

### THE LATCH KEY.

BY JULIA A. ROBINSON.

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Jack Martin had been married but one month. He did not know a great deal about women folks, and there was much in his young wife that puzzled him. He was uneasy, constantly afraid of doing something to offend. The idea that she would some day take flight, afforded at something he had unwittingly done to displease her, and leave him, haunted him. He had heard of such things happening, and had always wondered how the husband could stand it. What would he do if Mollie should take a notion to run away? Would he dare risk going after her to bring her back, or would he let her take her own course, unmolested by him? He tried his best to please, but could not always be sure that he succeeded. Women were so hard to suit. He imagined that Mollie's smile was not as bright as usual, her greetings not as loving. Did women change, he wondered, after they were married? He tried not to think about it, the idea possessed him, and he watched her narrowly.

And then it came, the thing he had been dreading. The train from the city was delayed one evening by an accident. It was quite dark when Jack reached the door of his cozy little home. Mollie would be worried. He ran up the steps, but the house was dark. There was no little wife in the doorway to greet him. What could have happened? He fumbled nervously in his pocket for his latch-key; then he remembered that he had lost it a week ago and had neglected to get a new one. Mollie had always been there to let him take her key. It flashed upon him all at once—perhaps she was asleep. He knocked loudly. Still no answer. He went around to the back door. That also was locked, and every window tight. Mollie was afraid when alone. He could raise no one. What was to be done? He might perhaps climb to the piazza roof and try the bedroom window, but he reflected that Mollie always kept that locked when he was away, she had told him so; then, too, he would not doubt be taken for a burglar, and it would be awkward. He found himself in the uncomfortable position of being locked out of his own house. Mollie might have become tired of waiting and dropped off to sleep—if he could only wake her! Perhaps she was sick. The thought frightened him. He knocked again and called her name frantically. He must wake her—if she were there—

The old thought took possession of him. Mollie had left him! He paced the narrow piazza, perspiration starting from his face. He could not stand it. She might be dead. Horrible nightmares assailed him. Had she really gone—left him? What had he done to offend her? His kiss in the morning had been as tender as ever. He hadn't refused to do her errands in town. He had the pink silk in his pocket now—if he could only give it to her! His wearied mind tried to think of something he had done to anger her, but he could find nothing. She had been more loving than usual that morning, he remembered with a sigh. She must be dead or she would hear his knocking and open the door. His knocks ought to wake the dead even.

"Hello, Jack! What's up?" called a familiar voice. "Lost your latch key? Can't get in? Wait a jiffy, I've a skeleton here. Try this."

He pulled a key from his pocket and ran up the steps to the door, which Jack was still pounding furiously.

With little effort the door flew open and the two men entered, Jack trembling with fear, hardly daring to stir. His friend sat next a light.

"You look like a ghost, Jack?" he laughed. "Your wife locked you out, did she? Well, pay her back some day."

They entered the dining room, where the table was spread with delicacies for his late supper, and at there lay a note, folded neatly, written in a fine hand.

"Dear Hubby," it read, "I'm awfully sorry. A telegram tells me mother's terribly sick. I must stay with her tonight. I tried to get you on the phone, but couldn't. Your supper's all ready for you. So sorry to be away. I'll be back in the morning. You'll find the key under the mat."

"Mollie!"

Jack whistled. "Just like a woman," he muttered.

His friend laughed heartily. "Why didn't you think of the mat?" he chuckled. "That's where they always put it."

"Yes, and leave the note inside," growled Jack.

**Clever Smuggling Scheme.**

A clever scheme was that adopted by a smuggler who bought diamonds in Europe and concealed them in his stateroom. An American confederate, knowing in advance the number of the room, would always book it for the return passage. The original smuggler would leave the vessel without the gems. His confederate would go on board, and later on some inconspicuously dressed middle-aged woman would arrive to take leave of him.

Then at the last moment she would depart, carrying the diamonds with her. The trick was discovered when the woman fainting in the excitement of being barely able to get ashore in time, and efforts at resuscitation disclosed the stones.

### NO MORE GOOD OLD GHOSTS

Modern Substitute, It Must Be Admitted, Is More or Less Flabby and Unsatisfactory.

