THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XXXXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 12, 1925. NO. 4.

WHEN THE PARROT SPOKE

By CLIFFORD HOWARD

(©, by Short Story Pub. Co.)

TOWN gossip was in a flutter of speculation: Doctor Harriman was among the bidders at the public sale of Ann Motley's furniture!

It was, of course, common knowledge that once upon a time the doctor had been the accepted lover of Ann Motley, but that their tranquil courtship had come to a sudden ending and that from that time to the day of her death the timid and reserved spinster and the kindly doctor had gone their separate ways. What had come between them, why they never again spoke or met, nobody knew. Evidently, there had been a quarrel—proving that love's course runs no more smoothly in the summer time of wooing than in its season of bud and blossom; but beyond this there was naught but rumor.

There were those who professed to note a change in the doctor since he had ceased to call at the garden-cloistered cottage on the hill. Nor were these observers far amiss; for whatever may have been the extent to which he gave visible sign of his troubled heart, the estrangement between him and Ann Motley was to the doctor an unending source of sorrow and bitterness. It was not so much because of what he had said to her in the moment of their little storm, for he had spoken with obvious unmeaningness, but it was because she would not forgive him.

After the first day of ruffled temper and pride he had chivalrously acknowledged himself in the wrong; and, unheeding the words she had uttered in the stress of overwrought emotion, declaring their love and their friendship at an end, he went to her in penitent love, craving forgiveness. But she refused to receive him. Prim, sensitive Ann Motley! The timid love that had had its first awakening in the sunlight of his presence had shrunk back into her heart, wounded and affrighted. He had profaned her proud sensibilities, and she felt that she could not forgive him. And therefore it was that she refused to see him and that when he wrote to her she declined to answer his letters.

"Your silence tells me," he wrote in his final appeal, "that you cannot know how deep and all-absorbing is my love for you. If the few hasty, unmeaning words that escaped me in a flash of thoughtless irritation have outweighed with you all I have said or done, it is useless for me now to attempt to convince you to the contrary. I shall not again ask you to take back the love you have cast aside. I pray only that you will forgive me. Surely, you cannot deny me this. Let me know by some word or sign that I have your pardon for my cruel though unintended words, and I shall ask no more. Grant me this—hot for my sake, if you so will it, but for the sake of the friendship, the love, the happiness that once were ours."

These were the last words he ever addressed to her. She did not respond. Silent and unforgiving, in obedience to the dictates of an exacting conscience, she shut herself out from his life.

Then, with the pride of lofty manhood, he respected her decision and thereafter bore himself toward her as a stranger. Never again did he approach her nor mention her name. Yet there was not a day during all the weary years that followed that he did not bow in spirit before the shrine of his buried love and pray to heaven that he might some day know she had forgiven him. In vain he sought to ignore the blight that her unforgiving silence cast upon the sacred memory of her being. It lay upon him as a curse; and as time went on his prayer became a craving—a morbid, brooding passion—inspired by a dread lest he or she should die before his soul should be cleared of its deepening blot.

Throughout his daily life it haunted him with a restless fear. Yet he gave no conscious outward sign to the world nor to her of the torment of his spirit. Ministering to others in their trials and afflictions; ready always with his kindly interest and words of cheer, and giving to weary hearts the comfort and the benediction of his tender sympathy, he shared with no one the burden of his own cross; but, alone and uncomforted, he bore it in mute desolation through the unbroken silence of the years.

And when, one evening in June, she passed away suddenly and without the herald warning of sickness—her heart having gently ceased its work as she dozed in her chair—the blow fell upon him with crushing despair. She was gone; leaving him alone, utterly alone—and unforgiven!

Yet withal there remained the nebulous hope that perchance she had left among her papers some message for him; something that might tell him she had not departed without an answer to his prayer. And thus it happened that he was present at the sale of her little property and was the highest bidder for the old-time mahogany desk, which the auctioneer described and put up for sale with irreverent harangue. And because of the sacredness attaching to the things that had been hers—to the things associated with the bygone days of their love—he bought her books and her clock; her ivory-type portrait of herself as a girl; her little cushioned rocking chair, and the old piano—with its brass-mounted legs and its candle racks—upon which she used to play for him the sweet melodies of the long ago as they sat alone in the dim light and quietude of love's happiness.

