

**THE OLD WEED WOMAN**

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

**C**UNA BORDEN was bending over her strawberry bed hunting for the first ripe berries. If she was successful in her search she was going to make a shortcake. She had just discovered a stem of luscious, big red berries when she heard some one coming into her garden. Turning, she saw Mrs. More, her neighbor from across the way.

"I just stopped in on my way to town, Cuna, to see if there was any errand I could do for you," and then as her eyes fell on the berries she exclaimed: "Ripe strawberries! Cuna, your garden is a wonder. It's way ahead of mine. I tell my husband that the sun always seems to shine warmer in your yard than anywhere else on this street. But all the same it's a shame that you have to live next door to old Mrs. Kerr. Her place will never be anything but an eyesore to the community as long as she lives. It spoils the whole tone of the street. Let alone broadening seeds from every weed imaginable. I suppose we might just as well make the best of it. John says there is no law in this village that can compel a man to clean up his yard. And old Mrs. Kerr will never do a thing. She hates the neighborhood. She told Mrs. Fry the other day that she guesses one way and another she gets just as many weeds as she sows. The conversation trailed off into other channels and finally Mrs. More went on her way.

After Mrs. More had gone Cuna stood for several moments contemplating the adjoining yard. It was a shame, just as Betsy More had said, that nothing could be done to make old Mrs. Kerr clean up her yard. In the bright sunlight it looked as if it were covered with a fleece of fluffy white cotton, so thick was it strewn with dandelion blossoms gone to seed. Even as Cuna looked a puff of wind swooped down. An instant later the air was filled with a cloud of dandelion fluff. Each bit of fluff, as Cuna knew all too well, carried a tiny seed which eventually would appear as a full-grown plant in every carefully kept yard for several blocks. Cuna's eyes followed the flight of seeds. What was the use of all her labor year after year if old Mrs. Kerr neglected her yard was allowed to go on broadcasting weeds? She thought of the old lady herself, bent and gnarled with piercing, dark eyes, which, somehow, in their depths seemed to harbor such an unfriendly gleam. Mrs. Kerr had well earned for herself the title of The Old Weed Woman. But what a dreadful thing it must be to be old and disliked. A moment later a thought came to Cuna that sent her flying into her house.

Two days later Mr. Gray, the greenhouse man, delivered a whole cartload of plants. All the rest of the day Cuna worked like a beaver setting out plants. Directly on the line which separated her lot from old Mrs. Kerr's she thickly set hollyhocks. These she flanked with phlox, zinnias, lupines, nicotines, pansies. Old Mrs. Kerr watched from her tiny back porch. Her attitude was belligerent. She meant her presence to warn Cuna not to set foot on her premises.

Weeks went by and Cuna's hedge began to bloom. It was a glowing beauty. People drove past the place in the evening just to catch a whiff of the fragrant nicotines that glowed like white stars in the moonlight. Cuna toiled, watered and watched. Her hands were calloused and blistered with weeding. Then one day a message came saying that her sister needed her. There was no time to think of anything. Cuna packed as quickly as she could and left without having time to bid Mrs. More good-by.

It was five weeks before Cuna again saw her home. She arrived on a late evening train and slipped into her house and to bed without even waiting to make herself a cup of tea. She slept profoundly.

Next morning Cuna was awakened by the sound of rain driving against her window. The sound made her want to snuggle down under the covers for another hour, but she was out of bed instantly. Her fingers fairly flew as she slipped into a house dress and twisted her dark hair and pinned it into place. Her one thought was of her garden. She had read that Pineville had been visited by a drought. Donning an old slicker and not waiting to put anything on her head she ran downstairs and out of the house. A moment later she stood staring in amazement at what she saw. Her garden was as neat and well cared for as if she had not been away even for one day. Her tomatoes were carefully trimmed and staked up. Her flowers had not suffered from the drought. That meant that some one had watered them. There was not a weed to be seen. The hollyhocks had grown tall and thick. They were covered with a wealth of brilliant bloom. They completely hid the adjoining yard. A hoo-hooing from across the street caused her to turn quickly. It was Betsy More.

