

LABOR TROUBLE.

By GRACE R. OLIN.

"I sent for you, Betty," said Mr. Horace Tremont, leaning back in his chair and looking very fierce indeed.

Betty studied her slim silken clad ankles and neat pumps critically, and suppressed a yawn gracefully.

"Just what have I done, father, to add to your worries?" she asked innocently.

"It isn't what you have done, it's what you are doing. Now, Betty, let's be done with beating around the bush, and get down to business; my time is valuable."

"So is mine, father," Betty glanced at the little gold watch. "Twenty minutes more, exactly, and I have an engagement for luncheon."

"In that case," answered Mr. Horace Tremont, biting the end of his cigar a trifle viciously, "we'll come straight to the point. It's about young Preston."

"Upon your recommendation and because of your affiliation in Red Cross work, I engaged Preston as my private secretary. So far, all well and good. Then, without asking my approval, my daughter allows my private secretary to make love to her, which is neither well nor good."

"They dine, dance, auto and swim together, under my very nose and expect to get away with it."

"Now comes Harbins in the opposite building, with a story. Young Preston is making love to my daughter, he says, that he may bask in the sunshine of luxury via my money."

"Who is he? asks someone else. "This funny," insists another. "Betty doesn't care to introduce him," and so it goes. Who is he? I question also. And why does a thirty-five dollar a week secretary make advances to my daughter?"

"Mr. Harbins offered Mr. Preston two dollars more a week if he would come to him, did you know that?" asked Betty, spiritedly.

"Which only strengthens my argument," answered Mr. Horace Tremont, grimly. "Mr. Harbins has no charming daughter to assist him in finally getting in soft, and there you are."

"Dad, there is no idea of 'getting in soft' in Mr. Preston's head, I assure you."

"Betty," Mr. Horace Tremont leaned forward and spoke almost patiently. "I've been in business now for thirty years, and I guess I'm as shrewd as they come."

"Now, you think this young fellow is deeply in love with you just for your own charming self, and I think he's a fortune hunter. Think it over. Hasn't your dad's judgment a right to count?"

"I have inherited a great many traits from you, I imagine, father." She raised serene blue eyes to his.

"The man at the desk opposite her nodded reproachfully."

"If you please, we'll stick to business," he said.

"But we are sticking to business," Betty dimpled ever so charmingly. "I encouraged being made love to by Will!"

"Will!" fairly roared her father. "So it's reached that stage, has it?"

"You see, 'Will' is much too austere and formal, so I generally make it 'Billy.'"

"Tell Mr. Preston I want to see him," Mr. Tremont told the office boy who answered his ring.

"Hello, Billy," called Betty cheerily, as a tall young man entered the sanctum and closed the door after him.

"Why, hello, dear," the young man answered, eagerly.

"Just a minute, Preston," Mr. Tremont halted him with a gesture. "For the first time in my career there is labor trouble in my office."

"Just what do you mean by that, sir?" asked the young man, respectfully.

"Just what I said—labor trouble. I engage a secretary to labor for my interests and there is no end of trouble over it. He wins my confidence and, behind my back, makes love to my daughter. Wouldn't you call that labor trouble?"

"Mr. Tremont," said Preston "you and Garrett Bowdoin were once good friends and later bitter enemies. Everybody in town knows of your absurd quarrel and the stubbornness on both sides to make up."

"When Betty and I met we thought if I could establish myself in your good graces, as she has already done in Garrett Bowdoin's eyes, all would be well. You see, Mr. Tremont, I am Garrett Bowdoin's nephew and sole heir."

"Garrett," they heard Tremont say over the phone, "I've been an old dub, but will you forget it and come over to dinner and play checkers as you used to do?"

"The labor trouble being settled," said Betty, demurely, "we can keep our luncheon engagement, can't we, dad?"

"Her father's arm drew her close for a moment."

"Billy," he called quite familiarly to a tall young man with broad shoulders and black hair, his manner most dignified, but his eyes twinkling.

"Billy, what do you consider the proper way to settle labor trouble?"

