

Why Do Boys and Girls in Their 'Teens Carry Pistols and Have Poison on Hand?

They Do Not Seem to Have Any Outside Interests Which Keep Them From Morbid Brooding About Their Troubles

"DON'T believe he meant to kill that girl," said one person discussing a recent tragedy in which a boy shot a girl. "I think he must have been crazy with jealousy, and just meant to threaten her."

"Yes," agreed the other one. "But how did he get the gun, and why was he carrying it?"

"That is the strange part of all these affairs—why a boy of tender years, ten or twelve should have a pistol in his pocket."

Even if he doesn't keep it loaded he can often throw a bluff which will frighten any man gone yet."

Does he expect to be attacked at any hour of the day? Has he no confidence in the laws and conventions of the city?"

POISON is another useful little thing that girls and boys seem to have within reach of a moment's whim.

A girl falls at school, is refused permission to go to a party, and her lover faithless—and takes poison.

Have not they girls' names? Has a lover faithless—and takes poison.

Why should they prepare to die, or even think about it at all, long before they have any reason for wanting to die?

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECKE



In an inherited collection of scraps books there are generations of jobs dealing with the dark question: "Has this young man gone yet?"

That young man, or rather, the grand, son who resembles him, is still to be found on many a front porch these long mid-summer evenings.

But in most normal lives, the girl meets a friend who just loves her hat, and gives her a chocolate sundae and something to giggle at.

And the boy finds another girl or a new ambition and a cinnamon bun in the cake box.

Life seems to flow right along in spite of their unhappiness, and in a day or an hour or two they forget all about it.

They have no outlet for their spirits, and they take it all out in unappreciated thinking.

They lack outside hobbies, fun, boy-and-girl amusements which take them out of themselves.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Flitting With the Fairies By DADDY

CHAPTER IV Bargaining With a Spider

LEGS, the wing-maker, poked his head out of his nest at the call of the fairies. This time Peggy did not shriek when she saw him. If the fairies were not afraid of the great spider, she wasn't going to be. And Billy felt the same way.

"What do you want?" asked Legs in a soft, silky voice, while his beady eyes roved from Peggy to Billy.

"We want wings, Mister Legs—your very best. That's why we have called you out of your nest."

So sang the fairies in answer. Legs, the wing-maker, scurried to the center of his beautiful tapestry curtain. A crafty look came into his eyes.

"How many wings do you want?" he asked in his peculiar silky voice.

"Two pairs," replied Flitter-Flash. "One for this fair maid, whose name is Peggy, and one for this brave lad, whose name is Billy."

"So!" said Legs, again looking the children over carefully. "Do they want the wings very much indeed, sir?" replied Peggy.

"Jinny, I should say we do," exclaimed Billy. The crafty look in the eyes of Legs became more crafty than before, while Flitter-Flash gave a little gasp of dismay.

"But they don't want them too awfully awfully much," cried Flitter-Flash quickly. "No, they don't want them too awfully awfully much," chorused all the fairies.

MAKE YOUR KITCHEN PRETTY



If you do your own housework and your kitchen is the pride of your life, you will be interested in this new way to decorate it.

Of course, you have a color scheme for it—delft blue, jade green, sunflower yellow or some other appropriate shade—and probably you have painted your dresser to match.

You can add still more brightness to your pure white paint in a heavy coat. Let this dry, then apply the design, through a stencil, with enamel.

This gives a solid appearance and allows frequent washings without fading or chipping off. And it makes such an improvement in the kitchen empty car which she had all to herself.

The train was an express one and didn't stop until they were close to town. She was glad of that. The whistles blew. The train set off.

Mary glanced below the seats, laughing a little at herself over her fears and tremors. But she wasn't going to take any chances, if she could help it.

The pleasant countryside all radiant and smiling gave the pretty panorama. Mary leaned against the cushions and formulated plans. Dick and she would go abroad together the moment he was better fit to travel.

He'd had an offer from a mining company in South America—a six months' contract that was really wonderful as to terms. Another offer was from Cape Town. Maybe that climate would suit the young man better. Dick must choose for himself. Oh, she was glad, glad that she had married Dick!

