

"Moreso" Brown His Name

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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Thomas Rogers and Richard Brown had never met until they chanced to be members of the same class at the same college. They were not even remotely related and yet their resemblance, both in appearance, physique and temperament, was quite apparent to everyone who met them.

"Tom and Dick are very much alike," the university president's daughter was quoted as having said. "Only Dick is so much more so." And from that time Richard Brown lost his front name and became known as "Moreso."

Their similarity of temperament and physique brought them into frequent rivalry. They were both of football physique, but Dick being more so made the team and Tom Rogers did not. They were both good mathematicians, but Tom lost the coveted scholarship for a year's post-graduate work for no other reason than because there was one man who was a better mathematician than he—Moreso Brown. The same pretty girls always found them interesting, but as Moreso's blue eyes were a trifle bluer and deeper set, and as his broad shoulders were a trifle broader, as his engaging voice was a trifle more appealing, as his laugh was a trifle more contagious it was always Moreso who received the boxes of home-made candy, the embroidered cushions and the invitations for summer house parties.

The uncomfortable part about it was that Thomas Rogers and Moreso were most congenial. Moreso wanted to be his friend, but close friendship seemed awkward between two men so obviously fitted to be rivals. So their ways parted. Moreso Brown took his post-graduate course in his own college and Tom paid for his at another university. When Moreso started in his career in an engineer's office in Chicago, Tom went to New York. Both succeeded. Eight years after graduation they were spoken of as in the front ranks of their profession. Neither had married, though Thomas Rogers' friends looked wise when asked if it was true that Tom was engaged.

At this junction Moreso Brown made his appearance in New York. Not to have gone at that particular time would have meant the first back step in his forward march of success.

"I fancy New York is big enough for Thomas Rogers and me both," he laughed when he happened to meet an old classmate at their graduate club who reminded him of the old rivalry. "Hasn't married, has he? Heard something about his engagement, though?"

"It hasn't been announced," replied the classmate. "But I guess it's pretty serious. Met the girl in business—no money, but good family. As pretty a little dark-haired girl as you'd want to see."

Moreso Brown didn't give the matter much thought, save to be glad that his old friend had found the girl of his dreams.

Then Moreso met Paula Yates. He had carried a letter of introduction to old friends of his sister and one Sunday afternoon when making his first call he found Paula drinking tea there. She was the pretty little brunette type—girls that took Moreso's eye always were. Apparently neither he nor Tom Rogers had changed in this regard. Moreso's hostess helped matters along.

"She's the finest girl I know," she told him after Paula had gone. "Excellent family, but no money. Paula supports herself—much to her credit. I'd like to have her here when you come for dinner."

So they met again at dinner and after that Moreso called at Paula's house. The friendship progressed. Moreso mentioned his college and his class numerals.

"That's very interesting," said Paula. "Perhaps you know Mr. Rogers, Tom Rogers. You know you and he look a lot alike, only of course you're taller and—and everything."

"Do you know him well?"

"About as well as anyone could," laughed Paula. "I—I work for him. Besides being my employer he—he is a very good friend. I admire Mr. Rogers immensely."

Suddenly, as Dick recalled his conversation at the club concerning Tom's possible engagement, depression seized him. He was determined to know the worst.

"I heard he was engaged," he said with an effort to be casual. "I admire Tom Rogers, too—perhaps you will offer him my congratulations."

"I am quite sure there is no actual engagement—yet," smiled Paula. "And I think I would know as soon as any one."

Dick Brown had rowed many years before never to be a block in Tom Rogers' path again. He had taken the graduate scholarship from him, he would not be guilty of taking away the girl he loved. Still, reasoned Dick in the long sleepless night that followed, it was the merest accident that had brought him and Paula together. But early that morning he resolved that his only honorable course of action was one of retreat. He did not call on Paula that week as he had intended to, and tried to be formal when she got him on the telephone and asked him to take Sunday supper at her house. He really had to accept. After all, if Paula really liked him better it would not be fair to her to withdraw. Such was his reasoning

that Sunday when he went to have supper at Paula's house, and he was determined then and there to propose to her and then abide by her decision. Of course he would not mention Tom Rogers, nor would he mention the life-long rivalry that had existed between him and his old classmate.

It was after supper when Paula and Tom had gone into the back drawing room of the old-fashioned New York house where Paula lived, on the pretext of looking at some old prints, that Tom found opportunity to propose. He had determined to do this abruptly. If she really was Tom Rogers' girl Dick didn't want to possess the memory of even the touch of her hand in his.

"Paula," he began, closing the book of prints that she had offered for his inspection, "you are the girl of my dreams. I want to marry you. I am telling you this now, though perhaps I should not. If there is any reason why you feel that it wouldn't be quite on the square for me to press my suit, I wish you'd tell me."

