

Girl Editor Runs Telephone Board For Local Color

Finds Out What Hello Girls Like to See in Their Magazine, and Now to Obtain It From Them.

By HAZEL BLAIR.

St. Louis, Mo.—Three months experience as a telephone operator following her graduation from the Missouri state university, in order to obtain information for her new job as associate editor of the Southwestern Telephone News, is the unique record made by Miss Mary Sue Patton of St. Louis. She knows just what sort of material the girls want to see in the monthly magazine and just how to obtain from them what they do know.

Miss Patton was graduated from college in 1920, and went to Canada to do newspaper work. Later she returned and took the journalistic degree. She was then told of the need in St. Louis for such a position if she would work as an operator for several months. Pending the placing of her there she worked on an Oklahoma paper for several weeks. Then she tells the story: "I was sent for to work on the switchboard in St. Louis. I went with fear and trembling and reported to the schools, only to be turned down. However, that matter was fixed up and I started in on the most strenuous work I had ever attempted. Finally I arrived at the place where I was a real operator. The girls came to know me just as one of themselves and I liked them. It all stands me in good stead now. "There is no way that helps to hold a position higher as much as by working with those of the ranks first. It gives you understanding that is valuable. My friends tell me the system is better since I quit operating and became an editor—maybe so."

Doctors Declare War on Cocktails

London Physicians Assert Craze Ruining Stomachs Of Nation.

London, Aug. 13.—An anti-cocktail campaign has been launched by London medical men at the very moment when the sweating heat is driving thousands to their favorite bars for "clover clubs," "bronzes" and all other brands of cocktails guaranteed to brace and cool. Men's stomachs are being ruined by the cocktail habit, say the medics, and what is worse the ladies are becoming addicts. The news papers have taken up the discussion pro and con and have discovered that many a London drinker gets away with six or eight cocktails every evening before dinner. It was not learned how many they get away with after dinner.

The doctors say that this is all wrong—that it creates an abnormal appetite and that the digestive organs cannot take care of both the booze and the extra supply of food. An American physician agrees with them in a letter to the Times, but another American, writing from the bar of a London club, remarks that hundreds of thousands of Americans have been licking up cocktails all their lives apparently with no bad results.

13-Year-Old Chicago Girl Has Never Seen Rail Train

Chicago, Aug. 13.—Dolly Malley, 13-year-old school girl, has never seen a railroad train except in the school "gog"aphy. Although living within easy walking distance of five great Chicago railway terminals, the girl has never left the neighborhood of her home. Newspapermen who found she had never even visited Chicago's "loop," only eight blocks away, suspected a "child prisoner" story. Investigation showed, however, it was entirely Dolly's fault. "I just never cared about going away from here," she told reporters. "I was born and raised here in this neighborhood and it's good enough for me."

Town of 20 Families Shows What Real Boosting Is

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 13.—Northmoor, a new hamlet, populated by 20 families, has developed a "get it done" spirit. Recently the citizens met and formed the East Platte County Booster club. Since that time the club has obtained a right-of-way for a road, elected a road committee; asked for donations, and 20 minutes later had "the coin" all pledged—some in cash and some in monthly payments. Northmoor does not want to be known as a "dead" town, therefore the boosters have built a community house. They are planning to use this for entertainments, banquets and dances at regular intervals.

Pajamas Fancy Dress of Birmingham Social Elite

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 13.—Members of the Community club, a popular local luncheon club, are not to be outdone by any Quaker in Paris or any other clique when it comes to fancy dress. They will not only wear pajamas at their annual banquet, but these will be of finest silk texture. A rule just adopted by the club calls for this form of "evening dress" at a yearly affair which will be held August 27.

THE LOVE LINK - - - - - By OWEN OLIVER

"No." He grinned. "It will be to Amanda, though!" We looked at each other with mutual appreciation. I always thank Providence that, among my friends, I reckon some with a gift of humor. "What are you laughing at, auntie?" Amanda wanted to know. "He thinks you can't get the ankle-let on," I stated promptly. "Oh!" She perked herself and stuck out a foot for inspection. "Can't I, indeed? Look at that! Three and a half, and small ankles! But I shan't try. Which does it charm on? I'll try the other."

"Either," he said. "Oh, well! You needn't be afraid!" She resumed her conversation, and I shook my head at him. "What horrible, deceitful creatures men are," I reproached him. "However, I was going to suggest it to you!" In Amanda's interest, of course. "She says she isn't going to try it on," he observed. "And she'll do it before she's had it half an hour," I assured him, "just to see if it has any effect! Of course it hasn't the real one, I mean. You don't believe that?"

