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FABLE OF THE FOUR MERCENARY MINXES

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE in the dim Days, gone beyond Recall, when Parents were not compelled to take out Licenses, there lived in an E. Flat Town on the O. and A. H. a Quartette of Nectarines who had their Pick of all the Valentinos between Padgett's Siding and Sumac Ridge. To look at the old Photographs of them, one might suspect that they were related to Sis Hopkins, but it must be remembered that in the deadly Nineties, when every Dorothy was banged across the Brow and had a New England Boiled Dinner sewed on to her wide Hat, the most ravishing Specimen of the only attractive Sex looked as if she had been dipped in something and then dried in the Sun.

Now these fair Vestals were Named Lib and Min and Stel and Jess, and it is of Interest to note that away back, nearly 35 Years ago, before the World had been reformed into its present deplorable Fix, these Maidens slept with one Eye open, kept Tab on the Opposite Gender and, in a General Way, looked out for Number one and the Blue Ticket.

A good many Weepers will tell you that previous to 1910, when a Nice Girl was supposed to Faint if anyone saw her Ankles, every Marriage had a Background of True Love and every Deb went looking for Nobility of Character instead of an AAI Rating at the Commercial Agency. If the Truth must come out, full many a cold Calculation was made beneath a Poke Bonnet.

Weren't Too Ambitious.

Cleopatra knew how to put a Crimp in a Check Book. When Solomon began giving Presents to the Queen of Sheba she never begged him to stop because she was afraid he could not afford it. Going a little further back, the fuzzy Gentleman who wore a Leopard Skin bias, and naught else, always had the Inside Track if his Cave was stocked with fresh Pterodactyl Meat. And, checking up on those Relatives, can we not be certain that the gimpy and enterprising Ape who climbed the highest Palms and brought down the milkiest Nuts was the White-Haired Papa of the Jungle?

When the four Dulcineas out at Musselwhite began to look around for Feathers that could be used in a Nest, they were simply running true to form.

Of course it was a Yap Era and a Dollar would go a long Distance, whereas now it seems muscle-bound. The Village Belle who was getting ready to take a Buggy Ride could hardly sleep a Wink the Night before and at a Musical Offering the Folks in the Back Rows would stand up to get a Peek at the new Triumph of Man's Ingenuity called the Saxophone.

The four conniving Cuties were not looking for Millionaires. It was no use trying to creep up on Something that wasn't there. Each of them merely wanted a Home with a Front Yar' to it and a Hired Girl and the kind of Duds that would go with a Silk Parasol.

They were real Chums and used to visit One Another and lie awake far into the Night discussing their foxy Plans for landing and stringing some Live Ones.

It will ever be a Question in picking out the Envelope supposed to contain the Pay Check, whether it is wiser to spread the Bait for John who already has Currency in the Mitt or troll for a hard Worker who owns a set of Tools.

Lib was the first to take the High Jump. After burning up many a ton of Anthracite Coal to keep the Front Room warm through the Long Winter Evenings, and holding Hands until her Fingers were Blue, she finally picked out a large slow-moving Pachydehm with the very attractive Name of Wes. She pinned the Ribbon on him because he had just come into 160 acres of good Land. Other Improvements on the Same included a House with Scroll-Work around the Eaves and $800 worth of Lightning Rods on the Barn.

Ike No Piker.

Anyone who expects to live on the Income from a Quarter Section should be ready for a Diet of Rainwater and Crackers. The net on that much Land, after paying Taxes and making Improvements and Repairs, would not keep the average Family in Bluing. Furthermore, any time Congress gets too busy trying to do something for the Farmer by mere use of the Vocal Cords, any good Fertile Tract is apt to be a Liability instead of an Asset.

Wes thought he was rich but he was sitting on the Front Stoop of The Poor House. One cannot obtain actual Money from a Farm except by plastering a Mortgage, and any Gentleman who lives in Town and wears a White Shirt with a Granite Button and devotes the life-long day to Checkers and Criticism of the Government, has a Fat Chance of battling his Way out from under an Incumbrance.

