## SILAS **APPRECIATED** HIS PAL

TLAS ADOLPHUS PETERKIN, followed by his faithful, hungryeyed wife, climbed slowly to the rocky slope leading to the most picturesque stream in their vicinity. His hand grasped the fishing rod firmly as though in preparation of a good day's catch. "I hate to bother the frisky little fellers, Belindy," he said pleasantly. "I wouldn't ketch 'em if we didn't get hungry way up here in these high mountains.

Belinda received his usual outburst in silence; somehow she didn't feel like talking today; it seemed so good to have Silas home again, although she felt proud when the big prospectors of the country employed him as their guide.

When they reached the brow of the slope Silas halted for a silent approval of the valley below. He loved these mountains and he wasn't ashamed of the sentiment he felt. He knew them from ridge to ridge, every snow-capped peak, each precipitous chasm. He was the inspiration of the tourists. Many an excursion he had conducted in safety to some perilous place of wonder in the range, many more had declined because of Belinda; it wasn't fair that she should take all her pleasures second-handed. He spent hours telling her stories of the great world outside. She had never been away from these mountains, they had shut her in until she had almost ceased to think of anyone but Silas.

"Some day," Silas constantly told himself, "I'm going to take Belindy some place; I don't know where." As they climbed up and again hurrled on he glanced toward her contentedly. "Belinda," he told her, "I get more out of livin' than I guess most folks do."

Belinda held up one foot as though loath to take another forward step. "Life is like this rocky road," she contributed.

"You nin't seen life," he hastened to console her. "I can't somehow ever get enough money to take you into it-the cities where there's music and folks smile because they know things."

"You better rest a while now, hadn't you, Silas? We can set right here on this rock."

Silas drew himself up in the strength of his spirit, his long, lithe body, the picture of the freedom he felt. "Me take an old-age tonic? Jerushy's kingdom! No-sir-ee," he cried as he caught ber up in his arms and hurried on down the hill.

"There, now, I knew when you put on that red necktle this mornin' you'd her company. Mr. Gower had been keep on goin'," she managed to ex- kinder in his praise of her cooking 'Set me down this minute ciaim. Silas Peterkin. You're too old to cut up like that, besides wearin' red ties like a boy." Instantly her thought recurred to a string of blue beads which lay in tempting display in the window of Andrew's store. Mebbe she'd dress up and feel flighty if they ever had the money to spend. She had to pass the store with her eyes closed now; the beads were the keenest temptation she had ever known.

Silas' arms were flung out to the highest peak of the range. "Old Glory," he called that one. He had his own name for them all. Presently shoulders. He clasped her close for a moment, her head drooping dumbly on his breast. Grandeur and beauty of it. She was accustomed to scenery. All she wanted was Silas and the string of blue beads.

"You're a regular pal," he said, kindly, as they continued their walk down the hill. "I've been wantin' to ask why under the canopy of heaven did they call you Be'indy, a mite of a woman like you?"

Belinda caught her breath. Silas was finding her amiss. He didn't like her name. She was a woman who loved peace and she wouldn't strike back at him. He wouldn't knowingly hurt a fly. The name Silas was a poor substitute for Arthur or Reginald; how she wished she could call him her Reginald. She smiled up into his face. "Mebbe they thought the name Belindy was pretty," she finally said, "or mebbe they didn't care; I bein' still another girl, when they wanted a boy so bad. You hight call me Bee or Lindy; there ain't no sting in Lindy."

"Ain't many wives know what it means to be a good pal," he praised her, as he made his way to the bank of the stream, which sparkled and danced along in a most inviting fashion. "Never mind names, Lindy, never mind names."

"I suppose I'll have to sit on that big bowlder while you wade up and down," she answered. "Just lookin' at you keeps me contented."

"Not many wives would be so entertainin' and sociable, Lindy. Then you never yell when I slip and fall

"No, I don't yell. I don't suppose I'd make a fuss if the world should come to an end (which it ain't never goin' to do, in the way they say it

will). I'd just sit and wait. Some

good is bound to come to everybody if they'll just be sure to wait." She was :, pathetic figure as she sat in the center of the huge bowlder, her hands crossed placidly in her lap. Presently she pushed her straw bonnet back from her face, then took it off and laid it on the bowlder at her side. Even a wreath of pink roses

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 She had made up her mind to that. Some day she had hoped to dress up and look like other folks. Silas was used to folks who dressed in pretty clothes. He rode with them in their cars. Their names suited him, too, she supposed.

He was a great man, they thought. Mebbe he was. She loved him, but she didn't know what a great man was like. He knew all about scenery, but she was plum tired of scenery. She liked the cities and the big buildings he brought home to her on postcards. She couldn't expect to know much in this little mountain town. She ought to be able to talk to Silas as the folks he took sightseein' talked.

