Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Squash

PAUL trespassed into the culinary domain, the kitchen, and puffed idly at his old briar pipe as Virginia deftly rolled pie crust and hummed an aria from "Faust."

Then her husband's eyes lighted upon the squat golden-yellow vegetable which was alongside.

"Ah, squash pie for dinner, eh?" he asked her comfortably.

She shook her head absently, her thoughts upon the flaky dough.

"No, dear, pumpkin!"

"Pumpkin?"

She nodded again.

"Well, that's a good one," he chuckled. "Pumpkin pie. Going to make pumpkin pie out of a squash, eh? New stuff."

"That's not a squash, Paul. That's a pumpkin."

"Get out, you little fraud. Say, I used to spend my vacations on a farm when I was a kid. Yes, sir, stayed all summer and into September, and I guess I know a squash when I see one. The light yellow things are squashes. The dark, greenish ones, with pointed ends, are pumpkins."

The perfect wife only smiled and fashioned the dough into the deep pie-plate.

"If you'd just stop to think, dearest, you'd see I am right. Now a pumpkin pie is very dark colored, you know. So, that alone proves that the dark greenish things with pointed ends are pumpkins. See? A squash pie, on the other hand, is always light yellow, a sort of orange color, just like that squash you've got there."

And with this he shuffled back to the living room and resumed his newspaper. The pie was delicious, of course.

Virginia heard the clock in the living room strike the hour of midnight, and then she became aware of a trickle of light under the door of the bedroom. It came from the living room. She arose and opened the communicating door just a crack that she might discover the reason for this midnight prowl. Paul was standing before the bookcase, a huge and heavy volume — the dictionary in his arms.

A smile came and Virginia climbed back into bed.

The room became dead-dark again and then she heard Paul speak:

"Virginia!"

"Yes?"

"Say, you know about that pumpkin—ah, I mean the squash?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know how it happened, but——"

He hesitated.

"Well?"

"But I'm dead off on that. Darnedest thing I ever did. You—you were right, old girl. That squash we had tonight was a pumpkin."

There was a long silence.

"I can't understand how in the dickens I made that mistake. And as far as that goes, I don't see how a bright yellow pumpkin makes a very dark filling for a pie."

The clock ticked loudly.

Virginia covered a little yawn.

"Molasses," she finally said, sleepily.

"Can you beat that?" muttered Paul.

But there was no answer.

The perfect wife was lost in dreamland.

Tomorrow—The Visitor

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

No Place Is Small Enough to Crowd Out Opportunity

In the will of Mark Hanna's widow, just probated in Washington, there is a legacy of $25,000 for her cook.

But that is hardly fair—Maggie Maloney is more than a cook. She is a famous personage whose prestige and power were at their zenith from 1897 to 1900 in Washington, when the corned beef hash she prepared for the Sunday morning breakfasts of Mark Hanna drew to his table many of the leading men of the Nation, including President McKinley himself.

Maggie was with the Hannas back home in Cleveland, and it was there that the future President McKinley first went, when he wanted a special treat, to enjoy corned beef hash a la Maggie Maloney.

When Senator Hanna went to Washington Maggie went along. And so popular did her famous hash make their table there that she soon became a character in social reminiscences as well as in the capital press.

In one of David Graham Phillips' stories there is a cook who influenced legislation with her hash. That was Maggie Maloney. And more than one statesman of the time has mentioned her in his recollections.

Maggie has since given out her hash formula, but somehow it has not seemed to work out into Maggie's hash.

Come to think of it, she must have put into it something of that intangible ingredient that goes into any kind of success—something that was not in the formula, but was still the most important ingredient in the hash that she made an institution, and that gained her fame and handsome recognition.

Many of us, finding ourselves in what seems an insignificant or lowly sphere, chafe at fortune and do no more than we must, to remain insignificant.

Many a girl behind a switchboard or, perhaps, pounding typewriter keys, wishes for footlights or some other chance for fame, never dreaming of nor beginning to take advantage of the opportunities right at her own door.

True, they may be hidden beneath the surface; but they can be no more so than the chance that Maggie Maloney found in the job of cook and making corned beef hash!

The Woman's Exchange

For the Glee Club

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would like very much to get an attractive name for a glee club we (four boys) have organized.

GEORGE B.

Call yourselves the Melody Quartet or the Four Troubadours.