"When did you get home, Cuna?" Mrs. More called.

"Last night on the late train," Cuna answered. "But, Mrs. More, what I want to know is, who it was that took such good care of my garden."

"Guess!" Mrs. More's eyes twinkled. "I can't," Cuna admitted.

"Just take a peek over in Mrs. Kerr's yard." Mrs. More laughed her

good-natured laugh, "then I guess you'll have better luck guessing," and still smiling, Mrs. More turned and ran home.

Cuna parted a big bunch of hollyhocks and peeped through into the next yard. She gave an exclamation of surprise. She actually rubbed the rain out of her eyes because she thought she was not seeing right. Old Mrs. Kerr's yard was as well trimmed as her own. The grass had been clipped until it was as smooth as velvet. There was not a weed in sight. What did it mean? Cuna must find out. A moment later she was knocking at old Mrs. Kerr's back door. Almost instantly the door opened and the old lady appeared.

"Oh, Mrs. Kerr," Cuna cried as she bent forward and grasped the old lady's hand, "how can I ever thank you. You saved my flowers—I am so grateful!"

"Come in, child," Mrs. Kerr threw open the door and Cuna entered the tiny kitchen, which was filled with an appetizing odor of brewing coffee and browning toast. "Just sit ye down and have a snack of breakfast with me and I'll tell you all about it. I've had the nicest time. The only really happy time in years. I will confess that I was mad as hop the day I saw you setting things so close to my line. I resolved I'd destroy them the first chance I got. The day you went away I went out there with sickle and spading fork. I meant to do damage, but just as I was pressing my foot to the spading fork by glasses dropped off. I was just stooping to pick them up when I found myself looking straight into the face of the prettiest yellow pansy I'd ever seen since I was a little girl. My mother always had a bed of pansies and there was one particular yellow kind that I loved. I hadn't thought of 'em since she died—but there it was looking me straight in the eye. I—well—I just couldn't hurt it by destroying your plants—I got kinda in the habit of going out there mornings to see that it was all right. It was kinda company and I fell to weeding and when the drought came I carried out water so things wouldn't dry up. Then the flowers looked so sorta distressed by the side of the weeks in my yard that I had Abie Cole come and clean up my yard. I thought it would be good for 'em to let the sun in from my side of the line. Well, one thing led to another until—until—"

"Until," Cuna interrupted. Her eyes were glistening. "Until, you old dear, you did the nicest possible thing you could have done—or anyone could, for that matter. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

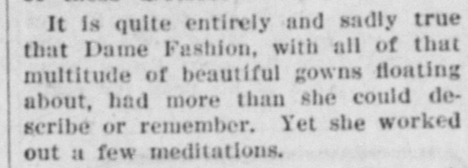
"Neither will I," old Mrs. Kerr's eyes too were moist.

And that was how "The Old Weed Woman" of Pink street lost her title and Pink street won a neighbor and lost its weeds.

**Dame Fashion Smiles**  
By Grace Jewett Austin

During a recent week Dame Fashion, just as most women do once in a while, attended the sessions of a large state convention of a woman's organization. In spite of the importance of business, one of the high spots of such a gathering is always the annual banquet.

As the little currents of women of the soft carpets of the hotel corridors or stood in the brilliance of the hotel lobby, probably as many as twenty said to Dame Fashion, "Now won't you have something to describe?" or "How are you going to remember all of these dresses?"



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It is quite entirely and sadly true that Dame Fashion, with all of that multitude of beautiful gowns floating about, had more than she could describe or remember. Yet she worked out a few meditations.

No. 1. Evening dress is quite universally becoming. If you go to a debutante ball, you are charmed with the slim young things. But the more mature woman is never more graciously delightful than when in evening attire.

