

MISS FINCH

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Neil Latimer had met Cella Finch and Ethel, the youngest of that popular family, noted for its feminine pulchritude, but of Rosamond, the eldest, he had only heard echoes of her calm beauty. Men said she was a marble statue and that nothing could awaken her dreaming peace.

"My sister Rosamond?" Cella had repeated one day. "She's the dearest thing, but she wouldn't be interested in any of this," she waved her fan at the room full of dancers. "She is browsing among books most of the time, is the most absent-minded creature imaginable, and—we are missing most of this dance, aren't we?" she ended wistfully.

Neil apologized and in a moment they were vanishing in the maze.

One afternoon when the fever of spring was in the air and he could not remain indoors harnessed to the routine of a busy office, Neil got into his car and rode out East avenue to the country club. The Finch residence was on East avenue and he had passed Mrs. Finch and the younger girls in the shabby car driven by a middle-aged negro. The Finches were poor in this world's goods but, as they came of a good old family and had many rich relatives, the fatherless family went around a great deal and entertained occasionally in their lovely, decaying home, filled with heirlooms.

Just as Neil reached the Finch residence he became aware that the machine needed water. A maid was standing with her back to him hanging out a snowy washing of clothes. She wore a pink sunbonnet, but he could see a couple of clothespins protruding from the depths of the bonnet. "Good morning," he said in his pleasant voice. "May I have a pill of water, my car?" he did not finish the sentence but paused in dismay, for the clothespins were removed from the loveliest of lips and the face turned to his was never that of an ordinary maid-servant. Such rare beauty could only belong to the sister of Cella and Ethel—he saw his embarrassment and smiled gravely.

"Water? Certainly," she said in a voice which made his pulses tingle. "If you will come to the house I will give you a pill: there is water in the garage, but you may as well fill the pail in the kitchen." She led the way into a great kitchen, immaculately clean, where an ancient colored woman, crippled with rheumatism, sat in a comfortable armchair by the fire. She crouched horse protests when the girl gave Neil a shining pail.

"No, Miss Rosamond, honey, done you be waitin' on folks lak that—"

"Please, be quiet, Aunt Heppy," chided the girl.

"I am sorry to trouble you—I didn't know that I might be intruding—I am acquainted with Mrs. Finch and her daughters and—"

"You must be coming to dinner to-night, then," suggested the girl. "I recognized you at once—I am Rosamond Finch."

Neil took her hand. "May I stay a little while and be kitchen company?" he asked. "I'd like to get acquainted."

Rosamond looked doubtful. Then a wave of color invaded her fairness. "I shall be glad, Mr. Latimer, but you see it would embarrass mother and the girls if it were known—you see, Heppy is crippled, so, as we cannot afford another maid, I come out and help. Heppy directs me and I love to cook—"

"She shore am de beatestest cook!" interrupted Heppy.

Rosamond joined in Neil's laughter. "Heppy is a good teacher, and it gives the younger girls a chance to go about. I've been out two seasons already, and I do like a chance to keep up with my studies. I must by around now because there is dinner to get—oh, we have an extra maid in for that to help Abner in the dining room. Can you mix mayonnaise?"

"Can I?" Neil washed his hands and pushed back his cuffs.

"If you will let me help you a little I'll forswear any knowledge of you and your dark plottings in this kitchen."

"Very well," she laughed merrily, "only you must fly at the stroke of four, so that you will not scandalize mother and the girls."

Neil never forgot that hour spent in the kitchen with lovely Rosamond Finch.

That night at the happy, informal dinner party for which the Finches were famous Neil saw her again and she seemed another girl. Her family and friends took fire from her gypsy and it was a never-to-be-forgotten evening. Rosamond Finch had awakened. During the weeks that followed Neil learned more about the interesting family of girls who maintained their social position on a depleted income, remade their own clothes, until there came a day when they had to unpack Mrs. Finch's own wedding dress and veil for Rosamond's bridal. After all the "eldest Miss Finch," who had contentedly stayed at home in the kitchen, was the first bride, and Aunt Heppy, who had turned her into a famous cook, was almost as proud as Neil himself as the bride came up the aisle. "She looks like a lovely statue," said some on that day.

Neil only smiled. He knew that beneath the marble there was flame—had he not kissed his Galatea into life?

