

## BEING CLEVER

By HILDA MORRIS

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Emily was a very clever girl. Every one had always said so, from her adoring aunt, who taught her the alphabet, to her sociology professor in the university. She was pretty, too, or rather, as her butterfly cousin, Kate, once remarked, "she would be stunning if she'd give herself half a chance." That was the trouble with Emily. In any save intellectual directions she never gave herself half a chance. She had never felt the slightest interest in boys and men except as teachers and human beings with worth-while minds. At twenty-two Emily was that anomaly among womankind, a girl who had never had any sort of love affair. True, there had been one or two young men in her classes who would have liked to go farther than mere acquaintance, but Emily had never given them the slightest encouragement.

When she went to visit Kate last summer it was not because she wished to share in the social life of which Kate formed so capricious a part, but simply because she thought that Kate's home in a small town would be a good, quiet place where she could work on her thesis undisturbed.

However, Emily was mistaken. There was not an evening when the veranda was not filled with gay youth come to pass the time, or there was not a dance at the club, a party or a play. The days were just as full; tennis, "joy rides" with one of Kate's ridiculous boys, picnics, teas—in short Emily found that she would have to state her purpose in life quite flatly and ask Kate to count her out. So she sat in her room one afternoon, trying to concentrate on thick volume with a formidable title, while the sounds of gay voices drifted up to her from the veranda below.

Kate was there, of course, and two or three other girls. Also two young men who should, thought Emily, have been in better business. There was something quite demoralizing about the sound of their apparent pleasure. Emily found it hard to work. Not that she envied them, rather she felt sorry for them, poor frivolous things! She closed her book and sat with her eyes on space, thinking absently.

"Where's your cousin?" she heard one of the men ask suddenly.

"Emily? Oh, she's boning over her old books, at least she said she was going to."

"Poor thing!" commented another girl. "I feel sorry for her. Just because she isn't attractive and popular I suppose she has to be intellectual. It must be an awful strain!"

"I should say so," spoke up a third girl. "I felt awfully sorry for her the other night at that picnic. Everybody else paired off and had a good time. She looked awfully lonesome."

"Well," there was a shrug in Kate's voice. "I've done my best. I can't help it if she isn't popular. Besides, I think she really likes to study. You can't do anything for a girl like that."

Emily felt her face burn scarlet. So they were sorry for her! Sorry for her! Why, she had thought the pity all on her own side. How dared they?

The voices below were rumbling on.

"They say Grant Sturgis is coming home next week. I haven't seen him for years, but they say he is perfectly stunning and an awful heart-smasher. There's some one to set your cap for, Kate. He has loads and loads of money."

It was right then, in anger and the spirit of revenge, that Emily conceived her remarkable plan. To think was to act with Emily, and she lost no time in writing orders in to various city stores. Within a few days mysterious boxes began to arrive for her, the contents of which she kept secret. If Kate wondered about them it was without a great deal of interest. Books no doubt, or some more of those impossible tailored skirts and flat-heeled shoes that Emily always wore.

There was to be an informal dance at the Country club one evening a week later. Rather to Kate's surprise, Emily said that she thought she should like to go.

"Could you get a man for me?" she asked her pretty cousin.

"Oh, yes, of course. There's Emmett Brown; will he do? I'm going with Murray Jones myself, but when I get there! I can tell you, Em, there's just one man I want to flirt with tonight, and that's Grant Sturgis. He's the best looking and richest man in Elmville, and all the girls are wild about him. I want to cut them out."

"You doubtless will," Emily encouraged her, with an odd little smile.

Kate was so interested in her own dazzling toilet that she never stopped to wonder what Emily might wear. Indeed, she went off with her escort before Emily was ready, and did not see her until after the second dance. And when she did see her she was not at all sure that it could be Emily.

"Who's that girl over there; the stunning one in yellow with her back towards us?" she asked Emmett Brown, with whom she was dancing.

