THE STREETS OF LIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The Beginning of Rivalry

Anne Carter had never had anything until Geraldine Carpenter found her. At first Geraldine asked Anne to do secretarial work for her, because Anne was a new type, but it wasn't long before Mrs. Carpenter was fond of the girl and indignant because of the way her father treated her. Jim Carter, who had never been able to understand his wife, was taking it out on Anne and making her suffer because he knew that she was like her mother. He had selected a young farmer who he thought would make Anne a good husband, and was trying to force her into a marriage, but Anne had met Dane Grey, the writer, at the Carpenters, and he was everything a girl could wish in a man.

IN NEW YORK Dane Grey was seeing a great deal of the dashing Mrs. Hill. In spite of her frivolousness there was something light-hearted and spontaneously gay about Mabel Hill. It was refreshing to get her viewpoint, to hear her sophisticated remarks about life and people and things.

She had a luxurious little apartment near Fifth avenue in the eighties. It was a reflection of Mabel's own personality with its Sheraton mahogany in the small dining room and its Chippendale in the drawing room. There were always cut flowers about, and the latest magazines. Mabel usually had several socialistic magazines about her place. Not that she ever read them, but it conveyed an idea to others that she kept abreast of the times, and she was hardly ever called upon to make good with any knowledge that she obtained from them.

Mabel's husband had left her well provided for, and just now her greatest wish was to marry Dane Grey. She had evoked a very real interest in him until recently when his attitude had changed subtly. Clever as she was she could not tell just exactly where it was different, but she felt it, nevertheless.

If Dane Grey had changed he was unconscious of it. If any one had told him that Anne Carter, in Greenville, Massachusetts, had anything to do with it, he would have laughed. He looked upon Anne as a child. If he remembered her comments on books and life and the people they discussed together, and unconsciously contrasted them with Mabel's, he was really not aware of it, but it was true just the same.

It has been said that a woman can influence a man's feelings by subtly admitting another woman's attractions, and then making some trivial remark about some one little failing. Mabel Hill had no idea that Dane Grey ever gave a thought to another woman until one night at dinner, when they were discussing a week-end with the Carpenters. Dane made some trivial remark about Geraldine's protege, Anne Carter. It wasn't what he said, it was the way he said it. Quite suddenly Mabel realized what Dane Grey had no idea of himself as yet, that this girl, this nobody that Geraldine had picked up, had made some kind of an impression on Dane. The more she thought of it, the more certain she was that she was right.

"Oh yes," she drawled, "Geraldine's little find. I couldn't think whom you meant at first. I think it's perfectly splendid of you to give so much of your time to helping her, Dane! Of course, she's never had any advantages, and you don't want to encourage her too much; that kind of girl can become a great bore."

If Mabel had calculated on arousing personal interest in Dane Grey she couldn't have managed better. He resented, without knowing exactly why, Mabel's remark about Anne. For the first time he conjured up a picture of the personal Anne, and contrasted it with Mabel. Mabel was faultlessly groomed, and everything on her was chosen with a regard for the tout ensemble. She was the typical woman of the world, Anne was the untutored child. And yet, as he recalled her, Anne's remarks were fresh, her viewpoint was original. Wasn't Mabel's slightly hackneyed? Didn't it bear a resemblance to other people's ideas, mulled over and made into her own?

Mabel, observing him across the table, saw that he was thoughtful. She wondered if it were really true that he admired this girl. Why, it seemed absurd. That Dane Grey, the courted, the popular, who might have had any woman he wanted, should give more than a passing thought to this girl who had never been out of Greenville in her life! The more Mabel thought about the absurdity of it, the more she decided that it was impossible. The next time she saw Geraldine, she must tactfully mention Dane Grey and his interest in "little Anne," and then she would watch Geraldine closely for any reaction.

Across the little table, Mabel suddenly caught Dane's eyes and gave him one of her flashing smiles. The response in his was immediate. It gave her a little sense of triumph as they rose from the table and went out into the street. After all what chance had an inexperienced girl against the charms of an older woman who knew every step of the game?

(Tomorrow, Anne plucks up courage.)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"CATS IN BIRDLAND"

By DADDY

When Thomas, Tiger and Blackie Cat go to Birdland to hunt birds, Peggy and Billy follow them. Aided by Cat Bird they plan to trap the cats so they cannot kill the birds.

