

The Little Blue Bowl

By LILY WANDEL

Iris felt that Doctor Bowen alone understood that she had suffered mentally at her brother's home, that the entire atmosphere was alien to her, that she did not fit in and last and not of a different social class. Kitty with her expansive bosom, had grammar, loud voice and booming laugh, had dragged Jim down to her level. The whole neighborhood was akin to Kitty and the house and children belonged specifically to her. The green-and-red rope portieres and flowered carpet told that.

Even the warm spring sunshine failed to penetrate that numb feeling of despair that settled on Iris as she lay, pale and weak, bundled up in an old steamer chair in the back yard. It would be months before she would be strong enough to go away and earn her living again, many months, and perhaps she would never be able to fill her old position again. She had no money, no home, except this of Kitty's. Iris could not call it Jim's.

To have come for a week-end visit, the very first since Jim had married, to be taken violently ill, to lie weeks in Kitty's guest room with its pink-and-green wallpaper—that had been her fate. She congratulated herself that she had been able to keep Jim from knowing, knowing how she longed to get away, how everything, most of all Kitty, had made her feel out of place, desperately unhappy.

Doctor Bowen had understood. That had been the one crumb of comfort, an embarrassing crumb, that was denied her now, for old Doctor Wells was back again and his young assistant was released from the case.

Iris stirred restlessly under Jim's old steamer rug that Kitty had tucked around her. Why did Doctor Bowen's not coming affect her so much? Was it because he was the only link to the other world, her world of so-called nice people and refinement, that was left her? Even in her position in the city there had been a constant struggle to keep above the surging mass that seemed almost to sweep her off her feet and with them—a constant practicing of self-control, not to enjoy their company, rather to be lonely at times than lose her footing in the certain circle to which her family had always belonged. Jim had stepped off that rung in the social ladder when he married Kitty and lazily enjoyed the security and importance of his new position.

Kitty, red faced, came from the kitchen with an immense basket of wet clothes and Iris hastily closed her eyes to avoid talking. She shivered when Kitty's booming voice rent the air in conversation with a neighbor, crushed her fingers in the palms of her hands when her name was mentioned, her physical condition discussed.

"She's asleep over there," Kitty called in a hoarse stage whisper, "lookin' mighty peaked. What she needs is cheerin' up, Sam, she's too down-hearted, never talkin'. Wait till I get this wash done. I'm going to bake some lemon pies that'll make an undertaker smile!" And her loud laugh made Iris cringe. What would this indiscriminating Kitty tell Sam Moore next, this man who was everlastingly leaning over the fence talking with Jim or Kitty?

Something made her open her eyes. Doctor Bowen was coming across the lawn. Her heart began to pound and she was suddenly painfully conscious of the wretched bathrobe Kitty had enveloped her in, and of Jim's old cap Kitty had pressed on her head. She heard him explain to Kitty that he had just dropped in unprofessionally to see how Miss Long was progressing and fairly writhed when Kitty's voice responded heartily, "Just the thing; go cheer her up, doctor, there's a camp chair, and make her laugh, that's what she needs!"

He came over to the convalescent, drew the camp chair close to her steamer chair.

"You are not getting well as fast as you might," he was saying in low grave tones. "Somewhere else, another environment more suited to you," he ventured and stopped.

"It is impossible," she answered quickly and then blushed, "you must have realized that I am penniless—that."

With a swift movement he caught her hand, a cold trembling one. "Iris, I noticed everything! I know how all this"—he touched the old rug and nodded toward the flapping clothes—"is repugnant to you, how that your sister-in-law reacts on your nervous system. Iris, didn't you feel that I understood? That I knew you belonged in a different place among different people? Dear, it hurts me to see you in that old cap just as it makes me wretched to think of that Kitty administering to your needs. Iris, let me take you away. My mother's home is beautiful, of such lavishment and luxuries that you will realize only when you are there what a hovel this has been! Iris, look at me, you do care for me, do you? You will get well at mother's and then we will be married. You will forget all this. You belong in the environment I can give you! Dear, tomorrow is your birthday, is it not? Let me send you as my gift to you a few things that will make it possible for you to come and then in a day or two I will take you in my car. Iris, I love you!"

