

Pelefonte, Pa., September 30, 1921.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF HONOR.

It's only a matter of thinking right, It's only the way that you look at things. It's only yourself that you have to fight When an easier way the tempter brings. It isn't a difficult thing to do

If you stop to think as you go along; The crossing roads shouldn't puzzle you It's easy to choose the right from the

Decency isn't a life-long task, It's only a matter of thinking right, It's only yourself that you have to ask

When you face a deed that may bring blight. It's only an instant from right to wrong,

Though oft, indeed, must the choice be If you stop to think as you go along You will never whine that your feet have

strayed. Honor's a thing that we all can keep, How'er we differ in strength and brain, Decency isn't so vague and deep That a man should needlessly take

The line is sharp and the line is clear, As the day is never confused with night, It isn't so hard to be honest here, It's only a matter of thinking right.

AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Though it was only the first night of the house party, the big hall clock chimed midnight before Nicholas left the gay group that had gathered around the log fire in the hotel lobby. "How is i He did not take the elevator but he asked. sauntered slowly up the broad flight of stairs that led from the livingroom to the floor above.

The rest called up to him with laughing taunts as he looked down at late." them over the banisters, and he sighed with relief as he reached the first turn of the wide staircase. A good cigar and the magazine he had up in his room; then he would turn in, to be fresh for the morning's golf.

As he lifted his eyes he saw ahead of him a black-gowned woman who was slowly going up the few remaining steps. He was approving of her slender, V-necked back when, at the sound of Nicholas's feet on the thick carpet, she turned and stared down at

He in turn stared up at her, finding her young and pleasing. Her glance was so steady that he started to pass her with a perfunctory little bow, when she spoke.

a petulant little mouth.

ing back over her shoulder, she went on up the stairs. 'She has earrings on," thought Nicholas cautiously, remembering remarks of his sisters about such pagan jewelry. He followed her slowly and in the dimly lighted hall he stopped.

gued, forgetting the good magazine up in his room.

"Well?" she asked, not even a smile on her pale face. Unconsciously Nicholas must have glanced towards the slolwy. staircase. From below came the hilarious mirth.

"I have never cared much for this answer. sort of thing," Nicholas said stiffly.
"This isn't 'this sort of thing!'" she retorted, her full, sulky mouth tightening. "I'm terribly lonely. I'd talk dirty cad!" to any one who looked nice. All right "I've com then. Don't come!"

She turned away from him, sweeping down to the end of the corrider. Nicholas looked miserably around to see if any one were looking, then hurried after her.

'Just for a minute," he said reck-

Though for a sober-going man his decision was tremendous, she showed no signs of pleasure or displeasure, resentment. unlocking the door and going in without further invitation.

Nicholas, to whom this nocturnal visit was a cataclysmic event, felt hurt that she was not more impressed with his yielding to the swaying of the long earrings. But with a nervous look down the corridor he shot into the room.

She was turning up a great many little ping lamps that revealed a sitting-room so luxurious that he was quite dazed-which he showed by sinking into a low arm chair to rise again very suddenly, followed by an angry, spitting ball of fur.
"Oh!" murmured Nicholas. "I'm "Oh!" murmured Nicholas. afraid I sat on the cat!"

There was only a faint smile on her face and Nicholas felt as though it are a rotter!" would have to be something extraor-dinarily funny to make her really laugh. He himself thought there was humor in the situation—his going into a strange woman's room at midnight and then sitting on the cat!
"Cigarettes? Cigar?" She thrust
a well-supplied tray in front of him.

Nicholas had been kept so thoroughly guarded by a thoughtful family

that he had never before been with a woman who smoked. This one sank into a chair opposite

him, took the indignant Angora up into her arms, smoothed it into purring and blew skillful little, smoke rings across the room.

Nicholas had always thought--se cretly-it a cozy thing to smoke with a pretty woman; but at this, his initial experience, he felt a little uneasy and tried to remember whether any of his house-party had rooms on the sec-The problem of the manond floor. ner in which he was to get out without being seen was already taking away his pleasure in his own daring. Then she turned on him her serious

dark eyes that never smiled.
"Who are you? What are you doing down here?"

Perfunctorily Nicholas felt in his pocket for a card, but she interrupted

"No, I don't mean that. I don't care anything about your name. I just kind of thing." mean, why are you here?"

