

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XIV.—What Was in the Package

DICK CALARIN and Mary were silent after their short encounter with Julian Vandaveer. Dick looked narrowly at Mary. Vandaveer, some-how, did not notice the sort of man she would know. He had noted Mary's quick flush as she acknowledged a Vandaveer's apology, and had put it down to other causes than the right one—which was that he reminded her forcibly of Eve Rochester, her rival.



MAY CHRISTIE

Mary was filled with a strange uneasiness at this meeting with the suave and good-looking Julian Vandaveer. She did not know him. She had never seen him excepting for the moment at the railroad station when he had come to meet Eve Rochester when the two girls had arrived in the country.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

God Helps Him Who Helps Himself

SOME years ago a young chap walked up to the dean of Leland Stanford Junior University, and asked:

"What are the chances here for earning enough money to work your way through?"

It was an old question, had been asked hundreds, thousands of times before. It was fairly easy to answer. The dean consulted a file.

"The only job that seems to be lying about loose," he said finally, "is that of serving in the dining rooms. Student waiters are always in demand."

"I suppose," he drawled whimsically, "that they also serve who only stand and wait"; but somehow I can't quite see myself in the part."

Then, after a few moments' reflection:

"Anybody, I don't know that I need depend on a job that's 'lying about loose.' I shouldn't wonder if I'd have to look around a bit for an opening that hasn't been offered to every passerby and become showpans."

Most people have eyes to see only that which is exceptional—the exclamation points of life—the unusual, the striking, the things that force themselves on their attention; they seldom see the everyday things that make men and fortunes.

The young fellow had "looked around a bit" only a few days when he discovered a need—and an opportunity.

"I think," he said to himself, "that the person who undertakes to organize the clean linen business in this academic settlement will 'also serve' and won't have to wait for his reward."

A little investigation, quite a number of inquiries, an interview or two, some "educational" propaganda, and—

One morning the college committee awoke to the realization that, above everything else, it needed efficient laundry service.

Before long it was clear that not only was the college being systematically and satisfactorily served in this respect, but what was even more important, there were obvious but to which everybody else was oblivious.

It soon became natural to "ask Hoover" and to "let Hoover manage" the various student undertakings; and to this day "the way Hoover say and did things" is one of the most firmly established traditions at Leland Stanford.

Many years have passed since the establishment of the student's laundry at Leland Stanford, and the man who started that and many other student enterprises has long since the name he set, his latest feat, being feeding fabled nations. Herbert Hoover made good for two reasons.

First: Because the man who can do things when they ought to be done is very much in demand.

Second: Because God helps him who helps himself.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEVO BATTLELOR

Frances Page wanted to be modern, and so, as she was earning a good salary when she married Jerry, she insisted upon paying exactly half of everything. She did not discover what a mistake she had made until she saw Jerry's attitude toward other women who were willing to take more than their share of what a man has to give, and it was then that she tried hard to make herself over. Then she lost her position, and immediately Jerry became tenderly protective, but Frances was not satisfied, she wanted Jerry's love and her own self-respect as well. With-out telling any one she determined to try her hand at a story based on her own experiences and those of her friends.

CHAPTER XLV Jerry's Disappointment FRANCES had decided to call her story "The Cross Roads." She had taken as a theme the lives of four women who had taken different roads and drifted apart after their marriage. Clarissa, Elsie, Mildred and herself were the characters. The idea obsessed her and she worked feverishly on it.

Then one evening Jerry came home with a queer expression on his face. Frances, on whom nothing was wasted, noticed it immediately, and when he said casually enough: "Seen the Chronicle tonight?" her heart leaped suffocatingly.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Aunt Thinks She's Wrong Dear Cynthia—I have never written to you before, dear Cynthia, but I have been a constant reader of your columns for quite some time, and have gotten the wonderful advice you have given to others. I just want to ask you one question.

Last week I visited my aunt, quite some distance from my home. While there a certain young lady, whom I had met when sitting under a tree. A few friends were invited to her house, my aunt and myself among them. I knew the other girls who were invited, but they were just merely acquaintances and not friends.

Make Her Speak Plainly Dear Cynthia—I write for advice. I am a man more than fifty years old, several years ago I met a young girl whom I have been helping along in the world with cash for her expenses when she has short money. Now I think a great deal of this girl and she thinks a great deal of me; in fact, she has told me that she loves me in a way that would lead her to marry me in a way that would lead her to marry me.

The Woman's Exchange Removing Ink Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell what to use to take out black ink stains on overalls used around printers' presses?

A Good Wedding To the Editor of the Women's Page: Dear Madam—I would like to ask you for a little advice.

For a Home Wedding To the Editor of the Women's Page: Dear Madam—My sister is to be married in August in her own home and expects about twenty-five guests.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Mule Clown by DADDY

"The Kicking Match" WHO! WHO! Which would you rather have a kicking match with an elephant or a mule?" asked Judge Owl, settling down to tell his evening story to Peggy and Hilky.

"I'd rather not have a kicking match with either," said Peggy very promptly. "An elephant's feet are too big and a mule's heels are too nimble."

"That is what Major, the elephant, found when he had his kicking match with Hilky Sam," declared Judge Owl. "I'll tell you about it."

"After Hilky Sam won his job as a circus clown he became the star of the whole show. The crowds laughed more at Hilky Sam than they laughed at any other clown, and they clapped so much when he did his tricks that the other animals grew jealous.

"Hee-haw, I'm the funniest animal in this whole show," he brayed, one evening after supper in the menagerie tent.

"Who-uff! You are indeed a funny sight," grunted Major, the elephant, in a cloud of dust over Hilky Sam. "Now that I see a lot of difference between being funny and being a funny sight, and Hilky Sam didn't like Major's remark."

