

MOTORS

By GRACE IRMA ELWELL.

Sput, sput, cough, cough, hesitate, sput-silence, "Darr-h."

This one word expressed more disgust, anger and hopelessness than a number of the masculine sex could have expressed in twenty. As you have guessed, she was a fair lady, but the fair lady's motor was not so fair.

Yes, truly, it looked as if it was one of the cars driven on the ark. And now the engine had died, never to go again, so it seemed to Phyllis. She knew nothing about engines except that they propelled the automobile which she drove. Anyway, she had never driven this one—no one had—except the gardener.

"Disgusting—with seven cars in the family, that I should have to take this old thing, and what will I do when mother comes home—she'll scold me for skipping when I was supposed to be resting with a headache."

However, Phyllis was not the girl to sit down and sigh. She had heard, why yes, her brother Bob had told her, that once when his car got stalled he had started it again by jiggling wires. Well, she could jiggle wires. She jiggled wires and cranked the old thing, but it would not start.

It looked serious to her; here she was on this lonely country road, at least ten miles from civilization, whence she came, and no one knowing how far ahead. She was still contemplating, when a long, yellow roadster, with a single occupant, peered over the hill ahead. The car stopped in front of her and the occupant got out. Yes, it was he, tall, handsome and a little haughty.

"My poor child," he smiled pityingly and superiorly.

He seemed hugely amused about something, and at once Phyllis became conscious that she did not look quite dapper. Her face was smudged from her greasy hands and her hat was askew. Besides, there was a streak of grease on her skirt.

"Having some trouble?"

"Oh, no," she returned, "just playing. Don't you want to play, too?"

The sarcasm went over his head, as it often does with a self-satisfied person.

"What a piece of old junk!" he exploded next. "It ought to be in the junk heap, then it wouldn't stall way out here." Phyllis had a wee bit of temper as well as pride, and she thought savagely: "You'll pay for that, young man."

Her tone was quite meek and wistful as she said: "I suppose so, but it usually has gone. It must look frightful to you—I am used to it, you see."

"Well, where were you going to, child, when this thing happened? Anyway, you'd better let me take you home. I'll not get messed up and dirty because this thing is dead," with emphasis.

"Very well, just as you say, sir," with just the proper amount of respect from a person so inferior. Phyllis settled down luxuriously in the deep roadster and sighed.

"Like it, kid?" he asked her after they had slid along for a few seconds.

"See—it must be w-o-o-d-e-r-f-u-l to be rich, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, quite; we have another motor—we call them motors—besides this one."

"Honest? You must be a relative of Rockefeller." Thus the conversation proceeded; all the while Phyllis was racking her brain to solve the problem as to where to be left. Suddenly she struck on it—she'd have him leave her at the laundress' house. She would see about that blouse that, had failed to return with the rest of her fine laundry.

"Say, do you live here?" he asked. "Ugh— isn't it hot and unpleasant here, though?"

"Oh, of course not as nice as your mansion, for it must be a mansion you live in; but it's better than nothing. Oh, here we are. How can I ever thank you, kind sir? You've been a real fairy prince to me except, of course, they always marry the poor girl and make her happy."

"Well, you see, father would cut me off without a cent. They did not do that in prince days. Perhaps, though, I will come to see you some day, poor kid."

In a moment more the stick yellow roadster slid out of sight. Phyllis stood for a moment with a smile of triumph on her begrimed face. She had fooled him, and some time he would meet her in her own environment and then perhaps his head would diminish in size a wee bit.

A week later, Phyllis, radiant and charming, stood greeting the guests at her coming-out party. Sober he stood before her. He opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again, but emitted no sound.

"Good evening, Mr. Brentwine, I believe we have met before."

FOR PLUMP WOMEN

Styles of 1921 Quite in Favor of the Stout Ones.

Even Taffeta Can Be Manipulated to Fall Softly and Flatteringly Over Fleshy Figures.

