

THAT WINNING NUMBER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

YOU could tell by the important air with which the old man shut the gate behind him that he was not merely going out for a walk but with an object.

He had been intrusted with a commission—to buy something for the boy. And it was actually Coronna who was sending him.

During the six weeks that Abner Foster had been living at his son's house, by repeated snubs his daughter-in-law had indicated that she had poor opinion of "Father Foster's" abilities. But the sale of children's stockings at Donaldson's, advertised in her last night's paper, was to be between nine and eleven only; in the midst of her rush to get her breakfast dishes washed and an early start the kitchen sink had sprung a leak. Such a mess! And no telling when the plumber would come.

"I'll show her I ain't in my dotage yet," grinned Father Foster to himself as he entered the store.

And never did small stockings undergo such scrutiny as the four pairs selected by the old man who perched on the first vacated stool—gold specs perched on the tip of his nose.

"Your dollar purchase entitles you to a ticket in our prize pony contest," the clerk announced as she made out her sales check. "The drawing's to be in six weeks. Please fill out this card with your name, address and number of ticket for our record."

Even Coronna's sharp eyes could find no fault with the stockings proudly exhibited on his return.

"I forgot to give you the money," she said, "but you'll find a silver dollar on the dining-room shelf."

"I don't want any money," said Father Foster. "The stockings are a present from me to the boy."

"Nothing of the kind," declared Coronna. "Some time you can buy Bobbie a toy if you've a mind to, but you've no call to get him things to wear."

"Them stockings are my present," reiterated the old man obstinately. For he had reasoned it all out. If Coronna paid for the stockings he would have to give her the pony ticket.

"And nothing doing!" grinned Abner Foster. "Bobby's pony is to come from his grandpop and nobody else."

For the fact that countless tickets were in circulation did not make a dent upon the old man's confidence that he held the winning number.

His first intention was to wait and spring the pony on Bobbie as a surprise. But the drawing would not be for six weeks, and that evening when Bobbie climbed upon his knee and coaxed for a story, he could not resist telling the wonderful thing in store for him.

"A secret just between you and me and nobody else," he said in whispered confidence.

And from that time on the two were never five minutes together that they did not talk pony, while at least three afternoons a week they went downtown, hand in hand, to stand enraptured before Donaldson's window.

For in the window was a life-size effigy of a pony cut out of wood and highly colored in chocolate brown, with splashes of dazzling white. A pony with arching neck and tail. A spirited animal at full gallop.

"Father's perked up considerably," commented Bob Foster to his wife with a relieved sigh. "I was worried about him at first. He seemed to have lost his grip."

"Your father's an old man," said Coronna.

"And being turned off at the mills because of his age was a hard blow," Bob continued. "It wasn't easy, either, for him to pull up stakes and come out here to live with us."

"He ought to be thankful he had a good home to come to."

"I know. But it's kind of lonesome for the old man." His face lighted up. "He and Bobbie seem to have taken a shine to each other, though."

"Yes, since the Simpson children moved away and Bobbie has nobody to play with."

But the next morning a furniture van backed up at the house opposite where the Simpsons had lived, and that afternoon Bobbie informed his grandfather that a new little boy had come to live on the block.

"Just my size. He's sitting out on his steps now. I'm going straight over to make his acquaintance."

The old man's heart fell with a thud. When the Simpson children lived opposite he had seen Bobbie only at meal time. After the constant companionship of the last weeks how he would miss the child!

But in a few minutes Bobbie was back; his face blank with disappointment. The new boy was no good, he cold-bloodedly reported. He was a cripple boy on crutches. And he couldn't run, or play ball, or climb fences, or anything.

Abner Foster's heart leaped up again. Bobbie was his once more. And only three weeks now until the drawing for the pony!

It was that very evening that Bobbie complained of his throat. By morning he was very sick. When the doctor came their worst fears were confirmed. It was diphtheria in the most virulent form; hopeless from the first.

Bobbie's death drew the father and mother closer together—and left out poor old Abner Foster more than ever. It was not intentional. Simply that it did not seem possible to the heart-broken parents that anyone else could enter into their grief's holy-holies.

Lonesome and forlorn, Father Foster sat on the bungalow steps one Saturday afternoon.

His son came at noon Saturdays and he and Coronna had gone to the cemetery with flowers.

"I wouldn't have went with 'em if they'd asked me," mused the old man, "but their not askin' hurt."

