Children Should Not Be Expected to Show Gratitude to Their Parents

BY WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

ONE of the novels just out, which is interesting thousands of readers because of a special marital problem, incidentally paints a picture of two different little boys, intending to point a moral, by showing their different conduct.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

One insists on a plaything to his liking, somewhat against the taste and judgment of his mother, whereas, the other says with an angelic smile, "I will take this one, Mummie, because you like it."

The idea that the (many) novelist wishes to convey is that the latter child is the perfect one, being grateful to his parent for all blessings, and willing to abide by her decisions in all things, even to the selecting of his own toys. Incidentally, the author is fascinating that one of the mothers has brought up her child well, but the other has not.

Now, would you want a youngster to be such a little prig, as to defer to an older person in matters pertaining to his little desires? No! He must have been an insufferable and unnatural creature! Experience tells us to beware of angel children who roll their eyes and deter conspicuously to their elders. They are usually liars and hypocrites, beyond their years, and will bear watching.

IT IS not natural for youth to give up, to sacrifice, to quit.

Each child is a healthy little animal, who eats and sleeps and has passionate longings for things that seem unimportant to aged folks, but embody the desire of the universe to him. His little heart breaks if denied some bauble, and parents hesitate to bother suffering, unless it is a matter of health or serious principle, to deprive him.

A part of growth is a longing for things and struggle to attain them. Do not we sigh, at vanished youth, when we realize that we are so hard and blase that we have ceased to care very much to possess anything?

Natural instincts are very wonderful, and enormously selfish. To see a kitten, the instant that it is born, grope for its mother, blind and ignorant as it is, and greedily seize the food that means life to it, is marvelous. The little kittens and puppies are little pigs, and jostle and push each other unmercifully; if they did not struggle, they would not live a day.

BIRDS and animals and children accept all and give nothing. No one holds them to account for their food or shelter. They are not required to work or pay board! Parents are the beneficent providers, and should not expect thanks and gratitude and fawning flattery. Our duty as mature beings who bring little ones into the world is to provide for them. We deserve no credit. In due time Nature will cause the young ones to grow, and assume duties and responsibilities, and they will work and provide for their children, to carry on the torch of life—but they cannot be expected to realize gratitude, in their immature years.

Money means nothing to a child but a chance to get some little toy or sweetmeat he desires. Papa or mamma has an inexhaustible store of it, and does it out. How can the infant know that the supply is got by the sweat of of our brow? He loves us and is happy, but he is not grateful.

Of course, this theory cannot be stretched too far. We do not advocate that children be encouraged to be selfish and grasping, to wrest from their playmates all the good things in sight. Gradually and painstakingly, we teach them that there is another law than greed, the law of recognition of the rights of others, the law of social service, of giving up some things, because other folks have rights, and because it is a joy to be generous and to give pleasure to our fellows.

But all this must come gradually and be instilled with wisdom and tact. The old stern parent, who beat his children and forced them to suffer, and exacted obedience and gratitude and "respect" violently, reaped a sad harvest in having his son fear and sometimes hate him, often deceiving him, and finally defying him.

GRATITUDE is a delicate and spontaneous emotion. It gushes forth when we realize, through a deep understanding, that some one has conferred a favor on us. It cannot be forced, and children cannot be commanded to feel it.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

"F. R." Is Grateful to Cynthia

Dear Cynthia—First of all excuse the blue paper, I'm sure you will. Cynthia, I couldn't help writing, you're just wonderful. You answered my letter immediately in the paper. Any one can love you. I didn't expect to find my letter so soon. You can imagine how thankful I am toward you. I send hundreds and hundreds of thanks to you. I write this letter to thank you, that's all, Cynthia. I'm sure there are others who think the same. F. R.

An Unwarranted Anger

Dear Cynthia—Some time ago I went out to a show with a young lady I think the world of, and while we were riding in town she saw a fellow she knew. The fellow looked at her and did not even recognize her and my girl deliberately turned around and nodded her head with a pleasant "hello." This angered me and I thought I would write to you about it. Should she have done a thing like that when she knew that I did not like it?