Paula looked confused. "You haven't said you loved me," she faltered. "We can't talk of marriage until we talk of that—can we?"

"I don't want to talk of—that until I have got a right to," said Dick very stoically.

"I don't know whether we ought to talk of marriage now," said Paula.

"Why not?" demanded Richard.

"Well, you see, Tom—Mr. Rogers—needs me so much. I promised I wouldn't leave him in the lurch. But, Dick, you know I love you more than any one else in the world. Perhaps in a year or so we could talk—talk about marrying."

An outstretched hand, a wistful smile seemed to invite a caress, but Dick was adamant.

"It is as I feared," he said. Then he opened the book of prints and perfunctorily examined them. Fifteen minutes later he rose and after having bade Paula's family good-night and having pressed Paula's hand tenderly in his in the front hall he hurried away.

Two weeks passed and Dick did not go near Paula nor did he hear even indirectly from her. He had made up his mind not to stand in the way of Tom Rogers—even if this decision caused Paula pain.

To solace himself he went frequently to the graduates' club. There one day he chanced to see Tom Rogers. He would have avoided him, but Tom hailed him with a hilarious cordiality that had never been characteristic of the Tom Rogers of college days.

"Congratulations," demanded Tom Rogers, slapping Dick Brown on the back. "I'm the happiest man in the world. I'm going to be married next week. You'd like her, Dick. She's just the sort you and I always liked—little, dark and all there."

Dick winced. "I do congratulate you," he said. "I happen to know Miss Yates."

"There's another fine girl," cried Tom. "She told me she had met you."

"Another?" demanded Richard. "But it's Miss Yates you're going to marry." Tom burst out laughing. "Lord, no," he cried. "No man of sense marries his own stenographer. She knows him too well. I'm marrying another stenographer, though, Miss Maud Davis, one of Paula's best friends. It's too bad about Paula, though. Something's happened that has broken her all up. She's—"

Richard did not stop for more. He abruptly left Tom, rushed from the club and hailed a taxi at the door. Fifteen minutes later he was with Paula in the back drawing room of the Yates house.

"But you said you couldn't leave Tom in the lurch—that he needed you—that you'd be the first one to know when he really was engaged."

"Well, I'm Maud's best friend and Tom's stenographer—who else would know better? And I did promise Tom I wouldn't give up business within a year—but—"

Richard had taken all there was of Paula Yates into his arms.

"Never you mind about that," he said. "I'll take a chance with Tom Rogers."

Natural Wonders of New Mexico.

One of the natural wonders of New Mexico is the Alamogordo, or Tularosa, desert. It is a sandy plain, measuring from 100 to 125 miles from north to south and from 35 to 50 miles from east to west, and it represents, in the opinion of many authorities, the upper surface of a gigantic block of the earth's crust that sank after the deposition of the Cretaceous strata. It is surrounded by an elevated border, and on the east, especially, the cliffs rose sheer to a height of 1,000 feet. The curious Oregon mountains are on its southern border.

Within the plain, where floods of lava once welled up, are vast deposits of gypsum, which forms dust as white as snow, which the wind drives into vast drifts. The vegetation is peculiar and highly interesting to botanists.

Sinking Island.

According to Prof. A. E. Verrill the beautiful Bermuda Islands are merely the remnant of an island very much larger than the present entire group, which has sunk in the ocean. The original island had an area of 300 (or 400) square miles, whereas the Bermudas of today are only about 20 square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, says Professor Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration,



OLD DADDY LONGLEGS

ONCE upon a time an Elf Prince fell in love with a fairy, and the Queen of the fairies gave her consent to their marriage.

All the magic folk were invited, and to make the wedding more beautiful all the butterflies were invited also.

Now, it happened that one large blue and black butterfly had once been a Goblin, but an old witch, to reward him for some favor he had done, gave him the power to change his form whenever he liked.

The Elves and the Goblins were always in a dispute, and never had been friends, so when the Blue Butterfly Goblin heard of the wedding he at once determined to go and make all the trouble he could.

The Elf Prince had one friend among the Elves that was very fond of him, and while the wedding was taking place, Tanto—that was the



He Was Running Away.

name of the friend—noticed a bit of red showing under the wing of the big blue butterfly. He crept close and found it was a bit of the Goblin's red cap that he saw, for of course, no Goblin, whatever his form, ever is without his cap.

Tanto knew that some mischief was going on, so he watched every move Blue Butterfly made, and just as the wedding was over he saw him slip his cap from under his wing and become a Goblin, and before anyone could stop him he had the fairy bride in his arms and was running away.

The Elf Prince ran with Tanto and other Elves, but the Goblin had called to his friends, and the Prince was made a prisoner by the little red-capped men.

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

ETHEL

ETHEL is in itself a name, but it has so many suffixes as to seem almost a syllable itself. It is another of the Teutonic names which signify noble, and is derived from Aethel, the same prefix, which in High German, is Adal, from which comes Adelaide. The early feminine form of this simple little name was Aethelrith. Another, less complex, was Ediltrud.

