

## STARS TIRE OF BEING IN ONE PLACE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARTHA BURNS clamped down the last jar cover and placed the jar with the others on the kitchen table. Fourteen quarts of canned blackberries constituted her whole afternoon's work. It was a hot afternoon, too, and the small kitchen smelled of sweet fruit and reeked with steam. She dropped down upon the edge of a chair to rest a moment before mopping the floor.

She was tired from the top of her gray head to the soles of her small shabby feet. But it was less bodily fatigue she felt than that soul heaviness which crushes with its deadly oppression. The sight of the fruit, visible through the glass containers sickened her. She felt that she would never live to eat those blackberries after all her efforts to pick and preserve them. Not that it mattered. She was tired enough to rest—even on the slope of the hill where they had laid Henry three years before.

Everything had changed with Henry's going. Almost before she had regained her balance George, her son, had married Mildred Pease, a nice girl, although she had never thought much of the Peases as a family. Then nothing would do but George must buy the place. She had been astonished at his offer. "But it will be yours, sometime," she had said gently. "But I want it now," George had replied. "Well, take it now," she had returned. The papers had been drawn and signed. With a stroke of the pen she had given away her home before she was through with it.

What was it old Mrs. Hoyt had said—"Your son's your son till he gets him a wife?" She had laughed at it. George was George. If she had failed it was not altogether her fault. George wasn't like Henry in any particular. He was like—he was like her own brother Jim, who had given them all so much trouble. Strange that he should have been like Jim instead of Henry. She had never been able to account for it.

As soon as she signed that paper she ceased to be mistress in her old home. But she had expected that. Mildred was younger, with newer, brighter ways. She had not, however, expected what had actually happened—that gradually her position should be shifted until she was doing most of the work without either praise or pay.

Her room, that little north chamber where George had been born, the porch with the crimson rambler which Henry had planted, they were worth any price, even so big a price as she was paying. She couldn't go away and leave what she had cherished so long. Her home! But it was also Mildred's home. Mildred had had the rooms repapered, had had a partition taken out, a window changed here, a door there. Every alteration had pained her until the doctor, whom she had at last been obliged to consult, had told her bluntly that her heart wasn't going to stand much more wear and tear, even if her body held-out, with the work she was doing.

It was growing dark in the kitchen. She arose and got mop pail and mop from the closet and began to clean the floor. Mildred was very particular about her linoleum, although she seldom cleaned it herself. Tired as she was, Martha slighted no crevice or corner. The varnish shone when she had finished. Save for the group of jars on the table there was no sign of her having toiled there the whole afternoon.

She had only her own supper to get, for George and Mildred had taken advantage of a holiday to go for a trip in their new car. Yet somehow she did not care for food. Even tea did not tempt her. What she really needed was to go out and sit on the porch and rest.

She had to go upstairs for her shawl. Mildred did not like to have things lying around and Martha's few belongings had been gathered together in the little north chamber. But after she got the shawl she was too tired to go downstairs again. Her breath came heavily and she needed air, so she sat down on the floor beside the wide-open window and leaning her head against the casing looked out upon the night world.

Suddenly light flashed across her vision—a brilliant, moving light. She arose to her knees and leaned far out to see. Ah! There was another! A shooting star—strange, wonderful phenomena! What sent them forth awandering? She had always wondered about them. "Maybe they got tired of getting stuck in one place and took things in their own hands as it were and started out to find something new." Henry had said that the night he proposed to her. They had been riding home in the buggy behind the bay colt—buggies and colts had given way to six-cylinder cars now—when just as they struck into the valley, with the whole expanse of sky before them, a shooting star had passed before them. "Maybe they get tired of being stuck in one place," Henry had said. And when she laughed he put his arm around her and kissed her on her merry mouth. In the same breath asking her to have him. Three weeks later they were married.

Another shooting star! Why, the sky was alive with them. Had they all got tired of being stuck in one

place for themselves? And would the new places be any better than the old? One thing was sure—nobody ever heard of a shooting star going back.

How would it seem to go journeying through space with the speed of the wind—or, indeed, journeying anywhere? She had never been away from home, that is, to go any distance, but she had often thought she would. She and Henry had talked about going sometime where it was warmer. Mary had wanted them to come. Mary and Henry's sister—his twin sister. She lived in the South. When Henry died she had come all the way North to the funeral. Mary had wanted Martha to go home and help her. After her children were grown up, married and she was left alone she had opened a little shop in the front rooms of her home. Well, she was sensible; but, of course, being like Henry, Mary wouldn't be a bit like Martha.

Shooting stars! Shooting stars! And Henry's voice seeming to be close to her, ever repeating: "Started out to find something new."

There was another light below, a bold streak of illumination which showed the blades of grass as a car swept into the drive. Above the motor she heard Mildred's high voice: "What's the idea? There isn't a light in the house!" Mildred and George back! She sprang up and hurried downstairs.

Mildred was at the door, slender, bobbed hair above her flushed sharp face.

