

The Old Woman Next Door

By CALVIN HENDRICKS.

"Isn't she dreadful, John?" whispered Joyce, casting a glance sideways toward the old woman next door.

The old woman was watering her rose trees. She was a horrible old woman, in outward aspect, at any rate.

"Poor old lady!" said John Durham. "To think that people can live to be so old as that!"

"Do you think she was ever a young and beautiful girl, dearest?" asked Joyce contentedly, nestling down into the fold of her lover's arm.

"I guess she was young all right, but I am sure she never was beautiful," said John.

Joyce Lamont and John Durham had been engaged for three months and their wedding was to take place that fall. John Durham was a newcomer to Catesville, where he had opened a law office and was already securing a fair measure of business, which gave promise of a comfortable livelihood.

Joyce remembered the old woman next door in a vague way. She had gone there to live after the death of her father, seven years previously. She had not seemed so homely then, so far as Joyce could remember.

"I wish we could pay her to go away," she said to John. "She'll spoil our happiness, just seeing her there. Why should there be ugly things in life, dearest?"

Joyce was not unkind, but she had always lived among beautiful things. She could not bear ugliness. Her home was superbly beautiful, though simple, and the hall was hung with the portraits of the Lamonts—all handsome, dignified and fine to look upon.

She passed along the hall, looking at the portraits. It made her very happy to think she had had ancestors like those—from John Lamont, a colonel in Washington's army, to Fanny, her father's beautiful cousin, who was supposed to have broken his heart when he was a young man by marrying an obscure and worthless Frenchman, who took her to his own country and there deserted her, and to her father, the hero of twenty battles and the honored governor of his state.

Then the day came when Joyce and John quarreled. No need to give the cause of lovers' quarrels. They are inevitable; but it is only when pride intervenes that they become important.

Days went by; they slipped into weeks. John never came back. Joyce was heartbroken. She was too proud to speak. She sat upon the porch, waiting hopelessly for John to come.

A light footfall made her start up, her heart beating wildly. Then despair and terror seized her. It was not John. It was the hideous old woman next door, crawling along the porch toward her.

"Well, young lady, so he has, not come back," began the old creature.

"I've watched you," continued the witch. "I know who you are and who he is. I know you've quarreled. And both are sorry and both are too proud. Come here, my dear!"

She laid her skinny fingers upon Joyce's arm and, to the girl's amazement, opened the door and led her into the hall, passing from portrait to portrait until she stood beneath Fanny Lamont's.

"You know who that is, my dear?" she asked. "But you wouldn't know that she was I, would you? Look!"

To her amazement Joyce perceived the unmistakable likeness. The proud, beautiful young woman was the skinny old crone.

"I loved your father, my dear," said the old woman, "but we quarreled and I made a fool of myself and ruined my life. Ah, well, I thought when he was dead I could come back and nobody would know me. But now I've told you. Do you understand a little better what life is, my dear?"

Do you see that we have our own lives to make or mar, and that we shall mar them if we let pride stand in the way of our happiness?" Joyce understood better now. Only love could bind up the separate links of life. One must live, one must be true, one must cast out pride like a serpent from Eden.

She hurried out upon the porch and stood under the stars, and her whole heart went out to John. If only he would forgive!

A step upon the gravel, a footfall on the porch. Joyce was running, with arms outstretched. She felt herself clasped in her lover's embrace. He bent his lips to hers. And she knew that life was Eden still.

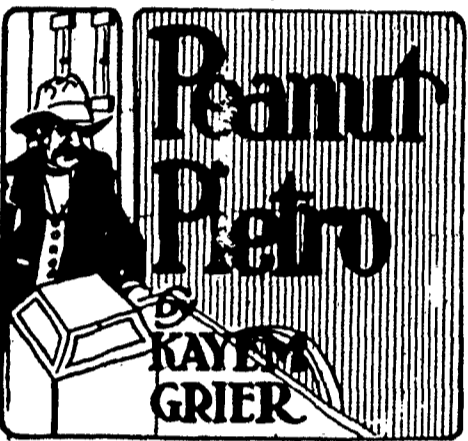
Duty in the Midst of Pleasure. "You hold no resentment toward the traffic policeman who bawled you out?" "No," replied Mr. Chiggins. "I don't blame a man for getting kind of grouchy when he has to stand in the middle of the street all day instead of being out in a fivver of his own."

Jean Paige



Jean Paige, one of the most handsome "movie" stars, spent practically her entire life on her father's model farm at Paris, Ill. She never dreamed of a motion picture career, but unconsciously was preparing herself for it, spending her after-school hours at horseback riding and other healthful and daring sports.

It was not until after she went East to school that she received an offer from a producer, which she accepted. Her splendid work is known to millions. This is one of her latest pictures.



LASSA tree, four mont I try feagure out wot's idee for hava da cops een every town. I aska my friend and he say policeman ees for keepa da peace.

Well, mebbe ees right. I dunno, but I gotta defference idee. Plenty times een da paper I reada where ees leauge for enforee da peace. And nother place een sama paper ees tella bouta President Harding maka da peace.

I gotta idee when everybody try worka on da sama job ees no for good. President Harding maka da peace, oter bunch ees forre da peace, cops keepa da peace and eef I finda guy whosa trow rocks at my cat lasa night you can botta your life I breaka da peace.