While there is never a time when the woman of stout, mature lines cannot be fashionably as well as becomingly dressed, a thing that is accomplished with unusual success by certain dress designers, it can be said almost without an exception that the styles for 1921 are particularly favorable to the stout woman, states a fashion correspondent in the Philadelphia Record. Even taffeta, that sprightly fabric associated with youth and slim lines, can be manipulated to fall softly and flatteringly over fleshy figures.

Of course, it will not be in the charming little pointed basque, full-skirted, round-neck, puffed-sleeve frocks which early spring showings are featuring but in long-waisted models with long pointed openings to the waist to show a lace yoke, or contrasting gorgette, with sleeves at least three-quarter length and flowing if not flaring. The skirt may even decide to flare a bit to the sides if the flaring or draping comes low, and length is preserved back and front with soft panels of lace, gorgette, or the newer lingerie touches of eyelid batiste or net. The combination of navy and gray in these taffeta frocks is very good, and especially for the large woman.

It is going to be a great temptation to the woman who is taking on flesh to wear gray this spring. Such beautiful frocks are being shown in it, in all its varying shades, but generally speaking it is not a good choice. Of course, there are exceptions. Gray is inconspicuous and in many ways looks better than a whole henna frock say, or one of jade green, but it has a tendency to give a large woman an elephantine appearance, which is never flattering. Better keep to the safe path of dark, receding colors and get your bright hues in trimmings and embroideries. There are several new things in the notebook of the mode that will help the stout woman in this direction. One is the building of a straight chemise frock; let's say in navy canton crepe over an underdress of henna or gray crepe split to the waist to show the underdress, and the long slit in front from neck to waist doing the same thing. In this way the long straight lines are preserved in the dark material while the underdress helps much to relieve its sobriety.

DECORATIONS WORN IN HAIR

Women and Girls Do Not Venture Out at Night With Their Heads Unadorned.

No maid or matron ventures out at night with her head unadorned. Every woman wears her wreath of laurel with silver filigree or close-set rhinestone leaves. Single strands of diamonds also blind the youthful brow, while diamonds and onyx are combined for the silver-haired matron.

Topaz in a Grecian border bandeau is a favorite headdress for the slender, brown-haired woman, while an iridescent metallic band in American Beauty red is worn with matching slippers and an ivory satin robe. A wreath of fine brown paradise mounted in brilliant forms a delicate aureole for the titian-haired debutante, especially if her shoulders are wrapped in bronze tulle. Diamond butterflies flitting along a silken ribbon will hold the yellow curls of the sub-deb and all her hobbled-hair school chums are begging for diamond-studded barrettes in their short, curled locks.

ANGORA SCARFS ARE LIKED

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CHIVALRY AMONG THE BIRDS

Males of Many Species Show Devotion to Their Mates in a Number of Ways.

Sportsmen agree that the most chivalrous bird in this country is the cock partridge. He is always the gallant gentleman where the hens are concerned.

If the covey is put up, it is the cock who leads the way, scouting for danger. When winter breaks up, he begins courting, and carries on till midsummer brings round nesting time. All through the anxious nesting days he is ever beside his mate. For eight months in the year he is her devoted lover.

Other birds have long courtships, like the wild ducks. But the ungallant male leaves his mate when she begins to sit.

The writer for many years has encouraged parties of timidity to stay in his garden all the year round. While they remain in faithful pairs, their manners are only good in the summer. In the winter a cock tomtil will turn on his hen and bully her, if she touches a nut or a seed he wants. But in summer he insists on feeding her when she is quite happily feeding herself.

He continually pops food into her bill to show how he loves her. Bill touches bill in a very humanlike caress.

Humanlike ways of love making are often observed among birds. A domestic gander formed the habit of sitting alongside his favorite goose, resting his long neck on her back while she sat on her eggs. Just as a man might put his arms about a girl's waist.

