THURBDAY JULY 3, 1924

FATE OF THE PLAPPER

here was a girl of much renown who . lived-I wan't my where. Who took a notion far from sane, that she must have bobbed bair.

So she was shorn of her long locks and surely looked a sight. And frissed and primped . what . still remained each morning, noon and Her hair stood out around her head

just like a lion's mane, Her friends implored her to have some but pleading was in vain. One summer day she fell baleen, out in the garden chair,

Where two birds came, and built their

nest, amid that mat of hair, And when those birdles thus engaged beheld those lips of red, They thought them cherries, so the

ate, and next day they were dead What happened to these little birds may be some young man's fate. If girls don't pease to camouflage, be-

A painted picture is admired on can vas or in frame. sees but an effort lame.

fore it is too late.

The lilies in the field, do they, or roses likewise created you.

And so, young flappers, be ye warned and for past sins atone, When tempted in the future say "Le well enough alone." -Marjorie Mildred Lawson

SINGULARLY GIFTED BARBER

from Taranto, as well they may have and in such atraits that we hardly done when you remember its history, know which way to turn; and think Under Augustus it was, completely of the start we had! Our little for-Latinized; and although Byzantines tune was a curse instead of a blessing, came hither under Nicephorus. Phocas, for it gave us a taste of a life of case. they have long ago merged thto the then left, us to be common drudges. Italian element. Only the barbers If John had only known how to manseem to have preserved something of age, or if he could only learn to manthe old traditions. They are grandilo- age now like other men, but I don't quent and terrible talkers, like the see much hope. If I had a daughter, cooks in Athenseus.

writes in Old Calabria, an Aristophan- to let married life alone, What right le scene in one of their shops tataly, his any man to persuade a happy, when a simple-minded stranger, a care-free girl into risking her hapnorth Italian, brought a little boy to have his hair cut, "not too short," and on returning from a brief visit to the tobacconist next door found it crop- | broom, and adjusted the towel that was ped much closer than he liked. "I told you not to cut the heir too

short!" he said. He was collecting his thoughts, and the front door, and she went down to

short! It looks borrible-" "Horrible? That sir pardon my frankness!--is a matter of opinion. I fully admit that you desired the child's [spelaimed Mrs. Harnard, as she read: hair to be cut not too short. Those, a certain reasonable point-".

"But I said-"

should suffice for all loyal subjects to love, and so happy! It will spoil all does it not unworthy of imitation. my pleasure, though, if you fail to Next, there are what one might des- | come. I want you so much. cribe as hygienic and climatic considerations. Summer is approaching, sir. "Why, she's only a child!" Mrs. Burand, apart from certain buplessent bard said, as the folded the letter. risks that I need not specify, you will Then as she thought of the fifteen auruly agree with me that the sol- | years that had flown since her namesitial hout is a needlessly severe trial sake had been flower girl at her wedfor a boy with long hair. My own ding she realized that the second children are all cropped close, and I Una would be an older bride than she have reason to think they are grate- had been. ful for it. Why not yours? Boys may The letters had miscatried, and had in the world. She differ in strength or complexion, in moral character and mental attain- woodling was to take place on Wed- one would not Y ments, but they are quite unanimous needay evening of the next week, and crowd. us to what constitutes personal com- this was Friday. How she would have ! If fort. And it is obviously the duty of to hurry to get ready for it! She must he parents to consult the personal com- begin hurrying right away, and she Jo fort of their offspring-within certain reusonable limits, of course..."

"But-" "Lastly, to the much-da.

pree Press. Sport Story

"For Richer, for Poorer"

Barnard, warm; thred and dis- girl. couraged, while down on the Bhe rues up and the pieces of furniture soberly: pulled away, from their accustomed places, the pitiless supshine showed clearly every break in the curpet and

every soiled spot upon the wall-paper. "What's the use of trying to clean up, cover up, and protected any thager?" Mrs. Barnard suld, bitterly,

"I believe that good, things, when they do begin, to show the effects of long and rough usage, look worse than cheaper ones; but if they hadn't been good I don't know what we would But who on Nature would improve have done, for we've never been able to replace anything," and she sighed as she looked at the expensive furniture now marred and scratched, and at the derpets, still bravely holding to their The Master hand, who painted them, rich coloring, although worn almost threadbare.