Her blue eyes opened wide, half with delight and rapture, half with mortification. He spoke a long time, but in the end she told him that she must consider. She wanted a day's grace. Then she would give him her answer.

It was her birthday. Kitty gave her a vivid, flowered kimono and two substantial muslin nightdresses, and Jim slipped a ten-dollar bill in her unwilling fingers. It was all so banal—she did not belong there.

It was sunshiny but cooler than the day before, and Kitty added a hot-water bag to the steamer rug and then came rushing out again with a huge box. It was from Doctor Bowen, wonderful things that he would not have to be ashamed of, that would not cause any comment. Iris understood, yet somehow she felt strangely disturbed. She put the things back in the box and wondered in some alarm what Doctor Bowen's mother was like.

Her thoughts were distracted by seeing their neighbor, Sam Moore, suddenly vault the fence, balancing something in his hand, and then come straight to her chair.

"Happy birthday, Iris!" and held out a blue bowl filled with yellow daffodils.

Iris gave a little gasp of pleasure, her lips parted in the faintest smile. "How lovely!" she murmured softly. "Put it here on my lap, please!" She noticed as he obeyed her that his fingers were long and capable looking and that his eyes were gray, of penetrating keenness.

He looked at her and laughed, "My, but you look pretty in Jim's old cap!" A little warm glow filled her heart and reflected itself for a second on her pale cheeks. "Iris, I want you to get well, of course, but I hope it takes you a long time! I want to see you here in this back yard; you sort of belong here, with your big solemn blue eyes!" She looked at him in amazement, but she smiled again. "See the apple blossoms coming and that peach tree in its Easter outfit? You're part of it! I—none of us can ever hear to think of you leaving us, going away. Of course, you're going to get well too quick. Can't help it having Kitty, living in the sunshine of her love. She was a mighty good nurse, wasn't she, and always cheerful."

Iris nodded, something stirring in her heart.

"I knew right along that you were the kind of a girl who sees the beauty in her environment, the throbbing, real beauty of love, the kind that made Kitty sit through long nights at your bed, the kind that made all of us pray for your recovery! Iris, look up at that blue sky! Smell the blossom-scented air, hear the faint buzzing of first bees. Tell me, do I only imagine it, or is not the whole world singing of love," and he leaned over and smiled in her blue eyes, full of promise.

Her eyes fell upon the box of things so essential to Doctor Bowen's mother, and she shrank away from it, and turned to the blue bowl filled with daffodils. It was a symbol of what Sam Moore would offer her all his life.

She looked up with another smile and murmured, "Yes, Sam, it is full of promise!"

ANIMALS OF THE DIM PAST

Fossil Remains Show That Dinosaurs Varied Greatly in Their Size and Appearance.

Como Bluff, Wyoming, is classic ground to those interested in the fossil remains of animals that inhabited this region long ago, for it was here that the first dinosaur bones were discovered in the Rocky mountain region. Some of the dinosaurs were the largest land animals that ever walked the earth, and some were very diminutive. They differed greatly in size, shape, structure and habits. Some were plant eaters; others fed on flesh. Some walked on four feet; others with small, weak fore limbs walked entirely upon the strongly developed hind legs. Some had reptile-like feet; others were bird footed. Some had toes provided with long, sharp claws; others had flattened hoof-like nails. There were dinosaurs with small heads, and others with large heads. Some were large and cumbersome; others were small, light and graceful and so much resembled birds in their structure that only the skilled anatomist can distinguish their remains. Some of enormous size were clad in coats of bony armor, which gave them a most bizarre appearance.

The largest herbivorous or plant-eating dinosaur whose fossil remains have been found in Como Bluff was the huge Brontosaurus, or thunder lizard, as it was called by Professor Marsh. It was 70 feet long, stood 16 feet high at the hips, and had a long tail, an equally long neck, and a head that was only a little larger than that of a horse. The weight of such a creature has been variously estimated at 18 to 20 tons. This animal doubtless lived on luxuriant tropical vegetation.

