FEMININE FLIRT OFTEN PROVES TO BE BEST OF WIVES

Ancient Adage That "Flirts Never Marry" Isn't True in Most Cases—Her Experience Valuable.

From time immemorial much censure and criticism have ever beset the pathway of that not altogether [illegible] young woman, the "flirt." Watching her somewhat lively deportment and [illegible] tion to daily with her [illegible] matrons shake their heads, sagely murmuring the ancient adage, that "flirts never marry," which [illegible] tain years, but quite [illegible] hold up their hands in [illegible]

Yet, in the face of all this, it is a curious but true fact that the [illegible] cases not only [illegible] quite happily and [illegible] really retains her [illegible] fashion quite [illegible] censers.

For, after all, the [illegible] lem is not for to [illegible] this much-criticised [illegible] her experience of men [illegible] and once married, [illegible] liable to fall into the [illegible] takes of her primitive [illegible] vers of judgment which [illegible] rate the average flirt [illegible] of the more male [illegible] clear of these very [illegible] love out of the window [illegible] out of the house, [illegible] band's footsteps she [illegible] in the nearest mirror to see [illegible] looking her very best. [illegible] with as merry [illegible] as in the old days when he assiduously courted her among a [illegible] aspirants, and the neighbors [illegible] termed her "that disastrous girl."

Although now married [illegible] appearing before her husband [illegible] dowdy or in any way [illegible] her with aversion. [illegible] marriage she really learned the [illegible] ness, not merely that [illegible] ness in outward appearance, but [illegible] tion, the charm of an [illegible] esting mind.

At an "at home" [illegible] I overheard the following conversation between two married women, [illegible] pretty but differing in [illegible] fore marriage [illegible] denounced as "very [illegible] the other had been [illegible] girlish propriety. "My dear," [illegible] modest girl. "I [illegible] now, and we've only been married [illegible] Business all day, [illegible] off to the club to a [illegible] men friends. I [illegible] house at all. How do you manage to keep your husband with you so much?"

"Because I try to make [illegible] attractive in every possible way from the club, and myself more [illegible] than any one else," replied the other gaily, "and I don't consider all my friends [illegible] night they wish will smoke all over the house."

"But, my dear, [illegible] cried the "modest" girl. "[illegible] carpets and the [illegible] trouble!"

"Oh, bother the [illegible] if my husband is happy," [illegible] "He says he is happier [illegible] drop in and cheer me, and I love to hear their talk. He says I'm the best companion he has and I mean him to keep on thinking that."

"But I hate golf and motor and golf, and all that sort of thing," said the other.

"You must make the best of both," said the happily married [illegible] you sometimes just [illegible] husband a little."

"But, my dear," [illegible] girl, "I have never [illegible] know how to set about it."

PRINCESS MARY

PRINCESS MARY OF ENGLAND ARDENT DEVOTEE OF SPORTS

Daughter of King George Able Tennis Player and Horsewoman.

The only daughter of King George the [illegible] a young and charming girl who [illegible] carried the duties of her high station. The next only to her mother, is the greatest [illegible] in the land of England, but holds the highest rank.

Wishing to share her lessons of [illegible] the young Princess wants the [illegible] of her five brothers and is believed of all—from the quiet and [illegible] Palace of Wales to that mischievous nine-year-old, the mischievous Prince John. The Princess Mary loves all manly sports, and until lately has always shared in all her brothers' games. In recent years she has invariably been the recipient of their confidences and affection.

A child in royal dignity surprising in so young a girl clings to the youthful Princess. She has inherited the [illegible] already manifest, and even some years ago the Prince of Wales was heard to say that Mary was welcome to do all the State business, and leave him out of it, as she liked it and he didn't.

