

The Joke That Turned

By A. W. PEACH

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"Is he a real, true, live woman hater—and handsome?" Beth Hammond asked, her gray, mischievous eyes smiling at her sister.

Audrey looked down in turn at the rosy face lifted to hers. "He was far from handsome—that is, now—he was so thin; but they told me at the store that he had hired the Point cottage and was going to board himself. He was engaged to a girl, and after he had furnished a home she backed out—and it made a woman hater of him!"

"I should think it would!" Beth answered briefly, then repeated unthinkingly, "A real, live woman hater!"

Her father looked up from his paper. "Now, look here, youngsters, don't you go getting into mischief!"

She nodded with an upward sweep of her gray eyes at her father, who always seemed able to read her mind; then she promptly started out to get into mischief.

The Point cottage was a lonely place on the shore beyond their cottage. That afternoon she left the main road for the sake of going to it. It lay silent among the pines.

Beth hesitated. "He must be away, and I would like to see a real, live woman hater keep house," she thought to herself.

To think was to act with her. Her small feet, falling lightly made no sound. She went up to the window and peeped in. A slight noise behind her made her whirl. She found herself facing a tall, pale-faced man of about thirty, and, as she saw later, thin to the point of emaciation. His eyes were brown and shadowed by weariness, but they brightened as he saw her.

"Good morning, Miss Slattery. You have come just in time to help me out. Please come this way. I am varnishing a canoe out back," he said pleasantly.

Beth was startled, but she was not to be outwitted. "Oh, no! It is Miss Slattery, is it? Well, good-bye," she said to herself, as she followed the tall form. "He can't do anything more than fire me!"

He led her to the kitchen and pointed to the sink. It was heaped with soiled dishes. She stared at it.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You must have had a banquet all by yourself. Don't you ever wash them?"

His brown eyes were cold. "No, I keep using clean dishes till I've used all in the house; then I have them



"Don't You Ever Wash Them?" washed and start over again. That's one thing I want you for."

She looked at him keenly, but there was no smile in his eyes. All her life she had her fun with people who took life solemnly, and many times they had never known the merry game she was playing; but she could not make sure of him.

Nor did she in the week that passed. Every day she went to the cottage and did the housework for him. To be called "Miss Slattery" by the earnest young man, to find herself homekeeping for a man—all had in it an unusual flavor of a huge joke. She did not realize the danger of it; she had grown up fresh and innocent as a rose in the friendly shelter of her home garden.

It was good fun—and silently, mysteriously it began to be something more. Under his brown eyes she saw, now and then, the twinkle of a merry spirit that answered to her own. She liked the outdoors, and she soon discovered that he was putting himself through a rigid physical training. It seemed to her that under her very eyes his thin, lean figure began to fill out. Then one day she "stumped" him to take her out on the lake fishing, and left him staring when she showed him she could handle a fly rod as skillfully as he could. Then his looks—rows and rows of them about the cottage—gave her another insight into his mind and nature and formed a

common meeting ground for both of them.

She found soon that the happiest hours of the days were spent with him. The revelation came when, after a long swim, he came lightly to the house, his muscular, erect form swinging easily up the walk. She wished he were hers! The sudden thought welling from her heart left her trembling, and something in her face must have arrested him.

When he came downstairs again he went over to her side and quietly took the dust cloth from her hand. His brown eyes were sober, serious and very tender.

"I think that after today I shall not need you any more, Miss Hammond—" "Miss Hammond?" she cried at his use of her own name. "How did you know? Why?" her voice lost its astylishness and changed to amusement.

He stood a moment in silence; then he turned, and looking down at her from his six feet, he smiled again in the tender way that set her heart pounding.

"I confess I knew who you were that first day, and it popped into my head to follow the plan I did. I love you an apology."

She shook her head. "No, I owe you one. I thought I was playing a good joke on you; instead—"

"Instead," he caught the word and went on with a new note in his voice. "The joke is on me for, little girl, I don't see how I can ever ever let you go!" But you father—"

Another surprise? "My father?" "Yes, I went to your father and told him what I was up to. He and my father were engaged that day. He said it would be all right, that for once he would like to be in on a joke on you."

"I should think so," she said. "Every body has been fooling me." There was a slight waver in his voice.

"I thought we were all fooling; instead, I have been falling everlastingly in love with you!"

She smiled at the quiet confession, which followed but her chin quivered. His eyes searched the little chin for one moment, and then she found herself, highly impressed, in muscular arms. Facing upon her lips his kiss, not kissing back.