The letter carrier came in at the gate and handed him a letter. When he tore open the envelope and began to read the inclosed typewritten sheet the old man gave smothered cry.

He had forgotten all about it. The drawing at Donaldson's had taken place the day before. And this was their announcement that his ticket bore the winning number.

The sheet of paper dropped unheeded at Father Foster's feet, and burying his face in his hands he sobbed aloud.

"Did you fall and hurt yourself?" asked an anxious voice at his elbow. "I'm so sorry."

With a start the old man lifted his head and looked dazed at the little cripple on crutches from across the way standing solicitously before him.

"I fall so often myself I know how bad you feel," said the child with eager sympathy. "Or did something hit you?" The voice that had been so gentle suddenly flamed. "Those mean boys up the street are always throwing things when they know a fellow can't run after 'em—and hit back."

"Yes, something hit me," said the old man lifting a hand to his forehead. "But it wasn't intended and I feel better now."

Warily smiling at the child Abner Foster noticed the little cripple's pale, pinched face—how thin were the twisted little legs—and the light of a sudden purpose sprang into the old man's eyes.

"Do you suppose, son," he said with tremulous eagerness, "that if somebody walked beside you and kind of steadied you with his hand you could ride a pony?"

"Sure I could," beamed the child. "But what makes you ask?"

First Bridal Shower

Gift of Kind Hearts

The origin of the bridal shower, one of the prettiest customs that has survived the centuries, is, according to tradition, closely linked with the dowry. The story goes that once upon a time in old Holland a beautiful girl gave her heart to a miller, a young fellow who hadn't much in worldly goods, but whom every one loved because of his kindness. He was poor because he gave his bread and his flour to the needy. The girl's father forbade the marriage, and told his daughter that she could not have the dowry he had placed aside for her if she married the poor miller. He had selected what he considered a satisfactory husband for her, a man who owned a farm and a hundred pigs.

The people to whom the miller had given bread heard the story and were sorry. They got together and talked the matter over. Too bad the beautiful girl would lose her dowry! Couldn't they do something about it? They didn't have much money, but each one thought of a gift he or she could contribute so that the miller and the beautiful girl could marry and have their own home. They came to the girl in gay procession, one with an old Dutch vase, one with plates for the kitchen shelves, one with linens made on the hand loom at home, one with a shiny new pot. They showered her with their gifts and gave her a finer dowry than her father ever could. Many brides-to-be should be grateful to the little Dutch maiden whose shower set such a happy precedent.

Closely related to the shower is the wedding present, the survival of feudal times, when tenants were bound to "render aid" at the knighting of the lord's eldest son and at the marriage of his eldest daughter.

Experiments with rails of greater length than those now in use by the Japanese railways are to be conducted by that country. Because of a large number of accidents, attributed to poor rail joints and the fact that almost one-half of the maintenance cost of the government railways is spent in repairing, inspecting and bonding rail joints, the government is considering a change to a longer length rail.

An order for three and one-half miles of rails 18 meters in length recently has been placed in France by the department of railways and experiments will be conducted on a road built of these rails.

His Business.

In a certain case one of the counsel tried to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness.

The first question was: "You admit you were at defendant's house every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir."

"State whether you and he were interested in any special transaction, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir, we were."

"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel; "then you will be good enough to tell us the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I was courting his daughter."

Two-Piece Sports Dress for Summer

Jacket Adds Smart Touch to Youthful Frocks Now in Limelight.

The vogue that introduced a coat for every dress in the ensemble mode for spring and summer has added a jacket to many of the sports frocks that will make the summer an extremely smart one sartorially.

In general, the youth-giving novelties that exert so wide an appeal are found incorporated into the group of summer clothes labeled sports. As a matter of fact, sports clothes are worn for occasions other than active sports, and particularly in the summer time make their appearance at all times except for strictly formal occasions.

In general, the straight line is strictly adhered to in sports models, but it generally possesses smart detours in achieving this straight effect. The sports ensemble is extremely important. Often several colors and fabrics are combined, but they are always worked together to maintain the basic ensemble idea.

Both one and two-piece modes prevail in chic, but almost always they possess a plaited skirt, box plait being most often used. The blouse is either straight or broken by a bolero movement. Necks are V-shaped, square or round. Geometric lines are the basis of the sports mode with vertical, horizontal, diagonal, curved, diamond-shaped or zigzagged lines shown through tucks, pipings, stitchings, braid and cut.