They Are Puzzled

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly suggest something in a novelty suitable for a wedding gift for a girl who has a beautifully furnished home and has everything we can buy in department stores. We would like something costing about $10 and it must be a novelty.

ANXIOUS TRIO.

Go to an antique shop, and something in the nature of a mirror of unusual shape, a gleaming copper kettle or a comfortable footstool will surely appeal to you.

About Beaded Bags

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have black hair and fair skin. Could you please tell me what kind and shade of powder to use? Are beaded bags still in fashion? Are they considered out of style?

A CONSTANT READER.

Have the person who sells you yours recommend a good powder and the correct shade for you.

Beaded bags are still carried a great deal, for they are so soft and dainty that they give a charming finish to a costume.

Helping With Her Gifts

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As you have helped so many people to solve their problems, I have come to you also. Could you give me a few suggestions as to what to give to mother and father for Christmas? Also what would make a pretty and inexpensive Christmas present for a teacher whose pupil I have been for one year?

Would a loving cup be a nice gift to give a teacher at the end of the term by the whole class? We go to the eighth grade and then have a different set of teachers.

WAITING ANXIOUSLY.

Don't you think your mother would like something personal, such as a pretty collar (if she has a dress it would look well on) or an inexpensive pocketbook? If she is fond of things for the house, get her a small picture or a flower bowl.

For your father, choose a necktie, a calendar for his desk, some handkerchiefs or an ash tray. In both cases it is nice to get things that you have heard them say they would like.

You could give your teacher a small address book or a vase of the kind that holds one bud. When the class is ready to choose the "farewell" present for her it would be better to pick out something that she can use, for I am sure that this will make her remember you all in the very nicest way. A pair of bookends, a beautifully bound book or a little desk clock are all suggestions for this gift.

A Rope Clothesline

In order to make a rope clothesline waterproof and resistant to atmospheric influences, treat it in the following manner: Make two separate solutions, the first consisting of one pound of soap dissolved in five quarts of water; the second is made by dissolving one pound of ordinary alum in the same quantity of water. The soap solution is heated to about 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and the rope immersed in it until the fibers have been thoroughly soaked; it is then removed, wiped free of superfluous solution, and transferred to the alum bath, in which it is allowed to remain for about thirty minutes, then taken out, and the excess solution wiped off.

This process impregnates the fibers of the rope with a soap that is insoluble in cold water, making it quite waterproof.—Popular Mechanics.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Who was Michigan's first business woman, and how has a town near Grand Rapids paid tribute to her?
2. Describe an artistic and colorful screen for several small side fixtures.
3. In what clever way is an attractive toothbrush holder fashioned?
4. For the child's Christmas present, describe an archery set which has the advantage of being just as appealing as the usual kind, while there is perfect safety in using it.
5. When the ends of a chiffon sash persist in flying breezily about, in what charming manner can they be held down?
6. How are the shoulder straps fastened to an otherwise plain camisole in a pretty and ornamental manner?

Yesterday's Answer

1. A school for nursery maids is a novel sort that has been instituted in Boston.
2. For an original and striking monogram on letter paper the use of the first name is a new fad that is being followed.
3. Made of satin, with a flap that reveals monkey fur underneath it, is a unique bag which may be carried with the winter costume.
4. An ardent young man rowing a lovely lady fashions an enchanting little mechanical water toy which would please a child at Christmastime.
5. On a tan felt hat a dainty trimming of brown cross-stitch is found on the front of the crown.
6. When a dark dress is worn, an exquisite ornament that would look well with it is an oval piece of carved white Chinese jade, hung on a slender black cord.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

If the etiquette of gifts was as well understood as it should be, there would not be so many social mistakes made, especially during the Christmas season.

For instance, it is not proper for a girl to send her own photograph as a Christmas gift to any man, except her father or guardian, her brother, her uncle, or her fiance. Yet, every year, young men receive Christmas-gift photographs from girls. Some men have quite a large collection of these too-personal remembrances, and while every "latest addition" is a source of mild amusement rather than of annoyance, the comments spoken or the thoughts unspoken are not complimentary to the sender's good sense. Aside from the impropriety of sending so intimate a gift to a man, the giving of an unsolicited photograph to anybody is always in questionable taste, since it is an obvious expression of inordinate self-esteem.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Beatrice C."