"You do that eye, though, with a real, live woman hater," she said breathlessly. "Then, of course, she had to explain and he had to explain that what her sister had said was only gossip; that she was the first and only girl he had ever loved. She believed him, though she never told him the reason; she has never forgiven a fish that only explained things. So she reasoned she had a little something on him" after all.

LEGENDS OF SNAKE AND TOAD

Numerous Stories, Verified and Unverified, Have Been Put on Record Through the Ages.

In the late '50s a paragraph appeared in the Rutland (Vt.) Herald stating that workmen in digging a well there had found a toad in a gravel bed a few feet below the surface. The toad was large, when discovered, and the incident caused little interest. But when the toad revived, threw out its chest and hopped off, observers were astonished. While in Boston about twelve or fifteen years later in looking over a local paper I found the paragraph referred to above. "Vermont" writes to the Boston Herald. It read: "Recently workmen in digging a well had found a toad. Upon showing the story to my mother she recalled the fact and told me how my father, with a forked branch in his hands had hoisted the water that at a good trick the well."

The truth never dies, therefore the incident here related should be accepted as fact. Shortly after the digging of the well in the yard near by I saw two snakes engaged in swallowing a toad. One had nearly gathered in his hind legs while the other was doing very nicely with the head and forelegs. Evidently the sight I killed the snakes and released the toad, which seemed to be in a bad way. I have always regretted the act, and many times I have wondered what might have happened had the two snakes met in the middle of the toad. Would one have swallowed its rival and the toad at the same time? Would the other snake when gathered in have continued to swallow the toad while inside the other snake thus playing a joke upon the victor?

Now some writer of "unnatural history" might state that there was a terrific combat between snakes and toad; a great twisting of tails and wrangling of bodies; that the toad dragged the snakes to the well whence it came and drowned them. Another might say that the snake inside, after swallowing the toad, had turned around and crawled out of the outer snake, leaving it disappointed, peeved and hungry. But I am writing natural history.

The following was told to me years ago by a trustworthy person. My informant while driving along a country road came upon a mother snake and a number of little ones sunning themselves in the dust. Upon becoming alarmed, the mother snake opened her jaws and the little ones immediately crawled down her throat to safety. Then the family party glided along the grass by the roadside and disappeared.

Habit Continued. "So Boozer has taken up golf." "Yes, quite enthusiastically." "Well, Boozer always would go a long distance after a ball."—Boston Transcript.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

THE CLEAN SKIN

CIVILIZATION is a matter of baths. At every period of history, where a nation became civilized and intellectual and superior in attainment and culture to its neighbors, it will be found that the bath was considered an important part of each day's routine. We have railroads and wireless and other marvelous inventions but the tiled bathroom with its running hot and cold water is one of the superior products of modern civilization.

Never omit the daily bath if you can avoid it. And, if possible, have a shower in your bathroom. If the house you are planning to build is too small to allow space for the large tub, you prefer—build in a shower bath which costs less to install and takes up a quarter of the room. Shower baths are really the only clean sort to



The Skin Should Be Scrubbed All Over With a Flesh Brush.

take—for in a tub you bathe in your own dirty water, and you can use only a small quantity of that, owing to the limitations of the tub. At least brush your body with a shower. Rubber pipes with spray nozzles can be purchased cheaply enough and attached to the bathroom faucets.

Scrub your skin all over with a flesh brush; the pleasant friction of the bristles brings the blood to the surface of the skin and opens the pores, eliminating the dirt. With a flesh brush you can reach that part between the shoulder blades. Otherwise you are apt to neglect this area, and unpleasant blackheads result, spoiling your entire appearance when in dress attire.

"Robin Hood" is spoken of by almost every great English poet.



Hints to Husbands. When a woman on an afternoon sits around all day saying every few minutes, "Well, I guess I'll have to hire Jiggs to cut the lawn," and yet her Jiggs go by five or six times and doesn't speak to her about it, the really wise husband will get out the lawn mower, hunt the electric brush for handle on and get busy.

Finnagin Filosophy. Every year we have knowns another prop firm under something we was mighty sure at when we were twenty or less.

Not the Only. The two Toadish persons, from the North and the South respectively, were trying to open an old sore. They had reached the stage where the southern man asked: "What about the first battle of Bull Run?" "Well, there was some bully running done after that, also."

What Are They? "Does your daughter attend school, Mrs. Farrington?" "Yes, she attends one of those vacation schools."

Cru-ell! "My old Scotch uncle is coming to this country with his firm's check for \$20,000 to pay for a coal mine, and I'm sorry for him."

"Why—is the mine a fiver?" "No, the mine is all right. But my uncle is so Scotch it is mighty hard for him to 'come across' with that much money."

