THE YELLOW MASK

By CHARLES N. HOOD

(@ by Short Story Pub. Co.)

THE cleverness of Lemuel C. Loomis was ingenuity raised to a very high power, and if he had any local rival it was certainly his ingenious helpmeet, Lucinda L. Loomis, born Laurence. When they were married the groom had reached his fifty-second year and the bride had bidden farewell to the frivolous thirties.

As nothing will develop a latent talent for labor-saving devices more thoroughly or impart a more intimate knowledge of one's own peculiar traits than living alone, the couple entered upon their new experience unusually well equipped in both these respects, and their house-hunting was rendered both easier and more difficult. They examined a great number of houses in their little village, and made the real estate agents a great deal of trouble, but they knew so well what would and what would not answer their purposes, that they were able to give prompt and decided decisions after one inspection.

Finally the choice narrowed down to two houses, at about the same price. Each was three squares from the church which they attended and four from the post office, and the interior arrangements of both were, in the main, satisfactory. Each, however, had one great defect. The house on Locust street had no hall, the front door opening directly into the sitting room, while the Elm street dwelling, with an ample hallway, had neither a bathroom nor any space that could be converted into one.

"Which shall it be, Lucinda?" "What do you think, Lemuel?"

"I would much rather that you would say, my dear."

"And I should prefer that you should

decide, darling." "Well, then, without either of us deciding it," said Mr. Loomis, diplomat-Ically, "let us each write our opinion on a piece of paper, and exchange them."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Loomis. Mr. Loomis unfolded his wife's opinion with much curiosity and read: "I have always said I would never

live in a house which did not have a front hall." Mrs. Loomis read on her husband's

slip: "It has always seemed to me that if I were building a house, I'd build a first-class bathroom, and with what money I had left build the best house

I could around it." Both laughed heartily and rose with one accord to give the houses another

"It would be pretty hard to build a hall on that Locust street house," said Mr. Loomis.

"But by building an addition on the west side of the Elm street house," replied Mrs. Loomis, "we could have a nice bathroom, without much cost, and build it when we can best afford to."

Mr. Loomis complimented his wife on this happy solution of the difficulty, and before night had secured a deed to the Elm street property. Then he figured a little and said:

"I don't think we can afford to build the addition this year, and I dislike to perform my ablutions in a washtub

"Oh, I have thought that all out," replied Mrs. Loomis, smiling, "and I have such a nice idea. We will buy a handsome tub-just such as we will want for our new bathroom-and set It up back of the kitchen range. There needn't be any plumbing, except the exhaust pipe, for it will be so close to the range that one can dip the hot water from that, and by turning the top of the rain-water pump in the sink around, cold water can be pumped directly into the tub. We can have a nice broad shelf on hinges to let down ankles. He reached down and grasped over the tub, and that will make a it. splendid kitchen table, and nobody need ever know that there is a tub there."

While this ingenious arrangement would have been very inconvenient for some families, it was perfectly suitable for the Loomis menage, free from even a kitchenmaid. Down behind the range proved an exceedingly cozy. warm spot in which to take a leisurely bath. The new tub was a beauty, and when the broad shelf, practically amounting to a folding table, was dropped down over it, supported by two swinging legs at the right height for a work bench, Mrs. Loomis said it was the most convenient for washing dishes on that she had ever seen, and it was not at all uncommon for Mr. Loomis to assist her in that employment, that their Sunday forenoons and all their evenings might be longer.

Mr. Loomis was a member of the village board of trustees, which held its sessions on Saturday evenings, and it was his custom, on returning from these meetings, to enjoy a thorough. leisurely bath before retiring. Then he had the kitchen all to himself and could take his time.

One particular Saturday night the village council had held such a protracted sitting that it was actually Sunday morning when Mr. Loomis stole into the kitchen, swung up the portable table, and as silently and rapidly as possible filled the tub. A flood of moonlight came in through the windows, and he did not trouble to light the gas, but was soon soaking placidly in the warm and comfortable bath.

chase of a road roller had wearled Mr. Loomis considerably, and while reviewing the arguments as he lay in the tub, he fell asleep. This he himself denies, asserting that he heard the first touch of the burglar's hands on the window fastening. This latter statement there is no means of controverting, but it is positively known that Mr. Loomis did not enter the kitchen later than a quarter past twelve o'clock, that the intruder's presence was not observed much before two, and that it had never before taken Mr. Loomis an hour and threequarters to bathe.

