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TRYING THE WRONG DOOR

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was one of those brownstone blocks of houses that still abound in Brooklyn. It was a long block and there were perhaps twenty houses, alike as peas in a pod. Jean Ray knew the house she wanted; it was one of the gloomy ones with a dim light in the front hall and an occasional light in some window. The house was full of lodgers, and so were the houses on either side. Jean's room was on the top floor in the rear. It was the dream of her life now to move to a larger room on the second floor. She must wait for promotion for that, though. Her office was very conservative about promotions.

As Jean mounted the steps she noticed a young man sitting on the top step. He arose and touched his hat as she passed him. Jean wondered who he was, because Mrs. Jones did not have any young men in the house; the lodgers were all women. To Jean's amazement, her key did not fit the front door.

"Do you need any help?" asked the young man courteously as he came to her side.

"No, thank you; I don't know what is the matter with my key—it's the right one."

"Let me try—sometimes keys are temperamental." He wrestled with the key for a while and then gave it up.

"My key wouldn't open it either," he explained.

There was a soft step behind them and they both looked up into the heavy disapproving face of a policeman.

"Lay off of that," he said rudely.

"Ah, perhaps you can open the door for us," suggested the young man.

"Open it yourself if you've got the right to go in," returned Officer Drake.

"Our keys don't fit," explained Jean, smiling.

"Aw, I know you now—your face was familiar—it's Daylight Annie, and [illegible] pinched is what you get [illegible]

"What do you mean—how dare you [illegible]" exploded Jean, indignantly [illegible] the silent [illegible]

"Are you live men?" returned the policeman.

"I have a room here and this young lady has, too."

"Why did they telephone to the station then that it was a private house and that some one was trying to break in—eh?"

"Mercy!" cried Jean.

"What is this number?" demanded the young man, peering around for the numerals. At last he found them down on the steps, difficult to decipher. "Why this is No. 335!" he exclaimed blankly, "and I live at 337, next door."

"And I live at 333, on the other side," giggled Jean relieved. "How perfectly silly of me—I never made this mistake before."

"Nor I," admitted her companion in crime.

"I'll see you safe indoors, then," said the policeman, adding to the man: "The next time you take your gal out, young fellow, I'll be looking out for you!"

"That is a very kind thought of yours, officer," retorted the man coolly, and Jean's cheeks burned resentfully as she fitted her key to the lock and entered the dim shades of her temporary abiding place.

Occasionally Jean saw the young man who lodged in No. 337, and once or twice they met face to face, but never by look or manner did he give evidence of presuming on their brief acquaintance. To the world they were utter strangers, and there was just the consciousness that they had shared a little adventure. As for Officer Drake, sometimes he dropped a wary eye. "A slick pair, believe me," he would mutter.

After a while, Jean, finding her health suffering from irregular meals, decided to engage tabledboard at Mrs. Jenkins' dining room, farther down the street. There she had a little table to herself, for the other tables were filled up, and she did not feel quite so lonely now that she could join in the pleasant talk with fellow boarders. She had been there about a week when one evening at dinner Mrs. Jenkins ushered in a new boarder—a young man. Jean heard him introduced as "Mr. Granville," and then Mrs. Jenkins brought him right to the vacant seat at her table.

"Miss Ray, I have brought Mr. Granville to sit at your table; I am sure you will not mind," was Mrs. Jenkins' off-hand introduction.

Jean bowed and hated herself for coloring under the gaze of the young man from 337. He was so nice-looking and he seemed so pleased to see her that she found her embarrassment wearing off, and soon they were chatting away like old acquaintances.

"Have you seen our friend, the cop lately?" asked Granville after a while.

"Sometimes," admitted Jean, "and he looks at me so queerly that I've been taking another route home so that I will not have to pass his corner."

"That is a shame, but it was such a fool thing all around. Why didn't the people in the house open the door and shoo us away?" Paul Granville asked.

"Mrs. Jones, my landlady, says it is a very timid elderly lady who lives alone. She was probably afraid to go to the door."

"My hall bedroom looked good to me when I got into No. 337," laughed Paul. "I felt as if I really belonged there and not in jail!"

The first night he took her to the movies the policeman was standing on the corner as they passed. "Got your door key?" inquired he humorously.

Paul nodded and grinned. "I'll bet he thinks we're a pair of crooks," he told Jean.

"I don't care," exploded Jean recklessly; "do you?"