Some polite birds even propose in a humanlike way. As a man in love gives tokens, so does the amorous penguin of the antarctic offer a formal proposal of marriage to Miss Penguin. His way is to bring her a pebble in his beak, and lay it at her feet.

This is a sign that he wishes her to join him in establishing a pebble nest.

In America live the cedar birds, known as the polite cedar birds. When sitting in line on a branch, their habit is to pass insect food from one end of the line to the other. The first to be served is the last to feed.

These cedar birds set some of our birds a good example.

Legion Inherits Old Cannon.
The American Legion is assuring perpetuation of an Indianapolis tradition which has endured for more than fifty years, due to McHivaine-Kothe post continuing the custom of a society of Civil war veterans. Salutes will be fired from a Civil war cannon at an Indianapolis cemetery on Memorial day and in the court-house yard on Washington's birthday.

The old cannon originally was on board a confederate flatboat, which patrolled the Ohio river and was captured by a federal gunboat in 1864. The cannon has been in the hands of the legion post since last Memorial day.—The American Legion Weekly.

Filipino Crowd Schools.
School attendance is growing at so rapid a rate in the Philippines that there is a constant demand for more American teachers. The United States civil service commission is adding the bureau of insular affairs of the War department to meet this demand. Teachers are sent over under two-year contracts at salaries ranging from \$1,200 to \$2,000, plus a 15 per cent bonus outward journey paid. The principal demand just now is for fully qualified high school teachers.

All Right With Mother.
One day Jimmy, who was a favorite in the neighborhood and who loved his mother dearly, came in to see what sweets he could get, and mother noticed a button off his overalls.

"Why, James, there's a button off your overalls; I wonder if your mother would care if I put one on?" she said.

To which James replied: "Sure, put one on. Her won't care. Her'll like ya better."—Chicago Tribune.

Telephones on Public Works.
A complete automatic telephone system, with 301 stations and 1,227 miles of line, is to be built for the sole purpose of communication between the dams and hydraulic works now under construction by the War department along the Ohio river, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. There are 132 of these dams, designed to maintain nine feet of water.

Joke on the Dentist.
"I hear ye had a tooth pulled, Mrs. Finnegan."
"Yes, an' shure it's a great joke on th' dentist."
"How so?"
"He claimed to be wan av thim painless wans, an Oi niver wor so nearly kilt in all me life!"—Boston Transcript.

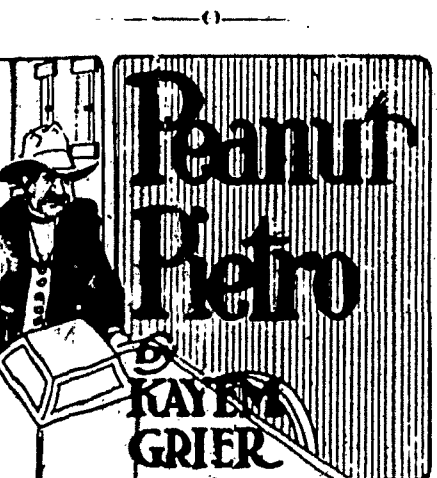
Can't Please a Woman.
"Was the operation successful?" asked one physician of another.
"It was brilliantly so in the facts it demonstrated. Only one person did not seem pleased with the results," returned the second physician.
"And who was that?" inquired the first.
"The patient's widow."

Ridiculous.
"Mamma, is papa going to die and go to heaven?"
"Of course not, Bobby. Whatever put such an absurd idea into your head?"—American Legion Weekly.

Constance Talmadge



Constance Talmadge, the charming film star recently became the bride of a wealthy tobacco merchant and importer. With her talented sister, Norma, Miss Constance Talmadge a short time ago entered into a three-year \$20,000,000 contract to produce 24 pictures a year. She recently passed her twentieth birthday.