No. 2. Such attire need not be atrociously expensive. One pretty lady said with a sigh, "I'd have liked a new \$250 gown, but the children are all in college." Now there may have been gowns costing that or more than that, in that banquet hall, but Dame Fashion believes there were few. Many times an evening gown will cost less than a good tailored suit, and oh, what bargains in such dresses may be found by those who watch for them!

No. 3. Not even King Solomon nor the queen of Sheba could choose the handsomest type of evening gown. When Dame Fashion looked at the toastmistress, all in white, with touches of silver, and a white Spanish shawl, that choice seemed perfection; when she looked at the highest national officer present, her gown of soft rose beige, artistically swept with diagonal lines of gleaming bead embroidery, she appeared like an American queen.

With the effective dark beauty of the state presiding officer, the rich figured deep rose of her gown gave her a striking appearance, while the local hostess chairman of the city, in peach georgette and pearls, with a bouquet of sweet peas to match, seemed about perfection.

Around and about these central four the tides of effectively gowned women surged; wearing regal black, gray, gold, silver, scarlet, orchid, pink of the rosebud and every rainbow color. And the Spanish shawls and artistic scarves were there by the legion. Dame Fashion thought of an article lately read where the European woman hailed as "most chic in the world," says she always enters an assemblage with some slight wrap to give her costume mystery, and yield later a second effect!

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

It is felt that where suits are concerned, it is the soft silk interpretation rather than the tailored type that will be most successful for the new season. The stiff silks are considered promising for ensembles as well as for evening wraps. The ensemble is again regarded as the most significant costume type for spring.

An unusual type of ensemble comprising velveteen coat and printed chiffon dress, the coat cut on tailored lines, which contrast with the soft, feminine interpretation of the accompanying dress, which is slightly longer than the coat. The chiffon reappears in a scarf slotted through the velveteen collar in one instance.

For evening, green is regarded as an important possibility, and gray and royal blue are cited for daytime wear.

Traveling through the country Alvarez was robbed by two highwaymen of about \$25. When he reached an inn several miles away he put up for the night, told the landlord his adventure and confided to him that he had concealed from the robbers a much larger sum in the band of his hat.

Sleeping lightly the traveler was awakened by voices which he recognized to be those of the bandits. They were calling the innkeeper "father." Foreseeing what would likely occur Alvarez very quietly arranged his bed so that it appeared to be occupied, and took his place behind a door. From there he could see the two bandits digging in the back yard, and he knew the hole they were making was intended for his grave.

As the alert Alvarez waited, the innkeeper stealthily entered the room, crept to the bed and suddenly plunged a dagger into the pile of bedclothes. Alvarez was on him in a jiffy and soon had him overpowered, gagged and bound. Then he slipped out, ran to the police and got back in time to see the bandits arrested before they had finished the grave they were digging for him.

**Hat, Scarf Combination for Spring and Summer**



It is predicted that picture hats will be more popular than ever this season. An unusually attractive model is of horse hair with a pale yellow crepe scarf which serves as a most attractive decoration.

**Belts Are Prominent Sports Dress Equipment**

An engaging assortment of belts is shown among the accessories for sports dress, all of the new styles being of fine quality and artistic in design. The serpentine belt in gilt and silver and one made of flexible metal like the new bracelets is worn with sports suits of wool and crepe. This same metal is used for buckles on belts of suede and antelope, particular attention being given to the colors, which must "tone it."

Most unusual designs are shown in some of the belts in which two or three materials—suede and patent leather, wool and leather—are used in modernistic patterns made by joining and overlapping. Wool braid, metallic braid, heavy grosgrain and moire ribbon are all shown in narrow belting.

**Chic Afternoon Frock of Pale Green Chiffon**



Chiffon is lovely for the debutantes. Here is shown a charming afternoon frock of pale green chiffon over yellow satin. An unusual arrangement of the bertha with a huge satin shoulder bow gives a novel smartness to the dress. It has two accordion plaited ruffles.

