

His Victory

By MURIEL BLAIR

"Father will never consent to our marriage," Marjorie lamented tearfully. "Why not?" Tom asked, kissing the pretty, pouting lips. "Because he'll say that you can't support me," she cried. "And I'll never be happy with anyone else."

"All right, dearest, I'll try and see what he says right now," and before Marjorie could remonstrate he went into the house, for the two had been out on the veranda and, guided by the light under which Mr. Graham was reading his evening paper, soon put the case before him.

"So you want to marry my daughter?" was the quick question. "I do, sir," Tom replied. "She's dear and sweet enough to make every-one want to do that."

Mr. Graham shook his head. "No, Tom," he said decidedly, "Marjorie can't marry any man who has nothing more than you, with my consent. Of course she can go ahead if she wants to without it, but I don't think she will, and no amount of pleading would change him. He and his wife had married on a very small salary, and he always felt that her early death was caused by the hardships she went through before he was earning enough to take care of her properly."

Marjorie fretted, but to no purpose. Occasionally she saw Tom, but always felt she was wringing her father in doing so. Tom worked and saved, but seemed to make no progress in his suit.

Mr. Graham was unhappy, too. He liked Tom, but felt that his daughter was worthy of someone who had already made his mark in the world, and so would not give his consent. "I'd gladly share a crust with you, dear," she told Tom on one of the occasions when they met.

"I guess I could buy two of them," he said doggedly. It was hard to be called a pauper, when he was earning a fair salary, was not dissipated, and was working day and night to attain his cherished object.

"I didn't mean that, dear," she sobbed, clinging to him. "I know, sweetheart," he said sadly. "I guess it's just another phase of the high cost of living," and once more he set himself to solve the problem of how to overcome the opposition of his father-in-law to be.

Matters were in this very unsatisfactory state when Mr. Graham was invited to be one of the speakers at a banquet given a visiting dignitary. He was surprised to find Tom at the same table with himself; in fact, to find him there at all, but he did not know that Tom was a friend of the son of the man who had originated the banquet, which would have explained his presence.

The affair passed off agreeably, the great personage departed, and some of the visitors drifted into the lobby of the hotel, Mr. Graham among them. After receiving congratulations upon his well-chosen speech, which was one of the best of the evening, his attention was attracted towards a somewhat shy group over in one corner, and seeing Tom among them he sauntered in their direction. If he had gone deeply into the reason, it would have been that he was trying to find full justification for his attitude toward the young man.

As he came up, one of the number, the son of Tom's employer, was saying tauntingly: "Afraid to drink, are you?" Mr. Graham remembered that he had noticed that Tom's wine glasses had been turned down during the banquet.

"No," Tom said quietly, and Mr. Graham realized that Tom was not contributing to the noisy conversation of the group.

"Then what makes you such a poor sport?" continued the young man, who had evidently been drinking too much. "Me? Oh, I don't drink because I don't care for it, that's all. The next-day headache seems too high a price to pay for a somewhat questionable pleasure the night before," and he laughed easily, then added: "Come on, Bob; let's go home."

THE CHIC CHEMISE BLOUSE



The chemise blouse is an assured fact for semi-formal wear. This attractive model is of tangerine colored heavy crepe de chine beaded in white.

CLOTHING FOR STOUT WOMEN

Coat Dress and Redingote, Surplice Sweaters and the Tailored Suit Among Favorites.

The coat dress and the redingote are both on the side of the stout woman. Long lines again, with no accenting of the normal waistline, can be had in both these styles, which are as good in silk as they are in tricotine or serge. When it comes to separate skirts the scale tips in favor of Mrs. Plump and Forty, for stripes bid fair to be more popular than plaids. All sorts of straight platings are used for these skirts, side and skirt, particularly, with large embroidered arrows at the hips to keep those plaits from spreading and flaring where they should not.

