JACK IS THANKFUL

ONE night in the playroom all the toys sat looking at Teddy-Bear, Dora Doll, Jumping Jack and Jack-in-a-Box and several others who had feet and legs.

Of course, Jack-in-a-Box had no feet or legs, and that was always a very unpleasant subject for Jack to speak about, for all the boys who had them rather looked down on poor little Jack. But tonight those who had feet and legs sat in a row by the wall while the other toys looked at them and listened to their tale of woe.

"It was just terrible!" said Dora Doll. "There we were in that big, empty flower tub, where our little mother had been playing house when it grew dark. That was bad enough, but when it began to rain—oh, that was awful! My clothes were spoiled before I thought of danger, and then Teddy Bear began to fuss."

"I should think so!" said Teddy. "I was sitting in the water, which every minute was filling the tub, and I just soaked it into my body, so I knew I should not float."

"It was worse for me," said Jumping Jack. "I was flat on my back on the bottom of the tub and the water was all over me first. Of course, I did float after a while, but I was so soft and sticky that I knew I was a wreck and every minute I expected my leg and arms to fall off."

Poor Sailor Boy Doll looked very forlorn as he sat drying by the radiator and his blue-and-white suit looked anything but neat. It was then that Jack-in-a-Box began to talk, and for the first time feel thankful for the manner in which he was made.

"I have always envied all you who have feet and legs and knew you thought I was half made; but when the rain began to fall and the cover of my box kept it from filling the box I began to feel sure I was safe. Of course, I was afraid the wind might blow and tip it over, but I was lucky, for it did not blow at all, and there I was sailing around as dry as ever. I was sorry I could not help any of you who were getting wet, but you all know that was impossible, for there is only just room in my box for me."

"I should not be surprised if your spring rusted," said Dora Doll; "you must have felt the dampness, even if you did not get wet."

"I do feel a little stiff in my spring," admitted Jack, "but I am sure it will do me no harm. It will soon wear off, and I shall never again be envious of you who have feet and legs."

(Copyright.)

FLUFFY AND THE FIRE

IT WAS raining hard. Ada stood by the window with Fluffy in her arms, the dog's wet nose pressed against the pane, while the child's tears flowed silently down her cheeks and on to Fluffy's curly head.

For Fluffy was to be sent away into the country. Ada, who was motherless, had been sent to live with her Aunt Pauline, but the aunt did not like dogs and decided to send the pet out to her farm. The news broke Ada's heart.

"I think I will take a nap, Ada," said Aunt Pauline, as she went to her room. "Run to the store for me and get this list, but leave the dog here, as it might give you trouble on the street."

So Ada went out and Fluffy lay down on a rug in the hall, curling up her pink nose in her shaggy hair.

Aunt Pauline lay down in her room and left an alcohol stove burning by the open window to make hot water for tea.

Soon all was quiet. Aunt Pauline was sleeping soundly and did not know that the curtains were caught by the breeze and blown direct into the flame of the lamp.

They caught fire and soon flame and smoke began to fill the flat. Fluffy woke up. Quick as a wink she tore down the hall and into Aunt Pauline's room, where the sleeper still lay, unconscious of harm.

Jumping on the bed, Fluffy began to bark and scratch at the covers in the wildest fashion. Then she pushed her shaggy head into Aunt Pauline's face.

With a start the sleeper sprang to her feet and tumbled out on the floor. The room was filled with smoke that poured into the hall, and the blazing curtains had caught the flames so fiercely that several pictures were afire. A moment later and the fire would have gotten over the whole flat and both Fluffy and Aunt Pauline would have been burned.

But seeing a moment's lift in the smoke, Aunt Pauline dashed to the bathroom and, getting a pail of water, managed, by making several trips, to put out the flames.

Then, tired and exhausted, with the excitement, she sat down in tears in the front room with little Fluffy curled in her lap.

Presently the door opened and in came Ada. The smoky room, the wet floor, a weeping woman with the dog in her lap, astonished the child.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" exclaimed Ada. "And why is Fluffy scorched and lying in your lap?"

Aunt Pauline burst into a new flood of tears and hugged Fluffy closer.

"What has happened!" she exclaimed. "Why, everything. When I was asleep the curtains caught fire from the stove and set the room afire—I would have burned to death had not Fluffy jumped on the bed and awakened me."

"Oh, I am so proud of darling Fluffy," exclaimed Ada. "Wasn't that smart and good of her to do that?"