"Well, you ought to know; it's your own cousin. She looks mighty nice tonight, too."

Emily turned around just then and Kate gasped. Was this Emily, of the horn-rimmed spectacles, the tight coiffure, the flat-heeled shoes? Her dark,

soft hair was dressed high in a most becoming mode, her smooth cheeks were delicately flushed, the spectacles were missing, and the neck of her soft, yellow gown revealed a most bewilderingly lovely throat and shoulders. Her dainty feet were satin-clad, and she danced divinely. More than that, she was dancing with Grant Sturgis, and he appeared to be enjoying it!

As the evening slipped by, Kate found that Emily danced very frequently with Grant Sturgis. Indeed, Kate herself had only one dance with him, and his conversation during that time was chiefly about her beautiful cousin. Kate decided that he was not so very handsome, after all, and if he was queer enough to be fascinated by a blue-stocking like Emily—

"Yes, she looks lovely tonight," Kate assented rather grudgingly. "I wish she would do it oftener. I hope she hasn't bored you talking sociology."

"Sociology?" he echoed in surprise. "She hasn't, no. Does she—go in for that? I judged she was a butterfly kind of girl."

And Kate was too amazed to answer.

When Emily came home that night she was a very radiant and lovely Emily. Kate was waiting for her, in no very pleasant mood.

"Well," was Kate's greeting, "I hope you had a good time. You got the lion of the evening all right. Why didn't you tell me you had that dress?"

Emily looked at her in mild surprise.

"It didn't occur to me," she said. "I'm sorry, Kate, if you mind because I monopolized Mr. Sturgis. After what you told me, perhaps it wasn't quite fair. But you see—"

"What?"

"I happened to know that you all thought I was an unattractive stick, and I wanted to show you what I could do."

Kate's amazed look slowly widened into an appreciative smile.

"Well," she said, "I guess you showed us. Every girl there was green with envy."

"And what's more," Emily went on. "I had an awful good time. In fact—Mr. Sturgis and I got so very well acquainted that—I shouldn't wonder but what I may decide to marry him, as he wants me to."

"Oh, Emily!" murmured Kate. "I always knew you were clever, but this—. My, I guess clever people can do just about anything they want to, can't they?"

## BUILDS CHARACTER OF CHILD

Kindergarten One of the Most Valuable Features in the Scheme of Education.

Kindergarten methods, whether begun by the mother in her own home or by the trained teacher in school, are of inestimable value to the child, for character building is always made their principal aim and object.

Perhaps mothers may not have been trained in kindergarten methods, but at least they can learn how to tell a story. Anyone can read a story, but telling one is much more effective and much more enjoyable to the child. Every mother should learn how to tell a story. Use your own words and choose simple and forceful ones. A bare plot is interesting to the tiny child, but many details should be supplied for the older boy and girl; they love them. Use direct discourse when possible. Be enthusiastic. Be dramatic. After the story is finished, talk it over freely with the children. Choose some stories which teach kindness to animals and some which give training in morals or good habits, but never point the moral.

A taste for best literature can often be formed in early childhood through a wise choice of stories. This is also true of music. The songs and music used in the kindergarten are always carefully selected by the kindergarten and should be just as carefully selected for the home by mothers. Allow your children to hear only the best.

Besides story telling and music, there are also pictures. Those which interest the child most show action and movement. Pictures are helpful because they develop the imagination and arouse the creative faculties.

Games also aid in the great work of character building. They help to develop self-expression and originality and can also be used to teach self-helpfulness toward others. Through games children may be made to discover the evil effects of self-will and the good resulting from self-control.

Play a story with your child. See how attentive he will be and what powers of self-expression he possesses.

## Gold Pieces for Buttons.

At least one American soldier will have real gold on his person with which to make purchases that will sustain life if he is captured by the Germans. Bert Martin of Salt Lake City, Utah, who arrived recently in Seattle, Wash., said the boy's mother sewed \$250 gold pieces in each button of the young man's sweater vest.

