

THE "BRIGHT LIGHTS"

By A. G. SHERWIN

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"SHE is too good for me, but I am going to make myself worthy of her," declared Roy Wilder.

"As how, now?" questioned his blunt and practical uncle, who conducted a business at Lipton and had made friends, a little money and felt that life was worth living every hour of the working day.

"Why, I'll tell you, uncle," explained Roy. "I love Lesbia Thorne, as you know. I believe she knows that, too, and perhaps likes me a little in return. I was at the commencement when she graduated and the beautiful sentiments she spoke attracted me. She is a poor girl, but she has high ideals. I cannot help but believe it would dwarf all her ambitions to spend her life in a humdrum country village. She is going to try the city—so am I."

Old James Ridgely shook his head slowly and sadly. Fondness and indulgence were manifest in his kindly face and voice as he said:

"Nephew, I won't blame you, but when you have seen the bright lights and tire of the lure of the magnet city and find out as I did once, that all that is fair to the sight but at the core hold but bitter dust and blight, turn back to the old man and remember I am always your friend."

Like some knight errant gaily and hopefully entering the lists to battle for some great cause, Roy Wilder repaired to the distant metropolis. He had only a little money and started out on his budding career with real sense and economy. He was fortunate in finding a true friend, if one without much influence.

This was a man considerably older than himself, one Rolfe Lismond. He was a cynic, he had gruffness for almost everybody. A "has-been," a failure he designated himself, managing to pick up a few crumbs from the overloaded table of literary lords who used his hack services when they were too indolent or incompetent to tackle subjects it meant hard work to traverse.

He showed Roy the paths, and thorny ones they were. He educated him into the mysteries of cheap hall rooms and inexpensive lunches. His delight was to fill his old pipe, evenings and sit dreaming while Roy told of far-away Lipton and its rural delights. At the end of six months he had managed to work in Roy as an occasional writer of sketches for a society fad paper.

Roy felt the meanness and disloyalty to his true soul principles every time he slurred rustic life, for it was because of his familiarity with country character that he was engaged. His publishers required satire, ridicule. He was obliged to deride the simplicity of the announcement that "St. Green was painting his front fence," or that "Our pastor had a rousing donation party last week."

In contradiction with this, he was compelled to gild the false unnatural glamour of the white ways. The artificial glare of the bright lights had dazzled him at the first. Now they sickened his spirit. Distinction, affluence might be gained, but to pay the price of their acquisition was to part with the last vestige of truth and integrity.

"I give it up!" he said to himself one day. "I will not longer travesty the sweet simple life I must get back to or go mad in this wild whirlpool of fraud, deceit and hypocrisy."

And Lesbia? Several times Roy heard of her, but did not seek to meet her. In some way some college friends had secured for her an entree as a singer into the higher circles of society. Lesbia had a beautiful voice. Her ambition was to become an opera singer. Then, when the social season was over, Roy heard nothing of her. He had about given up his city dream. He had written wearily, longingly to good old Uncle James. A very little encouragement and Roy was ready to go back to Lipton and begin life all over again.

Lismond went away on a commission to write up a trip around the world with some state improvement committee and Roy was lonely and discouraged. Then came dark days—no work and no prospects. He was compelled to give up the room he rented and cut down meals to two a day. Finally even this system he could not afford to keep up. He took the cheapest lodgings by the night and made do with a pound of broken crackers or yesterday's stale rolls for a time.

There were no bright lights now. All was obscurity, the gloss gone from metropolitan life, nothing sweet in the city but the patient lives of the poor.

"I'll make one last break, try to get placed and if I fail—" he soliloquized, and halted there his speech with a shudder, turning from the dark rolling river which he passed at the moment.

His watch was his last valued property possession. To this he had clung, but necessity seemed to demand the sacrifice of the last shred of respectability and he pawned it. His plan was to invest in a new hat and shoes, tidy up as far as his means would allow and seek work outside of the literary field.

With his little store of wealth Roy

left the pawn shop, calculating closely how he could most effectively invest his little capital.

It was raining and the air was chilly and disagreeable. He was proceeding past a row of wholesale stores closed up for the night, when a commotion proceeded from an intersecting court.

Crash—bang! Then yells, the shrill tootings of a watchman's whistle. Three men dashed into the street and past Roy. One of them dropped a bundle in his flight. They were evidently thieves pursued. A policeman emerged from the mouth of the court. He began firing after them. To evade a stray bullet Roy sprang into a building entrance.

It was dark in the little space where the building elevator started. There was a bench at one side. He moved towards this as a bullet shattered a pane of glass near by. As he did so he pressed closer to a figure huddled back at the end of the bench, seemingly disturbing her from sleep.