Young Preston's strong, brown hand reached out until a soft, little white hand nestled tenderly in his own. And there, his keen, dark eyes smiling into Betty's blue eyes, he said to her:

"Union."

Alice Lake



The emotional force displayed by charming Alice Lake in her most recent pictures has placed her in the front rank of screen stars. Alice Lake is barely twenty-two years old. A few short years ago she was attending Erasmus Hall high school in Brooklyn. She is the daughter of a successful merchant. The winsome "movie" star is of medium height and lithe in figure. Her eyes are a dark hazel and her hair a rich brown.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WHEN YOU EAT FRUIT.

Remember this—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

IN THE formal, many-course dinner a fruit course usually follows the sweets and cheese, directly preceding the coffee. In many families fresh fruit is always served at dinner following the dessert. The decorative value of fresh fruit served in this way has, no doubt, had something to do with the establishment of the course in the dinner menu. But there are not a few good folk who always decline the course because they really don't know just how to eat it. Oh, to be sure they can eat oranges and apples and bananas and grapes, but they are not at all sure whether they eat them in the right way. For eating fresh fruit at a picnic or as a between-meal is one thing, and eating it at a dinner is another. The idea is, however, always to serve it in its natural form. To serve the oranges all peeled and sliced would indeed be a mistake on the part of the one who planned the dinner. To serve the bananas sliced would be just as grave an error.

But really it is no very difficult task to eat whole fruit as it should be eaten at dinner. This becomes comparatively easy at tables where the English custom of serving a fruit knife and fork is followed. The banana should first be peeled. Morsels should then be cut by means of the knife and eaten with the fork. Do not cut it all at once.

The best way to eat an apple at the dinner table is to cut it in quarters with the knife, handling it as little as possible, and then to pare the skin from each quarter and to core it as required. There is quite a knack in doing this without taking the apple up into the hands any more than necessary.

Pears are eaten in much the same manner and so are peaches and plums, but the considerate hostess does not serve these fruits when they are so juicy and over-ripe as to be difficult to manage.

Many persons would not serve oranges at all for dinner, but instead tangerines that can be managed more easily. Tangerines may be peeled and then broken into sections, the seeds being removed by means of the knife before taking them in the fingers to eat. Orange skins should be removed by holding the orange firmly on the plate with the fork and then cutting off the skin by means of the knife. After this morsels of the orange may be cut from the core by means of the knife and fork and the pieces conveyed to the mouth by the fork. Needless to say, this is more easily accomplished when the oranges are firm and not extremely juicy. So the wise hostess selects California oranges for dinner, though she may prefer those delicious Florida oranges when they are to be eaten with a spoon for breakfast.

You may have your own pet way of eating grapes, but there is only one right way—that is, according to the accepted usage. They should be eaten by means of the fingers of the right hand, the stones should then be dropped into the left hand inconspicuously and thence conveyed to the fruit plate. Cherries should be managed in the same way.

Time Speed of Jackrabbits. How fast can a jackrabbit run? Motorists of Lyons, Kan., recently have made tests of speed on country roads and have found that a cottontail will go 45 miles an hour for half a mile, while a jackrabbit will travel more than a mile at 60 miles an hour before hepping out of the road.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

VOYAGERS OF LIFE.

THE captain who can first find his bearings in the snarling storm at sea, is he who will be first to reach a safe harbor.

And so it is with sailors on the turbulent sea of life, when tempestuous winds blow and adversity comes.

In this sense, we are all captains, each at the wheel of a craft of our own, responsible for its keeping and its guidance to still waters.

Some of us face storms with calmness and abiding faith.

Others miss their bearings, lose courage and through fear, fall to gain control of their ship, which drifts on the rocks a hopeless wreck, with themselves and their crews clinging to broken spars.

These demerit swarms the city streets, crowd the park benches and crawl at night like hunted things to some cratched attic or dark doorway.

They began their voyage under the soft blue sky and the bright sunlight, with their white sails swelling in friendly breezes, proud and joyous in the glorious vigor of youth, thoughtless of hidden shoals and contrary winds.

