

Bellefonte, Pa., August 3, 1928.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use, As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said, And the baby cowered and wept; "Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled.

And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as a summer air, And the tones may break the heart.

Few words but come from the mind And grow by study and art; But the tones leap forth from the inner

And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not, Whether you mean or care, Gentleness, kindness, love and hate, Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrers avoid. And in peace and love rejoice, Keep anger not only out of your words, But keep it out of your voice. -Youth's Companion

ALLEY CAT.

Whether two writers should ever marry is a question. Perhaps if neither were sucessful it might work ish sense of being sent to his task. back of an ice wagon. We can't either out. The Jimmy S. Jenkses went He did not like the study, and he was of us afford to be smashed up now." along very well while Jimmy (Stough- not going to work at any one's orton Jenks) was writing plays that ders. Usually he slept most of the lament. "How can you make your were produced in transformed cellars afternoon. He had been working characters so gorgeously reckless and garges, the kind that critics call nights for so long that his sleep acbiting, relentless, macabre and that count was deeply overdrawn. When go in for cumulative horror, and Mrs. he woke up he wandered forlornly Jimmy (Alexandra Dalymple) was about the room, staring out at the selling only an occasional love story summer world with resentful eyes, to the women's magazines.

street, with an alcove for the bed and was not a spark of creation left in a recessed washstand that would hold him, and yet he stayed up there until father." a gas stove, though a curtain had to nearly suppertime. He must at least be whisked across if the janitor give an effect of not having entirely knocked, as cooking was not allowed. The shabby place was rich in human happiness, with Bunny Jenks develop-ing his leg muscles in the crib and Sandy scorching the dinner while she recorded an idea and Jimmy hurrying home from the office, his mind dripping gore and a woolly puppy for Bunny in his pocket. Jimmy worked half the night amid the dark passions of the underworld, stopping only to warm Bunny's last bottle if Sandy had fallen asleep. Any praise or money was pure job to both. They deposited their absurd earnings with a swelling sense that the cashier was a veiled baby carriage. Jimmy was a veiled baby carriage. Jimmy

brated, one good time per check. old; his second was a real tree, all of strode defiantly out and went down to three feet high, covered with every wander about the village or to take by the 10-cent store could devise. terprise, and he worked over it with as devout a seriousness as though he were planning their future.

It was all hours before Bunny could be torn away from it and deposited in his bed. Sandy had just made something of a hit herself with a Christmas story of a home that was drift- Jimmy loved her truly, and was horing on the rocks and was saved by a baby, Bunny, of course, and was feeling a bit cocklofty.

"You and Bunny are about the same age," she told him. "He is so desperate at being tied to him. good with you. Why on earth don't

the office!"

"Then I could write all the mornafternoons."

Every one knows that afternoon is that ever set a heroine to strangling her lover and hiding his body in the cistern, but there was a limit. After all, it was from one of his plays, "Al- life. ley Cat," that Cylvia Deane had sprung to fame. Another had come test, and a one-acter had been playtheatres. He had not exactly arrived,

that was noted with unfavorable com-

Then a household magazine offered a prize, a vast prize of \$5000, for the a prize, a vast prize of \$5000, for the best dog story, to be published as an antivivisection document. Sandy tried and she actually used Bunfor it, and she actually got into it a quality that set the whole continent to sniffling. The prize was only the beginning of what "Washing cars," Jimmy said, as his dream, grew angry, too, in his was Sandy, and he was moved, but he could not seem to show anything but she won. The story was spread out though it were the most natural thing quiet, hidden way. into a little book with puppy pictures in the world. "Is this yours? S. D. by the ton, and all the magazines that pretty good job by it?" cared about sweling hearts and wet

She did her best to make Jimmy written on her bright surface. give up the office, arguing it with more generosity than tact; she was of the spirit. "You are laying one earning enough now to take a house in the country with a yard for Bunny, get local color!"

"Well, I miss him." Jimmy moved "Well, but considering—!" It was to a chair, crossed his knees high. "I my made any money or not-they

would both be working.
"If any one thinks that bringing up Bunny isn't work-!" Sandy urged, to comfort his scruples.

Jimmy never argued it. He simply

man who came in to help but drove up by the office.

Sandy war-danced. In a week she ning. had them settled in a tiny furnished cottage with a big yard for Bunny and a quiet room upstairs for her

house I shan't even hear him.