THE SHEIK

Cynthia can hardly find fault with the girl for speaking to the young man in passing. If she had been properly introduced to him, she was right to nod. He probably remembered her after that. It's all so trivial, it seems a great pity to make a quarrel out of it.

You Must Tell Him the Truth

Dear Cynthia—Am a steady reader of your helpful column and pray that you will help me to get out of the trouble I'm in.

First, I'm a girl of nineteen, and a boy of twenty has fallen in love with me. Now I like this boy, but I don't love him, although he thinks I do as I led him to believe it, for I told him I loved him and I don't. Said fellow is good and has other good qualifications. But I don't care for him as he wants me to and all my friends mock me when they see him with me. He lives miles away and I see him once in two weeks. His parents have met me and they want him to get engaged to me and he is willing. How should I tell him that it is only a strong liking I have for him and not love? I don't want to hurt his feelings, as he has treated me loyally. I also want to forget him so that I don't want to correspond with him any longer. Please help me as you have helped others, for

I'M A FOOL.

Let Him Write First

Dear Cynthia—I have been a constant reader of your column for some time but have never ventured to ask you to solve my problems.

Now you have helped so many people with their problems, I too have come to you. While on my vacation this summer I met some very nice boys on the beach at a summer resort. We had a camera and took their pictures, and I promised to sent them some. I sent them the pictures. I received a very nice letter from one of the boys. Now this boy wrote me that his other friend wants to correspond with me.

Now the thing is this. These boys seemed to be perfect gent men in every respect. Do you think it is proper to write to him? Kindly advise me what to do, as I will appreciate it very much.

JUST FRIANDS

If this boy wishes to correspond with you let him write to you himself and ask you to answer. Do not think of starting a correspondence yourself. It's always wise not to write unnecessary letters.

Encourages Lonely Ones

Dear Cynthia—Kindly publish this for "Lonesome Pal" and "Lonely, Unhappy and Miserable." Thanks.

"Lonesome Pal," you are an exception. Men who care don't usually care for an ordinary girl. They want the flapper to take out every time. No one wants to settle down with an ordinary girl. They want something for show and by the time they are ready to be married those plain ordinary girls are taken.

"Miserable, Unhappy and Miserable," if you are considered good looking, a good dancer, etc., then look at yourself as others see you. There must be something wrong with you.

I am a girl of twenty, average looking, light hair, gray eyes, fair dancer, pretty good sewer, can swim and thanks to my mother can cook anything a man likes to eat. I never had a great many men running after me either. I always have as much company as I want and usually manage to have a good time. Listen, it's entirely up to myself. RUTH.

Likes Lonely Pal's Letter

Dear Cynthia—May I say a few words to "Lonely Pal" through your column? Thanks.

I liked your letter, "Lonely Pal," and am just writing to wish you the best of luck in finding your ideal girl, for to my mind an appreciative man is an ideal husband for any girl. Therefore it is an appreciative man that I am looking for, and I am too, am lonely, very lonely, for though I have scores of acquaintances, I have no confidential or personal friends, male or female.

Though I am a modern dresser, I am no flapper. I am twenty-three years of age, am five feet two inches in height and weigh 108 pounds. I am not considered especially pretty, but I generally pass with a push. I am self-conscious, inclined to be more or less shy and blush terribly. I guess that is the reason for my not making friends easily.

Though I wouldn't care to marry for a few years yet, I would like the company of a nice young man. As far as married life is concerned, I believe I could make a man comfortable. I can sew and cook, bake and keep house, and have the knack of making a home look "homy." I enjoy sports also, especially dancing, swimming and tennis. I also play a violin.

Now a man, "Lonely Pal," would you mind giving me a few frank pointers as to where my trouble lies? Again wishing you luck and hoping that Lone Wolf's plan goes into effect.

SOLITAIRE.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

At this time of the year it is seasonable to have afternoon tea served on the porch or on the lawn, if the entertainers are lucky enough to possess even a little stretch of greensward.