Teutonic and Norse tradition seem to merge somewhere along the course of Ethel's history, for the splendor of the Valkyri legends in the name. It was popular among the women of those early times because it signified the ideal woman of the period when "a resolute will and a strong hand were woman's best title to respect," as one writer puts it. Nowadays, Ethel, shorn of her complexities, suggests a stuffy feminine name rather than a Amazonian ideal.

Saint Aethelrith was a queen of the Amazon type who must have been a very uncomfortable sort of wife and who finally retired to a monastery. She was canonized as Saint Ethelfreda. Her saintly name has come down to us with a small degree of popularity, but Ethelberta and Ethelfreda are much the favorites. Ethel is the most prevalent of all and stands alone as an independent name.

Alberta and Albertine are regarded as other offshoots of Ethel. Ethel should wear an agate if she wishes happiness and success. According to its promise, it will bring her the desire of her heart, give her courage and a dauntless will. Thursday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE PLAYFUL SKIES

THE fleecy clouds that speed by night
Give me a long-forgotten delight.
For, as they sail along the blue,
The merry stars play "peek-a-boo!"
Right merrily
With me.
And even though I reap but chaff
Even as a little child I laugh.
And childish laughter now and then
Is mighty good for worried men.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Hundreds and hundreds of other Goblins kept the other magic folk back, and the Fairy Queen, who had left her magic wand at home, was powerless to help them.

But there was one who had escaped from the Goblins and was after the runaway, and that was Tanto. With leaps and bounds he was soon up with the Goblin and the stolen bride, and when he came to a tree that had overhanging branches he caught at one and swung himself so he could snatch the red cap from the Goblin's head as he passed.

Quickly dropping the stolen bride, the Goblin put both hands to his head; but it was too late. His cap had gone, and with it the power the witch had given him.

Tanto placed the cap on his own head and making the Goblin prisoner he took him back to the edge of the woods and tied him to a twig.

He told the fairy bride to follow, but to hide until he called to her to show herself to her husband. Then Tanto crept up behind the captive Prince and slipped the cap into his hand.

The Prince knew at once what to do and while his captors were busy chattering he put the cap on his head and called to the witch to appear.

Up from the ground slowly came the old witch. "Bring forth the one who stole my bride," said the Elf Prince to Tanto, and when the Goblin was brought the Prince commanded the witch to change him into a long-legged creature that would always be on the run whenever anyone came near.

The witch did not dare disobey, for the Elf Prince had the red cap upon which she had cast the magic spell, and she feared that he might work harm to her.

With a wave of her magic stick the Goblin disappeared, and over the ground ran a long-legged creature that is now called granddaddy longlegs. Then the Prince called for his bride and the wedding feast went on, while the Goblins, who now were terribly frightened, ran away in all directions.

The Prince flung after the long-legged creature the red cap, which changed into a toad when it touched the ground and quickly hopped out of sight.

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

"SHALL I TRAVEL?"

WHEN a line of travel, on Luna, ends in a small cross, we may foretell or read a voyage that has ended or will end in disappointment. A line of travel that ends in a square shows danger arising to the subject from his travels, but he will be protected, since the square is called the "mark of preservation."

Note whether the line of travel ends in an island, no matter how small. If it does, loss through the journey is indicated.

When the line of travel reaches Jupiter, the journey will be very long. When it runs to the mount of Saturn, or fate, some fatality will govern the entire journey. It will be subject to good or evil fortune, as the other signs in the hand indicate. But when the travel line runs to the mount of the sun, or Apollo, under the ring finger, there may be expected, or there are indicated, very favorable results from the journey, such as riches and fame. When the line of travel reaches the mount of Mercury, at the base of the little finger, sudden and unexpected wealth from the journey is seen.

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Homes in America.

The total number of homes in the United States, not including homes on farms, was 17,900,000 in the year 1920, according to figures recently issued by the census bureau at Washington. Of this number 7,195,000, or 40.9 per cent, were owned by their occupants, and of these 2,855,000, or 39.7 per cent, were mortgaged. The total amount of these mortgages is estimated by the bureau to be \$6,000,000,000, while the total value of the homes is placed at \$14,000,000,000. The ratio of the indebtedness to the value is 42.6 per cent.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FUTURE
LIFE'S DAY
37c

SCHOOL DAYS

NO ONE TO LOVE, NONE TO CARE, ROARING ALONE, THIS WORLD'S WILDERNESS, SAD IS MY HEART, JOY IS UNKNOWN, FOR IN MY SORROW I'M WEeping ALONE.

LOOK AT THAT CLOUD! GOSH, DON'T IT LOOK LIKE A FISH? HE'S EATING A LOOK— LOOKS MORE LIKE AN ALLEGATOR EATING A DUG, TO ME.

