### SILVER SPOONS IN THE FLOUR

By ANNA S. FIELDER

(@ by Short Story Pub. Co.)

A WILSON regarded the sack gazed around helplessly. of flour with silent contempt. Pa Wilson shuffled uneasily.

"Well, ma," he said, "I tried to git Kingsbury's Rocky Mountain Best, but Jed wuz clean out, and knowin' as how you hed to hev flour, Jed says as this is jest as good."

"Jest as good! Powerful lot Jed Summers knows about flour! It's a purty howdy-do! Me with them cakes to bake fer the Ladles' Aid, an' not a tencupful of decent flour in the house! No, 'tain't no use fer you to try to in this minute! I'll hev ter use it. gift." Like as not they'll fail an' I ain't had year. Lucindy! Come here an' empty this sack of flour while I git the eggs an' milk."

Lucindy, a shambling country girl, ten in at the last minute." appeared in the door as ma's ample proportions disappeared pantryward. "Oh, ma!" came in excited accents a minute later, "look what's in the

"Lord!" ejaculated ma, dropping an egg on the spotless floor. "A silver spoon! Pa, look here!"

hand almost reverently. "Jed said

"Don't you tell him, Si!" gasped | spair. ma. "I'm goin' ter make a flat failure out'n these cakes so's they won't nobody else buy that flour. I'm goin' ter git all of these here spoons Jed's got. I wonder how often they come."

"Oh, once in so often, I reckon. Won't Billy's eyes stick out when he sees this? Well, I got ter go an' put

"Lucindy," said ma, confidentially, when pa was out of sight, "I'm goin' to git half a dozen of them spoons. T've always wanted some real silver an' this is my chance. I reckon I'll take a fall out'n them stuck-up Higginses with their silver butter dish that the platin's all wearin' off."

That night, instead of her customary knitting. Ma Wilson got out some scraps of flannel and made a long case containing six pockets.

"Now, what would you embroider on it?" she inquired of Lucindy, "Spoons"?

"Silver sounds a heap sweller," Ludady replied.

"No," ma objected. "Silver is misso's Higginses' butter dish. I think I'll make it 'Silver Spoons.' "

And "Silver Spoons" It was when the case was reverently placed under ma's pillow that night.

In the two months following ma contrived to use four sacks of flour and was rewarded with two more spoons, and her soul soared heavenward as she slipped the third spoon into its pocket and realized that the case was half full. Her thrifty soul would not permit her to waste the flour and she was driven to distraction thinking of ways to use it fast enough. The family lived on cakes

and pies, thickened gravies and flour sauces until Bill remarked that he "wished she'd give him his flour dry If it would rush things any." Three months passed and brought the fourth spoon. With it ma begun to develop a fear of burglars. Her sleep came to be mere cat-naps, from which she frequently aroused to call

ury to the long-suffering family. The fifth spoon only served to make matters worse. Ma's old hand trembled piteously as she slipped it into the shining row.

pa and send him down to see if he

had fastened the cellar door. A night

of unbroken rest was an unknown lux-

"Seems like she gits worse'n worse," Billy growled.

"Never mind!" consoled pa. "Praise be! They ain't but one more!"

And it was this thought that goaded ma on. She doubled her efforts and tripled her vigilance, but the sixth

spoon came not. Weeks passed, leaden weeks of flour puddings and thickened gravies, that has been slipped in the shell. One and nights of sleepless anxiety. Pa way of distinguishing Japanese culgrew sullen and ma's rotund figure shrunk to gaunt proportions. She gazed at pa hollow-eyed across the breakfast table. Flour, flour every- through the pearl and distinguish the where! Flour in every imaginable | core .- Popular Science Monthly. shape and form.

The climax came when she fainted Might Have Satisfied one afternoon, opening a sack of flour.

The doctor came, and tapped and sounded in vain.

"As near as I can make out." he said to Lucindy, "It's a kind of nerv- delenes to Garth yat: ous prostration. Has your ma been under any great strain Intely?"

Lucindy shook her head. She didn't want to tell about the spoons and the doctor went away mystified. As the weeks passed and ma grew weaker and a joint of sirioin before Uncle his mystification increased. She com- Fletcher, sauces and chutn'es in front manded each new sack of flour to be brought to her bed and opened, and apple pastries served with jugs of at each new disappointment she sank back in a condition of collapse. Dur- tea passed down each side of the table ing the intervals she lay weak and from scarlet-and-black Aunt Deborah silent; on her pillow, slipping the by two fresh-faced servant girls whose spoons in and out of their pockets, speech was difficult to understand." and regarding sadly the one empty

spacet

die. I'm goin' ter bitch up an' drive over to Grayson City an' buy one of them spoons at the jewelry store."

