## SABRA'S VACATION.

BY SUSANNA MAC MACKIN.

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"Have you made up your mind yet, Sabra, about where you are going to spend your vacation?"

Mrs. Stewart spoke without looking up from the seam she was stitching on the machine when her daughter entered the room.

Sabra Stewart, a slim girl with glossy brown hair brushed back from a smooth brow, stood beside the whirring machine and watched the pretty voile ruffle slip beneath her mother's slender fingers

"No, mother, I haven't: you know the other two girls can't quite agree about just where they want to go. But really they must decide before a week from next Monday, July the 5th, or—or I'll go off alone."

It was Saturday—the last Saturday in June—and the big office where "the other two girls" and Sabra were employed closed on Saturdays during the summer.

"I need another yard of this voile, Sabra." Mrs. Stewart had finished the ruffle and had begun hastily to baste it to the skirt; "and I wish, Sabra, that you would eat your breakfast and then go down town and get the voile. You'll be back by 11 o'clock and I'll have your dress all ready to try on. I do want to finish today, so you can wear it to church tomorrow."

"It is a beautiful dress, mother, and I think that you are a dear to make so many little ruffles." Sabra kissed her mother and hastened to the kitchen, where her breakfast was nice and hot on the back of the stove.

"Well, I'm glad that she is going to have a real vacation for once in her life," Mrs. Stewart soliloquized when her daughter had left the room; "she has been in that office almost five years and this is her first vacation."

Her breakfast finished, Sabra went up to her room to dress for her trip down town. But first she must count her money, for never before in all her 23 years had Sabra Stewart owned so much money.

From beneath the lavender-scented pad of muslin that covered the bottom of her bureau drawer where she kept her handkerchiefs and laces she drew a number of bills and spread them out upon the table—$53 in all. It was her vacation money and ever since January she had been putting it away—a few dollars at a time out of her "allowance," for Sabra had an allowance of $5 a week for clothes and car fares out of her $15 a week salary.

While she was gathering up her wealth from the table the telephone bell rang, and she heard her mother's voice answering. She listened and soon she was aware that her mother was talking with Aunt Nancy. For a few minutes she stood listening, and into her frank, brown eyes there came a troubled look. She started to go down stairs, then, suddenly changed her mind and put on her hat and coat and went out while her mother was still talking with Aunt Nancy.

It was almost 1 o'clock when she returned. She came laden with a box, a bag, and a couple of bundles.

Her mother, who had been anxiously watching for her since 11 o'clock, let her in.

"Now, don't scold me, mother," the almost breathless girl cautioned the little woman, whose brown eyes were wide with astonishment, "for I have had the—the most thrilling time spending that money—come up stairs till you see."

Deftly the box and bundles were opened and their contents spread out upon the bed; a trim suit of Oxford gray, a blouse of georgette, a white muslin blouse and a smart toque to match the lovely gray suit.

"That suit is a real bargain, mother, and it's just your size, a 38 but you have the privilege of changing it if—"

"But, Sabra," Mrs. Stewart had found her voice again. "Sabra—I—your—your vacation——"

"Oh, vacation," Sabra shrugged her shoulders. "I'm going to stay at home and enjoy solid comfort while you—you are going with Aunt Nancy to swelter and swat sand fleas and mosquitoes around her new cottage."

"But, Sabra," Mrs. Stewart began to protest, "I——"

"I heard you whispering to Aunt Nancy on the telephone this morning," Sabra interrupted, "and you told her that you would love to go, but that you 'had nothing to wear,' and you hadn't, mother, not a thing fit to wear, and all because you insist on my having everything, and, now, please, mother, go and tell her, before she makes other arrangements, that you are going."

And, smiling through her tears, the little woman clutched her daughter's hand and they went down stairs together.

### Difficult Situation.

"You look worried, Jack?"

"I am. I'm worried to death. I don't in the least know what to do."

"What is the problem?"

"Why, Gloria Mayfair has promised to marry me, provided my father consents—I wouldn't dare marry without his approval, as he would cut off my allowance. Of course, he won't approve until he has met the girl, yet if I introduce him to her it's a moral certainty that he will fall in love with her himself, and Gloria would be sure to throw me over for a wealthy widower like dad!"