CHAPTER V

In the Sticky Trap

THOMAS CAT, Tiger Cat and Blackie Cat crawled slyly toward the little rocky valley where Billy and Peggy had made the sticky cat trap. Cat Bird, keeping out of sight among the leaves of the trees, coaxed them on.

"Mew! Mew! Fat birds are waiting! Mew! Mew! Don't make a sound," he mewed in low tones.

Thomas, Tiger and Blackie didn't make a sound, but inside of them they were feeling cross and upset. They had come to Birdland expecting to find good hunting and to catch all the birds they could eat. And here they were tired and hungry and they hadn't been able to catch a single bird. They wondered if the strange cat who talked so much about "good hunting" was trying to fool them, but they didn't have the slightest idea that he was really a bird with a cat voice.

"We will follow that strange cat just one more place and if we don't find good hunting there I'm going back to the Birdland nurseries and eat baby birds," snarled Tiger Cat.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" mewed Cat Bird. "The fat birds are just ahead."

Sure enough, when Blackie, Thomas and Tiger crawled out on top of a bank above the brook, there were three birds just below them. And, as Cat Bird had said, they were fat.

The cats didn't know that the birds were made of burrs and that the rock on which they were standing was spread with sticky pine pitch. All Blackie, Tiger and Thomas could see was that the birds looked as though they would make a delicious meal for three hungry cats.

The burr birds appeared to be chattering among themselves, and now and then they seemed to burst into little trills of song.

"Fine singers make fine eating," thought the cats to themselves. They never suspected that the trills were being made by Yellow Chat and his family who, safely hiding in the bushes, were throwing their voices into the false birds.

The cats crouched and silently twitched their tails. Tiger and Thomas cast sly glances behind them, for they remembered how they had been lashed by Peggy and Billy when they hunted the baby birds.

"One, two, three!" purred Blackie, and at that all three cats sprang at the burr-birds.

Slap! The birds came down upon the pitch that covered the stone. Crunch! Their front paws crushed the burr-birds. "Er-ow! Fs-st-st-st!" snarled and spat the astonished cats as the sharp prickers of the burrs stung their paws and faces. "Er-ow! Fs-st-st-st!" they snarled and spat again as they tried to leap away from the prickly burr-birds and found themselves stuck tight in the pitch. "Er-ow! Er-ow! Er-ow!" they wailed, as they tugged and jerked and pulled trying to get free.

My, but the pine pitch and the burrs caused a sudden change in those cats. At one moment they were bold, fierce hunters, ready to tear the poor birds to pieces. The next instant they were surprised and angry and scared to find that the birds were only pricking burrs and that they themselves were caught in the sticky cat trap.

"Er-ow! Er-ow! Please let us go!" they begged. "Er-ow! Er-ow! We want to go home!"

"Mew! Mew!" mocked Cat Bird, hopping out on a bush in front of them. "Fine hunting! Mew! Mew! Come on, all you fat birds! These foolish cats thought I meant good hunting for them, but I meant good hunting for the birds! Mew! Mew!"

Blackie, Thomas and Tiger glared at Cat Bird with angry eyes. So this was how they had been fooled and led into a trap—by a clever bird that could mew like a cat! And the three cats had thought themselves so clever!

"Mew! Mew! Come on to the cat feast!" mocked Cat Bird. "Good eats! Good eats!"

And from far and near the birds came flocking to jibe at the snarling and scared cats.

(Tomorrow will be told how the cats get a lesson.)

TO HONOR RETIRING PASTOR

Reception Tonight to the Rev. and Mrs. John W. Hauser

A reception will be given in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. John W. Hauser at 8:15 this evening at the New Century Drawing Room, 124 South Twelfth street.

Mr. Hauser has accepted the call to become superintendent of the Lutheran Orphans' Home in Germantown. The reception is in charge of the following persons: Peter Woll, president of the board of trustees; Mrs. H. Kellner, president of the lady board of visitors, Mrs. Adolph Woll, president of the young people's auxiliary, and Oscar C. Schmidt, president of the Laymen's Cooperative Association.

Stokes Gives Dinner to Workers

Trenton, May 14.—W. J. B. Stokes, president of the Hotel Realty Co., which is financing the construction of the Stacy-Trent Hotel, tendered a dinner last night to the teams which disposed of the company's stock. Subscriptions were opened to the public, and a special campaign was launched to sell the $500,000 worth of stock. Informal talks were given at the dinner by Edward C. Stokes, formerly governor; William T. White and H. Arthur Smith, secretary of the company.