That night he drove back trium-

phant and handed a spoon to Lucindy, saying: "Now, you sew that up in a sack of flour an' praise be we'll be shed er

this spoon business forever!" "Why, pa!" Lucindy exclaimed "this ain't like the other!"

Pa's face fell. "Well, it looked like it in the jewelry store. Well-" he "Ours has got little curly-cues here,"

Lucindy explained, "an' this one ain't." "D' you suppose she'll notice?" pa

inquired, hopefully. "Notice? Ain't she looked at them spoons enough to know 'em in the dark? No, it ain't no use. We got ter git it out'n the flour er not at all." Meanwhile ma had spent the day making her will, one clause of which

"And the family silver consisting - spoons I bequeath to my change it now, them cakes oughter be daughter, Lucindy, for a wedding a very fast traveler, and his slower

afforded her honest pride-

She had insisted on leaving the a failure with my bakin' in twenty blank space. "For somehow," she said, "I feel 's if I couldn't die till I see them six spoons all together there in a row, an' the number can be writ-

When pa read it he set his jaw firmly and strode out to the barn. "Bill," he ordered "hitch up. I'm goin' down an' buy every sack of that blamed flour Jed Summers' got!"

An hour later they drove into the yard with the wagon full of sacks. Feverishly they worked opening and "Well, don't that beat all!" Pa pouring the contents unceremoniously took the shining object in his great on the barn floor, the dust from the same turning them gradually to a as now they wuz premiums in some of | ghastly gray in the lantern light, unthe sacks, but I low he didn't know | til they seized the last sack, tore it it wuz anything like this er he'd open, dumped it on the heap, and then gazed at one another in blank de-

At last Bill broke the silence. "My God!" he gasped, gazing wild-eyed at the snowy mountain. "Think of the

flour we've got to eat!" "I'm goin' back down to Jed's," Pa Wilson said, dully. "Maybe he's got #

sack left som'ers." Jed invited them to look for themselves and in desperation they looked. At last, under a heap of empty sacks in a dark corner they found a solitary sack left.

"Bill," the old man groaned. "You do it-I ain't got the grit."

Bill hesitated a moment, glanced at the old man's haggard face, drew a long breath, then plunged in his hand and brought out-a spoon!

It was a gasping breathless pair that dashed into the farmhouse kitchen a little later. Would they be in time? They tore through the diningroom and into the bedroom where Ma ran with long swinging strides. Wilson lay weak and white among the pillows, still counting her spoons.

Bill tossed the shining new spoon

radiant with awe and unbelief. "It ain't-" she whispered. "Oh, pa, it ain't the other spoon!"

"Sure, Mike!" Bill ejaculated. "That's just what it is, the other spoon!" Ma Wilson turned it over, lovingly

examining every detail of the design. all the little "curly-cues" which proclaimed it unmistakably the spoon, then slipping it into the solitary empty pocket she fell back upon the pillows and contemplated the finished row with satisfaction too deep for words.

The assembled family gazed from ma's placid face to the spoons and from the spoons to one another, limp and silent with voiceless gratitude. At last ma spoke.

"You can tear up that will, Lucindy," she said, "I'm goin' to live to git a dozen of these here spoons!"

#### How Artificial Pearls Differ From Real Ones

Anyone can test a pearl for himself. Many artificial pearls are hollow glass. beads, with a sort of fishscale lining, a product of a small Mediterranean fish. These can be detected by rubbing the pearl gently over the edge of your lower teeth.

If it is a glass pearl it will feel perfectly smooth. If it is a real pearl it will be slightly rough and grating. A Japanese cultured pearl cannot be detected in this way, for its outer

structure is exactly like that of a real pearl. It is a pearl formed by an oyster about a core of mother-of-pearl tured pearls from real ones is examining them under a lucidoscope. By means of this machine one can look

## Most Hungry of Diners

In Diana Patrick's novel, "The Manuscript of Youth," is this account of the dinner that welcomed the Chap-

"The meal, called by what name may be, was terrific. A great York ham, which she learned was cooked with honey and spices in some rapturous way; a cold game ple of Clara and Lily; huge fruit cakes cream; with it all, unlimited cups of

A precise narrative reckoning of the details through which a dinner be-'Bill," said pa, one day. "Some comes a danger. And yet, it sounds thing's got ter be done er your ma 'll well worth the risk.-Chicago Journal,





DROMEDARY'S TEMPER

NOT in all the Great Desert is there a worse disposition than Don Dromedary's. He just can't help snarling and scolding.

