

Window Shopping as an Occupation

By R. RAY BAKER

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"Let's go home now," suggested Ruth Paige, "and pop corn, or make fudge, or something. I've had enough walk, haven't you?"

"Some walk," growled John Gregory, as they turned a corner which took them off Main street into a residential thoroughfare. "We've been at it more than an hour and a half, but how far have we gone, I ask you? By the time we get to your home it will be exactly six blocks—one to get downtown, four to cover both sides of the street in the retail section and one to return. And it wasn't really a walk; it was just a poke, with you dragging me to every window to stare in at the finery displayed."

Ruth's mouth became firm and her dimples disappeared, and fire flashed from her eyes.

"That's too bad," she said sarcastically. "Strange you wouldn't want me to enjoy myself a little. I can't have all those handsome gowns and things, but you shouldn't want to deprive me the pleasure of looking at them. Just because I'm going to be your wife—maybe—is no reason you can start in right now trying to take all the joy out of my life. I've enjoyed myself this afternoon, only now you had to go and spoil everything. I dearly love to look in the windows, especially when the spring styles are on display. The trouble with you is you don't appreciate art, and those displays are art, and the men that trim the windows are artists. You're too prosaic, with your dirty old job in a musty printing shop, and you haven't the finer sensibilities to be affected by the more refined efforts of men who dress well and keep their hands and face free from printer's ink."

"Window shopping is a great occupation," John returned just as sarcastically. "I'm shut up all day in a print shop, and when I suggest a little fresh air and some exercise on a Sunday afternoon you drag me down to the stores and make me gape into the windows like a country Rube. Well, you got fooled at one place—Hecksteeth's—because they had the window covered with a curtain."

"Just the same I'd get a look into that window if I could," Ruth declared, somewhat savagely, "and you and all the printers in town couldn't stop me. If you're so fond of exercise and fresh air, you can keep on walking right past my home, and you needn't ever walk back this way."

"Of course," John returned, his own eyes spitting fire, "if that's the way you feel about it, I'll do just that."

From which it might seem that Ruth Paige and her fiancé were mated about as well as two positive poles of a magnet. On the contrary, this was their first quarrel during the year they had been acquainted. They were both possessed of stubborn dispositions, with fiery tempers, but they were genuinely in love with each other and had co-operated to prevent clashes. It just happened, however, that John was peevish this Sunday afternoon, and his peevishness happened to strike Ruth when she was in an exceptionally irritable mood.

After each had expressed himself and herself, they walked in silence the remainder of the distance to her home. At the entrance to the house they paused.

"Surely you aren't coming in when there is so much fresh air outdoors," she said cuttingly, unable to resist the temptation for a final fling.

"Of course not," he responded, and lifted his hat, as he moved off down the street. "Good-by," he called, and did not once look back.

Ruth stood looking after her departed fiancé for a moment, then walked briskly into the house. Instead of popping corn or making fudge she flounced to her room and held a private session with herself, in which a few teardrops flowed.

It looked like an irreparable break, for with their obstinate dispositions neither Ruth nor John would take the first step to effect a reconciliation. Ruth's makeup was such that she would permit her heart to be wrung dry by misery before she would yield one jot, and John's temperament was constructed of the same kind of material. They were both wrong, but they couldn't help it. What was needed was a clever mediator who could bring them together apparently by chance. However, there was little likelihood of this, because Ruth kept her own counsel and John was tactful about his affairs. As an example of this he had been calling on Ruth for about two months before she even had an inkling as to his means of making a living.

With John out of her life, Ruth took up with Susie Atterson, who worked in the stenographic department with

her at Miller Brothers' wholesale paper house. Every evening at the close of the day's work they walked together, for their homes were not far apart, and they window-shopped to their heart's content. Susie suspected something was wrong with Ruth and John, because the latter no longer called for the former and escorted her home, but rather adroit questioning failed to bring enlightenment.

Hecksteeth's department store proved a mystery to both the girls. The big display window continued screened from view with curtains, and their love for finery and natural sense of curiosity kept them busy speculating as to what new product of the trimmer's skillful hands was to be revealed to the public. The mystery grew on them till it obsessed them, and it helped to assuage the pain Ruth was suffering because of John's exit from her life.

For two weeks Ruth saw nothing of John, and it was a long two weeks. By this time she had abandoned all hope of a reconciliation ever being reached, and on Saturday afternoon she wrapped his diamond ring and set out for the post office to mail it. Every Saturday afternoon was a half-holiday for Miller Brothers' employees.