Peanut
Petro
GRIER

I GOTTA more deesgust now as I lusa week when I first come Washington, capital da Untida State. My friend tell me everybody come een da congress for maku da law. But seem like only ting he ever make eyes da speech and da meestake.

Righta now ees greata beega fight for da league of nation and da peace treat. Da peace treat was for stoppa da war and da league of nation for maku beega stay stop.

President Weetson throw up da job over here so can go to France and maku da ting. And when he getta all fex and beega home da congress try putta on da bun. Dat way ees jusa lika da leete keed whosa munnna senda beega een store for buy da eggs. He getta eggs and starta home and when getta almosta bucka some beega boys maku beega drop.

Now I tink ees no maku so mucha deefrence eef da eggs was fresh or rotten when he leava da store, but eef dey getta broke ees pretty tough on da keed. Dat ees so gooda way I can explaina da fight wot ees go on now.

But da President Weetson miska one meestake. When he maku da league for nation he tink wot stoppa alla da fight. Eef he can go back to France and maku one for stoppa da fight eef congress I tink wot da gooda suggest. I dunno eef I gotta righta idee.

Wot you tink?



A Walking Rest.
"Been on your vacation?" asked the cheerful citizen answering the postman's whistle at the door.
"Yes, and I needed a rest," replied the letter carrier.
"You certainly did. A man who walks as much as your letter carriers certainly needs a rest."
"Right, sir."
"What did you do to rest yourself?"
"Played 36 holes of golf every day, sir."

"SHIPS OF DESERT" IN RACE

Writer Describes Start of Contest in Which the Animals Seem to Have Little Interest.

Of all birth-provoking contests that it has ever been my good fortune to witness, I think a camel race that I saw in southern Algeria was the funniest. A camel is considered as a sort of joke in the animal world anyway. He is naturally lazy, always bad-tempered and slow to a degree that is positively painful, and the idea of their racing struck me as worth seeing.

I accompanied a friend attached to the military station to see the race, or rather the start, for the contestants that stayed in the race kept it up for ten hours, and covered close to 100 miles. We were not interested enough to follow them.

The ordinary camel is good for about two miles an hour, but in Algeria vast improvement has been made in the breed, until some of the animals are capable of a speed of nine or ten miles an hour, and that for 16 or 17 hours at a stretch. The course was boundless, as the camels were headed straight across the desert. The starting was the interesting part of the proceeding.

The animals evidently looked upon the whole matter as an imposition and entirely beneath their dignity. They snorted and growled and snarled as only camels can, and it was at least an hour and a half before their drivers got them all in motion. Then the pace was furious if not very fast at the start, but before they were out of sight they had settled down to the long, swinging lope so desirable on the trackless and waterless desert.

I never did hear the result of the race. An ordinary camel, I was told, could be purchased for about \$25, but a Mehari, or racing camel, was worth about \$100 to \$150. Much interest is taken by the natives in the racing, as the improvement in the breed is most desirable, and a great deal already has been accomplished under the stimulus of the prizes offered for the swiftest racers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Folding Drum Packs in Small Space.

The trap drummer is, at last, to be relieved of the burden of a full-size bass drum while on his travels. A Pennsylvania drum manufacturer has evolved the collapsible bass drum which may be packed in two small carriers, one of which may be an ordinary suitcase, the other being of a special shape, says an illustrated article in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. The drum when assembled is 28 inches in diameter and weighs only 2 1/2 pounds. The manufacturer claims that, despite the light weight and small size, the instrument gives forth tones of quite satisfactory value and volume.

You Never Can Tell.
Her hair was gray and her head bowed with a weight of 60 years. She leaned heavily on the arm of a taxicab driver as she made her way to the desk of a downtown hotel and registered. "I am expecting my son to call," she said, and left a street address, presumably a home address in Marlton, Ind.

Next day she was gone. The manager, even he who has long been in the business, thought there must have been a mistake, and wrote to Marlton.

A reply was received next day: "Address unknown."—Indianapolis News.