He is the most valuable beast of burden in the world, because he can travel across the hot dry desert for days without anything to eat or drink. There are no trains in the Desert and even horses can't go very far, because there is no water except at the small spots called Oases, and they are many miles apart. The Dromedary, who is



The Jungle Was Many Miles Away; Don Dromedary Knew It.

cousin, the Camel, are useful in other ways also to the Arab who lives in the Desert. He drinks their milk, makes tents and rugs of their skins and weaves clothes of their fine sliky hair. Oh, yes, Don Dromedary knew he was useful, but it didn't make him

"I am going to break loose if I can," said he to himself one warm starry night, when the caravan had stopped to rest. "I'm going to find that wise Cheerups everyone is talking about. and ask him if he doesn't think mine is a very hard lot. I guess I can do it now without being noticed; Master's

The Jungle was many miles away, and Don Dromedary knew it. "But miles are nothing to the Ship of the Desert," muttered he to himself, as he

"Well, here's for it," said Don, as he plunged down the winding way. "I'm not so well acquainted here on the counterpane before her. She though, as out in the open. Maybe I'd started up from the pillows her face better stop and get my bearings. Let me see, there's the tall palm tree and the Great Breadfruit tree, but what in the world is that?"

"That's what I say, too," cried a small jolly voice out of the darkness. "I was just having my first forty winks, and I'd like to know who comes calling on Cheerups at this time of night."

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, is that really broken away from the caravan, asleep under the stars, and come many miles to see you. For once in my life I am | the new shoots (if any) which spring lucky!"

"Once in your life, you say?" mumbled Cheerups sleepily. "Well, aren't you ashamed, Don Dromedary? You are one of the lucklest in all the Great Desert."

Don, with a sneer on his surly curly lips. "I'm not satisfied."

RUBY

THERE seems to be no reference of

the first appearance of jewels as

feminine names. Neither the Bible nor

early history shows evidence of this

tendency to name women after gems.

Indeed etymologists do not recognize

Ruby and her sister names as names

at all and they are not listed in the

Ruby has many equivalents in Sans-

krit and among the Hindus, who re-

garded the gem as the king of precious

stones, but none of them are capable

of usage as a proper name. Undoubt-

lists of cognomen.

"What is the trouble?" asked Cheerups kindly.

"Everything is the trouble, sir," grumbled Don. "Nothing is right. In the first place, when I am on a long journey across the Desert, I rarely get anything to eat. Sometimes my master gives me a few dates, but I'm lucky if I find a thorn bush to nibble on."

"But there's your splendld fat hump from which your body gets its food all through the trip," cried Cheerups. "A very handy way of carrying your lunch when you are traveling, I should say. To be sure, your hump is flat when you reach your destination because it has all been used, but a few weeks of hearty eating fills it up again."

"Of course, that is true," admitted Don, "but I seldom have a drink of water on the journey."

"Now, Don Dromedary, how can you complain, with all those deep cells full of water in your stomach. You can carry over a gallon, enough to quench your thirst for five or six days."

"You are right about the water, Mr. Cheerups," said Don; "but how would you like to tramp along, day in and day out, in soft heavy sand?"

"Just look at your feet," crie! Cheerups, who was beginning to be a little impatient with this fussy complainer. "They are made with broad spreading cushions so you don't sink into the sand at all. A horse with his small hard hoofs would be tired in two hours' travel over the Desert. I should think Softfoot had been fitting the magic slippers on you, your feet are so beautifully padded."

"I don't care," grunted the fretful Don. "I have to stand while terrible standstorms rage about me and my master lies face downward on the ground and avoids most of it."

"Yes, most of it, most of it, sir, but not all of it, as you do. If you weren't such a naughty, spoiled boy, Don Dromedary, I'd have to laugh," said Cheerups, smiling. "You are really too absurd! Why, you can close your nostrils to keep the sand out, and your long thick eyelashes protect your eyes. I'm ashamed of you!'

