

ARE YOU A MASON?

By GERTRUDE BURNHAM.

Al Mason had just received a telegram. He read it while the small group on the store steps watched him with ill concealed curiosity.

After a moment Al looked up, transferring his attention to a little young mountaineer who was swinging around the corner, oil can in hand. Without saying a word he grabbed the new comer, Jud Dixon, by the arm and led him inside and thrust the telegram into his reluctant grasp.

Jud read: "Alvin Mason, Grayville, Ky.; will arrive Saturday night, then school Monday. Let's Mason."

"Well," he remarked calmly, raising his eyes to Mason; "relative of yours?"

"No," explained Mason, "the new teacher; and she particularly wanted to board with us because our names are alike. Strong on family, I guess. Now mother isn't able to have her and Jess wouldn't like it a little bit if a pretty girl came to stay with us."

Jud nodded. "But how does that connect up with me, Al? He queried innocently, although the quirk of his mouth showed that he understood something of his friend's intent.

"Couldn't you folks take her? It wouldn't do for her to get here and have no place to go to. Your house is nearest the school. Besides," he added with crafty intent, "she's young and pretty."

"That wouldn't make any difference as far as I am concerned," shrugged the cynical Jud; "but I'll take a look at her when she lands tonight."

When a much "wicked up" although somewhat ill-at-ease Jud saw the trim little person who carried her head so proudly descend from the train he capitulated at once.

Her frank brown eyes singled him out as he approached in the confusion incidental to the train's arrival, and she addressed him confidently at once.

"You, of course, are Mr. Mason?" she said brightly and extended a friendly hand.

Al Jud's carefully prepared explanations died on his lips and he murmured something unintelligible. His thoughts were in a whirl as he mechanically took her bag and handed her into the wagon.

He soon gleaned from her conversation that she had been greatly surprised and pleased to find one of her own name and possible kin living there.

"And you," she smiled, touching his watch chain, "are both kinds of a Mason, a real one indeed, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason," answered Jud, tacitly consenting to deceit with his half-truth.

Leta promptly fell in love with Jud's plump little mother who presided so cheerily over the small home, and was very happy in her new surroundings.

The Dixon did not live near the center of the village, so Jud was able to maneuver so carefully that Leta did not have the slightest suspicion that she was not living with Masons.

The blow fell at a lawn party. Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Mason, bride and groom, were there. During the evening while Jud was getting some ice cream in blissful ignorance, they went up to Leta and introduced themselves.

Leta wondered mildly at the knowledge that there were other people named Mason in the town, whom she had not before heard of. The tenor of Al's conversation soon allowed her to comprehend the situation.

As soon as she could conveniently excuse herself she sought out the unfortunate Jud who was unconscious of impending disaster.

"I am quite ready to leave if you are, Mr. Dixon," she announced feily, emphasizing the name in a manner which left him in no doubt as to her state of mind and knowledge of affairs.

In staid silence Jud brought the rear around and the old mare trotted briskly off toward home, bearing two passengers who were thinking busily.

After a long interval Jud essayed the plunge desperately and began to explain as best he could.

"You see," he stammered, "when I saw how lovely you were and how proud you were of the Mason name I was so rattled that I didn't have a chance to explain. Then, afterward, I wanted to keep you so badly that I didn't dare to tell you." His voice trailed off into silence.

"But didn't you know that postponement would only make it worse in the end?" inquired the imperious, judicious Leta.

"Well, when you're in love you can't seem to reason like that," explained Jud harshly.

"Oh, I see." There was so much of softening in those three small words that he felt rather embarrassed to plead his case, with such apparent success that in a few minutes he looked as though Leta would be a life boarder at the home of Jud Dixon.

As they turned in at the Dixon gate Leta smiled a bit ruefully. "Well, Jud, I'll have to change my name, for you never were my kind of a Mason at all."

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"MRS. GRUNDY."

ONCE upon a time and not so very far back, at that—there was a real Mrs. Grundy, the wife of Judge Felix Grundy of Nashville, Tenn. The lady belonged to the best social set of the Southern city and her opinions on good form were highly respected though, in the light of modern usages, they would be considered extremely straight-laced.