Adventures With a Purse

WHAT with grapes and cherries, and dear knows how many other kinds of fruit, many and appetizing are the soft drinks that are concocted in one's home—and bottled for the evenings in the warm weather when company comes. The success of many of the beverages depends upon their being sealed in air-tight bottles. Once opened, the entire contents of the bottle must be consumed. Which is why the bottle stoppers I want to tell you about are so nice. They have a patent clasp, fit right over the bottle, and can be shut down tight or opened at any time. These stoppers are also very nice to use on catsup bottles and the like. You can get them for ten cents each.

I happened into the shop just as she was talking to the Blouse Man. "New York, as usual, is setting the fashion," he said, "and New York is accepting these blouses eagerly. They are quite the smartest and newest blouses one sees." Well, no wonder New York is so enthusiastic about them. They are made of French voile or batiste, and every stitch has been done by hand. Some are lined with lovely drawn work, others are trimmed with a delicate filet edge. Still others have hemstitched frills cascading down the front. A particularly good model was a tailored blouse trimmed with drawn work and hemstitching, with smart high collar. And the prices? Surprisingly reasonable, beginning as low as $5.50.

A convenient powder puff is one that has a slit at the top. Into this one shakes one's favorite powder, and then pulls the opening together by means of a ribbon. The powder stays in the puff until shaken out, and the puff holds enough powder to last for many days, depending largely, of course, on how much powder one uses. Just think, no carrying around of an unwieldy powder box! This puff resembles the regular lamb's wool puff, and can easily be slipped into the purse, or the front of one's blouse. The price is twenty-five cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000.

Moth Balls

Naphthalene flakes or moth balls alone, using two pounds in an ordinary trunk, are most effective for protecting clothes from moth infestation and for killing all stages of the insect. Camphor is less effective, and while red-cedar chests readily kill all adult moths they do not prevent the hatching of moth eggs. Tests show that the following substances often used for the purpose possess no value as moth "repellents": Tobacco extracts and powders, lavender flowers, cayenne pepper, allspice, Cloves, angelica root, black pepper, borax, colocynth pulp, eucalyptus leaves, formaldehyde, hellebore, lead carbonate, lead oxide, lime, quassia chips, sodium bicarbonate and sodium carbonate.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Why Draw the Line?

Dear Cynthia—Why do people always draw the line at marriage between an Italian and an American when an American may marry, let's say, even a Hun? Why lay the blame on the Italian branch of the family if the marriage is an unfortunate one? Have the Americans no faults? Are all American marriages happy? We are stanch Yankees, but there always is a spark of love for our parents' country.

TWO ITALIAN GIRLS.

The letter which opened the international marriage question happened to cite the case of an American girl and Italian man, and so those particular nations have been mentioned.

Marriages between persons of other nations are often not very successful because of the difference in customs. This difference is not so marked among the Americans, Irish, English and Scotch, but the Latin countries' customs are different, and many American girls are not willing to comply with these customs, and trouble comes of it.

Censors "L'Amerique"

Dear Cynthia—I am a reader of your columns and have never been so disgusted as here of late in following up "One Who Knows" and the one who agrees with "One Who Knows," the latter signing herself "L'Amerique."

"L'Amerique," you are making a big mistake by agreeing with "One Who Knows," because all Italian fellows are not alike. In referring to the fellow who had proposed marriage to you, who, as you say, was a high-class fellow, it is easily understood by your letter that he was only passing away a little time with you, because he did not behave properly; otherwise he would come to see you instead of you going to see him. Business does not interfere with love when a fellow intends to marry.

ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Mother Objects

Dear Cynthia—My problem is this: I am a young girl of twenty years, and am in love with a young man a year older than myself. We went through high school together, and I had a "crush" on him and he on me when we were both freshmen. It's lasted ever since. He has proposed an engagement several times but my mother has always refused her sanction. She says June and I are too much alike, and it isn't that she doesn't like him, but she's superstitious. I've tried reasoning with her, but it seems to do no good. My whole life would be a failure if Junior and I were separated.

Please tell me what to do. I'm about desperate. JEAN-IN-LOVE.

If you are convinced that superstition is the only reason for the objection, do not give the young man up.

Wait a year before being engaged; and if by that time you have not overcome the objections just speak out plainly on the matter. There are some things one must decide about one's own life.

Scores "De Jure"

Dear Cynthia—Would you please let me say a few words to "De Jure"?