Last year at the great tennis tournament at Wimbledon, when America triumphed in the winning of the Davis cup and pressed the prize from England, Princess Mary arrived, young and beautiful in her simple white frock and pink hat. Her appearance was greeted by the [illegible] and a shower of congratulations was leveled upon her. But although the young [illegible] in her youthful [illegible] a moment wavered. Her eager [illegible] with the lightning strokes of the champions. Mollenschlitz and, so incredible was she to the game that when a well-nigh impossible drive came to her to face adversaries, she waved it hastily aside. The Davis cup was brought for her to see, and when the great match was over she rose and walked on the arm of the visiting motorcar with all the [illegible] of sportsmanship loyalty.

The Princess is a clever needle woman, as might be expected of the daughter of the industrious English Queen. But whether she possesses a love for it or not is very doubtful, although she sews especially for the poor. At an exhibition of work done for the Needlework Guild some one said to the Queen: "What a beautiful piece of work Princess Mary has done." The Queen replied: "I am glad she has done it so well."

The Princess is a splendid horsewoman, and is a great [illegible] to be allowed to ride in motorcars. Mounted on a [illegible] she rode to hounds [illegible] at the age of 11, and since then she has [illegible] an ardent devotee of the sport, [illegible] hunting in Windsor Forest [illegible] Sandringham. As a tennis player the Princess is most enthusiastic, and the Kingsmen she have made a hard-fought game on the courts.

Dancing and all branches of domestic science are also familiar studies to her. [illegible] a most successful amateur [illegible]

[illegible] Princess is very much attached to her mother, the Queen. In the Queen's great [illegible] the Princess [illegible] Prince John [illegible] among the [illegible] Princess was entertaining a [illegible] Kent. It happened that the [illegible] afternoon tea, and the [illegible] was brought to see her. The [illegible] allowed to kiss the baby. [illegible] surprised and [illegible] smacked her face with [illegible] "I am a man and I don't have [illegible] Princesses but just been [illegible] in [illegible] routine, but still [illegible] special studies.

HOPEFUL HEART BEARS IMPRINT OF BEAUTY

Lovelier and More Desirable Than First Freshness or Youth

The truest [illegible] the soul within, and [illegible] many an old woman [illegible] by countenance [illegible] tron, is painted a [illegible] beauty than the [illegible] youth. For [illegible] have learned to hope. [illegible] lives in the hard [illegible] face silver, but the [illegible] beauty. But [illegible] furrowed skins, [illegible] sons.

"And do not [illegible]
More than the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] as each [illegible]
We know the [illegible]
Not more [illegible]
[illegible]"

WHY SURNAMES ARE USED

Communities Baptized "John" and "Mary" and Distinction Made Easy.

A certain set of [illegible] from the [illegible] long that we [illegible] Bible names. Among [illegible] Moses, Joseph, David, [illegible] Abraham, [illegible] from the [illegible] and Matthew, [illegible] became the [illegible] story, are still [illegible] of these names.

These [illegible] names, as [illegible] that need [illegible] patronymics, like Jackson, [illegible] Stevenson. In the [illegible] simply sent out to the [illegible] to baptize which [illegible] save time bestowed all the [illegible] name of John or some other [illegible] women usually Mary or Marie. [illegible] nguish the John [illegible] like Short of Strong or Wise, [illegible] was given him to be [illegible] Christian names and surnames were united.

A LOST TRUNK CAMPAIGN

Duty impels men to assume many thankless tasks, but the imagination can conceive of none more onerous than that undertaken by the agent whom the American Citizens' Distress Committee in London has commissioned to locate and recover the 2000 or so trunks, valises and suitcases abandoned by tourists fleeing from Germany.

The man who can accomplish this herculean labor, even in part, will play a genius to which the grand array of American "baggage smashers" should pay careful tribute. Such a man might even show himself capable of nothing but his own trunk from the Grand Central station on the morning after Labor Day.

Making a Name

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I understand Bosworth's boy is making a name for himself."

"Which one?"

"Clarence Augustus."

"He had to."

BARS LOVEMAKING FROM TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM

Head of Minnesota Hospital Puts Restriction on Patients.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 15.—Dr. W. [illegible] superintendent of the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis at Wolfboro has [illegible] among the patients.

