

LITTLE PRINCESS WILLFUL

By DAVID CORY

After leaving the ruins of the old castle, the little willful princess sat for a long time silent in the coach. The road had now descended to the valley, where it wound in and out among the meadows, where the grass after the first mowing had already renewed itself greener and thicker than before. It is midsummer, when everything has reached its fullness and greenness, to linger for a time, perhaps for a few days, in this rich culmination of its beauty, before it shall begin to ripen into decay, or show one dead leaf or drooping twig. The chestnuts have put on their cream-white blossoms. All the world of nature seems to be waiting, as if loath to begin upon its new form of growth, its time of ripening. In a few days, the little buds will begin to prepare themselves for the next spring.

Towards evening the coach drew up before an inn, and the Princess and Marie alighted and entered, for they were to spend the night there, as they were still far from their journey's end. The innkeeper was most pleased to receive them for he recognized the trappings on the horses and a rum of money in return for his lodgings.

After the evening meal, the Princess, somewhat fatigued, went to her room, and after seeing that her mistress was comfortable, she retired to the adjacent room, and was soon fast asleep. The monkey of the little princess curled himself up in a chair near the foot of her bed, and was also sound asleep, when he was awakened by the princess. "Monkey," she said in a whisper, "see what I have discovered, and she led him over to the side of a room. An open window met his astonished eyes. "By chance," she whispered, "I have discovered a way out of the window, when my fingers touched a spring in the wall, and out flew this little door. I wonder where it leads to?" and she peered curiously inside. "Secret stairway," she whispered, turning to the monkey, "shall we see whether it leads?"

"Let us put on our flying suits," suggested the monkey. "In case anything happens, we can travel fast then."

So he and the Princess quickly put on their magic clothes and in a short time were carefully descending the secret stairs, but the monkey went ahead, and being very sure-footed and nimble, he easily found the door which he kept his little Princess from seeing.

Reaching the bottom, they found themselves in a dark passage. Along the wall, the monkey felt his way, and suddenly a noise arrested their ears. The monkey stopped short, and the Princess crouched down to him as they peered fearfully down the dim passage, they saw a little light on one side. Cautiously they stepped forward, and the monkey, who seemed to be a rude old man, sat at a table in a large room, and seven little dwarfs, by the side of each was a large sack, into which each little man was dropping gold nuggets which he counted carefully as he took them from the pile in the center of the great table.

"What a lot of money," gasped the little Princess. One of the little men must have had very sharp ears, for he jumped up and opened the door before the Princess and the monkey had time to step back into the darkness.

"What dost thou here?" exclaimed the dwarf in a fierce tone, and his six comrades arose and brandished on high six little glittering daggers.

"Hold!" cried the monkey, "we are friends of the Dwarf King. We but lately spent the night in his castle, and these magic flying suits are a present from his daughter."

"So they are!" exclaimed one of the little men, who at this point approached and scrutinized the monkey closely. "Fear not, we will not harm thee. But, tell us, how didst thou gain an entrance?"

"Then the little willful princess spoke, and after relating how she had by chance discovered the secret panel, the seven little dwarfs bowed very low, and asked her and the monkey to come in and sit down. Just as they closed the door, the report of firearms came indistinctly to their ears. The seven little dwarfs hurried from the room, telling the princess and the monkey to await their return, for they greatly feared something of unusual importance had occurred.

"What can it be, dear monkey?" inquired the little princess in a frightened whisper. "I think we had better hurry back to our room."

"Wait until we hear from the dwarfs," answered the monkey, "then we will know what is best to do."

The sound of firing increased for a time and then died out altogether, and it seemed a long while before the dwarfs returned.

"I have serious news to report," said the leader of the seven little men, to the princess. "It seems to have been declared by King Perchance that your father, and your mother, have been made prisoners. We are only on my way to visit your cousin, the Princess, and shall we do?" she asked her faithful pet, the

monkey. "Fly home!" he answered, with a laugh, "our flying suits will stand us in good stead!"

"We will help you," cried the seven little dwarfs all at once.

"We will lead you through the secret passage into the forest, and from there you can 'wing' your way home."

They all then proceeded to step softly down the secret passage, and after many turns and twists, found themselves in the forest.

