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Two Much Light. They stood together by the open door. "Heart of my heart," he whispered, "how I love you!" "And how I love you!" she answered—"Light of my days, light of my thoughts, light of my very ex-

The Hero And the White Hat

By Kate Edmonds.

"Gee, it's stupid enough around these summer places," yawned Perry Gray. "I believe I'll take the little old car out again and see if I can't blow the blues out of my disposition. Wish I was back at the office with the sympathy of the ticked tape in my ears!" He sighed profoundly, sauntered around to the garage, ran his racing car out into the perfect highway and stopped. "Wonder which way I'll go—guess I'll let the wind blow me whither it will!" He glanced at a weathervane and swung the car to the south, "now for an adventure—me the hero, of course, and—" He stopped open-mouthed, as a big car shot around a curve without warning, and swept on toward the hotel he had just left. The car seemed to be full of women in summery frocks and hats, but its speed prevented recognition.

As it flew past him something white and filmy floated out behind, hovered over Perry's blond head and then settled like a great white moth over his face. He was conscious of fragrance of flower gardens and perfumes of Araby, as he detached the hat from his face and surveyed the lovely creation of georgette crepe and tiny flowers. "Forget-me-nots! Lo, the poor hero—and enter the hat. Height ho—for romance! Take it back? Not yet!" Perry talked to himself or to his car, which he called "Lizzie."

It was such an expensive, highbred car that if it could have understood Perry's nickname for it the little gray racer would have simply receded itself on the hind axle and run over its owner in sheer disgust.

Perry raced down the mountain-side and then back again, and somehow his blues vanished forever that day. But it was later in the day. He managed to be on time for luncheon and was the first one in the hotel restaurant. There was not one girl there who ought to belong to that stuffy white hat.

His sister Nan worried him. "What's the matter Perry, child?" she mocked, "have you been lonely today?"

"Good company," he retorted. "Who?" She was curious. Perry did know such fascinating men, "Myself," coldly.

"Don't wonder you look grumpy," was her sisterly shot. "Where's mother?"

"Lunching upstairs. Mrs. Ripley came today. She was tired."

"I like her. Thought she was going to her child," said Perry, choosing his dessert.

"She did."

"Must be a horror if she can't bring it down here to eat!"

"Perry Gray you are too shocking!"

"Well, it's the truth. Children are too messy for words."

"Gertrude is a dear," and there was a naughty twinkle in Nan's lovely eyes.

Perry yawned. "Want to play tennis?"

"Can't—got to amuse Gertrude."

"Bother—say, Nan," in a coaxing tone, "do you know any girl who wears a white hat?"

Nan stared. "Dozens."

"Well, this is a very white hat—I mean, its extraordinary pretty—all sorts of little blue flowers, you know—periwinkles," with mendacious exactitude. "Yes, periwinkles—little bunches of 'em—smells like a garden—honest, it does!"

"Perry! Where did you find that hat?" she gasped.

"It found me," he chuckled. "Tell me who owns it and I'll confess."

"If I don't tell you?"

"I'll find out—I'm going to marry the girl who owns it."

Nan laughed, hysterically. "Suppose I told you it was worn by the Ripley infant?"

"It was?" the light died out of Perry's face. Heart-whole as he was, he had built up a romance from the coming of the "white moth" as he called the pretty foolish hat. "Well, her mother ought to have more sense than to put such a hat on a child's head. No wonder it blew off."

They were mounting the stairs now, and at the top they met Mrs. Gray. "Have you found the hat, Nan?" she asked.

"I know where it is," said Nan, quickly and; flying past her brother, she slipped into his room and came out with the white hat perched on her pretty head.

"Did Perry find it?" asked his mother.

"Yes," admitted Perry feeling rather fat. "Guess I'll go out and find some one to play a set with me. Do I have to see the Ripley infant?" he pleaded.