"Love is infectious," said Dr. Beard, "and engaging form of mischief in [illegible] life and it is a common sight [illegible] patients who contribute [illegible] Moreover, husbands [illegible] and their wives per week [illegible] to a sanatorium [illegible] the order of a summer [illegible] be blamed, either."

[illegible] in the Pine Knot [illegible] published at the [illegible] for the benefit of the patients. "Why do you not wish men [illegible] walks and their be[illegible] would make life [illegible] I would like to know [illegible] interfere with the cure?"

[illegible] "You are here because [illegible] You have some [illegible] for one reason only [illegible] to recover. Anything that hinders this and should be [illegible] When there is no alliance to the minds of men and women, at least some will fret and a few will fall in love.

"Love-making and flirtation are necessarily attended with a thousand complications, annoyances and excitements, but pleasant and natural. Love in idleness is a very common form of mischief in sanatorium life. On account of the excitement it arouses, it interferes seriously with the treatment and it is apt to divert one from conscientiously following out a systematization.

"The patients, husbands and wives who remain at home have made sacrifices to send their sick ones to the sanatorium. The young people are here to get well, not to become interested in chance acquaintances about whom they know little or nothing.

"Married people who are forced to be away from their partners should feel the getting along without associating with those of the opposite sex during their time."

Moonscrapers

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Pat had gone back home to Ireland and was telling about New York.

"Have you such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings, ye ask, me?" replied Pat. "Faith, sir, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

ACROSS THE COUNTER

We have had the vanity case that looks like a little trunk, those that resemble diminutive suitcases and any number that might be mistaken for jewel cases.

New forms of the same toy are being devised to make them slip more quickly across the counter, now that painting and powdering in public have no longer the charm of novelty.

There is one that closely resembles a portfolio, of the kind used by lawyers for legal papers.

Another that looks like the bag that Gladstone made famous and others of rococo and even entre shape and design.

POINT OF VIEW OF A LITTLE CASH-GIRL

True Interviews on the Struggle of Life.

To get at the mind and heart of the worker, to penetrate the veil and fathom her mental attitude toward life and the great struggle for life is no easy task. Yet the little 16-year-old cash-girl talked readily and well.

"I have always been a worker, and I like it," said she to me in her cheerful way, "for mother used to go out washing—and when I came in from school, I had to house-clean, and cook, and mind my little brother and the baby. Then, while I was at school, I worked all Saturdays in a store as "extra" girl. The hours were sometimes a little long—9 in the morning till 12 at night—but then the pay was splendid for a child, for I got 50 cents."

"Also," with a happily reminiscent look, "if I got home earlier, why, mother sometimes let me have a nickel to go to the movies with!"

"But didn't you want to play on Saturdays like other little girls?" I asked doubtfully.

"Why yes! But I just had to forget about that—and it was great to bring that to mother, it helped her so. But all that ended three years ago, when I left school—I've been a real store-girl ever since. And now I'm making $4 a week. I feel so independent, although, of course, I give it all to mother. It's all we have to live on, you see."

"And isn't it rather fine of you to 'give it all to mother?'"

"I look on it this way," said the little cash-girl earnestly, "mother used to work so hard for me, that now it's just my turn to work for her! And that's only fair play, you know. These years of bending over the wash-tub have given her rheumatism, and now she cannot work hard any more. Mother used to be so young and pretty, but now she looks sort of old and tired. I want so much to take that tired look away, to let her rest up a bit."

"And don't you want the gaieties that girls of your age so often have?" I could not refrain from inquiring.

The little cash-girl smiled—and her smile held no regrets, no bitterness, only the sheer optimism and the wonderful courage of youth. "I have no time for many gaieties," she said earnestly, "but I am very happy all the same. You see, I work till half-past five—and four evenings a week I go to night school. The other nights I study at home, and sew for my little brothers. And Sunday evenings I am free to read and enjoy myself."

"And do you ever wonder just where it is all leading to, little girl?" I asked. "Do you ever think of the days and years of work that lie ahead—and feel a little frightened of it all?"