However, when he did hear the fumbling at the fastening, his first impulse was to leap from the tub and repulse the invader. His second thought was merely to flee. What he did, in the excitement of the moment, was to reach upward, grasp the swing shelf and pull it down just as he heard the kitchen window gently raised.

Either the water had cooled a great many degrees since he entered it, or else Mr. Loomis was very much frightened (he leaned toward the former theory), or the two reasons combined to cause such a shiver that it was with difficulty that he prevented an alarming swashing in the bath. Peering cautiously over the rim of the tub, he shivered more violently than before. A man was crawling through the window. The moon had now nearly gone down, but the solid black silhouette indicated a rogue of monstrous size. The suspense was horrible,

Before the intruder dropped quietly to the floor he shot a tiny searching ray of light into every corner, and the head of Mr. Loomis slid out of sight as a startled turtle slips off a log. In an agony of apprehension the householder heard the burglar tiptoe across to the pantry and back. Waiting as long as he could restrain his curiosity and alarm, he again peered cautiously between the table-shelf and the tub

The burglar was sitting in the middle of the room, with his back toward Mr. Loomis. By the faint light of the tiny lantern he could not see what the man was doing, and wriggled a little higher up. As he moved his feet there was a slight disturbance in the water, and Mr. Loomis realized only too well what it meant. Pending the permanent location of the bathtub, he had, with his accustomed ingenuity, utilized a large cork as an exhaust plug, and this, loosened by his foot, had bobbed to the surface. The water was running out rapidly. When it was nearly all out the exhaust would make a hideous, gurgling wall, startling the burglar, Mr. Loomis would be discovered, and in his helplessness probably murdered.

He fumbled wildly for the cork, but it eluded every clutch, and he dared not make a noise. He tried to check the flow of the water by inserting his toes in the orifice, but this only slightly delayed the end. Nothing could stop the water-his moments were

Discovery being inevitable, it was better to be prepared for defense, he thought, before the alarm from the exhaust pipe came. As quietly as possible he pushed the shelf upward on its well-oiled hinges. Fortunately, it made no noise. He rose slowly on his benumbed limbs and stood upright in the tub. The water was getting lower and lower and he had but a moment to

decide upon a plan of action. He could now see the burglar, who was engaged in devouring a lemon ple, a sort which Mrs. Loomis made especially well, and of which Mr. Loomis was particularly fond, and which had been intended for their Sunday dinner. It was as yellow as gold, and topped with a beautiful, thick, frothy meringue. If the blood of Mr. Loomis had not been so chilled, it would have boiled at the sight of the rough-looking robber wrecking this masterpiece of pastry, and feeding with a knife at that.

The time for action had come. Mr. Loomis felt around for a weapon, but could find none. He was in despair. The last wave of the retiring water floated the big bath sponge against bis

As he straightened up with it poised in his hand, he was dismayed to hear a light step on the back stairs-Mrs. Loomis was descending to see why he had not come to bed. It was a fearful crisis. At that very moment the bathtub exhaust emitted a ghastly, gurgling groan, followed by a sucking, swirling shriek.

The very worst had come, and Mr. Loomis, steadled by a realization of the critical situation, raised the saturated sponge with careful aim, and let it fly. With a soggy swash it struck the burglar squarely in the back of the neck, forcing the villainous face violently into the center of the lemon pie, to the very bottom of the dish.

When the burglar's countenance was withdrawn it wore a mask of yellow fringed with frothy white, from which two beady eyes protruded with a horrible stare. They fell upon the open doorway of the back stairs, where a plump matron in snowy white just then sat forcibly down upon the bottom step, still clinging to a smoking lamp, whose shattered chimney fell

upon the floor. Then, as they turned in the direction from which the cold, paralyzing missile had come, and beheld the stark form of Mr. Loomis, their owner gave utterance to a cry very like that just emitted by the bathtub, and disappeared through the open window. The clock struck two.

Fountain Pen Production

By the use of a newly perfected machine 1,000 fountain-pen barrels are A heated discussion over the pur- I turned out every minute.





THE MAGIC EAR MUFFS

"D ON'T go any farther, Ranny," screamed Polly Parrot, "or you'll step on it! Goodness, Mr. Cheerups, I was so frightened! Please excuse me for not saying good morning, but my friend Ranny Rhino nearly kicked over your house a minute ago. He really couldn't help it, though. You see, his eyesight is very bad."