During the time at which Mrs. Grundy ruled the social set of Nashville it happened that a theatrical company visited the city, presenting a play known as "Speed the Plough." History does not state whether the piece was humorous or serious, vulgar or refined. In Mrs. Grundy's mind it was enough that it was a dramatic production for the wife of the judge held that theater-going was a past-time which should not be indulged in by ladies and gentlemen because of the fact that it was frowned upon by the church. By a curious coincidence, one of the characters of the play was also named Mrs. Grundy and the audience laughed whenever she was mentioned. The connection was later explained to Noah M. Ludlow, manager of the company, and the name was launched in theatrical parlance as the title of a mythical person who rules the social and moral destinies of a community.

After Martin Van Buren's election to the presidency, Judge Grundy was made attorney general of the United States—but his claim to fame is as nothing when compared to that of his wife.

(Copyright)

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

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

By JESSIE ROBERTS

RAINY TOMORROW

EXPERTS are agreed that sooner or later there may be a slump in financial matters, and that money will be much harder to get than it is now. Salaries may fall, there may again be much unemployment—in short, after a lot of fair weather, rain may be looked for.

Are you getting your umbrella and overcoats, euphorically speaking, for the wet spell?

In other words, are you laying aside some of the money you are getting to-day for the time when you find it difficult to make as much?

No woman in business or employment of any kind should spend her entire income. Even with the best of luck there is likely to be a time when money is badly needed, and when a sum in the bank or properly invested may be really a life-saver.

A spell of illness, an accident, a sudden responsibility—these things are apt to come to any of us, to all of us. To meet them we need more than the regular sum we make; we need a reserve. And it is a fatal mistake to spend your entire income in the full days, simply because you take it for granted that you will always go on making as much as you are now, or even more. You may do so, you may make more for awhile, and again you may not. And if you have never developed the habit of saving part of what you make you will be no more secure when your income grows larger because you will continue to spend it all.

It is no use counting on it always being FAIR AND WARMER for you. Make sure that some day it will be RAIN TOMORROW, and that it will be right. Be prepared. And especially now, when the world is in a most upset condition, and when anything may happen, make your own future as secure as you may by laying something away each week, and by buying sound securities when you have enough laid by to do so.

(Copyright)

MILITANT MARY

Some girls wear sachet bags and some adore perfume. Well, they may have their fancy sniffs—A COPPER-CENT FOR ME!

Burglar-Proof Safe. Ability to resist the most potent cutting tool so far known, the acetylene torch, is the remarkable characteristic of a burglar-proof alloy now being used for lining bank vaults and safes, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In an official test, a four-inch plate of the material showed only a small hole, two and one-eighth inches deep, after nearly four hours' work with a cutting flame.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

A LITTLE POWDER

A POWDER puff has become the symbol of feminine vanity and frivolity. To be sure, the tiny powder puff and the box that has sprung into fashion, and that women exhibit in public so frequently, must seem ridiculous to the masculine eye. Yet a little powder now and then is an excellent thing.

For one thing, life in a modern city means that a woman breathes air laden with an unusual amount of dust.



A Little Powder is a Good Thing in These Days of Cities and Oily, Grimy Dust and Smoke.

and that smoke from chimneys—even in the cities where smoke condensers are used—means that oily particles are constantly drifting down through the atmosphere. While even in the country there is the dry dust from the roads and the plowed fields, which blows into the homes, and settles upon faces as well as furniture.

Now, the pores of the skin are constantly throwing off minute oily particles. The skin becomes shiny, and while the shiny skin is good form in Turkey, it isn't considered so here. A little pure rice powder will absorb this oil, without clogging the pores, and keep the shine from becoming too prominent. Besides, the powder takes up the dust that blows against the face, and prevents it from being absorbed into the pores.

Talcum powder is too heavy for skin of the face. Only the purest grade of rice should be used, as other sorts will clog the pores. Rice powder, however, is so fine that it will not inflame the skin in any way, though even this should not be applied too heavily.

(Copyright)

THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE CITY.

IN THE land that is silent forever, asleep in the star and the sun, where noiseless wanders the river, where voiceless the rivulets run, where men are not cultured nor clever, where wealth is not wanted nor won,

Where the world moves in music, measure, where aureate daffodils nod,

Where Nature gives freely her treasure, her tree and her bloom and her sod,

With only an acre of azure to curtain the presence of God,

I have heard in the stillness of slumber, have heard in the nearness of night,

When the tasks of the day that encumber lie hard on the sense and the sight,

A lutelet singing her number, The City, her song of delight.