Nicholas looked at her earnestly. This was not the flirtation he had braced himself against. "I'm here," hard."

he answered literally, "beacuse, what with working at the office—" The tired business

"Oh, I see! man! The cat tucked its paws beneath itself, curled up in her lap, and went to

"Yes," admitted Nicholas, wondering if she were making a joke. "I like golf when I get a chance, and these people asked me to come along. Then Sunday and the holiday came together, so it seemed a good chance—"
"Um," she said thoughtfully, considering his words.

There was a pause in which Nicholas fought between the desire to lean back in that comfortable chair and the discreet inclination to get out of this peculiar atmosphere. Her next remark startled him.

"I suppose you'd like to know who I am—not that it matters in the least, but you'd like to know what I do?" There was a half-frozen smile on Nicholas's face. "I'm companion for a very rich old

lengingly as though he might contrais!
dict it. "She likes hotel life, goes from one to another all over the country. I—I'm the poor relation. I have to follow on!"

Nicholas noticed that her black evening gown was very plain and that the only ornaments she wore were the dangling earrings he had been trained to avoid.

"I'd say that was all right!" he ob-erved. "You must see a lot of the country!"

"Oh, yes!" she said indifferently. "Only I never see it as I like to-it's always been from an automobile. I'm never alone except evenings like this." Nicholas relaxed ever so slightly. 'How is it you have your evenings?

"She gambles then," she said contemptously. "I hate cards. Wherever we are, she picks up a crowd to play with. I amuse myself. And she plays

"Doing it now?" She nodded. "In the card room. If she wins, she'll be nice. If she loses She shrugged her shoulders. "But you ought to be dancing, or talking—or with someone—"
"Or flirting?" She pushed the cat out of her lap and began to pace up and down the room. "I don't like it."

Nicholas felt uncomfortable. He didn't like to have people walk up and down the room as they talked. No one he knew at home did that. Besides, it annoyed him to have her announce in this cold blooded way that she didn't like flirting. Why else had she asked him in.

She paused before a jar filled with Nicholas noticed that she had a creamy skin, with unhappy eyes and a petulant little mouth.

She paused before a jar little with arbutus. "Isn't this a wonderful perfume?" Bending caressingly over it, she went on: "You see I've lost my taste for men as men. Since I've "You look nice. Don't you want to taste for men as men. Since I've come in and have a smoke?" Glancbeen—in this position—I've learned too much about them."

"She's married." She pointed down stairs with a hand that Nicholas noticed was very small. "She did it five years ago.'

"I thought you said she was 'old, It was quite unconventional, he ar- said Nicholas the definite. She shrugged her shoulders again.

> "Is he well and healthy?" Nicholas held back his scorn until he heard her

She began ner parties, "fectly well and healthy." fectly well and healthy." "He must be She began her pacing again. "Per-

"I've come to think it wasn't all his fault; it's the way he was brought "But no woman can respect a man

she supports!" commented Nicholas heatedly. "It's all wrong!"

She flicked off some cigarette ash as, still pacing up and down, she passed him. "Are you married?" she asked, staring at him, though in a way

"No." Nicholas wondered why he did not resent her curiosity.
"Live alone?"

"No. With my mother and two sisters. "Support them?" Nicholas colored up. "Yes and no.

My mother has a small income. kind of help out a little." She waved her hand. "I know. I have you sized up exactly."

Nicholas stiffened. "I don't see

how. "It's all money," she declared, standing over him. "It's terrible to admit it, but it's a gauge of character. You support your mother and sisters Nicholas hardly and you can't help but be a good sort. You let your wife support you and you

Nicholas fumbled to refute her. "Oh, I know!" She nodded her dark head wisely. "I know all about mon-ey. I've been disillusioned a long It's all that counts with most time.

"You've got the wrong point of

view. "No. I haven't." She sat down on a little footstool in front of the fireplace, touching a match to the logs piled within. "The reason I've always liked this hotel," she said irrelevantly, "is the open fireplaces."

ney and weird shadows over the softly lighted room.

"I ought to go," thought Nicholas. "It must be nearly one o'clock."

"No," she continued. "I know all he moved awkwardly towards the about marriage and too much money, door. Hurrying steps down the hall from watching this woman I'm with. It's the loneliest life in the world. No hasten across to the window, where he one likes her for herself. They're just made his large bulk as inconspicuous out for what she has. She feels that as possible.

everyone is ready to do her."

Nicholas thought of his sisters. "Why doesn't she go in for church this. If only Louisa and the other work, or settlements, or Red Cross—something like that?"