TROTSKY TRIES TO EXPLAIN

The Seeming Contradiction of Soviet Leaders' Acts Regarding Capital.

Riga, Latvia, Aug. 1.—(By Mail.)—Leon Trotsky, the Bolshevik War Minister in Russia, attempted to explain to the delegates composing the recent congress of the Third Internationale at Moscow the seeming contradiction in the acts of the Soviet leaders who are resorting to a limited measure of capitalism in Russia while advocating, in speeches to the Internationale, the abolition of capital elsewhere.

The Pravda quotes Trotsky as saying that compromises with capitalism were justifiable in Russia as the dictatorship of the proletariat has been firmly established there, but that no compromises were allowable to Reds attempting to bring about revolution elsewhere.

The official Bolshevik viewpoint, as expressed in speeches by Lenin and in their various newspapers, is that all changes being made in Russia, all concessions being granted to capital and all seeming digressions from a strict Communist policy are either made necessary by the poor economic condition of the country or are essential to permit Communism to exist in the future.

The disastrous economic condition in Russia was frankly admitted in speeches at the Congress by various Russian delegates. Trotsky is quoted as having told the delegates that "it is easy to be a Communist if one looks only at the cheering picture of Red flags at the Internationale, but the true Communist is he who can still be one and look upon Moscow's starving children."

Zinovieff in his closing speech to the conference, as reported in the Ivestia, said that in 1917 everybody laughed at us, considered us dreamers. The first Internationale Congress, he said, was attended by only a handful. The second was more important. The third, he said, has shown that despite all difficulties, the Third Internationale will be most powerful even in America.

While permitting of some exceptions, such as temporarily at least allowing the American I.W.W. to continue as an independent organization, the Internationale congress decided that the revolutionary idea must be fought for through existing trade unions, such as the American Federation of Labor. All small organizations not affiliated with the large trade unions were requested to "liquidate themselves," their members being instructed to unite with labor unions and win them over to Communism.

The conference, decided upon undying warfare against the so-called Amsterdam Internationale, which includes trade unions working for socialism, but not for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Efforts to spread Communist ideas among the women and the young people of the world.

Riga, Latvia, Aug. 1.—(By Mail.)—Efforts to spread communistic revolutionary ideas among the women and young people of the world were outlined recently at Moscow at two congresses, the first that of Women Communists of the World and the second the Young People's Communist Internationale, meeting in connection with the Third Internationale Congress.

At the Women Communists' congress, in which Clara Zetkin, a Communist member of the German Reichstag, and Madam Krupskaya, the wife of Lenin, participated in the leadership, work already done along these lines was outlined.

Madam Kollant, one of the leaders of the Russian Bolshevik revolution, told the women's congress that the movement had had very little success in America, where, she said, the movement must be developed in the existing trade unions including many thousands of women workers.

Along with propaganda of Communist ideas, the conference advocated spreading intelligence on the ideas of birth control and other advanced sociological theories.

According to the Moscow newspapers, great importance was attached to the Young People's Communist Internationale congress, Leon Trotsky, the war minister, speaking to this congress, said that the largest part of the youths among the workers and peasants took part in the Russian revolution and aided the Red army.

Fullman Air Service. The Royal Dutch air service, which is a private enterprise aided by the Dutch government, has commenced operating a luxurious aeroplane service between Croydon (near London) England, and Dutch cities. These flying "Fullmans" provide softly cushioned armchairs, with writing tables for each passenger, and the interiors of the cars are fitted with satinwood panels, mirrors and so on. The arrangements include one departure each day from Croydon at 10 a.m., halting at Rotterdam for fifteen minutes and continuing to Amsterdam. The fare from Croydon to Amsterdam is £10 10s. Between the latter place and Copenhagen air connections are provided. The through fare to Copenhagen is £24 6s.

It does not take people long to forget favors, but they will carry the memory of a slight to the grave with them.

Why is it that the best will keep a glass awake nights and yet put him to sleep in church?

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