"I look on it this way," said the little cash-girl earnestly. "When you fling your heart and soul into any job, it becomes interesting. And if you aim to get on and on, and up and up, why you don't seem to mind the long hours and the difficulties. The time flies so quick when you are busy that you cannot stop to wonder if you are happy or not. And as for the years ahead, I take a day at a time, and that is enough for me. But I'm not afraid of the years, because I'm determined they will bring a bigger salary with them."

"But the disappointments?" I said again.

"They have a good side, too," said the little philosopher sagely. "You know, this year I planned to go for just one week to Atlantic City—I've never seen the sea, and I've always longed to go. Well, everything was arranged, and I was counting the days, when suddenly I was moved into a new department and told that I could not go on vacation this year at all. I was so disappointed, for I had been saving for six years to go. But then this new department in the store paid me more."

"So you think every cloud has its silver lining, is that it?"

She nodded her head gaily. "And I know that happiness comes from inside, and we can really make it all ourselves," she answered. "And I think a girl who earns her own salary and can help at home with it has such a fine chance to be happy. Because she is so necessary, so needed. And among the poor there is more love than among the rich!"

"And so you look forward cheerfully to a long life of work all the time?" I asked.

"I think the workers are the happiest," said the little cash-girl eagerly. "There are people who lift, and people who lean. But the people who lift are the ones that really count, don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do, little philosopher," said I. "And carry that theory with you to all prosperity and happiness!"

DOG IDENTIFIED HER

Follows Dead Mistress to Hospital and Returns Home.

A little curly haired dog, by his grief, led to the identification of a Cleveland woman, who died in an ambulance en route to a hospital after she had collapsed from heart disease in a restaurant.

The pet accompanied her and was sitting expectantly beside her couch when she fell from it, dying. Jumping up, he tried to lick her hands. Then the animal endeavored to follow the ambulance, but was distanced and turned back, whimpering.

A policeman followed the dog to Chester avenue and found the home of the woman who had died, who later was identified solely through the faithfulness of her dog.

OPPOSE TAX ON LIQUOR

Methodist Temperance Society in Unique Fight.

Asking them to unite in vigorous opposition to any offer to increase the Federal tax on liquors, a call has been sent to 7,000 pastors of Methodist churches in the United States from the secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Church.

"Any extension of this iniquitous participation in the profits of a vicious and inherently criminal trade must be fought to the last ditch by every church member who realizes its shameful nature," said Clarence True Williams, general secretary. "Doubling of the Federal tax on liquors will quadruple the difficulties now facing the Hobson-Sheppard prohibition amendment bill."

Commercialized Poesy

From Everybody's Magazine.

A palatial touring car had attracted the attention of a visitor to Boston and he asked his friend:

"Who is the man seated in that large car?"

The Bostonian glanced in the direction indicated and replied:

"That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."

ELLEN ADAIR GETS HER FIRST PEEP AT REAL LONDON LIFE

On Way to America After Her Mother's Death, Sad English Girl Is Amazed by Sights.

III.

I think the common places of a common life are more romantic than any fiction. But no trumpet heralds the telling of a common tale, no glaring footlights illumine the vital happiness of life. For the human soul shrinks from the limelight, and even to itself will scarce admit its inmost secrets. And yet this story of my life will show the very heart of me.

A week after mother's death, the kindly little lawyer who was negotiating affairs for me, had obtained my passage to America, and accompanied me up to London to complete the final winding up of business matters. With a sad heart, I bade a long farewell to the humble folks in the little English village, and to the cottage on the dear Sussex Downs! In two hours' time we were in London, and on the morrow I was to sail for America. It had all been arranged so swiftly, so suddenly, but in that crowded week I was glad that I had to work so hard—glad that I had had but little breathing space for thought and remembrance! The hurry and the bustle dulled the first sharp pain of my loss, and took the dest keen sting of bitterness away.

INVITED TO DRIVE.

