse," at Mitchel field, New York, has been pronounced a success by army air officers. It will flash in Morse code the first letters of the field's name at 10-second intervals for the guidance of night fliers.

Wisdom From Franklin.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH

Black - Tan - White - Ox-Blood - Brown

SHINOLA is made of the finest wax and oils. It softens and preserves leather. Makes shoes wear longer and look better.

SHINOLA is quickly and easily applied - shines in a jiffy. Keeps shoes trim and tidy.

SHINOLA Home Set makes the home care of shoes easy

"The Shine for Mine"