

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 a 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 to-night, 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, that 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 to-night, too."

Emily turned around just then and Kate gasped. Was this Emily, of the horn-rimmed spectacles, the tight corset, 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-stockings 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 awfully 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 \$2.50 gold pieces in each button of the young man's sweater vest.

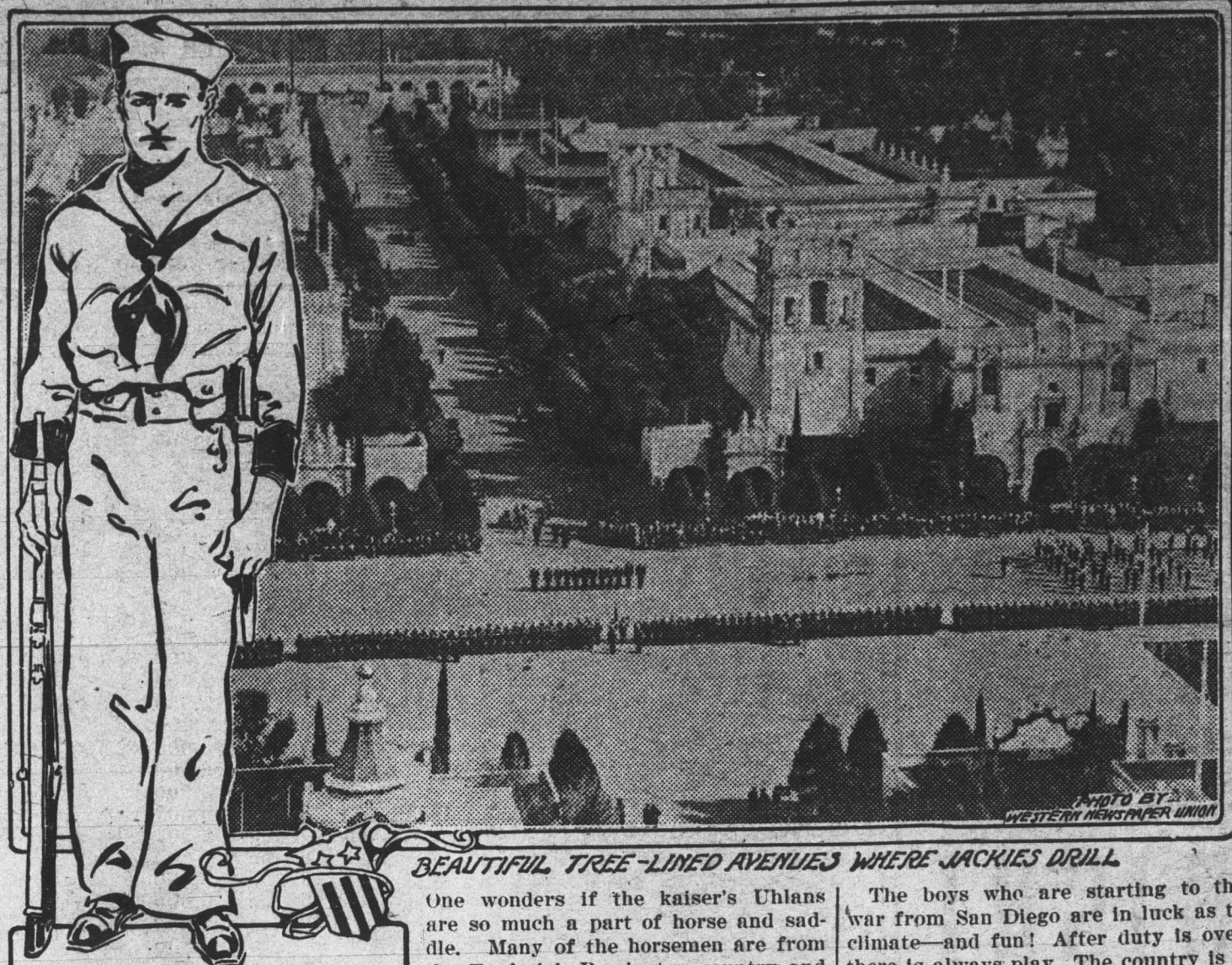
The mother managed to get ten of the gold pieces in the buttons of the vest and additional pieces in other parts of his clothing. In all she concealed \$35.

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.

WAR HITS A BEAUTY SPOT



San Diego,
Where It's Always Fair Weather,
Scene of Military Activity
of Many Varieties

WHEN war broke out, Uncle Sam bore down upon seagirt San Diego, Cal., and said: "Wake up, sleeping beauty! You're conscripted. I want your clear blue skies for my aviators, your ocean-going mersa for a khaki city, and your deep, land-locked harbor for submarines, radio stations, marine bases, great battle ships, and all sorts of exciting things."

"All right, uncle," replied San Diego, dropping its dolce far niente for working overalls. "You bet!"