"Two-fifty I'm offered for this parrot and the cage," shouted the auctioneer in noisy fluency, breaking in upon the doctor's wandering thoughts. "Do I hear three dollars? Two-fifty, two-fifty! Do I hear three? Three dollars I am offered; three dollars is bid; going at three dollars!" he sang on, interpreting an undesigned nod on the part of the doctor as a bid at the higher figure. "Going—going at three dollars! Three dollars! Going, going—gone!—to Doctor Harriman."

The doctor started in surprise and was about to protest, as the cage with the parrot was brought forward and placed with the other things he had bought. Checking himself, however, in order to avoid possible controversy, he accepted the situation without comment. He had not meant to buy the bird, nor did he want it. It had for him no association with Ann Motley; for, in truth, according to the statement of the auctioneer, it was a comparatively recent acquisition. Nevertheless, it was now his; and thinking to dispose of it in time to some one who might care for it, he had it taken to his home with the other purchases.

In the solitude of his library, breathing now an atmosphere of another presence and of other days, he opened her desk. With trembling hands and with a disquieting sense of profanation, every drawer, every recess was carefully, tenderly, explored; but his search was fruitless. There was nothing—nothing for him; no message, no word, no token, not even his own letters, to comfort him with the belief that she had retained some lingering regard for his memory. Was it then true, as his embittered soul had feared, that she had gone without loving him, without remembering, without forgiving him?

He closed the desk and sank upon his knees. A convulsive sob shook his bent frame; and, throwing himself forward, he buried his face in his arms upon the little rocking chair that had once been hers.

About him were the deepening shadows of twilight and the hush of eventide. The old furniture of Ann Motley, with its generations of hallowed memories, lent a mellow sanctity to the stillness of the room; and in the enshrouding calmness, with the face of sweet Ann Motley looking down upon him from the desk beside him, his heart poured forth its anguish in silent, sobbing tears.

Then suddenly a voice, low and quavering, and seemingly afar off, broke softly upon the shadowed silence:

"Grant, Oh, Lord, that he may
yet come back to me and know
that I love and forgive him."

For a moment after the voice had ceased the doctor remained motionless. The slight flutter of wings and the tapping of a beak upon the bars of a cage alone disturbed the ensuing quiet. Then, raising his head, the doctor clasped his hands before him in sudden fervency, and as his eyes were lifted up to heaven, filled with the light of a strange awakening, a smile of illumining peace shone upon his countenance; and as spirit communing with spirit his face grew beautiful in the softening radiance of revelation, and upon his parted lips there trembled a soul-uttered prayer—an answering message of love and thanksgiving.

Wow!

He had been invited to the wedding of an old friend. He had never seen the bride before, but, of course, when he was presented to her he tried to be amiable.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, "for Jack, during the time he was courting you, frequently regaled me with extracts from his dear Nellie's letters."

The bride glared at him viciously.

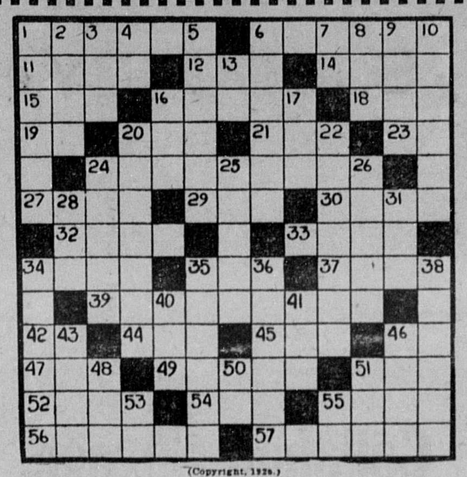
"I hope you don't mind his having read your letters to me?" he asked anxiously.

