

"HEY, MABEL!"

By ELSA S. GRANT

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MABEL PORTER, Miss Maybelle Porter to you, drew her jade taffeta down over her golden head and inspected her feminine loveliness in the dresser mirror.

It would be an untruth to say that her reflection was unattractive, but there was room for improvement.

Mabel was seventeen yet she looked upon herself as already a member of woman's vast estate.

Why, the boys were all crazy about her and wasn't the new district school superintendent calling this evening to take her out? Mr. Edward Lovelace, Edouard to Mabel!

She was noting the effect of her jade taffeta with some satisfaction when her reverie was suddenly shattered by the squealing of brakes and a piercing shout from the front street. "Hey, Mabel!"

It was George Blake. Mabel tried to concentrate on Edouard, but George shouted again.

The shout cracked in the middle, George having reached the age when shouting is precarious.

He had graduated from high school the year before with Mabel and seemed to think that she had remained on his plane.

He was a tall youth with a long neck in which an Adam's apple continually oscillated.

A shock of red hair surmounted him. He worked in a garage and was usually attired in overalls and covered with grease.

"Hey, Mabel!" Mabel put her head out the window. George was resplendent in a yellow tie and a blue suit.

"Hey, Mabel, let's go to the movies!" He yelled because he was racing the engine of his car to keep it going.

It was a wreck of a car that flapped its fenders and made the air hideous with its din.

"Not tonight," Mabel screamed. It was futile. George was waving his arms excitedly.

He wanted her to hurry. He pointed his index fingers and wiggled his thumbs, meanwhile bouncing on the seat.

He meant there was a Western picture showing at the Palace. Mabel withdrew her head in disgust.

"George is so juvenile," she said to her reflection.

It was easy to understand from her tone that she and George had nothing in common.

"Edouard," Mabel sighed, "is so different, so educated."

Mabel heard her father shouting and George must have heard him, too, because he cut the motor to a stuttering murmur and then stilled it.

His rancorous shout split the quiet of the evening air.

"Hey, Mabel, make it snappy!" She put out her head and said sharply, "I'm not going," and pulled it in again.

"Not going? Hey, Mabel!" He left his car to discover what was the trouble. "What's the matter with you?" George demanded through the screen door.

"Nothing. I have an engagement with Mr. Edouard Lovelace this evening."

"Oh!" George gulped, then his red hair seemed to rise in spite of its pomade.

"Listen, you don't mean that new district superintendent, do you? Not that sissy? Why, he's old enough to be your father! Hey, Mabel, are you crazy?"

"He's not," Mabel defended. "Edouard is just out of college. And here he is, now," she added triumphantly as a blue roadster rolled up before the porch. An elegant person in fannels and a green blazer waved a limp hand.

"Hello, Maybelle! Shall I come in?" "No need, Edouard," Mabel said. "I'll be right there. Oh, this is George Blake. George, this is Mr. Edouard Lovelace."

"How do you do, George," enunciated Edouard, pleasantly, like the parson to the parish children.

"Rats!" George snapped at him. Ignoring the steps he vaulted over the porch railing and landed right in Mabel's father's petunias.

George did not hesitate but raced to his car. He cranked it viciously and went roaring away, his yellow tie flapping like a banner over his shoulder.

George did not try to see Mabel for two days and then he called her on the telephone. "Hey, Mabel!"

"Rats!" Mabel snapped back at him and hung up.

The telephone rang every fifteen minutes for the rest of the day and Mabel did not dare to answer it for fear it might be Edouard. It wasn't. It was always George.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded at last.

"Hey, Mabel, tomorrow's Saturday. What do you say to a picnic?"

"Really," Mabel answered distantly, patting her back hair, "really, George, I—"

Edouard was going to be in Boston for the week-end. Perhaps after all it wouldn't be a bad idea.

"Very well," she said. "Call for me at nine o'clock."

Saturday was a beautiful day. Mabel found George's car a trifle un-

comfortable after Edouard's roadster, but George praised her cold meat sandwiches and she managed to have a good time.

After lunch they were driving along a country lane when George suddenly pulled up the emergency and shut off the ignition.