Everyone said that Wes was smart enough but never showed any Ambition, Initiative and deadly Resolution except when he was in a Pool Game.

Everything was Jake and rosy with the Couple as long as they could borrow on the Real Estate, but now the Farm belongs to the Hired Hand and Wes is Floor Walker in a Grocery Store, while Lib Bakes Cakes for Parties.

Just to show you that there is nothing in Dope, it may be related that Min fell into the arms of Ike after making sure that his Share of the Estate would be about $8,000. Well, the Wiz who ran a Tooth-pick into a Lumber Yard and Mr. Heinze, starting with only one Pickle, were timid Pikers compared to or with Ike. He took his little Hunk of Dough up to the City and made a First payment on some North Shore property and then Sold enough Lots to pay for the Land and had over 8,000 lots left, which is some figuring, no matter what you say. He and Min now spend most of their time in Travel and are scared pink all the while that some one will sneak the Jewel Case containing $125,000 worth of Gems Suitable for a large Lady who never had Silk next to the Skin until she was 30 years of age. They are very unhappy.

George B. Shaw must have sized up the Human Menagerie through many Years before he invented that startling Catch Phrase, "You Never Can Tell." When Stel threw herself away on Silent Si who worked at the Grain Elevator, it was the Verdict for Miles around that she had been guilty of a prize Boner. Because he said little, most of the Town Folk thought he was a Dumfuddle.

Ball of Fire Upsets the Dope.

It was not generally understood in Musselwhite that anyone ever cut out Idle Chatter so as to devote more time to Thinking. Stel had been keeping Cases on him and she figured that he was doing something with the Bean besides using it as a support for a Derby Hat, so she crossed her Fingers and took the big Gamble.

It is now a matter of History that Si became such an Expert Accountant that finally he owned the Elevator and then began to touch up the Market Wire and finally moved right into Chicago and became one of the most audacious, unscrupulous and nervy Hounds that ever wore horn-rimmed Glasses and dealt from the Bottom of the Deck.

They are very proud of him, back in the Old-Home Town, and will tell you that Stel and he live in a very exclusive and restricted District which bars out Colored People and Apartment Houses. They have a Japanese Servant and both have been to the Mayo Institute, than which nothing could be more so.

If any of the Loçals ever raise a Question as to how he acquired the princely Bank Roll, some one speaks up and asks, "Well, he's got it, ain't he?" What more could be said even though Chapters were devoted to the subject.

It was the candid Opinion of the Wise Men of Main Street, back in the Glorious Days of Free Silver, that J. Percival Trigwhiltz was the cooniest and cleverest kit of the whole gosh-blame Kit. No matter what anyone said to him he was right there with a snappy Come-Back. Keener than mustard and nothing got past him except Lightning. When Jess fell for Perce it was agreed that she had a little Ball of Fire who would cut some Streak.

He is now putting out One-Sheets for the Movie Theater but he is still very good at Repartee when anyone duns him. Possibly the J. Percival has held him back all these Years but Jess still has Confidence in him because when it comes to delivering Laundry Work after she gets it all done up, he is absolutely Trustworthy and always knows where he can borrow a Wheelbarrow.

MORAL: After talking with the Neighbors and consulting a Fortune Teller, go ahead and use your own judgment.

Where to Feed Birds

Swale or swamp borders, weed patches, brushy fence rows and the protected sides of woodlots or ravines are good places to place food for game birds in the wintertime. Grain put under dense clumps of evergreens or at the windswept bases of large trees usually will be available to the birds, even after considerable snowfall.

Germany's Prisoners of War

Germany did not during the late war transfer British prisoners of war from Germany to Holland. On the other hand, a considerable number of British officers and other ranks were interned in Holland during the war as a result of their crossing the Dutch frontier. These included, for instance, aviators who were forced down in Dutch territory.

BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

REDDY FOX TURNS UP HIS NOSE

NOW Peter Rabbit rather prides himself on his ears. To be exact, I suppose I should say that he prides himself on his hearing. When Short-Tail the Shrew said that he heard footsteps, and promptly disappeared, Peter at once listened. It was a good minute before he heard just the faintest of rustling sounds among the leaves. Very likely he would not have heard them then had he not been listening.

"Short-Tail certainly has got good ears," thought Peter as he ducked down and crouched very low under the thick branch of a little hemlock tree. He had caught just a glimpse of something red. His heart was in his mouth in an instant. No wonder Short-Tail had disappeared in a hurry! Those footsteps were the footsteps of Reddy Fox! Peter did some quick thinking. Should he run? If he did he would give himself away. Reddy would see him and then it would be a race for his life.

Peter decided that the wisest thing was to sit tight just where he was. Reddy didn't know he was about and wouldn't be looking for him over there. He hadn't been moving about for some time, so perhaps Reddy would not find his scent. Decidedly the wisest thing was to sit tight.

Peeping out beneath the hemlock branch Peter watched Reddy Fox come nearer and he knew by Reddy's movements that he was hunting mice. This gave Peter a little easier feeling. Reddy was walking very carefully. His sharp ears were cocked forward ready to catch the faintest rustle of a leaf. With his sharp nose to the ground he ran this way and that way, back and forth, sniffing under every old log, pulling apart every pile of leaves.

Presently he came to one of Short-Tail's little paths. Reddy sniffed in it eagerly. Then such a look of disgust passed over Reddy's face that Peter wanted to laugh. Reddy turned up his nose and left that little path. A leaf rustled very faintly some distance away. In an instant Reddy turned in that direction, ran lightly a few steps and then with a quick long jump landed with his black paws on a little bunch of leaves. Peter couldn't be sure but he thought he heard a faint squeak.

At once Reddy made the leaves fly. Then he sniffed among them and once more Peter saw him turn up his nose and that look of disgust went across his face. Abruptly he turned and trotted away. It was clear that he didn't intend to hunt there any longer. Peter was puzzled. When it was safe to do so he crept from his hiding place and went over to the spot where Reddy had pounced on the little bunch of leaves, and scattered them.

At first Peter didn't see anything but the scattered leaves. He was still wondering what caused Reddy to leave in such disgust when he noticed a little round hole in the ground. Curiously Peter sniffed at it. In an instant he understood. He remembered what Short-Tail the Shrew had said about that musky scent he carried and how most of his enemies disliked it. Peter could smell it now. This was an entrance to one of Short-Tail's tunnels. The leaves had hidden it until Reddy had scattered them. Probably he had heard Short-Tail there, and thinking it was a Mouse he had sprung in the hope of catching Mr. Mouse. Short-Tail had ducked down in his tunnel and then Reddy had got that musky smell. That was why he had turned up his nose and gone elsewhere to hunt.

"I don't blame him much," muttered Peter, turning up his own wabbly little nose. Then he grew thoughtful. "Old Mother Nature certainly does have funny ways of protecting her children. Even a bad smell is useful at times," said he.

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GOOD EATS

EVERYBODY likes lemon pie, unless there is something the matter with their digestion or taste. Here is a nice thick one:

Deep Lemon Pie.

Mix three tablespoons of cornstarch, one and one-half cups sugar, add gradually two cups of boiling water and boil five minutes. Add the grated rind and juice of two lemons, cool slightly, then add the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Cut and fold in the whites of four eggs beaten stiff and dry. Line a deep pan with rich pastry and lay an inch wide strip around the edge of the rim, turn in the mixture and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve chilled. If wished, a meringue may be added to the top, using three eggs, making a most fluffy pie. However the pie is good without the meringue, and many prefer it so.

Napoleon Torte.

Cream one-half cup of butter and the same of sugar until very light; add four well beaten yolks, stir well, then add one-half cup of flour, sifted with a bit of salt, one-fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves. Add one teaspoon each of grated lemon peel and orange peel, two teaspoons of grated chocolate or cocoa, ten almonds grated. Mix thoroughly and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into three buttered layer tins and spread evenly—the layers should be very thin. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes. When cool put the layers together with marmalade. Cover the top with marmalade and then cover with a chocolate icing if desired.