"We're not going to have a servant on her every stage quali until I've got a solid little capital put and Sylvia Deane adored. by," she declared. Jimmy noted that she did not say, "Until we've got—" Sandy got breakfast, tubbed Bunny could have managed even that. Nothand made the beds, then ran joyously ing was difficult for him, nothing obto her study. By her program, Jimscure. my tidied the house and cooked their Sylv 1 o'clock dinner. Bunny, 3 years old now and wearing overalls, could be

in and out under his eye. Sandy came down to dinner when "That will give you just time to curtly, and was gone. he called her, cheeks blazing, eyes finish it," she said. "Send me a scen- The room on Sulli dopy with work. Sometimes she re- ario for Steinway as soon as you can. motely watched them, smiling her I wish you were going to be in town, hind the washstand curtain. great joy but unaware of what they so that we could get together on it." said. The meal over, she dragged "I am," said Jimmy, rising. He herself back to realities with a sigh was going to be anywhere that Sylthat was like the rushing of air from via Deane wanted. a collapsing balloon. Then she took hold gallantly, put Bunny down for drive you in. his nap, washed the dishes, sewed Jimmy ha and ironed.

idly turned over old manuscripts, They had a room down on Sullivan whittled a boat for Bunny. There slumped down on his wife. Sandy could be trusted not to ask questions so long as he came out with the old aborbed, secretive air. Work was a

> to Sullivan street had led him through slums and low neighborhoods where he got flashing glimpses of the underworld that so fascinated him.

Down here his walk led him through impressed, and conscientiously cele- came in as flatly empty as he went

long, dull, crowded trolley rides, but last, near tears, she pushed open the This was Jimmy's en- Sandy asked no question; she supposed he was walking a scene into shape,

as he often had done on city Sundays. faltered. One day he picked up a girl on a car and tried to flirt with her, but she borea him past bearing.

Sandy chose that night to tell him how gloriously her book was going. rified at the surge of hate that swept him. Their home was drifting on the rocks, and a baby could not save it. He never hated Bunny, but he grew Sandy deposited her earnings in a

you give up the office and take care joint account equally open to them both. Jimmy paid the bills and bal-Jimmy could only echo: "Give up anced the bankbook, so she did not know that he had never drawn one cent for himself. He ate her food, ing," Sandy explained. "I am going but she had forced that on him. When ahead so fast now; I've got to have he had only a little silver left he took grew frightened and watched at the more free time. And a good woman would cost nearly as much as you are part-time work washing automobiles earning. In this way you could get for a garage. It was easy to slip out in more writing time yourself," she of the house while Sandy was in the added graciously. "I would take him kitchen, though he had merely been for a brief walk.

Nothing short of illness or fire a stodgy time, of no use at all to a would make Sandy go to the study writer. Jimmy, who was sitting by door so long as it was shut. His the crib, holding Bunny's supper at a considerate slant, flushed up to his he gave a lurid version of his past wasn't any one to help me tow hair. He was the gentlest soul history to his fellow workers. There was a touch of drama in that. For concerned. He wanted to tell her so,

in next to the winner in a play con- very different from washing the glass and china in Sandy's home, and yet ed all over the country in the little in the garage he could swab and polish without resentment, even with enbut he was a long way from settling joyment. He was standing back,

flicker betrayed the shock of his dis-

"Sylvia Deane!" he said, happily,

"But what in the world are you dowaggling down the margins and sold of course it is. Haven't I done a mer."

Sylvia was thinking, swiftly, visieyes were after Alexandra Dalrymple. bly; all her mental processes were him. "I know!" She got it with a pounce

> "Sh!" he cautioned her, glancing an outraged cry. over his shoulder. She was delighted with her own paid for everything.

"Make a quick change and come to didn't mean that—"

The contract was stiff in his pocket, "Well, it is that, isn't it? Coming but he did not want to tell. "Oh, "Well, it is that, isn't it?"

"Well, it is that, isn't it?" my cottage for tea," she commanded. I want to hear about this new play." here was your doing—I don't like it, yes. I'll have something—pretty

her raving crazy. She was at the ley Cat. Do me something like that terrupted. bursting point when Jummy, burning and I will get it on." Her nod re- "Get w the candle at both ends and dazed minded him that she was a different back to town.' with weariness, was summarily given person from the unkown girl of his semi-amateur, special-matinee begin-

In the five minutes of his change Jimmy took a flying dive through all my rose.