"She did. She told me. At first she thought it was one's duty, particularly if one had money. One ought "It's just a telegram," she to help the poor. And she heard that there were such fine women in that

"Didn't it work?" asked Nicholas. "My sisters seem to like it. They

her knees.

ago, after her parents died and she signs of life were the shoes neatly ago, after her parents died and she signs of life were the shoes heatily got all the money—that at first she placed outside the doors.

was very happy in it. I mean being on directors' boards and meeting those fine women. They seemed to be glad to have her one of them and she that—kind of thing."

the late of the shoes need to be glad that—kind of thing."

for her, these fine women; they just wanted some one on their boards who had unlimited wealth. They each wanted their charity to be ahead, just like men in business."

"I never thought of that," said Nicholas thoughtfully.
"So she got out of every one and "I'm companion for a very rich old sent her checks instead." She sighed. ady." She made the statement chal"You don't know what a lonely life it

Hastily Nicholas went over his lim-ited list of friends. "I've never "There you are! You see so

known any very rich people." thought she attracted men. But she same old story. So she made up her mind she would never, never marry." emotions of a circle unknown to him.

"Yes," she said briefly. gown. She hardly moved as Nicholas sleepy bellboy and to telephone in stamped on it and returned to his many different directions.

"I've known her for a long time," she mused. "I hope she pays you well." Nicholas had become an impertinent, eager ments behind him. Poor little thing,

She shrugged her shoulders with a foreign gesture that she must have -very emphatically, almost haughtily picked up on her travels. "She pays me well. But it's so lonely. * * *" Nicholas, confused, was always literal. "But I should think you'd like

the money if you're-poor!' She flashed him the first animated look since he had seen her. He had to see the woman he had been think-kept looking for some light in her ing of, the first of a strange retinue heavy, brooding eyes. "Money, really to come out of the elevator. and truly, means nothing at all to me." In a heavy fur coat and hat, she

head, unused to domestic complica- confused mass near the door.
tions—whirled with this annoying She had reached the desk be husband. "Why doesn't she divorce

her. Then, in spite of everything, she for the bill. always had rather conventional ideas. She was y about marriage; she doesn't really be-lieve in divorce." There was another inches away, and Nicholas longed to shrug. "So there you are!"

said Nicholas, bewildered. the world doesn't seem big enough to hair. get away from him. I suppose that explains in a way all this hotel lifehurrying from one place to another, had started for the door. so as not to see him."

Nicholas rose reluctantly. He wanted to hear more about this bitter midfrom a spendthrift husband.

The woman did not move from her disappeared. footstool by the fire, looking up apathetically. "I'm sorry you're going. I'd like to talk all night."

"It's half-past one," said Nicholas was back leaning against the desk.

"It's half-past one," said Nicholas was back leaning against the desk.

The clerk's face glowed as he turned behind the desk. wistful.

"I suppose back home-with your two sisters—you have awfully nice happen. She keeps a suite here year times with girls?"

"But they have one picked out for you, of course," she said decisively. "How'd you know that?" asked detectives follow her husband all the Nicholas, thinking self-consciously time, the good-for-nothing Duke or of a certain buxom Louisa in the whatever he is. When they think he's

house-party down stairs. nice walks in the country with her! And carry your lunch in a shoe box?" Once more he caught a note of longing

in her voice. "Sometimes." Nicholas opened the door, cautiously listening to see if anyone were in the hall. "I've missed all that kind of thing,"

Nicholas hardly heard her. "If I could get away from everyone and have walks in the country with

a beau-a beau who liked nice-There was no one around, Nicholas decided, and it was a good chance to make his escape.
"Good night," he said gruffly. "I'll

see you in the morning." She rose to her feet, suddenly tall, her apathy slipping away from her and a note of decision in her voice. "In the morning when you see me," she announced imperiously, "you are not to bow or recognize me." "Why not?" asked Nicholas stupid-

he open fireplaces."

"Because I don't want you to. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh!" murmured Nicholas. Then, as there seemed nothing else to do or say, he repeated that he must go.
She merely took up a magazine and made him drop the door-knob, and

His mind was full of wild thoughts. He hoped his mother wouldn't hear of girls of the house-party were not on this floor! * * *

He heard her cross the room, open "It's just a telegram," she said, and her voice sounded very tired.

Nicholas crossed the room with desperate speed. "I'm going!" he mut-He remembered afterward that she Dawson, Bellefonte. looked white in spite of all the little pink lamps, but, bent on getting away,

She clasped her small hand around he slid softly through the door into the hall. Down its padded length he tip-"She says—this was quite a while toed; no one was in sight and the only

thought she was going to have some real friends."