NOT MANY FEEBLE-MINDED

Authority Shows That Only Two Per Cent of the Population Can Be So Classed.

The idea that we are menaced as a nation by illiterates and feeble-minded is all wrong. We have illiterates and feeble-minded in our midst, but they are a relatively negligible force numerically. The reverse idea, or idea in the reverse, that we are short on genius, also is wrong, according to Dr. George G. Chambers, director of admissions at the University of Pennsylvania, and the educators who co-operate with him. Doctor Chambers says genius as a national crop is statistically as strong as the more discussed feeble-minded and that each represents a mere 2 per cent of the population.

But genius, says Dr. Chambers, is not the mere possession of a talent swollen to phenomenal degree, perhaps so hypertrophied that it is useless. He denies genius to the man, however great his talents, who cannot and does not exercise them. Genius in his definition is high intelligence followed by actual use of that intelligence in life. And intelligence is the ability to adapt one's self to new circumstances, to one's surroundings—in a word, to be able to know something and make use of one's knowledge. Under this definition it is surprising that the adaptable Yankee should not hold a higher record for genius than 2 per cent.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BROUGHT ALL HE COULD FIND

Evidently Georgie Had Had Quite a Serious Spill From Bicycle He Had Rented.

Bill Spokes, a second-hand bicycle man, was a just man and usually slept the sleep of the just, but one night his saintly slumbers were disturbed by a voice hailing him below his window.

"What's wrong?" he called out, drowsily.

"Do you remember lending Georgie Smith a machine this afternoon?" piped the voice.

"That's right," said the bicycle man; "but I ain't going to take it in at this time of night. Georgie will have to keep the machine till mornin', and pay by the hour."

"Yes, of course," agreed the voice from below; "that's fair. But Georgie had a bit of a spill through running into a motorcar, and he don't want to pay for the hire of more'n he can help. I've brought round all we can find of the machine so far."

At that the second-hand bicycle man jumped from his bed and rushed angrily to the window.

"And what have you found?" he shouted.

"It's coming up!" piped the voice, and an oil can sailed into the room.—Boston Globe.

Temptation Windows. In a small Indiana town the Methodist church has stained glass windows on the bottom panels of which are printed verses of Scripture. One that six-year-old Willie has been able to decipher, and from the effort remembers a well-gone: "And lead us not into temptation."

Not long after, his mother took him to visit an old friend who had built an expensive new home. Now, in the hall there were two high windows and both of them were made of orange-colored glass. When they entered that room Willie stared and stared, but said nothing. But that night when he told his father all about the new house he remembered the orange windows and said: "And oh, dad, they're awfully religious. They've got those windows that keep out temptation."

Back to Medicine of Mayas. Prof. William Gates, president of the Maya society, states that in Central America there have recently been discovered the evidences of an ancient race of people, with a civilization as old and as cultured as that of the ancient Egyptians. They were of a lofty mental attitude and of high metaphysical qualities.

Among the most important discoveries expected to be made there are the unearthing of native medical works, some of which are already in the hands of the Maya society, that will add valuable specific pharmacopoeia and medicinal knowledge to that science in this country.

Plenty of Hair. After stumbling in a dark theater for a few minutes I fell into an aisle seat behind a young woman, writes a correspondent, I could not see the screen well, as the girl in front hid most of it from my vision. I could see only the outline of her head against the screen and I thought she had her hat on, so I politely asked her to remove it.

She turned half way around and said: "You flatter me."

As I got a better look at her I realized that she had her hair bobbed and fluffed out so far it made it appear that she wore a hat.

New Fuel Gas. A Swiss engineer has produced a rich new gas, suitable for use in internal-combustion engines, by first packing sheet-metal drums with alternate layers of common calcium carbide and sawdust, saturated by crude oil, then adding water. The carbide in combining with the water liberates acetylene gas and also generates a high degree of heat which cracks and volatilizes the crude oil, liberating its gases. The two gases then combine to form the new one.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

OF ORIENTAL AIR

Negligees Featuring Loose Trousers With Mandarin Coats.

Soft Satins and Chiffons Are Favored Material For These Comfy Home Garments.

One would think that the brilliant spectacle of Mecca still lingered, if one were to enter any of the negligee departments in the big city stores, for the Orient wields a strong influence in the new spring boudoir robes. Loose trousers with short mandarin coats taken from the costume of the Chinese lady, full gathered trousers with low hip girdles and flouting chiffons which whisper of Turkish harems, while others show a Russian influence that in itself is tinged with the color of the Orient.