"She is the best doggie in the world," cried Aunt Pauline as she went to the cupboard and got out a bit of chicken and some milk. "We will never speak again of her going away. Fluffy must stay right here, and she shall have milk and chicken for dinner every day. Then that pretty rug in my room will be her bed every night."

A very happy party there was that night after the gas was lighted and the dinner had been cleared away. Fluffy sat on the sofa while Ada and Aunt Pauline made pretty bows for her neck and praised her up as the best little dog in the world.

(Copyright.)

Something to Think About

THE JOB AND THE MAN

By F. A. Walker

ONE of the greatest troubles with the average man is that he does not get excited frequently enough.

Excitement is only MULTIPLIED ENTHUSIASM.

The man who lacks enthusiasm doesn't get far, whatever road he travels.

One of the chief faults of a snail is that it never has the sensation of excitement.

It crawls along in a seemingly aimless fashion, and having reached the nowhere for which it was headed, it stops to contemplate its effectiveness.

Nobody is ever interested in a snail, and only the dullard copies him.

If you want to see enthusiasm and excitement in animal life, watch an ant. Everything interests him. Everything has a meaning for him. Everything he sees or feels is a matter of investigation and study.

He is excited all the time and accomplishes something every minute.

* * *

Every boy and every man ought to be excited about what he is doing.

He should be so intensely interested in it, so thoroughly in love with the task and its accomplishment, that its finish should find him thrilled with enthusiasm.

Can you imagine Edison working without enthusiasm and excitement?

Can you conceive the feverish eagerness with which Galileo worked through the night on that first crude telescope and with what excitement he took his first look through it toward the far-off stars? Yet that telescope was not as powerful as the opera glass you carry to the theater.

Can you imagine with what excitement Mme. Curie looked upon the first tiny speck of radium which she had distilled from the tons of material which concealed it?

* * *

THE GLORY OF LABOR IS ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The real wages of work is the satisfaction of production.

The man who makes a machine of himself, who finds no interest and no basis of enthusiasm in his daily task is little better than the ox.

There is no labor so menial and no task so hard that it has not in it a reason for enthusiasm.

The scrub woman whose knees are calloused and whose arms ache from her lowly labors may still find a distinct pleasure and an actual enthusiasm when she sees the glistening cleanliness acomplished by her hands.

The teamster can be enthusiastic about his horses and his wagon. The office boy can get excited about the rush of business where he is employed. Everybody has some reason to get enthusiastic and excited about their work. If they have no reason they are either following the wrong vocation or they are looking on the world and its doings with distorted vision.

* * *

If your present work doesn't enthuse you, if you cannot get excited and happy about it, find something else to do. Get another job. Find something that will stir you up and rouse your mind and hurry your fingers and leave you, when the day is done, anxious for tomorrow and the bigger accomplishment that it will make possible.

Don't be content to be a snail.

A SNAIL NEVER GETS ANYWHERE.

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"COCKNEY"

AS USED by writers of the word "Cockney" meant a molly-coddle, an effeminate person, a child that had been "cockled" or coddled too much by its mother. Then, because the men who lived in a city were supposed to be less virile and strong than those who lived in the country, the rural population commenced to apply the term to residents of London and other cities throughout England. Gradually this meaning was restricted and localized until it was applicable only to Londoners, or, as one writer of the period phrases it, "particularly to connote the characteristics in which the born Londoner is supposed to be inferior to other Englishmen." The opposite term—the one applied by the townsmen to the farmer—was "clown," meaning a lout, an uncouth, ill-bred man.

Today, the name of Cockney is applied generally to Londoners but specifically to those of a certain station—'Arry and 'Arriet being typical of the class which is supposed to drop its h's and to replace them where they do not belong. But anyone who has come in contact with the Cockney as he is today will testify to the fact that it is a far cry from him to the "cockney" of the Elizabethan period. The London Cockney may not be well-educated or super-refined in his speech—but he is emphatically not a milksop.

(Copyright.)

IN LATEST WRAPS

Picturesque Garments for Afternoon and Evening.

Vogue for Dance-Teas and Restaurant Parties Creates Demand for Attractive Apparel.

Picturesque wraps—for afternoon as well as evening—are immensely popular this year. The ever increasing vogue of dance-teas and restaurant parties may be answerable for this. Certain it is that the fashions of the present hour are extremely decorative—and becoming.

Some of the latest designs for evening wraps are so intricate that ordinary women feel a little afraid of them, but much of the elaboration is centered in the design itself—and in the linings chosen, for it is truly the day of linings.

Several different materials may be mingled in these mantles—those intended for afternoon wear as well as evening cloaks. This is a specially practical fashion. Old garments, made of good materials, may be taken to pieces, freshened up and then combined. In this way very rich and beautiful effects may be obtained without a great outlay of money.