Back in town they heard the big clock on the postoffice strike four. Silas put the last trout in the basket and wound up his reel. He was thinking of the home which he enjoyed to the fullest extent of his nature; the screened-in porch with pots of red geraniums scattered about; the kitchen floor all covered in blue and white ollcloth; a pretty 100m where Belinda loved to cook. All the townsfolk said she was the best cook in Trentville. Well, he'd second that motion.

Belinda put on her bonnet as she saw him coming. She would lean on Silas' arm going home. Then tomorrow or the next day or mebbe the next some one would come for him and he would be gone again; not long trips, but he'd be gone. She'd put on extra fixings tonight-the sliced beets round the edge of the blue platter that had belonged to her mother, the tablecloth with crocheting on the edge.

It was two days later that an oil magnate came. Did Silas know of a good cook, a woman of good appearance and worth. They were to start that very night for California. Belinda clasped her hands. California! Siles had never been in California! A good cook? That request sent her into the house to her own quiet room, "Would I be a woman of good appearance if I had on them beads?" she thought. "Would Silas let her go?" Seating herself in her rocker, she rocked back and forth. The men had gone for more gasoline. She was safe: no other cook in town could please Mr. Gower. She'd cooked trout for him time and again. "Mebbe he was hintin' to Silas that he wants me to go," she mused as she rose and took down her bonnet from the shelf. "Mebbe he didn't like to ask right out loud. Now, Lindy t'eterkin, you go this minute, and buy one of them blue floatin' veils to cover this bonnet and to match your blue beads. They're yours, now, cause you've got the money you earned yourself to pay for 'em, and don't you come back empty-handed again."

. . . . . . .t was the third day out that Befinda reall, dared to talk when Silas came to the back seat again to keep than tsual when she had fried the ranted to keep your choice "marcel" potatoes and trout along the way; he had sent his man back to make her more comfortable with cushions. He had given her the first box of "New York candy" she had ever owned, and when they stopped at the cities and towns she was to eat in the big hotels; but the cause of the silence which had possessed her, which filled her heart with unspeakable joy, brought forth such an outburst of gratitude that Silas was amazed. "If you wasn't a great man, Silas Peterkin, Mr. Gower wouldn't ever have asked you to manage his his arms crept down to Belinda's big pl. ce in California, and we live right there."

"And if I didn't have a good pat to help me keep up the appearances, surrounded them. He felt the strength | Lindy," he answered, "I'd never have accepted the honor my employer bestowed."

#### Possibly Had Found Inca Treasure Cave

Two years ago an Indian charcoal burner carried to the director of the National museum of Mexico City the tale of a mysterious treasure cave in the Santa Clara mountains of Mexico, the Detroit News reports. Being driven by a storm, the Indian said, be found the entrance to the cave and crept into it for shelter. Entering a long tunnel, which sloped downward, he suddenly came to a chamber lighted by a ray of light from the roof, which fell upon two huge images and

caused them to shine as the sun. The figures, the Indian noted, were studded with bright jewels which caught the light rays and reflected them in every direction, making the whole chamber brilliant, and showing heaps of jewels, golden idols, and golden armor studded with gems. The Indian left and carefully covered the mouth of the cave to prevent its redis-

covery. The director immediately planned a search for the cave, but when the preparations were completed, some months later, it was found the Indian had died of a mysterious illness, and it was recalled that the Incas of Peru often used secret but potent poisons to keep inviolate their treasure caves. The Indian had left no map, and so the cave was never found, although so perfectly did the charcoal burner's description of it fit with descriptions of other caves that have been discovered that archeologists say his story was probably true.

## His Only Hope

Barber-Hair getting pretty thin on top, sir. Can I interest you in a re-

storer? Customer-No; let it fall out and be hanged! I'm too old to be handsome, and my only hope of looking intellectual is to become baldheaded. would never make that bonnet stylish, -Boston Transcript,

## Dame Fashion **Smiles**

By Grace Jewett Austin

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a nice smiling-lipped, sunny dark-eyed woman over in Italy sat down by

a pretty Italian

lake, beautiful as

any poem you ever

read, and she had

beside her long

withes of straw.

some dyed in col-

ors, and some nat-

ural straw color.

