

EYES AND VOICE

By R. RAY BAKER

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Roscoe Bates was one of the points of the queerest love triangle on record. At least Roscoe had never heard of its equal.

He was in love with two young women. Nothing remarkable about that, you will say; it's more often that way than not. There's no disputing that. The fact that he was in love with two girls—or thought he was—was not the remarkable thing about Roscoe's romance.

Here's the thing about it: One of the girls Roscoe had never seen and the other he had never heard speak; and he could not tell which of the two was the more desirable. As for that, though, it looked hopeless for him in either case.

Roscoe was better acquainted with "Voice" than with "Eyes." In fact, he did not know Eyes at all. Voice, of course, was the one he talked with over the phone, and Eyes was the one that worked in the same building with him. He had tried in various ways to meet her, but unfortunately the girl was employed in an office entirely separate from the one in which he had a desk, and he had not been able to find one among his fellow workers who knew any of the girl's associates.

Eyes had smiled at him when he met her on the stairway for the first time some ten months ago; and subsequently when he met her, which was frequently, she had greeted him the same way. But it was just a friendly, comradely smile—not the invitation-to-a-flirtation kind—and he was gratified it was that way. Roscoe had liked the girl from the start, and during the months he saw her come and go from the building he became convinced that he loved her—or would love her if he had half a chance. However, he was quite the opposite of forwardness—not exactly timid or bashful, but rather reserved, you might say.

Roscoe's acquaintanceship with Voice started a year back. It was a case of "wrong number." The girl was calling up a newspaper office to get the baseball scores—for it developed she was a "fan"—and had become connected with Roscoe's desk instead. He was a "fan" himself, and had the scores at his tongue's end, so he furnished her with the desired information.

Then he took one of the boldest steps of his life. He told her he would give her the scores every day if she would call him up; in fact, he offered to call her, but she refused to give her number. She accepted his invitation, and soon they became quite friendly in their telephone associations, which at first dealt mainly with baseball "dope," but later widened their scope to other subjects, although never descending to the plane commonly known as "kiddin."

Roscoe fell in love with the voice, not in a silly way, but seriously. He was a sentimental youth and the novelty of the situation appealed to him. Still, he was handicapped by his reserve and could not muster the courage, or whatever the missing ingredient might be, to ask the girl's name or seek to meet her.

Thus matters stood when two months later he began meeting Eyes, and he went up in the air, so to speak. Eyes' eyes were as beautiful to look upon as Voice's voice was to hear, and he felt that either of the girls would fit in with his ideas of the ideal.

Roscoe was not particularly handsome young man; still, he had his attractive features, one of which was his immaculate appearance, while his features were clean-cut, and he had a couple of dimples that stamped him as having a genial disposition. Yes, it was entirely possible for a girl to get in love with Roscoe at first sight, although he did not flatter himself that score and did not suppose that Eyes gave him more than a passing thought.

As to Roscoe's voice, it had tones that were pleasing enough; at least, there was no harshness connected with his speech. He realized, however, that it possessed no enticing qualities, and he labored under no delusions that Voice had fallen in love with him or was more interested than one enthusiastic baseball fan might be interested in another.

About the time Roscoe had decided he cared the most for Eyes, possibly because she was more tangible than Voice, and perhaps because of his fear that Voice might be quite the opposite of beautiful to look upon, and maybe because Eyes seemed the more elusive, one of his fellow workers came to him with this discouraging information:

"I found out who that girl in the red coat is. Her name's Pearl Dixon and she's in Dearborn's office upstairs. But you haven't a chance, Ros. She's already in love with a fellow. I met her chum, last night, and she told me so."

Roscoe was disheartened, but brightened up when he learned that the next afternoon was to be a half holiday and he would have his first opportunity of the season to witness a baseball game.

Roscoe owned a small roadster which had not yet passed the cranking stage, and in this he motored to the ball grounds. The game was so exciting that he forgot about his love

affairs, and after its termination he lingered to discuss with an umpire with whom he was acquainted a technical point on a ruling that had arisen during the diamond conflict.

When Roscoe left the grounds the crowds had vanished, all except a girl in a red coat, who stood outside the gate looking about as though in search of some one. She was Eyes, and she smiled with them when she saw Roscoe.

Roscoe's heart beat violently as he approached her, amazed at his own temerity, lifted his hat and inquired: "Can I be of service?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm looking for my aunt. We got separated in the crowd and I'm afraid she's taken the trolley car thinking I also was on it, and there isn't another car for half an hour."

Roscoe stepped into the breach. "I'll be glad to escort you home in my—my alleged automobile."