"We had supper at New Inn. How did the berries turn out? Are you sure you got them sweet enough? Say! Why didn't you pick up the mail?" She was stopping to gather a handful of letters from the floor before the slot in the front door, through which the postman had thrust them. She ran through them hastily. "One for you, mother." She handed a letter to Martha.

From Mary! She was always so grateful for those infrequent, pleasant letters. Mary wrote when she could, for she was busy. The first words she saw were: "When are you coming to see me?" She got no further. With bright eyes she looked from her son to her daughter-in-law.

"Mary, Henry's sister, Mrs. Combs, wants me to come. I guess I will go. I guess I'll take the train she took when she went back. It leaves here in about an hour. The chair car will be all right. I am small, I can curl up on the seat. Will—would you mind taking me to the station, George?"

Then before they could answer, in their astonishment and half dismay, she ran upstairs. She did not need to take much, just a valise. She had money enough to buy her own ticket. Mary wanted her. Mary who was so like Henry. It wasn't as if George and Mildred needed her. They would be happier without her.

A light darted across the dark area of sky outside her window. Another shooting star!

She must go now. For if she waited until morning when there were no stars she might not have the courage to start out to find something new.

### Newspaper Has Largely Taken Place of Books

An American author has discovered the answer to the much-debated query, "Why don't people buy books?" He says it is because they have nowhere to put them. When it was usual to live in spacious houses, there were libraries. Now so many have to live in tiny flats, where they really have no room for more than a small bookcase or a few shelves.

That is quite true of the big cities in America, and it is more or less true in England. But it does not apply to suburbs in either country. I fancy the objection of wives and servants to keep large quantities of books dusted has more to do with it. But there is another and a stronger reason than either of these for the decline, not only of book buying alone, but of book reading. The newspaper provides nowadays so much that used to be found only in books. Essays, travel, sketches, sermons, fiction, verse, biography, all form part of Journalism in addition to news. An enormous number are content with this. They do not need books.—London Chronicle.

### Study Soils' "Behavior"

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in co-operation with the bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture, is conducting scientific soil studies with the object of bringing about improvements in the design and construction of highways. Samples of soils from all parts of the country are now being collected. One of the most important objects of the research is to develop suitable factors on the "behavior" of soils. These studies, it is expected will provide engineers with definite means of identifying soils with each other and to adapt design and construction to certain characteristics.

### Constitution Changes

Three amendments to the Constitution became effective during President Wilson's terms—the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth. The seventeenth, providing for the direct election of senators, had been submitted to the states for ratification during President Taft's administration, but went into effect in May, 1913. The eighteenth, or liquor prohibition amendment, and the nineteenth, giving nation-wide suffrage to women, were proposed, ratified and became effective in 1920.

## Bizarre Footwear Loses Popularity

### Lack of Violent Colorings and Heavy Trimmings in New Shoes.

Bizarre trimmings, lurid colors and extreme lasts have lost caste with the Paris bottlers and, incidentally, with the smart Parisienne. Simplicity, notes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, is distinctly the essence of the new shoes and there is a marked lack of the violent colorings and heavy trimmings that were recently en vogue.

No radically new types are shown and the principal shapes are the broad one-strap model, the closed oxford and the Prince of Wales. Open oxfords, step-ins, opera pumps and center-strap types also are being affected during the afternoons on the smart avenues. Brown is the leading color and calf, suede and kid are the outstanding leathers. Following them in popularity come real and imitation lizard, alligator, water snake and python. Fewer novelty leathers are being exploited among the new slippers.

Trimmings are notably more discreet and while they are seldom entirely absent they never reach the ornate heights of last season. Thus toe caps and heel quarters are an outstanding method of elaboration. Sometimes both of these are scalloped. Fringed tongue effects also are being widely featured and occasionally an insert of lighter-toned leather is employed to give a cut-out effect. Indeed, it may be said that the smartest method of shoe decorations are contrasting trims of matching or opposite colors.

For semi-formal models black satin is easily the premier fabric. Closely following it is black patent kid, usually employed in combination. Thus a black patent quarter, a black and silver brocade vamp and a beige kid heel frequently are encountered in a single type. Restrained decoration, as with afternoon sports models, also is the governing factor of the more formal afternoon shoe now in the fashion limelight.

Paul Polret has some very definite ideas about summer footwear and he has laid down the following doctrines for his clientele: Daytime footwear should be unobtrusive; ornate trimmings and radical color combinations should be sedulously avoided. Chic should consist entirely of cut, and cut, while it may occasionally give the aspect of luxury, always should be fundamentally simple. Heels should be neither as high as they were during the very feminine pre-war period, nor as low as the extremes of the current mannish mode often have made them. Only for golf and walking is the very low heel advisable, and even for walking a semi-high type is recommended for women who are in any way inclined toward embonpoint. It is a fact that heels unduly low invariably cause women to acquire a ponderous, heavy and ungraceful gait. The various reptile skins, such as snake, lizard and python, are mushroom fantasies, and while they may be worn during the immediate season their vogue is bound to be brief. In general, the most adaptable shoe leather is kid—it can be dyed in soft and delicate colors, it molds the foot and it is conducive to easy and graceful walking.

