

That Is What I Would Do

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

WHEN Thomas Arden brought home the notorious Minnie Dupont as bride to the square stone house he had occupied as a bachelor, he must have done so with his eyes fully open to possible consequences.

The consequences were of course that nobody called. Within three months after the marriage, the area of silence and isolation around the Thomas Ardens was like a vast park affording them more privacy than they knew what to do with.

Minnie was not accepted. The circles in which Tom had moved as a popular bachelor might have vanished in thin air so far as his further participation in them was concerned. Not that they had actually vanished. The prosperous town in which Tom had prospered simply turned a cold shoulder upon the advent of Minnie into Tom's life, and resented what was regarded as outrage.

Minnie had what is known as an unsavory reputation.

Eligible Tom Arden's marriage to her came as the proverbial clap of thunder. The community gasped, gossiped, turned its back. The playful, good-humored, good-natured, absolutely dauntless qualities which had first attracted Tom to Minnie, now stood their test. Minnie saw to it that, one way or another, Tom's home was a source of constant delight to him. Her laughter rang in it, her deft handiwork transformed it, her skillful cookery made its table an epicurean's delight, and her bold effluent beauty thrived in it.

If, in the long watches of the day, there descended upon Minnie, whose spirits loved to soar, long fits of irreconcilable depression, Tom was not to know it. The woman whose life had been filled with activities and gaieties from one day to the other accepted this strange new lot without reference to it, without whimper, without complaint.

Sometimes blatant things happened that brought color to her face and caused her avalanches of secret tears. The Ravensels, who lived next door, a family of social prestige and no wealth, had ever since the arrival of the bride consistently kept the blinds of all the windows which faced the Arden house drawn to their limits.

Before his marriage it had been Tom's habit to shout across the lawn to the Ravensels from his own side windows. Minnie knew that, because time and time again Tom used to describe to her his habit of waving good-night to the four-year-old Dotty Ravenel, who was his pet.

Not once, since their arrival from the honeymoon, had Minnie so much as clapped eyes upon Dot. The Ravensels, along with the rest of the community, turned a cold shoulder, but in the case of the next-door neighbors the shoulder was most obvious.

The skill with which Minnie dominated the difficult situation was extraordinary. There came a time when Tom began to make references with anger to their behavior. Not on his own account. As a matter of fact, Tom was happier than he had ever dreamed he could be. But his heart hurt angrily for Minnie. "Your little finger is worth more than the whole gang of them," was his frequent way of summing up the situation. "I'll take my business away from every man in this town whose wife snubs us."

"I wouldn't do that, dear. What does it matter? Now, this is what I would do: I'd go my way and not harbor resentment. Life is short and hard enough at best. Forgive."

What could you do about a woman like that! Couldn't sour her. Couldn't get her to admit a heart-hurt or a snub.

"Next time I see Lucy Ravenel on the street, I'm going to walk up to her and tell her where she gets off—"

"I wouldn't do that. This is what I would do. I'd ignore it and see if in time she doesn't sort of come around to realization of how petty it all is. . . ."

Bless her. Didn't need a brick house to fall on Tom, as he put it to himself, to make him understand that inside she was hurting and aching and bluer than her beautiful eyes. Minnie, who had been born and reared in a notorious environment, was accustomed to attention.

Minnie cried, sometimes a great deal. Alone. But then there was always the redeeming miracle of Tom. The miracle of the man who had suddenly brought into her life quiet, new, and lasting significance.

One cheerfully endured loneliness for that, and secret heartache and wounded pride and lacerating humiliation.

Children were what she missed most. In her own city, there had always been youngsters about. Spoiled, undisciplined darlings, who flocked naturally around her. The precocious and beautiful children of the theater. The gay, innocent children of women who were gay and far from innocent.

Their absence in her life made the house seem still in a way that was terrifying. The voice of a youngster would have helped. When, as time went on, it seemed discouragingly obvious that Minnie was to have none

of her own, there was talk of adopting a child. Tom was all for it, eager to introduce into the home of this woman he adored any possible streak of light and sweetness. Strangely, after much consideration, it was Minnie who decided against it. Tom understood. One did not draw a child into the shadow of a cloud.