Surplice sweaters are the stout woman's own, and a new one that is knit hip length with a collar that might be called a Tuxedo scarf and crosses in the front to tie in the back, is her especial property. When it comes to the tailored suit, again the stout woman has things all her own way, especially if she has a good tailor. Those lovely new tweeds and homespuns cut in the strictest unbelted straight lines with just the suggestion of a seamist are going to please her a lot. In serge and tricot she can find belted styles that are so seamed in the back as to suggest slimmness, the very narrow belt tying in front, so that it can drop to a low waistline. A very new suit designed for the stout woman is of navy twill cord, with slightly fitted unbelted back and a slightly flaring peplum set on at a low waistline that dips in the front. Cut in one with the peplum is a front panel which is closely embroidered with pictorial braid. The Tuxedo collar opens rather low.

THE CHIC FROCK OF FOULARD

Material Mostly Seen in Combination With Other Fabrics—Red is Favored Color.

Foulard always turns up about this time of year, and this season is no exception. Now, however, the whole frock of foulard is not so apt to be seen among the smartest offerings as foulard in combination, lining a wrap, making the top of a three-piece suit, and so on. Red figures on navy grounds are met with; also maroon on dark cream, the latter in combination with cream habutai. Brown foulards are very stunning, especially when patterned with those sprawly Japanese designs which the newest patterns feature.

Among sport materials stripes easily take the lead. Sometimes the material is striped by stitching. A new plaid for skirt or sport cape shows a very fine black and white check plaid by a half-inch stripe or color. Among sport fabrics flannel is having a tremendous vogue, not only in the white but in the brilliant red. The smartest kind of sport togs are made of flannel and velvet in combination. Flannels striped in color are used for some stunning little one-piece sport dresses. Chiffon is being much exploited, also chiffon cloth for frocks of the dressier type. Lace, natural and dyed, is a popular choice for spring and summer evening gowns. Brussels net and colored point d'esprit are also good alone or combined with lace.

Among some of the novelties are "paper muslin," a new glazed fabric for summer frocks, red cashmere for sport clothes and English trimmed lace run with silver strands for trimming the elaborate afternoon dress of taffeta or faille.

DAINTY TRIFLES IN HOSIERY

Stockings in White or Light Shades Afford Pleasing Possibilities for Fancy Work.

Silk stockings in white or light tints have surprising possibilities for fancy work trifles. The weave very closely resembles silk jersey and looks very pretty embroidered in light colors in floral designs such as rosebuds. Ideas for trimming it with baby ribbon embroidery can be gained from observing the smart white silk jersey petticoats and their trimmings in lingerie shops. A needle book trimmed with either silk or ribbon in a yellow daisy pattern can be very dainty. A pin cushion top made from blue or pink silk stocking may be embroidered with light colors and silver or gold threads also.

DIDN'T WORK BY SCHEDULE

Impossible for Rural Postman to Tell Just When the Next Mail Would Go Out.

A day of mist and rain and driving wind, and over the turn of the hill a man's figure making his way, the only human being that had been seen for days. He came straight into the house with his postbag, and kindly smile. He had a military bearing and spoke like a schoolmaster with a university education. He explained how he had come round that way and expected to carry back letters ready for the post. A rustle was made and what could be put together was entrusted to him. "What about tomorrow?" was the question asked by those unacquainted with the ways of the rural post. "When does the post go out?" A slow smile gathered on the postman's face. "Ah! that I cannot tell," he said, shaking his head. "It depends entirely on when it comes in."—Christian Science Monitor.

HERE'S HOPING HE SUCCEEDS

French Inventor Working on Scheme Which Would Lower the Price of Wearing Apparel.

A French inventor, who has spent many years in Brazil and Nicaragua, states that women will be able to purchase blouses, jumpers, and even costumes, made of leaves and peelings. Men may be offered suits and underwear of the same materials. This man has devised a machine which can extract weaving threads from bananas, pineapples, and other fibrous plants. For example, the leaf of the wild pineapple gives a thread over two yards long. He hopes later to be able to utilize the skins of many other fruits. It is to be hoped that he succeeds, for the cost of clothes will be considerably less than those made of present-day imitation silks and mercerized cottons.