Of course soft satins and chiffons are the favored material for these sumptuous negligees, although lace and chiffons form charming combinations. The colors are indeed vivid, jade and emerald greens, royal and turquoise blues with flaming red and many orange-tinged shades.

"Bagdad" is the name given to one negligee. Of a scarab blue crepe satin, with long flowing chiffon sleeves in the same tone, it consists of loose trousers which drape about the ankle and a wide-sleeved jacket. The neck and sleeves are embroidered in Persian red silk, the long tassels being in this color.

Another robe that in its long clinging lines shows a Russian influence is aptly called by its creator, "Pavlova." It is fashioned from peacock-blue crepe satin and is faced with a Baltic red



The "Bagdad" Negligee.

chiffon, the long scarf which passed around the throat being of this fabric. The inset V is of cloth of gold, while the sleeve trimming and the long Egyptian girdle are of this cloth embroidered in varicolored beads. The Chinese negligee is of jade-green satin trimmed with gathered black chiffon and motifs of black taffeta on which hand-painted fruits are depicted.

GOWNS FASHIONED AT HOME

Graceful Negligees or Hostess Robes Are Easily Constructed by the Family Dressmaker.

The simple yet graceful negligees or hostess gowns which in their straight clinging lines hark back to the days of the Italian Renaissance are easily fashioned by the home dressmaker.

Such a garment with its long side sleeves, which are open to the hem, may be cut from three yards of any 40-inch material. Fold the cloth in the middle, cutting out a rounding neck opening which may be studded on the shoulders and fastened with quaint Chinese buttons and loops. Line the material, if it be velvet, with a contrasting shade of georgette or chiffon.

Cut a slit at each side of the front and back, through which to pass a heavy silk cord, and finish the four corners with tassels of silk. The edge may be finished with a jet beading, while the slits at the sides through which the cord passes may be piped.

Dressy Satin Suits. Very feminine and dainty are the new satin tailored suits. A chic one is made of dark-blue satin. The skirt is rather short and narrow, save for a few gathers on the sides. The box coat opens over a gilet of acru flet lace. This same lace is seen at the edges of the three-quarters sleeves. The lower part of the coat, the entire sleeves, the collar are heavily padded and worked in intricate machine-stitched patterns. This is called "mélange." This garniture has been exceedingly popular in Paris and is seen on many tailleur couturiers.

ADJOURNED?

By ALICE BORDEN STEVENS.

Dot and carry, dot and carry! Bob's crutch struck the stony ground and lifted, as in regular swing he skipped down the hill road in his own eccentric way, one shoulder lifted by the crutch, the other drooping with the bend of the well knee.

"Have a ride!" The sweat beads rang above the chug of the engine as the automobile came to a sudden stop. "Going to the village? I'll give you a lift." She spoke in a careless, contemptuously voice, as though every day she took in unknown cripples and landed them at unknown destinations.

"Sure!" he cried, dertly lifting himself through the door to the back seat of the touring car. Doris Berkeley didn't offer to help. She released the brakes and slid into the road again. "Where to, oh prince?"

"Golf links," he replied.

"Golf! All right; here goes." The road was winding, now through woods and now along cliffs dipping to the river. The car ran with an occasional catch. "Brake out of order? Can I help?" Bob Randall listened. "Knocking, isn't she? Oh, all right. I didn't mean to butt in; go on, please."

Doris laughed. "I am sensitive about my driving, I suppose. I've had all luck all day; now do you dare ride with me?"

"To the death," said Bob, more solemnly than he intended.

Inwardly he was swearing at his wooden leg and luck generally; but he did know the value of a brave front, and used it. With all the money in the world, had he a right to ask any woman to marry half a man? The dash and snap resolution that had made him a remarkable aviator gave him many a jolt as he limped through his days, by deciding on a future course sure to please his glorious spirit, only to find it impossible to his maimed body, however expert he might become in the use of makeshift limbs and tools. So, with his heart and soul insisting "Thou art the girl," his mind and will clamped down the lid of desire with the iron of fair play.

"There! It's jammed again! Oh—can you jump? You can't, of course!" Doris tugged at the wheel in despair but it would not move.