The route to the post office took her past Hecksteeth's store, and with inquisitive eyes she surveyed the big curtain-covered window.

"Oh, for just a peek!" she said softly, and then paused, almost startled by what she saw. It was a crack in the screen where two of the shielding curtains met.

"Here's my chance for a big victory over Susie," she said gleefully, and sidled up to the crack, keeping her face turned toward the street as though she was in wait for some one. When she was in the right position she stooped somewhat and craned her neck so she could glance into the aperture which so opportunely offered itself.

To her surprise, a pair of eyes looked out at her. At first she was inclined to think it was a reflection of her own, but gradually a face took form before her, and it was not hers. She was astounded almost to the point of being in a panic. It was actually weird.

"That's John's face," she thought. "Surely it must be a hallucination. I've been thinking so much about him that I've started having visions of him."

But no, there could be no vision about this face. It was human, flesh and blood, even to a tiny mole that belonged to John. The situation was so ludicrous that she could not help smiling, when once her astonishment wore off, and the face on the other side of the glass smiled in response.

Of a sudden the face vanished, there was a noise at the door of the store, and John came out.

"Window shopping?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," she replied, very meekly, and quickly tucked the small package into a pocket. "Wha—what are you doing here?"

"I work here," he returned quietly. "I'm the window trimmer. I neglected to tell you that I changed jobs a month ago. You see, window trimming is my regular profession, but I get tired of it now and then and try printing. I was offered special inducements to take this job and fix up this surprise window, and I've been working so hard at it I can't bear to think of window trimming when off duty. I feel like taking a walk right now; what do you say?"

And Ruth did not demur.

Animals' Need of Salt.

Persons who have the salt-taking habit insist that they require it. Some insist that they need more pepper, mustard, vinegar and sugar than other persons do. Perhaps this is true and perhaps these persons confuse the meaning of the words "need" and "desire." Many wild animals seem to have taken naturally to salt. The "salt-licks" of this country were the places where herds of buffalo, which roamed the land east of the Alleghenies as well as the region west of the Mississippi, traveled in order to lick the ground that was coated with the mineral. The aborigines of the land which came to be the United States knew the uses of salt and it was a common practice with some of the tribes to ent hickory ashes with their food, those ashes containing quite a high per cent of saline matter.

Little-Known Spot.

A few miles west from the east branch of the Rosebud is the West Rosebud canyon. A good trail connects the two and a visit of any time to this area will be in the nature of a camp trip, says the American Forestry Magazine in an article on "The Land of the Hearttooth." A passable wagon road reaches Emerald lake on West Rosebud. It is a lake which deserves to be popular for here nature made a place which is naturally attractive. The scenic values are excellent, the fishing is good, and around the lake luscious mountain huckleberries grow in profusion.



BOLD PUMPKIN VINE

ONCE there lived in a big field a vine among a great many other vines, all of them some day expecting to grow big yellow pumpkins.

"I cannot see the use of staying in this field day after day," said this vine as it twisted and strained from the ground trying to see what was going on.

"Keep quiet, brother," called the other vine, "you will break away from the rest of us and then no one can say what will become of you."

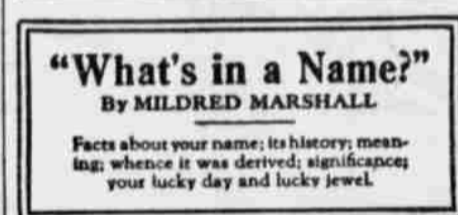
"That is just what I plan to do," said the restless vine, "here I have been growing for a long time and not a thing has happened. This dull place is not to my liking. I am going to crawl out."

"Better stay here," warned its brothers, "the golden pumpkins will



soon be growing and think how beautiful we all shall be."

But the restless vine would not listen, and day after day he crept farther away from the field and his mates.



LOIS

LOIS is really a masculine name. It means "famous war" and comes from the Teutonic nomenclature through the Karling romances. Lois or Loiz, as it is sometimes spelled, is really Loys.

The French king whom the French knew as Louis de Debonnaire was originally called Liudicus. The Provençal promptly softened the name to Aloys, but so popular did Loys become that no member of the French royal family was christened without it. Finally the soft Aloys gained favor throughout France, and the "a" was dropped, producing the musical Loys. The Bretons were already using the name of Loiz, so the "Y" in Loys disappeared and Loiz appeared and remained permanent.