Better let the young man take you to the party. He may have had an exam to prepare for. Judge by his future behavior, and if he is rude again let the friendship drop. Cynthia only answers personally when it is absolutely necessary.

To "Rosalind S."

Simply thank every one for giving you such a delightful time. Receive every one graciously and if your mother or sister is not there to do the honors, be sure to make every one welcome. If it's a surprise, how do you come to know of it before it happens?

Says They Don't Pick Wild Wives

Dear Cynthia—A word or two to I'm a Girl. I suppose it is our nature to run after the wild kind, as the saying goes, nowadays. But watch those same fellows when it comes time to settle down and see which one they pick out. It will not be the vamp sort, but the sensible sort. Not that I am running after the sensible sort, for I am just as crazy as the rest over the wild ones. But as you say, who wants a girl that sits in a dark room? Not I.

I'M A BOY.

Does Not Know His Family

Dear Cynthia—I wish you would answer this question for me. I am a girl of eighteen. I am attractive to boys, but so far have found only one that I love dearly, and he has already asked me to be his wife, but I have never met any of his family. I have hinted about it several times, but he has made no reply. Please, Cynthia, tell me how will I get to meet his parents. He says he cannot find any job. A girl says he is lazy. How can I find out?

TRIXIE'S SISTER.

Don't hint. Tell him right out you want to know his family. But there is no occasion for them to call on you until you are engaged.

Ignore the Whole Thing

Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your column, and have read of your advice to others, and so I come to you to solve my problem.

I am a girl in my teens, and about a year ago I met a fellow two years my senior. I thought he was a very nice fellow until I became better acquainted with him. Then I changed my mind and stopped talking to him altogether.

I met him on the street one day and he stopped and asked me if I told anybody we keep steady company, in such a way as if it did not mean anything to him, but only to hurt me. I asked him to prove it and tell me who said so, but he quickly dropped the subject.

Cynthia, I would like to write to him, but his mother reads all his mail, or should I call him up, as I do not like to see him personally, and what should I say if I do?

RED HAIR.

Don't call him up. Ignore him and the whole matter entirely.

Likes Hawaiian Girls

Dear Cynthia — I lived in the Hawaiian Islands for two years and I found that the girls in Honolulu are much better than the girls in the States. They aren't like these girls—tell a fellow or a "gob" that it is getting late and he must go home. They show a "gob" a good time, and they don't pull your leg like the girls do over here. They take you out to the show and pay your way in, and they take you to their homes and make up a good Hawaiian dinner for you and everything. They do not care about how they spend their money on a fellow, and the reason I know this I was in Pearl Harbor for two years as a "gob," and when I came to the States I saw the difference with the girls, so I would rather have a Hawaiian girl before I would a girl from the States.

A HONOLULUAN.

Cynthia is glad to hear you say that the girls are different in the States. Girls who allow boys to stay till all hours in the evening and spend money freely on men cannot be said to be ladylike, to say the least.

Slaps at "Susie's" Don'ts

Dear Cynthia—In answer to "Susie's" letter:

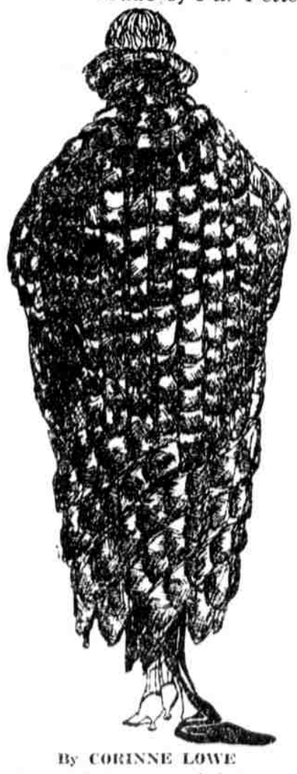
I want to criticize your don'ts. You say, "Don't kiss more than one man. When you tire of him, take another, but never two at once." You sound like a child with some new toys. "Don't play with more than one. When you are tired of that, then you will have the other." You tell men never to make love unless they mean it, "even if it is done by most of the male sex." If that is a sample of the conduct of your friends—well, no nice man ever does. Some of them flirt a little, I must admit, but don't you know the difference between flirting and love-making? I really think most of your don'ts are unnecessary, because no girl who considers herself a lady would do them.

