

In the Last Edition

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

After-dinner coffee was served in the library. Aunt Matilda clung to this relic of former days with grim pertinacity.

It was not so impressive as the previous announcement. "Coffee will be served in the drawing-room." But in a small apartment, the library was the best substitute Aunt Matilda had. "I'm sorry, Katherine"—Aunt Matilda's tone was mildly apologetic—"that, as you read the paper only once a fortnight, you are not able to read the latest news."

Katherine's attention had been divided between the cup of coffee she was sipping from one hand and a newspaper she was trying to read from the other.

All at once her hand shook so she could scarcely put her coffee down without spilling it. The paper in her other hand rattled as though a sudden storm had attacked it. Her eyes grew big with surprise and terror.

She glanced quickly at her aunt. Had she noticed her sudden agitation? It seemed as though the cup had crashed onto the saucer, that the paper had rattled, and that her heart was beating loud enough to be heard for miles.

But her aunt was peacefully unconscious of any unusual excitement.

Katherine started up, exclaiming: "Let's go to the theater. Aunt Matilda, you need cheering up. Don't say you don't, for you know you haven't been out for days. I'll telephone Mariana."

"But, my dear, Aunt Matilda offered as a feeble protest, "Mariana won't go without Dale Brinton."

"One has so few chances with an engaged girl," Katherine's grip tightened on the newspaper she was holding. "This is my turn for a flouting with Mariana. Dale is out of town."

Which was part of the truth but by no means all.

Before Aunt Matilda had time to argue further, Katherine was gone.

The subway was surprisingly crowded for a rainy night. Katherine looked anxiously about for her friend.

When at last she found her, she gave her a quick glance of keen scrutiny.

With her customary Southern courtesy, Aunt Matilda stepped aside as she felt the crowd jostling against her. So, the last ones in the car, it was with difficulty they found seats.

The train had stopped and was about to start again when Katherine remembered Aunt Matilda. Lending over to see if she was all right, she gave a sudden gasp of horror.

Getting to her feet, she cleared the space in a single bound. As she reached the platform the door clanged shut behind her.

She glanced back. Mariana's face peered grimly out from behind the closed door as the train pulled slowly from the station.

"Here's a pickle," Katherine felt nervously of her empty pockets. "Mariana gone. Aunt Matilda somewhere unknown with the family pocketbook."

"Thank goodness, there she is!" she exclaimed fervently as she caught sight of her aunt through the crowd. She hurried toward the little lady, who was looking wildly about.

"I saw your empty seat in the car just in time," Aunt Matilda put her hand over her heart to stop its excited beating. "Why didn't you tell me it was time to get off?"

"There was a vacant place next to Mariana," Katherine explained, "so I had just crossed over to sit next to her."

"I thought we had to get off at Seventy-second street and take a trolly to Times Square," said Aunt Matilda.

"Is this Seventy-second street?" asked Katherine in amazement. "Of all things! Mariana and I were talking and never noticed it."

"What can we do about it now?" asked Aunt Matilda.

"We'll go right ahead," explained Katherine confidently.

Thanks to the rain, Katherine was able to get three fairly good seats.

Handing one of the tickets back through the window, she asked the man to reserve it for Miss MacLeod.

She watched the man write the name carefully on the back, making sure there would be no mistake.

While waiting for the curtain to go up, they watched eagerly. But no Mariana. As soon as the play began Aunt Matilda forgot all about her, but Katherine became seriously worried.

"Oh, dear!" A sudden sickening fear came over her. "What if Mariana knows? What if she has met some one who has told her? What if she got hold of a paper?"

But as the curtain went down, before Katherine had time to move, a familiar voice greeted her, and then her aunt:

"Ah, Miss Katherine, and Miss MacLeod," the stranger shook hands and then sat down in the empty seat beside Katherine.

"Jolly play, isn't it?" he asked.

"Why, really, Mr. Trent," replied Katherine. "I hardly know what's been going on. I've—there's something worrying me and I can't seem to get my mind on the play."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Trent. "There are such a lot of things fitting round loose, one is sure to get an answer sooner or later."

...your friend, Miss MacLeod—

Katherine drew a quick breath. "I suppose, between the afternoon edition, announcing the terrible accident to young Dale Brinton, and the evening, contradicting it—she felt as if she had butted up against it hard."

"Contradicting it? Did you say contradicting it?" gasped Katherine.