Her gaze could not reach the diningroom, but she knew that the beautiful but fragile glass and china with which she had so proudly started housekeeping had dwindled hadly, and the costly linen was patched, and darned in many. Age 14 places. The bedrooms, still awaiting the attack of her broom, were all needing supplies.

"It's the old story of flying before we learned to walk. Here we are, Hellenic traits have disappeared care-worn and old before our time, I'd educate her so that she might be-I witnessed, Mr. Norman Douglas able to support herself, and teach her piness in his hands?" The town clock struck ten, and Mrs

Bernard rose wearily, picked up her wispped about her head. The rooms must be put in order before the noonday meal, and many tasks were wait-The barber, immaculate and imper-just yet in the lower part of the house. turbable, made a preliminary bow. The postman's whistle sounded at receive from him two envelopes, each "I say I told you not to cut it too addressed in the same handwriting. One was a wedding invitation, and the other a letter.

Why, it's from Una; my little Una!"

Doar Aunt Una: I am not writing in fact, were your very words. Not- letters to send with all my invitations. withstanding, I venture to think you but I wanted to write to you, to tall will come round to my point of view you that you must come to my wedon due reflection, like most of my cus- ding. It would not be complete with tomers. In the first place, there is the out your You know my first experi-ethnological, aspect of the question, sace in courch weddings was when I You are doubtless sufficiently versed was flower girl at your wedding, and in history to know that under the late I have never attended one since that regime it was considered improper, was half so pretty, nor have I ever if not criminal, to wear a moustache been so much impressed by any other Welly nowadays we think differently, beremony as I was by that, young us Which proves that fashions change, I want my wedding to be just wir; and the wise man bends to them - | 48 nearly like yours as it can be, and up to a certain point, of course; up to oh, Aunt Una, the atrangest part of it is I am to marry a John, too, You will remember John Nelson. 'He was "And in favor of my contention that such a great, gawky boy, and I never hair should be worn short nowadays, dreamed that I would ever marry any I need only cite the case of His Ma- one I had always known, but when you jesty the King, whose august head, we see him you'll say he's a perfect dear. all know, is clipped like that of a Of course you will not think him half rucchorse. Horrible, as you call it as handsome as your John, and I know or not, the system has momentarily the I shall not be half so lovely a bride as approval of royalty, and that alone you were, but we're very much in

- Your little Una.

been on the road for some days. The up the hew wal

T was sweetling day, and Mrs. wont tripping up the stairway like in

the saved the lotter and invitation top 'step of 'the stalrway to for a little surprise at the table, and rest a moment, before attacking the was so eager to read them aloud to upper rooms. The view of the lower her husband that she did not walt to rooms, even from this lofty point of out; but when she paused at the close view, was discouraging. With the of the reading, her husband only-said, part of it to buy something new to "I don't see how we can send ::

> "Send It!" she ochood, blankly. "We can just take It us we go." John Burnard looked up in sur orine. 'You know we can't go," he said. "We must go! It's Una's wedding!"

she gasped. "I might any it is John's wedding, too, although that does not make any more difference than if his name was Jeromiah. We can't afford it" "But being Una's wedding, it's dif-

ferent from all the other things we've given up on account of the expense. Why, John, she was named for me and she has always called me aunti I loved her and nursed her when she was a tiny thing, and she was our flower girl, and she wants toe." She was pleading with him in he

carnestness, but he answered, a triffe impatiently, "I tell you we can't. We haven't the money for now clothes. and I can't even soure the car fare He ruse hurriedly and left the room,

