

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...

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.

The rest called up to him with laughing taunts as he looked down at them over the banisters, and he sighed with relief as he reached the first turn of the wide staircase.

Nicholas felt uncomfortable. He didn't like to have people walk up and down the room as they talked. Besides, it annoyed him to have her announce in this cold blooded way that she didn't like flirting.

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

Nicholas had been kept so thoroughly guarded by a thoughtful family that he had never before been with a woman who smoked.

he answered literally, "because, what with working at the office—" "Oh, I see! The tired business man!" The cat tucked its paws beneath itself, curled up in her lap, and went to sleep.

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.

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.

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She clasped her small hand around her knees. "She says—this was quite a while ago, after her parents died and she got all the money—that at first she 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 thought she was going to have some real friends."

Her head, outlined against the crackling flames, drooped as she told the story in a monotonous, unemotional tone.

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he slid softly through the door into the hall. Down its padded length he tiptoed; no one was in sight and the only signs of life were the shoes neatly placed outside the doors.

At the staircase he paused. "It was all right," he thought, relieved to be safely out. "Only I don't much like that—kind of thing."

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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 Sons About Women," a pamphlet which calls himself "The Widowed Physician," has made a list of the things he dislikes in girls.

Beware of girls who prefer to dress in purple or scarlet colors. Beware of girls who are heavily scented. Beware of the girl who is too obviously modest and demure.

Beware 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 young woman."

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.

Rocky Road to Knowledge. A man who was acting queerly about the rooms of the local library last week excited much comment.

Artificial Limbs of Metal. At St. Thomas' 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.

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?"

Do not force a child to be generous—that is, to give up his possessions unwillingly. Such a method is a great mistake, for it makes the child resentful, besides giving him an unbeneficial idea of a beautiful virtue.

Selfishness in a girl or boy approaching 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.

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 mother-eyes may be upon them.

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.

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