**Parisiennes Still Give Nightgowns Preference**

Few Americans realize that your true Parisienne has a high contempt of pajamas. But that such is the case is vouched for by Elene Foster, in Paris "observing the fashions for Delineator."

She says, "As a matter of fact, the Parisienne has never taken kindly to pajamas save for a lounge suit and therefore little attention is paid to this type of garment by the designers. Nightgowns are of two types, the sleeveless, low-necked, essentially feminine variety; and the so-called tailored style with long sleeves and high neck and turn-over collar and cuffs and a chemisette of drawn work. As for the trimming of these dainty garments, first of all comes lace and this must be in a deep ecru shade and rather heavy in character, the favorite being 'Burano,' which is very effective owing to the tiny raised cord which outlines the design. The finer varieties of lace on the order of valenciennes are no longer used.

"One nightgown by Jeany," she says, "might be worn as a sports frock in a pinch, it is so trimly tailored. There are bands of fine drawn work across the hem and the tops of the little square pockets and in blocks on the bodice. There is a wide panel of flat plaits in the front, tucks on the shoulders, flanking the V neckline, and a narrow belt."

**Cape as First Choice, Says New York Dealer**

"I expect the cape to prove the first choice of the smart omen for a variety of uses, as a separate wrap for formal afternoon wear, as well as part of the ensemble. Particularly in printed costumes, the matching cape will be an important element," asserted a Fifth avenue dealer in New York.

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**Gingham, Modern Prints Charming for Summer**

The back to the cloth movement in women's clothes will be indorsed in wash dress styles appearing during the next few months.

Tight-fitting skirts, skimpy sleeves and close-fitting waists should be guarded against, says Farn and Fire-side, calling attention to the imminent need of planning wash dresses.

While cotton, linen or silk will be used in these early summer dresses, cotton probably will be used to a very large extent due to the vogue it established during the season's openings at Palm Beach. Plain and printed linen is as popular as ever. While silk always will be favored by some, the fact that two or three cotton dresses may be purchased for the price of one in silk doubtless will aid in establishing a permanent liking for cotton goods as a pleasant summer material.

"Cotton suitings printed in imitation of linen are seen in many shops," says the magazine. "Such cottons styled as carefully as linen make very satisfactory frocks and of course are less expensive. Then too, one must not overlook gingham and the modern prints that are so charming and yet so reasonably priced."

**EASY LESSONS IN AUCTION BRIDGE**

By PAUL H. SEYMOUR  
Author of "Highlights on Auction Bridge"  
(Copyright, by Hoyle, Jr.)  
Article Thirty-Five.

**Inferences and Deductions**

THE average player thinks that when it comes to these subjects we are getting out of his class and into that of the experts, and just because he thinks it must be tremendously difficult he does not try to develop his powers along these lines.

As a matter of fact, however, there are a great many very simple inferences and deductions and one who has never used them will be surprised how much valuable information may be obtained thus.

For instance, in playing a no trump, senior leads the deuce of spades. Declarer wins the first trick and starts clubs, and senior plays a small diamond on the second club lead. What can be deduced by declarer regarding senior's hand? That he originally held four hearts, four clubs, four spades and one diamond. His original lead of the deuce must have been from a four-card suit—it always indicates that because it is the fourth best and he cannot have any lower—and if he opens a four-card suit it must be because he has none of five cards. If he has no five-card suit and has a singleton he must have three four-card suits. This information must help declarer to place the remaining cards and to visualize junior's hand also.