## RED CROSS STAYS BY OUR FIGHTING FORCES

### War Veterans Numbering 1,400 in Atlantic Division Hospitals Not Forgotten in Peace-time Service.

Able bodied men in the Army and Navy, as well as the disabled members of our fighting forces, will continue to receive any assistance and advice within the power of the Red Cross as a result of the request of the Army and Navy Departments to have the Red Cross act as the connecting link between the men of the new peace time fighting forces and their families. The Red Cross is the only agency authorized to do this work and the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross has complied with the official request by assigning Field Directors and necessary assistants to forty five military and naval stations in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Innumerable appeals for help and advice come to the Red Cross every day from men who are in ignorance or who have been misinformed concerning allotments, insurance, back pay, Liberty Bonds, etc. Their problems are solved for them and relief furnished, whether financial, medical, social or legal. Communication between men and their families is encouraged, and in cases where mothers are unable to locate their sons or vice versa, the Red Cross is instrumental in bringing the two together

In co operation with Army and Navy authorities the Red Cross investigates home conditions for verification of facts relating to requests for furloughs or discharge upon dependency grounds, and decisions made by officers are largely governed by Red Cross reports. In cases where furloughs are granted on account of illness in families and men are financially unable to make the trip, the Red Cross advances them funds as a loan. It is to carry on these and other necessary activities that the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross will hold its Fourth Annual Roll Call, November 14 to 20

There still remains in general hospitals, throughout the Atlantic Division a total of 1,400 army and navy patients. About 40,000 former fighting men who no longer need hospital care are also receiving Red Cross attention in one way or another. Convalescent houses or rooms are maintained, just as they were during the war, wards are visited regularly, cigarettes and delicacies distributed and recuperating patients taken for outings as soon as they are able to walk.

## RED CROSS JUNIORS HELP BLIND CHINESE

Blindness the most pitiable affliction to which mankind is heir has a new and formidable enemy in the Junior Red Cross. American school children enrolled in this organization the Atlantic Division alone has 1,153,318 of these active youngsters are uniting in a campaign to fight blindness in China, where conditions have become so appalling that the cry for help is reaching half way around the world. No matter how distant the call nor how remote the need, the Juniors are as ready with practical substantial help as they are with sympathy, and the approach of the Fourth Red Cross Roll Call November 14 to 20 will show how many other hearts are going out to the thousands of unfortunates who may be doomed to walking all their lives in darkness.

The Atlantic Division Juniors are proving the sincerity of their slogan, "I serve!" by helping the children of many other countries besides China, not excepting needy youngsters here at home. Last year they manufactured more than 6,000 toys, 3,000 tables and chairs, which, with 54,000 garments of various kinds, were shipped to the houses of children in the devastated and disease swept sections of Europe. The program for the current school year calls for a continuance of this splendid work as well as for other worth-while activities.

Membership in the Junior Red Cross does not involve any financial obligation. The children do not have to pay dues or membership fees. One subscription for each room in the school to the Junior Red Cross News, which carries illustrated articles of interest to children, is all that is necessary for enrollment.

## Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

### DID YOU DREAM ABOUT CHEESE?

"PERHAPS," said Scrooge to the ghost of Marley when the old skinflint fell asleep by the fire and had the delightful Christmas dream which Mr. Dickens has set down for us, "perhaps you are but a bit of undigested cheese." And cheese, from the days when Odysseus visited the dairy of the Cyclops in the early dusk and dawn of time down to the present era, has always been considered to have an intimate relation to dreams. Especially if the cheese is gathered in the form of a Welsh rarebit.

Strange to say, with all this intimate connection and with all the centuries given to a study of the subject, the authorities are far from agreed upon the subject of Dreamland cheeses. One expounder of the mystic meaning of dreams declares that to eat cheese in the visions of the night foretells certain financial gain, while another declares that in order to have the cheese of your dreams bring you real money you must dream of making it instead of eating it.