"We're going over—I'm sorry—and she held the wheel as the fender crashed with the impact.

The car pitched at right angles into the top of a tall sapling, and alid, jerked, buzzed, down its bending length to the beach beneath, stopping with the front wheels in the water. The slide of 20 feet was, thus broken, not more exciting than a good loop-the-loop at the park, but the girl felt the grip of responsibility before there was time for fear, and the man cursed his impotency to help as a man who was not a wreck—a thing—an idiot—might help. To be strong—and useless!—what a pain!

All was still. Doris unfolded from the bottom of the car where the dog landed her, and peeped over the seat.

"What? Aren't you dead? Thank heaven, though I've little right to even speak of heaven, after risking your life this way. How could I guess it would act so? It did it this morning, and landed me in the ditch, but the garage man said it was all right now."

"Turned it too hard, that's all." Bob unscrambled the real and the artificial of his belongings and crept from the car. Holding by the back wheel, he handed her the crutch.

"Can you vault? If you can, you won't get wet. I don't know how we will get out of this." He looked up the sheer face of the cliff, "but first, let's get out of the machine, anyway. Sure, you're all right!"

"Why, they're alive!" "Not after that fall!" The voices came incredulously from above their heads.

Leaning over the rail, two scared faces took account of conditions below. "Can you walk?"

"Sure!" called Bob, "if we had a chance." He looked up and down the rocky shore dubiously.

"How is the car?" "It looks all right; wet, of course." "Well, wait, and we'll get ropes and things from the garage."

When the climb was made with the aid of engines and pulleys and many strong arms and ingenious minds, two people rather shaken now that it was over, sat in the back seat, the girl smiling tremulously, but finding courage in the face of the man.

"Do you still want to go to the golf grounds," she said.

"Well—under the circumstances—" "Say," broke in a gruff and practical voice, "that engine would go if it wasn't wet. As it is, we're going to tow you come; take the wheel, one of you!"

"Meeting adjourned," whispered Bob, as he helped Doris over to the driver's seat. "There's to be a happy ending, isn't there?"

She smiled and leaned a bit on his shoulder as she passed.

"Yes—adjourned," she said, and he braced his good foot against the iron rail, and dreamed strong dreams as they went on their way. Perhaps there was still in him, after all, a power to serve.

Needn't Boiling Down. "Walter—Was the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?" "Dinner—Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and boil it down a little."

PITHY PARAGRAPHS

A little money is often a dangerous thing. If a man lives for himself alone he dies un mourned.

A detachable wheel and motor have been invented for propelling railroad velocipedes.

Something that gives you pause for thought: The eyes of the lion fixed on yours at the zoo.

One may have observed that an outgoing man never gets very far. A dead millionaire's obituary is worth about as much to him as his money.

A woman likes any one who admires her new dress that she made out of an old one.

No man knows half as much about women as he tries to make them believe he knows.

"Oh, give us a rest!" exclaimed Archimedes when twitted because of his failure to move the world.

There are two classes of college graduates—those who accept positions and those who hunt for jobs.

When a man refutes your argument gently, let him have his way as a reward.

A right place for everything is the place that you can remember, even if it is the wrong place.

Love in a cottage is usually planning for the time when it can build a \$40,000 house.

Good illustration of German Character in Simplicity Displayed by Soldier in France.

One American who remained at Lille during the German occupation used his time to study German character. He told Mrs. Corinna H. Smith and Mrs. Caroline R. Hill, authors of "Rising Above the Ruins in France," one astonishing thing that he had noticed—the childish unreasoning confidence that the German soldier had in whatever he was told by his superiors—and he gave this example of it.

"I knew German," he said, "and one day I talked with a German sentry who was standing over some French civilians at work in a field. He was reading a newspaper and, turning to me, said indignantly, 'The French say we force civilians to work against their will. That's not true; this German paper denies it.'"

"I looked at him in amazement and asked, 'Well, what are you doing yourself, standing here with your gun over these poor people?'"

"If I did not," was his native answer, "they would run away."

Had Bought Into the Firm. Glass was the possessor of a very red nose. An acquaintance, chiding him upon its ruddy hue, a quarrel ensued.

An apology was offered and accepted and a drink followed. Then a second. And a third. Just as they were saying good-night the offender wanted to make quite sure that he was pardoned.