and his wife guzed after him like one dazed by sudden misfortupe. Of course, woman-like, she had thought first of the clothes, and realized that preparations harder; but she had thought that by beginning that afternoon she could make a protty evening walst, and could make her old skirt presentable by a little furbishing up. and pressed. No one ever noticed a man's clothes at a wedding, anyway,.. But now, dropping her head on the

table, she subbed, like a disappointed child. The children, not knowing juct how to act in such an omergency. slipped out of their chairs and betook themselves to the back yard to talk it "It lan't the same as if I were always

baking for things!" she sobbed. "I've learned long ago to do without und keep my longing! to myself. Ho treated me as if I were a spoiled child." Then the sols came so thick and fast that they choked out the words.

Presently something rattled in her lap, a hard little hand was awkwardly troking her half, and the oldest her four little boys hald, timidly:

"We put all our money in Wendell's bank, and we want you'to have It to go to the wedding. We were saving it for First of July, but we're too big to care much for that, andand-O mother, please don't cry!" She looked up in ustonishment, to find her four children regarding her with wide, sympathetic eyes. Dry-

ing her tears, she gathered them all in one great motherly embrace, kissing away all their worries, and giving back their money, with an much tact as if it had been offered by older friends, assuring them that she could manage some other way to go to the wedding. And the children, used to mother's habit of managing, and he. ability to clear the math ween when loomed up, returned to their play. seemingly insurmountable obstacles

In the first moment of biller disaupointment over her husband's refusal to attend the wedding, Una Barnard had given it all up, but the children, by bringing out their hundl hourd, had suggested a new plan-Tucked away in her handkerchiefbox upstairs was a precious bill that

had been her birthday gift from her only brother. She had been saving it, right, We'll try it of not because there was no pressing need for it, but because there were the organ ; so many needs that it was hard to The brid decide where to use it to host advant- fur!

It was just enough to pay the "1" to the home town to attent, wedding and to buy some ! for a widding wift. T' her more pleasure the 12

her first words to him were:

He opened his lips to protest, but she interrupted him quickly. "No, you noed not toes any time. We can leave here after the factory closes, stay for the wedding und reception, take the last train back to the city, and come out home on the 'owl car.' As to the expense. I'm going to pay that with the closet, than on the most memormy birthday, money:

John Barngrd know how many times | Beecher. this proclous money had already been spent in imagination, and how badly his, wife needed, it to replepiah her scunty wardrobe. His face clouded, as he haswored!

my my way, If you must go, take I'll stny with the boys."

alone! I must go, and you must go with me. I don't cure much for the to the worlding, and you must not spoil all my pleasure!"

od like a girl

and saw many old friends ushered into of it.-Rousseau. the goals about them. Mrs. Barnard folded her hands with the best glove on top, and wondered if her waist did of the devil's reach as humility .look very narrow between the should- Jonathan Edwards

But the soft, sweet music was soothing the sche about her heart, and when it pealed out triumphantly, announcing the arrival of the wedding party, she was absorbed in the excitement of the moment.

Then came the clear, slow, prothe shortness of the time would make cassional notes, and she caught her presents a scene at a general inspecthat she was living over again her own Lieutenant Tompklins-an excellent

wedding night. aisle. Mrs. Barnard clasped her hands public what he knows. Says the gen-As for John's suit; it could be brushed tightly, but they shook with nervous- eral:

> shield against the world. The minister | cast?" was speaking. Una Barnard's best repeating after the minister the solemn | you know, that's words of the bountiful ring services. Wondered!" "I, John, take thee, Una, to my wedded wife." John Barnard :moved . witeasily. The ceremony proceeded: "For was a captain of iginois volunteers, in better, for worse; for richer, for pooror; in sickness and in bealth: to love Hapgood, in his "life of Lincoln," reand to cheriah; till doath do us part-"

strong ones. .

husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward." Una Burnard's eyes were blurred by gotting through that gate!" .. teurs of memory and regret as she listened to the promises; "For bet-

been a gay, bright companion in the slan people have a cynical flavor, Hero time of abundance, but in the time of is a little group of them: loss and unaccustomed toll she had been bitter and gloomy, witently pining further. for her curefree girlhood instead of trying to cheer the man who was struggling to make a home for her. He, too, had been accustomed to a life of case. How hard the struggle for daily bread must have been for him! There were gray hairs about his temples, and thes of discouragement about his mouth. She caught her breath ion. with a sob and clung to his hand us

when John Harnard patted the hand he held, and stooped to whisper lovingly; "There, there, dear! It's + Then came

ed and discouraged, dreading to meet be a good plus for every married him wife's reproachful eyes, he was couple to have to ceremony performs surprised to find her talking cheerfully rd at least every niceen years, if not to the children us and set the ten-table oftener." with more than usual care. Almost At the same inchent Una Barnage

"I can't let, you take your money to wear and the rest for your car fare.

She answered, "I can't go back there clothes, but, O John, I do want to go

The excitement of preparation on the eventful evening brought a color to Mrs. Barnard's chocks and a light to her eyes that made her look almost youthful; and as she kissed the boys godd-by, little Wendell touched the soft waves of her hair, saying almost reverently, "Pretty mamma!" Catching sick king .- Bicke staff. her husband's quick glunce, she blush-

toward her husband; and, reaching in a column twenty men wide, when he over, he clasped one of her work- was suddenly confronted with a high hardened hands with one of his bir fence with an open wate, through Then the 'girl's sweet . yolog . was hourd distinctly, as she repeated: "L

Una, take thee, John, to my wedded so he halted the company and said:

ter, for worse; for richer, for pooren" Ah, the sucred promises, and bow poorly she had kept them? She had

if she would never let go. The audience was intent on the cerginony, and no one saw or heard

was clinging to the bride, whispering "Wo're going, after all I've ar brokenly between klases, "Una: Una cum to keep the darling, whatever suppens, dob't' for get that you promised for richer, for

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The world's battlefields have been in the heart chieffy; more herolem has been displayed in the household and able battlefields of history .- H. W.

It is when the hour of conflict is over, that blatery comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo, God is here, and we knew it not!"-llangroft.

The serene, allent beauty of a hely life is the most powerful influence h the world, must to the might of the Spirit of God - Pascal.

Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world, whereas nothing rises quicker, then dust, straw and Ceathers .- Hare.

Be just and few pot; let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's .- Shakespoure.

Health is the treatest of all posses. sions; a hair colbler is better than a

That which reders life burdensome

They arrived early at the church, to us. generally where from the ubuse Nothing sets a person so much out

> OFFICERS' DIFFICULTIES

An inexperienced military officer sure to encounter grave difficulties in the practical management of soldiers in the field. An English Journal rebreath with deep feeling. It seemed Woll of a Volunteer battallon, in which fellow but a poor soldier-is called out The bridge party passed down the to show the general and the British

"Now, sir, you have the battallon The pretty young bride stood trust- in quarter-column, facing south. How fully and proudly beside the tall young would you get it into line, in the man, who henceforth was to be her quickest possible way, facing north-

"Well, sir," says Lieutenant Tompstood still as she heard the groom kins, after fruitles consideration, "do

This officer's ingenuity was not equal to that of Abraham Lincoln, when he the Blackhawk War. Mr. Norman laten that during this campaign Lin-Una Barnard turned a wistful face coln once had his company marching which only one man could pass ut u time. He had no idea of the proper way' to get his men into single nie. "This company is dismissed.. But it will come together immediately after

RUBBIAN PROVERBS

Muny familiar Proverba of the Rus-Words are not arrows, but they my

After the fight - there - are lots brave men. Everything is litter to those that have gall in their mouths.

The bread of others is sweet. Bet a lout at your table, and he will put his feet on it. The rare visitor is a july compan-

He who robs, what once: he robbed, sins ten times, l'ure kold makes itself knry in the dirt

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