

JERRY'S FAIRY GIFT CAME BACK TO HER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

A N ICY blast grabbed at Jerry Doan's hat, fluttered her skirt and sent a shiver down her back. She paused, realizing that she'd got something in her eye. Two winds and a blow. Old-fashioned remedy for mote, but it worked. Relief was instant. When she saw again with both eyes she noticed that she stood with one foot on a clean, crisp new \$5 bill.

She snatched the money eagerly. A lucky find. What couldn't she do with it? She'd send Betty, her little school sister, back home, the dollar she'd been teasing for. That would leave plenty for a pair of hose and a hat for herself.

Jerry turned toward the tempting window. At the same instant a young man who had passed there in the bright light to glance at a letter he had in his hand, turned from the window. Their eyes met with the happy recognition of two friends encountering each other unexpectedly.

He was good-looking, not tall, but well made with nice, square shoulders and a full chest. Blue eyes, with a twinkle in them, a firm mouth slightly turned up at the corners, a sturdy jaw. For two months now he had roomed across the hall from Jerry. He was looking for a job. He hadn't yet found one. She was sure his purse was getting pretty thin. He didn't look as if he had a good square meal since he came away from home. That lucky fiver now. She had to scrimp a good deal for she wasn't yet so expert a typist that she received the best wages. Yet she felt she'd rather do without the hat and hose and treat Bert Adams to a real good feed.

"Help me across the street, will you?" she asked him.

He looked into her dark eyes with amusement in his blue ones. Jerry didn't impress one as being a girl who was timid of traffic. He took her arm and steered through the roaring thoroughfare.

Here she faltered, wondering how she was going to get him to go into the restaurant with her. If he suspected what she was up to he would be offended. Then she had a flash. She would tell him honestly and make known her wish frankly.

"I've just had a fairy gift given me," she said. "I want to share it with some one. You're the only person handy. Won't you go into this restaurant with me and let me order a nice little dinner—for us two?"

Again he looked down into her dark eyes. They pleaded. No dark eyes could ever be so wistful as Jerry's when she wanted them to be. They might, he felt, fill with tears if he refused. He bowed. They entered the restaurant together.

They were alone at a small table. Jerry scanned the menu excitedly. What would be most filling, most nourishing?

"Do you like roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy?" she asked. Now her dark eyes were starry.

They had roast beef, mashed potato and gravy with a heap of rolls, a salad, pie and coffee in addition. Jerry was hungry, but not one-half so hungry as Bert.

"You see," Jerry said gayly, "this is really pay-back for half a chocolate cake, six lovely doughnuts and a plate of sugar cookies, the best I ever ate. I'm afraid you gave away so much that you didn't have anything left for yourself."

"My sister Alice is a fine cook," Bert said. "I couldn't have been such a pig as to have consumed the whole boxful myself. Besides, I owed you something. I didn't know how I was going to get those buttons sewed on my shirt till you came to my rescue by lending me a needleful of thread."

They laughed. "Get a job yet?" Jerry casually inquired.

He shook his head. "No! I'm not going to look any further. I'm going home."

She gazed at him, startled.

"Oh, don't tell me you're a quitter!"

"I'm no quitter, Jerry. But I know when I'm a misfit. I came here because I had to have more money. My mother was sick a long time, it ended up with her having an expensive operation. Well, I had to mortgage the old homestead for all it would bring. Then I couldn't pay the mortgage on what the few worn-out acres would yield. So I came here looking for an opportunity. Plenty of jobs but I'm not the right man for them. Besides, I hate all this. If it hadn't been for you—" he smiled right into her eyes. "You're a peach, Jerry."

She blushed. "No flattery, please. The trademark of true friendship is frankness—I suppose you'll never come back here again?"

"Yes, I shall come back, maybe in a week—to see you."

For a week after Bert went away Jerry was light-hearted. He was coming back to see her.

But two weeks passed and he did not come. Three weeks, four—five. Neither did he write. And now Jerry knew she had lost him. She grew a

little wan trying to imagine what had happened.

Then there came a cataclysmic turnover in the big office where Jerry worked. She suddenly found herself out of a job.

Resolutely she set out to find another job. A long tramp in a cold rain to save car fare, a neglected sore throat and she was laid up for good. In her room she tried to slip the broth Miss Henderson brought her hot from a near-by restaurant, tried to read the magazine Mrs. Jenks loaned, tried to sniff the flowers which were a donation from all the roomers.