From an examination of all the best dairy experts of Dreamland it is evident that there is a subtle connection between cheese and money. Some say that to dream of cheese indicates that while you will probably attain fortune at least you will have a long, hard struggle in doing it

One or two soothsayers are of the opinion that it is not lucky to eat cheese in a dream, and say that if you do you will soon be very angry about something. The majority opinion would seem to be that to dream anything at all about cheese foretells for you financial success achieved by strenuous efforts. And one sort of cheese appears to be just as potent as another in this respect. Those who don't like strong cheese can have mild just as well

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## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

### "DOLLAR."

WHILE the United States was the first to coin the piece of money known as the "dollar," the word itself was coined long before, as evidenced by the fact that Shakespeare uses it frequently. In "Macbeth," for example, appears the statement:

"Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at St. Colme's Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

This quotation, which sounds suspiciously like a modern "strike order," proves that Shakespeare was familiar with the dollar, despite the fact that there were no coins of that name known prior to July 5, 1785, when the United States congress passed the resolution referring to the first money put out by the new government. Where, then, did Shakespeare get the word?

The answer lies in the fact that "dollar" is an Anglo-Saxon corruption of the German "thaler," first coined about 1486 in the valley (or thaler) of Joachimsthal. The coin met with popular favor and, during the reign of Charles V, emperor of Germany, king of Spain and lord of Spanish-America, it became the standard currency of the world. Shakespeare merely adopted a slight change of the name, thus antedating both the United States and Great Britain—for the first and only English dollar was coined at the Bank of England in 1804.

(Copyright.)

## THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

### THE CHICKADEE.

There's somethin' 'bout the chikadee
That's, somehow, awful cheerin';
Around the shanty door it bums
An' gethers up the crusts an' crumbs
Cook scatters in the clearin'.

It gethers up the crusts an' crumbs
An' jest as glad it chatters
As if it fed on biscuit fine
All soaked in milk er dipped in wine
An' served on silver platters.

My share of life is crusts an' crumbs
I find somehow er other;
An' how I wish thet I could be
Like you are, Mr. Chickadee,
My cheerful little brother!

(Copyright.)

### THE LACONIC DINER

Pear.

One, sir? They're rather small.

Pair.

Very good, sir. Shall I serve 'em whole.

Pare.

## ANN FORREST

Dainty Ann Forrest, who plays leading roles in some of the important pictures, is one of the "movie" favorites. She is a young Danish girl whose success has been phenomenal and she is soon to be seen in other big screen features.

## Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### HEALTH OF THE TEETH

A CLEVER advertising man once started a campaign for a new sort of tooth powder. It was in the days when advertising was rather an untried game and this man's ideas were rather new to all who read them. By the time he had finished he had proved beyond much question that about every ill that human flesh is heir to came from not cleaning the teeth enough, or with the wrong sort of dentifrice—the moral of the tale being to use his special sort of powder or paste, of course. Another man found that only two people out of ten ever clean their teeth at all! He was advertising brushes.

Well, we are advertising beauty, and one of its attributes is a charming smile and a row of nice looking teeth. A good brushing twice a day at least is the first essential, regular visits to a reliable dentist the next. If the front teeth overlap or bend out and hold the lips out of position it is because they are too large for the arch of the mouth, so that if a weak or decayed back one is drawn out on each side it will give them room to spread.

Once a Day or Twice a Day Brushing Is Needed for Healthy Teeth.

This is less painful than wearing gold bands to hold them in place.

Gold fillings in front are an abomination even chorus girls are avoiding. White enamel fillings should be put in wherever a filling shows, so that it may be invisible. If one front tooth has its edge a bit lower than the other one a good dentist can file it off to make them even across.

Peroxide of hydrogen is a good mouth disinfectant and bleach, but should not be used too often. It will whiten yellowish teeth, though. Orris and chalk is as good a tooth powder as anyone could have, and is about the least expensive. When brushing the teeth brush sidewise across them, then up and down, to get out the tartar that collects and sometimes gets under the gum, causing long trouble and longer dentist bills.

(Copyright.)

### Critical.

"Have you read that motion picture star's description of his domestic sorrows?"

