

Ticket to Sparta

By EMILY V. SPEARS

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WNU Service

WHEN Peggy Burleson's mother found her shamelessly crying over a bunch of dead violets, she decided something must be done.

"But," protested Peggy, when her mother had explained her plan, "I don't want to go to see Aunt Helen. I want to stay right here in Longhope, where Dick is."

In the end Mrs. Burleson won her point. And two weeks later Peggy was comfortably established in her aunt's luxurious New York apartment, leading a gay life.

And of course Peggy had a good time.

Then suddenly, early in the afternoon of her birthday, a week after her visit began, Peggy suddenly decided she couldn't spend another hour in New York. She must get home. The memory of a shiny white box, layers of gleaming, transparent green paper that she had pulled aside a year ago to disclose a bunch of violets from Dick, came to her so vividly, so poignantly, that she felt almost faint from their nearness.

She was going home. She couldn't go back even for an explanation to her aunt's apartment. Her aunt wouldn't understand.

She hailed a taxi and hurried to the station. It wasn't until she opened her purse to pay the taxi man that she saw she had only two or three dollars. She paid him. Then she stopped to consider what to do next. She'd telephone her aunt—leave word with a maid that she'd gone home for the night. She couldn't make explanations. It was too inconsiderate of her to do it, of course.

She'd buy a ticket that would take her as far as possible on her way. Then, if the conductor remembered—he might forget and let her ride a few stations extra, perhaps the whole way—she'd get off the train, wherever he put her off, and perhaps she could walk the rest of the way.

A crazy plan, of course, but to Peggy at the moment it seemed beautiful.

Fortunately a maid's voice answered her telephone call. There was little surprise in the well-trained, "Yes, Miss," but that was all. Peggy had banked on that. Aunt Helen had high-class servants that never batted an eyelid, no matter what happened.

Peggy's eyes blurred as she worked her way to the head of the line for her ticket. She pushed two dollars and a quarter through the grating. "How far will that go toward Longhope?" she asked the ticket salesman. "To Sparta," he answered. "All right, ticket please," said Peggy. And he gave it to her, with fourteen cents change.

She had to wait half an hour for her train. But that was all right. The maid had told her that her aunt was away at a card party and wouldn't be home till five-thirty.

Snow was falling as the train emerged from the tunnel just beyond the station. Small, business-like flakes. But what was snow to Peggy? She saw violets floating through the air. Sparta was a long way from Longhope. But if she couldn't walk the distance in the flaky snow—oh, well, something would happen.

The warmth and regular motion of the train lulled Peggy to sleep.

A firm but gentle tap on the shoulder awakened her an hour or so later. She looked up to find the conductor leaning over her.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said. "Where was your ticket to?"

Silently, Peggy produced it. "We've passed Sparta, Miss. Tomkins is the next stop."

"Oh yes," said Peggy, glad that she had been asleep when the station was called. "I'm sorry. I'll just get off at the next station—"

"Twenty-one cents," said the conductor.

"But—" demanded Peggy.

"Can't help it. I called the station. You'll have to pay."

"Pardon me," said a voice behind her, to the conductor. "The young lady wants to go to Longhope. We are together. I have her fare from Sparta the rest of the way."

The conductor grunted a dissatisfied sound as he accepted a ticket from Dick, and looked at him a bit askance as he slid into the seat beside Peggy.

But that didn't matter to Peggy and Dick.

"You see," he explained, as his hand sought and clasped hers, "it's your birthday. I remembered. And I wanted to be with you—I wanted to tell you to ask you to marry me. I got to your aunt's apartment just after you'd telephoned, and that nice wooden image of a maid was all excited. She told me what you'd said over the telephone—she'd just been thinking of calling a taxi and going to the station to see what was the matter. Seems she knew—well, she knew you and I knew each other. Your old Annie and she are friends—they've corresponded since you came to New York. Anyway—I got to the station a few minutes before the train left and followed you. Sort of lost my nerve, I guess. Seemed funny to take it for granted you'd feel as I do. But you do, don't you, Peggy?"

Dick's rambling talk had been interspersed by little interjections and exclamations from Peggy, quite satisfying and expressive to him. Darkness was gathering thickly outside the windows, the wind was sighing, and big, white flakes were beating against the warm, lighted windows.

Snow Togs Gay With Color and Chic

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HO, HO, HO! Who wouldn't go, up on the hill top far, far away? Come on up, the snow's fine. Let's go!