And your idea about Cynthia. Well, "Susie," I hardly think Cynthia is a woman, either, but I never had quite that picture of—shall I say him or her? Whoever it is must have a good time laughing at some of our letters.

I would like to hear what some other readers think about "Susie's" don'ts.

DIANA.

A Scalloped Hem Made of Fur Pelts



By CORINNE LOWE

A noted feminist was asked the other day to describe her impressions of the new modes. "Why waste words," asked she, "when you can sum them up in four words—capes, crepes, drapes, and apes?"

In the fur wraps mole is always a wise choice—for those who have any choice in the matter. Some of the mole wraps of this year are designed in squares and petals which are extremely effective. This petal arrangement is followed in the sumptuous wrap shown today in a way which enables the last row of ornaments to form the scalloped hem line.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

THE CAPE'S THE THING

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

Bands of trimming made of the same material as this charming street frock, laid in puffy little pleats, give a longer line effect than the dress would have ordinarily. This makes it becoming to the girl who is long-waisted, or the girl who is plump enough to seek the disguise of long lines in her clothes. But, in case the slim girl may feel too long drawn out, the accommodating frock adds a full shoulder cape, reaching almost but not quite to the waist, edged with the same trimming as that on the rest of the costume. In thus combining what is worn on the street with what is worn in the house, you have a dress that can be worn for either calling or receiving calls, for Christmas shopping, or for holiday party-going in the daytime. The cape adds a distinction to a costume which nothing else can give, and many a plain, uninteresting frock has been turned into a thing of style and jauntiness by the mere addition of a yard and a half of so of material gathered across the shoulders. This short kind does not hamper the movements of its wearer or confine her arms within its limits, as it is kept strictly behind her back. But its "swanky" little swing as she walks keeps it always in evidence, and there is no chance of its being overlooked.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. Later she discovers that Julie, Dane's little butterfly sister, is in love with the same man, and although Hawthorne knows that Cranford Blake or Carroll Blackton, as he now calls himself, is entirely unworthy, she is afraid to tell the truth. But when Julie threatens to run away with Blake Hawthorne is forced to tell her, and that night she also confesses to Dane. He treats her as though she has committed some terrible crime, for his ideas of women are very narrow. Hawthorne decides that there is nothing to do but leave him, and she turns to Janet Ford, her best woman friend. She is sure that Dane will seek a reconciliation, but he makes no move toward seeing her, and Hawthorne is shocked when Janet suggests that she go back to her old magazine job.

CHAPTER I

Amazing Youth

JANET did not press me when she saw how I felt; she left me to work out the problem for myself. Wise, wonderful Janet. Her words had sunk deeply into my mind and although there were moments when I felt that I must go to Dane, when I must at least explain to him my attitude toward everything, something kept me from doing it.

The longer I waited, the more my pride kept me from humbling myself, and after two days had passed and I had heard nothing from Dane, I did as Janet suggested and went back to my old job on the magazine.

Every one was kind, and no one asked any questions. My desk was placed in Janet's office, and the work was very pleasant. But my thoughts were with Dane, and there was rarely a night that I did not cry myself to sleep thinking about him.

One afternoon when I had left the office early because of a blinding headache, I met Julie coming down the stairs of our apartment house.

She seized me in the old impulsive way, and my heart leaped at the sight of her.

"Darling," she said, holding me off, "I must see you and talk to you right away."

I was too filled with emotion to know what I was doing, and when we reached the apartment my fingers trembled so that I could hardly fit the key into the lock. Julie took it in her firm young fingers, unlocked the door, and pushed me in ahead of her.

Once in Janet's living room, I dropped into a chair, and Julie pulled a low bench up close to me and sat down on it.

"First of all," she began, "I want to tell you how sorry and ashamed I am for my part in what has happened. I've grown up, Hawthorne, and you're the one who is responsible for it all. I've been a fool, a sentimental little idiot, but if it hadn't been for you, I might have done something foolish, if for no other reason than to prove that I was my own mistress, for I didn't love Carroll Blackton. I know that now, and you were right, everything you said was quite true."

She went on to tell me that he had been waiting for her that night in the living room, and she had gone to him just as soon as I had left. Of course he had seen immediately that something was wrong, and she had told him, without giving him time to prepare himself for the shock, just what I had told her.

Julie's face lost its childish lines as she spoke, and her mouth was that of a woman.