Take for example an exquisite evening wrap recently launched at Monte Carlo by Cecil Sorel. It was long, almost ankle-length, and it was made of several different materials—black chantilly lace, silver tissue and rust red satin—the latter used for the lining.

In addition to all this there was a shoulder cape, attached to the mantle all round the border, of seal musquash, and this cape was cut in vandykes. It seemed as though the lower part of the cape depended from a long shoulder yoke, but in reality the cape had been a separate garment. There were two flounces of black chantilly, each flounce bordered with a narrow band of seal musquash, and there was a high Medici collar of the same fur.

Wrap With Detachable Cape.

TO REJUVENATE VELVET HATS

Headgear May Be Remodeled by Buttonholing Edges Over and Over With Worsted.

If your velvet or felt hat shows signs of wear on the edge of the brim, it may be rejuvenated as well as trimmed by buttonholing the edge, over and over, with contrasting or self-colored worsted. The stitches may be close together or far apart, and be shallow or deep according to the damage to be covered and the effect to be gained. A dot from a colored pencil is a good way to indicate the distance between stitches, the needle pricking through the hat brim in each dot. By taking stitches of gradual length, outlining points or scallops, irregular edges are easily worked. Each stitch may be finished with a bead and a fancy headed pin to correspond used for a hat trimming. By means of this fancy stitchery, novel color effects may be introduced into a hat, as henna may be used on black or brown; gray Angora wool on blue and white or any color. Use a large-eyed needle which will pierce a sufficiently large hole to carry the coarse wool.

Panels, Panels, Panels!

Panels at the sides are also being used. This fad is especially noted in black and white costumes. One house is showing an importation of wide wale white serge or twill banded and paneled in black satin. Small pearl buttons outline the bandings and hip panels. Panels, by the way, are very chic when used as overtunics. One shop is showing a street gown of midnight blue serge and black satin. The satin is used as a rather clinging underslip, and the serge is the tunic. It is about knee length and is cut into deep points of uneven length. Some of the points are edged with tiny silk tassels that flop about most piquantly.

FUR FOR THE SPRING HAT

Fashion experts are evidently expecting a cold spring, for the fashions they have designed for that season have fur trimmings. This coat, trimmed with marmot, is worn over a dress of black and gray stripes.

USE OF TINTS AND COLORS

Best Judgment Should Be Used in Selecting Shades That Suit the Complexion.

A girl with delicate coloring and transparent skin should choose tints, rather than colors, lest she detract from the delicacy of nature's endowments, whereas the girl with the clear olive skin and sunkissed complexion can wear the vivid and intense colors that challenge her own.

Yellows, ochre and greens call for a very clear skin, whereas reds and its derivatives lend a glow that is flattering as do also the warmer shades of purple.

The eternal blue and green color scheme for the red-haired girl has at last given way to a range of colors in perfect harmony with or by contrast, running the gamut from a pale and faint pink to brilliant orange—which well offset the rare coloring of hair, which the minority of us, alas, are favored with.

As ever and ever in matters of taste and dress let us watch what the Parisienne does and what results she achieves with her enviable gift of savoir-faire in this field. Would she wear an unbecoming color? Not she. Yet she will, at times, flaunt a color perhaps unsuitable to her general style, yet so daringly will she wear this, so utterly regardless of consequences, that her very indifference becomes audaciousness and creates what is known as the bizarre. But unless this is done with super skill, it creates a vulgar, unpleasing impression and makes of the would-be-daring one an object of ridicule. This, needless to say, is well to avoid, for the truly well-dressed person is the one who does not challenge attention, but holds it nevertheless.

THE FOUR-SEASON HAT IDEA

According to Plan, Women Are to Be Educated in Wearing Headgear Suitable to the Time.

The seasons in hats have done more than overlap, as a matter of fact. They have been so juggled that women have found themselves wearing straw, flower trimmed hats in January and fur trimmed, and heavy velvet chapeaux during the sweltering days of midsummer.

According to plan, women will be gradually educated to the four-season idea, wearing dainty hats that are suggestive of spring during the brief but delightful period; flower trimmed, filmy hats during the summer months and as the cooler weather comes on they will gradually change the character of their headgear so that fur and fur trimmed hats will actually be seen only when fur wraps and fur trimmed suits and coats are comfortable and becoming.

The hat entirely of fur is a favorite again this winter, but the fabric and fur combination, or the fabric hat with a mere touch of fur in its trimming is made popular.