I have heard, and have come at her calling, have followed her glow in the sky,

I have come where in dirt she was sprawling and beckoning men such as I,

I have come to her creeping and crawling, her love and her laughter to buy,

She has opened her door at my coming, has opened her arms at my tread;

Around her the roses were blooming, the passionate roses of red;

Around her mad music was humming, and music the words that she said,

About me went white arms and slender— for such had an Antony died—

I gazed on her womanly splendor; I drank of her lips, and she sighed;

I looked in her eyes that were tender, I looked in her eyes—and she lied.

(Copyright)

Mother's Cook Book

The appearance of the table and the hands upon it add wonderfully, not only in point of aesthetic taste, but also in digestive results as well, for we digest and assimilate more readily that which pleases the eye. Some one has said that the eye is the first organ of digestion.

SEASONABLE DISHES

This is the season for fudge making. Try adding a spoonful or two of molasses to the fudge mixture after it has cooked five minutes. It improves the flavor and keeps the candy from sugaring. Spices, cinnamon, a bit of clove, chopped dates and figs make a delicacy more easily digested than fudge rich with nuts. A most wholesome candy for children is fudge thickened with corn flakes. Crisp flakes and stir in as many as the mixture will hold. A nice peanut fudge is made by putting a layer of peanuts in a greased pan, then pour over the fudge just before it gets hard, after a good heating.

Baked Slice of Ham.

Take a thick slice of ham and parboil in water to half cover, turning often; add one clove of garlic, remove the ham and cover with a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; add water to just cover the bottom of the baking dish but not to reach up to the sugar. Bake slowly until the sauce has been absorbed and the water nearly evaporated. More water may be needed, but it should be added in small quantities and boiling.

Vegetables in the Diet.

Vegetables, raw when possible and when necessary to be cooked, cooked in steam and served with butter, and a small amount of salt and pepper will soon build up a run-down constitution. Add to this whole wheat breads and cakes, and plenty of salad plants and the body will have no need of pills to keep it functioning.

Simple Fudge.

Take two cupfuls of sugar, two squares of chocolate melted over hot water, one-third of a cup of syrup or two tablespoonfuls of light molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-half cupful of milk. Cook to the soft ball stage, cool a little and stir until creamy, pouring out before it gets too hard. Have it smooth and attractive in appearance. If cream is used in place of the milk the butter may be omitted.

Yankee Potato Salad.

Boil two quarts of potatoes with the skins on, cook two eggs until hard. While hot combine the eggs and potatoes, cutting in bits, stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one chopped onion and one-half cupful of mild vinegar; season with salt and pepper and set aside to become cold. When ready to serve add one cupful of heavy cream and sprinkle with parsley.

Sausage With Apple Rings.

Cover the sausages with boiling water; after prickling them in every part let simmer fifteen minutes, then drain and brown in the oven. Make a syrup of a cupful each of sugar and water; cook in this very carefully four or five hot apples, cored, pared and sliced in rings. Serve the sausage with the apples in overlapping border around them.

Stuffed Green Peppers.

Cut the tops from one dozen green peppers and put the tops with a small onion through the meat grinder; add one pound of sausage meat, three-fourths of a cupful of cracker crumbs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of onion powder. Remove seeds and membrane and stuff with the mixture. Cover a top of each with buttered crumfs and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

Nellie Maxwell (28, 1920, Waterbury, Conn.)

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"HAD HAVE" AND "HAD OF"

THIS expression, "had have" (or the expression that is still more incorrect, "had of") is often used improperly for "had." It is bad English to say, for example, "If he had tried, he would have succeeded." Say, "If he had tried, he would have succeeded." "Had have" is also used frequently and improperly in such sentences as the following: "Had I have known that he was ill, I should not have visited him." The proper form is, "Had I known that he was ill, etc., or, 'If I had known that he was ill,' etc. 'Had' or 'If I had' carries the idea back into the past, and there is no need of the word "have" to express the same thing.

Of course, the expression "had of" is simply a case of mispronunciation. In the careless usage of former times, the dropping of the "h" before "have" changed the word to "ave," and from "ave" to "of" the transition was easy. (Copyright)

Toys manufactured in Belgium are made largely by machine and painted by hand.



THE CATBIRD'S CALL

ONCE upon a time, it is said, all the birds gathered in the woods one night to meet the fairies, for they had been bothered so much with a bad Puss who visited the woods they wanted revenge. "What we want," the birds told the Fairy Queen, "is to bother Puss. She has worried the life out of us, catching some of our family and climbing the trees and getting our children."