"I suffered," she said softly. "It didn't seem that I could have been so wrong in judging him, and I cared enough about him to have it hurt very much. For two days I just stayed in my room and cried. I wouldn't see any one, not even Dane, so that I didn't know anything about you."

"What happened when you told him?" I asked softly.

"He denied it at first and he took me in his arms, and O, Hawthorne, I wanted to believe him, I wanted him to be what I thought he was."

"I know, dear," I whispered, reaching for her hand and holding it tight in mine. We were both crying quietly, and yet there was almost joy in my heart, for Julie seemed very close to me.

"But I couldn't believe him," Julie's voice went on, "and when I couldn't believe him, I found I couldn't love him. I was ashamed because I wanted to be in his arms in spite of what had happened. Do you understand what I mean, Hawthorne, can you understand that?"

And I did understand, for wasn't it the same feeling I had had when I had wanted to humble myself to the ground just to feel Dane's arms around me again?

Tomorrow—The Struggle

Adventures With a Purse

HERE I come along breathlessly with last-minute suggestions for Christmas gifts. There are the dainty powder boxes covered in old rose or blue and adorned with bright little silk flowers and braid. These vanity boxes are different from any I have seen. In the first place they are almost square in shape. The top of the lid on the inside is equipped with a good-sized mirror. And the box itself holds a little cake of compact powder, with a puff, a cake of rouge and puff, and a nice lip stick. Quite a complete affair. And all for $1.25.

Then for the girl who is still going to school are the blouses which are about as smart as any blouse I have seen. They are made of what looks to be a plaid dimity. They open up the back, have Peter Pan collars and nice tailored cuffs. And tied to the front of the collar is a gay red and white or blue and white plaid tie. And what a youthful touch those ties add! The price of one of these blouses is $3.95, and when you see one I think you will agree that very good value is represented.

Then there are gloves, in all colors, well finished, with stitching in contrasting colors, and of nice soft kid. These are in one of the better shops, and are priced at $1.65, which is more than fair.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I have made some mincemeat after a recipe I have used for years and for the lack of brandy, I used some whisky and home-made wine and packed in jars and sealed. Other years I simply put the mince meat in a crock and tied paper over it. And recently I noticed that they were all fermenting and opened the jars and it began to ooze out. It does not smell bad but I am afraid to use it, and I now have put it in a crock. Do I have to lose it?

MISS F. L.

If you had stored this mince in a crock in a cold place it would have been all right; but you sealed it up without sterilizing it and the wine in it continued to ferment, and it will depend upon the degree of this fermentation as to whether you can use the mince. If you had read closely the article I wrote on making the mincemeat you would have avoided this trouble. However, the best that you can do now is to try to retrive it as follows:

Place the mince meat in the preserving kettle and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Now add one quart of molasses to every four quarts of the mince and let cook for ten minutes. Store in crock in cold place.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Please give a recipe for making maple syrup from maple sugar.

MRS. B.

Place in a saucepan

One pound of maple sugar, broken in small pieces,

One and one-half cups of boiling water.

Let stand until the sugar is melted and then bring to a boil, cooking for fifteen minutes.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Hungry Crocodile

By DADDY

Jack and Janet, turned into Slumber Sprites, go with Sleepy Woodchuck and others on a trip to Egypt.

CHAPTER II

The Snake Policeman

OLD GRAY RAT twitched his bristly whiskers as he glared at Jack and Janet and Sleepy Woodchuck.

"We can't hurt your bodies because you are Slumber Sprites, but we can hurt your feelings," squeaked Old Gray Rat. "You will be sorry when you see the Kindly Captain, the two orphans and all the sailors go hungry. We will eat or spoil their food."

Yes, Jack and Janet would be sorry. They had thought when their trick had caused thousands of rats to leave the ship bound for Egypt that there would be no more danger of the food supply running short. Now the mean threat of Old Gray Rat worried them.

As Jack wondered what could be done to stop the rats, he happened to glance up at the mast, which swayed back and forth with the motion of the waves. Coiled around a crosspiece on the mast was what looked like a black rope. But Jack knew it wasn't rope. It was Black Snake, basking in the sunshine and letting the swaying of the mast rock him to sleep. He was as comfortable as a baby in a cradle.

Jack knew the rats were afraid of Black Snake.

"Hey, Black Snake, come down and gobble this saucy Old Gray Rat!" cried Jack.