A wicker table and a few cozy chairs may be ready on the veranda before the guests arrive. Then it is easy to wheel out the tea wagon containing the necessary china, silver and doilies, the little cakes and bonbons and the center of the attraction, the silver teapot, with its accompanying sugar bowl, pitcher of cream and [illegible] of sliced lemons for those who prefer tea a la Russe.

Afternoon tea is the most informal and least troublesome way of entertaining friends. Tea is usually served from 4 to 5, or for a large party from 4 to 6. The refreshments may be very simple, as indicated, or, if preferred, dainty little nut, cheese or lettuce sandwiches may be added to the menu. Silver tongs accompany loaf sugar and a little fork, like an oyster fork, is used to spear the sliced lemon.

Apron Front Feature of This Crepe Frock

By CORINNE LOWE

That the circular skirt was ordained to be the spider who threatened Miss Muffet away—this was the prediction of many who listened to whispers of the coming winter mode. This cheerful forecast was not correct. Already women are buying and ordering the new kind of frock. And, indeed, why should they not? For little Miss Muffet looks just as little in these circular effects—many of them, at least—as she did in the old monotonous chemise frock. An illustration of just how painlessly administered are many of the circular effects is provided by today's model in Lanvin green crepe satin. Here the new influence is traced in one of the circular aprons which bring a whiff of novelty to many autumn dresses. The apron, which is sloping, reveals in the back a skirt quite short in comparison with the front. This apron is lined with cream-colored tissue and diamond-shaped motifs of the same unusual fabric are used on the short waisted bodice. Picoted strips of self-material join these motifs.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

By MRS. ROBERT E. SPEER

(President of National Board Young Women's Christian Association)

Chili Sauce

One dozen large ripe tomatoes.
Four green peppers.
Six onions.
All chopped fine.
One-half cup sugar.
A few whole black peppers.
One teaspoonful of whole mustard.
One tablespoonful of cinnamon.
One tablespoonful of ginger.
Two tablespoonfuls of salt.
Twelve whole cloves.
One-half teaspoonful nutmeg.
Four cups vinegar.
Boil until boiled down half.

Tomorrow—Red Pottage (the Dish for Which Esau Sold His Birthright), by Mrs. B. Harvey Carroll.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Discovered That Our Blood Circulates Through Our Bodies

Up to the time that Harvey discovered that the blood in our body circulates through it, the most learned doctors thought that the arteries and veins contained a kind of air called "vital spirits." They knew the body contained blood, but thought it entered only the veins and that it was pumped back and forth from the heart by our breathing. Harvey was studying under a man named Fabricius, who first discovered that the veins have valves inside of them, but who thought that these were merely to prevent the blood from escaping too rapidly into the branches of the vein.

Harvey was not satisfied with this conclusion and made some experiments on arteries and veins of living animals. He tied bandages around both arteries and veins and found that arteries filled up and swelled on the side of the bandage toward the heart, while the veins did the same on the side of the bandage away from the heart. This proved that the blood in the arteries flows away from the heart and that in the veins toward the heart, and led to the conclusion that the blood is always making a round-trip journey from the heart through the arteries, and then into the veins and back to the heart.

This discovery seems very simple to us, but it took Harvey nineteen years to trace the blood through all the channels of the body before he was quite sure of it. None of the other doctors would believe that he had learned anything, however, or that what he had discovered was true. But the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, when finally accepted as true, was the first real starting point in the study of living bodies. An X-ray machine would have saved the early scientists from many wrong conclusions.

Tomorrow—"How Did the Name 'Yankee' Originate?"

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you seen the perfectly fascinating beads made of sealing wax? And beads today are almost as essential as one's own dress. Long strings, and short ones, beads of the clearest of crystal and of painted wood and metal. But if you can make the sealing wax beads—and if you can't, you really should learn, because they look like something new and of an expensive variety—I found very large-sized sticks of sealing wax in countless colors, a vivid red, peacock blue, somber black, gold, silver, brown, oh, so many different kinds, and only ten cents a stick!