Feeling curiously awake, he turned back down into the labby. The house eal friends."

back down into the lobby. The houseHer head, outlined against the party had all gone to bed; that was crackling flames, drooped as she told the story, in a monotonous, unemotional tone. evident, for the huge room was empty except for the clerk at the desk, a sleepy bellboy and two scrub-women "Then—slowly and gradually—it in a far corner of the room. Nichocame over her that the only reason they had for wanting her was her money. They didn't care in the least match.

"Have to stay up all night?" he

The clerk was a dapper little fellow who liked to talk. "Yes," he said, leaning over the desk. "Eleven to seven * * * those are my hours." Nicholas, puffing at his cigar, asked

a few inconsequential questions about the golf course to which the clerk replied verbosely. The ringing of the telephone bell

"There you are! You see some on had to be here all night to answer the She paid no attention to him. "Then phone." His voice, however, as he the men—she told me that she thought answered, was quite cool and profesat first that she was attractive, sional. "Yes, certainly, Mrs. Pointhought she attracted men. But she dexter. I'll send a boy right down to said she got over that quickly. All the garage. The car will be here in they were after was her money, the ten minutes. Yes, I'll send up for the

baggage." As he rang off he shook his head at "But she did!" It was like a fairy Nicholas, who was still fumbling his tale to Nicholas, this unfolding of the memory for a definite picture of the emotions of a circle unknown to him. mysterious woman on the floor above.

'Can you beat it? Wants to leave A spark flew out from the fire in the middle of the night!" he whistagainst the hem of her soft black led. Then he turned to prod along the

Nicholas, still leaning against the desk, did not move, but continued smoking in a desultory fashion, only half conscious of the flurried movepartisan of this slender figure by the she had seemed very lonely. He won-fire. she had seemed very lonely. He won-dered if he couldn't take her for a walk in the woods. Only she had said -that he musn't recognize her; she had evidently meant that very ser-

"Here they are now," whispered the clerk behind him.

Nicholas looked up and was startled

Then she bit her lip hastily. "Her came towards the desk, followed by an husband follows her around-every- older woman, also heavily and mys-"Why has she stood it all this with numerous boxes, bags, umbrellas, time?" Nicholas demanded. His and coats accombled the Nicholas demanded. His and coats, assembled themselves in a

She had reached the desk before she saw Nicholas. Then her eyes met his and, mindful of her warning, he did "First of all, her religion won't let not show any recognition as she asked

She was very near him there at the speak to her. Having a definite mind, "But she doesn't have to see him!" he wanted to settle that question about the shape of her nose. He want-"It's queer," she said slowly, "that ed to see what was the color of her

direction and, before he realized it, she

Nicholas's mouth opened wide dismay—he was afraid that she would dle-aged heiress, who spent her nights her again. Their eyes met. An arbu-gambling and her days running away tus flower fell from her belt; there slip off and that he would never see was a gust or cold night air and she

Before the clerk came back from the outside, Nicholas, with the look of a thief, had siezed the little flower, and The clerk's face glowed as he re-

"Say, that was some interesting!" he rattled on. "They told me it might "I haven't any girls." Nicholas Mrs. Poindexter. Of course the office turned the door-knob uneasily. here knows her real name, and on the Q. T. I'll tell you that she's the Duchess of Attleborough. It seems she has use-party down stairs. getting a bit too close, they telegraph "Oh, I know! And you go off on and, no matter what hour of the night,

she beats it!" Nicholas glanced at the clock which said half-past two. "Has the young woman-the one who paid the bill-

been her secretary long?"
"Her secretary? She's the Duchess! Couldn't you tell? Huh! I'd know a Duchess anywhere? Haven't you ever seen them around? The old one's the companion, aunt or cousin or

something. The unromantic Nicholas's head swam as he climbed slowly up to bed. "She had pretty eyes," he thought. He stared across the room. "I should like to have held her hand—the hand of a duchess!" he said aloud and quite distinctly. "And she wanted a picnic lunch in a shoe box!"

He started and looked around guiltand the only noise was the thumping of the steam radiator.
"This must stop," said Nicholas firmly, and he strode across the room to the writing desk and began a let-

Dearest Mother: The houseparty isn't much and I am wondering how I can stick it out for three days. Louisa is nice but I never noticed before what big hands she has! Still, there is the golf to fall back on. * * * *

He looked at his watch. It was three o'clock. "I'll finish the letter in the morn-Nicholas said, turning out the light and fumbling in his pocket for a crumpled flower that smelled of the

Marriage Licenses.

wods.-By Baron Gayne de Meyer, in

Charles N. Lauck and Maude M. Walker, Runville. George W. Smith and Sarah E.