"Listen," he said determinedly to Mabel, "somebody has to tell you this and I guess it's going to be me."

Mabel was thrilled, he looked so dramatic.

"Mabel, Edward Lovelace is married. His family is here."

Mabel paled for an instant, then she flushed.

"It's a lie!" she cried. "I can always tell when you lie, George Blake!" George was in a panic. Mabel always could tell.

"Well," he said grimly, getting out to crank the car, "let's prove it."

They drove farther on and stopped before a small cottage. George climbed out. "There doesn't seem to be anyone home. Let's look around."

Mabel stepped defiantly to the ground and followed George around to the back.

The yard was neat and there was a small garage.

Two small boys paraded out of the garage upon their appearance.

"Hello," Mabel said nervously, "what are your names?"

"My name is William Lovelace," recited the older, keeping his eyes on George. The smaller piped up in his turn, "And I'm Tommy, ma'am."

"Who," Mabel faltered, "who is your father?"

"My father is superintendent of schools," the older recited glibly.

Mabel was visibly affected and was glad that George did not want to linger. Romance was shattered.

"I think we'd better go," she said in what she hoped was a broken voice, as she clung to George's arm.

George led her back to the car, comforting and strong with his attentions. "I never liked him, anyway," Mabel confessed.

She was biting her handkerchief like they do in the talkies.

"Well, never mind, dear," George gulped.

He helped her into the car and then went around to crank it.

"Why don't you drive?" he offered generously above the din.

Mabel shifted gratefully to the driver's seat, secretly elated at this rare privilege.

Somebody pulled George's coat tails. He turned to find a little tow-headed urchin smiling up at him.

"Say, mister," the little chap yelled, "if you'll give me two bits like you did them kids, I'll be Johnny Lovelace for you!"

What Mabel screamed at George was lost in the roar of the car as it went careening down the road.

All the surprised little boy could see was a dim figure running after it in the cloud of thick dust yelling:

"Hey, Mabel!"

Honeybees Never Yet Domesticated by Man

The honeybee is often spoken of as domesticated, but this is far from true. Although men and bees have been closely associated since the dawn of history, the honeybee is apparently as wild today as it was centuries ago.

Other wild animals have yielded to man's influence and many of them are now as dependent upon man as man is upon them; but the bees in apiaries are as wild as are their cousins in dense forests.

Bees taken from a bee tree and placed in a modern hive are as much at home there as though they were descended from generations of hive-raised bees. On the other hand, a swarm that has left a modern apiary and settled in a hollow tree fares as well in its new environment as did any of its ancestors in cave or forest.

Bees are no more domesticated than are the bats that are numerous in the barn or attic.

Bee specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture explain this unchanging trait in bees by stating that the queen and the drone that mates with her—the only bees having the power of reproduction—have no contact with the outside world and therefore have no new experiences to pass along to their offspring. The worker bees, who are constantly subject to new conditions, have no offspring and no opportunity to pass on to future generations the benefits of their experiences.

"Little Minds With Big Voices"

It is probable that if science could devise an apparatus capable of weighing and measuring the responsibility for all the things that go wrong in the world, it would be found that most of mankind's errors in running its affairs arise from oratory. Through the ages glob tongues have wagged, and the world has wagged with them. Little minds with big voices have an entirely disproportionate influence upon human affairs. Silver tongues carry weak men into power, put bad laws on our statute books and trick people into permitting enactment of worse ones when they fail. A nation of mutes probably would become the most wisely governed people of all time.—Northwestern Miller.

Charity Dog to Retire

Victor, the silky-haired retriever who trotted the platforms of Euston (England) station for six years collecting funds for injured railway employees, is to retire on account of age. In that time he has collected \$13,000. He wore no collar or chain, but carried a box into which coins were dropped, and he became so expert that he did not enter empty cars or compartments. Jack, another retriever, is in training to take Victor's place.

Flattering Beret a First Choice

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



TO BE smartly in fashion these days you must tilt perilously aslant your carefully coiffed head a pert beret of either velvet, felt, or that which is very new, quilted taffeta or crepe.