But too moucha peace putta country on da bum. Jusa lika da fiever when ees broka down. I try feaxa mine oter day and I gotta seexateen piece left over and he es no worka yet. Mebbe gotta taka more piece out for maka heem run, I dunno.

But ees seema to me lika everyting ees no worka right yet. Ever sence da war ees quiet we try maka leauge for da peace. And we no gotta more as a piece of a leauge yet.

So I tink mebbe ees gonna idee we no hava da cops any more een deesa country. I no can feagure out how da devil Uniteeda State cops gonna keepa da peace. But I dunno eef I am rigta idee.

Wat you tink? (Copyright)

A LINE O' CHEER By John Kendrick Bangs. MY CREED I HAVE a creed—a creed that's good and true.

That serves me in my need in all I do— Faith in my God and His eternal plan; Faith in the good He's placed in every man; Faith in the land that bore me, and the Light that holds aloft for lovers of the Right (Copyright)

Defiance of Custom. "I can assure you of one thing," said the newcomer. "I never cheat at cards."

"Well," replied Cactus Joe, "in that case I'd advise you to get out of Crim-son Gulch. Anybody that thinks he kin hold his own in this game without cheatin' to the best of his ability is hable to be regarded as puttin' on airs of superiority."

Merry Christmas, Everyone! Merry Christmas, Everyone! Rich in love and Rich in fun, Young and old, and sire and son!

Castle hall or Humble cot, Rich in wealth, In wealth forgot, Share the joy The star foretold, Make the day A day of gold, Sire and son, and young and old!

Everyone by Vale or hill, Everyone Rejoicing still— Young and old, what land Or tongue, Never old and Ever young!



Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

CLOTHES, CONFIDENCE

MARK TWAIN could afford to indulge his delight in unusual and fantastic clothes. He was a genius.

If John D. Rockefeller chose to walk down Broadway in a suit of blue jeans it would not affect his financial standing, although it might create surprise, for his custom is to dress himself rather neatly.

Russell Sage wore the same straw hat for 15 years, and was able at the same time to get more interest on a thousand-dollar investment than almost anybody else in Wall street.

But Sage was an exception. And when he was just out of Troy, beginning his long climb in New York, he dressed more carefully.

The importance of good clothes is the confidence they inspire, not only in the wearer but in those with whom he comes into contact.

The well-dressed man impresses others with a belief in his competence. The man in rusty coat and baggy trousers is viewed with an eye of suspicion.

"If he is able, why doesn't he dress well?" asks the world.

To the job seeker nothing is so much of an asset as a prosperous appearance.

He need not be dressed as the writer of the fashions-for-men columns would dictate, but his clothes should be whole and clean, and not three or four years behind the style.

One reason for this is that competent men usually take a pride in their personal appearance and dress well. And the world takes its impressions from custom. It is not customary for a bookkeeper or clerk to be shabby. Therefore a shabby bookkeeper or clerk is looked upon as lacking in ability.

Of course dressing too well is as bad as dressing too poorly. The flashy and youth who wears cheap imitations of ultra-stylish garments is usually set down as a tin-horn gambler, or a horse-race follower, and stands a small chance of getting any good job.

But the youth who is careful about buying and keeping his clothes, and who looks as well as he can, will get at least consideration. After that, provided there is any job to get, whether he gets it or not, depends upon his manner. And his manner is surely to be more impressive if he is well dressed than if he is shabbily clad.

(Copyright)

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk— The Lord of Love came down from above, To live with the men who work— This is the rare lie planted here in the thorn-cursed soil— Heaven is beat with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil— HENRY VAN DYKE

CHILDREN'S LUNCHEONS

THE luncheon problem affects a large per cent of the American homes. The mother wishes to furnish to her child a large amount of nourishment with the least tax upon the digestive system, as study comes so soon after the luncheon is eaten.

For the little kindergarten child the ten o'clock lunch should be very light, usually composed of fruit. A sandwich with date and apple filling, or banana and chopped nut meats is delicious.

A bunch of grapes with a sandwich, fig and walnut chopped as sandwich filling, and a pear or apple, these are all good and suggestive of other good combinations.

By using sweet sandwiches with fruit or sweet dried fruits the child will not have such a craving for sweets. A little candy is good properly eaten at the proper time, but in the lunch baskets, usually that goes first and the appetite is spoiled for more substantial foods.

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LYRICS OF LIFE By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE! Merry Christmas, Everyone! Rich in love and Rich in fun, Young and old, and sire and son!

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Everyone by Vale or hill, Everyone Rejoicing still— Young and old, what land Or tongue, Never old and Ever young!

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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.

GOT UNCLE ON TENDER SPOT Small Boy's Innocent Repetition of Mother's Remark Not Likely to Promote Cordiality. Nine-year-old Joe had received a watch of that sort all boys have for a birthday present.

PEARL PEARL is undoubtedly a name of great price. Not only is it musical in sound, but it honors the exquisite translucent gem which is the symbol of purity for the world over.

Waiting His Chance. Joe Plant was the new hostler at the village hotel, and he was being put through his initiation in the care of horses. The head groom made a tour of inspection to see that all his instructions had been obeyed.

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