Whether we be snow-faring fans or among those who elect to join the style parade under sunny skies "where summer spends the winter," the "what-to-wear" problem is ever with us. So let's spend a few moments in conference with Dame Fashion and see what she has to say upon the subject.

To begin with those who skate and ski and toboggan and frolic in the snow are expected to follow as meticulous a style program as does milady who promenades along sun-warmed beaches or dances to the rhythmic sway of waving palms under tropic starry skies.

A most important lesson which fashion teaches is the value of color—flamboyant, audacious color, if you please. A formula for color which the smart set is adopting enthusiastically for winter sports outfits is gray for the basic color with accessories in a riot of brilliant greens, blues, reds and orange tones. Over a swanky gray costume consisting of trousers in dark gray with a tuck-in sweater in lighter tone, the neckband and wristbands knitted in vivid stripes, she who skates wears a patchwork suede jacket, in lumberjack fashion, which startles the eye with its vivid coloring, being formed of swatches of blue, green, red and yellow suede sewed together in crazy-quilt fashion, with enough gray suede worked in to relate it to the gray of the sweater and trousers with which it is worn.

It does not look its high color in the picture, but if the skirt-and-jacket suit

worn by the young woman playing ice hockey in the picture could be seen in the original it would certainly qualify as being plenty colorful. The trimly buttoned and belted jacket is of bright red corduroy. It is lined with natural chambray. The skirt is of rich green suede leather. Its buttoned-down-front fastening is the last word for sportswear.

Included among timely suggestions for conservatively smart snow suits are types such as the model shown to the right in the picture. It is made of navy gabardine which is so general a winter fabric, it has become almost a tradition in the sports realm. Variety is afforded by the plain lining which is woven in flaming colors.

The commendable thing about modern winter sports togs is that no matter how pictorial they may be they never sacrifice the practical.

The sportswoman who knows her fashions never thinks of wearing a jacket or blouse which does not fasten with a metal slide or some such arrangement. That is, if she be not in trigue with some other equally as dependable a gadget such as, for instance, the new fastening created by Schiaparelli which slips small wooden knobs through leather thongs. A row of 'em is warranted to "doll up" any ski or skate suit to the snow queen's taste. Howsoever to do the trick with out ostentation you will please to note the pullover blouse pictured above in the group, which fastens with a metal slide at the back of the neck. The collar and gloves are striped in pale blue and brown.

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DINNER JACKETS
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



One sleeveless decollete gown with a flock of cunning dinner jackets equals a whole wardrobe of evening clothes. Which goes to show how practical fashion is growing during these days when economy is correct form wherever we may go. The model pictured is in black and white velvet. Gold or silver-spangled velvet would make up very prettily after this fashion. The list of flattering dinner jackets includes some very dainty fantasies made of choice lace either black or in ecru or flesh tints. Worn over black velvet or crepe dresses they transform the formal gown into a costume tuned to the semi-formal dine or dance hour. The flair for sparkle is reflected in the dazzling little capelets and jackets which are sequin covered.

Hatback Is Needed

The strong popularity of the Victorian coiffure that sweeps all the curls to the back of the head makes the elevated hatback practically imperative.

GOLD AND SILVER SLIPPERS RETURN

The fashion tip given by one of the better shoe houses is to dye the heels and bows of an opera pump to match the gown or the accessories. This same house is showing a slipper that can almost be said to embody every color of the rainbow in a vivid pattern.

Velvet slippers are exceedingly smart. Many of them have straps and intricate trimmings of gold or silver kidskin. Some have both. Returned to favor are kidskin gold and silver slippers. A new note is a combination of the gold and silver.

The brocades are very smart. They are trimmed with the gold or silver kidskin. Some houses are showing a trim of opaque kidskin. There are satin and moire combinations to be had and crepe slippers to be dyed.

One-Sleeved Gowns Are Latest Freak in Paris

Two sleeves do not make a dress. Paris couturiers are striving to persuade their clients that one is quite sufficient.

However bizarre may be your mental picture of a one-sleeved gown, in reality the creation is sometimes effective. It's smartest, however, when applied to jackets.

These leave one arm covered with a fabric contrasting with the fabric of the dress sleeve. The armhole of the "missing sleeve" is trimmed with feathers, the other with fur.

Sequin Capes

A shoulder cape of sequins on black net or chiffon is charming worn with a simple evening gown. They can be bought separately to wear with different dresses.

Plaid Velvet

Plaid velvet bags with scarfs to match are gay and pretty to wear with your dark fur coat or with a solid color wool dress.

Use Surplus Cream for Butter Supply

May Be Stored in Jars or in One-Pound Prints.