"And—concrete ships," suggested Uncle Sam as an afterthought. "I want you to build shoals of them."

Again San Diego was enthusiastic; and thus by an odd trick of these war times, the most peaceful, dreamy city in America has become a military pageant.

A Mixture of Races.

Its wave-lulled quiet is broken by the rhythm of marching feet, the music of military bands, the clatter of hoofs and the aerial chug-chug of motors. A \$10,000,000 ship building plant will soon bring smokestacks and thousands of workmen to the poets' city. Up and down palm lined, geranium bordered avenues go French officers in horizon blue; an occasional Briton or Canadian; daredevil aces with silver wings and adventurous weather-beaten faces; Mexican vaqueros turned cavalrymen; haughty Navajos, Pimas and Hopi who have swapped gorgeous blankets and ancient desert pueblos for drab uniforms and army tents; ex-cowpunchers trying to feel natural in navy middies and jaunty caps; and soldiers and sailors drawn from one-fifth the area of the United States. Camouflaged ships slip often into the azure harbor and sail away under convoy, carrying thousands of hard-muscled young warriors to the battle line in France. To the government coaling station come strange vessels flying foreign flags. Sometimes a Japanese ship drops anchor and groups of polite little 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 Huns. 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.

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.

One wonders if the Kaiser's Uhlan 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 Diegians 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 hailed 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 vaulting up a gigantic aerial staircase. When he is a little moth against a mountainous cumulous 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 tail 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 kiddies 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 scolding ferociously, as they breeze along at more than a hundred miles an hour. Their shadows flit across picturesque Japanese fishing craft; pleasure boats and submarine destroyers, and battle-ship Oregon, which, after the daredevilry of its youth, is spending a safety-first respectable old age as a naval training ship.

With the speeding up of the war effort, flying is done seven days a week. Sabbath afternoons are enlivened by squads of machines practicing battle formations, flying in wedges like wild geese, or in single file, or circling around each other, at the signal of the leader, in queer Virginia reels of the air. Thousands of feet above earth they suggest the dizzy dance of insects around a lamp.

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 property 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.

The boys who are starting to the war from San Diego are in luck as to climate—and fun! After duty is over there is always play. The country is a perpetual invitation. It is rimmed about by sapphire seas, which splash in lacy breakers around cliffs, grottoes and glistening white beaches. In the background, mountains of pale blue, violet and rose appear and vanish through hazes and vapors. Between mountains and the sea, palms wave, the desert stretches its mile on mile of mystery, and oranges and lemons bloom from Christmas eve to Christmas eve.

Movie Stars Are There.

From the studios at Los Angeles movie stars debouch on the city. Hardly a day passes when Theda Bara, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Doug Fairbanks, or other lights of the screen don't "appear in person" to godmother or godfather an orphan regiment. Many a bashful rookie whose life has been spent in mountain solitude remote from feminine fluffiness has talked face to face with the movie star of his dreams. San Diego's own Schumann Heink sings often. Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn entertain, and many novelists, magazine writers and artists who have emigrated to California join forces with the Y. M. C. A. to give the soldiers a good time.

Soldiers on hike may eat their noonday meal by the sea, on a mountain side, in an olive grove, or by the ruins of an old mission. Often regiments are invited to Point Loma, a white city overlooking the sea where 500 theosophists make their home. Here are avenues of palms, the rose-purple domes of temples, exotic trees, and a Greek theater, where the Raja Yoga girls in Greek robes garlanded with flowers sing choruses, or a dramatic class presents a Shakespearean play to a regiment resting from a hike. Every afternoon at Balboa Park the navy boys may listen to an open-air pipe organ recital, if they prefer it to swimming, boating or loitering in Japanese gardens, pepper groves or rose-hung arbors. On the plaza around which is the regal group of palaces where the navy boys are billeted, a dance is given every Saturday night, with the stars overhead, Moorish towers looming up mistily in the background, and glimpses of moonlit sea shimmering between Greek pillars.

It seems an ideal life. And yet, when a streaked and dotted paint-splashed transport sneaks into the harbor and weighs anchor a few hours while it takes on a precious cargo of American youths, the only sober faces one sees are of the boys who will be left behind.

Making Their Own Sugar.

Women in Utah are going to make sugar at home. The great interest taken in sugar-beet production for sirups by the women of one county has led to the planting of from 75 to 100 pounds of sugar-beet seed. This is the direct result of the work of the county home demonstration agent, who has demonstrated the use and making of the sirup to each of the 15 organizations in the county with whom she works. The women have also made between 2,000 and 2,500 pounds of potato starch, averaging 25 pounds to 4 bushels of potatoes. This means the saving of 400 bushels of potatoes that otherwise would have been wasted.

Barbers' Habit.

"Barbers are generally loquacious, aren't they?"

"Yes, but I suppose that comes from their habit of cutting other men short."

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.

Home Town
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.

tificial 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 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.