"I'm glad to see you both," cried Cheerups, looking out of his door and waving his hand in greeting. "It's a fine morning, Ranny!

"Yes, it is, sir, thank you, sir," stammered Ranny, who was a little confused by Polly's screams. "It really



Ranny Rhino Began to Dance and Frisk About With Joy.

wasn't my fault that I almost crushed your house. That's just what I came to see you about."

"Well, I'll admit that it is a bit upsetting to be nearly stepped on," said Cheerups, smiling, "but I am sure you didn't do it on purpose, Ranny.' "Oh, no indeed, sir, really I didn't,"

exclaimed Ranny, "I am not ill-natured if I am not hurt, and I am quite shy, though you might not believe it." "Something ought to be done for such a good boy, it seems to me," said Cheerups, nodding his topknot merrily. "Now if your hearing were very sharp, it wouldn't matter so much about your eyesight, would it? Quickear, Quickear! Where is that young scamp, I wonder? Oh, there you are;

that's good! Hurry with the Magic Ear Muffs!" and Quixie Quickear struggled up, dragging a pair of ear muffs almost as large as himself. "Now fit the ear muffs on our friend,

Mr. Rhino," said Cheerups. along to see who the callers were, and Softfoot looked at Quickear. How to do it,-that was the question. Suddenly Softfoot whispered something to Quickear and up the tree they both scrambled, quick as a flash, pulling the great ear muffs after them. Then from an overhanging bough they dropped the Magic Ear Muffs right down on Ranny Rhino's gars.

Ranny was startled, most dreadfully startled, but he wanted to be polite, because he knew Cheerups was trying to help him. So he tried to look pleasant and his smile grew and grew until it was so wide and alarming that the Quixies thought he was splitting in two. Even Cheerups drew a

little nearer to the shelter of his

"Now, shake them off, Mr. Rhino!" called Quickear and Softfoot from the tree top. And Ranny, with a mighty toss of his head, sent the Magic Ear Muffs flying into the bushes.

"After this," said Cheerups gleefully, "you will have no trouble with your hearing and it won't make so much difference about your eyes." Ranny Rhino began to dance and frisk about with joy. He looked so like a brown barrel trying to be lively that the Quixies giggled. But his heart was light if his footsteps weren't.

"I want to try my ears right away." he cried. "I believe I could hear the rustle of a butterfly's wing. Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; I'm so grateful! I'll take you to the finest sugar-cane plantation in Africa any time you want to go. It's just delicious! Or maybe you would like bamboo better." "Not today, thank you, Ranny."

laughed Cheerups. "But come and see us again soon!" "All right, sir, I will. Good-by, everybody!" and Ranny Rhino trudged away into the jungle, prick-

ing up his ears and listening as he (@ by Little, Brown & Co.)

Theodore Kosloff



Theodore Kosloff, popular actor in the "movies," was born in Moscow, Russia. He was educated in the Imperial ballet school, Moscow and Petrograd, (now Leningrad). He was trained in music, dancing and painting. He is 5 feet 91/2 inches in height and weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Previous to entering the pictures he spent 15 years on the stage as a dancer.

cis. Clarice was the next step in the

evolution and named the wife of

novel Clarissa, all other forms were

abandoned and Clarissa became the

Curiously enough, the name was re-

imported into France as Clarisse, in

imitation of Richardson-the earlier

while Clarissa flourished in England,

popularity here has never been dis-

puted, but she is regarded as a whole-

reigning favorite of the hour.

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Elderly Wives Preferred

Judge T. G. Allen, who has been probite judge of Chase county for the last seven years, during which time he has issued licenses for and married hundreds of couples, has observed a peculiar fact with reference to Mexican couples who come to his court for matrimonial purposes, says the Topeka Capital. He has found that in the maority of cases Mexican bridegrooms bring to the marriage altar brides who are older in years than the grooms themselves. That trait is not noticeable in any other nationality, the judge finds, as in the big majority of cases the bridegrooms are older than the brides. Just why the Mexicans should prefer a wife older is not quite clear, at least to this matrimonial court.

Topping Him Off He-Won't you sit in this chair?

She-After you.-Washington Cougar's Paw.

By MILDRED MARSHALL-Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

CLARISSA

CLARISSA is purely a literary name in origin, though it enjoys every-"clarus," meaning "bright or clear." near Rouen.