"I have," replied Miss Cayenne. "His pathos is as rough as his comedy."

## SIMPLE SIMON

By ADDIE GRAVES.

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"I wouldn't marry Merle Morrill if every hair of his head was a thread of gold—and on the end was suspended a diamond!"

So said Sadie Sanderson, tossing her bobbed head in dainty disdain. Sadie and her friend, Mary Roberts, were busily engaged shelling peas for canning in a rose-arbored summer house. Mary looked at her companion resentfully, and, to a close observer, pityingly.

Sadie continued: "I don't know what the Simple Simon is thinking of. He certainly had the nerve to think a college girl, living in the city, would dream of coming out here to live in that shack of a house he has on that little farm."

Mary was about to reply to the scornful words, but bit her lip and remained silent. Sadie, noticing her reticence, went on: "It's all right for you to live in the country—you have a nice big house with modern conveniences, a car, and income enough to enjoy yourselves. But no love in a cottage for me with primeval methods. And Merle Morrill is one of those Simple Simons who would live that way."

Neither of the girls noticed a rather more than ordinarily life-sized masculine figure carefully efface himself from the landscape back of the arbor.

When the girls entered the kitchen they found Mrs. Roberts in tears. She had just received a telephone message saying that Aunt Ida's baby girl had drank some fly poison while at a neighbor's, and was very ill. Mary hastily snatched a home doctoring book from the bookcase and started for her Aunt's. Mrs. Roberts turned to Sadie and said: "There is no doctor in town today. Our physician has been called to an important surgical case of an old patient's in the town where he practiced before coming here. But Merle Morrill has just graduated from Harvard Medical school—if he is home, Mary will ask him to go to Aunt Ida's with her."

"Why, Aunt Emma, you never mentioned Merle Morrill's being a physician."

"No; he did not wish anyone to know. He worked his way through college, not being sure of circumstances allowing him to finish. So he requested us to let people think he was simply working for a living. He is a quiet, modest, retiring sort of fellow."

Sadie abruptly left the room and spent the afternoon in torturing anger with herself. "Simple Simon alias Sadie Sanderson, one and the same. Same initials. I made a slight mistake—but I get it now."

Mary found Merle at home just arrived from his unintentional eavesdropping, and in not the best of humor. But when her errand was explained all personal matters were forgotten in the activity of the doctor. Together they hastened to the suffering child, and together they worked and watched for two weeks before feeling assured of the baby girl's recovery.

Every day Sadie Sanderson walked to Aunt Ida's carrying fruit, flowers and whatever dainties the little girl could eat. Wonderingly she watched Dr. Merle Morrill, emerged from the chrysalis of his farmer's role. Could this dignified, self-assured, efficient man be the Simple Simon who had timidly asked her to be his wife?

Toward the last, when they had felt the little girl's recovery certain, Mary went home to get some necessary things for herself, leaving Doctor Morrill and herself alone. Sadie was to return to the city in a few days without something she had never discovered she had until it was lost, and Doctor Morrill had it—a heart. But he gave no evidence of possessing it. Wistfully, Sadie sat and watched him.

Turning her head, she saw Mary just about to step on to the veranda; and she could hear Dr. Morrill coming toward her and the door where Mary was to enter.

Would she have to humiliate herself by asking his forgiveness, and now beg him to take her for his wife?

Not now, but soon, she would see him again, alone. With an excuse, she went by Mary into the garden, brushed the tears from her averted face, and returned to the window to bid them good afternoon before going home.

Stunned for a moment by what she saw, she listened. Doctor Morrill had Mary in his arms, showering her face with kisses. Then gazing into the worshipful eyes so near his own, he said: "Wasn't it fortunate I overheard the remark that I was a Simple Simon—else I never would have discovered you were really my sweetheart instead of my little schoolmate companion. I am surely a Simple Simon of a doctor to make such a diagnosis of myself as I did. But, then, doctors always have someone else examine their own cases. I cannot understand, though, how you can forgive me."

Mary's explanation was a passionate clinging embrace, with her face pressed under his chin.