"I'll be equally glad to ride in it, I assure you," she told him sweetly.

Soon they were buzzing along the road—not too fast, for Roscoe wanted to prolong the trip, especially after he discovered there was no ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Wasn't it a glorious game!" she exclaimed, starting slightly as Roscoe narrowly missed hitting another car, due to the fact that he was looking into Eyes' eyes.

They discussed the game in detail.

"Do you know," she observed, as they whisked into the residential district, heading for an address she furnished, "you remind me a lot of a friend of mine—another baseball fan?"

Roscoe's heart sank.

"That must be the fellow she's in love with," he thought.

"He talks just like you, using the same idioms, and has the same favorite players," she went on.

This gave Roscoe a new lease on hope. If she loved this other man, and the other man was like him, he felt that he had some chance of beating him in a matrimonial duel.

"You should meet him," Eyes continued. "The next corner is where I live, please. Yes, you should meet him, but I could never bring it about."

"And why not?" he inquired, slowing down.

"Because I never met him myself. Probably you'll think I'm a foolish little girl; but for a year I've been in love with a man I've never seen. He gives me the baseball scores over the telephone every day, and—but, of course, it's all useless. I'll never meet him."

The roadster came to a stop in front of her home with such violence that their heads struck the top.

"Thank you so much," she said, as he helped her out. "Maybe I can do something for you some day."

Roscoe gulped and groped for words, finally managing to say:

"You can do something right now. Let me come up and see you tonight, and I'll bring this telephone man of yours along. I'm well acquainted with him."

And Eyes' eyes smiled at him and answered in advance of her lips.

ZUNI INDIANS FLEET-FOOTED

Remarkable Racing Tournament In Which Runners Usually Defeat Mounted Competitors.

The Zuni Indians of Northwestern New Mexico occasionally hold a racing tournament in which a number of the fleetest runners of the tribe contest for prizes to be given those who first complete on foot a circuit fully 25 miles in length, after a week of severe preparatory practice. The contestants are compelled to kick a small stick the entire distance of the race. Sometimes they bare the right foot and grasp the stick between their toes so that in taking a step they can drag it a surprising distance in front of them as they run.

The rule of the race is that this stick is never to be touched by any part of the body other than the foot. The contestants may get into severe difficulties when the nomadic piece of wood happens to fall into the midst of one of the large thorny clumps of cacti which abounds in that country, or if the river has to be crossed in the race. So extraordinary are the endurance and speed of these runners that they often cover the entire 25 miles in a little more than two hours.

Sometimes Indians mounted on swift ponies enter the race against the foot runners. At the end of ten miles the horses begin to show signs of fatigue, and when 15 or 20 miles have been traveled they have often to be withdrawn from the race. The foot runners are almost always able to win the race over their mounted competitors, and seem to suffer no serious effects from the great muscular strain to which they have been subjected.

Annoying Both Ways.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe said at the club:

"Servants—and not necessarily good servants—now get \$15 a week, and at that they are hard to find."

"A young girl about to marry said to a middle-aged matron the other day: 'I suppose housekeeping has its annoyances?'

"It certainly has!" the matron answered. "You've either got a servant or you haven't."

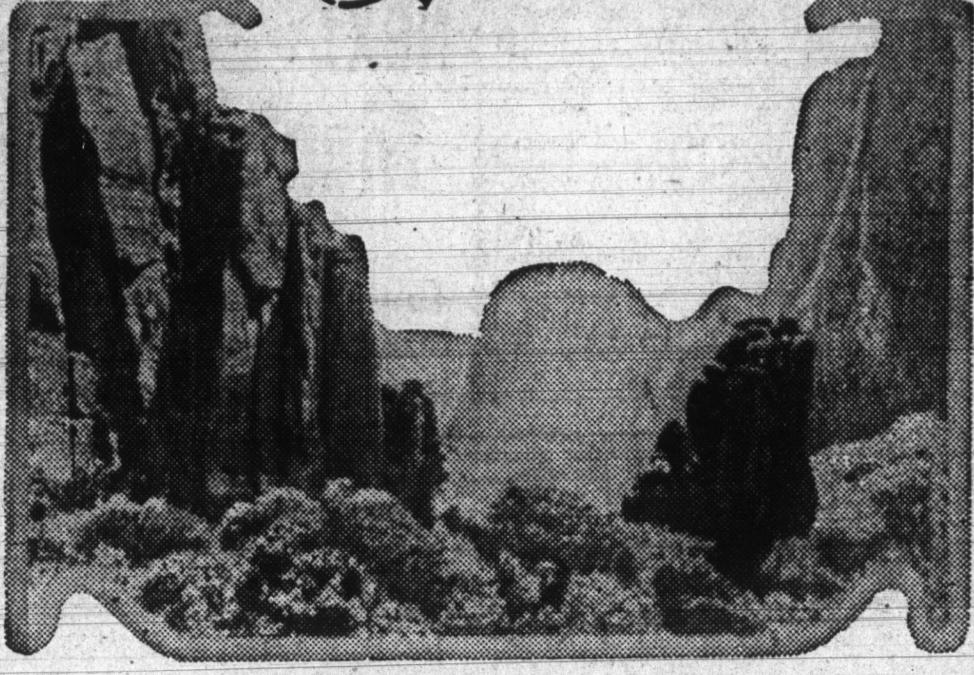
Its Natural End.