WHY ONE'S TEETH "CHATTER"

Certain Set of Muscles, Affected by the Cold, Get to Work, Irrespective of Will.

The little muscles which close the jaw are acted upon by the cold in such a way that they pull the jaw up and then let it fall by its own weight. This, repeated many times, causes the teeth to click together and produce what we know as "chattering." We think of it in connection with our teeth because it is the teeth which make the sound, but the cause lies in the muscles which we use in chewing or in opening our mouth when we speak. The chattering occurs in spite of the will or brain. We have little control over it, and can stop it only by clenching the teeth. It is really a mild variety of spasm caused by the cold, which acts on the jaw muscles in much the same way that some poisons produce muscular spasms which cannot be controlled.

Mother is Wondering.

"Mamma, I've got a sweetheart," exclaimed Carl, a lad of seven, one evening on his return from school, "and she is pretty, too." After several moments of thoughtful consideration of the subject, he asked: "Mother, when we grow up do the boys marry the girls because they are pretty, or just because they are good like you when papa married you?" And mother is wondering.

Slow Gun.

The five-year-old son of a prominent advertising man said to his father, "Papa, what is a slow gun?" His father replied, "John, I don't know what you mean." "Oh, yes, you do. You told mamma that courting was to be the slow gun in Indianapolis when all those visitors came here." It dawned on the father that the child referred to "courtesy" and "slog-gan."

Partisan Shot.

"I wonder," remarked one woman, "what the other club members really think of me." "I hesitate to tell you what I've heard," said her sour-faced companion. "If you'd heard anything bad, you wouldn't hesitate, so it's all right. Thank you so much. Good-by."—Boston Transcript.

Agricultural Enterprise.

"The instructions I get from our congressman on how to make a farm pay," remarked Farmer Cornsloss, "are kind of disappointin'." "They give a great deal of information about agriculture." "Yes, but what I want is some reliable advice about how to turn the old place into a real estate subdivision."

Spelling the Metaphor.

Mr. Oisport—Do you doubt my love? Look in my eyes and read it there. "The eyes are the windows of the soul."

Miss Goldenfide—Windows of the soul! That's so. Your eyes do look awfully glassy.

Jyolk.

First-Class Scout—I ate three chickens today. Tenderfoot Scout—Gee whiz! Howest? Roasted or fried?

First-Class Scout—Boiled in the shell.—Boys' Life.

ASSORTED CHIPS

A liar needs a good memory.

A smile a day keeps old age away.

Lots of men are their own Jonahs.

A boll on the neck will humble most any man.

A man looking for trouble can generally find it.

Half the battle is in making up your mind to fight.

Where there's a will there's always a way to dodge it.

In doing things hit or miss, we too often miss the hit.

Love looks through a window; envy through a keyhole.

A man seldom forgets his place—if he has a good one.

An engagement ring is a girl's idea of a band of hope.

It's as easy to talk as it is difficult to say something.

Stick to your job if you want your job to stick to you.

Some people seem to be afflicted with selfish generosity.

Habits are hard to break, so it is best to form good ones.

Much bad luck is softened by "it might have been worse."

It requires effort to bridle the mare; also to bridle the tongue.

Many good examples are set, but few of them are ever hatched.

Gray matter is all right in its place—and so is the long green.

Men glance at the past—especially if she who passed is pretty.

Many a man's early training has kept him from making good.

Each day has its special privileges as well as its special duties.

The size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going.

A man is a confirmed liar when nothing he says can be confirmed.

At the age of 37 a man begins to be calm. He thinks, what's the use?

There are cases in which the efficacy of the smile is overestimated.

Personal magnetism accounts for more friendships than similar tastes.