Fixing Stocking "Runs."

Here is a satisfactory method for repairing "runs" which work such havoc with stockings. Use a fine crochet hook, pick up the dropped stitch, draw the next loop through it and continue the length of the run, picking up every stitch or thread in turn and drawing it through the stitch on the needle. At the end fasten securely with needle and thread. In case of a wide run, where two or more stitches have been dropped, take each stitch and work in a straight line. If carefully done the mending will not be noticeable and the stocking will be given a new lease of life. It is better to take the run as soon as you see it has started.

OBSTAC[illegible]

By MILDRED [illegible]

(©, 1921, Western [illegible])

Lizzie stood frying the crullers [illegible] golden brown, while Mrs. Reynolds sat in her favorite corner of the [illegible] white kitchen. Though Lizzie had proven herself capable in every [illegible] of housekeeping, Mrs. Reynolds could not quite resign her habit of directing. Everything in the home which she had long made for her idolized and really worthy son had come under her supervision, and it was difficult now to brook other rule, even of competence. And surely, Lizzie was a jewel.

After various and innumerable maids had made fitful and unsatisfactory stays in the pretty flat, Lizzie arrived, and served with a skill seeming too good to be true; and Lizzie remained.

Mrs. Reynolds found it was quite possible to make both friend and confidant of Lizzie without fear of later disappointment. And the elder woman accepted this companionship joyfully, realizing in the comfort received how very lonely she had heretofore been.

For John Reynold's mother was not one in her exactions to win either confidence or friendship. So now, swaying to and fro in the rocker which Lizzie had brought from the living room, she relieved her mind concerning a certain Betty Standish, who had been presumptuous enough, and successful enough, to win her John's affection.

"It isn't," she told Lizzie, "as if he were a man to be taken with every pretty face. John never did sit around and make love, like other boys. He stayed at home and studied, and that's why he has gotten along so well with his engineering. But now, just with that big promotion ahead and all, for him to be taken with an idle, frivolous creature, who knows how to do nothing but spend her father's money! What sort of helpmeet would she be to a young man whose life for some time to come must be spent in overcoming obstacles? For John will have to travel far and put up with much hardship. Will this musical, tea-party girl, be willing to go with him to the wilds, do you think—when his duty calls?"

Mrs. Reynolds in her eloquence had forgotten Lizzie's presence. The girl admired a tempting cruller on the end of a fork.

"Maybe," she replied, "this Miss Standish loves your boy a lot; love can make people like to do all sorts of hard, unusual things. And [illegible] she's not so light, after all, Mrs. Reynolds. Do you know her?"

The mother's lips tightened.

"I absolutely refused to meet her," she replied, "when John made the suggestion. Of course, he is under a lover's glamour at present, and cannot be reasoned with. But I have heard enough about Steve Standish's daughter to know that she inherits all her father's love of show and luxury; and as her mother died when she was born, she's had no bringing up outside of fancy boarding schools. You can hardly pick up a paper without reading some description of her gown at this 'affair' or her playing at that. And all the money John will have to give her will be what he earns through hard endeavor. Seems—"

The mother's voice trailed off sadly.

"John's life has just been spent overcoming obstacles, big ones, all along the way. He was just a lad when his father died, and he has been obliged to fight his way to his [illegible]."

Tears filled the faded eyes. Lizzie briskly put her kettle aside, the last fragrant cruller was done. Then she came, smiling and straightening the [illegible] ruffles over her arms, straight to the old lady's side.

"Now, dear," she said, "don't you fret. John is going to find just the right woman, the one woman for him, because no one could be wholly selfish, I think, and love your John at the same time. There is something so big and fine and noble about him that, well, it just has to bring out nobleness in another. You see, I know—for I love your John."

The mother caught her breath sharply; unbelieving, she looked up into the glowing face above her.

Old Mrs. Reynolds stared, then excitedly she grasped the girl's hand. "Lizzie," she cried, "I really wish that my boy did love you."

"You really mean, O John's mother," Lizzie asked, "that you would welcome me as John's wife if it should happen that he loved me?"

The elder woman's voice was earnest. "I would, Lizzie," she said.

Then Lizzie, with a tremulous little laugh, slipped to her knees and buried her face on the mother's shoulder.

"Then welcome me," she [illegible] "for your John and I, we love each other; I am Betty Standish, [illegible] Elizabeth Standish, if you please. I have deceived you in order to [illegible] just that welcome. There was no other way after you [illegible] meet me."

The girl raised her [illegible] into the other with [illegible] of happiness.

[illegible]