Old Gray Rat looked up sharply and saw Black Snake. Old Gray Rat gave a startled jump.

Black Snake lifted his head lazily and glanced down.

"His-s-s-s-s! Is he worth gobbling?" asked Black Snake. "He looks skinny and tough to me."

"Ee-eek! No, I am not worth eating," quickly squeaked Old Gray Rat. "I am very skinny and I am very tough. There are other rats here who are young and plump and tender." Old Gray Rat looked at his rat companions, who didn't like it a bit to have him turn Black Snake's attention toward them.

"His-s-s-s-s! None of them looks like good eating," said Black Snake, settling down for another snooze.

"Black Snake, help us!" cried Janet. "These rats are going to eat or spoil all the food on the ship. You must be a policeman and keep them away from the stores."

Black Snake uncoiled himself. "His-s-s-s! I'd like to be a policeman," he said.

"Eeek-eek! I don't believe you are a real snake," squeaked Old Gray Rat, who had been watching Black Snake closely. "You are only a Slumber Sprite and cannot hurt us."

Jack and Janet looked at each other in dismay. Had Old Gray Rat guessed their trick? Jack made up his mind to try to carry it through.

"Ah! Ha!" laughed Jack. "You think Black Snake is a Slumber Sprite, do you? Well, if you think that, just stay where you are and let him try to gobble you."

Jack's words alarmed Old Gray Rat. He knew if Black Snake were just a Slumber Sprite, he could do no harm. But if Black Snake were a real snake, why he could squeeze Old Gray Rat to death in a jiffy, and then swallow him. Old Gray Rat didn't know whether to take a chance or not.

"Ha! Ha! Now we will see fun," laughed Jack. That laugh scared Old Gray Rat. He made up his mind he didn't want to take a chance. Away he whisked, and away whisked the other rats. After them wriggled Black Snake, hissing loudly.

(How Jack and Janet reach Egypt will be told tomorrow.)

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Plane Faces

By the plane face we do not mean the plain face. What constitutes a plain face, anyhow, is a matter of opinion. But a plane face is a matter of scientific measurement.

It is the profile in which the line of the forehead and of the mouth and chin are perpendicular. The nose that goes with it is straight, or very nearly so, and not too large.

The person with a plane face strikes a balance between the one with a receding forehead and chin and the one with a projecting forehead and chin, not only in appearance, but in characteristics as well. The man or woman with the perpendicular forehead is quick mentally, but not quite so much so as the energetic and rather impatient slanting-browed one. He or she likewise is possessed of the ability for more patient and painstaking thought, but not to the same degree as the bulging-browed people. Quicker in their speech and actions than those with projecting jaws, the plane people are not so hasty as those with receding chins. Representing as they do a sort of neutrality between two extreme types, you have to turn to other signs to determine their individual tendencies.

Tomorrow—Light and Dark Motives.

A Big Family

To have 129 descendants living is the proud record of a woman of Seaham Harbor, England. The venerable dame, who is ninety-seven, had a family of eight sons and daughters, seven of whom survive. Besides an infant great-great-granddaughter, she has forty-four grandchildren and seventy-seven great-grandchildren alive.

Toys Like to Be Nice to Children Who Are Thoughtful of Them

Dimplechin Found That Out When the Goblin Showed Her How the Christmas Things Exercise at Night

"WHY, what are you doing, dear?" gasped mother as she came into the nursery.

"I'm trying to see how that poor clown feels," replied Dimplechin. "This is the way he stopped today, mother, and he has to stay like that all over night."

She was sitting in her little rocking chair pulling one sturdy leg straight up in the air, and she puffed and panted and grunted with the effort to get it there.

Mother assured her that the poor clown was probably asleep by that time and didn't know that he was uncomfortable, but Dimplechin wasn't sure.

You see the clown sits on a tall high chair in the middle of a windowful of toys, and all day long he sits up straight, lifts his one leg stiffly up in the air to his hat, takes off the hat, turns his head first one way, then the other, drops the hat on again and lowers his leg.

And as the children watched him that afternoon at five o'clock, the people in the store turned off the works and the poor clown had to stop with his leg up in the air.

He looked so uncomfortable that Dimplechin longed to let him come down naturally.

WHENEVER she is worried she talks to the Goblin about it and he usually finds a way out for her. The Goblin is on her quilt.