"Oh! do not harm me—I-I was only resting—"

"Great heavens!" gasped Roy and stood aghast, for the voice was that of Lesbia Thorne!

As she tottered nearer to the light of the street he saw how pale and thin she was. There were traces of care and suffering in her once bonny face. He spoke his name and she was reassured. She almost fell to the seat. He sat down beside her. They forgot their environment, everything, as their stories were exchanged.

Lesbia had found the road to operative favor a dismal treadmill. Poverty had come, she was homeless.

Roy insisted that she accompany him to the home of an old lady with whom he had boarded during his first palmy days in the city. There she was given in kindly charge. There, too, Roy found a belated letter from his uncle in answer to his own—loving, ardent, home-welcoming.

"Can I bring Lesbia with me?" was wired an hour later and the prompt reply came: "She shall be as my own daughter."

So these two, wedded the next day, went away from the bright lights so delusive, so devouring—back to the sweet simple life that was full of smiles, and tenderness, and love.

Few Willing to Admit Doing Things for Fun

People would be better off in many ways if they would occasionally admit that they do things merely for the fun of doing them, contends an editorial in Liberty. "We Americans have a peculiar complex inherited from our Puritan forebears," the editorial maintains. "We stubbornly refuse to admit that we ever do anything for the sake of pleasure. We persist in regarding pleasure as a by-product, and feel that doing anything pleasurable for its own sake is akin to sin. The surest way for an American small boy to insure a whipping is to tell his father, 'Aw, I did it for fun.'"

"The ancestors of most of us, when they arrived on these shores," the editorial explains, "were down in the world, homesick, lonely and broke. They resented the fact that the aristocracy and the nobility in the old country did things for pleasure. In their eyes, anything the aristocracy did was wrong. Therefore pleasure for its own sake was wicked."

"A frank admission that we do things for the fun of doing them, and the omission of hypocritical excuses from ancestors who were down in the world," the editorial contends, "might help us to correct some of the evils that oppress us."

Class by Herself

Arthur Bernstein, former business manager for Jackie Coogan and now manager of a group of West coast theaters, was busy casting types for one of the many proteges that are stazed under his direction.

"Have you had any experience?" he asked the sweet young thing on the carpet.

"No sir," "I suppose you were the talk of your home town?" "Oh, no."

"But, of course, you expect to be a star some day?" "Oh, no, of course not."

"Can you sing?" "Just a little."

"All right," said Arthur, "I'm going to hire you. I'll use you as a curiosity."

Telephone Statistics

It is estimated that approximately 73,000,000 telephone conversations take place every day within the boundaries of the United States, the total for the year being in excess of 22,000,000,000, or at the rate of 191 for each inhabitant. The nearest approach to this among the other countries of the world is that of Denmark, which is credited with more than 131 talks. Norway and Sweden rank next, with 113 and 106, respectively; while France and Italy, which are presumed to be racially conversational, are near the bottom of the list with 29 and 9 talks, respectively.

Puritans of Many Sects

Puritanism was never a denomination in the true sense of the word. The Puritans were originally members of the established church who believed in purifying and reforming the church in respect to rituals and certain matters of doctrine. Those who came to America became Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists and members of various other sects. For instance, after Roger Williams was expelled from Massachusetts he organized the first Baptist congregation in America. —Pathfinder Magazine

Brims Pronounced on Spring Straws

New Models Cling to High Crown, but Hard Lines Are Eliminated.

The spring straw hats reached London before the winter snows.

The new model straws maintain the vogue of the high crown, but hard lines are eliminated by the clever use of fancy effects in straws and the addition of taffeta and ribbon. Brims are more pronounced whether they droop prettily over the face or turn up turban fashion. A novelty in straws is the beehive shape with black satin ribs.

The milliners in popularizing straws are also introducing more colors. Some are in rose pink, swathed in taffeta, others in orange-colored straw and interwoven colors.

A black millan hat achieves a smart effect in the combination of an unusually high crown and the narrow drooping brim. Ostrich wisps continue the line of the applied section of the crown of a satin shape, softening the severity of the simple model. Shaped pieces of straw are fitted over the crown of a pastel-toned straw hat, which also testifies to the vogue of the high crown and brim. A black felt turban by Reboux is distinctive with deep ear tabs and a front peak to conform with the peaked back. Two bands, beginning from plaits at either side, are crossed in front and held with a jeweled pin to form a diadem. Feather-trimmed hats are winning the fancy of well-dressed Parisiennes.



Midseason Showing of Hats Reflects Diversity of Mode.