His Folded Flock. It is perfectly right for a public speaker who has his audience doubled up with laughter to speak of his folded flock.

Would 'Pass 'Em Up. If some folks we know were to go to the dogs, the dogs would immediately change locations.

FINNAGIN FILOSOFY. Ut alvez seems t' me or inny Irishman a rotten thing to boast av "a matherly rethreat."

A LINE O' CHEER By John Kendrick Bangs.

WEALTH. In dreaming of the riches I would win No faith's worth millions do I see. That but enough my daily bills to pay. And keep the valpine creditor With not a trifle more than I can spend. On nelly stranger, or on welcome friend.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT THE OCEAN?

TO LOOK upon a calm, muffled sea of dreams is accounted a most favorable omen and should a business man embark in a dream ship and go sailing over the placid ocean he will sail to the port of prosperity. In fact, there is no maritime venture which is warranted to result in such manifold returns as a cruise in a well-found dream-ship over a tranquil sea of slumber. If the mystic are to be believed, they stand ready to insure your phantom ship and cargo even if David's net is not.

For lovers to embark in one of these ships of dreams and be wafted over the slithering waves indicates for them an increase in affection, marriage, comfortable bliss, children and good fortune. Merely to stand on shore and gaze out over a sea of dreams is, if the sea is calm, an omen of good luck, an indication of prosperity. And any dream of the sea denotes that you will shortly make a pleasant journey.

If, through your dreams, you hear the moaning of an angry sea upon the shore it is a sign that your life is being through your own fault—you are too much afraid from your kind. If from the shore you gaze out upon an angry dream-sea the wise man say your enemies are talking about you—which is a way one's enemies have anyway, so it doesn't matter. To dream of sailing over a stormy sea is not a favorable omen, and if you are in danger of shipwreck your agents will try to cheat you and your debtors refuse to pay up. Should you happen to be in jail, however, the shipwreck of your dream boat is a most auspicious thing—it indicates that you will speedily be released.

Most authorities agree that though you sleep of dreams has "sails of silk and ropes of sand" such as glam in magic lore. It is far better not to dream of the vessel's rigging. It would appear that the galleons of our slumbers do not like to be inspected as to their top-hammer.

"Robin Hood" is spoken of by almost every great English poet.

THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SUCCESS.

All night the tank conductor goes Along the skidroad through the trees An' sprinkles on the crispy snows The water that will fall an' freeze. Thus, by the aid of his device, Lays down an avenue of ice.

At morn the busy teams will bump Along the way with mighty load An' find a passage to the dump Along the tank conductor's road Will pile their creakin' bolsters fall An' brag about the loads they pull.

There are a lot of us, I guess, Who call ourselves "self made" an' such, Who talk about our own success. Yet haven't done so very much. For, ten to one, some other cuss Went out an' led the road for us.

It Might Have Happened. The Immortal George—What a petty faven. I do not remember it. I had better stop there and refresh myself. Ad—But, general, time presses and you have already entered 3,000 favens, stopped under twice as many cuss, not to mention the wells and fountains.

The Immortal George—I know, but the thing has become a habit. I must keep on slapping. Postterity expects in—Cartoons Magazine.

A man stands nigh with a girl, who she refuses to introduce him to a girl who is prettier than she is.

Don't forget that when you confide in a married woman you are probably confiding in her husband, also.

It must be awfully hard on a fussy old bachelor to have to live in the same house with a clever child.

WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR

Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Pentecost

Gospel: Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven. St. Matt. xiii. 31-35. S. 14 St. Josaphat, B. M. M. 15 St. Gertrude, V. T. 16 St. Edmund, B. C. W. 17 St. Gregory the Wonder Worker, B. Th. 18 Ded. Bas. of SS. Peter & Paul. F. 19 St. Eliz. of Thuringia, W. S. 20 St. Felix of Valois, C.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

BUSINESS TRAINING

TOO many girls are willing to consider a course in stenography as sufficient business training. To be sure there is a constant demand for stenographers, but the girl who can possibly do so should study on a far broader basis. A stenographer usually ticks pretty steadily in the same rank. It is the few only who rise to important positions, who come to run their own offices, or graduate into being private secretaries.

A sound business training is a most valuable possession. The girl who has it can afford to take chances. If she is with a firm that shows no inclination to promote her, or to use her to the best ability, she can quit and look for another position and be sure to find it. For, let it be said right here and now, the girl who really knows business methods, who is capable of managing an office, the girl who can take responsibility, who is accurate and who makes full use of her intelligence in business hours is still the rare girl. Too many girls save their real interest and their cleverness for the time spent outside the office. At work they fall into a dull routine and stay there, doing the same thing day in and day out, and doing it rather worse as time goes on.