How long is it since you shivered at a ghost story? You have read scores of them in the last few years, stories of seances and trances, of cross messages and spirits trying to "break through," but did a single one have that hair-raising, narrow-chilling quality we are justified in demanding from a real ghost story? What is the matter with our modern spirits, anyway? In a day when the world has gone mad on the subject of efficiency, why do we find our ghosts so utterly incompetent, so unequal to their jobs? Their great trouble is their lack of definite purpose. There is no reason whatever for their being, and consequently they are insipid, puerile, uninteresting things. They don't even call themselves ghosts; they are spirits, a much flabbier term, and the same general flabbiness runs through their entire make-up. They have no wills of their own. They wait respectfully till they are summoned by the very mortals they ought to terrify. They answer, like bell boys, to the call of such silly devices as ouija boards.

Can you imagine a Shakespearean ghost waiting to be summoned? Those were specters with minds of their own. They appeared when it pleased them to appear, uninvited and more often than not undesired. You might shout "Avant thee!" till you were hoarse; you might call them "foul spirits" or any other uncompromising terms you could think of, but until their job was done not one inch would they budge. The modern spirit vanishes if you give him half a chance, but then he only came in the first place to oblige you, out of politeness and weak-mindedness.—Margaret L. Ferrand in the New York Evening Post.

### VERBENA HELD AS SACRED

Romans Believed That Leaves of Plant Would Protect the Wearer From Injury.

The verbena plant was held in the greatest veneration by the ancient Romans, who believed that a few leaves of it worn on the person would protect against injury, and Roman brides who gathered and wore a wreath of verbena were considered fortunate.

The plant came by its name from an old Roman custom. Whenever a dispute was had with another nation an official called verberator was sent to discuss it with the offending country. This official wore a wreath of verbena. If war was decided upon an iron-tipped spear with a sprig of verbena tied to it was shot into the enemy territory as a declaration of war.

The Druids dedicated the verbena to their priestess, gathering it at the full moon. No one was allowed to touch it with the hands. It was uprooted by being tied to the foot of a young girl. Hungarian gypsies believe that if a cut is made in the palm of the hand and a tiny piece of verbena leaf is placed in it and the wound allowed to heal over the person will be able to open all locks with a single touch.—Detroit News.

### Pretty Chinese Legend.

One of the prettiest legends of Chinese mythology is that of the weaver girl and the herd ladle who are said to be two stars in the sky.

In far off days, Jove took pity on their loneliness and married them. They were so happy in their communal bliss—this proves the date to have been very long ago in the days of "once upon a time"—that they neglected their tasks and were banished to opposite sides of the Milky Way, where they wink at each other all the year round, but are only allowed to cross for a brief spell of happiness on the seventh day of the seventh moon.

On that night shy maidens place a few sticks of incense with some sweets and fruit on a table in the inner courtyard as an offering to the two stars, perhaps with an unexpressed prayer that in their own case the course of true love may run more smoothly than it did for the immortal lovers in the sky.

### Varieties of "Smokes."

The Burmese maidens do exactly what Kipling says they do in his "Road to Mandalay," for they smoke a cigar ten inches long and as fat as a good-sized candle, and with a white paper covering. The longest pipes known are those used by the natives of the Belgian Congo. These pipes have stems ten or twelve feet long, with small bowls. If matches were used to light them a friend would be needed to apply the flame, but the native gets his light by merely thrusting the bowl into his camp fire. In Liege, in parts of Ireland, and in the southern United States, pipe-smoking by old women is common.

### Armenian Language Is Old.

The Armenian tongue, however much it has changed in the course of centuries, is descended from the language that Priam and Hector spoke. The Armenians hall, like Homeric Trojans, from Thrace, which subsequently became incorporated in the Byzantine or eastern Roman empire. Erzerum, capital of Armenia, has retained the deathless name of Rome. It was founded in the year 514, by Theodosius, a sebastos, that is, emperor, of eastern Rome. He called it Theodosiopolis; but its native name is Erzerum, or "Armenian Rome."—Ernest P. Horowitz in Asia.

### PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE ACTIVE IN STATE

Red Cross Has 70 of These Skilled Workers in Atlantic Division.

Local members of the Red Cross will be interested to learn that the Atlantic Division, of which their Home Red Cross organization is a member, is well up among the sections of the country that are supporting an increasing number of Public Health Nurses. No form of peace time activity undertaken by the Red Cross has made a more popular appeal than the plan of providing as many communities as possible with skilled nursing service. Reports just compiled at Division Headquarters show that no less than seventy of these tireless and devoted missionaries of good health are now at work in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the three states comprising the Atlantic Division.

Every week sees an increasing number of chapters arranging for the services of one of these nurses. Chapters which already have had the benefit of their labors have been among the first to arrange for the coming Red Cross Roll Call, which will be held in the three states from November 14 to 20.