Finnish Exiles in Canada.
Oscar Tokol, formerly premier of Finland, and leader of a band of political exiles, has settled on a farm at North Temiskaming, in the province of Ontario, Canada. He is accompanied by 39 fellow exiles, who have been banished from their native country. Tokol, who was president of the Finnish parliament at the time of Kerensky's rule in Russia, was deposed as a result of the revolution and became a political exile. These men have formed a little colony of their own at North Temiskaming, having been sent to Canada and provided with farms by the British government.

Close Observer.
A farmer was showing a friend over the farm. "How many sheep do you think are in that flock?" he asked.

The visitor considered a minute and then replied, "About 500."

The farmer was astonished. "Absolutely correct," he declared. "How did you do it?"

"Well, I just counted the legs and divided by four," the guest explained.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Didn't Feaze Him.
A well-known author was vainly endeavoring to write the other morning, when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son.

"If you ask me one more question," the harassed writer declared at last, "I will go out and drown myself."

"Father," came the small voice, "may I come and see you do it?"

Nothing Else to Do.
"Algernon I cannot be engaged to you any longer."
"Why not? Some whim, I suppose."
"Because yesterday I married Mr. Flubdub."
"In that case I guess I'll have to release you, kid."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Alibi.
"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support. Are you guilty or not guilty?"
"Not guilty, your honor. Nora, shake hands wid de judge; judge meet me wife!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

TRUTH IN PELLETS

The best reflector of all metals is brass.

Wit is folly when in the keeping of a fool.

When a mad dog gets after you it's fly time.

Good judgment often seems mere timidity.

Beware of accepting all the "cordial invitations."

"Teeth of time" are the ones the dentist supplies.

The combination of a safe is an open secret.

Misery loves company—and it never gets lonesome.

The ostrich can tickle any woman with his feathers.

A counterfeit coin may be lead, but it is hard to push.

The fool man and the wise trout are slow in catching on.

The place of charity, like that of God, is everywhere.

An optimist doubles his profit in life by anticipation.

Bonds of friendship are very often spun of flimsy thread.

The epicure dislikes to waste his hunger on poor victuals.

Any man who is engaged in business is a fortune hunter.

Early rising has nothing to do with accumulating a fortune.

The peanut politician should not complain if he gets roasted.

Girls should never marry until they are old enough to say "yes."

The plumber is the only man that is benefited by hitting the pipe.

Why isn't the difference of opinion the greatest common divisor?

Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

In the interior of an ordinary plane there is about a mile of wire.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.

If caught with a cramp while swimming, lie on the back and float.

Only one-third of the world's population use bread as a daily food.

The cat may have nine lives, but fortunately it has few biographers.

We'll say thng in poetry, if something isn't opalescent it's mauve.

Man is the only animal that uses a "bookbook" or employs a physician.

More of us would reach the top if the neighbors would quit shoving.

Children are like jellies—as they are molded so they will turn out.

Hope resembles the head of a pin and disappointment the other end.

The "war of the union" begins shortly after the marriage ceremony ends.

Some marriages are failures and some are temporary embarrassments.

It's harder for a young man to question her pop than it is to pop the question.

An occasional "yes?" and a smile will keep a conversation going for an hour.

What's in a man's head does him a world of good if he puts it into his ge-ahead.

Self-control will succeed with one talent where self-indulgence will fail with ten.

Decision of character outstrips even talent and genius in the race for success in life.

Some machines have automatic attachments and some have sheriff's attachments.

If one finds he has no influence one can become satirical. That's some vengeance.

Times change, but most people still prefer weddings and funerals to be old-fashioned.

The constant effort to keep the desire alive increases the capacity to realize the vision.

Let the children learn in their own way so long as they are not in danger of breaking a leg.

Youth seems so much more interesting than later life because everything that happens is new.

No one is ever so friendless that he cannot find some one to jolly him along.—Hamilton Herald.