-Get your job work done here.

GIRLS OF WHOM TO BEWARE

Japanese "Widowed Physician" Hands Out Some Words of Caution to Susceptible Male Sex.

In "What to Tell Our Grown-Up Sens About Women," a pamphleteer wno calls himself "The Widowed Physician," has made a list of the things he dislikes in girls. He admits that he deals with "objectionable characteristics," but disarms the criticism that be fails to indicate positive virtues by saying that "the nice youth needs no qualities of the opposite sex." "The Widowed Physician" sums up his ideas in a few brief warnings, as fol-

lows, the Japan Advertiser states: Beware of the girls who manicure their nails to the shape of a claw. I do not know why, but beware of them. Beware of girls who prefer to dress

in purple or scarlet colors. Beware of grils who are heavily scented.

Beware of the girl who is too obvieusly modest and demure. She doth

protest too much. Beware of the girl with low, sloping forehead and dry, straight, coarse, jute-like hair. Any experienced magistrate will tell you that this type of woman frequently summons her hus-

band for assault and battery. Beware of the intensely religious girl. She does not mean to be dangerous, but the fact that she is so devotional indicates that she possesses an unbalanced temperament.

Beware of the girl who sidles up to you, or lays hands on you; or comes so close to you as to lead you readily to lay hands on her. Specially beware of "married women" of reputed responsibility, whom you have formerly had every reason to believe in and respect, when these

same women, by acts obvious or guarded, show you that they would not object to your being more intimate with them than you know in your own conscience you ought to be. Beware of the mothers who are anxious as to the future of their daugh-

Beware of the girl who drinks wines freely; she will make a poor wife and

a worse mother. Reware of the girl who dresses in a slovenly, artistic manner. The "Widowed Physician" recommends two types-the tomboy and the "pert, modern, self-sufficient learned

sharpen your wits every time."

Turn and Turn About. Prof. Nicholas Roerich, the Russian painter who refused the post of minister of fine arts in the Lenin government and who is now in the United States, tells an amusing story of the initiation of the soviet system in the imperial opera. The entire staff of the opera house in Moscow, directors, scene painters, singers, were instructed that thereafter all were to be treated on an equal basis, no one being considered better than another, and all to receive the same wage. It may be imagined that the temperamental stars did not receive this without emotion. On the night of the next performance the tenor in the leading role could not be found and a frantic search was made while the audience waited. Finally he was discovered by an amazed manager selling programs

in the lobby. "What madness. is this?" shouted the manager. "Don't you know we

are holding the curtain for you?" "Ah," answered the singer with ironic sweetness, "you see we are all equal new. Tonight I sell the programs. Let one of the ushers sing

my role."

The New Santa Barbara Light. Many persons are still fond of the oil lamp to read by at home. In the house it still gives the amount of brilliancy desired. But lighting engineers claim superiority for the elec-

tric light in a fog. An electric light of 1,009,000 candlepower is to be installed in the Santa Barbara lighthouse. The light itself is not 1,000,000 candre-power, but the light is intensified by the use of refractors ingeniously cut and placed. In clear weather the light will not be visible any further than the old oil lamp, which shines 20 miles. The light is 178 feet above sea level and 20 miles is the horizon limit. But in foggy weather the new light will be visible two or three miles in place of one mile, the limit of the oil lamp's beams.

Rocky Road to Knowledge. A man who was acting queerly ily. But the room was quite empty about the rooms of the local library last week excited much comment. He was in search of some book of reference but refused to accept the aid of the librarian in his search. After he had made a second or third visit and gone it was learned he was a member of a debating society and had been chosen to uphold the affirmative on the question: "Could you and would you order the courtmartial of a soldier who saved the lives of the members of his company by shooting the company cook?"-Pottsville (Pa.)

Artificial Limbs of Metal.

Journal.

At St. Themas' hospital, London, Dr. Edred M. Corner, one of the most famous surgeons in England, has been conducting experiments with light metal artificial limbs on soldiers who had lost limbs during the war and whose recovery had been slow. These show that about 90 per cent of thigh amputations can advantageously be fitted with light artificial limbs, with which the men are able to walk with less fatigue and more satisfaction.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Music can noble hints impart, Engender fury, kindle love; With unsuspected eloquence can move And manage all the man with secret art.