And she wove, and

she wove, with clev-

er fingers, until, the



first you know, she had a nice shopping bag, with a clever handle and a substitute for a clasp, all made of the straw. And she kept on making them until she lfad a nice pile. Then they were packed up, and they came safely across the sea and safely across the land. One of them is looking at Dame Fashion right now, as it stands in front of her on her desk. It is of a beautiful light green shade, with a

broad band of the straw color. And Dame Fashion is going to hope that it is going to be like the house that Jack built; that some day a dress will come to match the bag, and some day a hat will come to match the dress, and another day some costume jewelry will come to match them all. She devoutly pins on her little silver "lucky elephant"-thin as a sheet of paper !- that a pretty girl brought her from a journey made, and three times he has been miraculously rescued just as he was about to be lost. So with this new Italian bag-so light, oh, feathers are not in it for lightness, surely the rest of the desired things will come.

Dame Fashion has decided that the word "abundance" gives the keynote to the astonishing beauty of American leading-city shops all over the country. There have been many descriptions given of cold, gray salesrooms abroad, where one object at a time is displayed to a prospective purchaser. None such need apply to Dame Fashion. It is just a glory and a tonic to go into a shop that makes you think of King Solomon's garden for brilliant beauty; a thousand wonderful scarfs; a million (costume) jewels; more and more hundreds of exquisite flowers, to be worn on shoulders-front or back, by your choice-or where any dressfold seems to need to be caught with a blossom.

And all around and among the glories you can find by searching all manner of clever little things that make living easier. There are poetle mesh-caps in fascinating colors of silk, to be worn by night or day, and warn perfect condition.

There are curious round colls of colored rubber which look as though they might be used by the fairies when they water their minute gardens. But they are really conveniences for these warm days for those who appreciate the comfort of rolled hose!

Dame Fashion took an Immense fancy to a new type of clothes-hamper, to be placed in a bathroom or upper balls It was tall and round and artistic with top of solid color, and art designs in the same color on the round sides. She could just imagine placing one of these after a purchase, and then tuning to it, as an orchestra tunes to the oboe, until a whole second story took its color note from one brand new clothes-hamper! (©), 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

#### Tweed Ensemble Makes Chic Traveling Outfit



In these warm days when one plans numerous week-end trips, a tweed ensemble such as this one is a practical addition to one's wardrobe. The threequarter length coat is simply tailored, with its only trimming consisting of the dark brown silk braid. Smart features are the patch pockets on the coat and the novel stitching on the frock. Alligator shoes and a beige felt hat complete this costume. It is worn by Gwen Lee, "movie" player in "Beau Broadway," her latest film.

#### White Frock and Peach Colored Chiffon Coat



Lace bids fair to be among the summer favorites. Here is shown a charming afternoon outfit for summer wear. The frock is of white lace and the coat is of peach colored chiffon trimmed with lace.

#### Yoke Skirts Useful to Wardrobe; Easy to Make

The yoke skirt is a useful addition to the summer wardrobe-in fact, several yoke skirts to go with various sweaters or overblouses may be made without much trouble or difficulty, says a fashion writer in the Washington Star. One woman has made several in remnants of fine suiting and homespun in light summer colors. The fine wool material is made in a slightly flaring, unplaited style long enough to extend upward to the hipssomewhat higher than the lower edge of the sweater or overblouse. This lower skirt is then mounted on some substantial but lightweight silk Moire to match or tone in with the woolen material is a good selection. The yoke is finish at the top with elastic. The advantage of the yoke top is that-it makes the skirt lighter and less bulky at the top-thus making

possible the elastic top. While many women prefer slip tops that do away with the necessity for as the interior of a home, elastic at the waistline as a matter of coolness in summer, some women pre fer separate skirts and petticoats without tops. For wear with light-colored sports frock you may choose crepe de chine or soft rayon in matching or lighter shade, and for wear with the tailored two-piece some women are actually choosing taffets petticoats.

Even though frock; and wraps become fuller and fussier there is no chance, at least for some time to come, that underthings will become perceptibly fuiler or fussier. The tendency with lingerie remains as it has been to provide a foundation that conforms as much as possible to the actual outlines of the body and that fits closely enough to prevent bunching and wrinkling and provides fullness enough to prevent drawing and puckering and not to interfere with per-

fectly free motion. In choosing any sort of underthings one considers to begin with the personal equation-and after that chooses underthings appropriate for the various occasions when they are too worn. For sports wear many women choose silk jersey because of its elasticity. Some women are going back to fine linen lawn for daytime underthings. Slips are usually worn only with light frocks needing a lining-though little silk petticoats are sometimes worn with the tailored two-piece. Crepe de chine is the favorite for evening underthings, while for the woman who likes very light apparel, ninon and chiffon are often employed. Flesh, peach, pale orchid and white have been the favorite colors for underthings in France.

## Bodice and Knickers

Are All in One Piece Why two when one will do? That is the question modern women are asking themselves constantly in an effort to simplify the problems of dressing. Consequently the newest dancing frock just imported from Paris is likely to find favor. The bodice and knickers are all in one piece. The material is of silver lame, embroidered in artificial pearls. Over this may be worn one or two skirts. The one is of lame or other shiny material while the outer skirt is of tulle or chiffon.