"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHLOR

"Because she has been disappointed in one man Nancy Hathaway decides never to trust another. In order to get away from her old environment she accepts a position as governess to a little child in a lonely house on the Massachusetts coast, and when she arrives there discovers that Bruce Henderson, Trix's uncle, has a sinister influence over the child. Nancy in defiance Bruce incurs his enmity and he orders her to leave, which she refuses to do. As a last resort Bruce threatens to expose her to the police, and she escapes to her father's home, where she is again disappointed in a man who she thought she could trust. She is rescued by her father and returns to her home."

CHAPTER XXVII A Blunt Refusal

AFTER that glance in his direction Nancy kept her head turned resolutely away from Bruce. She was determined to avoid him, but she knew by his voice that he was not in his usual unapproachable mood.

"Good morning, doctor," he said suavely and then turned to the girl. "I've just finished talking with Mr. Henderson," he remarked brusquely. "He absolutely refuses to see the necessity for taking the child away. I'm afraid it will be impossible to manage it."

"You know how it would be?" he questioned, fixing his keen blue eyes upon her. "Yes, I was sure he wouldn't consent."

"Miss Hathaway, I'm somewhat in the dark concerning this entire affair. I wonder if you won't enlighten me concerning it?"

"I'm afraid I don't know any more than you do," Nancy returned, "excepting that Trix seems to have a deep hatred against the doctor, and the Mr. Henderson hates the child. Believe me, Dr. Hunt, I shouldn't be telling you this unless I felt it necessary. But I know as well as you that this is a serious matter."

Tomorrow—An Interrupted Parting

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A young woman is seeking enrollment of her marriage on the ground that her husband won her under false pretenses. He tricked her into marriage, she said, by posing as the son of a wealthy man.

"He claimed," she says, "to be a director of a large Pennsylvania corporation, and that he was an officer in the army, though exempt from service."

Should this girl not hide her head rather than let her part in this "transaction"—instead of going into court and demanding to be let out of her bad bargain?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Shall She Ask Him? Brown Eyes—it is quite all right to invite the young man out to meet your friend.

To "Ellen M." To Cynthia—your trouble seems to be one we face every day, and perhaps, a bit of egotism. Most of our education is obtained after we leave school.

She's a Commuter Dear Cynthia—I was interested a couple of months ago in a letter in your column from "Sultor," and although I am not in the predicament I am a girl and cannot take your good advice to him.

A TRIP TO TOWN THE following morning Mary rose early and walked into the nearest town to buy some medicines she must buy for Dick.

They Quarreled Dear Cynthia—Being a constant reader of your column, I am glad to write to you for advice. This is my story: About six months ago I met a fellow who had a fine education and was very well brought up.

TOUCH OF HANDWORK MAKES DAINTY FROCK

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. What are some good names for the camp in which a woman's hat is delivered by hand?

Yesterday's Answers 1. Mrs. A. M. Williams, who has collaborated with her husband in writing many novels, still uses his name, although he is not living.

By CORINNE LOWE Although children are dressed almost as simply as their mothers these days, there is also a possibility of utilizing the juvenile model by some little touch of color or trimming.

Things You'll Love to Make Shirred on Ribbon

At Cupid's Call

By MAX CHRISTIE

Mary Dree is Carrington Bellairs' secretary and has been staying at his country house to do some work for him.

empty car which she had all to herself. The train was an express one and didn't stop until they were close to town.

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A very simple and exceedingly sweet and delicious treat is made from RED ON RIBBON. Make a plain one-piece organdie frock as a foundation.

The Blue Store MAURICE SPECTOR, President 1310 Chestnut Street Inventory Sale 225 Silk Dresses at Exactly Half Original Prices Cool Summer Frocks Values 22.50 to 39.50 15.00 Linen, Organdie, Imported Dotted Swiss, Checked Crepe de Chine, Combinations of Imported Gingham and Crepe de Chine, etc. 15.00 to 29.50 Gingham Frocks. Now 8.50, 11.50, 15.00 12.50 to 15.00 Knitted Beach Capes: Now 4.95 and 7.95 All Sales Final—None C. O. D.—No Approvals