**Many Qualifications.**

The field of endeavor covered by the Public Health Nurse is practically unlimited. She possesses more than the qualifications of a trained nurse. She is teacher, dietitian, hygiene expert, inspector and welfare worker rolled into one.

Approximately 1,000 of these all around health agents are already at work in the United States. Following are the thirty-eight now at work in New York: Mrs. Lillian Wilcox, Albany; Mrs. Caroline Metcalfe, Albion; Miss Catherine Lambert, Amsterdam; Miss Ellen Murphy, Catskill; Miss Augustine Stoll, Chester; Miss Mildred Beezler, Cobleskill; Miss Olive Wallace, Cobleskill; Miss Clara Greene Danville; Miss May Merriman, Elmford; Miss Ella T. Rouse, Goshen; Miss Elsie Sanders, Gowanda; Miss Mildred Peters, Hoosick Falls; Miss Myrtle Booth, Ilion; Miss Grace DuBois, Johnstown; Miss Alice M. Ashton, Kenmore; Miss Bernita Morgenster, Lancaster; Miss Nora Taft, LeRoy; Miss Ida Maurer, Little Falls; Miss Elizabeth Ruffel, Lowville; Mrs. Alice Gayer, Lyons; Miss Alice Phillips, New Hartford; Miss Mary Sallman, Oneida; Miss Hannah Lord, Ramapo; Miss Clara Rathburn, Ramapo; Miss Mary E. Lewis, Red Hook; Miss Catherine McDonnell, Saratoga Lake; Miss Wilhemina Hoffman, Schoenectady; Miss Myrtle Steeves, Silver Creek; Miss Mary Stevenson, Sodus; Miss Emma G. Snyder, Sprungville; Miss Nellie Saxe, Tannersville; Miss Matilda McNeilly, Walton; Miss Kathlyn Keogh, Warsaw; Miss Emma G. Myers, Warwick; Miss Lucy French, Watkins; Miss Margaret Egan, Waverly; Miss Stella Hooley, West Seneca; Miss Lillian Johnson, Williamsville.

### SIMS PAYS TRIBUTE TO RED CROSS SERVICE

Admiral William S. Sims, one of the committee of ninety-one well-known Americans which is working for the success of the fourth Red Cross Roll Call, November 14 to 20, pays the following tribute to the work of the relief organization:

"Government officials can make no expenditures, even for the relief of suffering and in aid of our disabled heroes, in the many urgent cases that have not been foreseen and provided for by law, and often the necessarily cumbersome machinery of government departments renders prompt action difficult if not impossible.

"The Red Cross can and will perform these essential services promptly and efficiently to the extent rendered possible by public support. It has demonstrated its efficiency both in the great war and in peace and deserves the support of all who have the health and welfare of our people at heart."

**MILITANT MARY**

Men all admire girls who earn their salt and all the REST But in their heart of hearts THEY LIKE THE CLINGING VINES THE BEST!

Only the survivors believe in the survival of the fittest.

At least an ossified man has all the backache he needs.

Many a man hasn't felt slippers since he was a boy.

### POPULAR SAILOR-IN PLUSH



The popular sailor in haters' plush, with a becoming facing of cream velvet promises to be highly favored, judging from the way this model has been received.

### ACTRESS' ADVICE ON DRESS

Character, Not Figure, Should Be Considered in Matter of Gowns, Stage Woman Says.

Dress your character, not your figure, is the advice of a famous actress—and rather surprising this advice seems at first hearing. But think it over well and the excellence of the idea will appeal to you. Every woman has a certain individuality of her own—a temperament, if you will—that makes her a little, or perhaps a good deal, different from all other women. It is this individuality—this temperament—that woman should dress up to, according to the actress, in order to make the personality more marked and convincing.

But an instinctive carrying out of this advice with no heed to the promptings of reason may result in disaster. For example, there is always the woman who weighs 200 pounds or thereabouts, but whose personality is distinctly kittenish. Is she to dress her character or her figure? There is also the very little woman who ought to belong to the evenly appealing class, who seems to be impressive and stately. If she insists upon wearing the garments of the greater woman she may spoil her chances of being fascinatingly charming.

But between these two extremes there is a very happy medium, and in this idea of dressing up to one's type there is also a very valuable suggestion. The importance of reflecting personal individuality in costume is appreciated by many women who design their own clothes and find the designs to tailor, dressmakers and milliner to reproduce in practical guise. The actress in her part is always dressed in conformity with the character she is portraying, but her costumes—and here is an important point—are made to suit her figure lines while expressing a special sort of personality.

### TIMELY FASHION HINTS

Big plaids and little plaids are used galore.

Formal tea gowns show long, clinging lines.