Tarts.

Bake small pies, using the patty pans inverted. Fill the shells with raspberry jam and top with whipped cream sprinkled with pistachio nuts.

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AHEAD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A MERRY road this road we tread,
Whatever somber men may say.
There's always something still ahead,
There always is another day.
Tonight I'll put my hurts away,
I'll sweep the cobwebs from my mind,
Go blithely forward, as I may,
And look ahead, and not behind.

I do not know what I shall find,
But this at least I always know:
The past shall never make me blind
To gifts the future may bestow.
If now behind me shadows show,
Before me there must be a sun.
Tomorrow is the road to go,
And not a road already run.

Tomorrow is the only one,
The only highway left to tread.
The past is past, what's done is done,
Whatever somber men have said.
The shadows are forever fled
From those who take the brighter way.
There's always something still ahead,
There always is another day.

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GRAPHIC GOLF

FLEXIBLE WRISTS

HANDS and wrists play a large part in the golfer's swing. Strong wrists do not necessarily mean a good golfer for these muscles may have sacrificed their suppleness for strength. If, instead of trying to hit with his shoulders or body, the average golfer would think of hitting with wrists and hands he would gain a better picture of just how the clubhead should work. One way to gain the proper feeling of the clubhead coming onto the ball is to loosen the muscles of the wrists until the hands seem to hang loosely from them, apparently ready to fall off. The fingers must grip the club firmly enough, but properly held the clubhead will appear like the weight on the end of a string. In this way the body can be brought gradually into the swing, the hands and wrists waiting to help the clubhead through. One thus gets the feeling of cracking the whip. In the above illustration the dip of the clubhead beyond the horizontal in the backswing shows how flexible Jones' wrists are.

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Quaint Ruffle-Trimmed Fr[illegible]

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

SPEAKING in terms of statistics, if all the ruffles that trim this season's prettiest frocks should be measured yard for yard and placed in a single row, they would extend around the circumference of the earth—well, we will leave it to you to figure out for yourself how many times. Anyway, what we started out to say is that designers are employing no end of ruffles on summer gowns.

Ruffles have a way of bespeaking the alluringly feminine as no other form of decoration seems to have, which is exactly the point we wish to stress, namely, that the call of the present mode is for lovely ingenue types in frocks which "say it" via quaint wide flounces and countless wee ruffles and ruchings and cunning puffs and the like.

The exquisitely sheer materials, chiefly organdies, chiffons, mousseline de soie, dotted swisses and cotton nets upon which fashion places such unmistakable emphasis this season, yield so gracefully to this form of ornamentation it is no wonder that a veritable riot of ruffles and such now adorn the mode.

There is nothing conventional about the new ruffled effects. As a matter of fact, ruffles and their near relations such as puffs and frills of various sorts are performing the most audacious capers imaginable. They are as apt to run up and down the length of a skirt as to go around and around, or perhaps they will go [illegible] just a "darling!" a huddle on each shoulder [illegible] It is made of quaint merry-go-round in dozens [illegible] white and any of tiny rufflets which [illegible] best. depth hemline, and w[illegible] skirt themselves into little [illegible] dist on shoulder capes made of organdie [illegible] their sheer mousseline as many ruffles hav[illegible] ffle which a habit of doing this season, it would [illegible] on with a seem as if fancy could conceive of [illegible] eves and the nothing more flattering in the way of [illegible] line, and the feminine adornment. [illegible] of present

Just to show you how perfectly [illegible] quently. The lovely ruffles can be when handled [illegible] bon is also a by an artist who knows "lines" w[illegible] are illustrating in the foreground o[illegible]

[illegible] Newspaper Union.

this picture a "dream of a gown" designed by Lyolene of Paris. This charming debutante dance frock is fashioned of an all-white chiffon of bemberg. It does not seem possible, to look at this exquisite sheer weave, that it launders beautifully, but it does. Not only that, but it is wrinkle proof. The narrow rose velvet sash which ties in a simple bow at the back gives just the right touch of color.