### Smart Street Outfit of Two-Piece Variety



Showing an attractive two-piece street costume, the skirt of which is made of gilt metal cloth, plaited. The overblouse is made of heavy black crepe with rows of embroidered metal crepe in gold and blue and red. Gray fox fur and black satin hat, tan purse and gloves which match the shoes and hose, complete the outfit, which is worn by Mary Phibbin, motion picture star.

## Orchid Lame Wrap Is Pichly Furred, Draped



The summer season ushers in a particularly gorgeous array of evening wraps. From the warmth-giving velvets, rich in embroidery, in bead and paillette to the lightest of chiffons, the mode is varied and extremely beautiful. Dorothy Mackaill, motion picture actress, who wears many charming gowns and wraps in the film "The Road to Romance," has selected a particularly pleasing wrap of orchid lame richly furred and draped into smart lines.

## Homely Girl Benefits by New Sports Clothes

The homely girl will benefit this summer from the increasing popularity of sports clothes. Fashion designers, both at home and abroad, are concentrating on this department of their work, and the result of the efforts is hailed by Hazel Rawson Cades in the Woman's Home Companion as the most pleasing and useful development in years of fashion history.

"Sports clothes are the great equalizers of beauty," says Miss Cades. "Heretofore many girls whose looks started being spoiled by bonnet ruffles have gone on being impeded by one feminine thing after another all their lives. But now Marguerite of the big blue eyes and the bobbing curls no longer has an advantage over Jeanie of the round head and freckled nose. There are compensations in sports clothes which help even things up."

"However, there are many things to remember if these costumes are to be given the proper air. Above all things, they should be simple, unaffected and easy fitting, not too harshly masculine and never too fluffy. English sports clothes have never offended by being too fancy, but are occasionally somewhat stiff and trying for the average woman. The French are apt to sacrifice utility to chic, which is rather a mistake, for if they are to be convincing, they should look useful whether or not they are really ever put to the test.

"Simplicity of type does not permit carelessness about accessories. To the contrary, assembling a sports costume is a ticklish business. Anything fancy added pretty near ruins it. It's like trying to introduce finger bowls at a picnic."

## Belts and Decorative Scarfs in Limelight

Belts continue to be of interest, especially when they are in themselves worthy. The belt does not match, but on the contrary contributes something of color to the costume. An innovation in the matter of belts has been achieved by using a wide plaid taffeta ribbon bowed at the side on a pastel sports frock of two-piece genre, the skirt in sectional plaits and the overblouse cut with a V neckline.

The status of the decorative silk scarf has been somewhat affected by the return to favor of the animal scarf. One will be glad to lay aside a fox scarf for a smart silken scarf not only because of greater comfort in warm weather, but because the animal scarf is not appropriate with a sports costume. It belongs with the tailored suit for town wear with dresses of certain types.

## Boysish Fashions Are Copied by London Girls

Girls will be boys again, it seems, this summer. At least young English girls will if any forecast can be made from the women, ranging from royalty down to scrubwomen of all ages, who have been attending the London fashion shows. Even the ordinary department stores now have mannequin shows.

Princess Helena Victoria, the aunt of King George, has been one of the most regular attendants at displays made by prominent houses.

Gray flannel will be worn again for sports and outing suits, and shirts with long sleeves, very much like those worn by men, will be used by women. It is indicated, instead of more ornate jumpers.

If you are planning to trade-in your present car for a new car, remember these facts:

- 1 When you trade-in your used car for a new car, you are after all making a purchase, not a sale. You are simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car.
- 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value; i. e., what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.
- 3 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.
- 4 The largest allowance is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; sometimes it is not.
- 5 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.
- 6 First judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

## GENERAL MOTORS

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### Ready for a Substitute

Mary Louise, age three, called on the neighbor next door to see whether she had any candy. Just as the kind-hearted neighbor brought forth the coveted morsel, Mary's mother appeared.

"Mary, you must not ask the neighbors for candy any more," she said. Mary turned to the neighbor and said: "I can't ask for candy but if you've got any cookies, I like them, too."

### A Cinch

Bill—"How did you ever break your engagement?" Mike—"Oh, easy. I told her my salary."

Coax your wife to begin housecleaning and she will be alarmed about you.

### Snakes Don't Pilot

The pilot snake gets its name from the curious belief that it precedes the rattlesnake and warns it of the approach of danger. This, of course, is merely a superstition without foundation. According to another version of the superstition, the pilot snake is neither male nor female, but a sort of "neuter rattlesnake," like a worker bee, which devotes its time to piloting rattlesnakes.—Exchange.

Truth is true; but it never becomes as stupidly so as long continued falsehood.

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