"Come, come, Miss Adair," said the little old lawyer fussily, as together we stood at the edge of the pavement at Oxford Circus, that great corner, where is a roar and a very whirlpool of traffic the great Regent street and Oxford street unite; "Come, come; you must be hungry. Since our business is concluded I wish to take you to dine," and he beamed affably upon me.

But above the roar of the traffic his thin and reedy voice quavered uncertainly, and my thoughts were with the crowds around. I stared transfixed and fascinated, a veritable country cousin. A young, tall, helmeted policeman stood alone amidst that seething mob, and with one uplifted hand kept back a hundred flying taxis, wagons and motorbuses. Alone he stood there as with the divine right of kings; for rich and poor, expected carriage and careering lorry obeyed his slightest sign. And then at last the uplifted hand was lowered, and the traffic, like some wild caged thing that can ill brook restraint, leapt forward with a great, dull roar again.

"Ellen Adair," said the little lawyer testily, "I am not young, and I never was patient. We have stood her for ten minutes exactly. Behind us are the windows of Jay's establishment, just crammed with hats, and gowns, and women's fal-de-rals. And if you will turn around and gaze right there I can excuse you—being a woman and necessarily foolish! But we cannot continue right here, gazing in space and obstructing the King's highway."

I could not but smile, and come to earth again. "Across that awful street we must go," said the little man, "if we are to get to Piccadilly tonight by Tube or 'bus or taxi—or any way at all. And to trust my life to the whims of that lanky Irish boy in the policeman's uniform is a poor legal proposition! But need must," and seizing my arm he plunged us recklessly into the traffic. What might have happened I do not know, but I cast one despairing glance on the young policeman, and gallantly he responded to the occasion. At a wave of his hand the traffic halted to let us cross.

AMAZED AT CROWDS.

We reached the entrance to the Oxford street tube, and paused once more. It was 6 o'clock on a fine July evening, and the tall-hatted, frock-coated London business men were hurrying to their trains. The passages to the Underground, those strange subterranean measures which wind far below the London streets, were full of hurrying men—to me they seemed like so many frightened rabbits scurrying to their warren.

"It would be a pity to go down there this glorious summer evening," said I, "even for a short time. It is only 6 o'clock, and we have still more than three hours of daylight. I would love to ride on a London motorbus!"

The little lawyer waved a frantic cane to the first of a long line of great flying motorbuses, which, like huge juggernauts, were careering down Regent street. The red-faced driver shoehed sharply into the pavement, and without even stopping the vehicle, the conductor at the rear leaned out and fished us both up while they were still moving. I thought it amusing, but my companion's arms was more "at arms" than ever. "Preposterous behavior!" he stormed aloud, "I have never yet known a London motorbus to really stop for man or beast! One is literally picked up by the scruff of the neck, heaved in, and later on gently deposited in the same manner upon the pavement, while the 'bus keeps on the theory of perpetual motion. I shall report this to the London County Council, just see if I don't, sir!"

ENJOYS SIGHTS.

We scrambled on top, clinging tightly to the railing of the narrow winding staircase. But once aloft the view was glorious and the pace exhilarating. For we went as fast as any taxi or private car, we darted in and out of tiny spaces in the traffic with eel-like energy; we wheeled ahead of many a sleeker car with hair-raising rapidity. The roof was packed with people, and protected by out over the main body of the big vehicle—and as we dodged and twisted, in and out, curvetting and wheeling gaily in the crowd, I felt that we were dangerously top-heavy, and must certainly overturn. But nothing of the sort occurred, and we turned sharply into Piccadilly.

Around the great fountain in the centre of the circus were bright splashes of crimson, gold, pink and heliotrope. For the old curious custom still obtains, and the old market women from Covent Garden or the country still sit peacefully knitting and gossiping around the fountain, their big baskets of flowers in front of them, their scarlet and yellow shawls around them, and the densest traffic in the universe swirling at their feet. One would think that a nervous breakdown must inevitably result—but what care they for fashionable hacks. "Roses, sweet roses!" they cry, between the intervals of gossip, "Lovely roses, only sixpence the bunch. A rose for the pretty lady, sir? God bless you, sir!"