If you like dotted swiss you will be charmed with the dress shown to the left in the group. For this model of pale blue dotted swiss is combined with white organdie. Look close and you will discover that the little bodice of swiss fastens in points at the front over [illegible] semi-blouse of the organdie. [illegible] the sleeves of the organdie [illegible] t sprightly youthful silhouette [illegible] characteristic of all gowns [illegible] which are made of the [illegible] ed sheers.

[illegible] ish frock pictured to [illegible]

She Says Uncle Sam's Building Stands on Her Land

HERE are Mrs. Sarah Jane Flaherty and the New York post office which, she says, stands on land that Uncle Sam has been using for the past sixty years, on an old family lease, without paying rent. She claims that old documents now on file in Washington give her clear title to land which has an estimated value of $10,300,000.

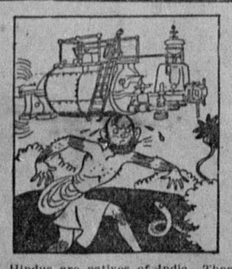
Hops Hopped, So Raisers Got Busy

AS THE price of hops, used in the manufacture of beer, jumped suddenly to 75 cents a pound, when 3.2 beer came into effect recently, hundreds of Oregon farmers started replanting their crops for the first time since 1929. Here are shown some of the hundreds of women engaged in stringing up the new vines on which the hops will grow. For many of them this is their first work since the depression set in.

Summer Eve Frock

Golden yellow organza with yellow silk embroidered dots is used to fashion this sweet and demure evening frock for hot summer nights. The edge of the capelet, which reaches low in the back, and the bottom of the skirt are edged with ruffling of the same material. A touch of color is added in the cluster of violets worn at the side.

BONERS



Hindus are natives of India. They wear turbines round their heads.

BONERS are actual humorous tid-bits found in examination papers, essays, etc., by teachers.

An isoceles triangle is one having two feet of the same size.

* * *

A cone is a round shaped thing that starts with a big circle at the top and continues down to a tiny one or rather none at all at the bottom, and if it is upside down it is just the reverse.

* * *

In writing conversation you put each person in a different paragraph.

* * *

A surfeit is a cove, nook, or indentation.

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WIDE SAILOR HATS ARE NOW IN FAVOR

If you can wear them, be sure and include in your hat wardrobe for summer one of the dashing new merry widow sailors. In spite of all the rumors that fashion has gone high hat, these big shallow crowned sailors are increasingly popular.

One of the smartest is made of white rough straw, with a very wide brim, and a crown not more than an inch and a half high. A wreath of field flowers in bright red, blue and yellow encircles the crown.

Another sailor, with a more modified brim, and a low square crown, is made in stiffened white pique, with a navy grosgrain band at the back, and a nosegay of field flowers perched in the middle of the front.

Camisole Is Shown in New Fashions for Hot Weather

The camisole is back! Isn't that a laugh? But what else to do with these new transparent sweater blouses and thin dimity, organdie and lace things that all the world can see through? It's a problem for the undie-world and no other, hence the thrice-told tale of the camisole. Of course, you can attach it to a slip, or a pair of panties, so that there is just the bother of one piece, but many of the shops are showing them aloof and unattached to anything.

When you go to buy an I-see-you blouse or sweater, the salesgirl immediately brings out her latest assortment of camisoles, taking for granted, naturally, that if you went in to buy a pair of new shoes, you wouldn't buy the left foot and refuse to take the right one. The relationship in the new fashion field is just as close.

Tailored Cottons

Trim tailored cotton suits in tones of beige, gray and navy blue are ready for sports wear in the country and in informal wear in town. Most of them are worn with white cotton blouses which may be kept fresh by tubbing.