I must have been the nebulous ideas that dwelt in the "You can afford to hire a woman you—feel like that."

"Oh that's all right that a sum of the nebulous ideas that dwelt in the "You can afford to hire a woman you—feel like that." study.

Side for the nebulous ideas that dwelt in the back of his head, came up with a like-for your house. And you won't have "Oh, that's all right—I was probhome. Bunny kicking in the crib and working," she pointed out. "If you center and put in a wild and daring your work. Not that you have paid ferent—about that." His tone put wrote down an idea! on her every stage quality that he

but gave no sign. A woman came en weeks of cold-blooded effort. She have had all of this 'my-house' busione day a week, washing in the morndid not remember to ask him where ness that I'll stand."

must face truth naked and make final
decisions.

Sylvia was ablaze. She was about to rehearse a tame, distinguished, in imploringly, but with outraged au- starving had rushed over her. tellectual thing that in her opinion thority. would not last four Broadway weeks.

"I'm going back tomorrow. I could

Jimmy had gauged Slyvia's tech-

talk, play, and you would run into the grass invited. She lifted her voice in protesting

"Well, I'm husband and father-it makes you good and careful." "Oh-are you?" She enacted acute disappointment.

"Wasn't I always?" "Husband, perhaps-certainly not

"That's so, Bunny hadn't arrived then." His hand went toward his breast pocket, but she stopped him. "No. I don't care to see his or her picture. It is as an artist that you stir me, not as a papa." Their eyes laughed together over the joke of his stirring her, her hands curled about his. "Now don't disappoint me, mon

artiste, and be quick about it." 'Chain lightning," he promised, and rode a winged trolley car home, an hour past suppertime. His heart ran Sandy. All was well between them; the sulky weeks were wiped arettes and plug cut all the afternoon, out. It didn't matter who paid anything, and he loved owing his glorious chance to her. Splendid Sandy! Side

by side, neither towing on behind! There was no shadow of trouble until Bunny's second Christmas tree.
His first had been merely a flowerpot
His first had been merely a flowerpot go to Jimmy with it, but her nerves ed walks among the daisies and butwere over-wrought and she could not study door.

"I have to bother you, Jimmy," she No Jimmy was there. She waited awhile, then tied her bandage with years, finally worded it for him. teeth and left hand and lay down to wait for him. Presently a smell of scorching took her running to the kitchen, where the electric iron, left turned on, had already wrecked the ironing board and might have burned up the house. Sandy began to be an-

As the afternoon wore on, and Bunny made demands, and her hand throbbed, she grew angrier and an-grier. Jimmy had no buisness to go off without a word! And stay all the afternoon! She worked and slaved and no one had any consideration for grew frightened and watched at the window. Then the sight of him, returning cheerful and undamaged, roused her to fury.

down into a baby nurse.

He made no answer, but that night he worked until morning instead of till midnight. And the next after-till midnight. And the next after-till midnight. And the next after-till midnight was standing back, chamois in his grimy hand, to admire then, when you could be of some use, you're gone. Where were you?"

"I have been over in Westbridge ton Jenks!"

"I have been over in Westbridge telling Sylvia Deane about an idea for the was standing back, chamois in his grimy hand, to admire then, when you could be of some use, you're gone. Where were you?"

"I have been over in Westbridge telling Sylvia Deane about an idea for the was standing back, chamois in his grimy hand, to admire his shining headlights when a high voice spoke at his side: "Well, Stoughtell with the worked until morning instead of the worked until morning inste er. "I take all the responsibility, and Jimmy could hide anything; not a dicker betrayed the shock of his disput it on if the new play doesn't go." came in, closing the door. "Been here Sandy was not mollified. "They allong?" he asked, laying his hat on the

"Not working this summer?" Sandy rose up on one elbow to look at him. "What do you mean?" "Oh, I've sat up in that beastly room but I can't work in the after-

She was shocked, ashamed.

wouldn't. Nor would he move to an apartment. Sandy struggled on with her one room and alcove and a wo
"You can give me an idea of it. I wasn't cut out for a general houseworker, anyway."

"You can give me an idea of it. I suppose I can get a cook," Sandy "No, but I'll get something at the limit to hear about this new play.

"Oh, it isn't quite in shape—" he was your doing—I don't like It, yes. I'll have something—pretty and I can't work. I wasn't cut out for soon. By the way, you haven't dined, have you?"