If senior leads a four-spot in a no trump, dummy has the Jack and six and declarer has the King, eight and five, dummy's Jack is played and junior plays the seven-spot, what can declarer deduce? First: That senior has a six-card suit. Second: That junior has but one more of that suit and that must be the nine or ten. Third: That for the remainder of the hand it will not be serious to let senior get in the lead because he could take but one trick in that suit; but to let junior get in the lead would be ruinous, as it would mean five straight tricks. The first deduction follows from failing to see the three or the two. If junior had either one he would have played it; therefore, senior must have them both. The second deduction follows from counting the cards and knowing that junior would have taken the first trick if possible. The third deduction follows from the first two and the fact that declarer now holds King and one which would be a stopper if led up to, but would be worthless if led through.

Again, suppose that senior leads a seven-spot in a declared trump, dummy exposes the eight, nine and Jack and declarer holds the Ace, Queen and others. Declarer applies the rule of eleven and finds that senior is not leading fourth best; therefore, it is probably a singleton. Hence, all the unplayed cards of that suit must be held by junior and senior cannot hold three trumps to the Queen, two to the King, or four to the Jack—because if he had any of these holdings he would not lead a singleton.

In trying to read the adversaries' hands during the play declarer should keep in mind the bidding and figure what each one must have in order to have made the bid or bids that he did. Then, after each succeeding trick shows the fall of certain cards, he is able to check or correct his deductions and come nearer and nearer to forming a correct picture of the two hands.

When the bidding is in progress a player should try to visualize each hand from which a bid or pass is made. Each bidding hand must hold the minimum requirements for that bid in quick tricks, and each pass indicates a lack of such strength. Suppose dealer bids one spade and obtains the declaration; when dummy is spread it is found to contain the Ace of spades and junior holds the King—can junior deduce any information of value regarding declarer's hand? Yes, declarer must hold Queen, Jack, ten and two or more small spades and two outside quick tricks—otherwise his bid could not have been sound. With this information, together with seeing dummy and his own hand, junior should be able to visualize declarer's hand very correctly.

Again, suppose that senior leads a seven spot to a no trump, dummy exposes the Queen, eight and several small ones and declarer has the Ace and several small ones. Where is the King? Shall dummy's Queen be played? Inasmuch as dummy has the Queen and eight and declarer the Ace there are only four other cards higher than the seven—namely, King, Jack, ten and nine—and senior must have three of them because he led the seven as his fourth best. If senior had held Jack, ten, nine and seven he would have led the Jack, the top of a sequence; therefore, he must have the King. Therefore the Queen should be played second hand as it is sure to take the trick and allow declarer to retain his Ace.

**The Wrong Kind**

As Susan Brown was out calling upon her playmate, Mary Collins, she found the object of her visit very much in sorrow. Susan soon learned that Mary had a bad toothache. Trying to comfort her, she asked: "Why don't you have your tooth filled?"

"It is filled," answered Mary.

"With what kind of filling?" asked Susan.

"Chocolate filling," answered Mary earnestly.—Youth's Companion.

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Nearly 95 per cent of Canada's coal is bought in the United States, according to records of the Department of Commerce for 1927. The Dominion imported 15,178,640 tons of bituminous coal, of which the United States supplied more than 15,000,000 tons, and 4,963,619 tons of anthracite, of which 2,943,575 tons came from this country.

How Terrible!  
Betty—I stood up in the tub, reached for the bathroom light and when I turned it on I got a fearful shock.  
Jane—Who was in there?

**NEW DRAPERIES for A FEW CENTS**  
By Mae Martin



All of us realize nowadays how bright-colored draperies seem to invite people in, and how warm touches of color in spreads, cushions and runners help to make us love our own surroundings.

No woman need deny herself these touches of cheer, because they can easily be had at the expense of a few cents and a little planning. Curtains that are faded or drab in color can be made bright and pleasing with a package or so of Diamond Dyes. Then spreads, covers, runners, etc., can be tinted or dyed to match. Anyone can do it. Tinting with Diamond Dyes is as easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little more time. Brilliant new colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded colors. Diamond dyes give true, fadeless colors. They are the kind of dyes used when the cloth was made. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

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