Beaded bags have never lost their attraction or appeal, and I do believe that they will stay "in" for some time to come. But you all remember that they were far too expensive for most of us when they first came out, and it was a case of casting longing eyes at the beautiful beaded bags behind the glass windows and faring forth with a silk one. Fortunately, they come cheaper. I saw a sale of them, quite a fair size, made of brilliant beads attractively blended into designs, a beaded tassel hanging from the bottom and the top drawn together by a silk cord. The bags are prized at $2.50.

Mrs. Wilson Suggests Meals for Sunday

Now That the Cooler Weather Is Here, It Will Be Safe to Include More Meat in the Menu

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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WHILE we may still have an occasional warm day, the cool mornings and evenings demand sufficient heat and energy foods to keep the body comfortable. The housewife may safely return with a liberal meat portion to the menu, adding also a good dessert that will satisfy and help supply additional heat and energy. There are still plenty of garden products in market, and turnips, parsnips, okra and grapes tell of the last harvest. Late tomatoes are also coming in and can be used for making catsup, chili sauce and a delicious sweet pickle, as well as meatless mince from the green tomatoes. Truly the autumn months give the housewife who has been away during the summer a lengthened time to conserve for the cold, stormy days that come to us all too soon.

The menu today will include the Saturday evening meal.

Saturday Dinner

Grapes
Olives Garden Onions
Roast Shoulder of Country Pork
Applesauce Brown Gravy
Browned Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Beet and Onion Salad
Bohemian Apple Dumplings
Vanilla Sauce
Coffee

Sunday Breakfast

Sliced Peaches
Cereal and Cream
Waffles and Bacon
Coffee

Dinner

Grapejuice Cocktail
Chilled Cucumbers with Sliced Garden Onions
Tottingham Meat Pie Pickles
Candied Sweet Potatoes a la Carolina
Lima Beans Buttered Beets
Coleslaw
Ice Cream Frenango Coffee

Supper

Cold Cuts of Roast Shoulder of Pork
Baked Apples Potato Salad
Sliced Tomatoes
Hot Biscuit
Jenny Lind Pudding Tea

The market basket will require carrier basket of grapes, carrier basket of peaches, apples, cabbage, lettuce, onions, beets, green peppers, garden onions, parsley, sweet potatoes, cucumbers, turnips, olives, bacon, a six-pound shoulder of fresh pork and the usual weekly staples.

Bohemian Apple Dumpling

Place in mixing bowl

Two cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Five level teaspoons of baking powder.

Sift twice, then add

One cup of bread crumbs.

Rub in the crumbs with the hands, then rub into the prepared flour four tablespoons of butter. Now add

One cup of mashed potatoes (three cold-boiled potatoes rubed through a sieve).
One egg.
Three tablespoons of milk.

Work well to smooth dough and divide into six pieces. Roll out each piece on floured pastry board and place a pared and cored apple in the center of the dough. Fill the center of the apple with brown sugar and dust well with nutmeg. Fold the dough closely about the apple. Tie in well-greased and floured individual pudding cloth. Drop in large kettle of boiling water and cook for forty-five minutes. Lift to colander to drain for few minutes. Turn from the cloths on dessert plates and serve with vanilla sauce.

Tottingham Meat Pie

Cut sufficient of the cold roast shoulder of pork in dice after slicing a large plate of the meat for the evening meal.

Place in saucepan the left-over gravy (there should be one cupful).

One-half cup of chopped onions.
Two cups of thick cream sauce.
One cup of stewed tomatoes. (about five medium-size fresh tomatoes may be used).

Cook for few minutes. Now add

One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper and the prepared meat.

Cool. Line a baking dish with pastry and turn in the prepared meat, adding

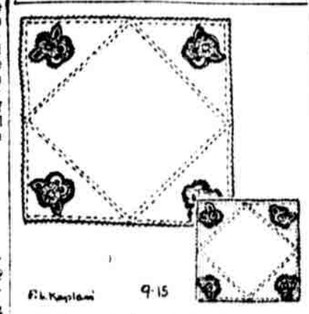
Four hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine.