"Depends on the person it's used on," he thought. "I imagine the Egyptians tried it on ladies who were not disposed to be affected by it! You see, anything which kept them thinking about the suitor would be a sort of charm. For example, if Captain Richards gave it to her? Eh?" "Umph!" I said. "I'm not sure whether it's the charm upon her doesn't seem to settle upon her flowers! The naughty little bee. She's a singularly attractive girl, don't you think, Fred? Even a confirmed old bachelor like you must want that. Come, don't be mean. Own it just to please me."

"Most attractive," he agreed; "most attractive! If I had met any one like her 15 years ago when I was 5 and 20 well, I don't suppose I'd have had my present professorship, or the same reputation as a scholar. I have often thought that a man would be wise to marry a plain woman; less distraction from the serious business of life!" "You've known several plain women," I reminded him. "Ah! Yes! I didn't want to marry them, you see! That's the drawback to plain women. You don't know. Well, I'm pleased to give the child the ankle-let. It were any better to her; but it isn't. She doesn't need any charm. She has her 392."

"You said 391!" "I left out her aunt!" he grinned. "The relationship alone is almost sufficient to me—to do me in, as they say. Now, if you weren't married—" "I don't think I'm plain enough," I protested. "That's stated, 'is the second insuperable difficulty!'" "I have boxed your ears several times," I reminded him. "After I have taken advantage of the mistletoe," he reflected. He emphasized the "after."

"I must say I like Professor Fred. You see, he was in love with me when he was 11 and I was 1 and 20. My husband says I was rather like Amanda then."

It was nearly a fortnight later before the ankle-let came. Amanda shrieked with delight when she took it out of the box. "It looks newer," she observed. "He's had it polished up a bit for me. That was thoughtful. You know, he is kind. The little Cupid thing is quite plain. O, you dear, naughty, wicked little charm!" She stroked it. "It's ever so solid and heavy. You feel!"

I took the ankle-let and inspected it. No doubt he had had it dulled down as much as he could; but to me it looked suspiciously new and bright. Amanda kicked off her shoes. "Which leg had I better try it on first?" She puzzled. "Umph!" I said. "The right generally has first choice."

"Ye-es," she agreed doubtfully; "but in some things the left is the right. Your heart's on the left, isn't it?" She felt herself carefully. "I should think it would work best on that side. Ah—wouldn't you?" "Good gracious, child!" I cried. "Any one would think you wanted it to work!"

"I want to know if it does," she explained. "Like you taste uncle's medicine, you know! It isn't that you want to, only you're inquisitive about things."

"I am not inquisitive, Amanda," I denied, "but I always like to ascertain the exact facts about everything."

"That's what I mean," she stated. "I think the left leg is the right one. Help me push it on. O-o-h-h! Don't be rough, auntie! Don't be rough! They must have had little feet in those days! If any one wanted to charm a big woman I wonder what they did. Push hard! Not too hard! Ugh! Ah-h-h! That it!"

She rose and pranced about the room in her stockings, holding up her skirts to display the ankle-let. "I don't seem to feel anything," she complained. "I thought I did just at first; but it was only the cold creeping up me; and now it's warmed. What an old dourset professor is! But, of course, he isn't old really. I call him awfully nice looking. Don't you?" "I haven't the ankle-let on," I mentioned. "Now, don't start being silly! It isn't that. I don't feel anything. I—whoo!" She cut a caper and stood on one foot to feel the other. "A love pang?" I suggested. "A nail on the carpet?" she cried. "Mary ought to sweep better! Do you know, I was quite startled. I really thought it was beginning to work. It isn't a nail. It's a screw. Uncle must have dropped it on my professor's leg. I shall talk to him about it; tell him he might have lamed his best niece for life! He always drops half his things. I wonder why he's never married?" "I can show you my marriage lines, miss!" I said. "I don't mean uncle and you. I mean the professor—and nobody. It isn't as if he was always buried in his books and things. I expect a nice, sensible wife—some one like you, you know—would think he only kept him out of the way just enough. I should go in and dig him out, like you do uncle! If I were his wife, I mean. I don't think he'd be savage; only pretend to be."

Like uncle! Do you know, I think uncle likes you." "Do you?" I sniffed. "Do you?" "I do, really! Of course he does! You know it. You're laughing! I think Uncle Will has a nice way. He often reminds me of the professor. I adore big strong men like that! It doesn't seem to have any effect, auntie. I think I'd better try the other leg."

