

THE TOMBOY

By MINNIE M. TOWNSEND.

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"Whew, what a hit!"

Across the length of a scrubby field, John Blake, tired school teacher and confirmed bachelor, watched a dirty baseball go swinging on its way, from the home plate of the Serry village grounds, straight out over the field to the main street. No—he held his breath in consternation—straight into the cellar window of the cottage belonging to the town's one constable.

It wasn't the beauty of a perfect "Babe Ruth" home runner the pretentious smashing of the aforesaid window, that called for the above ejaculation by the usually grouchy teacher, but the fact that the young person at the plate wore a pink skirt and neat middie blouse and had curly dark hair blowing provokingly from under the boy's cap which she wore.

Under ordinary circumstances John Blake would have called the guilty person to task, as the field was a part of the school property. But this was a different case—a girl and apparently a new comer to the village. He had never seen a girl handle a bat in such a fearless, businesslike way. Wavering as to the proper course for him to pursue, he watched her hurry across the field, to his curiosity and the ire of the constable's wife. She bravely mounted the cottage steps and rang the bell. The lady, who was subject to neuralgia and was having an off day, glared in anger.

"Humph! My man just fixed that winter last week. If you must play ball near folks' houses why can't you go easy. The idea of hittin' clear across that field." The girl on the steps below, smiled wistfully. "I'm sorry, madam; you see it was a home run," and added with a touch of pride, "and these don't happen very often."

The old lady's eyes flashed. "Well, it's nothin' to me, home runs er—er—" She floundered hopelessly until the girl put in softly, "Or two bagger, perhaps."

The thin lips shut with a snap and then—"It will cost you fifty cents anyway and I ought to charge you more for my man's labor."

Suddenly a tall figure loomed up in back of the girl and a slim white hand thrust a crisp dollar bill out at the old lady. "Believe me, madama," said the cool voice of John Blake, "that hit was easily worth a dollar."

A moment later the tomboy and John Blake, who had been eavesdropping for the first time in his life, were walking down the street together.

"Guess our neuralgia friend doesn't appreciate the intricacies of our national game," he remarked kindly, and was about to make himself more plain when she answered easily, "Oh, but cellar windows do not grow on trees, sir. I thank you for helping me out and I'll return the money at school, to-morrow."

The young man had an uncomfortable feeling that the brown eyes under the boyish cap were laughing at him, as the girl soberly bade him goodbye, and if there was anything that nettled him it was ridicule. What the joke was he tried hard to fathom. He had merely tried to be kind to a little tomboy in a rather tight financial position. He tried to save over his wounded dignity, but next morning found him grouchy that ever and much disposed to find the girl and give her a belated reprimand. Casually he glanced over the older classes, but there was no sign of the brown-eyed tomboy.

In his abstraction he almost forgot the new teacher of the fourth grade. After the curtest of greetings he solemnly laid down the law until the light died out of the young teacher's eyes and she looked scared and a little bewildered.

After school closed that day, Miss Crane, fourth grade teacher, entered the principal's office and waited humbly until that official finished reading a letter. Then she carefully drew a crisp, new dollar bill from her pocket and held it out.

"I want to return the money, Mr. Blake, with thanks. I did not realize that playing baseball was such a crime, as I have always played with my brothers, but I'm sorry, especially about the window. Also I think, sir, that I had better make another home run—a final one. My resignation—"

The sedate young principal removed his horn rimmed glasses and scanned the face above him, but there was no trace of mischiefiveness in the brown eyes, only a dull hurt at this sudden culmination of her first attempt of teaching. He tried to vision the fourth grade room without his particular acquisition and he could not seem to place another teacher there. He shook his head emphatically. "You can't go this way, Miss Crane. Please reconsider."

She shook her head. "I must. I never could work under such an antagonistic feeling Mr. Blake."

Next to ridicule, the young man hated to give in to anybody, but finally he got on his feet and grinning in a very boyishly sheepish manner, held out his hand. "If you'll stay, Miss Crane, I'll let you teach me the intricacies of our national game."