"Only one thing I care about these days," he answered cryptically, and Jean did not press him for an explanation.

It was midsummer when Patrolman Drake saw the outcome of this romance. Just at dusk he saw a taxicab stop at Mrs. Jones' door, and he saw Jean wrapped in a soft gray cloak and wearing a white hat come running down the steps hand in hand with Paul Granville. A little group of people followed, throwing rice and confetti, but they stopped and stared when Paul turned and ran up the steps of the next house and laid a white rose on the doorstep. Then he ran down again and the taxi whirled toward the corner where the policeman stood. The bride leaned out and he came forward to shake hands with them. Then Jean pulled another white rose from her bridal bouquet and pinned it on Officer Drake's tunic.

"And the flower on the doorstep, Mrs. Granville?" he twitched.

"Mrs. Jenkins's baby scare of measles is one of their happy memories."

Tell of Musical Trees

Poets have often talked about the music of the trees, and travelers to Barbados declare that the whistling tree is a thing of literal fact, says London Answers.

This tree possesses a peculiarly-shaped leaf, and all its pods have a split edge. As the wind passes through the pods it causes them to emit the sounds which have given the tree its name.

There is a long valley in Barbados that is simply crammed with these interesting trees. When the trade winds blow across the island a continuous moaning, deep-toned whistle comes from this valley, the effect being weird in the extreme.

A species of acacia which occurs in the Sudan is also known locally as the whistling tree. The extremely hollow shoot-sheaths produce as loud a sound as is obtainable from a very sweet-toned flute.

New Era

This so-called machine age seems to be also the era of needless complications. Nearly everybody appears to be trying to avoid any form of simplicity. We buy two automobiles where one would do, then employ a chauffeur and build another room to the house to put the chauffeur in, after which we discover that the house is so big we must have another servant to keep the place in order. As Don Marquis says, we clip off a dog's hair and then buy a blanket for him. I often wonder how many business offices have unnecessary employees because the boss likes to see people working for him and makes himself think they're needed.—Fred Kelley in Nation's Business.

Soil Moisture Measured

Every one has noticed that wooden doors and drawers stick in wet weather. This property of wood of absorbing water and swelling up in the process has been made use of by the United States forest service for measuring soil moisture. Blocks of cypress wood are carefully air-dried and then measured. They are then put into the ground and left a short time. The amount of the swelling of the block is definitely related to the amount of water absorbed, and it is believed that a corresponding relation can be worked out with the amount of soil moisture.

Mark Twain Man of Moods, Says Daughter

"Mark Twain was a sphinx to his family; he was a sort of "royalty" at home.

Thus does Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, his daughter and wife of the conductor of the Detroit symphony orchestra, describe her impressions of the world's greatest humorist, writing of "My Father" in the Delineator.

"It was always impossible for me to regard my father as a private person—to think of him as just my father or my mother's husband," she writes. "I felt about the Sphinx, whose very shadow pictures boundless night, and holds its own in immense areas of piled-up masses of sand."

He was a delightful story teller and conversationalist when in the mood, says his daughter, "telling my sister and me impromptu stories inspired by objects in the room or pictures on the wall. He also played with our kittens, and loved them as much as we did. Yet rarely did I lose the feeling with my father that I was in the presence of royalty. He was a constant surprise in his varied moods, which dropped unheralded upon him, creating day or night for those about him by his twinkling eyes or his clouded brows. How he would be affected by this or that no one could ever foresee."

But with all his moods, Mark Twain was especially fond of kittens, says his daughter, telling how "if I carried a kitten in my arms, the dreamy look would disappear from his eyes, and he would drop any work to nestle the soft ball of fur in his neck. We children were not supposed to disturb him at work, but if for any reason we were forced to I thought it expedient to be accompanied by a kitten."

Reserves Its Name

The Great White way of New York city contains more than 1,000,000 incandescent lamps in 10,000 electric signs.

Stresses Comfort and Style; Sleeveless Knitted Jacquette

COMFORT and style, these are the two essentials which womankind insists must combine in sports costume. In order to insure perfect comfort and freedom of action, stylists have adopted the sleeveless mode throughout sports costumes.

The latest knicker suits are fashioned with the sleeveless blouse, as the illustration shows. This model is gray and green Scotch tweed. Notice the shallow yoke which contributes so much to the charm of the blouse.