It was ironic beyond the telling and something that was to take years for him to be able to bear up under that Minnie, returning from a solitary walk into town, should have been killed outright by an automobile, as she darted in front of it to snatch back little Dotty Ravenel who had leaped in front of it after a puppy.

Like a candle snuffed, the lonely, gallant personality of Minnie went out, as it were, in a flash, dashing Tom into darkness; dashing life into darkness.

What a funeral! For years it was one of the talked of occasions of the town. Six carriages laden with flowers followed Minnie's hearse. Crowds stood upon the lawn and along the sidewalks as the solitary bitter figure of Tom Arden followed the white hearse to its grave.

In a bitterness which he was later to regret, he gave orders that no one, save himself and two servants, should follow her to her last resting place. The crowd stood by respectfully, and a little cowed. The house next door, had every blind lowered, and every flower in its luxurious gardens plucked to make up a blanket for Minnie's grave.

It was a grim, tragic picture of a solitary man following a woman who in death seemed no more solitary than she had been in life.

In a way, the subsequent behavior of Lucy Ravenel was pathetic. It might actually be said that she scratched for admission into that silent stone house, like a dog biding his time. Apparently awed neither by the bitter black anger of Tom, nor his forbidding servants, she called daily, the little Dotty at her side, offerings of food and flowers in her hands.

For six months that door remained steadfastly closed to her. One day she encountered Tom on his steps. She was a narrow, nervous-lipped woman and the weeks following Minnie's death had played havoc with her.

"Tom," she said, "aren't you going to let us alone—aren't you going to give us the chance to make her memory a monument in this town? If you can deny me, Tom, Dotty asks you—Dotty asks you to let her help you."

Standing there looking down into the clear eyes of the child whom Minnie had snatched from premature death, it was as if what Minnie would have said came floating to his ears and his consciousness.

"Take little Dotty into your heart—that is what I would do, Tom—"

That is what Tom did.

Buffalo Herds in East in Eighteenth Century

The American bison or buffalo was at one time nearly as abundant east of the Mississippi as on the western plains.

Remains of bisons have been found in southern Michigan, more adapted to their grazing habits than the pine-covered areas of the north, and in Wisconsin. In the latter state a pair of these animals, killed by Sioux in 1832, are believed to have been the last of the species east of the great river.

In the early history of New York, bison made so many trails to the salt springs about Onondaga that settlers used them for roads. The city of Buffalo was named after them, likewise several towns and a mountain in Pennsylvania. The last Pennsylvania bison was killed in 1790 near Lewisburg.

Early in the Eighteenth century, according to writings of Jesuits and explorers, bison were plentiful along the Sandusky river and in the territory south of Lake Erie. In 1718 they were reported as abundant near Defiance, Ohio. In the latter part of the century, however, when permanent settlements were being made, they had dwindled to a handful.

A few of these animals were found in Indiana as late as 1810. The Indiana geological survey, as quoted by Edwin Lincoln Moseley in "Our Wild Animals," tells of a migration from the prairies of the West across the state to salt licks and blue grass meadows of Kentucky. Buffalo were seen near Vincennes in 1808.

Had the bison been more intelligent and better able to cope with the settlers, they might have survived the Middle West. They were very slow in comprehending danger, and often witnessed the slaughter of their companions with wonder and curiosity. While they were extinct this side of the Mississippi, herds 25 miles across were being hunted in the West.—Detroit News.

Extolled Virtues of Tea

In the British museum there is an old advertisement which recited the merits of tea and then delicately suggested that it could be bought at Garway's coffee house for from 15 to 30 shillings a pound. Mr. Garway told his prospective customers that there was nothing like tea for the health. "It maketh the body active and lusty, helpeth the headache, removeth obstructions from the spleen. It is good against stone and gravel. It taketh away difficulty of breathing." He goes on to say that tea is good against "lippitude distillations," which means that the cup that cheers but not inebriates will clear up bleary eyes. Moreover, says Mr. Garway, "it cleanseth and purifyeth a hot liver."

Lace Takes on Soft, Chalky Finish

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT SEEMS that fashion is delivering a series of "chalk talks" this season. At any rate, the very newest laces and fabrics are carrying over the message that to be "chalky" is to be chic. This luster-lack vogue is the latest sensation in realms of fashion. Smart laces especially feature these fascinating dull-finished effects. The name of this very new and beautiful type of chalky-surfaced lace is as intriguing as the lace itself. When you go lace-frock-hunting just mention pean d'ange (Angel skin) to the madam or salesperson who awaits your pleasure, for such is the title some genius of fashion, gifted with imagination, has bestowed upon laces of this character. Forthwith you will be shown an array of laces such as your eye never gazed upon until this season—free from garish luster, chalklike and soft and altogether lovely.