"Well, anyway, I'm cross and unhappy," snapped the great black

"That's the whole truth," cried Cheerups gleefully. "It's a new disposition you need! Your bad temper is 食を食食を食食を食る食食

Millie Impolito の方のこれをもちるちのこれの



T the number of exotic creatures, "vampish" and otherwise, who flit across the celluloid sheet, may be added the name of Millie Impolito, who recently sailed from Spain for this country to play "vamp" parts in the "movies." Miss Impolito is of the typical Spanish type, with petulant mouth, flashing black eyes and vivid personality.

all that makes you miserable. No one can make you kind, good-natured and contented but yourself, Don Dromedary. Now go back to the caravan and try to be cheerful and look on the best side of things. You will find that not only you yourself will be happier, but every one who knows you."

Poor Don was really ashamed by this time. He knew so well that all Cheerups had said was true that he couldn't look him in the eye. In a very small voice, with his head hanging almost to the ground, he said, "Really, I will try to be good, Mr. Cheerups. Thank you." Then he turned about and dashed back into the

(@ by Little, Brown & Co.)

# By H. IRVING SUPERSTITIONS

#### **MULLEN-STALKS**

A NXIOUS lovers in the rural districts of this country twist a mullen-stalk nearly off after naming it for the loved one. If the mullen you?" cried Don Dromedary. "I have lives your affections are reciprocated, If it dies they are not. In some sections if the mullen lives after this rite up are counted to see how many children will result from the marriage. From most ancient times mullen has been regarded as having a close affinity with the sun and being, therefore, a powerful plant to conjur with. "But I am not satisfied," snarled The bright yellow flowers, clustering about the long, conical head of the mullen-stalk, gives it the fancled ap-

The name made its first appearance

in-England, where it was a favorite

with music-hall actresses. Its advent

in this country was less spectacular

but it has never ceased to be a popular

stage name. The regal gem, for which

it stands, must have given it popular-

ity, for there is nothing striking in

Ruby's tallsmanic stone is, of course

the one which she personifies. If old

legend be correct, she will be blessed

among women in possessing all the

material benefits of this world and

will, furthermore, be protected from

disease and accidents. Thursday is

her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

(@ by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

General and a service of the contract of the c

THE PLAN

DWELLING on the good

That's the plan for me.
Driving dark and rude times
Out of memory.
Thinking of the glad things
And the sunny hours;
Losing all the sad things

There among the flowers.

( by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

General appropriate the contract of the contra

either its history or its prevalence.

By MILDRED MARSHALL-

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

pearance of a candle glowing with yellow light caught from the sun; and the name itself comes, by a circultous process, from a Latin word connecting it with a candle.

In England the mullen is still called "high taper" and in Germany "king's candle." Its relation to the sun is further shown by the custom of the Prussian peasants of bending down a mullen-stalk after dark toward the point where the sun will arise, praying at the same time for the recovery of a sick person or sick beast. Thuringian peasants dig up mullen-root at midnight on midsummer eve-the sun's especial time of power-with a golden coin (a miniature sun) and wear it next their bodies to keep off disease. German peasant girls pick mullenstalks at midsummer and hang them over their beds as a charm, and their fathers pass mullen-stalks over the midsummer fires and hang them over their cattle sheds to keep off disease and witches.

(C by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



W HY so moody, Peroxide?" Quinine Sponson asked his wife as he looked up from the morning paper. 'You haven't addressed so much as a comma to me all during breakfast. You're not mad, are you?"

QUININE SPONSON

"Yes," snapped Peroxide flishilly. "Is it because I put that block of ice cream between your sheets before you went to bed last night?"

"No. I didn't mind that so much." "Are you angry because I brought those six chorus girls home for dinner yesterday?" "No. Men will be men."

"Can It be that you resent my cutting your allowance in half because of the increase in the cost of cigars?" "No. I regarded that as a mere whim."

"Well, then, what can it be?" With one pull of the tablecloth, Mrs. Sponson sent all the breakfast things flying to the four walls.

"It's your miserable habit of sticking your wet spoon in the sugar bowl, that's what it is! You've done it five times in five minutes, and now I'm through with you !- through! through through !"

Soon afterwards the divorce was granted and they lived happly ever after.



A Diffferent Matter

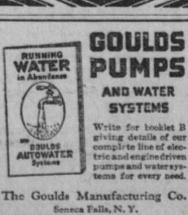
"Don't bring me any bills: I can't face them." "You needn't, darling, I want you to foot them."



Setting a good example is like walking the tightrope.

We excuse vanity in artists, but not much anywhere else.







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