KNICKER SUIT WITH SLEEVELESS BLOUSE

It is worth while to study this costume from the point of its stylish accessories. Not a detail is missing to make it a perfect sports ensemble. There is the becoming byron collar, the gay scarlet tie, and particularly is one impressed with the handsome wool sports stockings, rolled at the top with perfect precision. Topping the entire is a typical sports hat which lends a vivid color note in its bright embroidery.

The sleeveless jacket is responsible for bringing the lingerie shirtwaist or blouse into fashion. Fine dimity is favored, also pongee silk and very smart shirts are made of white satin, mannish in every detail of cuff, collar and plain buttoned front. Of course blouses of this sort exact the wearing of a silken necktie, and here is where color and design acknowledge no restriction.

Speaking of the knicker suit, the three-piece model—that is the kind which has a detachable skirt—is recommended, in that it may be adjusted to the time, the place and the event. The knife-plaited skirt or the wrap-around kind may be selected. Often the skirt is a solid color, with the jacket and blouse in novelty mode.

Very handsome and wearable is a three-piece ensemble consisting of jacket, sweater and a long cape with scarf collar.

Riding habits with sleeveless coat show diversity of fabrics, with the lighter weight weaves especially favored.

What is summertime without a sleeveless knitted sweater or more esthetically speaking, a jacquette sans sleeves! Everybody's wearing one, or if not, why not, for is there any costume item as indispensable to one's enjoyment and comfort on golf links, tennis court or anywhere in the great outdoors as one's sweater? Especially does one's sweater endear itself to its owner, when it refuses to be cumbersome in that it dulls sleeves, counting them superfluous in the pursuit of sports.

What class distinction exists among sweaters and jacquette modes! For in place, at a glance one recognizes that the sleeveless sweater in the picture is an aristocrat among the sans sleeve type. If prize competing, it would surely have a blue ribbon pinned upon it. Its color scheme is unusual in that peach pink ornate stripes are interknit with solid white. This is an outcome of the pronounced vogue for pink, which is featured this year throughout all costuming.

If one's fancy inclines to more virile colorings the bright plaid sleeveless sweater is the especial object of fashion's pride this season. The blaze stripe sweater has its devotees, too. It is apparent that stripes and plaids are running a very keen competition in the field of knitted outerwear.

To be up to the moment in sportswear one wears with one's striped or plaided sleeveless sweater a knitted skirt done in solid color. There is in some instances an ingenious simulation of plaits achieved in the skirt through the cunning of knitted stitch.

Many of the knitted vest effects, or rather, sleeveless sweaters, are uniquely fashioned in that the fronts are fanciffully striped or plaited while the backs are perfectly plain. Another interesting detail is the blending of solid knit both as to coloring and stitch. This gives a trig tailored aspect, which counts in favor for sports wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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ARISTOCRAT AMONG SLEEVELESS TYPE

Plaiting Worn Much

There is a great deal of clever knife plaiting on gowns of all sorts. This sometimes takes the form of narrow panels, emphasizing an all-plaited bodice. If there is any waistline it is usually low.

As Boudoir Curtains

The scarfs which one sees everywhere are now being adopted as boudoir curtains. They hang as bits of thin, airy color on each side of the glass curtains of silk net.

Fetching and Novel

A fetching little hat, which closely copies the Turkish fez, is a novelty of the day. In a shining silk, with folds crossing in front, it has a spray of burnt goose feathers in the exact center of the front.

Umbrellas Are Vivid

The umbrella today is becoming a dwarf affair. More stubby and shorter than ever, it is almost of riding crop proportions. But its brightness of color makes it visible every [illegible]

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

There are so many things—best things—that can only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last.—Elliot.

MORE WAYS WITH FRUIT

There are so many delicious drinks which one may make in the home, just from a few spoonfuls of canned fruit juice left over, often thrown out, not knowing their value. With a half-cupful of peach juice, add the juice of a lemon and sugar if needed, ice, and just enough water to thin it to the right taste, and you will have a glass or two of refreshing nectar.

Grape juice, with a little ginger ale added to it to give it zest, makes a most delightful drink.

Raspberry Whip.—Mash one cupful of raspberries, add a cupful of pulverized sugar, a pinch of salt and the white of an egg; beat all together until stiff. Serve on a platter surrounded with whipped cream.

