

Dr. Bunker's Handwriting Analysis

By DR. M. N. BUNKER
Nationally Known Grapho-Analyst.

HERE would be a lonely home for some man, and his children if Annetta Page had not read one of these articles about handwriting some weeks ago. As it is, she is at home with her husband and children and everything is happy. Here is the story, just as it occurred.

you may be sure that you hold

One morning when the postman brought me the mail there was a thick letter which told this story. Annetta Page married when she was just a girl. John Page makes good money, he has a good trade, and makes more money by far than most of his neighbors but he has to work long hours.

Annetta was kept busy enough until the three children were all old enough to go to school. Then she found time hanging heavy on her hands, and she began wondering whether John really loved her. He wasn't at home much. She decided she wasn't sure that he really did love her.

Just about that time a handsome young fellow—a regular speik—moved in down the block and Annetta met him. She thought she loved him. She listened when he told her how much he loved her and how he wanted her to run away with him. She had decided to do it, but first she wrote to me, and told me all about it, and sent a copy of her husband's writing, and also some of that of her new friend.

Here are the two writings which I have marked A and B. John Page wrote A, which shows a man who is loyal, sincere, a true and honest lover, and a man who will do anything possible for those he loves. B is the writing of the "other man." It is not a pleasant picture; he is grasping, stingy, mean, and even brutal if he does not have his own way.

I wrote to Annetta and told her the truth as I found it, and now she is at home with her family, happy in the knowledge that her husband truly loves her. He, too, is finding a little more time to spend with his family.

Your writing shows your nature just as clearly as John Page's writing showed his. Your friend's writing tells the story of the heart that is back of the pen that does the writing, just as surely as it did in this case.

There may be "another man" or "another woman" in your life, and you may be wondering what to do. Your handwriting has a story that will help you know, just as it did Annetta's.

You may have a personal report made of your handwriting if you will write a page, using pen and ink. Sign your name, send letter to Dr. M. N. Bunker, in care of this newspaper, with a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. Be sure to enclose the stamped envelope, for letters without this will be discarded.

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The next morning Baxter found that Maum Vina was going to spend the day at Red Top, and, as their way would be the same for several miles, they started off together. The day was flawless, and the early sun sent its level radiance over the broad marshes, flooding the barren winter wastes with gold until they looked like fields of ripened grain. Down the tunnelled road under the live oaks the light shot, edging the stalactites of Spanish moss with filaments of fire. A red bird fell like a live coal out of the sky into a roadside casena bush and whistled three confident notes up into the face of the new day. The air had a tang to it and lifted the travellers into a good stride. As Baxter strode along life throbbed upward through the soles of her Sunday shoes and filled her with a sense of well-being. This was reinforced when she lifted her hand to her breast, where she could feel her four big silver dollars tied in the corner of her bandana.

As the pair stepped briskly along, Baxter stole a sidelong glance at her companion, studying her in this first moment of leisure that they had enjoyed together. The old woman had a strange habit. In the house she was just like everyone else, but as soon as they were out upon the open road she walked with bent head. Her large clay pipe clenched between her jaws wreathed her face in rank tobacco smoke, and through it her eyes could be seen, bright and eager, sliding from side to side of the road, missing no crevice or rut in their scrutiny. Presently she referred to this unusual behaviour, and told her companion the cause.

Twenty years before, when her old man had died and left her penniless, a conjure woman had told her not to worry, that she would find money in the road before she was too old to look after herself, and that she would die in affluence. Since then the years had been cruel. She had seen her two children go into the little graveyard with the father. Age had stripped her down to that last pitiful hope. But there was not a shadow of a doubt in her mind that some day she would find her fortune lying at her feet. But already her sight was failing a little, the keen eyes missing things that they would have seen easily enough even a year ago. So she must hurry and cover many miles of road while she could, and she must be careful, too. Who knew but what the money would be there in the road right around the next corner? Once, in the excitement of the recital, she raised her

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MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS By DU BOSE HAYWARD

(Continued from page eight)

of admiration. The woman dug most of the day, and when they got to the rock, she elected to pick it out while he rolled it to the cars, telling him that she wanted to keep away from the men who were gathered at the tracks.

Once the foreman came up and looked into the pit. He was a gentleman, and his people had for generations been used to appraising Negro labour. The hole had reached its depth of six feet, and the woman was standing on the bare floor of rock into which she was driving her pick. She paused and looked up. The pit had been full of sun all day, and the work terribly heavy. Baxter had thrown off her outer waist, and through her undershirt the man could see the swell of powerful shoulder and back muscles, the high lift of her chest as it rose and fell on long, unburied breaths. He turned to Drayton with a wink. "You're not such a damned bad picker, after all," he observed.

The old man smiled; then, in the new, deep voice of authority, he ripped out some unnecessary instructions to the woman. She answered submissively: "Yas, suh. 'Tank yo', suh." And he wheeled his barrow off toward the tracks.

She glanced up out of the pit full into the amused eyes of the white man, and a look of absolute comprehension passed between them. "You know men, Baxter, you'll do," he said with a grin as he turned away.

By the time that Saturday night came the jibes at Drayton's expense had ceased and he was the secret envy of most of the lazy young pit men in the field.

Baxter for her part had earned eight dollars for the week's labour. She had settled in old Maum Vina's cabin, and she owed half of her income to the commissary for supplies which she had contributed to their living. That first Saturday night she turned her back on the allurements of gossip and laughter

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Tested Recipes for the Week-end

HAM FLAKES

Roll rich pastry dough until paper-thin. Cut with a small round biscuit cutter. Spread one round with chopped boiled ham, top with another round, and bake in a quick oven till light brown. Serve hot.

VEAL POT PI

3 cups cooked veal
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon chopped onion
Pile loosely in pan; almost cover the meat with gravy, stock, or water, and set on top of stove to heat.

FOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS APPLE MOUSSE

1 cup sieved baked apples
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup orange juice
1-2 cup candied orange peel
1 tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup whipped cream
2 tablespoons maple syrup
Rub the baked apple through a sieve, add the powdered sugar and orange juice. Dissolve the gelatine and add to the apple, when slightly set fold in the shredded orange peel previously softened in hot syrup. Whip the cream and fold in. Pack and freeze. Serve plain or with hot maple dressing.

AS A GARNISH FOR MEATS BAKED APPLE RINGS

4 red apples
1 cup water
1 teaspoon butter
1 cup brown sugar
1-2 teaspoon cinnamon
Wash, core, but do not peel apples. Cut each apple in three thick rings; arrange in baking dish, add

the other ingredients, cover and bake in moderate oven for thirty minutes, remove cover and bake for 15 minutes. Serve with roast of pork.

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Chorus by Al Smith.
Al Miller and His Market Street Boys

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