If you cannot get your business training before you begin to earn your living, do it afterward. Nowadays there is plenty of opportunity. There are extension courses and home courses, evening schools and lectures. (These are publications devoted to business that are of the greatest value, and then there are the opportunities constantly available right where you work.

Don't be satisfied with half measures, shoddy efforts. Think of your job as an interesting, a vital part of your life, and keep on the lookout for advancement, career advancement. To slip in a less well-paid, less worthwhile and less important position than you are fit for is a crime against your self. Do it long enough and you will begin to deteriorate.

Foch Visited Grave of Son. Shortly after midnight the banquet of welcome given at Metz, France, to the Knights of Columbus, at which Marshal Foch was the principal speaker, came to an end, and the French knights and other guests hurried to bed. Not so Marshal Foch. Accompanied by a single aide-de-camp he was seen to leave the hotel about 1 o'clock and enter a huge gray military automobile.

"Situation must be getting worse in Poland," every one said who noted the departure of the marshal, "or else he would not travel to Paris by night." Few knew that Marshal Foch was making a sad pilgrimage to Longwy, there to kneel upon the grave of his son killed in action during an engagement in the early days of the war. But Foch had to be back in Paris the next day and could not spare the time to travel by day.

"MILITANT MARY" Some men are blessed with brains and some decidedly are NOT. But we, beneath our camouflage ARE ALL-A-CLEVER LOT!

ASSORTED CHIPS Plan duties are naturally unattractive. The demagogue's pride licks the dust. Better a spoiled child than a fresh man. Poets are born, but widows are made. Some men try to do others they are duaned by.

Twins.

From an acorn knoll, into life aspringing. Nature o'er the scene, a garb of beauty flinging. Twin rivulets, through their prison walls have broken, For their future plans, words been left unspoken: With murmuring thanks, in opposite ways they go. Diffusing life and gathering strength, as on they flow. Through paradise vales, in roundabout ways to the sea, Their identity lost in the broad expanse, the Allegheny and Genesee.

From the healthy mind aspring, thoughts which purifies the soul, The mind diseased asprings, the opposite of all that's good the goal. Their paths with roses and thorns astrewing, thus through life they saw.

Assimilating in the straight and narrow furrow, Heaven on earth here below. Life's problems they'll easily solve, shoulder to shoulder at the wheel, Deserving minds the Creator inspiring, new examples to us He'll reveal, If we leave imprisoned in the mind, prejudice and jealousy,

In Heaven's expanse with the good amingling, like the Allegheny and Genesee. Michael W. Scanlan.

The Lily

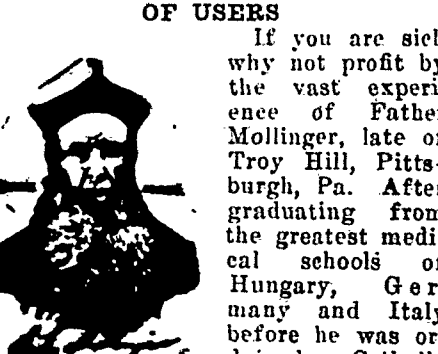
To the Rose we give credit, To the Rain and the Sun, To the Heavenly Maker above. But to you, pretty Lily, We would give all we got, Just to be pure and sinless of heart.

God made you because He was spotless and clean, He wanted to show the world, How He wished all His mortals to look as you do, Way deep down in the soul.

Ah! What more can you ask, Pretty Lily, As the purest and cleanest of all, If our soul was like yours, To the Maker, It's just what we ask and all. JAMES MCGARY.

GO HEAL THE SICK

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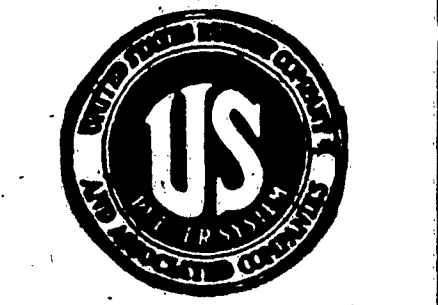
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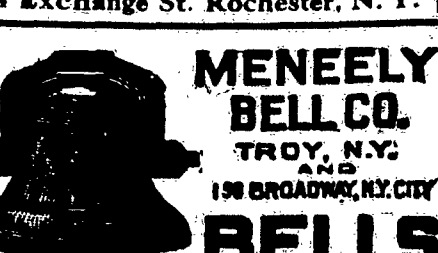
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