"There is one occupation which no master how well a man succeeds in it is bound in the end to go down hill."

"What's that?"

"Mountain climbing."

ZION-Beautiful and Mysterious



Sinawava Temple on the Floor of the Canyon.

ZION NATIONAL PARK—The newest of the national park system, established last November—is likely to have many visitors this season. Some will go because it is new. Others will go because of the claim of Utah that Zion equals Yosemite in beauty of form and far excels it in beauty of color.

And still others will go because of the story of a mysterious cliff-dwelling that has been discovered—and is believed to be inaccessible and untouched by the hand of modern man. Moreover, a second canon, with many ramifications, has been discovered in Zion National park. White men have been in it—or at least have looked down into it from the plateau thousands of feet above—but they are few. And who knows what relics of the mysterious prehistoric people of the great American Southwest these unexplored canons may contain?

Exploration parties are already getting ready in Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. It's no wonder. The story of the discovery of the inaccessible cliff-dwellings is one to whet the interest of the keenest mountaineer. Thus the story goes:

Eyre Powell of Venice, Calif., pointed his telephone lens at a high perpendicular cliff in a side canon about three-quarters of a mile away and squeezed the bulb. A certain quarter of an inch in the print attracted his attention. He enlarged it as much as possible. It then showed what is apparently a cliff-dwelling something like 400 feet long and 80 feet wide. The cliff-dwelling is in a shallow cave about 400 feet above the talus at the foot of the cliff. Below it are apparently traces of ledges once used as an ascent and now almost eroded by the elements. Hence it is a fair guess that this particular cliff-dwelling has been unvisited since modern men entered this region.

And if this mysterious, long-hidden abode of the Cliff-dwellers proves to be a reality and is reached by some daring climber, will it yield something new? That of course is the question that adds zest to the quest. For, though here and there are archaeologists who believe they have solved the mystery of the prehistoric people, it looks to the common people as if the scientists were still guessing at the answers to the questions: Who are they? How long did they live there? What became of them? So the possibility that this Zion Cliff-dwellers' inaccessible refuge, untouched by the hand of the spoiler, may contain some thing that will throw light on these unanswered questions is fascinating.

Curiously enough, the many relics of this prehistoric people throw little or no light on these questions. This is the more strange, since the village sites of the ancient inhabitants, with all the accessories of village life—kivas, shrines, burial places, fields, irrigation works, lookouts, stairways—preserve a pretty complete picture of life in this ancient Southwest. Moreover, buried under the debris of buildings and in the graves of the dead are various artifacts of stone, bone, wood, fiber and clay, which indicate the industrial and domestic life of the people. Ceremonial objects, such as pipes, fetishes and medicine stones, together with the symbolic ornamentation of domestic and mortuary pottery, give glimpses of the social and religious life of the times.

Such structures as are above ground have been pretty thoroughly examined and an astonishing variety has been found. For example, there are many cliff-dwellings, of which those in Mesa Verde National park in southwestern Colorado are probably the finest in all the Southwest.

On the Jemez plateau in the northern central part of New Mexico—a part of which it is proposed to set aside as the national park of the cliff-dwellings—there are both pueblos and cliff-dwellings of the excavated type called "cavate dwellings." The pueblo ruins are many-chambered community houses, found upon the mesa-tops and in valleys. The smaller ones are of one story; the larger ones have from two to four stories. The cavate dwellings vary widely. Some are enlarged natural caves. Others are wholly artificial excavations in the face of the cliff, the front wall being formed of the natural rock in situ. Some are

Milady Goes In for Accessories

The accessories of dress play no small part in the fashions of the moment. Along with the high cost of living a reckless expenditure of money for every detail of a woman's toilette has developed. One would think observes a prominent fashion writer, that money had no value whatever in the eyes of the world and that woman's supreme desire was the possession of everything that is beautiful and flattering, regardless of cost.