#### Fabric in Two Weights for Coats and Dresses

Some of the woolen manufacturers of France are making the same fabric in two weights so that women may match their coats and dresses, but have the material of suitable weight for both. Asperic is obtainable in coat and dress weights of identical weave and coloring. Another example of the two-weight manufacturing of materials is printed satin or tuffeta and chiffon with the same patterns and colors.

# Community

#### Nation Enriched by

Improvement of Home The better-homes movement stands on the belief that our people, by wellplanned measures, can obtain for themselves a finer type of home and family life. The splendid and widespread support that has been given It makes for soundness at the very base of our whole social and political structure. It is in our homes and famfly circles that the children of each generation receive the most essential part of the training they need as men and women to go forth and meet the problems that press upon them. From our homes each day come those who produce and distribute necessary commodities and carry on the government and other enterprises. The highest and most enduring social relationships are those of the family, and most men and women find the welfare of their families to be life's most im elling motive.

Home-making is still as much a matter of personal character and unswerving maintenance of standards as ft ever was On the housekeeping side, moreover, it involves wider knowledge and a greater range of alternative: to choose from than ever before. New equipment and devices are constantly becoming available and the results of systematic study are shedding new light or various household problems affecting health and happiness.

The better-homes committees, by a division of tasks, are able to go into many problems more thoroughly than a single overworked housewife, and through the demonstrations present their conclusions in practical form .-Secretary of Commerce Hoover.

#### Vivid Coloring More Than Pleasing to Eye

Do you admire color in stucco? The soft blues and pinks, the melting greens and pastel yellows; those alluring colors which dot the Riviera, splash the Mediterranean shores with loveliness, cuddle engagingly to the hillsides of Italy? Thinking of remodeling your home with an overcoat of stucco in checrful hue, or building a new stucco home with a dash of vividness for variety's sake as well as for charm?

If so, you can take comfort in the fact that there are some practical sides to this stucco vogue for color. It isn't all merely an esthetic rage for brightness on the exterior as well

Applicatio's of paint on stucco remy possibility of the stucco b coming damp in rainy weather. Suitable paints fill in the pores, keeping out the soot and dirt of the varying seasons and making the stucco surfaces fairly smooth and resistive to dust attraction.

Again the hair line cracks which sometimes develop in stucco, not serious in themselves us they are merely surface cracks, can be prevented by moisture-proof coatings of paint. Furthermore, it is claimed that stucco houses are made warmer and keep drier if they are painted on the surface.

## City Planning Important

Improvements planned for five, ten, or even fifty-year periods will result in substantial savings for cities, George B. Ford, city planning consultant of New York city, said in an address at Dallas, Tex., at the national conference on city planning.

Detroit, Mr. Ford said, estimated expenses on a ten-year improvement program would reach \$779,991477 in 1925. Two years later, the program was revised with a saving of \$80,-000,000, he said.

Taxes sometimes will advance slightly in cities which have adopted budgeted programs for huge municipal improvements, but such advances

would-occur anyhow, he said. In preparing for a number of years ahead, cities escape much of the "wanton waste" and many of the "mistakes" that have been made in the past, Mr. Ford said,

#### Real Estate Merchandise Real estate is similar to all other

kinds of merchandise because you can borrow money on it, just as you can borrow on a trade acceptance, stocks and bonds, warehouse receipts, bills of lading, contracts and all of the other many forms of securities with which the business world is familiar.

## Beautify the Roads

Beautification of Ozark highways by planting and preserving trees and conservation of wild flowers has been approved, says a report to the American Tree association. Mrs. A. C. Hamilton, state chairman of conservation of Arkansas, is behind the plan.

## Change Window Style

A decided improvement can be made in the remodeling of an old house by substituting for the old single win dows symmetrically placed double and triple groupings of windows,

#### Spraying Trees Trees should not be sprayed while

in bloom. Such spraying not only kills bees, but interferes with the proper pollination of the blossoms

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#### Sees Jazz as Empire's Nero

Nero and his fiddle were no more deadly than the saxophone and its companions, according to Sir Henry Coward, a prominent English divine. Luxury and vulgar pleasure seeking. he says, brought Rome down into the dust, and jazz, he declares, is trending that way because it is taking the minds of the people away from high thinking and spirituality. Besides, dark-skinned races that hold the whites in awe will cease to think of the European as a superman, and when that state of mind comes to pass England's hold on its myriad subjects in Asia and Africa will be broken once. for all, Sir Henry boldly proclaims.

If you can't say one is handsome, gay he looks distinguished.

## One Secret of Beauty



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