Suffice it to say that the pupils of the fourth grade greeted their already beloved teacher the following morning and about 200 more mornings and then they all acted as escorts to the carriage which conveyed Mr. and Mrs. John Blake to the station, when they left to learn the "intricacies of another game," new to both.

ORANG FEARED THE CAMERA

Photographer's Presence of Mind Probably Saved Him From Death or Fearful Injury.

As a rule orangutangs, the fiercest of the apes, are caught young and tamed before they are shipped to Europe and the United States. One of these animals that arrived in London came with the best of characters. He was considered a very tame, steady-going creature, and an expert was engaged to photograph him.

The man entered the orang's cage as he had entered many others. He had not exposed many plates before he saw that the animal was intent on mischief. He was a very powerful beast, and the man would have stood no chance at all if the orang had attacked him.

The man's only chance was to use the camera as a weapon. Making a sign to the keeper to keep silent, the photographer pointed his hand camera at the orang and with slow and steady step approached him. The keeper was outside the door ready to open it; but neither of them uttered a sound. The photographer was relieved to see the orang gradually retreat and at the same time to be able to rise from the crouched and menacing position he had taken. Once the creature was on the move the man knew he had a chance. He succeeded in working the orang around to the corner furthest from the door, which the keeper had silently and slowly opened. Still pointing his camera at the beast the man very slowly backed out of the cage, the door was slammed to and he was safe.

COMPLETE WORK OF TODAY

Unfinished Tasks Simply Mean That One Has Placed a Mortgage on His Tomorrow.

Leave today's work undone and you mortgage tomorrow. And tomorrow may bring the big opportunity you have been looking for so long.

Try to keep tomorrow for yourself. Try to keep it free. Don't load it up with work that should be done when you leave your desk tonight.

You never know what it may bring. You never know what chances there may be tomorrow—if you have it clear—to show somebody who can pay a big salary what you can do.

Your days are important, every one of them. Each has its own work that must be done. Start every day with a clean sheet. Say: "This is the work that is to be done today—that must be done today."

Then do that work, and do not leave any of it hanging over into the next day. Once fall behind in your work and your tomorrow will soon be mortgaged for a long way ahead. That means wage slavery. It means lack of a chance to seize opportunity—or to make opportunity.

Look forward to your tomorrows as days of achievement—days in which to plan and do new tasks—not to finish old ones. You will be glad to see them then. You will be glad of the fresh eight hours that can be employed in something that is valuable and interesting.—John Blake, in Chicago Daily News.

Burro Saw the Point.
One who knows says that some people claim that animals can't reason, but if they were around burros awhile like he was when he ran a burro train up in Colorado they'd change their minds.

One of the burros fell down in crossing a stream and he was loaded with sugar, and it took about fifteen minutes to get him on his feet and his load didn't weigh more than half as much when they started out again.

For months afterward that critter always contrived to fall down when crossing a stream of water. It didn't lighten his load any, for the driver never trusted him with sugar any more, but he still had hopes until they happened to load him with sponges one day.

That cured him.—Los Angeles Times.

Arab Puts Comfort First.
The beautiful villas that remain in Algeria are Moorish villas, for the Arab does not care for things artistic and comfortable that other races of the earth demand. If he were given a house he would first remove the doors and burn them; he would next drive a hook into the facade to hitch his mule to, and then he would abandon the chimney-place inside the house and build his fire in the middle of the room, defiling all the walls with smoke. His personal ideas of comfort come first.

The Algerians are not like the French. They are different in manners, customs, habits and morals, says Charles' Divin in the Century. Even the Arab remarks it, and calls all people who come from France "Parisian Romans."

Novel Idea of Aviation.
A certain Francis Lana, some two centuries ago, worked out to his own satisfaction a vessel, with its air supply exhausted would sustain itself suspended in the atmosphere. He proposed such a vessel but there is no evidence to show that his scheme was ever attempted as an air-machine.