"My letters!" she repeated icily. "I fear there is some mistake. My name is Joan."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Plant of Great Value

According to Popular Mechanics Magazine, by the grafting of cinnamon or clove upon a European plant called "holy basil," a plant is formed which kills any mosquito that touches it.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

1—To collect
11—Opposed to "a weather"
12—A little devil
15—An illuminating body
16—To break
18—Part of the verb "to be"
19—Afternoon (abbr.)
20—A man's nickname
21—A fowl
23—A western state (abbr.)
24—Impropriety of behavior
27—A hill of sand
29—A small spot
30—Stout cord
32—To shut vehemently
33—A small island
34—Seven days
37—Ardor inspired by passion or enthusiasm
39—Not permanent
42—A printer's measure
44—To knock
45—One, no matter what one
46—A pound (abbr.)
47—To rest
49—To respond
52—A woody perennial
54—To be ill
56—One who dispatches
57—Exalts the spirit of

6—Joined
14—To rip
35—Past
51—A chum
55—A step

Vertical.

1—Breathed with difficulty
2—Sulphate of potassium and aluminum
3—A number
5—Edged
7—That thing
9—Organs of hearing
10—A dredging machine
13—A parent
17—That girl
20—Creeped furtively
22—A place for babies
24—A watery projection
25—A Belgian colony in Africa
26—A girl's nickname
28—To employ
31—A vegetable
34—Turns or twists
35—To come into sight
36—A revelation supposed to issue from a divinity through a medium
38—Titled men
40—To deface
41—An insect
46—Woven thread
48—A number
51—A small mass of butter
53—A man's name shortened
55—A parent

4—That man
6—Conclusion
8—A beverage
16—Sorrowful
43—Marsh
50—A sloth

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

Not Too Hard-Headed to Dye His Whiskers

A lecturer on art recently spoke before a group of men in an industrial city, according to Fred C. Kelly, urging upon them the duty of trying to put more beauty into their surroundings. At the close of the talk, a leading citizen came up to have a few words with the lecturer.

"I enjoyed your talk," he said, "though I didn't agree with you. The fact is that we have no time here for beauty. The prosperity of this town is due to hard-headed, practical men. We are doing things and can't bother to think about being beautiful."

"Yet," retorted the lecturer, smiling, "you yourself are seeking beauty, according to your lights. You may not have found it, but I know you are aiming at what you think makes for greater attractiveness."

"No, you're wrong," insisted the hard-headed, practical man. "I'm not interested in beauty."

"Then," said the lecturer, "if you don't mind my being so personal, will you please tell me why you have dyed your whiskers?"

Darky Certainly Had the "Goods" on Pastor

Dr. John Roach Stratton, the famous fundamentalist, said in New York the other day:

"Clarence Darrow's shallow criticism of religion impresses nobody. Darrow reminds me of old Cassius Page.

"'Cash,' said a Southern planter, 'did you attend divine services this morning, as I charged you?'

"'Ah sutny did,' said Cassius, 'and Ah ketched de pawson lyin', too.'

"'The parson lying? What do you mean, you black rascal?'

"'Well, sah, he done say no man can sarve two masters. Dat's de fust lie, 'case Ah sarves you, mah ole master, and Ah sarves young master Charles besides. Den he say we loves de one master and hates de udder, and dat's de second lie, for de Lord knows Ah hates you bofe.'"

What's the Use?

"I've almost given up hope of trying to please my wife," said a disgruntled husband the other morning. "Last night I was sleeping peacefully when she woke me up. 'Please stop snoring, John,' she said. So I turned over to another position and resumed my slumbers. In a few minutes I felt someone shake me again. It was my wife. 'Are you all right, John?' she asked. 'Wha's a matter now,' I growled. 'I couldn't hear you breathing, and it made me nervous,' she replied. What's the use?"—Detroit News.

Spots on the Sun

If a spot of the sun is as large as 27,000 miles in diameter it can be seen without a telescope as a very minute black speck. Occasionally spots are even larger than this, and 50,000 miles is a size not unknown. The largest sun spot on record was observed in 1858; it was nearly 150,000 miles in breadth and covered about 1-35 of the whole surface of the sun.