Tonight, when I think of these queer old-fashioned London flower-women, a homesick longing comes over me for just one glimpse of England.

LIMIT OF HIS EXTRAVAGANCE

A London actor, renowned for his stinginess, played two weeks in Dublin recently, at an extraordinarily high salary.

With two other actors I was commenting upon the unusual figure he received. We were about a table in a cafe, the evening after the play.

"Well," murmured one of my companions, "I wonder what Blank spent in Dublin?"

"The fortnight," returned the other actor immediately.

CHILD'S SCHOOL FROCK OF SCOTCH PLAID

CHILDREN'S FROCKS OF SCOTCH PLAIDS ALWAYS IN STYLE

The Gordon and MacDonald, in Dark Blues and Greens, Are Especially Suitable for School.

Scotch plaids are never altogether out of style, at least where children's frocks are concerned, but their vogue ebbs and wanes from year to year, with an occasional season of flood tide.

Of the many tartans, the Gordon and the MacDonald, in dark blues and greens, enlivened with a yellow stripe, are especially suitable for school wear.

They are serviceable and smart, two important factors not always easy to combine.

The frock shown here has the kilted skirt that is both pretty and sensible.

It is the conventional skirt, where plaid is used, but the dress shows originality in the bias use of the plaid for the waist.

It is cut slightly long as to shoulders and decidedly long as to the waist line.

The sleeves are set in and cut short enough for a bias cuff.

The dress is finished with a little embroidered collar, and a four-in-hand necktie of velvet falls almost to the sash, which is also of velvet.

The sash emerges from the sides of the waist which lap over it, basque fashion.

A buckle holds it in position and gives a final touch to the costume.

It is just such touches on a simple dress that gives it style and distinction.

It is here that one dressmaker shows her superiority to another and the difference is marked between the professional and the amateur.

It explains why a model is sometimes copied with such disastrous results.

It is copied all but some detail which is not considered important, or something is substituted for trimming or ornament that by no means takes the place of the original.

Children's fashions vary, but the frock that is simple is in much better taste than one that is elaborate or overtrimmed.

Children like to be dressed as their playmates are dressed—that is their fashion mirror.

The shortness of the skirt, the length of the waist are often the only special characteristics of a season.

Of course, the position of the belt or sash depends on the length of the waist, and one year the sash is in favor at the expense of the belt and another the belt is more conspicuous.

But just a little careful study of a few good models makes it a simple matter to keep to the set standards.

Above all, the frock must be suited to the age. A few years difference either way and the most perfect creation would look anything but stylish if it were worn by a child either too old or too young.

USEFUL LAUNDRY OUTFIT FOR BACHELOR GIRL

Necessary Articles May Be Purchased With Little Outlay.

The bachelor girl who looks with the eyes of desire on the lingerie blouse and turns away to purchase something plain and practical, should acquire a laundry outfit of her own.

A little practice, and she would find herself, like Trilby, quite fascinated by the laundress' art and able to rival the skill of the professional blanchisseuse de fin.

To make it an artistic achievement instead of an undesirable task one must have the right paraphernalia.

There is a little washboard that fits in a basin and bears the rather frivolous name of "Daisy" that costs only 10 cents.

A small clothes-rack that folds and takes on very little closet room means an outlay of fifty cents.

And then there is a board, neither very broad nor long, something that can be used on a trunk, or placed between two chairs while one irons from a third. 35 cents will buy one.

There are electric irons and alcohol irons and humdrum every day irons for the alcohol or gas stove.

Lingerie blouses that would come back tattered and torn from the ordinary laundress can be worn for many moons before they show any signs of age.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

MANY years ago, when this world was all a fairyland, the flower fairies worked very hard all the summer long.

There were so many, many things for them to do—buds to open and petals to paint; stamens to powder and seeds to make.

"I really do declare," exclaimed Fairy Moss one day, "that there is no end of our work!"

"Thank goodness, you're right," said Fairy Silver heartily.

"Of course, I am right," responded Fairy Moss tartly, "I always am; but why thank goodness about it?"