The jacket that plays so important a role in the sports mode may accom-



Showing an Open Jacket Scalloped at the Edges.

pany a frock in exact fabric and color and may introduce both new tone and material.

Jean Arthur, motion-picture actress, appearing in the film, "The Poor Nut," has selected a smart sports outfit which introduces the new jacket treatment. It is an open jacket smartly scalloped at the edges and is in a lovely shade of blue, while the frock itself is of white. An artist's bow of dotted silk is worn at the neck, and also forms a colorful handkerchief in the jacket pocket.

Buttons to Ornament Short Sports Jackets

On some of the short sports jackets a few buttons are used as an ornamental detail or, in those cut in the tuxedo style, one or two as a fastening far down in front. In the matter of trimming other ways are employed by the different designers, French and American, particularly in these lighter versions of sports dress. Nothing is really elaborate, of course, but a touch of something that adds decorative detail is shown in many of the better sports costumes. On some are shown a bit of needlework, embroidery, cross-stitch, or cloth patterns appliqued. The peasant embroidery and crochet edgings are particularly good, and besides these are braid, ribbon in bands and motifs and leather. On a swagger sports suits from Martial et Armand snakeskin is added as a narrow border all around the belted jacket and on the pockets, collars and cuffs.

Velvet Evening Coats

Velvet evening coats at the Paris fashion centers are either in black or in the light shades such as pale green, pink and blue, and are worn over matching frocks of chiffon or crepe. Deep blue seems to be coming into favor, and the lining of lame or broche coats is either silk velvet or panne. The lame and broche coats appear in greater number than the velvet.

Dress for Women Who Wish to Look Slender



Flattering to many, but especially to those who wish to look slender, is the long surplice line of this dress, says the Woman's Home Companion. Continuing below the skirt edge it gives an impression of greater height and at the same time furnishes the skirt with the broken hemline so smart this season. There are many possibilities in the double fold of fabric that is set on the front band with hemstitching. It may be matching, contrasting or harmonizing in color. Interest in the back centers on the oval yoke. The set-in belt gives a tailored look and holds the dress firmly in place. Any of the sheer fabrics would be successful in this dress, especially those with a slight body, such as cheneire or crepe roma.

Floral Prints for Wear at the Bathing Beaches

Hand-blocked linen, printed radium and taffeta are mentioned as the favored materials in bathing suits for the summer. The array of new bathing apparel offered is diversified and interesting in pattern and style.

Illustrative of the hand-blocked linen suit is a straight model with black and white wavy background and large cluster of colorful flowers in the center of the front. Another, in multi-colored blocks, repeats one of the bright hues in yoke and hemline trims of taffeta, inserted along the edges of the squares in step effect.

The printed radium suits elect flowered patterns, certain versions of the floral type of decoration are newer than the futuristic theme. One of the former group, simple of silhouette with a plain-color tie and long cravat, while a flowered French crepe introduces the finely tucked vestee of color, outlined with lines of black.

The floral theme is again evident in the indorsement of cretonne, but in all-over effect, notably a coat style with notched revers and flared skirt section, and also in the application of cretonne motifs on plain-color suits.

One, of green taffeta, has cretonne appliques above the hemline, further decoration appearing in bandings of black, which describe a swastika motif, and outline a square neckline.

The plain suits are noted frequently to include sections of other colors as trimming usually geometrical in character. Particularly effective is one of black satin etolle, with a deeply pointed border of white taffeta above a gray taffeta hem. The vogue for black and white receives further indorsement in the case of a white taffeta suit, with panels and pipings of black satin.

The extremely abbreviated length is observed in a model of scarlet satin, a mere coatee, which is worn over a white jersey.

A wide variety of crepe de chine suits is vividly illuminated with Russian decaline work in scattered figures or florals. Practically all suits may be had with matching caps, bags, capes and other accessories to complete the effective beach ensemble stressed here.

Capes and coats of wool jersey are also being featured and here, again, floral motifs are often applied as trimming. In some instances batik prints are employed. Another group of coats is developed of coated silks, such as pongee, crepe de chine or shantung and in blocked linen.

Beige Important for Spring

Delicate tones of beige, from a tint almost a deep ivory to a warm tan, are much in vogue in spring fashions.

Gay Vests

The new tailored blue suits sport gay vests of Russian cross work in vivid colors worked on oyster linen.