Sickroom Hint

Quite a pleasant way to purify the air of a sickroom is to pour a few drops of oil of lavender into a glass of hot water.

Worth Finally Recognized

Millet's famous painting, "The Angelus" representing two peasants saying the Angelus in the evening twilight, was painted in 1859. Millet sold it in 1860 for $160. After passing through various hands it was purchased in 1890 for $150,000.

Canada Speaks

Canada ranks second to the United States in the number of telephone subscribers per head of population, the ratio being about one in nine.

Mythical People of India

Dog-headed people were supposed, by the ancients, to exist in the mountains of northern India. They had heads like dogs, but with larger teeth, and bodies like men, but had claws instead of hands.

Safety

It is estimated that travel by railroad is "ten times safer than travel by automobile," but it seems to be safer to travel by automobile than to cross a street.—Springfield Republican.

Method by Which Ship Is Put Under Arrest

With the arrest in a British port recently of a whisky ship, General Serrat, many people learned for the first time that a ship can be arrested, says the London Mail.

The law of maritime arrest is very complicated, but it appears that having committed a crime a vessel can be followed until she is caught, even if she has passed into different ownership since her lapse from grace. She must, however, be arrested in a port where the courts of the country which has ordered the arrest have jurisdiction, and there are many vessels afloat today that avoid making voyages to certain countries because there is a warrant out against them there.

The crimes that a vessel can commit are varied, but the most common is damaging another vessel, or piers, or docks, by collision. In such cases a vessel can be arrested until security for the damage is given or liability for damage has been decided in the courts.

Evading dock and harbor dues is another offense for which a vessel can be arrested. As in the case of the General Serrat, arrest can also be made on an allegation that the owner has not paid some debt.

A ship is arrested by nailing the warrant to a prominent part, generally a mast.

First Families

It was to Botany Bay that England sent the first shiploads of prisoners when she decided to make Australia a convict settlement. Today, when you tactfully refer to the character of Australia's original settlers, you are surprised that the native white does not flush with shame, particularly as he may be a direct descendant of a ticket-of-leave man.

"They sent men out here for poaching a hare or a pheasant in those days," he remarks without heat.—John T. McCutcheon, in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

Money in It, All Right

Smith—You say the speculation has proved a failure?

Jones—A total failure.

Smith—But I thought you said there was a fortune in it?

Jones (with a groan)—So there was. Mine!—Ipswich Beacon.

"Will" in Ungallant Mood

Of all the plagues the greatest is untold, the book-learned wife in Greek and Latin bold.—Shakespeare.

Varieties in Sabers

The Italian saber was introduced into England in 1900. It was already popular in other European countries. Both edge and point are sharp in continental countries of Europe, but not in Great Britain—the back edge is sharpened only for some eight inches from the point.

German Proverb

A sluggard takes a hundred steps because he would not take one in due time.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Gloom and sadness are poisons to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and supported by fear.—Sevigne.

HOMEMADE CANDIES

This is the season of the year when we enjoy making candy, having candy pulls, and giving the children of the family a good time.

Molasses Candy.—To one and one-half pounds of sugar add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of water and one-fourth cupful of vinegar. Boil until a hard ball is formed when dropped into cold water. Add one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar as soon as the boiling commences. When almost done add one-half cupful of butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Pour out to cool, then pull.

Ice Cream Candy.—Mix three cupfuls of granulated sugar with one-half cupful of vinegar and one and one-half cupfuls of cold water with a tablespoonful of butter. Boil to a hard ball, then pull when cold.

Sultana Caramels.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-fourth cupful of molasses when boiling—boil seven minutes. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate and stir until melted; boil seven minutes longer, add one cupful of chopped nuts and two tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins. Beat until creamy. Pour out and mark into squares.

Ice Cream Candy.—Boil three cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, one-half tablespoonful of vinegar and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When the mixture becomes brittle turn onto a buttered plate and cool. Pull, flavor while pulling with orange extract, oil of sassafras, or vanila. Cut into pieces with shears, wrap in waxed paper or put into a jar and seal. If left for several days it will be honeycombed and soft.