Scientific Institute Up 9,840 Feet. Some time ago there was inaugurated at the Col d'Olen, close by Monte Rosa, at an elevation of 9,840 feet, one of the most remarkable institutions for scientific research in the world. It owes its existence to the initiative of Prof. Angelo Mosso, of Turin, and is called the Institute of the Col d'Olen. It contains laboratories for research in botany, bacteriology, zoology, physiology, terrestrial physics and meteorology. All these subjects are studied from the special point of view of the effect of Alpine conditions.

Billie Dove



Billie Dove is a native of New York. After a short career as a model for some of the country's greatest illustrators she went on the stage. Recently she was engaged to appear at the head of distinguished casts in a special series of photoplays. She is but nineteen years old. Her eyes are large and expressive. She has light brown wavy hair.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

SARCASM

HE MET her at a dance, and when she found out that he held some important position in the training schools of the telephone company, she started in to ask him why it was that some of the operators were so impertinent and stupid. "I should think you would insist on their being more attentive. I was kept waiting almost five minutes the other day on my own telephone, and when the girl did come with her pert 'Number, please,' I just said: 'Well, if you have finished the chapter of that book you are so much interested in, I'll tell you.' I think she got the point," continued the society butterfly, "for she didn't say a thing, and I got the number in a second."

The young telephone man had heard virtually that same thing a hundred times before, and when the dance, which was an informal affair, was over, he asked the young girl's escort if they would let him take them in his motor to the nearest night exchange. He thought the young girl might be interested to see the operators reading their books and chatting over their candy.

If you have ever seen a telephone exchange with rows and rows of girls, each one working just about as steadily and calmly as girls could possibly work, you know what they saw. "Of course," commented the telephone man, "each girl has to say 'number, please' about 1,000 times a day. We try to teach them to say it pleasantly, but sometimes it gets a little metallic after a girl has been on a busy board for several hours. It looks as if they must have expected us," he laughed. "They have put their novels out of sight."

"I'm sorry I made that sarcastic speech," the society butterfly said, with true contrition. "I didn't know how they worked."

"Don't let that worry you," said the guide. "The girls get used to it. It sometimes rattles the new girls, especially as they are not allowed to answer back," but it is all in the day's work."

That is the way usually with our sarcastic remarks that we think of as brilliant at the time we make them, and worth repeating later on. But almost never is the sarcastic remark really worth while.

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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

THE HAND OF A LAWYER

TO JUDGE whether a person is fitted for success in the profession of the law, note whether the hand possesses the following characteristics:

The second phalanx of the thumb (between the first or nail joint, and the rest of the hand) should be long, strong and well proportioned. This indicates good reasoning power, a logical mind, and strong intellect generally. Now, as the will power in a lawyer must be strong, if he or she is to attain any rank in the chosen profession, the first phalanx of the thumb must also be markedly strong and well developed.

Next, proceed to an inspection of the line of the head. Necessarily, this must be good. Eloquence must accompany the successful career in the law and this is indicated by various signs, one of them being a decided line running between the second phalanx of the little finger and the third.

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DOULTRY

REATMENT FOR SCALY LEGS

fection Is Common Among Chickens and Is Caused by an Extremely Small Mite.

Scaly leg of poultry is a common and well-known affection of chickens that sometimes causes affected birds to become worthless. It is caused by an extremely small mite that works in and under the crusts that form on the legs. Caraway or sulphur ointment will kill the pests. Scales form



Bad Case of Scaly Leg.

at the point of invasion of the insect, and under them the skin is irritated and bloody. Badly affected birds walk with difficulty, and may even lose a toe; later they become thin, lose their appetites and prove worthless.

To treat scaly leg the feet and legs of affected fowls are held in warm water for several minutes, so that the crusts are softened and can be removed. A mite killer is then applied to the dry diseased surface. The following mixtures are recommended: 1. Oil of caraway, mixed in four times as much lard or vaseline; or 2, flowers of sulphur, one dram; carbonate of potash, 20 grains; and lard or vaseline, half an ounce. Some poultrymen have used a mixture of one part of kerosene and two parts of raw linseed oil with speedy effect. The legs of the affected fowls are dipped in this mixture, care being taken that the feathers are not wet.