"Amanda," I said, "do you want to kill your poor old aunt with laughing?" "Not yet," she stated, and flopped down in a chair beside me. "Help pull this thing off first. I'll hold the chair, and you pull. Now! Only the thing; not my leg. Not my leg! I don't want that off! Ah-h-h! I wonder if they had thinner legs in those days! Or smaller feet!" She rubbed hers.

"There's a difference in feet and ankles," I remarked, "even in pairs. I believe my right foot is a trifle smaller than the left. Perhaps yours is."

It wasn't. In fact, it seemed to be larger. She made such a fuss when I tried to squeeze the ankle-let over it that I refused to proceed. "Why ever should you hurt yourself over a parcel of nonsense, child?" I argued. "Of course, you don't believe in it; and you say it has no effect."

"Not on the left leg," she owned, "but it might on the other."

"Why, any one would think you wanted it to bewitch you!" I cried. "And, if you do, there's no need for the wretched thing."

"You won't let me come to it," I complained. "I want to tell her that you didn't send the real thing; only an imitation."

"I won't be interrupted," I flared out. I believe I stamped my foot. "Even Amanda wouldn't believe that there's any charm in a copy, would she?" "I don't know if—" "O, yes, you do! When she knows what it is she'll let me send for a man to cut it off and—" "Cut it off!" he gasped. "It went on and off her left foot all right," I explained; "but she didn't think it had much influence there. Then she got it on her right ankle—it's grazed the skin—and she can't get it off. At least—well, she says she can't. She'd manage it, I expect, if she knew it was only an imitation."

"But," he said, "no, don't stop me. I must say it. It's the original. I only polished it up to make you think it was a copy! As a matter of fact, I haven't made one."

"You mean—" I caught him by the sleeve—"you want it to—to— influence her, Fred? You want my little Amanda?" "Want her?" he cried. "Good heavens! Of course I do!"

"O!" I laughed and cried. "You idiotic man! You—idiotic man! That great lump of brass isn't the love link for her. Offer her a little gold ring! For the wedding finger!"

He came round to see her in the afternoon. I gave them an hour and a half. Then I went in to them. He looked flushed and triumphant, and—O, my little Amanda looked lovely! She gripped my hand tightly and put her other hand in his. "Auntie," she said, "do you know what that naughty love link has gone and done?"

"Farmer Pays \$10 for Store; Police Search for 'Owner'." Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 13.—"Yes, there's one here every minute," as P. Barnum said. E. Hober journeyed to Kansas City from his farm near Avondale, Mo. Hober was tired of tilling the soil. He knew of only one way by which he could earn his living in the big city. "I will buy a poultry shop and live forever in the midst of my fellow-men and the bright lights," he said. As Hober stood in front of a certain poultry shop a negro approached. "Like that?" asked the negro. "Ge-e, wish it was mine," replied Hober. "You can have it for \$80," offered the negro. The bargain was made. Hober paid the negro a \$10 bill on the spot. The remaining \$70 was to be paid at the same place the following morning. Hober made his appearance the next morning, but the negro did not show up. Hober then called the police.

University of Oregon Girl Acts as Forest Fire Lookout

Eugene, Ore., Aug. 13.—Miss Dorothy Dickey, junior at the University of Oregon, seems to have a high aim in life, and so far she has been successful in the accomplishment of her desires. She is to be a forest fire

lookout on Horse Pasture mountain, 6,000 feet above sea level, again this season following her competent observation work at the same post last year.

From July 10 until some time in September—depending upon the start of the fall rains—Miss Dickey will occupy one of the two major look-

out posts in the McKenzie river district, located about 85 miles from Eugene. In order to reach her place of employment she must travel 15 miles of the distance on foot, with a packhorse to carry her belongings.

Last summer the university girl was the first observer to locate 10 forest fires.

Advertisement for BEDDEO fur coats. Features the text 'The Greatest of All FUR SALES' and 'Rock-Bottom Prices and Sensational Sale Terms'. Includes a list of fur coats with prices: 36-Inch Gray French Coney Coat \$75.00 Value \$49.75, 36-Inch Brown French Coney Coat \$90.00 Value \$59.75, 36-Inch Arctic Seal Coat Plain \$150 Value \$99.50, 36-Inch Leopard Cat Coat \$197.50 Value \$125, Pony Coat 36-Inch Wolf Collar and Cuffs \$150 Value \$99.50.

Advertisement for The Rogers One-pipe Furnace. Features an illustration of the furnace and the text 'Service for Years to Come' and 'Burns Soft Coal Fine!'. Includes contact information for Milton Rogers and Sons Company, 1405 Harney.