Much of the charm of these chalky-surfaced laces rests in their delectable colorings which run the range of enchanting pastels as well as including the now-so-fashionable off-whites, also the new chalk white which is the last word. Be they ever so simple in their styling, gowns made of these beguiling lusterless laces are convincingly high-class and up-to-date looking.

The exquisite gowns pictured are winsome exponents of the present vogue for mellowed chalky surfaces and colorings. They bear that unmistakable this-season's air about them which is so much to be coveted. Their backgrounds, comparing the two gowns, are their distinguishing feature. In each instance their floral patterns are in that dull finish which seems as if done in chalk on sheer grounds.

BELTS ARE FEATURE OF SPRING STYLES

Belts, and more belts; buckles of steel, of chromium, of wood, of bright red and green metallic effects, and new ribbon, chain, suede, patent leather, kid, cloth and every other kind of belt materials for those who want to make their own belts—all these are seen in the stores this spring. Even then the belt field is not exhausted.

Combinations of belts, pocketbooks and scarfs which match are being shown. Or perhaps the belt and bag are of different, but harmonizing shades. At any rate, the fashion is for belted effects, and a woman may be as daring as she wishes, putting a green belt on a yellow dress and adding a touch of green to her yellow bag.

Striped belts are good, plaid woven belts in woolen materials are smart with navy blue or other solid color frocks, and the ribbon counters are doing a rushing business in a wide, heavy shiny sort of ribbon for use as belts.

Perforations Are Only Trimming for Footwear

Oxfords, pumps and one-straps are all smart with tailored clothes—but smartest if they are sporty in appearance, and their heels are not too high. Perforations are really the only trimming that tailored street shoes may wear.

Here is a new idea for your feet. Developed in calfskin, these unlined shoes feel like a glove on the foot. Not only do they have no lining, but no boxing across the toe, and no seams across the vamp. Perforations make them even more comfortable for summer.

Three-Starred Bags

Bags are starred not only in the fashion sense but in reality, for many of the smartest new ones of patent leather have three large silver stars running diagonally across one corner.

Note the open-mesh background of the lace which fashions the jacketed dress to the right in the picture. This type is a general favorite. Most every lace frock has a matching jacket and this gracious costume is no exception. The presence of these complementary jacketed tunics in with the trend of the mode which is to dress rather less formally than heretofore. Be a lace dress ever so formal with an extreme low-cut-at-the-back décolletage, its ultra formality is modified to occasion with the donning of a sleeved jacket. The bolero form is the preferred type, and in almost every instance the sleeves are belted.

The lace employed for the gown illustrated to the left has a background which suggests chiffon or georgette, but the flowers are as if chalked on by an artist's hand.

Small wonder is it that the call of the lace gown continues so insistently. Not only does it qualify from the standpoint of beauty and make an esthetic appeal, but women flitting about, spending a week-end here and there find that the lace frock is ever ready at a moment's notice to go dining and dancing or to attend any social event where one must dress to festive environment, for neither does it wrinkle nor does it crush, but comes out as fresh and lovely as when it started on its journey from home.

That which applies to the newest laces applies also to the latest fabrics, especially the smartest prints, the latest versions of which are taking on a chalklike finish which differentiates them decidedly from last season's crepes and other silken sheers.

PASTEL KID SHOES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This good looking sports frock made of shell pink linen shows the smartness of simple tailored styling. The sleeves are of pale blue kid trimmed with deeper blue. That's what fashion-wise young girls will be wearing this late spring and summer—slopes of finest kid in pastel colorings with their pink, blue or yellow sports cloths. Hats help carry out the color scheme. The one in the picture is pale blue to match the shoes.

Candle-Blowing Test
A candle-blowing test for tuberculosis is filling Turkish school children and their parents with a flurry of fear. Health inspectors line up all the children in a class at an equal distance from a lighted candle which they in turn try to blow out. Those whose puffs are successful are considered safe as to lungs; those who fail to extinguish the flames are catalogued as tubercular suspects, and their parents are warned.