But she got well at last. A little pale, lacking in her usual vigor, she went out to answer an advertisement. She got the job because the woman who was doing the hiring happened to have an understanding heart.

Dark days seemed to have become if not sunny at least bright enough for ordinary uses. If only she hadn't lost the fairy gift that had seemed so close to her hand! The fairy gift of a clean, honest man's abiding love.

The second day she worked she went home at the close of day to find a neat blue roadster standing before the rooming house entrance. She glanced at it curiously, wondering if it were a doctor's rig. The door of the coupe opened, a face looked out.

"I've been sitting here waiting for you for over an hour," said Bert Adams.

Jerry concealed her joy. He'd kept her waiting nearly two months, you see.

"Come get in, Jerry. We'll go round to the restaurant and have a bite," he said.

Jerry got into the car. He took her to the same restaurant where they had dined that long ago evening. He ordered. Jerry gasped at the profusion of chicken and other delicious food.

"Jerry," said Bert, "I've come back as I said. But I'm late. I—haven't been having a nice time, Jerry. Up to within about three days I wasn't sure I'd ever come back at all. I couldn't ask you to give up your good job and marry a failure, Jerry."

"You've never been a failure for one minute!" cried Jerry. Her cheeks were scarlet. "And anyway if you were I—I wouldn't mind helping you be a success, Bert."

"You darling!" Bert's eyes rested upon her rapturously. "Well, I got out of the mess by myself. I can now offer you something that's worth your taking. Jerry, I told you about the old place, worn out, incurably run to seed. Most of the land was on two sides of a great hill. Well, sir, I studied that hill outside and in. Finally I got an expert to give me his opinion. The hill, Jerry, is solid granite. Granite is worth money. I'm going to open a quarry. Oh, I've had chances to sell already but I'd rather run the thing myself—unless you object to living in the country, Jerry."

The waiter strolled by. He glanced at the young pair gazing at each other over their scarcely tasted food. He was an elderly waiter who still retained a bit of youth and romance in his kind heart. He smiled faintly—and turned his back.

Old Romans Used Wells as Their Refrigerators

Deep wells, which are supposed to have been the primitive iceboxes or refrigerators used by the ancient Romans for iced drinks, were discovered during archeological excavations in Rome, according to the Italy American society.

Naturally the refrigerators, which were not operated by either gas or electricity, were very elementary. They consisted of an underground deposit of snow which played a very valuable role in the ritual of drinking at Roman banquets. Trimalcion, the typical new rich and after-dinner speaker of the day, represented by Petronius in his famous novel, "Satyricon," had iced drinks at all his banquets. Of course he was not bothered by prohibition agents and he was looking for publicity when he displayed before his guests the great frozen amphorae in his magnificent home, which was not a speakeasy.

In regard to this discovery it is worth recalling that history tells of Ellogabalus, the effeminate emperor in the period of the empire's decline, who used to employ numberless slaves to fill his "iceboxes" with snow during the winter in order to have plenty of cold drinks for even the warmest days of summer.

Voodoo Doctor's Protest

The laws of South Africa forbid the practice of "tagati" for money not voluntarily offered, and every day black men are sentenced to imprisonment for pretending to have supernatural powers, which the unromantic local courts consider as nothing but a variety of fraud. Recently a number of these "wise ones" frequenting the mining districts of Witwatersrand joined together to defend their names and profession. One of them said: "I am sure that if the government allowed us to practice in this town we would beat the European doctor, so that before long they would have no work to do. Please refrain from calling us wizards. If we are wizards, so are European doctors. We believe to a certain extent in magic, but so does the white doctor, although he calls it by another name."

World's Gold and Silver

The world monetary stock in gold and silver for the year ending June 30, 1929, was \$10,528,000,000 in gold and \$4,000,000,000 in silver; for the United States \$4,379,000,000 in gold and \$845,000,000 in silver.

Fabrics, Colors in Wide Variety

Jacket Suit First Choice Among Street Costumes for Spring.

With the stores full of such a wide variety of materials, silks, cottons, linens, woolsens and rayons, in such a wide variety of colors and weaves, there is no reason why we should not all wear materials suitable to the occasion during the spring and summer. The time has gone, notes a fashion writer in the Boston Herald, when a woman may feel justified in wearing crepe de chine for all occasions. And certainly there is no advantage in excluding everything but silk materials from one's wardrobe. There are occasions even in warm weather when the new, fine woolsens are more appropriate than any sort of silk, times when cotton or linen are more suitable than either woolen or silk.