When you see the new berets you understand why the movement is spreading like wildfire throughout the length and breadth of all fashiondom. You could buy a dozen or more of these fascinating new berets and no two would be alike. If you are the type which looks best in big generous eye-shading lines just ask for the beret that answers this description for some of the newest models are as large and picturesque as a brimmed hat.

Pose a black velvet beret atop your "permanent" with the summer organdies and sheer prints you are loath to give up during the hot midseason days and you will realize a hundred per cent returns in the way of chic and charm. And that new sheer woolen shirtwaist dress (or is it of the heavy silk which is equally as voguish) which you lately acquired in accordance with fashion's dictate for fall, of course if you have not already done so you will be investing in a felt-beret to wear with it which will give your outfit just the right dash of color. Be sure it sports a saucy feather of some sort or other.

If it is color you are looking for to enliven your new fall ensemble or to cheer up the black sheer wool afternoon dress-which you have wisely invested in for practical afternoon wear, you will find it in the swanky beret and scarf as pictured at the top to the left in this group. Multi-colored corded velvet (stripes are everywhere present in the fall style picture) is cut to form a geometric design for the beret. A jeweled clip attaches itself at the exact center front of this gay little headpiece. The scarf is taffeta

lined to give it that crisp up-and-go-ing look.

The beret centered in the illustration has cunning ways about it. Of course it must be worn just so, to wield its magic sway. But trust modern youth to see to that. There is a little top section formed of grosgrain ribbon the frayed ends of which form a saucy topknot. The rest of this little flirtatious creation is of black felt which makes it just the hat to wear with tailored togs.

Among the millinery showings out for midsummer, the beret of black silk is an outstanding feature either quilted or stitched or as you like it best. Here is an attractive type (below to the left). It is developed of black grosgrain. The trim is black lacquered ribbon.

As important as is the beret, and it is tremendously so, it is not without rivals in the field. Versatile types abound in the field chief among which are flattering tricorns and devastating little shepherdess shapes delightfully feminine with fussy ribbons and flowers and feathers. Then there are the soft felt derbies with their Alpine features. Brims also flourish in the mode and they are very versatile.

The brim which turns up at one side to reveal the hair is a new note. Your attention is called to one of the new-brim types, shown at the top to the right. In the early fall models crepe is a factor and it is stitched crepe which fashions this dashing model. Note the gay feather follows the line of the brim, a gesture which is oft repeated in the newer modes.

An ultra chic woman's hat of black velvet concludes this group. It is of the beret family. At one side it rolls up with studied grace, dipping low at the other. The brush of simulated aigrette adds great elegance.

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SUBDUED GLITTER ENHANCES FROCKS

An avalanche of cellophane fabrics has appeared on the market for fall, adding to the brilliance of the modern age.

Wools, silks, synthetics and velvets—all will be seen this fall highlighted with interwoven glints of the popular cellophane.

Nothing escapes, not even that good old sports standby, wool jersey. This year it, too, has its subdued glitter achieved by flocks of silver cellophane.

There's even a cellophane lace, which is as ethereal as anything you'll be likely to see this side of the pearly gates. It looks like frosted cobwebs or something.

A new material called anthracite is as shiny as that hard black substance you shovel into the furnace, but the analogy stops there. It's sleek, soft and slippery, yet with that high-polished finish, thanks again to cellophane.

What looks like diminutive copper or steel beads appearing here and there in the new wools is merely interwoven cellophane.

And, as a matter of fact, practically any new fabric you see this fall that baffles you is pretty sure to be partly cellophane.

Blond Fur Collars

Black coats with blond fur collars are especially flattering to junior girls. Badger and natural lynx promise to be two favorite trimmings of the coming season.

Fruity Earrings

They're wearing cherries and strawberries in their ears now, artificial ones of course, with boutonnières to match for the lapels.

That Body of Yours

By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

Food and Mental and Physical Work

DURING the World war, nations found it necessary to conserve their food resources, and experiments were conducted to learn just how much food an individual needed to do his mental and physical work properly.

The Nutrition laboratory of the Carnegie Institution conducted experiments which gave very interesting information.

Balanced or "all round" diets were used. One squad of ten subjects received 3,000 calories (heat units) of food daily, the other only 1,800 calories, through a period of two months.