They mocked and jeered those who stood at the wheel so soberly, scanning the shifting clouds, watching the "draw" of the sails and the behavior of the craft that in some unaccountable way had become a part of them.

At the end of years, when life-skies begin to purple, these spher wheelmen, patient and earnest still find their way to friendly ports, wearing the smile of triumph.

The other ships, whose captains lacked earnestness, patience and self-reliance, never came back. Their storm-wrecked sailors, picked up here and there, lack incentive to make another voyage—erring, shiftless and untrue, like their captains.

They are untouched with the radiance of better things.

Opportunity succeeds opportunity but they shun it.

Hope, they will tell you, is dead but they decline to tell you that they themselves killed it.

How are you sailing your ship? Are you devoting to it your full attention, putting into your life-work all the ability, sincerity and energy that you can command?

If you are, there will be no part benches and wretched attics awaiting you at the end of your voyage, but in their stead there will be the sweet consciousness of a well won reward, the blessing of an uncompromising soul and these mean true and abiding happiness whatever your surroundings.

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PICNIC."

DURING the early years of the past century it was customary for those who were invited to an outdoor entertainment to bring their own refreshments with them. A list of what was considered necessary would be made out and passed around among the guests, and each person would agree to furnish a certain portion of the repast, the name of each article being then crossed, or ticked, off the list. For this reason, this form of what the French refer to as fete champetre became known as a "pick-and-nick," referring to the selection or picking of the various articles and the crossing them off upon the card, and, through the usual contraction, the central word was dropped and the term shortened to "picnic."

Though this word does not appear to have been used prior to 1802, outdoor entertainments of this nature were common during the two centuries which preceded. Mainwaring, in a letter dated November 22, 1618, describes a birthday party for the prince of Wales, at which "every man did bring his dish of meat." "Sir George Young's invention," adds the writer, "was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot and harness'd with ropes of sausages, all tied in monstrous bag pudding."

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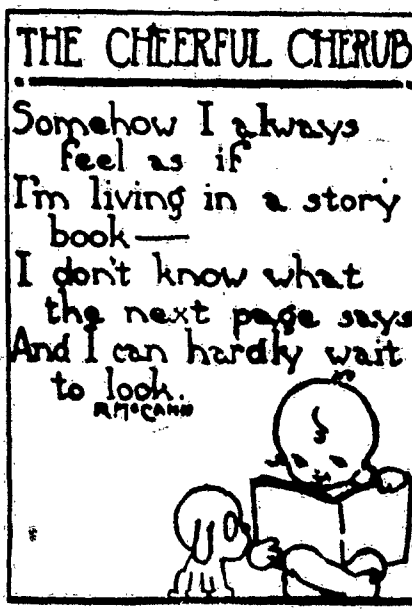
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"What's in a Name?" By MILDRED MARSHALL. Facts about your name: its history, meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

JUANITA. THE lovely Spanish favorite, Juanita, has come to be a "name without a country." The music of its syllables proved irresistible to many countries and in modern times it lost its Spanish heritage and came to be as American as "Anne or Edith."

A LINE O' CHEER. By John Kendrick Bangs. THE THING THAT COUNTS. PERHAPS my face and figure spare Are neither things of beauty rare. But what of that? What painting's fame. Was ever based upon its frame? Who judges jewels, bonds, or stocks. Upon the basis of the box In which against the thief's foray The owner stores the same away? I care not what my figure be, Or what the kind the face of me, So long as in all mortal's sight The spirit held within is right. (Copyright)

How It Started. THE CURFEW. IN THE Middle Ages, when most of the houses were built of wood, it became a custom for the watch to go about after sundown ringing a bell as a sign for all folk to cover their fires and go to bed. This precaution was necessary to prevent the danger from fire. The name "Curfew" is derived from the French curfew feu (cover-fire). It was introduced into England by William the Conqueror though the custom prevailed in Europe long before. (Copyright)

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