By JOHN A. AREY, North Carolina State College—WNU Service

Farm butter, made from sweet cream, may be packed in salt brine and kept in the cold room for use later when the supply may be low. By reason of the low price of butterfat, a number of housewives with a surplus of cream have been making inquiry as to the possibilities of making up the cream into butter and storing it for use later. This plan has been practiced by some North Carolina families for a number of years. The first consideration is that the butter be made from sweet cream. Given this condition, the resulting products may be stored in jars, packed solidly or in one-pound prints. In either case the container must be thoroughly and carefully scalded to kill all bacterial spores.

If packed solidly in such jars, the packed butter needs to be covered with a clean and sterile white cloth and salt placed over this at least 1-32 of an inch deep.

If prints are used, a salt brine sufficiently strong to float an egg is prepared. This will take about one-fourth as much salt as water. Boiled water should be used. Then the one-pound prints wrapped in clean white cloth are placed in the jar with a string around each print so that it may be recovered easily. A stone plate or follower of some kind should be placed on the butter to keep it in the brine and then the brine is poured over the whole thing. From time to time it may be necessary to add additional brine.

New Soil Test Shifting Land Out of Grain Crop

Without the new test for available phosphorus developed by the college of agriculture, University of Illinois, many Illinois farmers could not decrease their grain acreage and increase their legume acreage to cope with present low prices. It is pointed out by C. M. Lindsay, soils extension specialist.

Many farmers are not financially able, he explained, to make the relatively heavy investments in limestone and phosphate for land that is too acid or too low in available phosphorus for the growing of these legumes. It is necessary that they locate land in their fields already containing enough lime and available phosphorus. A previously developed test of the college's took care of the limestone problem, and now the more recently perfected phosphorus test gives farmers a practical means of overcoming the other important barrier in adjusting their crop acreage.

Thousands of farms throughout central and northern Illinois have areas of soil varying from a few acres to entire fields which naturally contain enough limestone and available phosphorus so that they can be taken out of grain and put into alfalfa, sweet clover or red clover.

Farmers seldom recognize these areas. What is more serious is that without applying the two tests, they often attempt to grow legumes on land that is too low in available phosphorus and lime. The result is a waste of seed and time.

Bee-Keeping

It has lately been discovered that bees have preferences among the honey plants. Whether this is due to the fact that they like some nectars better than others, or whether they simply go most easily obtained, is a question which none can yet answer. The fact that they will not touch honeydew, even though it may be in great abundance, as long as nectar is available in quantities from flowers, indicates clearly their preference for floral nectar. In the case of clovers, bees apparently prefer to work on white clover rather than alsike if both are yielding abundantly. When white clover is abundant and yields heavily, alsike clover is often poorly pollinated, even if near a large apiary. On the other hand if white clover is scarce or is yielding poorly, alsike clover is well pollinated.

Clean the Seed Wheat

The treatment of seed wheat with copper carbonate or with formaldehyde is a common practice in all grain districts. Frequently, however, seed treatment is reported to be ineffective in the control of smut. Experiments which have been conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that the removal of smut balls in the seed wheat is absolutely essential to satisfactory results. The smut balls are composed of millions of spores which are not entirely destroyed by the common method of seed treatment. These smut balls should be removed either by fanning or other cleaning machines.

Agricultural Briefs

Uncle Ab says he foresees a new era of art in every field.

Sheep were sold recently in Abernethy, Scotland, for 4 cents each.

A yam yield at the rate of 420 bushels per acre was grown at Hickory, N. C., by J. F. Allen.

Two agricultural experts supplied by the League of Nations will study the agricultural reconstruction of China.

Forget the Petty Troubles of Life

Some one has observed that our lives are cut into small pieces; work, play, love, friendship, social contacts, business, responsibilities, financial and blood relationships; and all the little pieces are colored by our temperament, our training, our inbred likes and dislikes, habits, tastes and yearnings: the essential business of living is to fit those pieces into a picture.

The petty annoyances of daily life are harder to bear than the real burdens to which we seem to adjust our shoulders. We grow tired of listening to a radio which echoes only the "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" when there are so many beautiful things to which we might listen—if permitted. It requires the patience of Job to rise above the persistent clatter of unwelcome sounds. But we must try to remember that what is important to one may be trivial to another, and adjust our-

selves accordingly. We might be poetical and steal new hopes with every dawn and make a rose-jar when they die.

"He has achieved success," says a philosopher, "who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and who has given the best he had; whose life is an inspiration and whose memory a benediction."—Indianapolis News.

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