GARBAGE FED SUCCESSFULLY

District of Columbia Poultry Farm Reports Excellent Results From Waste Material.

A poultry farm in the District of Columbia which handles about 1,000 fowls reports excellent results from the use of well-selected garbage. This material is hauled twice a day and fed to the birds about ten o'clock in the morning and again during the middle of the afternoon so that the table scraps are fed fresh only two or three hours after they are discarded from the kitchen. The feeding method of this poultryman is to scatter the garbage on the grass in such quantities that the fowls will clean up all the refuse. He rotates these feeding spots in such a way that no contamination results. The outstanding feature of the success of this poultryman is centralized in his painstaking selection of the garbage and the elimination of all objectionable material.

Profitable returns have resulted also from the feeding of garbage to fattening cockerels and old hens. A small flock of turkeys is maintained on this farm and the gobblers gobble their way to a front line position when garbage lunch time rolls around. The turkeys keenly relish the table scraps and abandon tender grasshoppers and succulent alfalfa in order to scamper to the feeding spots when the garbage wagon approaches.

RAISE CHICKENS FOR PROFIT

Besides Furnishing Supply of Eggs and Meat for Family Some Can Be Marketed.

Raise more chickens. Besides furnishing meat and eggs for the family a good flock of hens will lay eggs to sell. It costs little to get a good flock started; they live largely on waste for a good part of the year and do not require a large acreage of cleared land for their keep.

DOULTRY NOTES

Ask your growing chicks if they like clean, fresh water.

The loss from lice and mites is more than their weight in gold.

The growing chicks are calling for green feed. Give them plenty.

High producing hens are often wedge-shaped with point in front.

Nature stimulates in the spring. Man should help in the fall and winter.

Have at least one nest for each six hens. Keep plenty of straw in the nests.

The SANDMAN STORY

THE FROG WEDDING

PINE TREE VALLEY, I must tell you, is one of the nicest parts of Frogville, and every frog that cares at all about where he lives tries to find a home in that valley.

When it became known in Pine Tree Valley that Miss Jennie Frog was to be married there was great excitement. Mrs. Field Mouse read the notice in the paper, the Pine Tree Jottings, and hurried to the phone.

"Squeak, squeak! Give me Miss Cricket, please!" said Mrs. Mouse.

When at last Miss Cricket answered, Mrs. Mouse said:

"I have just read in Pine Tree Jottings that Jennie Frog is to be married to Billy Frog. Do you suppose we'll be invited?"

"Of course we will!" replied Miss Cricket. "We are all such old friends,



Jennie Leaning on Her Father's Arm.

and I just heard that it will take place under the pine tree and Parson Beetle will marry them."

"Well, I do hope my invitation comes soon," said Mrs. Mouse, "for I must have a new dress, and I will have to ask Grandma Rat to stay with the children, and if you hear any more about it do let me know! Good-by."

The guests were being seated by the ushers, the young Frogs, who were all dressed in their best green suits and white waistcoats and, of course, each had on white gloves and a white flower on his coat, and handsomer ushers it would have been hard to find.

Mr. Jar Fly began tuning up and soon the orchestra burst forth with the wedding march and two lovely yellow butterflies flew lightly over the bank by the pond and began to sprinkle tiny flowers for the bride to walk on.

Then came pretty little Sally Frog,

the maid of honor, and at last Jenny Frog, the bride, appeared leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. B. Frog, who was so puffed up with pride that the guests were afraid he would burst his white vest.

"Mrs. Darning Needle did know how to arrange Jenny's veil," whispered Miss Cricket to Mrs. Mouse. "I was afraid she would be so old fashioned that she would spoil Jenny's costume."

Parson Beetle, with his black book in hand, was waiting beneath the pine tree for the wedding party, and two handsome young frogs held a big lily-pod parasol over them, so the rays of the sun peeping through the tree branches would not shine in their eyes. "Don't begin yet," suddenly buzzed a big bee, flying over the heads of every one and behaving in a manner most impolite. "Here comes old Mrs. Snail, puffing up the hill. She will miss the wedding if you don't wait."