Loys was the only form of the innumerable versions of Loys that became applied as a feminine name. Spain's Loiz has never wavered from its masculine interpretation, nor has the Luiz of Portugal. France formed an Heloise from Loiz and Louise might possibly be called an equivalent for Loiz if it were not for that strain of Provençal.

Lois has been given in baptism generally as a name of sentiment. It is a trifle difficult to pronounce but is undoubtedly beautiful and extraordinarily popular in this country.

The talismanic gem assigned to Loiz is the onyx. It should be worn with care as it is inclined to cool affection, provoke discord and separate lovers, but worn by Loiz it prevents these very misfortunes. Monday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.



When it reached the cornfield the corn wanted it to stop. "You are safe here," they said. "Once outside the wall and no one can tell what will happen to you."

"That is just what I want to know," said the restless vine. "What is outside and what will happen when I get out."

So on it crawled through the cornfield, in and out, and by and by it reached the stone wall.

But it was not discouraged. It began to grow up the wall and finally it reached the top.

"Ah, at last I am seeing the world outside a field," said the restless vine. "All my days I might have rested on the ground and never have seen a thing but vines."

One morning a big blossom grew on the vine, showing plainly from the road, and then the vine began to feel very proud, for as they passed many people turned to look at it growing all along on the stone wall.

"How foolish my brothers are to live all their days on the ground," thought the vine. "Here I am seeing the world and being admired and if I stayed in the field no one would have noticed me."

One day a pumpkin came in place of the blossom and the vine grew prouder than ever. But as the pumpkin grew larger it reached the side of the stone wall and one day it grew too heavy and off it tumbled and broke from the vine. It was still green and no one bothered to pick it up and now the restless vine began to think of its brothers growing in the field on the ground, for it knew that soon their golden fruit would be ready for the farmer to gather.

How it wished it had stayed at home and not roamed to a strange place to grow.

By and by the nights grew cold and the vine began to wither, and one morning as it lay shriveled upon the top of the wall a wagon full of golden pumpkins passed by and the restless vine knew when it was too late that its brothers in the field were wise, while it had been a restless and foolish vine.

It had seen the world outside of the field, but it had nothing to show for the time it had lived in the world, while its brothers had grown big yellow pumpkins of which any vine might well be proud.

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A noted star of the speaking stage and one who has made a brilliant success on the screen because of her charm, emotional and dramatic work, is Catherine Calvert. She is regarded as one of the most handsome of the many "movie" stars.



THE CENSUS.

WHILE the "counting of the people" is mentioned in the records of the Hebrews and the Romans, this counting was for military or fiduciary purposes only. The first count of population for the sole object of determining the number was made in the United States in 1790. England and other European countries followed suit a little later.

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He Knew of One. Fresh (after attending a hygiene lecture)—"Some terrible things can be caught from kissing." Second Fresh—"Right. You ought to see the poof fish my sister caught."—Cornell Widow.

The Right Thing at the Right Time
By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WEDDING ETIQUETTE

Etiquette with all its littlenesses and niceties is founded on a central idea of right and wrong.—Dr. J. Brown.

GOOD form starts many a couple smoothly sailing on the sea of matrimony. Family dissensions and misunderstandings, which have their origin at the very wedding feast, often end in serious trouble between the bride and groom or their newly acquired relatives.

Remember then that invitations should be sent out two weeks before the date of the wedding. They should be engraved and mailed in sealed envelopes with two-cent stamps. The plainest dead white paper is used, absolutely void of any decorations save the necessary lettering.

As soon as the invitations have been sent out the prospective bride should lay in a store of nice note paper on which to acknowledge her gifts. She should not write lengthy newsy letters to each friend who sends a gift, but a brief cordial note of thanks. Each day notes should be sent out in thanks for the presents received, thus saving that rush that is apt to come if it is put off from time to time. Gifts are sent to the girl while she is Miss Smith and should, if possible, be acknowledged under that name.

At a church wedding the groom with his best man awaits the bride at the altar. The bridal party on entering the church usually is made up as follows: The ushers, two abreast, come first, followed by the bridesmaids, also two abreast, then the maid of honor and finally the bride on the arm of her father or some male relative. On leaving the church after the ceremony, the bride and groom come first, the maid of honor with the best man, then the bridesmaids and lastly the ushers. The father joins the family in leaving the church after the bridal party. One side of the church near the altar is reserved for the bride's

A LINE O' CHEER
By John Kendrick Bangs.

ECONOMIC.

IF YOU would have financial doubt go. Watch both your income and your outgo. Enhance the one, and curb the other. And you'll know ease and peace, my Brother.

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