There are lots of him scattered all over it, but nobody else knows that he is the Goblin; mother thinks he is what she calls a "conventional flower."

Usually there is just his face, but that night he climbed right out of the flower nearest the little girl and sat down cross-legged on her arm.

"It's nice of you to be so worried," he said, clapping his hands three times.

Before he had finished speaking, Dimplechin heard a funny cracking voice say "Good evening. Thank you very much for your interest in me."

And there was the tall clown, all in his black and white suit, sitting in his tall chair, taking his hat off with his foot.

AS HIS leg came stiffly down again Dimplechin looked about him and there were the dolls, the dollhouse furniture, the red automobile with the blue driver, the Teddy Bears, the games and everything else that had been in the toy window.

They all stood very still, but as soon as the clown got down from his chair and went about touching them with his hands they began to blink and smile and talk and laugh.

Two of the dolls started playing with the games on the doll table, and the clown made himself little and took a ride in the red automobile with the blue driver.

After that he had a wrestling match with the Teddy Bears.

Then he made himself his natural size again and came over to where Dimplechin was sitting wide-eyed with delight.

"You see," he explained. "We get pretty tired and cramped up standing in the window all day, and at night we have to have some exercise. Usually we don't let anybody see us, but you know, we can tell as well as anybody else when a nice little girl looks in the window and we like to please nice little girls."

He pulled out a large gold watch that Dimplechin had not noticed when he was in the window.

"WE MUST hurry back," said the black and white clown, clapping his hands vigorously to call the toys back into their original positions.

"Good-bye and thank you for coming," called Dimplechin. "Merry Christmas!"

"When people are thoughtful of us and sorry that we have to be uncomfortable," said the clown, beginning to speak very jerkily, "we like to do things for them—" His voice halted and then there were just two more jerks which sounded like "Mer-ry," and he was silent, his leg up straight before him, his hat on ready to be taken off as soon as the works were started in the morning.

The Goblin crept back into his flower and Dimplechin crept back into bed.

"I'M ALWAYS going to be thoughtful, mother," she announced next morning, "because I think it's nice."

And wondered why mother gave such a funny laugh and such a great big kiss!

Things You'll Love to Make

Almost every day one has some dish or bowl of food which has to be left to cool off. It is lovely to have a set of NET DISH COVERS to lay over these dishes that the food may cool off and not become contaminated by dust and dirt. Cut squares and circles of white cotton net. You will need two layers for each cover. Join the two layers with buttonhole stitching around the edges. Use blue mercerized cotton or any other color that will look well with the dominant color note in the kitchen. Weight the ends with colored wooden or glass beads. These NET DISH COVERS are pretty also to cover food on the table while waiting for guests to be seated at their places.

FLORA.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

It started to rain a little this morning and kepp on raining more, and pop started to look for his umberella, saying, Wy is a umberella like a streek of lightning? Because its allways somewere elts wile youre looking for it. I know I left it in the hall rack so wy izzent it there now? Nuthings stationerry in this house except the dust on the piano. Benny did you see my umberella?

Me thinking, Holey smoake, heck, on account of jest remembering ware the umberella was. Being at my cuzzin Arties house, me having took it over there yestiddy to practice parashoot jumping off of a barrel in Arties yard, and pop kepp on looking and I kepp on looking as if I was looking too, saying, It awt to be in the house somewares, pop.

Ill say it awt, and ferthermore it better had be, sed pop. Me thinking, Gosh good nite.

Go up and look in the setting room closit, maybe some poor misguided sole put it in there jest to make it harder, sed pop.

Well in case its there, pop, shall I slide it down the steps to you or bring it down? sed I.

Neither, Ill telefone for a messenger boy and send him up for it, sed pop. Being sourcastic, and I started to go up stairs saying, Well I kind of dont think its going to be there, pop.

On wat do you base that assumption? sed pop. Meaning wat did I know about it. Me not saying wat, thinking, G, darn it, I better not tell him, I dont think he's in a good enuff of a humor. And I called down, It aint up heer, pop.

Im not serprized, sed pop. Me not being either, and pop terned up his rain coat coller and went out without a umberella tawking mad to himself, and after skool I went erround to Arties and got the umberella and brawt it home and put it in the umberella thing, ony wen pop comes home and sees it there maybe Ill wish I left it erround at Arties.

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