Copyright THE MOMIES.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

SWELLED HEADS

YOU will find victims of swelled heads on every bench in the park, in every bread line, in every poorhouse, in every jail.

It is an easily communicable and a deadly disease. The only cure for it is a severe jolt, and sometimes it is the remedy that success is made of.

Remember that a little success is often easily come by. Sometimes it is due almost wholly to luck. Sometimes it follows advancement through favoritism, which is probably the worst thing that can happen to anybody.

In any event, no success can survive a swelled head.

If in the early years of your career you find yourself well ahead of the fellows who started with you, look out. You have still a long way to travel.

If you are satisfied with yourself, be sure you will never get any better. And if you don't get any better you will soon begin to go back.

Authority cannot safely be entrusted to any man till he shows that his head will not be affected by it.

Once let him begin to make bad use of it, to domineer, and to bully, and he might as well bid any further progress good-by.

Remember always that big men never get the swelled head, or if they do get a slight attack they soon recover.

If you have begun to think that you are "doing pretty well thank you," and to pity the poor devils who are not as bright as you are, stop and take stock.

Don't think about the men you have passed, but about the men who have passed you. Consider the important men of your acquaintance, and of history.

Read their biographies, and note how they continually struggled to make themselves capable of bigger and better work. There is no time to get a swelled head when a man is really going up. It is the chap who stops to admire himself who falls victim to conceit.

If you are as great a man as Lincoln, as Shakespeare, as Napoleon, puff and strut all you please. But the chances are you are not. And until you are perfectly sure that you are, keep on trying. The study of big men will give you less time to admire yourself, and thereby save you from a malady that is absolutely fatal to any important success.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL D. PEYSER

You Say You Don't Mind Being Poor?

Of course "poor" is a relative term. Some would think \$10,000 annually a miserly income. Some would think it munificent. You may mean you don't mind not owning a yacht, three country houses, a "movie" picture theater or two or you may mean you like being threadbare. Once there was a poor lady who thought it vulgar to sit in the orchestra, but as soon as she inherited money the gallery and balconies in the best ventilated theaters became foul with bad air. If you are poor and are not rebellious you deserve a certain kind of credit. But it's as vulgar to vomit poverty as to crow about wealth. You make folks just as uncomfortable and bored.

SO
Your Get-away here is: You are happy in "whatsoever" place in life you find yourself.
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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Awfully noisy, big, clumsy, always falls over things and makes things fall over. Loves to sing though he has no voice. Always telling stupid and long yarns and roars with laughter whether you do or not. Awfully happy, does everything the wrong way, never is in a hurry, his favorite pastime is a cornet. . . .

IN FACT

It's another way for him to blow off.

Prescription for Bride-to-be: Buy domes of silence for the home.

Absorb This: Fightin' the Little Cornet Where You Are Will Not Corner the Silences!
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Mother's Cook Book

Why don't you live a cheerful life and make the best of things? For discontent means constant strife. And other ill it brings. It is hard tramping on life's pike. I know that this is true; But if you can't do what you like, Try liking what you do.

THINGS FOR THE FAMILY TABLE

WHEN preparing soup and a dumpling is desired, try these: One-half hour before the soup is to be served drop into it a large potato and cook until done. Put it into a bowl with a tablespoonful of butter and mash fine, add a slice of grated toast, an egg, a dash of salt and nutmeg and work well with a fork. Drop this paste in small pieces into the soup, boil up and serve at once.

Allegheny Muffins.

Take one and one-half cupsful of sifted flour, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful each of butter and lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one egg. Mix all the dry ingredients and sift through the sieve. Melt the butter and lard in a cup. Beat the egg very light and add the milk to it. Pour this mixture into the dry ingredients, add the melted fat and beat vigorously for a minute. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake 15 minutes.

Rice Flour Pound Cake.

Cream one-quarter of a cupful of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, the grated rind of a lemon and one-half cupful of cold water. Mix thoroughly and add one and one-half cupsful of rice flour that has been sifted twice with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake.

Spring Salad.

Shred a head of lettuce and line a salad bowl which has been rubbed with a cut clove of garlic. Cut two large tomatoes into slices and arrange in a ring around the lettuce. Sprinkle each slice of tomato with a tablespoonful of chopped water cress and cover the whole with a highly seasoned mayonnaise which has been enriched with a half cupful or more of whipped cream. Serve very cold.

Nellie Maxwell
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Mere Child's Play.

"As to my prospects, sir," said the would-be son-in-law bombastically, "I intend leaping up the lofty ladder of my ambition a dozen steps at a time."

"Then it will be mere child's play for you to clear my 30 front steps downward at one jump!" said his desirable, but undesiring, father-in-law, polishing the toe of his right boot on the hearthrug.