Peanut Candy.—Take a pound of peanuts, shell and roll with a rolling pin until like coarse crumbs. Into a saucepan place two pounds of light brown sugar and twelve tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir until melted and count the time from the first bubble—cook and stir constantly for seven minutes. Remove from the heat, add the nuts and pour into a well-buttered pan to cool.

Coconut Candy.—Add softened butter, using a tablespoonful to a cupful of powdered sugar, cream until well blended, add coffee—a few drops at a time, mixing well until the mixture is creamy and smooth; add a cupful of coconut and drop from a spoon on buttered paper.

Seasonable Foods.

As quinces are now in the market one may enjoy a dish that is a trifle unusual.

Stuffed Quinces.—Wash and core six quinces, place them in a baking dish with one cupful each of water and sugar. Fill the cavities with chopped raisins and nuts, cover and bake until tender. Set away to cool and serve with cream.

Beef and Corn Pudding.—Take a can of corn and one pound of lean beef; put through the meat grinder. In a saucepan brown one tablespoonful of fat with a teaspoonful of minced onion; cook for two minutes, then add one tablespoonful of browned flour. Add one cupful of stock, salt and pepper to taste, and cook until smooth. Into a buttered baking dish put layers of the corn and beef; sprinkle lightly with seasonings and the thickened sauce. Cover and bake in a moderate oven. Uncover and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Armenian Goulash.—For this dish use two lamb or mutton hearts. Slit the hearts, wash and remove the arteries. Cut into inch cubes and parboil, then drain. Mince eight large onions very fine, also three green peppers; place in a deep saucepan and add the prepared hearts, one teaspoonful each of thyme and sage and a quart of boiling water. Cook until the meat is tender, then add one dozen dumplings, prepared as follows: One cupful of mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of paprika, three-fourths of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix and form into twelve dumplings and drop into the goulash. Cover tightly and cook for fifteen minutes. Lift the dumplings to a hot platter. Thicken the gravy and pour out the goulash in the center of the platter. Garnish with parsley.

Broiled Venison Cutlets.—Cut chops from the loin of venison. Brush with salted butter or olive oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in bread crumbs. Broil over coals or under a gas flame until cooked to the right turn.

Chestnut Salad.—Shell and blanch fresh chestnuts. Boil fifteen minutes, then drain and cut into slices or quarters, add an equal amount of finely cut celery, mix with French dressing and serve on crisp head lettuce.

Nellie Maxwell

Noted for Medieval Glass

The medieval glass that fills almost all the windows in the cathedral of Bourges is unsurpassed in beauty by any other collection of medieval glass work. The cathedral is one of the five greatest in France.

No Longer Rainless Land

Formerly Egypt was practically rainless. Now, owing to irrigation and consequent increase of vegetation, there are about eighteen days' heavy rain yearly in the Nile delta.

In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies

by Grace Bliss Stewart

THE CRUSTY CROCODILE

"DEAR, dear, but this has been a dull day," yawned Cheerups, stretching his arms above his head and brushing away a passing fly. "Home life is splendid, but a change now and then is good, too. I'm going for a walk! Come on, Quixie Boys; what do you say to a stroll down by the Yellow River?"

Of course, Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff were willing.

So in single file down the Winding Way they went, Cheerups in the lead with the Quixies behind, keeping their eyes on Cheerups' little red shoes as they twinkled in and out of the Tall Grasses. They didn't want to lose sight of their leader and the promised lark.

On and on they trudged until they came to the Yellow River, and there, on the muddy bank in the shade of an old date palm which had been bearing

"Oh, No, Thank You, Crusty," Cried Cheerups in Alarm.

fruit for hundreds of years, lay a rough brown log. Just a splendid place for weary folks to rest.

"Whew, but I'm tired," puffed Quickear, "tired and hot. Let's sit down for a while!"

"That's a good idea," said Cheerups, fanning himself with a leaf. "It's very warm exercising."