"Princess, here is the magic talisman," said the leader of the seven little dwarfs, drawing from his bosom a bag and taking from it a gem that threw out sparks on every side as the moonlight flashed upon it. "With this thou canst open gates of stone or iron, it may help thee on thy journey."

The princess thanked him most graciously, as did also her faithful pet, the monkey, to whom the little man presented his sword saying, "This thou mayst find useful in a pinch!"

"Good by!" cried the princess, and she and the monkey flew up above the tree-tops, where the stars and the big round moon made it almost as bright as day. "Good by!" cried the seven little dwarfs, waving their tasseled caps from below. "Good by and good luck!"

Towards morning the princess and her little companion found themselves in the open country, close to a wide plain, far away upon the horizon of which there towered an immense black rock. On the summit of this castle with notched battlements and many towers loomed awful and dark in the clear morning air. As they approached nearer, they noticed a crooked and stony path, half choked with briars and noxious weeds, leading upwards. There was no song of birds along these dreary hedges, and the grasshopper was silent in the open spaces. Huge spiders hung their nets upon the thorns and lay in ambush for unwary flies, while other insects of unlovely form swarmed about the place.

"'Tis an evil spot!" exclaimed the monkey as he paused to adjust his wings after their long flight.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the princess, with a willful shrug of her wings, "it is simply neglected and in ruins. Do you not remember the ruined castle we visited but a short time ago?"

"True!" answered the monkey, somewhat reassured, "but, still I like it not."

By this time they had come close to the castle walls and the monkey knocked upon the gate three times with the hilt of his sword, but no response was forthcoming.

"Now for the magic talisman!" cried the little willful princess, and drawing the magic jewel from her bosom, she pressed it against the gate. Instantly, the little wicket flew open, and the princess and her companion entered the courtyard. Huddled upon the ground, in every variety of attitude, lay the retainers of the castle in a deep sleep.

The little princess stood aghast, and the monkey drew his sword as if to defend her. "Flash!" he exclaimed a minute afterwards "they are under some spell!" and he walked forward and shook one of the sleeping retainers. But he did not awake.

"Let us go into the castle!" suggested the princess, suddenly growing brave, if not serious, "we may find the cause for all this drowsiness," and so saying she pushed upon the castle doors and entered. She uttered a scream and turned to grasp her pet monkey by the paw. In the midst of the great hall, on the throne, was a beautiful woman, bound hand and foot with gold fetters. She, too, was fast asleep.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried the little princess; "everybody is asleep, and this beautiful princess is even bound by golden chains!"

"Let me test the value of the dwarf's sword," cried the monkey, and stepping forward, he cleft the golden chains with one stroke. But the beautiful lady did not awake from her slumber. The princess stroked her hand, but she still slept on.

"What shall we do?" enquired the princess, turning to her gallant little companion, who by this time had sheathed his sword, finding no further use for it at the moment.

"Why not try your magic jewel," he suggested. "Touch her eyelids with it, and she may awaken." No sooner had he said the words, than the little princess touched the eyes of the beautiful sleeper, and in a moment they opened, and the lovely owner arose and threw her arms about the neck of the little willful princess.

"You have broken the spell of my enchantment," she cried, and at the sound of her voice, the retainers and the ladies in waiting all awoke with one accord and commenced their regular duties.

"How shall I ever reward you?" asked the beautiful lady of the castle, as she led the princess into her room, while the faithful monkey followed closely at their heels.

"Favor us with a hearty breakfast," answered the monkey, and the little princess laughed and said, "that was just what I was going to say!"

Henpeckee—"Oh, give him time, Bjonas is still young enough to get married."

The sick zebra is "healed with many stripes."

Shortcuts Do Not Often Lead to Success

Any girl who values her peace of mind, or who hopes to safeguard the contents of her pocketbook, will not take seriously the highly colored advertisements now appearing so frequently in publications which "guarantee" to teach such and such a study in "a few lessons by mail or by the same method, develop one's musical 'talent' regardless of the fact that she doesn't know a sharp from a flat.

