# THE RIGHT PEOPLE AT LAST

PATSY MARVIN bewailed her beauty. It stood so insistently in the way of fun. Her mother was forever saying to her, "You must not go here. You must not go there. You are too pretty." Patsy told herself that only mothers were so fussy. She looked forward to the two weeks when she, alone, would visit her aunt and uncle at their summer cottage by the lake.

The very first evening of the visit, a good-looking young man came to call on Uncle John. Patsy took one peep at him through the door; and then ran in haste for Aunt Ellen. But Aunt Ellen frowned formidably, shook her head decidedly, said: "Dear me, you must not meet him. You are too pretty. It is very important to introduce young girls to the right people."

Patsy began to wonder whether there were any right people at the lake. She had been there two whole days, and she had not yet met a soul. Crestfallen, she snatched a pen, a sheet of paper, and an ink bottle.

"Dearest Mother:—" she wrote. "Won't you send for me at once—any excuse that doesn't sound fishy. I can't endure it here a minute longer."

While she was sealing the envelope, Aunt Ellen's ample figure appeared in the doorway. "If I were you, I'd take a nap, Patricia. I'm having friends in for bridge this afternoon, and I told Mrs. Warrington to bring along her brother. He's very clever—working on a book—just the sort of person I'd like to have you know."

"Oh snakes," thought Patsy when her aunt had disappeared. "She's trying to palm me off on some old, fat, bald-headed, sallow-faced author."

As she walked along the cliff above the lake, Patsy looked out across the water and found that the scene was surprisingly pretty. At that particular spot, the path hugged the cliff admirably. Some twenty or thirty feet below, an arm of sand reached out into the lake. "I wish I could climb down there," thought Patsy. The next instant she spied a tier of steps in a state of semi-decay, clinging to the upper portion of the steep embankment. She scrambled safely to the bottom step, slid the rest of the way down the bank, sat cross legged in the sand, and meditated on the spiciness of her little adventure. Presently she was startled by a crackling noise above her. She looked up just in time to see a bulky figure in a swirl of dust come crashing down the precipice. Patsy sprang to her toes and screamed, and just then an astonishingly handsome young man, the most handsome young man, in fact, that Patsy had ever seen, landed face up at her feet.

He blinked, blushed, fought dust from his eyes and mouth, and said: "I beg your pardon. I seem to have brought the cliff and steps along with me."

Patsy noticed then that the steps had given away, that they were no longer steps at all, but merely a splintered mass of rotten lumber.

"How on earth shall I ever climb back?" she cried.

"I know," apologized the young man. "I really ought to be shot. I've let you in for a five-mile hike. The bank is practically unscalable all the way to Golden Beach," he added.

It was the shortest and by far the most thrilling five miles that Patsy ever walked. Richard Cruse—he told her his name in the beginning—proved to be a paragon of all things charming.

Patsy found her way back to Aunt Ellen's cottage in a maze of delightful memories. Two thoughts struggled for supremacy: Would she ever see Richard Cruse again? What would Aunt Ellen say? Her heart fluttered with fear. Then, for the first time, she remembered that she had not mailed the letter to her mother. No time for that now, though, she thought, as she slipped into the house.

Patsy's face fairly bloomed that afternoon. For once, she pepped into her mirror with pride. She thought foolish things about Richard Cruse and said to herself: "I wish he could see me now instead of—"

"Come, Patsy," called Aunt Ellen, and Patsy went obediently into the living room. And there, by the door, stood Richard Cruse, and Aunt Ellen was not frowning but smiling. Everything went wobbly before Patsy's eyes, even Richard Cruse.

But Aunt Ellen's voice rang out, bell like, clear: "Patricia, this is Mr. Cruse. Perhaps he will tell you about the book that he is writing."

That evening Patricia began another letter. "Dearest Mother:—This is a heavenly place. I have met the most thrilling young author. He asked me to play golf—"

"No," she said to herself, "that will never do," and tore the paper into scraps. She selected a fresh sheet and this time wrote: "Dearest Mother:—It is pleasant by the lake, although Aunt Ellen is very, very strict. She insists on my meeting only the right people, but I admire her greatly."

"Now," said Patsy to herself, "maybe I can stay a month. I'd like to stay a year."

(Copyright.)

### Water Sinks Slowly

When the garden is watered the moisture usually penetrates as far as the plants can use it within forty-eight hours. After that subsequent downward penetration is too slow to be useful.

"Yes, and statistics also show that suicide is a preventive of marriage."

"Statistics show that marriage is eat his wife's biscuits.
a preventive of suicide."

Spiegeleisen—How did Prosit get even with his hard-boiled boss

Gesundheit—He invited him out to

### And Cents, Too-

Maybe she tosses that perfumed hanky about to show what a whale of a difference just a few scents make.

A traveler going to New Zealand was asked by a friend if he would inquire while there as to the whereabouts of his grandfather, Frederick Thompson. One day the traveler was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. Did you ever meet an Englishman named Frederick Thompson he asked.

A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Meet him " he replied. "Why, I ate him."

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# LINDBERG SEES OCEAN AIRLINES

Transoceanic airlines connecting all parts of the world are predicted by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh as a development of aviation to come within the next few years.

Speaking twice Friday over the most elaborate hook-up of radio systems ever established, a hook-up designed to carry his voice over the American continent, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, Colonel Lindbergh declared that the most important effect of aviation will be upon international relations.

"When measured in hours of flying time," he asid, "the great distances of the old world no longer exist. Nations and races are not separated by the traditional obstacles of earth-bound travel.

"The last few years have seen the extension of airlines over every continent. The next few years will bring transoceanic routes to untie these continental services into a network covering the entire world."

The first broadcast of the speech failed to reach England and Europe because of a storm at sea which interfered with transatlantic sending.

The second broadcast, although intended for American listeners, also was sent on short waves which made it available to European hearers, although the difference in time would have brought it in during the early hours of morning.

It was Colonel Lindbergh's first delivery of a prepared radio speech.

Peewit—How did Ungletrese die
Dismuke—He kicked a mule.
Peewit—Kicked a mule
Dismuke—Yes, and the mule returned the compliment.

### "Strange As It May Seem"

The farmer's principal trouble seems to rest in the fact that the more his crops come up the more they go down.

### How About It.

Presidential candidates for 1932 may have to sing: "How dry am I " instead of "How dry I am-"

The governor of Kansas says plenty of work is the secret of success. We knew there was a catch in it somewhere.

In time of great world crisis, how inevitably men in their need seek divine aid through the power of prayer. —The Christian Science Monitor.


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