"And," continued Doctor Morrill, "I haven't a diamond suspended from every hair of my head, but I have a wealthy relative who has bought a big estate for me to transform into a hospital for special surgical operations. I have worked especially for that the last two years, so we shall not live in my 'primeval shack' except for a possible vacation and to visit the old friends."

## CAUGHT IN PASSING

Cynical as a man may be, he is likely to believe more than is justified.

Education may not make a dull man bright, but it improves his manners.

The average woman would rather have a little flattery than a lot of sympathy.

And every man is afraid of something; if it isn't anything else it's a woman.

No one whose pocket has just been picked is strong for the brotherhood of man.

Those who seek to get the best of it, generally do. The meek inherit the leavings.

What has become of the leap year "Society for the Prevention of Old Bachelors?"

A London policeman is not permitted to marry without the approval of his superior.

Perhaps, if there was a woman in the moon instead of a man, it wouldn't get full so often.

The Atlantic liner Imperator is the first steamship to be equipped with a full-fledged bank.

The shah of Persia possesses an armchair made of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones.

Few periods now seem more old-fashioned than the bicycle era—unless it is the croquet epoch.

It is easier for a man to have the courage of his convictions if his bank balance is large enough.

It is an odd fact that musicians are more liable to color-blindness than any other class or profession.

Statistics show that more persons commit suicide on Tuesday than on any other day of the week.

A girl seldom smiles as sweetly on her own brother as she does on the brother of some other girl.

A writer says that there is a great deal of character in politics—but he doesn't specify which kind.

Possibly the wisdom of a man may surpass that of a woman, but when it comes to tact he simply isn't in it.

## OF SUCH THINGS ARE DREAMS

### Remarks That Might Well Be Classed Under the Head of "Impossible Paragraphs."

"What! Only $7 for a steak with potatoes? Well, I must say that is very reasonable! Here, waiter, take this $10 and keep the change."

"Spiffkins, the boss says you can have a two months' vacation with pay, instead of the usual two weeks. And he wants me to notify you that he will pay all expenses."

"Stay out as late as you please, dear, and have a good time. A married man is entitled to jump the fence once in a while."

"Dear Sir: We want you to try our new brand of granulated sugar and beg you to accept a 10-pound sample free of charge."

"Isn't this near-beer delicious? I think it is much superior to real beer, don't you?"

"Come on down to my house, Jim, and I'll give you a case of whisky. I've got more than I can use myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Their Appropriate Action.

"The mayor received a unanimous—I mean, anonymous—letter Father day, threatening to blow up the old courthouse," related the landlord of the Petunia tavern.

"Ah!" interestedly returned a guest. "I suppose the citizens took every possible precaution to prevent the catastrophe?"

"Nope! We painted a big banner and strung it across the street in the most prominent place in town, daring the villain to do his worst, dod-rot him!"—Kansas City Star.

### He Ducked.

Raymond, Billy and Harry, boys of six, were playing. Suddenly Billy ran crying to his mother.

"Mamma," he exclaimed, "Raymond hit me."

"I did not," declared Raymond.

"Well, who did then?" asked the mother.

"Why, Harry did," said Raymond.

"Did you hit him, Harry?" asked the mother.

"Yes, I did," said Harry, "but I did not aim to. I threw at Raymond and he ducked."

### Easy to Guess.

"Did you ever have the telephone bell ring when you were in the bathtub and there was nobody else at home?"

"Oh, yes," replied the family man. "What did you do?"

"Well, I play a little golf and I have also addressed a few remarks to a punctured tire, so draw your own conclusions."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Feminine Politics.

"I have always been a Demopublican," said one woman, "but I'll declare I am going to vote for Brown. He's at least a man."

"I have always been a Demopublican, too," said another. "I'd vote for Brown also, only I decided not to because his family would be too stuck up if he should win."—Indianapolis News.

### Inquiry Misinterpreted.

He—Does your mother object to kissing?

She—Now, just because I allow you to kiss me, you needn't think you can kiss the whole family.—Boston Transcript.

### Nothing Like It.

"That chap is a humorous writer, isn't he?"

"Not at all. He writes jokes for the funny papers."