Cover with top crust and bake in moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Roll out extra squares of pastry and bake. Place the square of pastry under the pie when serving.

Jenny Lind Pudding

Place a slice of sponge cake for each service on dessert plate. Lay over each piece of cake two spoonfuls of rich stewed peaches. Sprinkle with cocoanut and a few seeded raisins. Lay on top slice and garnish with whipped cream. Sprinkle lightly with fine chopped nuts. Now pour over about five tablespoons of chocolate sauce.

Things You'll Love to Make



A Cretonne-Trimmed Luncheon Set at Little Cost

You can make this cretonne-trimmed luncheon set at very little cost. Use squares of unbleached muslin—a large square for the centerpiece and small ones for the doilies and napkins. Cut the dowevr motifs out of left-over pieces or remnants of cretonne. Leave a little margin around each motif. Turn in a small hem and buttonhole these motifs in each corner of the large square. Use smaller motifs for the other pieces. Buttonhole a narrow hem around each piece. Make running stitches in wool or mercerized silk as shown in the illustration. A set like this makes a handsome gift for a bride.

FLORA.

Mineralava

Crocheted Frock

Perhaps it isn't really crocheted, but this striking dress is made of thin material woven in a loose, fancy weave that looks very much like the shawls that ladies of former days used to wear. It is delightfully cool and would be appropriate for the outdoor events that lure the best-dressed women in the autumn

Titled Actress

Viscountess Dunsford, who before her marriage to the Earl of Midleton's heir, in 1917, was well known as an actress under the name of Peggy Rush, has decided to return to the London stage this fall.

ASK for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk
Safe Milk For Infants & Invalids
NO COOKING
The "Food Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. Ask for HORLICK'S.
Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

For School Lunches
You should include a generous slice of
Yellow TASTYKAKE
It is an unusually wholesome cake, especially appropriate for growing children.
13c
TASTYKAKE

Some of the Old Pinafore Training Is Badly Needed for Today's Children

While the Wearing of an Apron May Not Have Made Them Behave Years Ago, That Is a Symbol of Their Bringing Up

A WRITER who tells about the training and manners of French children suggests that one reason for their neatness and good behavior is the apron.

The French, she says, always want to have things "presentable," and in their successful effort to make their children look well, they have made a veritable institution of the apron.

Every boy and every girl puts on an apron over a dress or suit as naturally as an American child puts on shoes and stockings, and as often.

It is just a part of their costume.

And so their mothers don't have to be forever saying "He gets so dirty out playing. I just can't keep his suits looking decent. He looks so awful that I hate to have him come in to see anybody, because it looks as if he had never had any care. And that suit was perfectly clean, right out of the wash, this morning!"

The French child gets dirty at his play, of course, but his apron catches the dirt, and whenever his mother wants him to look his best for a caller, he slides off his apron and appears fresh and clean in a spotless suit.

IF THE apron is symbolic of the good behavior and cleanliness of French children, as the writer of this article suggests, why isn't it just as reminiscent of the well behaved American child of years ago?

Children used to wear aprons, only they called them pinafores, back in the days when they were seen and not heard.

Perhaps boys didn't wear them, but then American boys have always been somewhat "wild and woolly," it's part of their tradition.

But the girls did; they wore pinafores with ruffles over the shoulders and long strings that tied in the back.

Pockets, too, to hold their handkerchiefs.

THEY weren't too good, in those days; no children are consistently good unless they are goody-goodies and prigs, but they did have manners and obedience and respect for elders.

Maybe it wasn't the pinafores that did it, but it was certainly the pinafore training that was responsible for it, just as it is now in France.

We couldn't endure the French training in this country; we should have no respect for children who were willing to go calling with their mothers and never go out to play alone together, always walking deliberately and quietly along with a nurse; it wouldn't be American.

But with all the bewailing and bemoaning there is today about the manners and morals and characters of the younger generation, we could certainly endure something of a return to the old pinafore training.