"You can give me an idea of it. I

never had a part I loved as I did Al- began in a martyred tone, but he in- station," Sandy said, in a hurried,

book not finished-no help with my

any to me-but you do have to go her off. Anger could not have In that swift hour over her tea tatogether again, Sandy, it's going to He was in terror of crashing through thing on the floor under the alcove
ble he produced what would have takbe 'our house'—remember that. I into some bleak reality where they curtain, a black object no larger than

"I can just make a train," he said

The room on Sullivan street was empty and the gas stove lurked be-

He awoke at noon to a swelling sense of Syl- freedom. He was back! Where he dered about the crazy streets, grimy "Now you are absolutely free. No one will go near the study," she assured him.

"Now you are absolutely free. No that separated her cottage from the spread knees, children jumped in the stream from a hydrant, men dozed on great soul conscious of sin might have stream from a hydrant, men dozed on great soul conscious of sin might have that knows heaven. To Jimi

Jimmy dined at a Greek hole in a when you're such a good, careful lit- off at his table, a pile of manuscript

under his hands. The next day he sent Sandy a postal telling where he was "in case of need." Much she needed him! She was like the female spider, who comfortably swallows her mate when he has played his part. She would not manding a plain answer: Can you ask you—" care whether he were there or not, have your cake and eat it, too? But His arms were about her, his wet

Bunny. He introduced a child into the new play. There were only a few States glimpses of a new splendor in Sandy; that made trouble about child actors. male revolt against bondage had to Besides, a small girl could easily play put down an upwelling of fatherhood. a litle fellow of 5 or 6 on the road. The youngster brought in a valuable complication.

The next day Jimmy got part-time work with a tobacconist, and sold cigwith the elevated roaring outside and his soul singing the joy of freedom and creation. A 50-cent dinner in a back yard hung with clothesline sent him hurrying home to his work as

once he hurried home to his love. In the weeks that followed Jimmy made a curious discovery. Those hattercups, the bored wanderings in the ne exasperating care of Bunny, had done something to his art. Something amazingly good. He felt it take possession and let it have its way. Steinway, who had been considering and rejecting his plays for "You've got kinder human," he said.

"The drama's there, all right, but there's heart in it now, and it isn't so grubby. My boy, I think this will go. I'm willing to take a chance on it,

anyhow." Jimmy signed his contract with an unmoved face, pocketed his \$500 advance on royalties and crushed an impulse to run to Sandy and Bunny She would probably remind him that plays usually fail, or show him some vast check for serial rights. She was evidently quite satisfied to be without

him-she had not answered his postal. So he took Sylvia Deane to lunch at the most exotic place in town and sunned himself in her joy. She had scored a personal success in her new play—the play itself was roasted but she never grew cocklofty or open-"Look here, Jimmy—I don't ask much of you," she began in a hard, masterful tone, "but I do think you little place, exotic in color, exquisite might be on hand when there's trou- in its detail. Sylvia had never known ble. I got a frightful burn, and the poverty as Jimmy and Sandy knew house nearly burned up, and there it. Even in the days of "Alley Cat"

she had lived delicately, had the es-Jimmy was dreadfully sorry and sential luxuries. the first time in blank weeks Jimmy's imagination was showing signs of life.

He did things well with his hands. Washing a fancy coupe was not so Washing the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his stayed till it was time to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the theatre, then walked home with the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal kiss on his to take Sylvia to the part of the little boy; and he found her maternal k They tried out a new scene, Jimyou want any. I've put Bunny to a slight lift of the head to show how bed-I've done everything. As usu- his pulses were galloping. The driftal!" The flaming grievance of the ing home was very near the rocks. afternoon mounted higher and high-

not manage the situation at all. This "I haven't been working this sum- a blank surface. He sat on a table corner and lit a cigarette. "And how's Bunny?"