"Hee-haw! No other animal can kick as hard as I can," he brayed. And the other animals, remembering how Hilky Sam kicked his trainer and the bass drum player, admitted he was a great kicker. What is, all the other animals except Major, the elephant, said: "Who-uff! You don't know what real kicking is," grunted Major. "These little heels of yours can't hurt much, but when my big feet kick it is like being hit by a train engine."

"Hee-haw, I'll challenge you to a kicking match!" brayed Hilky Sam. "If these animals were eager for excitement and for a kicking match, quickly arranged, Zeb, the camel, was referred to."

"Go!" grunted Zeb. Quick as a flash, Hilky Sam whirled around, and when both of his nimble heels kicked Major's fat stomach.

"Who-uff!" grunted Major, and he kicked out with one big hind foot. But Hilky Sam danced away, and the elephant's foot hit only the empty air. Again Hilky Sam's heels lashed out and when he kicked Major a second time in the stomach, "Who-uff!" said the elephant, the breath being knocked out of him.

"In and out danced Hilky Sam, his heels beating a regular tune on the elephant's stomach. Major was angry, but he couldn't land a single kick on the mule. One kick from the elephant's big feet would have been enough to finish Hilky Sam, but that one kick never landed.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIÉ



Whether the driver of a car is one's host, a member of the family, or a professional chauffeur, it is a serious matter to distract him by any attempt to engage him in conversation, especially when he is plotting the machine through a busy street or a road all alive with motor parties.

A woman accustomed to driving her own car seldom, if ever, addresses a question to the driver, for she knows by experience that he must keep his wits about him all the time, and that even one minute's inattention to the business in hand may be fraught with serious consequences.

Some of the most interesting of the questions to be asked are: "What is the most interesting of the road accidents?" "What is the most interesting of the road accidents?"

Today's Inquiries 1. Describe some exquisite favors for the spring luncheon, which can be made inexpensively. 2. What sort of girls does a dress of gray chiffon over ivory blue broadcloth take best?

Yesterday's Answers 1. This season the newest of original dresses will be trimmed with quaint touches of wool, such as herringbone, contrasting shades, etc. 2. Since the presence of iron in some bluing is apt to leave rust stains on the fabric, the best method of testing bluing is to see if it contains this harmful substance is to mix strong soap suds with some of it, which will turn from blue to yellow if iron is present.

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WE HAVEN'T MOVED FAR SINCE THE DAYS OF ROME

Our Fashions Just Keep Repeating Themselves All the Time, and We Hear That Roman Ladies Had All Our Vanities

WE THINK we're pretty smart in these days of equal suffrage. Our husbands and fathers think we're pretty extravagant in these days of different jewels for different times of day.

We think we're pretty clever and skillful in these days of "restoring graying hair" and intricate "coiffures." We look at pictures of our ancestors in the atrocities that they wore and we say fervently: "Thank heaven I live in the time in which I live!" We've progressed since those awful old days!

Have we, indeed? Well, perhaps in the matter of airplanes, automobile self-starters, the Panama canal and the marcel wave, we have progressed.

According to experts we are just where the ladies of ancient Rome were, as far as suffrage, jewels, gray hair, coiffures and clothes are concerned.

In fact we shall have to hurry to catch up with them in some things. For, although they did not have the political life which exerted a strong influence over the affairs of their day; they campaigned for candidates by means of tabrets with their own names written at the top urging the people to vote for such and such a man.

They haven't done quite that yet, even if we do gather round the polls and serve the jurists.

The professor of ancient languages, who disclosed these remarkable facts about the ladies with straight noses and flowing gowns, declares that in ancient Rome the women had rouge, lip sticks, powder and perfume for which they paid fabulous sums.

And it was positively scandalous the way those women dressed their hair—our puffs weren't in it!

They wore a complicated pompadour, in which curls, puffs and braids played a prominent part.

The hair was included in the trousseau of every well-dressed woman, and it was quite usual to use hair dye.

AND extravagant! Well, when it comes to hair nuts made of fine gold, we "extravaganant" women of this "advanced" age think that's going to little far; real hair is good enough for us.

But they had gold ones back there in the palmy days of Rome. They paid ridiculous amounts for the various kinds of jewelry which they just had to have—different styles for summer and winter.

Bracelets they wore, armlets, earrings and vanity cases, all set with diamonds, emeralds and pearls in an elaborate way that would make us afraid to carry them.

So, you see, we aren't quite so modern as we thought we were. In fact, there is nothing new under the sun which rises and sets in fashion. In medieval times they wore the graceful blouses with girle around the hips which we consider so stylish now. The buff and evening dresses which are coming back into favor again weren't even new five years ago.

The ancients to whom we refer with such pride sometimes wore them in a slightly different form "many years ago."

SOMEbody invents a new twist to a sleeve—and grandmother gives a superior elderly sniff.

"My mother wore one like that when I was a little girl!" she observes, scornfully.

Possibly some day somebody really will find a skirt, or a sleeve, a hat, or a necktie that is really new.

Even then the ghost of some historic woman will probably go stalking through the sewing room for several hours of the morning just to show that she wore a thing like that herself "when she was young and charming."

Indian Beliefs Both green and red were deemed fortunate colors by the Cakchiquel Indians, the former as that of the flourishing plant, the latter as that of the ripening golden ears of maize.

When a Sioux Indian courts a girl he paints his eyes blue and yellow and paints his lips red, as these are the colors of the earth.

Los Angeles Indian girl paints her cheeks red when she is in love, so as to win the many admirers.

The Sioux Indians use green as a funeral color, and so green is never worn by the living, as that would be unlucky.

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