The mother managed to get ten of the gold pieces in the buttons of the vest and additional pieces in other parts of his clothing. In all she concealed \$55.

## Of Course That Was the Dime Lost.

Giving Louise and Virginia two dimes we sent them to the drug store to get some stamps. They were instructed to get stamps with one dime and the other they could have for ice cream cones. A little later they came back, each enjoying a cone, but had no stamps. When asked where the stamps were Virginia said: "Well, we lost the dime that was for the stamps."

—Chicago Tribune.

## GATHERED FACTS

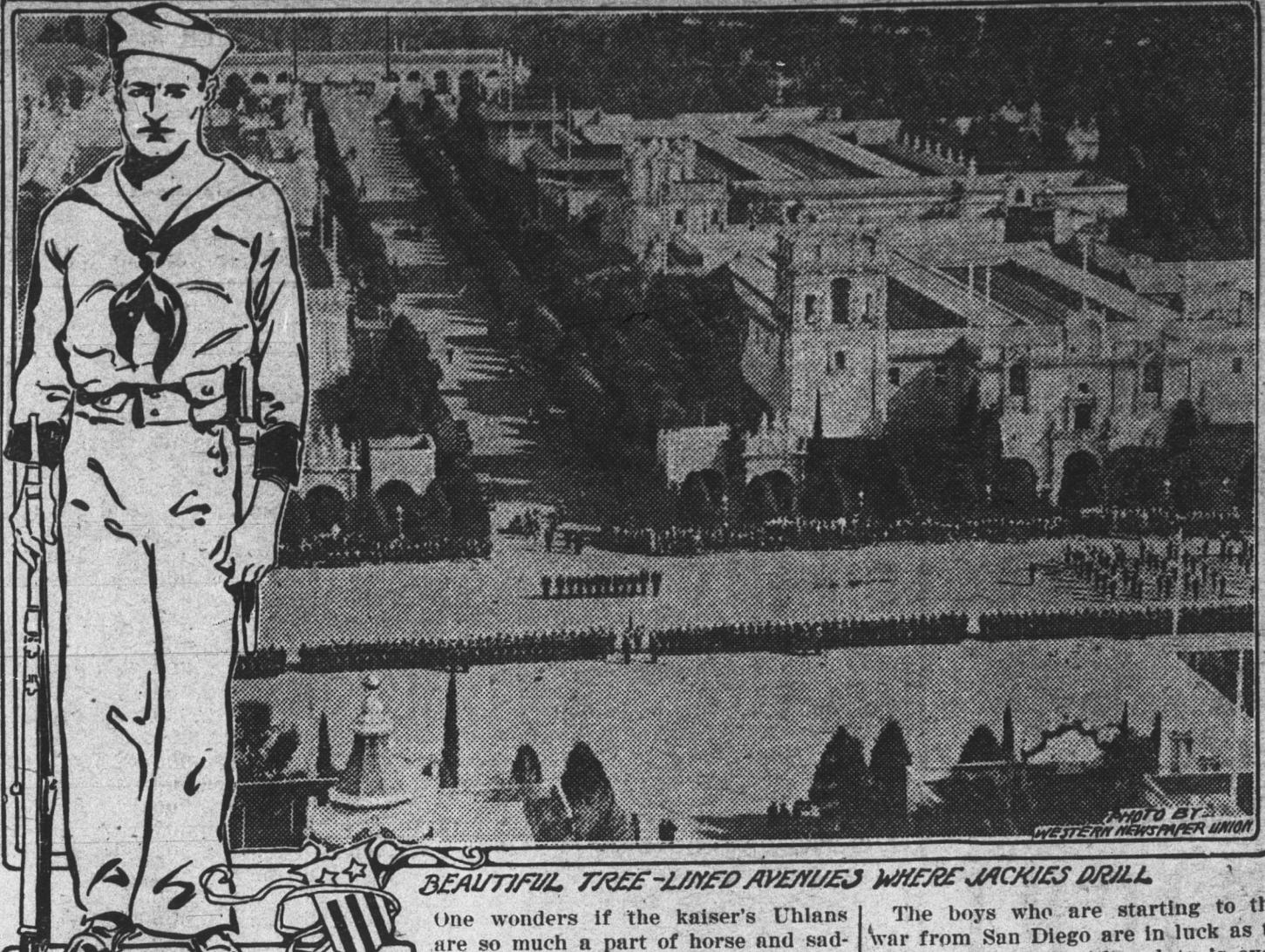
Of 150,000 Australian trade unionists enlisted, 45,000 have been killed.