"Because a world without work is the very stupidest place one can possibly imagine—that's why!" And Fairy Silver laughed so heartily at the wry face Fairy Moss made that—what do you suppose? Fairy Moss actually commenced to laugh, too! He laughed and laughed at Fairy Silver's laughter till the wry look went off his face and he seemed really happy!

"Very well then," he said finally, "let's say work is all right—then I must be all wrong, for I don't like it!"

Fairy Silver looked him over carefully. "It has been a hot day," he admitted, "and you have worked hard I know; I believe you need a nap."

"A nap!" exclaimed Fairy Moss in amazement.

"A nap," replied Fairy Silver firmly, "and you are going to have it right now."

He led Fairy Moss over into a nice shady corner under some broad leaves, tucked him up snugly and left him to sleep.

"There! I guess that will make him feel better," he decided and he went on about his own work as cheerfully and happily as always.

Fairy Moss really was tired. And he slept and slept and slept—till the day was done—till the sun had set and the stars had come out in the sky.

Then he stirred and twisted and woke up.

He could hardly believe his eyes! "Stars! Are the stars out already?" he exclaimed. "And has the sun set without my seeing it?" He was just about to feel very bad about all he had missed when he noticed how rested and refreshed he felt. "Never mind what I have missed; I feel much better and tomorrow I can see the sunset."

But when tomorrow came he was sleepy and cross as ever. "I really will have to take another nap, but I don't need to sleep so long. Maybe Fairy Silver can tell me how to wake up sooner."

Fairy Silver thought a minute and then said, "That's easy; ask this bush, under which you sleep, to call you when the sun begins to set."

So Fairy Moss went to sleep. And promptly at 4, when the sun began to drop down in the sky, a dozen trumpets of red and yellow and white appeared all over the bush. They blew and blew until Fairy Moss woke up and saw the sunset.

And ever since that day the "Four o'Clocks" blow their gay trumpets and wake the napping fairies in time to see the sun set.

Tomorrow—The Cardinal's Breakfast.

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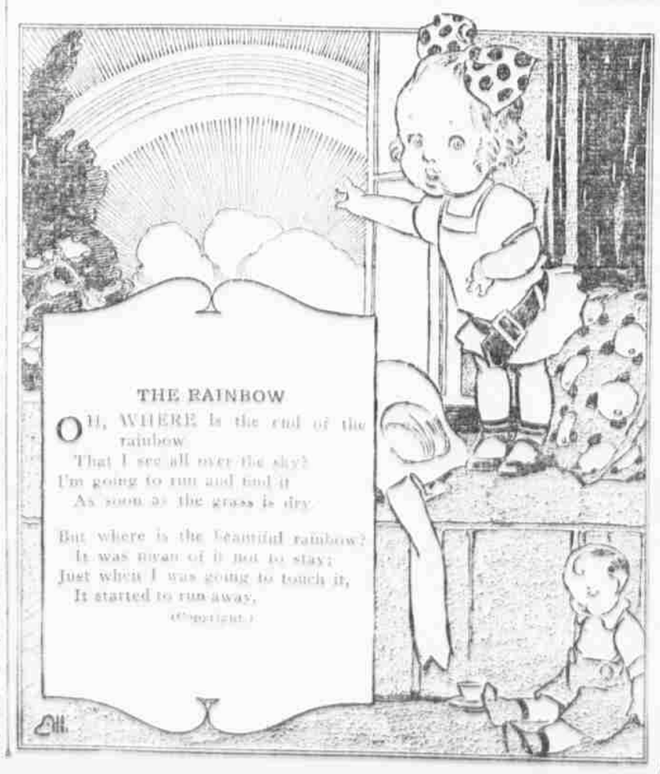

Why Not HAVE OYSTERS?

Don't wonder how to vary the family menu. Serve oysters. They are delicious, nourishing and economical food and may be prepared in a hundred different ways.

We have every kind of fresh and salt walter oysters in season. Deliveries to all parts of the city. All sea foods always on hand.

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