Train the Kiddies in Generosity.-I am worried," writes a mother to me, "because my little son is so selfish. How can I teach him to be generous?

Well, selfishness is a problem, I'll admit, but happily it is not unsolva-ble. That selfish little boy of a worried mother can be made generous to a fault (if such a thing is possible) if she will, for a time, labor unceasingly, with faith, patience and tact.

There are, of course, some children who are what we call "naturally" selfish, while others are naturally the op-posite; but I think intelligent mothers will agree with me that the average child is originally neither one nor the other, and that his early training determines his standing. However, even the "naturally selfish" child is far from being hopelessly selfish. All he needs is help to a different attitude of mind if he has ever had any serious thoughts about the subject at all-

which he probably hasn't. The youngster of tender years, say from the first cry to five years, does not readily comprehend that others besides himself may desire things intensely. Yet I have seen a year and a half old child give up a toy smilingly, not once, but several times in succession to his various relatives, who delighted in putting him through the generosity test. This dear little smile was the result of his young mother's patient training and constant watchfulness for "psychological moments" as it were, for the teaching of unself-

ishness. Do not force a child to be generous —that is, to give up its possessions unwillingly. Such a method is a great mistake, for it makes the child resentful, besides giving him an un-beautiful idea of a beautiful virtue. Forced giving is likely to be felt as an unmitigated and unjust deprivation. The better way is to educate little folk up to the point where they find happiness in giving, in making others happy. Do not fail to call attention to this happiness when the child has performed a generous action, thus impressing it on the young mind and heart.

Stories of generosity are always helpful both in training young people to be generous or in that greater problem—the one overcoming any selfishness that may have been allowed to develop. Is there anything fin-er than the spirit with which Louisa Alcott's dear "Little Women" give away their very delicious breakfasts young woman." He adds: "She would to a nearby poor family? This charitable incident is especially appreciated when one knows that it really happened in young Louisa's own life. Other stories especially good for instill-ing generosity are "The Three Cakes" "The King of the Golden River." The life of Peter Cooper will be enjoyed by the older children.

Selfishness in a girl or boy ap proaching womanhood and manhood is, of course, more difficult to cope with than when found in younger children, but the idea of sending the former upon short trips with social workers, or taking them oneself to see, and help where possible, cases of distressing need, is effective. Such cases usually appeal to the most callous. so that there is at least a softening of the soil in which the seeds of generosity, tactfully planted by the home

folk, may hope to grow and flourish. Very often laziness is the real cause of a child's selfishness. I know a man who is ever ready to give away money in preferences to his own services, not because he is wealthy, but because he is thus absolved from using his indolent body and brain; he is not generous; he is merely paying for what he wants—ease. The highest generosity is self-sacrifice, unless the contents of the pocket is needed more than

one's personal services. The poor little only child is always in danger of becoming selfish from the sheer lack of opportunities to share toys and goodies with other children. Consequently it is wise to encourage the sisterless, brotherless ones to seek companionship among other children and to invite those companions into your house or garden where mothereyes may be upon them.

It is lamentable, but true, that some

mothers deliberately make children selfish. What do you think of the woman who gives her little girl two cakes after school accompanied by the remark, "Now do keep them for yourself and don't feed the whole neighborhood!" And in the same class is the trolley-car mother who whispers to her adolescent son, "Keep your seat. You paid for it and you're just as tired as she." Not only should children be taught to give; they should be taught to give graciously. Many a shining gift has lost its radiance because of the man-

garment. To give tactfully, quietly (even secretly); to give freely, gladly -ah, then giving becomes worth while and giver as well as receiver is enriched But that reminds me. If few folk know how to give beautifully still fewer know how to receive gracefully. Make it a point to express a frank and unmistakable gratitude or appre-ciation when a little child performs a generous deed. Thus will the kiddie be set an example, and he, too, will be "generous" with his gratitude and re-

ceive in the same spirit as that in which a gift is offered.

ner with which it was presented. The

'gifting spirit" is a lovely thing which

glorifies even the passing on of an old

Creole Kisses-Take one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, and cook slowly, stirring enough to keep from sticking. Try in water, and when done enough to hold just in the water add butter the size of an egg and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Remove from the fire and place in a pan of cold water until cool. When the finger can be placed on top of the mixture without burning heat until creamy. Add a cupful of shelled walnuts and mold into patties. They are creamy and delicious as any bought from the stores.