India is making earnest efforts to revive its long-neglected indigo industry.

There is a schoolhouse in Providence, R. I., which has been in continuous use for 118 years.

Il Giornale d'Italia of Rome, states that the telephone connections between Sardinia and the Italian mainland will be completed this year.

## WAR HITS A BEAUTY SPOT



BEAUTIFUL TREE-LINED AVENUES WHERE JACKIES DRILL

One wonders if the kaiser's Uhlan's are so much a part of horse and saddle. Many of the horsemen are from the Frederick Remington country and have shot wolves and coyotes, rounded up cattle thieves and ridden days through sand and cactus with alkali dust clinging to their eyelashes. The sun shines on the satiny backs of their mounts. Two or three wave gayly at Mrs. Housewife on the porch. She returns the salute with a comradely flourish of the tea towel, and, in a flurry of dust, they are gone.

## Aircraft in the Sky.

Time was when San Diegans got a thrill from waiting two or three hours at an aviation meet, finally to be told by a fat gentleman with a megaphone that, as the wind was strong, the exhibition would be postponed. Later, when two or three lonely airships began circling overhead, the population elevated their noses and craned their necks in admiration. The first graduating class of eight from Rockwell field was heralded by the newspapers as a great event.

Today, with 20 airships in the sky at once, and with thousands of birdmen training at North Island, the civilians are blasé. However, the chatter of an engine brings Mrs. Housewife out of doors to look. It may be Mike Brown, super-ace of North Island, or some space-defying Frenchman borrowed from the fighting line to teach battle acrobatics.

In such a case numbers of dinners will wait while the aviator climbs the air in leaps and bounds as though vaunting up a gigantic aerial staircase. When he is a little moth against a mountainous cumulus cloud 6,000 or 7,000 feet above the earth, the chugging of the motor stops and the birdship coasts in a long, swooping dive down, down, growing larger every minute, until it rights itself and the engine begins to turn again. He climbs again toward the zenith, flies on his back, rocks from side to side, loops the loop, performs side spins and tall spins, the zigzagging "falling leaf," and the Immelman turn, most swift of air movements. Not until the warbird has flown off to lunch does Mrs. Housewife remember her fireless cooker.

## Peace for the Oregon.

From an excursion steamer one looks aloft to a sky whirling with airplanes. One counts a dozen, a score; but it is impossible to keep track, for machines, piloted by students and instructors, are constantly alighting and ascending. A sight of thrilling loveliness it is—purple-blue water below, stretching to the end of the world where almond-eyed Japanese kiddles are playing in the surf; above, the translucent blue of skies like those of France and Italy; against it the blue white planes, dipping, racing, sailing, as gracefully as the gulls. Some are 7,000 feet up, specks against pastel-tinted Mexican mountains. Others fly lower, their engines scalding ferociously, as they breeze along at more than a hundred miles an hour. Their shadows fit across picturesque Japanese fishing craft; pleasure boats and submarine destroyers, and battleship Oregon, which, after the dexterity of its youth, is spending a sullen brown men go sightseeing through the streets.