Of course, some of the correspondence courses are eminently worth while and do accomplish what they claim to do, but those of us who are blessed with common sense are not misled by such announcement in general, for we know only too well that any art or profession, at least that is worthy of the name, requires long and continued study if one hopes to become proficient in it. There are no "short cuts" to efficiency in any field of endeavor. The process of "getting there" simply means traversing that unpoetic thoroughfare known as persevering effort.

To assume that without a bit of previous knowledge we can in "a few lessons by mail" master shorthand perfectly is ridiculous, and if we aspire to such a feat we will soon realize that we have miscalculated. Neither does the girl fresh from the commercial school know it all. After she had secured a position and worked a year or two she comes to the conclusion that she is just really beginning to understand it thoroughly and she finds out that she must remain quite a considerable length of time in the business world before she can with safety style herself a rapid and accurate stenographer.

Persevering Effort

For the young woman whose education is limited (often to whom the fundamental rules of grammar are unknown) to aspire to becoming a secretary or filing a high salaried position simply by taking such a course is the learn-in-a-few-lessons-by-mail type, is ridiculous and what is worse, hopeless. If she wishes to succeed as a stenographer she must first of all learn to speak and write correct English. Then she should begin the study at some reputable commercial school and work for the goal she has in mind. Few of us are able to start in to climb the ladder of success half way up. We must start at the bottom rung.

That there are many fine and commendable correspondence courses in various subjects no one will deny; and countless persons, particularly young folks who live in rural sections, have by this method developed efficiency in the study that appealed to them, but they certainly took more than a "few lessons" and they were able to express themselves grammatically before they undertook the work of "learning by mail."

Music, as everyone knows who ever studied it, requires not only time but never ending practice. How often we have sat—for an eternity it then seemed—going over and over the scales, counting and rebelling against the "relationship" of notes, and when our next study period arrived, rehearsing all the same dreary over again. Many were the green tinged glances we cast upon Mary Brown, or Annie Smith next door, who could "play," and who were curiously informed "took" four or five years and whose commendable work we too would duplicate after we had "taken" that long and practiced as conscientiously as either of our small neighbors.

No Substitute

To conclude that one can by any new or short method become a musician, and this regardless of the fact that she never sat at a piano, or "tuned up" a violin, is little short of a joke, but fortunately the joke is all too often on that misguided individual who pays out her good money to take part in such a farce.

The girl who is interested in his or that subject should study well her talents or ability and honestly try to find out if she is fitted for the work that appeals to her. If she concludes that she is not, then in fairness and justice to herself she should consider some other field—some line wherein she may, and will, make good. Any one person who declares that perseverance and practice are dead issues in these modern days, and that there are various short cuts to success all around her, is woefully misled. There is absolutely no substitute for stick-to-itiveness and people who waste time in trying to find something to take the place of it will be bitterly disappointed.

There are at the present moment any amount of individuals looking for various prizes, and hoping those golden plums will fall into their laps without any faithful, persevering effort on their part to secure them, but they will hope a long time before their visions come true. Most of the "short cuts" that make pleasant reading, are so many delusions and snares, and the girl who would retain her peace of mind, not to mention her perhaps flimsy pocketbook's contents, will pass up such "announcements" with a smile.

Wigwag—"Bjonas boasts that he doesn't know the meaning of the word 'fear.'"

Some people never seem to get on. Others give the impression of not knowing where they get off.

At HOME

A Department for Industrious Housewives

A well ventilated house is a great factor in the health of the family.

A good dandelion salad has the leaves sprinkled with grated cheese.

Every country home should have a few bushes of currants in its garden.

Cake should be removed from the pan as soon as it comes from the oven.

Fresh fruit in season dressed with lemon and oil makes an agreeable salad.

A good white sauce with chopped hard-boiled eggs added is excellent for fish.

It is better for the loaf pans to be narrow. This will insure thorough baking.

A shelf well stocked with canned goods is a great resource in emergencies.

When making cookies or cake, the first thing to do is to assemble all the materials.

When a bedroom floor is to be washed, see that it is thoroughly dried and aired before night.

The cream of milk which is used in mixing mashed potatoes should be hot when poured into the potatoes.

Perennial flowers are best for the women whose gardening time is limited.

Use vinegar instead of water for thinning paste and the paste will not spoil.

A cloth moistened with camphor will remove white spots from furniture.