Nowadays little girls don't wear aprons to protect their pretty dresses when they go out to play; they wear glorified rompers, or overalls, and get them as dirty and torn as they want to.

And their mothers never think of disturbing them or expecting them to come in looking respectable when callers arrive.

You hear them not only while you see them, but long before and long after; there is little attempt to curb the youthful voice, and certainly no success at it.

PEOPLE say, "What is the world coming to? What is the matter with the young people?"

The matter is that the young people have folded away their aprons and their nice manners, and have been allowed to get away with it.

We don't want prigs, but we'd be very glad indeed to have something between that and its direct opposite, the rowdy.

How we're going to get it without at least a little of the old pinafore training is a problem that has yet to be solved.

Black Satin Cross-Straps
Special
$6.50

Another New Autumn Fancy
An unusually clever black satin pump, enlivened with brocaded satin cross strap; hand-turned soles and covered Spanish heels. Reg. $10 value.
Specially Priced $6.50 This Week ....
Our low second floor rent, cash-and-carry selling, volume sales and other economies always save you $2 to $4.
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Try a loaf—you'll want it on your table always.
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What Are They Saying?
Be sure to turn to one of the Comic Pages of next Sunday's Public Ledger and see the humorous sketch, wherein two or more characters are animatedly conversing. For the cleverest dialogue we will pay—First Prize of $25.00; Second Prize, $10.00; Third Prize, $5.00, and ten additional prizes of $1.00 each.
Any one can compete. It is easy to supply the dialogue for these humorous pictures. Great fun. Try it! Begin next Sunday!
SUNDAY PUBLIC LEDGER

The Woman's Exchange

Etiquette

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell the proper way to use tea and tablespoon in eating ice cream, sauces, soups, etc. Is the food taken from the side or end or tip of the spoon by the mouth? This is to settle an argument. WAITRESS.

All liquids should be sipped from the side of the spoon. Never put the end in the mouth when drinking tea or soups. With solids like ice cream, jellies and hard desserts it is correct to use the end of the spoon as it is easier than sipping it off the side.

To Reduce

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl, nineteen years old, five feet three inches tall and weigh 147 pounds. How much overweight am I? What can I do to lose this excess flesh? I worry a good deal about it because I hate to be fat. I eat a lot of fruit, especially apples. I can eat three or four apples a day. Does that have anything to do with it?

MUCH TOO FAT

The proper weight for a girl of your age and height is 120 pounds. If you eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables, cut out starchy foods, and take plenty of exercise you will do considerable toward getting thin and losing that excess flesh.

Who Wants a Cute Kittie?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have four little kitties that I would like to find good homes for through your column. I have three cats of my own, so cannot give them a permanent home. I call them the "Orphans of the Storm." Have fed them all summer and now that cold weather is coming would like to find shelter for them. They are very pretty little kitties and clean. I say that because I let them come in the house and play at times. They are about three or four months old, three of them are black and white, marked very prettily, and the other one black with white feet and whiskers. Three are males and one female. The female is very pretty and very affectionate.

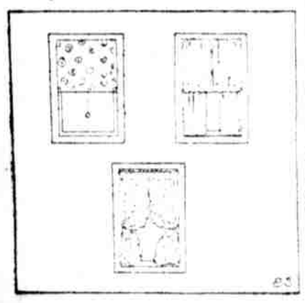
I hope some of the Evening Public Ledger readers will take pity on my orphans and give them good homes. They are so cute and I am so fond of kitties that I hate to send them away.

MISS E. A. B.

I'm sure that some of our readers will be more than glad to offer homes to these adorable little kittens. Thank you so much for offering them through our column.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



Bedroom Curtains

The bedroom, being primarily a place in which to rest, requires careful draping.

In our climate heavy shades of some fairly opaque material are necessary in summer to exclude the light, unless Venetian blinds are used. These are, of course, ideal, as they permit the passage of air while shading the light.

Many people like shades of glazed chintz in a small bedroom done in Colonial fashion, either with mahogany, deal or painted furniture. These, with inner curtains of dotted Swiss, net or marquisette, form a very pleasing finish to the windows without over-drapery.