No one wanted to have old Mrs. Snail anything, so the Ant boys rushed away in their wagon to bring her the rest of the way.

"That is the first time I ever knew that nosy Bee fellow to do anything sensible," buzzed Miss Wasp, who never failed to use her sharp tongue. "His mother should teach him better manners."

The wedding gifts were numerous and of many kinds, though, as Miss Wasp said, "Why anyone gave Jenny Frog a silk umbrella she could not think, when Jenny did not mind the water and, in fact, would rather be wet than not."

And then came that wonderful supper when every one ate all they wanted and a little more. "But we had to do something," said Miss Wasp, talking it over the next day with some of her friends, "for when that frog quartet began to sing you could not hear a word anyone said, so we just had to eat."

After supper there was a dance until the sun had gone out of sight over the hill and one bright star peeped out of the sky, and everybody voted it the nicest wedding they had ever attended and said that Jenny Frog was the prettiest bride.

"They always say that about the bride," snapped Miss Wasp as she flew away.

"Poor Miss Wasp," said gentle Mrs. Caterpillar. "I was afraid we did not treat her kindly enough or she would never make such stinging remarks."

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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

DELIA

DELIA is a name of curiously conflicting history. There are several origins from which she might have sprung. In England, she appears most frequently as a convenient contraction for the dignity of Cordelia. The truly Irish flavor of Bedelia and the popularity of Delia in that country might give rise to the contention that the latter name is the diminutive of the old song favorite.

But Delia, according to the best etymological authorities, is a separate and independent name which has its source in no less an exalted realm than the mythology of ancient Greece. It was Artemis or Diana, the moon goddess, who, being born at Delos, caused the place of her nativity to be immortalized in Greek mythological history.

In honor of the goddess, the feminine name Della was evolved from Delos and sprang to instant fame in Arcadian poetry. Lovely shepherdesses who figure in those ancient pastorals, bore the name and it reached England by the literary route. The sound of it was good to Irish ears, and it was straightway adopted by that country.

Since Artemis was the moon goddess, it is fitting that Della's talismanic gem should be the moonstone. It will bring its wearer good fortune, and will prove an exceptionally lucky jewel if it is a gift from a sweetheart. It is said that lovers can read the future by looking into its depths when the moon is full. Monday is Della's lucky day, and 4 her lucky number.

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The Friendly Path

By Walter L. Robinson

ROUGH PATHWAYS

"Those travel farthest who don't know where they are going."

PERHAPS so. Also perhaps they find rough pathways and frequently find little when they reach the end of their uncharted trail.

But there is some soundness to this philosophy opined by Sir Oliver Cromwell. Too many complain of the difficulties they imagine they are likely to encounter, or else are so fearful of meeting trouble that they never make a fair start to get anywhere.

A day or two ago we were passing through a crowd on the sidewalk and a blustering pedestrian rushed past and crashed into an unfortunate blind man. The hurrying one was terribly sorry. The poor man without eyes, with the usual charity of the sightless, excused the offender and stated that he has no business being blind. Then he stumbled along with the aid of his cane, while the other went on about his business with regret stamped upon his face.

This is a characteristic experience one may find all along the pathway of life if he keeps his eyes on those who hurry onward without watching where they are going. For more often when one speeds thoughtlessly, others are likely to be injured more than he is himself.

If anything will bring happiness with its accomplishment, it ought to make people happy to engage in the work necessary to bring accomplishment about. True it may be disappointing and tiresome when progress is slow, and apparently there are unsurmountable troubles in the path ahead. But nothing is to be gained by bemoaning the necessity of work, nor by fretting over blistered feet.

It is always well to work happily for work is what makes life worth while.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

UNSHAKEN

BLAST, ye critics, blast away! Blast by night and blast by day. Mine our Faiths, and counter-mine. Question each and every line With your analytic skill— Faith remains unshaken still. Sturdy, and forever true 'Spite of all your critic crew, Safe beyond the reach of death Simply for that it IS Faith. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)