"Of course, I cannot put Puss out of the way," said the Queen. "She is far too useful catching mice; but I do not approve of her bad habit of catching birds."

"She does catch them, and she must be punished," said the birds. "Do help us, Fairy Queen, or she will stay in the woods, and soon there will not be a bird left."

"I will tell you what I will do for you," said the Queen, after thinking a while. "Puss is very proud of her fur

sooty-gray color, which in places deepened into a blackish-brown, with a tail the lower part of which was a beautiful chestnut, flew to the tip of a branch and spoke.

"I have always wanted a name," it said, "to distinguish me from the other members of the very large family to which I belong, and if you will give me this power, Fairy Queen, and a name, I will be the one to mimic Puss the rest of my life."

"I am afraid you will not think the name a pretty one," said the Queen, "but because you are so brave and are willing to take this upon you, and your branch of the family, you shall be given, too, an attractive song."

"You shall have the power to whistle and chuck and make mewing sounds, as well, and when you wish to sing all shall stop and listen to your voice, but as you will make the mewing sounds oftener than the others you will have to bear the name of catbird all the days of your life."

The pretty little bird nodded that he was willing, and up to the limit where he sat the Queen and all her fairies floated, waving over and around him their wands.

"Go back to your homes," said the Queen, "and tomorrow you will find you will soon be rid of your tormentor."

The next day when Puss came to the woods and began to prow around she was surprised to hear "Meow, meow, meow, meow," coming from one of the trees.

She looked up very angry, thinking that some other puss had come to her hunting grounds, but she was surprised to see looking down at her a saucy little bird, which again cried "meow, meow, meow, meow," while all the other birds twittered and chattered in the most tantalizing manner.

Puss gave one more look to make sure, and then she turned and ran while through the wood rang the cry, "meow, meow, meow, meow."

And that is the way, so the fairies say, the Catbird got its name.

(Copyright)

SCHOOL DAYS



I don't care if it is the best slide in town! It's dangerous to both life and limb, as I find it. Some have no death fast so my schoolmate— You boys! If he'll just get some other place to try a kill yourselves on.

Why don't you go down to Gallagher's swim in it on the beach? I saw— My land! A body that can't swim, walk on the beach, or has a cold, or is a pesky snow. Overhead, please! at all!

Can't Help the Drift. "These are dreadful times. Everything is higher." "Yes," even the mercury keeps going up.

Cash Ran Out. "How long did your honeymoon last?" "Why, just like the other moon, it faded away with the last quarter."

True. "I'll be a sister to you." "Well, brothers kiss their sisters sometimes, don't they?" "Not often."

A Rise Out of Him. Jones—"You're just like a baker, Smith." Smith—"How's that?" Jones—"Always loafing."

More Practical Welcome. Emily was fond of playing grown-up lady. One day she donned her mother's hat and fur wrap and came to call on me.

I answered the door and said: "How do you do? Come right in to the fire and warm your hands."

Emily looked her disappointment. She said: "Don't say that, Aunt Ida. You must say, 'Come right in and have a cup of tea and some cake.'"—Exchange.

Even Without Words. Jane—I'm not so crazy about Harry any more. Lizzy—Why not? Jane—Because he knows so many naughty songs. Lizzy—Does he sing them to you? Jane—No, he just whistles the tunes.—Life.

Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF CROSSING A BRIDGE?

NEARLY all authorities agree that to dream of crossing a bridge indicates success in business. If you dream that the bridge is in bad condition and that you are warned not to cross it, and yet do cross it, is a sign that you will rapidly go onward to success. If you have any difficulty in getting across your dream bridge, and yet do so, it means that you will successfully overcome obstacles thrown in your path. Simply to see a bridge in a dream means that you will soon be called upon to exert yourself to get the better of some private difficulty or business obstacle. But don't fall off your-bridge of dreams—wake up before you do that. However, if you should fall off, or be pushed off, or be forced to leave the roadway to avoid being run over, if you support yourself by clinging to the structure it is still a good sign, for it means the overcoming of difficulties on the road to success. Only one authority can be found who regards it unlucky to dream of a bridge; the almost unanimous verdict is the other way—except that you should not fall entirely off the structure. In that case, or if the bridge collapses under you, beware of false friends.

(Copyright)