IT'S BRAND NEW

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here's the newest thing in the way of pajamas. Step into the right leg, wrap the left leg around, tie the ends in front and you are in the smartest, most comfortable pajamas you ever wore. These clever sylo-pajamas, as they are called, are as clever for home as for beach wear. They are attractive in stripes as you see here and they are just as good-looking made of gay plaided fabrics.

Linen Smartness

Linen shoes and hats are correct with linen suits and dresses this summer. Remember that they, too, can be washed as easily and as frequently as the dresses themselves.

Lingerie Trimming

The significance of lingerie trimmings cannot be over-emphasized. Pique in white, eggshell or dark colors will be used a lot with prints and plain color costumes.

That Ventriloquists "Throw the Voice" Is a Wrong Idea, Though Long Held

A popular fallacy among boys and girls is that certain gifted persons can "throw their voices"; that is, can speak in their throats or chests and make the sound of their voices appear to be coming from another source. Such a thing is impossible.

Ventriloquism is an art; it is not magic. Almost anyone can become a ventriloquist by patient practice. The ventriloquist you see on the stage does not "throw his voice"; he merely talks without moving his lip or face muscles, and as the dummy's mouth moves simultaneously, it seems to the audience that the voice is "thrown" into the dummy.

A very expert ventriloquist, however, can make it appear that his voice is coming from some distant place, though not from any specific place. He muffles the voice so that it seems far away. By directing attention to a certain object, then muffling the voice, an illusion can be created that the voice came, as listeners expected from the indicated point.

If you want to practice ventriloquism, stand before a mirror and try to say words and sentences without moving a muscle of your face. The lips should be slightly parted. You'll find you can say most words pretty easily, with a little practice, but words beginning with or containing b, f, m, p, or v are hard to pronounce without closing the lips for a second. Even these letters though can be made to be understood by throat intonations.—Washington Star.

Women on U. of V. Faculty

Thirty-three women are members of the faculty of the University of Vermont. They are connected with every college except the College of Engineering. Prior to 1872 women were barred from the university even as students. Yet the university graduated the first Phi Beta Kappa woman in the United States.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

THE JOY OF ONE KIND OF HOARDING

IN HIS book, "Small Talk at Wreyland," Cecil Torr tells about a friend of his being appalled to find in a broker's office a shabby old man speculating heavily. He remonstrated with the broker for allowing a man of his years to risk money which he could apparently not afford to lose. The broker quickly allayed his fears. It appeared that the old man in question always kept a hundred thousand in government bonds—a sort of insurance against ever being reduced to actual want!

And the author comments on the love of money for its own sake. "I doubt," he says, "if many people understand the happiness of feeling thoroughly fit. There is a joy in knowing you can jump clean over any gate you see; and I think the miser has this joy in knowing he can pay for anything he likes. But he does not go buying things, any more than you go jumping over gates."

What a wonderful feeling it must be to know that one has oneself so disciplined that no outward circumstance can possibly shake one. What satisfaction to know that no matter what the provocation or emergency, one is sure of oneself. What a bulwark against easy disappointment, disillusion, suffering, heartbreak, to feel that one has a spiritual independence and assurance to draw on.

In some ways that supreme possession is easier of attainment than the miser's gold. In other ways it is more difficult. Misers enjoy amassing their gold. But self discipline is not fun—not at least until the stage of the struggle where infinite patience and gallantry and agonizing efforts and sacrifice and self-denial are already behind one. The cost is high. But what a prize!

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Economic Creche

Brief Tips Gathered in the Fashion Centers

The outstanding news in footwear is the vogue of the rounded toe.

Dark reds are attracting attention, including a shade called "red currant."

Everybody has suddenly turned to linen, as you've probably noticed.

Sleeved dresses for evening are emphasized in Paris reports.

Peach-colored organza and brown moire make a fascinating color combination for a summery frock.

The amount of variety to be found in chic shirts and blouses positively is appalling.

There is something very fresh abo[illegible] the washable striped [illegible] for sports wear [illegible]

In [illegible]
ne[illegible]
N[illegible]
of [illegible]
Mi[illegible]