Strawberry and Pineapple Jam.—Put a pineapple through the meat grinder. Take equal parts of pineapple and strawberries. To every five cupfuls of fruit add four cupfuls of sugar. Let stand several hours. Put in a preserving kettle and cook gently until clear and thick. Pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

Ripe Currant Pie.—Bake a pastry shell and fill with the following: Take one cupful each of crushed currants and sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and one of flour, and one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add flour and water and mix with the fruit and sugar; dot with bits of butter, and cook until smooth. Pour into the shell and top with a meringue prepared from the egg whites, using two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve cold.

Salpicon of Fruit.—Shred a pineapple, add a banana or two cut fine, and orange and a grapefruit sliced; mix with one cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of water which have been cooked to a sirup and cooled; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and chill, adding the fruit. Serve in tall glasses garnished with maraschino cherries.

Aye, to the leavening, but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking. Nay, you must stay the cooling, too, or you may chance to burn your mouth.—Shakespeare.

A WORD ABOUT CAKES

Cake-making and baking is an art—a science. Most housekeepers have some cake recipe which they use as a foundation for various forms and kinds of cake. Baked in layers the cake batter is thinner than if baked in a loaf; adding different flavorings, fruit, chocolate and spices, one may have a different cake from the same base for every day in the week.

For those who are yet inexperienced in cake-making a few suggestions may be helpful:

Firstly have all the ingredients gathered before starting to prepare the cake, as often a most important ingredient may be lacking. Lining all cake pans is a good practice as it helps to keep cake moist, makes easier the removing it from the pan, and if too hot, the scorch will be on the paper and will peel off with it when the paper is removed.

The old-fashioned cooks were advocates of much creaming of butter and sugar, but times have changed and the time spent in such work has been largely saved for more important things. All ingredients, if well-blended and given a good beating, will make a fine-grained cake which answers almost any purpose. Of course, for great occasions, such as wedding cakes, work is never considered. The following is a good, plain foundation cake which may be used for all ordinary occasions:

Plain Cake.—Take three level tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, two well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder added to one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Flavor as liked, beat well and bake in a square tin.

A slight depression made in the center of all cakes, heaping the dough around the edges of the pan, will result in a level cake, as all mixtures tend to hump up in the middle when baking. Too much flour will cause this unsightly hump also. The most satisfactory cake is the one which may be baked as thin as possible—that is with as little flour, and still keep from falling when baking. The thinner the batter the more delicate and tender the cake.

A rubber bath sponge makes a good hand mop to use with scouring material to clean the lavatory and bathtub. It has the advantage of being tireless.

Nellie Maxwell

All Fear "Duppy"

"Duppy" is the legendary horror of the Jamaica Negro. To see "Duppy," who is variously characterized as a woman in red, a lame man or a white-sheeted figure at night, means calamities without number.

American Trappists

The abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemane, near Bardstown, Ky., which has just celebrated its jubilee, is the only Trappist monastery in the United States.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

BETTER THAN GOLD

FOR ages it has been the custom of the larger proportion of earthlings to bow to the yellow god of gold and worship it, overlooking in their insane idolatry the wondrous, enduring riches that lie at their feet, disregarded and trodden down.

Children come into the world with shining eyes and laughter on their lips. They are as blithesome as birds in the springtime until they are taught by their parents to look reverently upon the cold face of the god of mammon.

Then comes a change in their speech and deportment. The little rich child is instructed to look with disfavor upon the little poor child, so a sharp line of distinction is drawn between them and each goes his or her way, unfriendly towards each other.

A bitterness springs up in their hearts. As the years come and go, it grows to pride, disrespect and hate. Then follow the oft-repeated tales of history—strife, war, bloodshed, tears and sorrowings—tales that have been told over and over with rancor since the creation of man.

The happiness which the children knew is crushed to death beneath the ponderous weight of gold. The carefree laughter which they brought with them has flown away beyond their reach, and they have become hard-faced and sordid, like the rest of us, thinking and dreaming mostly of earthly wealth and power.

There are some noble spirits, however, who scornfully turn their backs upon the false god, refusing to bow down to it or admit its supremacy.

These are the salt of the earth, whose saving substance may redeem the idolaters.

You will find them among the faithful, the charitable, and big-hearted, working earnestly for the betterment of mankind, unmindful of riches, forgetful of everything else except the life in which gold loses its value in the august presence of character and divine possibility.

Are we among these faithful ones, or are we cowards?

Do we tremble in terror at the monstrous god of wealth, its pomp and splendor and power, or do we, like the faithful, consider it merely a myth of time, doomed to banishment with the oncoming dawn of eternity?