Now women and children can fly through the air, and that so simply that the children make pictures of their flight, and think no more of it than they do of going by train, or by boat.

DAINTIES FOR YOUR BOUDOIR

Pincushion Lady With Pin-Trimmed Skirt—Floral Decoration to Hide Telephone.

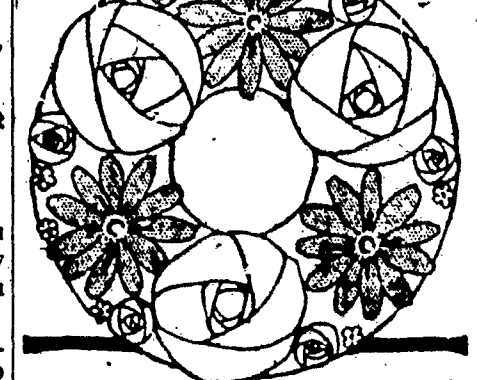
Yes, of course, you have seen pincushion ladies before. But have you seen one just like this? You can buy the lady without her clothes. Then you can easily dress



This Pincushion Lady Uses Her Pins to Trim Her Skirt.

her, given this sketch for an idea and some scraps of ribbon and lace for carrying out the idea. Over her wire hooped body use some wide satin ribbon. A discarded hair ribbon may answer the purpose. Then cover that drape an overskirt finished with lace in the manner shown.

This flower-covered disk is a beautiful camouflage for the telephone in your boudoir or any other dressed-up



To Hide the Most Unlovely Part of Your Phone.

room. It is easily made. Simply cut it out of cardboard to fit your telephone. Then cover it with silk and in the manner shown sew flatly upon it either silk or milliner's flowers. Covering the disk with Copenhagen blue, gray daisies and rose-color roses would be a charming scheme to follow. Or, covering the disk with gray, use violet and Copenhagen blue flowers. You will have to fit the color scheme into the scheme of the room.

POESIES ARE USED ON GOWNS

Beflowered Frocks Promise to Be Favored Especially for Evening Wear This Winter.

Two kinds of flowers are being used at the moment for trimmings; they will also be worn during the winter months, especially for evening dresses. There is a natural type of garden flower as well as the very fanciful one in velvet and satin, of extraordinary size and shades, such as belong to the realm of fairy tales. Many garlands fall from the waistline, and are softly mounted to allow a supple and graceful movement when walking or dancing, and they will add a nice touch of color to our dresses. There are big flowers, or small nosegays, made with faded tones and mixed studies. Some flowers are made in two colors; for instance, pink tulle and beige pongee, with each petal cut in the two materials and placed one over the other; the petals are not sewn, but curled and pressed together, in order to effect the same waves and folds which give a fairy lightness to the flowers. A motif at the girdle has been very much favored for a considerable time now. It is sometimes a feather puff or a cluster of fruit, or one or two velvet flowers of fresh hue.

There are some gowns which are not only trimmed with beads, but are entirely made of them. Long fringes of beads entirely cover the slip underneath, being held by the girdle. An effect of contrasting shades is generally sought after. If, for instance, the slip is of black satin or crepe, the glass tubes are white.

Talking of beads leads to thoughts of real pearls; they are no longer worn screwed on the ear, but hang at the end of a thin thread glittering with small diamonds. Many women wear their pearl necklaces round their arms, and some others hang them across the breast from one side to the other. But the classical string of pearls that encircles the neck always remains the most lovely.

Novelities in Fur Neckpieces.
Greater variety and more detail in design will be seen in fur neck pieces this winter, furriers say. "Leading sellers," they declare, "will doubtless be the well-known animal scarf and the plain scarf, but in the newer styles there are numberless moderate-sized choker ties, the general construction of which is a scarf varying from fifteen inches to a yard long, with a slash toward one end for the other end to pass through. Another piece has a short choker collar with two wide pointed ends which lie flat against the front of the coat in reverse fashion.