Scald the kitchen drainpipe once a day and it will keep clean and wholesome.

Cold ham or veal cut fine and put into gelatine with pimentos and chopped celery make a good cold dish.

Use wash pillows whenever possible for living room and dens. They are more hygienic and more sanitary.

Alarm Clock Reveille for Hens

The country has been torn over daylight saving laws, but as yet the hens have had nothing to say about working overtime by electric light. The newspapers have used sensational stories about egg production under the stimulation of electric light, but behind these stories there is a real foundation of facts.

Three hours before daylight every morning last winter the alarm clock turned on the current, and the hens turned out to scratch and eat.

The result of three extra hours of eating and scratching has been most gratifying when measured by the egg basket. The 74 hens and pullets in the electrically lighted pen laid 461 more eggs in the four months beginning November 1, 1918 than did the same number of fowls which slept until daylight came each winter morning. These 461 sold at 70 cents a dozen, allowing a snug profit after the cost of the electric current and the additional food that had been taken into consideration.

Cows which give their live weight in butter in a year are here.

Hogs at 200 pounds in six months after they are farrowed are every day occurrences.

Hens laying eggs by electric light when eggs are scarce is a paying proposition.


What will come next is increased production.

gard to economy and efficiency of operation. It has been noted in a number of cases that well-arranged farms have brought a higher price on the market, particularly where there is easy access to the fields from buildings and highways. The Ohio Experiment Station finds that it takes an average of 53 work hours to produce an acre of corn on rectangular fields, containing 10 to 15 acres, while the time required in irregular fields of the same area was 61 hours. Where tractors and large horse-drawn implements are used, the advantages of the long and regular shaped fields are very evident. Many farmers are now draining wet spots, removing trees, stumps and brush, and straightening fences so as to make their farming operations easier. In the olden days it didn't matter if it took a few more hours to do a certain job. With the present scarcity and cost of farm labor it does. Often the land re-

claimed pays the expense of re-arrangement the first year.

Tough joints—in the tenderloin. The fellow who depends on his conscience should remember that even an alarm clock doesn't always go off.

It's surprising how much respect a worthless man is capable of generating for himself.



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Scene of Mark Twain's First Story

The setting of Mark Twain's first story was the little back yard of the tiny dwelling on Hill street, Hannibal, Mo. The yard is so small that it looks like a couple of horse blankets would cover it. Between a couple of little coal and storage houses are the steps leading to a platform where was the door to Sam's room. It is said this door was cut and the back steps built according to the specifications of Mr. Clemens, whose purpose was to afford Sam a night entrance in a way to avoid expectations with the somewhat strict father, Squire Clemens. Sam and Jim Wolf, a printer boy, occupied the room for which such careful preparation had been made for strategic entrance. Parnella, Sam's sister, was giving a candy pull one cold night to a crowd of her girl friends. The tiny yard was sheltered by a fragile grape arbor. When the girls had pulled their candy sufficiently they laid it out on boards under the grape arbor to harden. Sam and Jim Wolf had not been invited to the party, and it had not occurred to any one to send up to them any candy. While they were lying on their bed upstairs in garden of Eden costume, a couple of cats started a concert, or held some sort of a convention on the back fence. This annoyed Sam and he told Jim to throw something at them. Jim threw everything he had, but it seemed to only increase the animated colloquy between the cats.

"You'll have to get out and shoo 'em away," said Sam.

Jim thought lots of Sam. He would have jumped off Lovers' leap if Sam told him to. So he started out along the window, crawling gingerly along the edge of the flimsy grape arbor. The arbor was made to support grape vines, not chunky boys weighing 150 pounds. Midways of his journey Jim broke through and landed on the hot candy with an awful thud. The girls thought it was a ghost. Jim got up and moved as fast as he could with pieces of candy sticking all over him, and got back to where Sam was awaiting him.

"Say!" he cried; "that blamed arbor wouldn't hold me up!"

"Well," drawled Sam, "you was wanting some of the candy anyway; I guess you got it."

That was Mark Twain's first funny story. He told it around Hannibal, Mo., but it wasn't until he went out west that he worked it up into a real yarn and sent it to some eastern magazine for publication. When the jumping frog story was added to it the country realized that there was a new humorist on earth.

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