A fancy algrette cocked at just the right angle subdues the hard lines of the severe black felt. Ostrich plumes, however, find little favor.

Another tendency observed is to make the brim of one color and the crown of another, matching the colors of the dress.

Inverted Plaits Going All Way Down the Back

Some of the more habilite coats in satin, velvet, silk rep, moire are bloused at the back or have straight-gathered capes, or shaped ones at the back. An interesting silhouette is the straight coat with just one very deep "pile Watteau" (inverted plait going all the way down at the back, so frequent in the Louis XV period, and widening toward the bottom). The inside of the plait may be different from the coat and the same as the lining. The coat of ermine may have the inside of the plait and the lining in black velvet.

A big godet, split in the middle, may take the place of the plait. A row of buttons may be placed in the "inside" of the plait, going all the way or half way down the back.

Plaits of this kind or silks are also very frequent on day frocks. The front of the frock is quite plain.

Countless Numbers of Attractive Necklaces

For those who never feel that a costume is complete without a pin, necklace or boutonniere of some kind, there are really countless numbers of them to be had. Here the matter of choice is fairly easy, for the designers and importers apparently have considered all ages and varieties of women when sending out their wares. Simple gold necklaces with bracelets strung together. Others made entirely of links show colors that will blend in well with the coming spring fabrics. Colored crystal and wide use of imitation onyx form the basis of an interesting collection of jewelry for Palm Beach wear.

Ribbon Trimming

An effective trimming on dark serge and silk frocks is the use of bandings of different but harmonious colors in grosgrain ribbon.

Youngster's Frocks in Gay Hand-Embroidery



According to the foreword of the mode, this is to be a season of colorful hand-embroidery—a fact which pertains to the styling of little girls' clothes for spring and summer. In making wee daughter's wash dresses try combining cross-stitch and lazy dazy stitch as shown in the picture. For voile, swiss or organdie frocks one can vary the work by drawing out threads and substituting fancy hemstitching done with colored thread, for the cross-stitch.

Georgettes, Crepes and Sports Silks Attractive

Dainty georgettes, crepes and sports silks are made up in many attractive styles and in many instances are self-trimmed, thereby requiring a touch of something different to give them individuality. This is where the dainty kid flowers come in, for many designers are posing them on either the right or left shoulder. They are soft and velvety looking, especially when of the gardenia family. The colors favored are the pastel shades of pink, maize, lavender, rose, beige and ivory.

Bedroom slippers in moccasin style with bright green or blue fabric studded with small gold beads, and around the top is a soft warm band of white fur. To complete the idea of luxury, peach-colored satin is used for lining.

Parasols Necessary on Southern Resort Trip

One article not to be overlooked in taking a Southern trip is a parasol. In fact several may well be carried along. This season the models are short and stubby like those in fancy silks now being carried about by smartly dressed women in town. The fabrics are linen and raffia, either in plain or fancy woven effects. Of special interest are those that are plain with hand-embroidered borders, in floral designs that bring out the natural colorings of the flowers.

There is the widest range of handles, made of various compositions, wood, and leather. Both the wood and composition handles are equipped with silk cord loops and tassels, while the leather-covered ones have leather straps.

Elizabethan Frills in Winter Fashion Picture

The Elizabethan influence on modern English fashions is emphasized by pierrot frills on the new winter frocks. Short hair is believed responsible for the vogue for neck ornamentation. It is exemplified by high collars made of strings around the neck. The tulle bow has come in again on a gigantic scale. With light dresses a black velvet band is worn around the neck and is finished off at the side-back by an immense bow of tulle. The black band must fit closely around the neck in order to give the bow its full value and fairly stiff tulle is used so that it may stick out as much as Queen Elizabeth's duff. With gray hair, gray tulle is used.

Large Envelope Bags of Embroidered Silk

Envelope bags of good proportion and made of rich silks embroidered in ecclesiastical themes serve to accentuate the feeling of ease and luxury that accompanies a very elaborate wardrobe. These bags follow the general color tones and styling of the very modern bags. In many of them the single color scheme is developed, especially in those of silver and gold. In this way such a bag may be carried with impunity with most any color scheme.

Jersey Jumpers

For the Southern sports costumes, Jersey is becoming more and more popular. A straight navy blue coat is frequently worn over a white jersey frock. Unborn calfskins are used occasionally to trim these knitted costumes.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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Going without the good things of life is considered a hardship. Too little thought is given to the blessings. Everybody struggles to acquire material advantages, thinking that they spell happiness, but happiness not infrequently lies in practicing the fine art of doing without.—American Cookery.