"De Jure," I really do feel awfully sorry for you. Perhaps you won't appreciate my sympathy, but I think you need it. What kind of girls do you know? I'll wager they wouldn't feel so flattered if they heard what you thought about girls.

Woman was placed on this earth by God to direct and influence man. Many a man wouldn't be where he is today if it wasn't for the encouragement he received from a woman.

You surely are 100 per cent man. You were a bookkeeper during the war, were you not?

I suppose you are disappointed in love, "De Jure"; that's why you wrote such a perfectly awful letter about us girls. Please don't judge all the girls by the "one."

Better become more acquainted with the girls, then you'll find out what pals they can be. "BROWNIE."

They Kiss When Alone

Dear Cynthia—I am seventeen and I have a boy friend of eighteen. We do not intend to be married, as our families say we are too young. But we love each other and kiss and make love to each other whenever we are alone. Sometimes I wonder if I ought to. What do you think?

CLARABELLE.

If I could, I would almost stand on the street corners and preach against this degrading, vulgar, disgusting habit of kissing and mauling each other that so many boys and girls of today indulge in. Have you no instincts of modesty and self-control?

Why should a girl cheapen herself by giving of her sweetness to whosoever will stop to take of it? No good, high-minded man wants to marry a girl who has been kissed and caressed by other men before him. Nor should a pure, sweet woman be willing to marry a man who has made a habit of kissing and hugging every girl who would let him.

Think this over, readers of the column, and see if you cannot by a word here and there and by your own example help others to refrain from these familiarities, and so prevent a great deal that is wrong in this world, which is what we ourselves make it, after all.

Summer Suits

Cotton and linen suits can be pressed and laundered at home. Dust can generally be shaken from them, for they do not hold it as wool and silk do. Brushing tends to rub the dirt into cotton and linen fibers. Heavy cotton and linen suitings should be pressed on the wrong side or with a thin cloth spread over them. This makes them look more like new and prevents shine on seams and marks of the iron.

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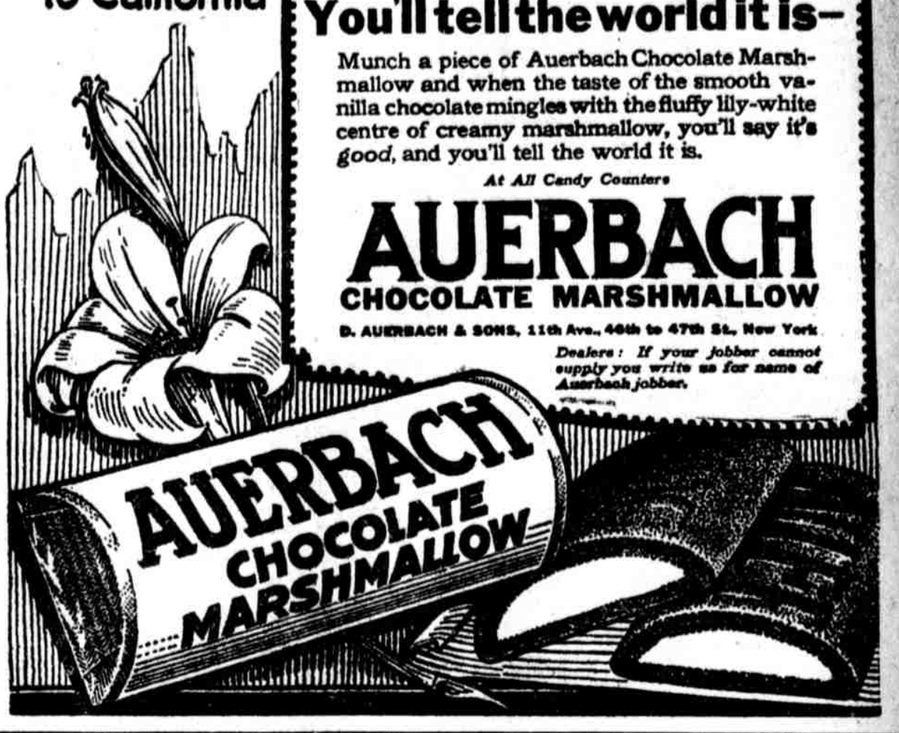

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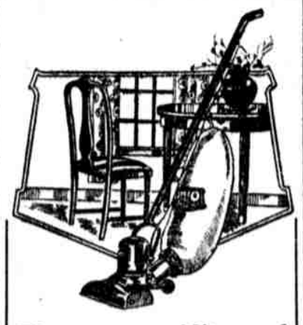

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