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You never buy trolley tickets ahead?

You probably live on a small allowance and buying in bulk though best always, is unfeasible for you. Then, too, when you have the tickets you always feel that you must pay the other fellow's carfare. This becomes too costly even if it is a great joy to you. So you have wisely not accumulated tickets until you need them. Often, indeed, you have lost your tickets. "The dear little things" are vagrant and easily stray away. On the whole, buy as you ride, unless the saving is great—but do not live in heaven!

SO

Your get-away here is:

Buying, if nothing else, is your own trouble.

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The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says a microscopic examination shows that there are 5,000,000 red corpuscles in an apparently healthy person's blood, and it's certainly a wonder we live at all.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Mother's Cook Book

Never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

A LARGE chicken is much more economical to buy than a small one, as the proportion of meat to bone is greater. After all the meat is removed, the bits too small to serve on the table may be used in a salad or a cream sauce on toast. The bones, with a stalk or two of celery, with an onion and a bit of carrot, covered with cold water and simmered for several hours, will make a most delicious soup. Cream, egg or rice may be added, or it may be served clear with croutons.

For the child who carries a lunch a sandwich or two, one for real nourishment and the other for a sweet, with a bit of seasonable fruit, will make a good meal and one easy to prepare on a busy morning.

Many a child has been taught to like tea or coffee by having the milk warmed by either of those beverages. This is a most pernicious habit to form. Milk may be warmed with hot water or heated milk may be given the child if a hot drink is desirable, but tea or coffee in any form should never be allowed. Weak tea or coffee is more harmful than a well-prepared concoction, some of our dietitians tell us, as the weak solution sets up a fermentation, causing sour stomach and other digestive disorders. The safe thing is to leave such beverages for older people who ought to be able to withstand such indulgence, if ill effects result from their use.

Everyday Cake.

Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, two egg yolks beaten light, one-fourth of a cupful each of maple and corn sirup, one-half cupful of milk; add one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and mace all sifted together. Add the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs and turn into a shallow pan. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and dredge with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour. When a cake for a nice occasion is wanted, the following will be the one to prepare:

Onions With Cheese.

Cook even-sized onions until tender, place a layer in a baking dish, cover with a rich white sauce and a half-inch layer of finely-minced cheese; cover with another layer of onions and white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and place in a hot oven to thoroughly heat through and brown the crumbs.

Nellie Maxwell

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A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Applicant—My former employer will tell you that my character is beyond reproach.

Boss—Have you [illegible]

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

WHAT constitutes a "popular fellow": The ability to tell a good story—to men, and a good lie to a woman.

Every girl hitches her wagon to a star, in these days; but that never seems to prevent her from wanting a husband, if only as a parachute in case of disaster.

Advising a husband how to rule his wife or a wife how to manage her husband is deliberately juggling with T. N. T. But the world will always be full of intrepid "advisers," who keep the rest of us busy "picking up the pieces."

Nothing helps a woman's morale, in times of trouble, like a brand-new marcel, a freshly powdered nose, and an admiring glance from a good-looking stranger.

Between climbing onto a pedestal in order to reach a man's ideal, and having to step off of it, every now and then, in order to get down to his level, the average wife feels almost as though she were committing polygamy.

If a man were as careful about selecting a wife as he is about selecting a bootlegger, and as cautious about signing his name to a marriage certificate as he is about signing it to a check, there would be fewer sentimental bankrupts in the hands of the Reno receivers.

No matter what noble principles a [illegible] fled in secretly guarding him from any little pink and yellow thing that a less noble man might fall for.

Unless you are yearning for a martyr's crown, never ask a man if he loves you, when he is testing the new syphon, or trying to discover what makes the knock in the engine.

(Copyright by Helen Rowland.)

BIG BROTHER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MY brother's bigger, lots, than me.
I think it's nice, you will agree,
Although he's big, the way he plays
With me, at least on rainy days.
He's eight and I am only five,
And he can swim, and almost dive,
And do a lot of other things
That I can't do, with water-wings.
But he and I we romp and run
And have an awful lot of fun.
I'm little, but it's all the same,
As long as he can pick the game.

My brother's bigger, big and strong,
And yet we always get along,
As long as I will try to do
The things that brother wants me to.
When there is no one else around
To play with, then he digs the ground
And builds me castles big and grand,
As long as I will bring the sand.
And horse is something else we play
A lot of times, most every day.
He likes to play with me, of course
[illegible]