Committee Personnel
A committee may be one person or it may be more persons appointed or chosen by a larger number or an organized body to give some special service.

Relieve a Cough In One Day—
Any cough may cause serious trouble if permitted to go unchecked. Prompt use of **B. & M. THE PENETRATING GERMICIDE** Usually gives relief immediately. Ask your druggist for the \$1.25 size or order direct, giving his name. **F. E. ROLLINS CO.** 53 Beverly St. Boston, Mass.

Swimming Pool Handy
Firemen pumped water from the swimming pool in the basement of the Y. M. C. A. building in Berwick, Pa., to fight a fire on the third floor. Water lines feeding the pool were turned on simultaneously. Firemen estimated the pool would supply water for three hours of fire fighting.

People may live longer in this era, partially because they have a greater variety of food.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Flow particles of gold skin pool off much. Will give you no wrinkles, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles, use one ounce Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint which lard. At drug stores.

DAISY FLY KILLER
Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Heat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal; can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Insect upon DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer. **HAROLD SOMERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

Special Representatives
Wanted for exclusive territory rights to distribute new Federal hot water heater; the any faucet, no boiler, no work, just plug in nearest electric socket and you have instant hot water. Good profits for installers. Full particulars with sample heater \$5.75. **FEDERAL UTILITY CO.** 64 University Place - New York City

Old Coins Wanted

Highest prices for old gold, silver, copper coins, medals, paper money, tokens, stamps. Your coins may be worth a fortune. Illustrated catalogue giving values sent post-paid for 25c cash. Send your collection by registered mail with return postage for estimate. Returned immediately if offer is unsatisfactory. **JACK L. CAIDIN** 13 West 31st St. - New York City. Wakefield and Copenhagen Cabbage, Calhoun Colliery Stone and Baltimore Tomato plants \$1 M. Porto Rico Potato plants, \$1.25 M. Dixie Plant Farms, Fitzgerald, Ga.

Good Demand for Honey

The bee business isn't much affected by depression, the Department of Agriculture reports. Last year's honey crop was worth about \$10,000,000, and beehives about \$1,000,000. New methods of preparing and wrapping honey have stimulated the market, the department states. Likewise nickel candy bars containing honey and almonds have had a huge sale and consequently increased the use for honey.

When You CAN'T QUIT

Fatigue is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in comfort.

Bayer Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it insures your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Bayer Aspirin when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, it will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. Perfectly harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and use it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the proven directions. From a grumbling tooth to those rheumatic pains which seem almost to bend the bones, Bayer Aspirin is ready with its quick relief—and always works. Neuralgia, Neuritis. Any nagging, needless pain.



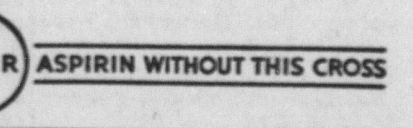
NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

No Pleasant Dream
"Is a retirement that will permit you to read and rest one of the pleasant dreams of your life?" "It's no pleasant dream," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's a nightmare."

A Word for Himself
Betty—Jack don't take "No" for an answer. What shall I do? Dick—Say "Yes" to some other fellow.



Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. Why experiment with imitations costing a few cents less? The saving is too little. There is too much at stake. But there is economy in the purchase of genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets in the large bottles.



Quite Immature
Little Jane was telling her mother about the date tree that a neighbor had grown from a seed. "How big is it?" her mother asked. "Oh, it's quite big," replied Jane, "but it isn't old enough to have dates yet."—Exchange.

When the Row Starts
"Does your wife get angry if you don't talk to her?" "No, only if I don't listen to her."

A Nurse's Secret

Nurses say that many people would never see the inside of a hospital, if they took care of their "nerves." When they feel vitality lacking, nurses take Fellows' Syrup because they have seen doctors all over the world prescribe this wonderful tonic for "rundown" patients. They have seen the definite results in increased pep, improved vitality and "interest in life." Try it yourself. Ask your druggist for genuine Fellows' Syrup today.



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The advertisements you find in your newspaper bring you important news. News in regard to quality and prices. Just as the "ads" bring you news on how to buy advantageously. . . so do the "ads" offer the merchant the opportunity of increasing his sales at small expense.