Many short jackets flare from the shoulder.

Brown net is richly embroidered with gold.

Tailored costumes are mostly of plain goods.

The newest form of sweater coat is a straight jacket of white China silk made of several layers and quilted and it is worn with a navy blue cape and skirt.

Variety is the rule in the displays of autumn hats. They are made up in velvet, divested felt and leas. Many of them are trimmed profusely with paradise.

The newest French lingerie is fashioned of fine pink and yellow linen. Another favorite note of the season is to be found in white linen undergarments with applied designs in colored lines.

Indications point to the long sleeve as the popular style for the new blouses. In spite of the favor shown to the three-quarter-length sleeves at the beginning of the season, the pendulum is swinging more and more toward the long sleeve.

Applique and eyelet embroidery are two new features of the smarter fall blouses. One model shows a panel of taupe georgette with eyelet embroidery posed over a foundation of Hindii color. A second model has tan velvet applique applied on a blouse of navy georgette. Tan fillet lace and green satin bands give a further color contrast.

### Black Lace and White Velvet.

Some of the most striking combinations of black lace used in conjunction with white velvet. A favorite way of making a dress from these materials is to develop a simple foundation of black lace with long sleeves that hang loosely to about the elbow from where they fit tightly over the lower arm and wrist. The velvet is used to form the front portion of the dress, which is in apron panel effect. Often the white velvet panels carry beautiful embroidery in black.

### Millinery Matches Dress Trimming.

Full millinery matches the dress trimming in brilliancy of color. This is offset, however, by moderation in the size of the hats. Draped turbans in boat shape and in the Hindu styles are prominent. Sifters have a decided tendency toward the rolled form.



### FOX AND COTTONTAILS

MR. FOX decided that the only way to get all the wood animals to have a good opinion of him was to give a big dinner, for he had somehow got rather a bad name among the animals for being so tricky.

So all day long he went about telling all the animals that when it was dark—quite dark—they were to come to his house and dine.

There were the Squirrels and the Coons, the Possums and the Bear family and all the Rabbit family, including



Susie Cottontail and her brother Jimmie and many others.

You may be sure that no one ate any dinner that day. They all saved their appetites for Mr. Fox's nighttime feast, for, as Mr. Coon expressed it, "We should be very ungrateful to Mr. Fox if we did not take to his dinner our very best appetite; therefore, our stomachs should be empty."

Mr. Fox let them in one by one and was careful to draw all the shades and stuff the keyhole so the light would not show outside if anything happened that Mr. Dog should be roaming through the woods.

At last all the animals but Jimmie and Susie Cottontail were there, and

every one began to wonder where they could be and what kept them so late. It happened that Jimmie and Susie Cottontail were not at all sure they would enjoy Mr. Fox's dinner and they had run over to the farm on the hill to have a dinner of some garden stuff of which they were fond.

They had stayed longer than they had intended and when they started for Mr. Fox's house were not as cautious as they usually were about throwing Mr. Dog of their track.

Just as they were entering the wood who should come bounding after them but Mr. Dog, who had followed them from the farm, and of ran Jimmie and Susie Cottontail looking for a hole in which to hide.

Mr. Fox's house was the first refuge they came to and in the door they burst, with Mr. Dog at their heels.

Of course, there was no dinner and the party was spoiled, for everybody ran, and Mr. Dog, not knowing which one to chase when he saw so many, went home without having caught anyone.

The next day Mr. Fox was talking with his friend, Mr. Coon, "No one of the animals would have gotten up to such a fix but those Cottontails," he said.

"In the first place their ears are so short they never heard quickly like some others of that family, and then those tails—why, they can be seen far yards and yards! I should have known better than to have asked them."

"And every one knows they have no sense. The Cottontails run into the first opening they see and never keep on running as their cousins do. I have had my lesson. I shall cut them off my visiting list from now on."

"And that is the reason the Cottontail family are never invited to any dinners that the wood folk give—their trails can be too easily followed by Mr. Dog."

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### SCHOOL DAYS

—on my uncle showed me how to take his wife home on public it set her O pipe at you kid show on it society like a willburly sister his wife, as you like like his wishbone as some pit thread in male the husband tells him, an' there's a lot bones in his neck that spot exactly like which you're at all little after you're at all which is you like but—white or dark?

Dark. What at so much. You get sick? I did, but I got over it. I let both of us—Thanksgiving, 'big slice of drumsticks, 'big slice of his breast, 'big slice of an one of 'em O' Gosh, I feel just O' Ours' weight to 'em! Gosh, how possible is?

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