The design of the glazed chintz should, of course, be inconspicuous, unless the shades are designed to act as decorative panels in the room, in which case a screen covered with the same chintz should be used to balance the windows.

The glass curtains chosen may be made, especially for high windows, in two sections to cover separately the upper and lower sash. They may, in this case, hang from a rod at the top of each sash or may be fastened by a rod at top and bottom of the sash. They may hang straight from the top of the window, covering both sashes, or be draped back by means of cords or a band of the material itself, ruffled and finished with a ring to attach to a hook placed at the desired height on the window frame.

The colored gauze is more formal and suited for the city house or apartment. The Swiss, net or marquisette curtains, while always correct, are distinctly right in the country house.

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

John Steele enters his taxi, which he has left during a furious conference, and finds a beautiful girl there asleep. She awakens and discovers to her sad dismay that she has gone only a short distance. Steele takes her home with him, and by the sheer strength of his will, holds death at bay during the fight for her life. His apparent interest in the girl, who gives her name as Anne Temple and refuses to tell anything about her past, terrifies Marcia Steele, John's mother, and she confides her fears to Katherine Cleveland, whom she has always hoped John would some day marry. In Washington, where Steele has gone on business, he finds himself thinking of Anne, and on his return home he is inordinately eager to see her.

"Give Me Your Life"

THE room was in semi-darkness, but a shaded lamp was lighted on a small table beside the bed. As Steele followed the nurse across the room his eyes were riveted on the small golden head that lay against the snowy whiteness of the pillow. The next moment the head and turned quickly and he was gazing down into the wide open, terrified eyes.

He forced a smile although he did not feel like smiling and when he spoke his words came with an effort.

"You remember me, don't you? I'm not going to stay, but I did want to see for myself just how you are getting on."

The nurse placed a chair for him, and he sat down beside the bed. Slowly as he continued to look at her and smile, that look of terror faded from her eyes and that coy smile that he remembered so well stole into them.

"Of course I remember you," she said a little shyly, and then with her cheeks suddenly earlier she went on inquisitively, "You are the prince who saved me from the dragon of adversity. Dr. Henderson says you saved my life, too. Why did you do that?"

Her small face was suddenly very serious.

Steele felt his pulses vaguely stirred. What an astounding child she was and her voice, he had never heard anything like it. It was like brushed harp strings, low and sweet and yet with a little soprano note thrilling through it.

"I wanted you to live," he answered, his voice suddenly deep.

"The living is so hard," she said in a half whisper, "and it would have been so easy to die." There was a strange, faraway look in her eyes and she gazed off into space as she spoke. Again Steele felt her remoteness from him, again he felt that strange, uncanny fear that she might slip away from him, just vanish into air as if she had been a fairy. His hands clenched. He had a mad impulse to reach over and gather her up in his arms, and it was only by an effort that he controlled himself.

"I remember how you held me back," the soft voice went on. "I wanted to slip away into blackness, but you were stronger and you kept calling me. Why did you do that, it wasn't kind?"

He leaned forward suddenly. He was vaguely conscious that the nurse had settled herself in a chair by the window and he did not want her to hear what he said.

"Don't you care anything about your life?" he said tensely; "doesn't it mean anything to you?"

He was looking deep into her strange, tawny eyes, as though by the sheer force of his will he would compel her to lift the veil of mystery that clouded them so that he might look deep into her soul. But they remained mysterious and remote, unresponsive to the look in his as she slowly shook her head.

"Then if it means nothing to you," he went on, "perhaps you will give it to me. If it is true that I am responsible for the fact that you are alive, why not give me your life, and let me be responsible for the future?" Into his voice had crept a note of passion, and before it the girl drew back. The color swept like a tide out of her face and lips, and into her eyes there crept a look of terror. A little cry escaped her and she flung out her hands as though to keep him away from her.

"Oh, no, no," she gasped, "not that." And then with a little moan she dropped limp among the pillows.

Tomorrow—A Man's Heart

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