Much Hand Work on This Coat.
Navy silk duvetyh, with an invisible stripe weave, is ornamented with hand made flowers of black braid, the centers of black velvet. A short cape, the edges picoted, swings from the shoulders. The collar and cuffs are seal.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LIGHT

Users of Electricity Today Read With a Smile of the "Link Boy" of Old England.

A couple of centuries ago permanent street lights in the large cities of the world were almost unknown. In old England "link boys," carrying torches, were hired by gentlemen to light the way for them when they went out in the evening in London. When lamp-posts were placed in the city streets the link boys' occupation was gone. With progress of time lanterns lighted by candles or by oil were succeeded by gas or by electric lights. Every city of the civilized world normally has its principal streets lighted at night, and the link boy today is as superfluous as the sedan chair.

In a similar way the famous caves of the world, such as the Mammoth cave of Kentucky and Luray cavern in Virginia were formerly lighted by candles carried by guides who conducted travelers. But today practically all these subterranean places that are visited by sightseers are equipped with electric lights, and instead of carrying a bag of candles the guide merely turns on or off a series of electric switches as he conducts a party through the cave.

Railroad tunnels were formerly unlighted, excepting the lights in the trains that passed through them, but today tunnels, as well as stations, are lighted by electricity.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

SHOW NAMED FOR A VALLEY

Quite a Few of Those Who Use the Word "Vaudeville" Are Ignorant of Its Origin.

The Fairest Lady turned to her escort at the variety show the other night during the intermission and asked him where the word "vaudeville" came from anyway.

"Movies" is simple, she said. Any one can trace the origin of the word coined by Young America and now generally used. The British "cinema" applied to cinematograph pictures is also easily traced.

It wasn't until next day that the escort, who had pretended not to hear the Fairest Lady's question about vaudeville, got a chance to look it up. Then he found that the word came from the French "Val de Vire"—a valley in Normandy which originated many humorous and satirical drinking songs that became popular all over France—known by the name of the place of their origin. Eventually the word became corrupted to "vaudeville" and was applied to a certain kind of popular song. Its application was limited to such songs until the end of the Eighteenth century, when it began to refer also to an entertainment that included singing and dialogue as well as dancing and variety acting.

Failure Is the Final Test.
Real winners in life never show the white feather. They are like the drummer boy in our Civil war, who, when his regiment was being moved down, still kept pushing ahead, beating an advance. When ordered to beat a retreat, the boy replied that he had never learned how—he had only been taught to beat an advance.

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed no matter what comes. If a rim of this kind loses property, if his ambition is thwarted and his plans demolished his spirit remains undaunted, his courage, his resistance and his self-confidence are undiminished, and he can start again. Many a man has been made by his failures, because he used them as a stepping stone for his advance.

Failure is the final test of perseverance and an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it.—Orison Swett Marden in the New Success Magazine.

Quaint New England Expressions.
There are many quaint expressions peculiar to New England, some of which are heard only in Rhode Island or in places where their use has been perpetuated by former residents of this locality.

"Won't you take off your things?" is a common invitation to the caller in this state, though in some parts of the country it would be unusual. When a housewife changes her abode, she moves her "things," and when going on a journey, she packs her "things" in a grip.

In the south county it frequently rains "pitches" and sometimes "cats and dogs." The most intensive expressions of the native, however, are that it is "raining like all Sam Hill" or like "all possessed."—Boston Globe.

A Regular Stunt.
Ferguson—I've just been reading that the aviators today can do anything a bird can do. Yes, sir, they've got the thing down so fine that there isn't a bird alive that has anything on them.

Fitzgerald—Zatso? Well, when you see an aviator fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, then I'll come and take a look.—American Legion Weekly.

Time's Whirligig.
Old Horse—Remember how the automobiles, when they came into prominence, laughed at us for poking along?

Buggy—Yep, but them was happy days.

Old Horse—Now it's I case of the airplane laughing at the automobiles.