The first feminine of the name was formed in Italy where Chiara appeared as the title of a disciple of St. Fran-

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

WHILE there are children round about, With singing romp, and Their cheeks aglow with all the wealth
Of endless stores of joyous health. And laughter sounding on the As though the world were free from care, matter in what clouds I

And go ahead and do my bit Rejoicing that I live in it.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Lorenzo de Medici. This latter was imported to England by ear and spelled by them Clarisse. But when the great Richardson called the heroine of his

day usage. With the interesting significance of "rendering famous," it dates back to the old Latin adjective St. Clarus was the first bishop of Nantes in Brittany in A. D. 280; another famous Clarus was a hermit

origin being naively overlooked. Meanher greatest vogue occurring during the reign of "precise" literature. Her

> some, every-day title, and her literary ancestry has almost been forgotten. The diamond is Clarissa's talismanic

CH!LDREN day is her lucky day and 2 her lucky

grope I'll find the earth a sphere of

gem. It will bring her many admirers and a successful marriage, according to an old superstition. Thurs-

(by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) BBREVIATED

THE BEAMING STRANGER

=STORY

WITH a dull thud, Celluloid Mac-

"What's the good of everything? What's the use of anything?" he reflected cynically. "Nobody cares a shucks for anybody else in this world. Not a soul takes the slightest Interest in me. Who cares whether I do or whether I don't? Nobody. I could go and drown myself from the nearest lamp-post and nobody would even stop to ask who made the splash! What's the use of everything? What's the good of anything?"

At that moment a beaming stranger approached him with outstretched hand, exclaiming.

"Well, well! Isn't this Celluloid MacCollar of the class of '99? Well, well! This is a pleasure and a privilege and an undiluted joy! Well, well, more wells! I'm sure you don't remember me. Perhaps you never even saw me, but I was in the class below you and I used to see you often going to and from about the campus. And I assure you this chance meeting fills me with jubilation, ecstasy and boundless rapture!" Celluloid MacCollar shook the proffered hand fervently.

"How do you do!" he exclaimed. "You restored my faith in human nature, sir! How are you? I was never so glad to see anyone, I assure you. Folks all well?"

"Yes, thanks," replied the other heartily. "As for myself, I've gone into life insurance, and I trust I can interest you in-"

"Squolxbb!" howled MacCollar, and leaped unavailingly in front of seven automobiles (by George Matthew Adams.)

Measure of the Great

Great men are the ambassadors of Providence sent to reveal to their felw men their unknown selves. There

s something about them better than yeomen, able seamen, engineers and they do or say. If measured at all, one thing and another, and now the they are to be measured in the responsive action of what others do or say. They come and go, in part a mystery, in part the simplest of all exguide patiently. "His duty is—" perience, the compelling influence of "Oh, I know," interrupted the girl. truth. They leave no successor. The perlence, the compelling influence of The cox'n crows the reveille, doesn't heritage of greatness descends to the people.-Calvin Coolidge

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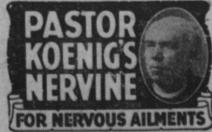
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By H. IRVING HE WHY SUPERSTITIONS

TWIN FRUIT

To FIND a twin fruit—that is, apples, pears, etc., grown together so as to form one mass-or to run across a fruit which has two stones when it should have but one, is held to be an omen of good luck by the superstitious both in this country and in Europe. This superstition would appear to be an echo of the cult of Apollo and his twin sister, Artemis.



representative of the twin god and goddess. Apollo represented the beneficent and life-giving powers of the sun-that which ripens fruit-and his twin was also a deity of light, but connected with the moon, the source of all moisture, which caused fruit to flourish and mature. Apollo was a mighty protector of mortals from all evil and Artemis profected from danger and pestilence. In one of her many forms Artemis is the patroness of fruits and grain and pastoral pursuits while Apollo protected from insects and animals which destroyed the products of the fields and orchards. Therefore it is easy to see why a freak of nature like a twin fruit or a double-seeded fruit should have been regarded by the ancients as a-manifestation of the beavenly twins and an omen of good luck to the finder. (@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

She Knew

One of the biggest attractions to the middle westerner who comes out here is the visit to the battleships, some of which are always to be seen at San Diego, says the Los Angeles Times. Many of these visitors have never before seen the ocean, let alone a battleship, but for some reason they do not like to let this fact be known. Thus it was with the fair young thing who was being shown about by a saflor. He had explained about pretty girl pointed out another man whose insignia was different.

"That's the coxs'n," explained her