SOME GOOD CHOWDERS

Everybody enjoys soups and chowders when well made and seasoned. A cook who has not in her repertoire a list of chowders is missing one of the best of dishes to serve her family.

When it is possible to get fish or shell fish, there is nothing better for chowders, but other vegetables will make a fair substitute.

Corn Chowder.—Fry until brown one-fourth pound of diced salt pork, add one large sliced onion and fry until brown. When corn is fresh, cut from the cob enough sweet corn to fill a quart measure or use a can of corn; put the corn into the kettle with the pork and onion, two cupfuls of diced uncooked potatoes, two cupfuls of tomatoes, sprinkling each layer with flour, pepper and salt. When fresh corn is used, cover the corn with cold water and bring to the boiling point; if canned, add as much water as needed to cook the vegetables. Add two cupfuls of milk, butter and milk crackers when serving.

Maryland Fish Chowder.—Fry two slices of salt pork and one large onion cut fine. Add four pounds of fresh fish and six large potatoes cut into dice. Cover with cold water and simmer until the food is cooked. Add one quart of milk, salt and pepper to taste, with two tablespoonsful of butter. Add six milk crackers which have been soaked in hot milk, season to taste with minced parsley and Worcestershire sauce.

Soft Clam Chowder.—Tie in a small piece of muslin six cloves, six allspice and six peppercorns. Fry brown a quarter of a pound of diced pork, then add one large diced onion and fry until yellow. Add six sliced potatoes, a can of tomatoes, the bag of spices, four cupfuls of cold water and a dash of cayenne, cook four hours. Add a quart of soft-shelled clams parboiled and chopped, five milk crackers soaked in boiling milk, a quart of milk and simmer for five minutes.

Codfish Chowder.—Fry one-fourth pound of salt pork cut into fine dice, until brown. Add three sliced onions and cook for five minutes, then add one-half dozen sliced potatoes, cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are tender. Meanwhile soak one-half pound of salt codfish, parboil and shred; add to the chowder, with one quart of milk. Bring to the boiling point. Pour hot milk over half a dozen milk crackers and when soft add to the chowder; serve very hot in soup plates.

Creola Chowder.—Fry brown four large onions in pork fat. Add five tomatoes, four sweet peppers shredded and two cupfuls of fresh or canned corn. Add boiling water to cover. Season with pepper, salt and sugar and cook until the vegetables are well cooked.

The Piebelan Peanut.

The ordinary nut which is so common among us is a valuable food, rich in fat and of such good flavor that it is universally liked.

Peanut butter is so commonly used that it is hardly necessary to mention how wholesome it is. The small boy knows how it appeals to a hungry stomach, as a spread for bread or a sandwich filling.

Lettuce With Peanuts.—Roll fresh peanuts after shelling and removing the brown husks; when like coarse crumbs, sprinkle over crisp, tender lettuce that has been washed and drained, add a bit of shredded onion and serve with French dressing.

Peanut Loaf.—Take one cupful of chopped peanuts, two cupfuls of crumbs, two tablespoonsful of fat or peanut butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Mix, using the milk—more if needed to make a moist loaf. Put into a buttered pan and bake one hour. Baste once or twice with melted fat. Serve turned out on a hot platter, sprinkled with chopped nuts.

Peanut Sausages.—Take a cupful of mashed potato, a cupful of ground peanuts, one egg well beaten, one and one-half tablespoonsful of salt, a few dashes of pepper, and a few slices of salt pork or bacon. Mix all the ingredients, roll in bread crumbs and place in a greased pan with small pieces of salt pork or bacon over the top. Bake in a hot oven until brown.

Salted Peanuts.—Take unroasted peanuts, shell and remove the brown skins. Into a frying pan put one-third of a cupful of olive or vegetable oil, when hot stir in the peanuts and cook until well browned. Remove from the fat and sprinkle with salt.

Peanut, Peas, Pickle Salad.—Take one cupful of coarsely chopped peanuts, one cupful of peas cooked and drained, and one-half cupful of chopped sour pickle. Mix well with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

Nellie Maxwell

Colds Fever Gripp

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The Shiftless Policy Secretary Wilbur, at a Washington dinner party, complained about the lack of appropriations, which prevent him from keeping the navy at full strength. "A shiftless policy in appropriating money," he said, "is as unsatisfactory as a shiftless policy in any other affair. It reminds me of a little story. 'I've only got two clean pairs of socks,' a man complained one morning, 'and they've both got holes in them.' 'His wife examined the socks. Then she said: "'Put on both pairs, dear. The holes are in different places.'"

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR" A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!—S. Daniel.

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