"Oh, don't," cried Brighteyes, just as they were about to settle down on the old rough log. "Please don't sit there; you might hurt his feelings!"

"Whose feelings, for goodness' sake, Brighteyes? You do say the queerest things," scolded Sniffsniff. "It won't hurt mine certainly. You forget that we haven't all of us Softfoot's padded slippers. We are tired!"

"But don't you see those round shiny eyes in the end of the log?" cried Brighteyes. "It's Mr. Alligator, I do believe. Now wouldn't it have been funny if we had all sat on him?" and Brighteyes clapped his hands gleefully.

"You mustn't be rude even to a log of wood, Brighteyes, for you see there's no telling what it might turn out to be. Ahem, good afternoon, Mr. Alligator," said Cheerups, in his best manner. "I am sorry we didn't recognize you at once."

"I hear that you can stay under water a long time, Mr. Crocodile," said Cheerups, trying to keep him in a good humor.

"Right you are, Mr. Cheerups. I can stay under water with my mouth wide open, too, and that's more than any of you can do, I'll wager."

"Goodness! I should say so!" gasped the Quixies in chorus.

"That sounds a bit like a fish story, Crusty," teased Cheerups, "but of course I know it isn't," he added hastily, as the Crocodile began to open his jaws and show his rows of terrible teeth.

"No fish story about that," he rumbled and grumbled. "I'll take you under water with me, if you would like to prove it."

"Oh, no, thank you, Crusty," cried Cheerups in alarm. "I am perfectly sure you are right about it, but what I want to know is how you do such a wonderful thing."

"Well, it's this way," replied Crusty Crocodile, all good nature again. "At the back of my throat is a curious valve which closes so tight when I open my mouth that not the tiniest drop of water can get down my throat. But that isn't my only accomplishment. I can run very fast on land, and you just ought to see me swim! By switching this powerful tail of mine from side to side, I can go through the water like a streak of lightning. But dear me! Here I am talking about myself all the time. Please excuse me, Mr. Cheerups, and tell me why you chose to come to Africa?"

"Oh, we didn't exactly choose," laughed Cheerups merrily; "we just came. You see, we lived on the top of a Great Mountain in America and nobody ever came to see us so we wished and wished for a chance to broaden our acquaintance. Then we decided to travel, and here we are. We really came to help people, and I am sorry, Mr. Crocodile, that we haven't done anything for you."

"Oh, but you have, sir. It has made things looks brighter just to talk to you, Mr. Cheerups.

"Sometimes a smile, as you will find,
Is the very best way of being kind."

Then into the water slid Crusty Crocodile. "Watch me swim," he called, as he waved his tail and vanished in a curve of the Yellow River.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

Eleanor Boardman

This is the latest picture of handsome Eleanor Boardman, the well-known "movie" star, who advises the too fat or too lean to go on a milk diet—either one will profit by such diet, asserts this popular feature player, who has been seen in many pleasing pictures.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BIRDS ON WEDDING GIFTS

IN MANY parts of the country it is considered unlucky to receive as a wedding gift anything with birds depicted on it. This arises from an association of ideas—a primitive conception of relations and, therefore, cause and effect, sympathetic magic of a sort. Birds suggest flight—something fleeting—and for the married state permanency is desirable. Therefore, the wedding gift should not suggest impermanency or it will produce impermanency. The superstition is ancient: it is found in other countries. It is obviously primitive.

Those superstitions which are clearly of a primitive origin present a most interesting problem in their survival. They were the primitive man's science. They were the best he could do with his defective system of ratiocination to explain the phenomena by which he was surrounded. But to the civilized man of today they are so far from being the offspring of his reasoning that they are directly opposed to it. It might be supposed that when the stage of intellectual life which produced superstitions had been passed—had died out under civilization—the superstitions evolved from that stage would die with it. But such is not the case. It has been said that in the past hundred years there has been a great decline in popular superstition. But many still cling to their beliefs.