This craze, as it were, for spending money is psychological. It is commodities that the world lacks now and not money. Therefore, the value of all material things is enhanced in the eyes of the prospective purchaser. There is an avarice for the possession of articles of adornment rather than for money.

Many of the most reckless spenders are those who before the war did not have great fortunes. Money has come easily and it goes quickly. This is why a woman will pay as much today for some dainty nonessential accessory of the toilette as she paid yesterday for a basic necessity. Apparently, she does not care that her veil costs as much as her hat, her purse as much as a coat and her hair ornaments as much as she once spent for real jewels.

Nothing Too Extreme.

No evening toilette is complete without some form of headdress or hair ornament, and nothing seems too extreme or fantastic to find favor. The hair is dressed very simply and close to the head. All extravagance of outline is given, therefore, by ornaments or garnitures of the most striking sort.

Casa Grande National monument in the Gila valley of south central Arizona contains Casa Grande—Great House—which was discovered in 1897 by the Spanish. It was even then a burned-out, dismantled group of walls. It was plastered within and without. It was probably the last of an indefinite number of such houses, as all around it are the ruins of older structures.

Excavation in this prehistoric Southwest is only beginning. The results have attracted the attention of archeologists the world over. Possibly the most important work to date is that of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution in Mesa Verde. There he has excavated and restored in part the temple of the sun and Far View house. These are large and pretentious structures on the mesa above the cliff-dwellings. They are apparently buildings for religious ceremonies. It is guessed that they were abandoned about 1300 years ago.

The archeologists are confident that sooner or later they will find something that will answer one or more of the three great questions about this mysterious people of the American Southwest. Will they find it some such ruin as Casa Grande beneath the dust of centuries or will it come to light in some cliff-dwelling now unknown and untouched by vandal hands, such as those suspected to exist in the unexplored depths of Zion?

PARIS LANDMARK MUST GO

House of Robespierre Forced to Give Way to March of City Improvement.

The Paris correspondent of The London Times writes:

The house where Robespierre is said to have lived, or, at any rate, passed several nights, is to follow the way of many reminders of the past in the general scheme for improving Paris.

This handsomely fronted building is situated in the Cite du Retiro, an antiquated backwater between the Madeleine and the Faubourg Saint Honore, which was overlooked when this quarter was brought up to date. The tenants of the prince of Monaco, to whom the district belongs, have been given notice, but the demolition probably will be postponed for a few years, owing to the action of the law which permits the owners of condemned property to continue using it for five years.

The capital will soon be very much improved, and all slums will disappear in accordance with the general scheme for flattening out the fortifications and allowing the city to undergo natural expansion. With this object the underground railway lines are to be extended far into the country, with two proposed termini at St. Germain and Maisons Laffitte. The Metropolitan railway reaching the latter will greatly ease the strain upon the ordinary railways on race days.

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Great Britain's Whites and Blacks. In the British empire there are 62,000,000 white and 376,000,000 colored people. The 62,000,000 white represent capital wealth amounting to \$500,000,000,000, as against the \$5,000,000 possessed by the black, brown and yellow people. The degree of illiteracy among the white people, according to Sir Henry Johnson, is probably not more than 15 per cent; among the colored races it is nearly 90 per cent.

Daughter's Views.

Mother was teaching little daughter proper appellations, pointing out the church as "God's house."

Passing one Sunday morning as the congregation was leaving the church after services, little daughter exclaimed:

"Oh, look, mother, at all the crowd. God must be having a party."

the latter are reserved for occasions where one does not need a commodious handbag.

All the tortoise shell procurable has not been used for combs; it plays no small part in the new purses. In those which are of the small variety, like oldtime card cases, the shell is combined with leather, one side being of shell and the other of suede. A purse made in this manner has the inside

divided into two compartments; one of suede is used for money, while the other, of white kid, is intended for trinkets or jewels.

A new bag is of pale gray doeskin mounted on a tortoise shell frame, the shell clasp being in the form of a spread fan. The handle or pendant for opening the purse is also of shell.

Raspberry Red Seal.

A distinctly new vanity case is of carved ivory. The plaques forming the body of the case are of ivory mounted in a gold frame and the belt



The Plumed Headdress of the Savage Indian is Imitated in Aspen Alabette Springing From a Jeweled Forehead Band to Form a Modern Headdress. Below It Are Two Spanish Combs, One Delicately Carved and the Other Set with Brilliants.

lows are of gray doeskin. The monogram is of Japanese character carved and picked out in black.

A fascinating little vanity case is made of raspberry red seal in oblong design with