"Haven't you heard?" asked Trent. "You read the afternoon account of how Brinton attempted a record flight? While five thousand three hundred feet up the motor went wrong. There was no time to learn how serious the accident really was, but the worst was feared."

"Yes, yes," broke in Katherine impatiently. "I read all of that."

"Well, the sequel in the later edition was that Brinton, in some marvelous manner, escaped, entirely uninjured. You don't suppose by any chance Miss MacLeod didn't see that later edition? Pshaw! She must have. She surely wouldn't be here if she hadn't."

"Here? Did you say here?" asked Katherine eagerly.

"Saw her just a few minutes ago sitting in another part of the house. Come to think of it, she did look worried; real sort of anxious."

"It isn't over Dale's accident. She doesn't know anything about that. I didn't see any use of Mariana worrying before all the facts of the case were known."

Trent hastened to offer to go in pursuit of the lost Mariana, and promised to restore her to her vacant place in short order.

"Remember," warned Katherine, "Mariana doesn't know anything about Dale's accident."

Katherine waited impatiently for Mariana's arrival.

Just as the curtain went up for the second act Mariana slid into the vacant seat.

"Well, Mariana," whispered Katherine, "for pity's sake tell me what happened?"

"Remember," warned Katherine, "Mariana doesn't know anything about Dale's accident."

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Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

REST FOR BEAUTY

THE nervous woman is rarely pretty. She may be extremely beautiful when young, but the nervous tension under which she lives inevitably wears out her body. At twenty-five she looks near thirty, at thirty she seems forty, at forty, she's thin, haggard, wrinkled, old.

So if you are the least bit neurotic, take extra good care of yourself. Rest more than the ordinary woman does to overcome the nervous strain, eat plenty, for food soothes the nerves, eat often to keep the blood in the stomach. This does not mean that occasional nibbles of candy are to be taken of that means may be eaten any time of the day or night. It means frequent nourishment at regular periods. A good plan is an egg and milk between breakfast and luncheon, and a cup of hot chocolate and a cracker just before going to bed.

The nervous woman should rest a lot to conserve her energies. When possible, she should lie down in preference to sitting down, as the relaxation is more complete. It is surprising the number of minutes of rest that can be snatched between the duties of the day. If the rest follows immediately after a meal, it will do energetic good, for it will allow all the energy to go toward digestion.

Unfortunately it is hard to convince the nervous woman that she must rest. She always means to, but she never will take the time, for her type can find more things to do than any other sort of woman.



The Woman's Tired Nerves Need Much Rest to Soothe Them.

As agreed upon, for similar emergencies, replied Katherine. "I came directly here—bought the tickets—returned one to the box office to be called for by you—"

"I handed two back to be called for by Aunt Matilda and you," broke in Mariana.

"But, Mariana, why didn't you ask for the one I left for you?" gasped Katherine.

"But, Katherine, why didn't you ask for the two I left for you?" repeated Mariana.

"Because we got here first," answered Katherine.

"Just shed a tear over that second set of seats going to waste," growled Mariana. "I've had enough excitement to last me for some few days."

"Meaning," whispered Katherine, "Why first Dale's accident, of course, then this?"

"You know?" gasped Katherine.

"My dear Katherine," replied Mariana, "you don't suppose for one second that that news was allowed to escape my attention. Fourteen perfectly good friends at the boarding-house left their soup get cold while they waited for me to return. When one accord they asked if I had heard the news—first and second edition."

"If I had only taken time for another guess," said Katherine wearily.

"I've about decided," whispered Mariana. "To tell Dale that he'll have to get either a new fad or a new fiancée."

Katherine didn't reply, but she thought it would also be much easier on her friends.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them.

TO "ENTHUSE."

THE verb "enthuse" or "enthuse over," used frequently in recent years, and especially in newspaper headlines (its shortness giving the hurried headline writer a word easily substituted for "to become enthusiastic over") is not good English. Indeed, some writers call it slang; and all writers on good English agree in calling it a vulgarism. One authority says, "The word is unknown to good usage."

This word, like many others of recent growth, may become in time part of the English language, and be recognized as good English. But it has no historical or etymological authority, and should be avoided by anyone who wishes to speak and write correctly. It is the duty of all who have inherited the English language to try, at least, to preserve its purity.