It may be said that these superstitions have been handed down from generation to generation to account for their persistence. But unless there is some other quality to sustain it a conception handed down becomes void when enlarged experience and more perfect reasoning disproves it. The conception of the earth as a plane was handed down for ages, but when experience proved the fallacy of this conception it ceased to exist. Primitive superstitions are as much opposed to modern experience and reason as the conception of the earth as a plane, yet they persist with astonishing vitality. Modern ratiocination and primitive superstition would appear to be incompatible, yet they exist side by side. What is the answer?

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"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

MONICA

MONICA is not nearly as popular a name as it deserves to be. Not only has it beauty of sound and significance, but a strikingly interesting history, as well. It comes to us almost direct from the Spanish, but is nevertheless regarded as an English name and is more popular in England than in its native country. Many a golden-haired, blue-eyed English girl bears the name first used to designate a raven-tressed, red-lipped, coquette of Spain.

Monica is thought to have its earliest origin with the Greek term "domo," meaning "to rule." Dominica is a direct offspring of this word and there have been Saints Dominica, Domingo and Dominico, without number. One holy man by that name, who is associated with the Inquisition, had namesakes in all the Romanist lands, and the feminine of this popular title came to be officially Domenica; for short Menica.

The mother of Saint Augustine was the first to be called Monica. Some etymologists even believe that her name should be classified as one coming directly from the Latin verb "moneo," meaning "to advise," but the consensus of opinion is that Monica was evolved in the manner aforementioned. Monica is also a favorite in France and the peasantry call it Monique. Moncha is the Irish form.

The emerald is Monica's talismanic gem. It is believed to bestow upon her the gift of foretelling or sensing future events. She will have especially keen perception when she wears the jewel and will be guarded against deceit. Wednesday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate.)

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

DWINDLE DOWNS

ONCE upon a time there was the dearest, prettiest, cutest little girl, and her name was Goldilocks, and she acted in the "movies" so dearly and prettily and cutely that every one that saw her fell in love with her and saved up to see her in her next picture, and Goldilocks made $50,000 a week and nobody begrudged it to her except one person, and that was her landlord.

Her landlord's name was Dwindle Downs, and he raised Goldilocks' rent and raised it and raised it and raised it and raised it until poor Goldilocks was driven almost to distraction. But she couldn't move because all the other houses were being lived in, and at last, when Dwindle Downs told her she would either have to pay him $200 a month or move, she summoned Creampuffia, her good fairy.

"If you raise Goldilocks' rent once more, you wicked man," said Creampuffia to Dwindle Downs, "I will wave my magic wand and change you into a bee hive, and all the bees will come and live in you free of charge without a cent of rent."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dwindle Downs scornfully. "One more threat outa you and I'll send word to the Affiliated Landlords of Fairyland to raise your rent to a hundred ounces of thistledown a month."

With a cry of fright Creampuffia flew away, and poor Goldilocks had to pay $200 of her $200,000 a month for rent.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A PLEASING PLAN

HID in a safe deposit box
I've filed my cares away
Secured with armor-plated locks
For use some other day
And there until I need them I
To leave them will endeavor,
Which as I figure will come by
Some six weeks after Never.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Modern Wanderlust

There is little cause for alarm over the increasing number of schoolboy hoboes, said the principal of a suburban high school recently. Present-day ease of transportation has made it possible for the modern boy to wander further in the same length of time. The boy of twenty years ago was content to go camping in the back lot because it was impossible for him to travel further. But boys nowadays have shared in the mature contemp for distance and frequently travel a hundred miles, begging rides on the highways, just to go fishing or camping out for a few days.—Detroit News.

Had Tribe of Children

Under the Mohammedan law a man is legally responsible for his children regardless of whether they are born in or out of wedlock. He seldom if ever evades this responsibility, which is sometimes a heavy one. Nasreddin Shah, who ruled Persia during the middle of the Nineteenth century, was reputed to have had 300 children, every one of whom he either successfully married off or provided jobs for.

Wife's Rights Defined

According to a decision of the Federal court in California, the average California housewife, whether she sews, bakes, scrubs and takes care of the children, or whether she manages a little city apartment and works in a downtown office, earns just as much as her husband, and has exactly a half interest in the total family income.