"Well. Splendid. He sent you his noon. You couldn't yourself—that misses you."
was why you gave it to me." "Well, I miss him." Jimmy moved

"Yes—considering that you had is your hand?" She showed it. "All right. Not "I even a scar. Is work—going?"
The contract was stiff in his pocket,

"No, but I'll get something at the on his son.

ed, laughing, loving-Jimmy piled up through the motions of admitting out for a moment against a humble he marveled. that I'm here. I am going back Sandy, but the glamour of the afterwhere I belong. And when we come noon was a solid wall between them. fore he went out, but there was some-

"Oh, plenty," he said, with a show and lifted—one of Bunny's shoes. of heartiness. "I shall have good For a moment it seemed like so news very soon. I suppose your work supernatural sign, and it wrung him is booming?"

simply gave him a long, somber look, tion. In the dawn he fell asleep and as though she had forgotten what he awoke at noon to a swelling sense of meant by her work, and closed the —widespread, boneless, a very jelly door between them. He started to of sleep. Sandy's coat was thrown belonged! All the afternoon he wan- follow, to escort her properly to her over him; Sandy herself, sitting on dered about the crazy streets, grimy train, but empty forms were impos- the bed beside him, had sunk down on with soot, greasy with August heat, sible over that last look. There was her arm, and slept as heavily. The steaming with the smells of alien no anger in it, no reproach, no de- dim light showed her face all exposnique with a car in the five mirutes lives. Babies lay half naked on wide- mand, no failure of courage, no com- ed, young, tragic, beaten. Beside the stream from a hydrant, men dozed on great soul conscious of sin might have Perhaps once in a man's life he

For three dreadful days Jimmy man to come in. Bunny would miss stark outlines of his situation. Mists knew the truth: "I was coming to you emotion came with the thought of vivid desire of the body fought the Wilbor Tompkins. vivid desire of the body fought the aching desire of the soul; against Sylvia's charm came reluctant

Sunday afternoon Sylvia came afunmade, and the dishes of a dreary high heels. lunch strewed the table. He had gone That doe little pail of garbage, leaving the door Angeles.

ajar, so Sylvia walked in and stood More than 100 girl students are looking about her, as out of place as wearing low-heeled shoes, which, it street. There was time to see every- of a woman's calves. thing, shabby male garments on a These figures were revealed by a chair, old boots on the floor, the stain- survey of the women's physical edued gas stove on the stained wash- cation department. stand, and a tin pot of coffee boiling "We carefully check each incoming by Bunny's little grabbing hand and Cubberly, of the phyical education dethe syrup jug. Sandy had scrubbed in vain at that spot. Then Jimmy "Not only are high heels detrimencame in, collarless and unshaven, carrying his mean little pail.

the rescue. "Hello, Sylvia," he said cheerfully, posture." and put down the pail as composedly his overalls.

Sylvia's very color seemed dimmed. The shock of the room veiled her co-eds in good shape. eyes, made her brightly garrulous.
"I thought you had died on us. Where have you been all these days?" awaits them—the necessity of wearshe chattered. "You got my notes, ing long skirts as a beauty measure, because they're all over the room—"
"Like everything else," he put in. "Usually I'm quite tidy, Sylvia. You caught me on an off day."

Her glance shuddered away from his surroundings, yet had to avoid his unkempt person. Squalor on the stage had thrilled her as the underworld had thrilled Jimmy, but in real life she was as aloof from it as he was from brawny sin.

"Well, I only ran down for a moward the door. "Steinway says we'll begin rehearsing next week. This is so far from the theatre-why don't you live uptown?"

room. After all, it had been his home, heated debates of the conference, in

She wanted to be kind. "You will get over that when the play has made you rich and famous. You must have a nice place and give me lovely par-She was trying to recapture the mood of the last time; her bright nod promised that they would get it back, once he had emerged from this changeling atmosphere.

"What were you doing in that garage?" she asked. "Washing cars," he said placidly.
"Earning a little extra money." She gave him a strained smile. "You won't have to do that any more," she consoled him, and made

Jimmy slowly and methodically put his room and his person in order. He mists of confusion were gone, and he in co-operation with the State highcould not seem to show anything but every corner of his life. To Sylvia he standards for warning signs to be was outcast, malodorous; she would used throughout the country. never forget that revelation, never love." Whatever Sandy felt it was no bloodless, supercivilized, meant the bility. Hazards will be indicated by longer wrath. She gave him Bunny's end of glamour for him. A woman signs which will be uniform in all love with an oddly subdued air. "He must be real, as Sandy was real. Cap- States and which will plainly indicate able of going down on her knees and the kind and degree of danger. scrubbing; seeing disorder and shab-

> repulsed Sandy, shut her out when erecting these standard she came with all her big heart open signs, and other States have signified and humbled; he had turned his back their intention of doing the same.—

egan in a martyred tone, but he instation," Sandy said, in a hurried, gentle voice. "I just wanted to see if you were—all right." She dragged the night he walked the streets, blind herself to her feet. "And I want to apologize, Jimmy." She was nervous about it, fumbling with her coat and hat. "I have only just found out that welcomed him like a kind old nurse.