Mental addition showed the full ration squad to gain through practice double their accuracy in the first month, while the reduced ration squad had increased their accuracy only half at the end of two months. The reduced ration squad also made 50 per cent more errors than the full ration squad at the end of the second month.

Similar differences in memory appeared between the two squads, but the reduced ration squad actually "went back" in the memory test, during the course of the second month.

Using the tuning fork, and also shown "iveness to electric currents, showed the reduced ration squad had gone backward.

In commenting on these brain tests, Dr. Donald C. Laird, Colgate university, believes that it is the better general physical condition of the full ration squad that gives them the superiority rather than any real damage to the brain of the reduced ration squad.

What about the physical or body tests?

In a "steadiness" test made by tracing with a pencil between two parallel lines, the squad on reduced rations not only made more mistakes but showed less improvement in two months' practice than the full ration squad did in the first month.

Strength of grip was decreased 8 per cent by the reduced diet, the left hand being more affected than the right.

Speed of eye movement was reduced 5 per cent in the reduced diet group. Finger movement was also reduced in the reduced diet group.

What do these experiments teach us?

They teach us that the body can adjust itself so that life is not endangered by the reduced diet, but it can readily be seen that mental and physical ability are certainly lessened.

Physical Examination at School

YOU may have a youngster starting off to school for the first time. If you have sent other children to school you are acquainted with some of the regulations and have learned that these regulations have all been adopted to help your child.

If, however, this is the first time you have sent a youngster to school try to remember that regulations are for the good of the majority.

One of the regulations is that your child must be examined by a nurse, doctor and dentist.

Instead of becoming indignant about this because you have had your child under the care of a child's specialist, be wise enough to take advantage of these examinations by those who see and examine your child from a different standpoint than that of the specialist.

While food is the most important point in the health and safety of children, and our children's specialists save thousands of lives yearly, there is the general physique or structure of the child, the way it stands or sits, its walk, the straightness of the spine, the condition of the teeth as to straightness, the presence of little cavities up the teeth, the shape of the mouth and face, the condition of the nose and throat and many other things about youngsters that school nurses, dentists and doctors have learned in their experience with thousands of children.

The very fact that you object to this complete examination which means the removal of the child's clothing so that the back and spine may be examined, will get your youngster off on the wrong foot at school. He may get the idea that he should have a little different treatment at school than that given to other youngsters and may have trouble adjusting himself to the other youngsters.

And as you know, it is this adjusting of children to regulations, to the rights and privileges of other children, that keeps them from being "odd" and possible mental cases in the future.

Instead of objecting to it, make sure that your child gets this thorough examination.

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Kerman Rugs

Kirman or Kerman rugs are woven in Persia and are made of cotton warp; three lines of blue weft; and the Sehna knot. They are finely and closely woven, and of medium thickness, and have naturalistic floral patterns and soft but rich coloring, including several light tints. Some modern Kermans introduce figures and pictorial subjects.

Housewife's Idea Box



To Wash Berries
If you could pick berries yourself from your own garden, it might not be necessary to wash them before eating them. But it is advisable to wash bought ones. Place them in a colander or large sieve. Lower the colander into a large bowl of clean water. Then drain them. Repeat the process, if necessary.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Waters of Indian Ocean Over Man's Birthplace?

"It is now generally admitted," says Dr. Alexander Winchell in Pre-Admits, "that man's birthplace was in a region covered at present by the waters of the Indian ocean."

Some years ago Sir John Murray bequeathed \$100,000 to equip an expedition to locate the boundaries of this lost land, writes Ransome Sutton in the Los Angeles Times. Last summer his trustees borrowed a trawler, the Maballah, from the Egyptian government, and made echo-soundings between India and South America.

According to Prof. Stanley Gardiner, secretary of the expedition, the findings confirm the belief that Lemuria (a part of ancient Gondwana Land, which overlapped India, South Africa and Brazil) existed until quite recently—up into the Age of Mammals; Madagascar, the Seychelles islands and other archipelagoes were its highlands; on them all one finds the same plant and animal organisms, which is good evidence that the islands were once connected by land.

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