Never since the art of wearing was first invented has there been such a wide variety of materials for women to choose from—and never has there been such a wide range of lovely colors. Merely to see this wealth of lovely fabrics as they are shown now in the department stores is enough to make one take a renewed interest in clothes.

There are soft-toned, lightweight Jerseys, striped wash silks, dotted swisses, cotton piques, wool georgette almost as supple as silk, figured silks, figured and plain chiffons, nets, laces, embroidered cottons, printed linens, laces, tweeds, twilled woolsens, shantung printed and plain—and dozens of new materials called by names that are as yet strange to our ears.

The jacket suit established its claim at the southern resorts for first choice among street costumes for spring. You may select a suit of the two or three-piece sort—jacket and skirt, or jacket,



Printed Cotton Net Designed for Spring and Summer Wear.

blouse and skirt. Most of the new three-piece ensembles consist of separate blouse and skirt instead of a skirt mounted on a slip top with an overblouse to go with it. The separate skirt has the advantage that it may be worn with either a tuck-in blouse or an over-blouse.

The return of the jacket suit has brought back into favor a number of suiting materials that have been little used of late years. Tweed no longer reigns supreme—though to tweed in its wide variety of weaves and colors should be given the credit for renewed interest in all woolen materials. Now we have serges and a variety of twilled materials that lend themselves better to the smartly tailored suit than the more loosely woven tweeds.

While the jacket suit of wool will occupy our first attention, there is every reason to believe that the interest in this type of costume will be prolonged through warmer months by means of the light suit made of silk or linen. Of all silks shantung and similar rough silks meet the requirements of the jacket suit best and pique divides honors with uncrushable linens and linen-like cotton materials.

Bright Colors Offered for Milady's Spring Duds

Green tones are a promising fashion on the spring color chart. Heart of lettuce, sponsored in Paris recently, is much to the fore, while lemon is adaptable for coats as well as dresses and accessory colors. More colorful greens, such as bright jade, will be worn for sports.

Mellow pink and rose pink offer novelty shades. A new beige with a pink cast is charming for combination with pure beige tones, pale tans and soft browns. Chocolate brown also makes effective harmony with the same colors.

A bright royal blue ranks high with fashion authorities, although there are many shades in this color, particularly smart for the new season. Paris has sponsored six lavender blues which vary in intensity. Turquoise has lost none of its chic. For the conservatives, in the yellow group there is a lovely new honey shade.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

In this role of handing on social traditions to children we parents should not try to hand on rigid habits, fixed and final adaptations. We forget that life means change, growth, variations. Fixed, stern, uncompromised conceptions of duty, honor, religion, patriotism, when looked at by an unafraid keen-sighted generation, too often reveal ignorance, prejudice, selfish ambition and smug egotism.

For many years investigators have been attempting to discover an efficient method of preventing measles. The results of their work to date suggest that in the relatively near future it may be possible to render all children completely immune to the disease by means of a vaccine.

A sense of values is what we wish to develop in our children by the use of money. The way anyone spends his income indicates what he considers valuable. A person best develops a sound sense of values by practice in use of currency, the most accurate standard we have by which to measure the worth of the material things of life. This is one reason why every child needs an allowance—to help in building up a sense of real values in the chaos of things about him.

A crawling baby can learn to go up and down stairs safely before he has learned to walk. For a day or two his mother should take time off from her other duties in order to be on hand when the baby chooses to climb. After that the child may safely be left to manage the stairs by himself.

Perhaps the chief criticism of the average home is that it has too much furniture in it and not enough of the decorative accessories which give an air of livableness. There seems to be a general impression that in order to give a room the appearance of being completely furnished it must be crowded with furniture. This, rather than increasing the homelike appearance of a room, is suggestive of the furniture shop. Do not be afraid of space.

Every family should have the satisfaction of a garden, for no home is really complete without a corner devoted to growing things. It is not a matter of space or soil. If there is no land at all, there are porches and window-sills. Our foreign neighbors in the city tenement districts put us to shame with their wooden boxes and tin cans full of flourishing bloom.

Within the last three or four years a strong conviction has grown up among both educators and laymen that boys need a knowledge of home economics in order to insure a happy life. It is realized that the greater part of the money which a boy will earn when he grows to man's estate will go into his home. He should, therefore, have a proper knowledge of home problems, not only to know how to adjust himself to his present and future family relationships, but also to become an intelligent purchaser of economic goods.