He drank the chilled coffee to save it, and so could not even sleep. Half the night he walked the streets, blind to their drama, consumed in his own pain. He came in bodily exhausted, and the place that Sylvia had scorned welcomed him like a kind old nurse. you never drew a cent for yourself. He stood looking about, his hand still I must have been a beast to make on the light, his heart breaking in his

"Was there ever a fool like me?" He had produced perfect order beust face truth naked and make final the palm of his hand. Jimmy approached it cautiously half expecting it to run. The more he stared the He stalked into their room, and the banged door forbid her to follow. Ten minutes later he came out with a packed bag.

"You—have money? You are not hard up?" She had to ask that. He ing at a child's stubby little fat shoe could see how a panic vision of him with an ankle strap. His hand went out to touch it, to dispel the illusion and lifted—one of Runny's shoes.

For a moment it seemed like some with longing. Then, looking past the She did not answer that at all. She alcove curtain, he found the explana-

newspapers wherever a square of accepted judgment with just that knows heaven. To Jimmy, soiled, battered, homesick, ashamed, this gen-Jimmy dined at a Greek hole in a wall and went back drunk with black coffee. No sodden country sleep for him! The old fires were leaping in 'My house.' "He tried to whip up bed and hid his face. Presently he had a fire himself for felt her stirr then start but he could "Oh, I'm imagining things," Jim- erous impulse of loving hearts, runthe old anger and so free himself for felt her stir, then start, but he could the new joy, but everything was spoil- not look up. What she had to say ed. Even his contract.

sulked in his tent. Sylvia's notes and go like this. Take me into your home, "Jimmy, I had to. We can't let it telegrams and Sandy's deep silence Jimmy, and let me try again. Withequally tore at him. Life was resolvout you—there's nothing. We will go ing itself into a plain proposition, de- if you don't want us, but we had to

Jimmy was in no mood to see the cheek was against hers. Suddenly he Wilbor Tompkins.

Shapeless Legs Due to Wearing High Heels.

Recently Dr. Charles Mayo, vacater him. Jimmy, usually the neatest tioning declared that women were losof men, had left the bed in the alcove ing their calves through the use of

That doesn't bother the co-eds of down to the janitor's kitchen with his the University of California at Los

her shining car was in the dingy is asserted, contribute to the beauty

over; the black ceiling and peeling co-ed as to her posture and the type wallpaper, the spot on the rug made of shoes she wears," said Miss Hazel

tal to a girl's feet, but to her general health. Most of our girls wear sensible rescue firm, steady steps and maintain good

Corrective exercises and participaas he had once wiped a grimy hand on tion in such sports as tennis, hockey and archery also are resorted to for

> Those few co-eds who cling to high heels are warned that a dreadful fate

Methodists Would Banish Military Training.

In order to convince its youth that war is not inevitable, and that nations can arbitrate their differences, the United States must cease its policy of military training in educational institutions, seems to be the con-census of the Methodist Episcopal ment. I wanted to be sure that you church in general conference at Kansas City recently.

The conference vigorously protested further appropriations by Con-gress for extending the naval cruiser building program past next year. which advocates of preparedness pointed out that the Methodist church was opposing an established Government policy, which requires that military training be given at land grant

educational institutions. "If that be so, let us recall that the United States Government is not the master, but the servant of the people," thundered Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Boston University and chairman of the committee on state and the church. Dr. Marsh closed the debate with a stirring denunciation of "militarism" in the United States as "unchristian."

Uniform Signs Make for Highway

Safety. An important step to promote highway safety was recently taken by the was not ashamed, not even angry; the United States bureau of public roads saw with a lucid clearness that lit up way departments, in adopting uniform

The motorist will no longer be conagain want him in her scented life. fused by a multiplicity of signs of And this revelation of her, artificial, various designs and degrees of legi-

The new signs make use of a sysbiness as normal human states, not tem of different shapes, thereby inshrinking away from something four. creasing their value at night. The Sylvia had no more substance than shape indicates the degree of hazard a painted gauze curtain. And in his and if the motorist cannot read the befuddled folly he had let that shadow legend, the shape will tell him the come between him and the flesh-and degree of caution required. Twenty blood reality that was Sandy. He had States are now actually engaged in Scienitfic American.