One should not say, "She does not enthuse me," or "she does not enthuse." For these, substitute "She does not arouse any enthusiasm in me," and "She is not enthusiastic."

MY MAN AN' ME.

MY MAN an' me fer forty years
Have hiked it up the hill,
An' side by side, an' bound an' tied,
As was our youthful will.
He come upon me like a dream
Of all I hoped to be—
An' so we stood, fer ill'er good
Made one, my man an' me.

It was a rosy way we went
When life was in the dawn;
I heard the birds, I heard the words
A young wife feeds upon.
His arm was 'round about my waist,
He led me tenderly—
'Twas long ago we traveled so
The road, my man an' me.

Though still we travel side by side,
We travel now apart—
For older wives live lonely lives,
An' hungry is the heart.
'Twas long ago I felt the kiss
In youth he gave so free—
Still side by side, but years divide
Us two, my man an' me.

Yet once he held my hand in his;
We knelt beside a cross,
Together knelt, together felt
An' shared a common loss.
An' there was four instead of two
(Er so it seemed to be)
Yes, there was four—the babe I bore,
My God, my man an' me.

The river you is covered now
With Winter's ice an' snow;
Upon its breast no lilies rest
Where lilies used to blow.
But underneath the Winter's ice
The waters flow as free
As in the Spring we heard 'em sing
Their song, my man an' me.

So age may sit upon his lips
An' cool the speech of youth;
An' yet I know he promised so
To love, an' spoke the truth.
The Winter days of life may chill
The ways of such as we;
But 'neath the cold the love of old
Still warms my man an' me.

How It Started

MONEY.

VARIOUS media of exchange were in use in ancient times, but the earliest form of money seems to have been a scrap of leather with a rude picture of a cow on it. This was called by the Latin word "pecunia," derived from "pecus," the name of the animal used in barter. Our present "pecuniary" comes from this root.

"Pianists Must Be Born."

Lightness of touch for the piano is inborn with some people; others may acquire it, but in such cases it will be more or less artificial. On the other hand some may never acquire it. Loud-talking, boisterous people will, in all likelihood, play loudly. Course-grained, brusque people (if any) such play the piano at all) will not be apt to play lightly and delicately. One could scarcely imagine a young man who wore a green shirt producing ideal tones from a piano. So, after all, it is largely a matter of mentality and spiritual make-up. But it is also a matter of finger and muscular control, which may be secured by judiciously chosen and intelligently used exercises.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ROAD TO PEACE.

If every man would do his job as well as he knows how,
And turn to it when tempted to em-
back on any row,
And let the other fellow stick to
what he has to do,
We'd find the end of strife, and
dreams of peace would all
come true.
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JACK OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

"Old Salt" at Least Proved to That
Swab That He Was Not to Be
Trifled With.

The sailors are leaving the navy, it seems, and not a few are adventuring into the wilds of the western grain belt. A real old salt approached a farmer and asked to be "signed on."

"Worked on a farm since you left the sea?" he was asked.

"Yes, on one."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I helped with a craft of some sort. We hoisted wheat into her main hatch, and straw came out over her bows, while the other stuff poured into bags hung onto her stern. A swab told me it was a thrashing machine, but I knew he was trying to bilk me, the only thrashing around there being what I did to the swab."

As Told in Greenfield.

Back in the dim distant years when the high cost of living was not an ever present problem and some things were cheap, James Whitcomb Riley walked into a barber shop at Greenfield for a 5-cent shave. The proprietor of the shop was an old negro.

"Well, Sam, how are you getting along?" Mr. Riley asked.

"Mr. Jim, I had a very good day," Sam replied. "If I could make 75 cents between now and quittin' time I'd have \$1."

Such is the story as told in Greenfield.—Indianapolis News.

Unconscious Truth.

She—How do you want the tongue served?
He—Quiet, my dear.

Fishy.

"What is your gross income?"
"No gross income. I have a net income. I'm a fish dealer."

The Question.

Ronald—If I kissed you, would you scream?
Peggie—Would you stop?

THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"JOB."

THE connection between Job, the Biblical personification of patience, and the word "job" commonly applied to a piece of work, is cleverly worked out by Southey in his book "The Doctor."

"A job in the working or operative sense is evidently something which it requires patience to perform. In the physical or moral sense, as when, for example, in the language of the vulgar, a personal hurt or misfortune is called a 'bad job.' It is something which requires patience to endure—and in all these senses the word may be traced to Job, who is the proverbial exemplar of this virtue."

