

DREAMS

By Will Nies

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Madge "Bribed" Katie.

HEARD a vehement clattering of pots and pans as I entered the kitchen to give Katie directions for the day before starting on my sight-seeing trip with my mother-in-law.

How Katie Heard. "Katie, I am ashamed of you," I said, coldly and firmly, in much the tone that I would have used to a sulky child.

"That wasn't the only reason, Katie," I said, "and you know it. Then, per-sonally, 'Katie, look at me!'"

"You know, Katie, I went on, 'that your greatest fault is curiosity. I do not want you to pry into my affairs, but it leads you into all kinds of trouble and mistakes. I have known that you have listened to conversations, and I know that you have eavesdropped on me.'"

"A Masterly Stroke. "You see, Katie," I said slowly, "that is the punishment of people who listen to conversations not intended for them."

"I could not tell from Katie's manner whether she were in a receptive mood or not. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed on the floor, and her face was still flushed.

"Then she said: 'There is nothing to be done but to trust her. She can't get into the trunk without keys unless she is a sneak thief, and I do not think she is that.'"

Truth Will Out. Now, when he is leaving I always want to ask him why he doesn't come over during the week that I am at every attempt I make. Should I ask him why he waits so long? If I would be very glad to come.

BLUE EYES: It seems that you two do not understand each other very well, perhaps because you have not been quite honest. Fride is a very good thing, but if one isn't very careful it may cause a great deal of trouble.

BILL—She's one girl who's fond of FRED—How do you know? BILL—I saw it in—I mean on—her face.



WHEN sleep arrives what dreams may come? "Ah, THAT'S the rub!" as Hamlet said. For when we trust our senses to forgetfulness, along with it we give our power of choice. Little, vagrant imps we wouldn't recognize when Reason sits upon her throne, with fairy fingers weave our dreams in grotesque and fantastic patterns of near-reality. How we laugh at the puzzles in the morning!

And yet we never dream of things we know not of—and usually of those we like the BEST. So it is with the Lady of the Picture. See the little men who dance around her in HER dreams. Men of all sorts, "rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs"—dancers, golfers, oarsmen skating! Men of EVERY kind—and each man, in his time, her HERO of an hour. But is she dreaming only backward in the Past, or dream-wishing into the Future, too? Ah, THAT'S the question!

Copyright, 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Hanging On to Youth



THE man of fifty sat at the table with the woman of twenty-five and made large and entrancing eyes at her. The woman of twenty-five smiled sweetly at the man of fifty. But when she looked at the man of twenty-eight at the table across the room her eyes were very wistful.

little girl people thought men were much cleverer than women. I have always had a strange superstition that they were, too. I have known a good many women who were fools—cold-hearted fools, selfish fools, calculating fools, well-meaning fools—but I never in all my life knew an intelligent woman of fifty who could really make herself believe that a man of twenty-five could love her to madness, and be better off when he was in love with her than he would be to love one of his own age and his own kind. How can men deceive themselves, so utterly and incomprehensibly?

A Pathetic Struggle. Young women have fallen in love with old men once in a while, and nine times out of ten they wish they hadn't. But the average girl wants young love, new love, true love—or what she can make herself believe is true love—and she is not to be fooled into taking any second-hand, warmed-over, imitation affection for the real thing—not unless she is cast away on a desert island and there isn't another man in sight.

"True, quite true," said I. "Why, of course," said the woman of twenty-five, and she signalled to the man of twenty-eight across the room to wait for her outside. She told him that she was bored to death and that she would hurry and get rid of the man of fifty as soon as she could, and she begged him not to be angry and she told him that she loved him—all with one look of her tired, wistful eyes.

"Quite so," said I, without a smile. "Of course," breathed the woman of twenty-five. And then we all drank our coffee and went and listened to the music, and the man of twenty-eight came and talked to us and looked at the woman of twenty-five. And the man of fifty was very much pleased with himself, and the two who were making such a fool of him were pleased, too, for the man of fifty is very rich, and some day, perhaps—

Two Delicious Honey Cakes

These cakes are very old-fashioned and seldom seen now. They can be made in many districts and can be bought very cheaply, and even from the grocers the finest honey can be bought very cheaply.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Solving the Problem of How to "Do" the Hair. I simply cannot please every one. Even in the small matter of arranging your hair relatives and friends disagree as to whether you should wear it high or low, parted or pompadour.

Latest Coiffures and Hair Ornaments

I never saw you look better; daughter, your head is perfect. But when Dad saw me he stormed: 'When I see your hair piled up like the tower of Babel it puts me in a bad humor. Never comb it that way again! If there was time I'd ask you to go and arrange it over again. You look as old as Mrs. Noah.'



Vertical text on the left margin, including 'Revelations of a Wife' and other snippets.

Vertical text on the right margin, including 'What Grip Really Is' and other snippets.