THE SAD PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful princess named Edna. At her christening party the king announced that he was determined she should never know pain or sorrow. And he told his wisemen that he was determined to shield her from all unpleasant sights in order to secure her happiness.

"You are making a mistake. Your Majesty," sighed a wise old man, "and you will regret it. Let her live among her people and know life as it is."

But the king would not listen. He shut Edna up in a lovely palace of crystal. All around were rose gardens, parks and giant trees, lakes with fountains and ayana. Only young handsome lads and maids waited on her—she never saw anything old, ugly or unhappy; only everything which was beautiful and gay.

But as she grew older she seemed to weary of this luxury. For hours she would sit alone watching the wild geese flying overhead or the twinkling lights in a far-off village. Her face grew sad and in vain her father tried to brighten her life.

One day she mounted her pony, and while her guards were lunching she rode rapidly through the gate and galloped alone outside of her grounds. "I am tired of my home," she murmured, as strange sights came into view. "The palace, the gardens, the rich robes and constant gaiety have

grown wearisome. Maybe there is something different. Then, for the first time in her life she saw a tumbledown hut on the edge of a marsh. Coming down the road was an old man, hobbling with a crutch. At a turn in the way was a blind beggar asking alms. In the gutter ragged children played and bent mothers carried loads of wood upon their backs. For the first time she saw life with its work, its pains, its misfortunes, its poverty and its lesson. She had never known that there was pain, sickness or sorrow in the world before. Struck with terror she galloped home and wept. Rising with a bright face determined through tears, she called her maid.

"No more of this," she said. "I am unhappy shut up from the world. I want to share its sorrows as well as its joys. And now that I see there is so much to be done, so much to help, I know I will find my happiness in helping."

So the great estate was turned over to the villagers for a park, the mansion was drained, the huts were replaced with comfortable cottages, the aged were given a home, the sick were sent to a hospital and schools were started. And the princess was the happiest of all. No longer sad, she went about, busy from morn' till night, a smile on her face, helping all who needed aid and seeing that every one in her hand got justice, care and kindness.

The old king was surprised. The sad daughter was now a model of happiness and health and her death scene of busy content.

One evening the same wise old man who had been at the christening of the princess came upon the king as he sat alone.

"I see your young daughter, the princess, has found the right way, in spite of your mistaken efforts," smiled the old man. "You ought to be glad you have not ruined her life. She has a wise girl to take things in her own hands and find happiness as she sees. Living for one's self in luxury only begets discontent. And only in doing for others is a busy life can happiness be found."

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Off Again On Again
STICKLAND W. GILLIAN.
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Causes for Depression.
The boy working on our shoes was solemnly silent.
"Smitten Rastus?"
"Nuffin' much. But I was jus' thinkin'."

"What about?"
"Well, Fred Douglas is done gone, and Paul Lawrence Dunbar's done gone, an' Bookah Washington's done gone, an' I ain' feelin' none too good mahself!"

A Popular Method.
"How in the world can I ever break into the poetry market and get the critics to notice me?"
"Get a job driving a garbage wagon. Then some day when the reeking is especially good, go to a magazine office and hand in some of your best verse. You will at once become known as 'The Garbage Man Poet,' your verses will be twice as good as if you had written them on bond linen at a mahogany desk, and your success and notoriety will be assured."

DIFFERENTIATED
Recently by riding all along an extensive inter-Resibus railway system twice, we found out the difference between a "limited" and a "local." The limited merely makes what stops there are, and the local makes all of them.

Not the Steadfast Kind.
"Now," said the zealous salesman, "can you show me just one reason why you shouldn't buy one of the Gallocks to keep your car from being stolen?"
"Yep," said the quiet man. "Come take one look at me car."

PROBABLY NOT.
Misery loves company; but the attraction isn't mutual.



THE SAD PRINCESS

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What the Sphinx Says
By Newton Haworth.

Tragic.
Proud Mother—Do you detect signs of genius in my daughter's femora?
Professor (coldly)—Madam, I do not detect a detective.—Answers, London.

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