Pheasant Trims Hats

The small new hats of felt fit close to the head and are trimmed with flat fantasies of gay pheasant feathers.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

Mary Graham Bonner

DOLLY'S BIRTHDAY

Now Dolly's birthday is an important event. Perhaps you may think your birthday is far more important and of course it is, to you.

But to Dolly and to Dolly's family her birthday is most important, too—each one almost more important than the last.

It was chilly weather for Dolly's birthday this year, so the celebration was held by the side of the old fireplace.

It had been a long time since the old fireside had taken part in a birthday celebration.

Many other fireplaces had birthday celebrations taking place by them, but not at Dolly's house, for here, almost always, it was warm weather for everyone's birthday.

So the old fireplace rejoiced that it was to have a birthday celebration right by its bright, cheery burning logs of wood.

It almost seemed as though the old fireplace itself should celebrate a birthday. The old fireplace was very old, much older than Dolly, much older than any of the members of the family.

It had taken part in many celebrations. It particularly loved Christmas time when all the family gathered together and opened their presents after the chimney had had a rest so that Santa Claus could come down it.

So the old fireplace was particularly delighted that it was going to share in a new celebration.

The fire had been laid and the match struck. Then, how the old fireplace shone and burned and crackled with laughter and merriment.

Every once in a while you could hear it sputter in its joyful amusement at all that was going on. It dressed up in its best. Blue colors and flame colors and all other colors seemed to flash in it at some time or other while the celebration was going on.

And there, by the fireside, sat Dolly, the Queen of the day, with the family all gathered around, and the presents on a table right before Dolly.

The presents were wrapped in gay-colored ribbons. Many of the ribbons had been wrapped around other birthday packages, for after a fine party, such as a birthday celebration, the ribbons took a rest back in the old ribbon box to be ready for the next joyful event.

In the center was a cake, and, of course, upon the cake there were candles. And there were candles and flowers and a wreath and there were speeches made and there were smiles—oh, lots and lots of smiles.

And the fireplace smiled, too, as it gazed brightly and warmly out upon it all.

And while the birthday celebration was going on and while the poems were being read and the presents opened the fireplace sang a little birthday song to Dolly and this was it:

I'm the fireplace old and true,
I'm very fond of you,
Dolly, dear, I think you know it,
For you come by me and sit,
And you like to linger by me
And in my flames the fairies see
And read my thoughts while I read
Dolly, dear, I love you!

I'm the fireplace old and true,
I'm very, very fond of you,
I wish you many happy returns
As the fire within me burns,
Telling you of my warm heart,
In your joy, taking my part,
So I sing to you my greetings,
Dolly, dear, I love you!

I'm the fireplace old and true,
I'm very, very fond of you,
I wish you happiness so great
On this very famous date;
I wish you lots of fun,
And lots of fun,
Beginning with the rising sun,
Oh, many happy returns of the day!
Dolly, dear, I love you!

SOMETHING TO GUESS

Why is a flea like a long winter?
It makes a backward spring.

What is the difference between the sidewalk and an electric car? Five cents.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? They correspond, but never meet.

If by chance a man falls from the top of St. Paul's, what does he fall against? Against his inclination.

What is the difference between a locomotive and a bound? One is trained to run and the other runs a train.

IS A HEALTHIER STRONGER GIRL

Because She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The fertile valleys of Oregon help to supply the tables of America. This is possible through the magic of the humble tin can.

In one of the canning establishments, Julia Schmidt was employed. It was complicated work because she did sealing and other parts of the work. It was strenuous work and she was not a strong girl. Often she forced herself to work when she was hardly able to sit at her machine. At times she would have to stay at home for she was so weak she could hardly walk. For five years she was in this weakened condition.

She tried various medicines. At last, a friend of hers spoke of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a trial.

"Everyone says I am a healthier and stronger girl," she writes. "I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to all my friends who tell me how they suffer and I am willing to answer letters from women asking about it."

Julia Schmidt's address is 113 Willow St., Silverton, Oregon.

Girls who work in factories know just how Miss Schmidt felt. Perhaps they, too, will find better health by taking the Vegetable Compound.

For speedy and effective action Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. One dose only will clean out worms. 60c. All druggists.

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Bible Is Being Read More

The old hiding place isn't dependable any more, wives are warned. A Los Angeles man, turning the leaves of a Bible, found a \$5 bill.

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In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

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For Mosquito Bites, Sting of Bees and Venomous Insects

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Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates.

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The beauty of Glenn's is the beauty it brings to the complexion—soft, smooth, clear white skin, free of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes.

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