Into the quietest life the thrill of war has come. The housewife, washing the breakfast dishes, hears hoofbeats and rushes to the porch. A scout rides by. He hitches his horse at the edge of the canyon and reconnoiters for imaginary Hun. Happily he finds only quail and meadowlarks, and soon the whole cavalry troop comes galloping—tall, lean, rangy riders, as brown as their own khaki.

Burma is one of the very few lands in which fat is not used for lighting or industrial purposes.

During the war of the American revolution the loyalist women of New York raised a large fund for the fitting out of a privateer to be called the "Fair American."

At the public sale of the personal effects of Henry Clay Ferrow of York, Pa., a number of honey-bees were disposed of at from \$1.70 to \$2 each. This was the highest price ever received in that county for bees.

## For Postal Card Users.

According to decisions of the post-office department, anything written or printed on the address side of a government postal card, except the address itself, that is, anything in the nature of a message on the address side, renders the card unmailable.

## Passions.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams, the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

## HomeTown Helps

## APPEAL FOR STREET TREES

Los Angeles Newspaper Recognizes Their Value in Residential Streets of the Community.

Los Angeles is more in need of street trees than ever before, declares the Times of that city. We have lately annexed territory far more in need of shade trees than any other part of the city. There are miles of bare streets now, and as subdivision comes, which will be soon, there must be planted thousands of shade trees. This work should be done only under municipal control and the only debatable question is how.

In a city so large, having a magnificent park area, the park commission has all it may easily do in the proper development and maintenance of the parks. And it must not be supposed that the two lines are identical in their demands, in either theory or practice, or in necessary technical knowledge. These local problems, if controlled by the same commission, would cause a division of interest, whereas the opposite should obtain. If one body controls the two, which shall be the tall and which the dog? Today a majority of the commission may favor upbuilding our parks, and little realize or recognize the necessity or desirability for street trees. In two years changes in the personnel might put the shoe on the other foot.

## BRING SONGSTERS TO GARDEN

Artificial Birds Attract Them and Give Realistic Appearance to Flower Beds.

Birds are sociable creatures. If one finds a pleasant spot and seems to stay around it, his presence will do more than anything else to attract others. For this reason the use of ar-



Artificial Birds Mounted on Sticks Are Ornamental in the Garden and Attract Other Birds to the Spot.

ificial birds in garden plots and as props on which to train growing vines has found favor.

The birds are pivoted on stakes of varying heights so that they may be used in beds of dwarf plants or tall ones. The effect is very pleasing to the eye.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Syracuse Aids in Good Work.

Syracuse is a community that has lately joined the shade-tree fraternity, and, moreover, is working at it. Syracuse university has a school of forestry, recently established, including the first definite course on street silviculture. By means of its extension department it is aiding in New York state in the shade-tree idea. The city has recently appointed a city forester, a graduate of that school—a good beginning. The park superintendent and the city forester have exclusive control of existing trees and power to set out new plantings. With proper appreciation of trees as a decorative factor and of the splendid possibilities of that city set on its seven hills, we may expect results if the municipal authorities will grant sufficient funds. At present they give about \$7,000 per year for the maintenance of their 45,000 trees, which means about 15 cents per tree per annum. Much of this is spent in taking down dead trees. (The park department of the city of Paris pays \$1.25 per tree per annum; the city of Newark, 50 cents.)

## Feeling Better.

"Good morning!" was the salute of the doctor as he breezed into the patient's room. "Are you feeling better today?"

"Oh yes, doctor, much better," replied the smiling young man patient. "Our home team won yesterday!"

## Women Chimney Sweeps.

In Paris women have proved entirely efficient as chimney sweeps. They are said to ply their new roof of trade as fearlessly as if they were born to it.

## Poor Garden Building.

The most ridiculous results in garden building come from trying to convert (and pervert) the grounds into something out of harmony with surroundings.

## As to Formal Gardens.

Even out in the country formal gardens abound, and if the lay of the land does not agree it is cut and filled and bolstered up to suit, with generally unsatisfactory results.