Spring Glove Fashions

Suede will be the vogue in street gloves and in the off-white and white shades for spring rather than the long familiar beige tones. For sports the doekin glove is the chic one.

The suede slip-on in six-button length takes precedence over the four-button length, although the latter has attained greater popularity. Long gloves will be worn for spring evenings, though less so than during the winter. White glace kid, off-white and pastel-tinted suede are seen in these.

White Satin Favored in Paris for Evening Wear

Paris favors the evening gown of white satin. A charming and very graceful model has the draped skirt movement and a décolletage relieved by a rope of pearls.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
From the wet field, through the
vex garden trees
Come with the volleying rain and
tossing breeze.
—Mathew Arnold.

THIS AND THAT

The serving of a good soup at the beginning of the meal will save on the meat bill and also on the health. One is easily satisfied with a simple meal after being served with a soup of creamed vegetable. A light dessert or a bit of cheese and fruit makes a most satisfying finish to a meal.

When serving a clear soup a few little yellow balls of egg added to it gives the color and adds to the calories. Prepare them as follows: Take two hard cooked yolks of eggs and mix with the raw white of one, the paste, then form into balls like marbles. A little seasoning should be added. These, two or three to a plate of soup, will take the place of crotons for a change.

When the gardens are made this spring have a few feet for some of the savory herbs, so good in seasoning, as well as greens for garnishing. Chlocty, chervil, parsley and mint are only a few. One's own sage tastes so much better than that which has been put away in boxes. Pepper grass, black mustard for greens are all easily grown. Tarragon is used to flavor vinegar, but, when fresh, adds flavor to many dishes.

Maitre d' Hotel Potatoes.—Cut cold potatoes (underdone) into thick slices. Add a tablespoonful of flour to the same of butter and cook with a cupful of broth. When boiling add the potatoes and a tablespoonful of minced parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Cook for a few minutes; then add the yolk of an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of cold water and a little lemon juice. When the egg is thickened, turn out on a hot dish and serve.

Salad de Laitue.—Select firm, crisp lettuce; remove the coarser outer leaves; wash and drain well. Place in a salad bowl with one tablespoonful of chopped chives, one-half teaspoonful each of chervil and tarragon. Season with salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of oil. Mix thoroughly and serve.

COOKERY HINTS

The American cook has a wider range of foods at his command than any other in the world, yet the bugbear of cookery is monotony. Foods served in the same way day after day, or on the same day of the week, week in and week out, "become flat, stale and unprofitable." Every one likes a change; change of scene, change of occupation and change of food are necessary to keep up life's interest.

Much of our cooking is like sheep leading sheep—an unthinking process. We prepare the foods that our mothers did; and die of stomach trouble. When eggs were ten, cents a dozen and butter fifteen and twenty cents a pound, the free use of them was not criticized in cookery. But in this day of high prices much economy can be practiced without giving up expensive foods, such as eggs, butter and meat. Small amounts of different meats will season a large dish of vegetables, making a most satisfying meal at little cost. The flavor of the meat enters into the food and makes it tasty; then, with good seasoning and tasty serving, the dish is a success.

We may learn much from the French chefs who depend upon delighting the eye as well as the palate and use hundreds of ways of serving the same food. They are economical as well as resourceful and with their unerring variety, most successful cooks.

There are hundreds of ways, for example, to serve common potatoes, but how many cooks in the American home know even twenty ways to serve them?

The memory of a dish of fresh shrimps served in Madame Beques in New Orleans will be a lasting one. The shrimps were fresh and pink and plump, served on curled lettuce with a simple french dressing to which a dash of worcestershire sauce was added. French bread in great wedges, served on a napkin-covered silver tray, was passed with the salad. The taste of that bread and sweet, fresh butter is written in her guest books by the thousands who have enjoyed her breakfasts and dinners.

Nellie Maxwell

"Do I smell a short circuit, or your pipe?"



BUT why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation? . . . The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-smoker. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(Hint No. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 98.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco



Hard work is the only sure cure for an ingrowing grouch.



Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance — at the first sniffle run on Children's Musterole once every hour for five hours.

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form. Working like the trained masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder — Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.



CONSTIPATED?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—no drugs—only 25c PER LEE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Stubborn Coughs Give Up to Boschee's SYRUP

Don't let coughs and colds wear down your strength and vitality. Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly—coughs quickly. Relief GUARANTEED.

At all druggists