"Awfully sorry, old man, about that silly remark of mine, I didn't mean—" Glass cut him short.

"Nough shall. No more apology needed. Can shuy anything about my nose you like now. You're a shareholder."

In Conclusion. "Dat hoss was so slow," glowered Rattus over the remains of the unfortunate equine that had just lost a race over a railroad crossing, "he was so slow day ain't no hoss in de world go slower."

"Come de judgment day and St. Peter'll say, 'All yo' dead men come forth.' Den dey'll all come forth. Dey he'll say, 'All yo' dead ladies come forth.' Fin'ly he'll say, 'All yo' dead hosses come forth.'"

"And jes' fo' spite dat hoss he'll come fift'—American Legion Weekly.

Quite in Keeping. A society woman called on a famous painter who, when necessity arose, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not permit him to get in a word edgewise.

At length a pause to take breath allowed him to say, "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner today."

"What a strange observation!" the woman exclaimed.

"Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

Brutal. Mrs. Dibbs—I'm going to wire my photograph to a friend in Chicago as a birthday greeting.

Mr. Dibbs—The cost will be prohibitive, woman.

Mr. Dibbs—How do you know, tighwad?

Mr. Dibbs—I understand that it's based on the number of lines in the sender's face.—Buffalo Express.

His Mistake. A man claiming to be a Russian nobleman was arrested recently in Brooklyn while trying to dispose of a diamond necklace worth fifty thousand pounds. The police admit that if he had posed as a taxi driver or a stevedore his action would never have excited their suspicions.—London Punch.

Disrespectful. Findegan (to his spouse)—Shure the children these days have no manners at all; at all. Phwat do you think they young "blatant" next door said to me? "Mr. Findegan," he said, "sit your picture took 'an' I'll send you a card to me tacher for a valentine."—Boston Transcript.

"Aw, why do you give latent a name?"

Folly—"The woman moved her lip and said, 'I always did think you were a Judge.'"

Appreciation. "Why do you speak of me as a 'latent'?" "Anytime he looks at me."

Injuring the President. "Here's a man says the president is falling off." "There's many outside of politicians."

Modern Manners. "Elitch your wagon to a stop." "What advice have you for me?" "—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Certainly Not. Jones—Do as you want to be done by.

Bones—But I don't want to be done.—Chicago Journal.

Seems So. "Well, the saton is out of the fire." "Sure is. The girl talks the call now."

Naturally. "What do you think about the typical summer season?" "The ice plant."

Wink. "Samson pulled down the beam." "Heaven, man," he cried, "you know how scarce building."

The Marriage. "Why does a bride carry a bouquet?" "That's easy; to keep it from intending to ruin."

Wise Woman. "He talks his wife over." "So?" "Yes, but she only has a part of it."

So Says Tradition. "I want to say it with you." "Here are some children." "But babies won't talk."

The Librarian. "These labor troubles are like clockwork." "They seem to have the same."

No Job. "What's the prospect?" "A miracle." "What's the use of a miracle?"

Parody. "I put my foot in it, didn't I?" "What did you do?" "Tried on a new pair of shoes."

Mar Station. "She is perfectly sane and bread making." "I hope so, regular dough nut."

Seems. "Say, dad, what is a victrol?" "A punctured tire, my son."

Society Speech. Stella—in the social circles. Bella—Yes, indeed, she goes split, cap lift and pug nose.

Know the Story. Stella—Is her temper a bad temper?

Bella—No, it is a genuine New York one and honest.

Very Tender Age. Mrs. Bacon—in the village. Bridge—You mean; oh, gosh, I had to wash and dress her."

Details Wanted. "Ain't it strange the way she beats his wife?" "O' jidness, how does he do it?"

Heard on a Car. "Did you have a picnic near the club picnic?" "Picnic, really? I think we are a lot of millionaires."

One Instance. "The office should sack the president." "It does in the case of the presidency."

More Commercial. Advertisement—"See our new house. Improvement—revised."—Boston Transcript.

National Center. "What makes you love me?" "High cost of living, my dear."

Very Much So. "Hungary seems inclined to go to the moon." "She would and that be a mistake."

Quarrel. "Yes, I'm going to make my personal statement of vacation. For my vacation." "I judge as usual, not on going now."—Los Angeles Journal.