In handing out a clipping to be read, be sure it is never over ten lines long.

One's friends, of course, are of his own creation, and most of his enemies, also.

If manners make the man that explains the undone condition of some men.

In "getting even" the chief requisite is to wait; and then it isn't worth while.

Teaching a calf to drink from a pail requires all the religion a man can have.

The surest way to get rich is to keep up business and keep down expenses.

Many fingers that now handle gold pens were once twined around broom handles.

If you want business to pay attention to you, you must pay attention to business.

Even milk of human kindness, if stirred too much, turns sour.—Exchange.

Jud Tinkins says a practical joke requires an entirely theoretical sense of humor.

A good watchdog has a vivid imagination which you have to make allowance for.

Talk good sense to children and after a little while they will talk good sense to you.

Yes, Alfred, both parties should remember they are married for worse as well as better.

If a man is ignorant he may learn, but if he knows too much there is no hope for him.

Don't waste time trying to impress people with the importance of your own importance.

It's an indication of old age when you call a heavy fall of snow "horrid" instead of "beautiful."

There is usually more comfort in getting ready to take comfort than there is in taking it.

Most of the cruel things you say about movements you don't like have no effect at all on them.

The man who owns a phonograph and a parrot can get along without a wife—and he might have to.

Mother's Cook Book

Make yourselves ready for pleasant thoughts, bright faces, peaceful memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasured words of wisdom and useful thoughts, which can't be lost, and which will make you happy and contented.

SIMPLE RECIPES

CUSTARDS, in various forms and flavors, rice, tapioca, gelatin and fruits are all good desserts for the little people. Fruits are stimulating; milk, eggs, and such combinations are nourishing, and these simple foods, when served in variety, will never become monotonous.

Apricot Charlotte.

Wash one-fourth pound of dried apricots, cover with cold water and soak over night. Cook in the same water until soft, then rub through a sieve. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-third of a cupful of cold water, add one-third of a cupful of boiling water, the juice of a lemon, one cupful of sugar and the strained apricot. Cook, and when the jelly begins to thicken, beat until light, then add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and continue beating until the mixture holds its shape. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Meek Sherbet.

Cook one-half cupful of minute tapioca, one-fourth cupful of cold milk, one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of boiling water, together with clear, using a double boiler. Add the juice of two lemons about five minutes before taking from the fire, also the yellow rind of one lemon. Pour the mixture on a platter which has been dipped in cold water. As soon as the edges begin to jelly add two egg whites beaten stiff. Beat until light and foamy. Serve very cold in shot-bet cups with whipped cream on top.

Coconut Custard.

Prepare a custard for cup custard, pour into cups and sprinkle the top of each with a teaspoonful of fresh, grated coconut. Bake in hot water until firm. Chill before serving.

Nellie Maxwell

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"BOLSHEVIKI"

LIFTED bodily from the Russian where the term means the left or radical wing of the political party as opposed to the "mencheviki" or conservative element, "Bolshevik" has been imported into America together with many of the false and unsound doctrines to which its members subscribe. Originally the term was analogous to and had no more sinister meaning than "radical," as used in connection with British politics. A Bolshevik was one who opposed the conservatives—not necessarily an advocate of arson and bloodshed, but a person who believed in a progressive policy instead of following a reactionary course. Until the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty, the Bolsheviks did not number anarchists and nihilists in their ranks. These disturbers of the peace were kept under close surveillance by the police and were given no opportunity to ally themselves with any political organization. During the chaos which followed the death of the czar, the extremely radical element came into control and the name Bolshevik fell into disrepute—becoming synonymous with "red," the red flag having been from time immemorial the symbol of lawlessness and disorder. (Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHEER

Music floats in with the window, My heart which was weary and sore, Is soothed by the strains, In so thankful they have a voice next door.

How He Found It

"How did you find that medicine I prescribed for you?" asked the doctor of one of his patients. "Rather expensive, doctor," the reply.



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