Sheridan, whose definitions are always as amusing as they are direct, states that "whenever any emolument, profit, salary or honor is conferred on any person not deserving it, that is a 'job.'" From which it would appear that it is not the jobholder that emulates the patience of Job, but the public.

Natural Question.

Jimmie—Mother, who is that man with long hair who is waving a stick in front of all those fiddlers?
Mother—He is the conductor, Jimmie.

Some Jays of the Metropolis.

Hunting for a home in New York is more thrilling than any tale ever related by Gaboriau, more improbable than the adventures of Baron Munchausen, more daring than exploits of Emile Zola and as mysterious as the dramas of Wilkie Collins. Just now there is not an apartment to be found in the whole of Manhattan. Up in the Bronx they are renting cellars. A skylight room in a ramshackle building up a dingy street draws \$70 a month. Some people have got to move out of New York or the darn thing is going to bust.—Exchange.

Gently Sarcastic.

At half past eleven Mr. Stone retired. In a few minutes the telephone rang, and he hurried downstairs to find that there was no one on the line. He had just snuggled into his warm bed when the telephone rang again, and he answered it a second time.

It proved to be a man who wished to interest him in a new automobile. When the conversation was ended, the caller said, "I hope I have not inconvenienced you?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Stone. "I was sitting right in front of the telephone thinking that some one might call me up."—Youth's Companion.

An old eagle is better than a young sparrow.—German Proverb.

Abstinence and fasting cure many a complaint.—Danish Proverb.

Gladys Walton



Charming Gladys Walton holds the unique distinction of having been made a "movie" star one year after her entrance into moving pictures. She is a perfect cat when it comes to twisting and bending herself and doing stunts in water or on dry land.



Painted Petro

ONE time last week I read a een da paper bouta one guy make plenta money weeth da muck room. I never see dat before so I aska my boss wheecha hotel gotta dat kinda room.

He tella me da muck room ees ne lika da hotel for stay een. He say somating goods for eat. Well, I eat muck een da room plenta time, but I dunno how can make money dat way.

I tink da boss gotta leetle deegust when I tella heem I never been een da muck room before. But he tella me was plenta money can be made weeth da muck room. He aska me wot for I no go een dot beezness. I say mebbe I try make da money dat way eef he ro seen da partner weeth me.

I tella da boss ees no costa mooch for do dat. I say eef he furnish da muck I gotta plenta room een my house. And eef he gotta plenta muck for filla dat room we gotta greata berga beezness starta weeth.

But da boss tella me I dunno somating ver mooch. He taka me out one day for show me wot da muck room looka like. He finda some toadstool and tella me dat's da muck room.

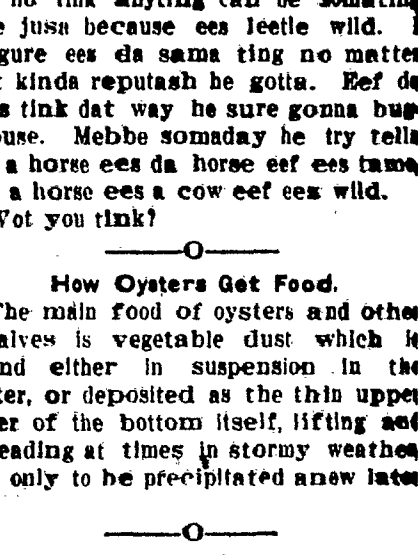
You know I getta so mad I no care for da job. I spaka right up and tella da boss he dunno somating, too. I tella heem he craze een da head try make me tink toadstool ees da muck room. But he say was da same ting only da toadstool grow wild and da muck room grow een da garden.

I no tink anything can be somating else jusa because ees leetle wild. I feegure ees da sama ting no matter wot kinda reputash he gotta. Eef da boss tink dat way he sure gonna bug ahouse. Mebbe somaday he try tella me a horse ees da horse eef ees tame but a horse ees a cow eef ees wild.

Wot you tink?

How Oysters Get Food.

The main food of oysters and other bivalves is vegetable dust which is found either in suspension in the water, or deposited as the thin upper layer of the bottom itself, drifting and spreading at times in stormy weather but only to be precipitated anew later on.



DON'T TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER WHEN YOU OUGHT TO FORGET ZUMPIN