

SILAS APPRECIATED HIS PAL

(By D. J. Wath.)

SILAS ADOLPHUS PETERKIN, followed by his faithful, hungry-eyed wife, climbed slowly to the rocky slope leading to the most picturesque stream in their vicinity.

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.

"Some day," Silas constantly told himself, "I'm going to take Belinda some place; I don't know where." As they climbed up and again hurried 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.

"You ain'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 her up in his arms and hurried on down the hill.

"There, now, I knew when you put on that red necktie this mornin' you'd keep on goin'," she managed to exclaim. "Set me down this minute Silas Peterkin. You're too old to cut up like that, besides wearin' red ties like a boy."

"You're a regular pal," he said, kindly, as they continued their walk down the hill. "I've 'een wantin' to ask why under the canopy of heaven did they call you Belinda, 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.

"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.

"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 entertained and sociable, Lindy. Then you never yell when I slip and fall in."

"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 a 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 would never make that bonnet stylish.

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. Maybe 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.

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 oilcloth; a pretty room where Belinda loved to cook.

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 maybe 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 beef's 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! Silas 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. "Maybe he was huntin' to Silas that he wants me to go," she mused as she rose and took down her bonnet from the shelf.

"Maybe he didn't like to ask right out loud. Now, Lindy Peterkin, 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."

It was the third day out that Belinda really dared to talk when Silas came to the back seat; again to keep her company. Mr. Gower had been kinder in his praise of her cooking than usual when she had tried the 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 unspoken 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 big place in California, and we live right there."

"And if I didn't have a good pal to help me keep up the appearances, 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 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 restorer? Customer—No; let it fall out and be banged! I'm too old to be handsome, and my only hope of looking intellectual is to become baldheaded.

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Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a nice smiling-tipped, 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 wifery of straw, some dyed in colors, and some natural 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.

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 sale-rooms abroad, where one object at a time is displayed to a prospective purchaser.

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

There are curious round coils 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 hall. 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!

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 three-quarter 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.

White Frock and Peach Colored Chiffon Coat

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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.

While many women prefer slip tops that do away with the necessity for elastic at the waistline as a matter of coolness in summer, some women prefer separate skirts and petticoats without tops.

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 fuller 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 perfectly 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.

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.

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.

Change Window Style A decided improvement can be made in the remodeling of an old house by substituting for the old single windows symmetrically placed double and triple groupings of windows.

Community Building

Nation Enriched by Improvement of Home

The better-homes movement stands on the belief that our people, by well-planned 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 in the very base of our whole social and political structure.

Home-making is still as much a matter of personal character and unwavering maintenance of standards as it ever was. On the housekeeping side, moreover, it involves wider knowledge and a greater range of alternative to choose from than ever before.

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.

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?

Application of paint on stucco remove any possibility of the stucco becoming 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 as they are merely surface cracks, can be prevented by moisture-proof coatings of paint.

City Planning Important Improvements planned for five, ten, or even fifty-year periods will result in substantial savings for cities.

Detroit, Mr. Ford said, estimated expenses on a ten-year improvement program would reach \$779,501,477 in 1925. Two years later, the program was revised with a saving of \$88,000,000, 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.

Beautiful the Roads

Beautifulization of Ozark highways by planting and preserving trees and conservation of wild flowers has been approved, says a report to the American Tree Association.

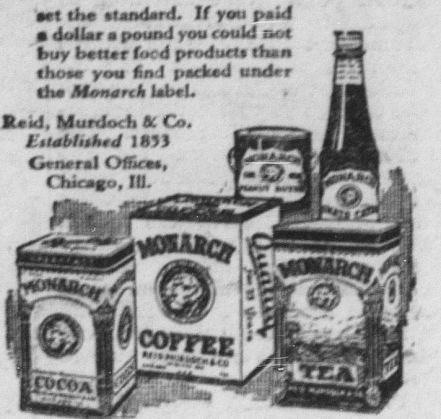
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Spraying Trees

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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Large Manufacturers Desire Men to Sell shirts to consumer. Apply ROBERT DANIEL SHIRT CO., 425 Arch. Phila., Pa.

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 treading that way because it is taking the minds of the people away from high thinking and spirituality.

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

One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier foot-wear—then when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly and often my toes seem wet through." In every community thousands now use Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath daily and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder.

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