

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Joan's Jewel Casket

By ROSE MEREDITH

JOAN GILBERT leaned on the sagging gate and surveyed the old homestead with scornful eyes and rebellious mouth. This was the end of it all, she thought bitterly: back to the country, to make a new beginning with no capital, a semi-invalid mother, trunks full of beautiful clothes, many accomplishments, but no useful knowledge of how to earn a living for two women reared in luxury.

"Poor dad," sighed Joan at last, as she thought of her father, dead two years, whose tangled business affairs had just been unraveled to the last knot and found to consist of nothing but a mass of debts—the widow and daughter had sacrificed personal belongings, jewels, books, anything to meet these obligations, and now they were to start free from everything, even money, she laughed a little at that.

The sound broke the stillness of the neglected garden and a cutbird stole out on a snowball bush and moved at her. Other birds answered and from the topmost bough of a pear tree a wood thrush sang his hymn.

"It is lovely, after all," said the girl, "I shall be too busy for love," she had evaded, and so he had accepted the release. She could not forget the beaten look in his gray eyes as he went away, but he was not rich and she would not hamper his career with her burdens, she told herself proudly.

"When the white circle became tanned, like the rest, then I will have forgotten," said Joan, as she entered the gate.

Three weeks later Mrs. Gilbert and Joan were comfortably ensconced in the old house which Mr. Andrew Randall had rented out furnished for a number of years. Long ago it had been owned by the Hammonds and much of the solid old furniture remained to be polished by Joan's vigorous young arms, which had so deftly wielded tennis racket and golf clubs. Her dancing feet went tirelessly to and fro, and when the house was restored to its genial old-fashioned grace, Joan turned her attention to the flower garden and later to the kitchen garden behind the house. This latter work was supervised by Jeremiah Wade, their nearest neighbor, and no mean hand, a maitre d' and an Airedale puppy.

"You're aimin' to have a plenty in your garden, Miss Joan," said Jeremiah one evening as he sat on the dividing fence and watched the girl planting some late peas.

"I want to have more than enough—I want to sell some vegetables," said Joan anxiously. "Mr. Phelps, at the Red House, will take all I have and pay me the best market price. I am selling him all my eggs too."

"That's right—Phelps pays the highest prices—his boarders demand it—I wish you luck, Miss Joan. You are the pluckiest gal I ever saw."

"Thank you for that—it helps a lot."

said Joan gratefully: "and you have been so kind to mother, taking her for a ride every day in your new car."

"That ain't nothing—that new car's for my friends and neighbors as well as for myself—you know I'm an old buck, Miss Joan."

"Whose fault is that?"

"My fault and a little bit, maybe, the fault of your great-uncle, Joan Randall."

"No..."

"Yes, ma'am, and Joan being gone these thirty years, I ain't not to change my estate, but we did quarrel because Joan had the most money—I was proud—and, well I've paid for it. Don't you make that mistake. I've seen some of those young fellows coming to see you in those dashy automobiles, and those fashionable girls with their patronizing ways because you're a successful woman farmer; don't let any of 'em cut you out from the man you love, if there is such a man. Is there?" He looked at her shrewdly.

Joan looked at the circle on her left hand. It had tanned somewhat, but the surrounding tan had deepened so that the circle was still visible.

"I haven't time for that," said Joan soberly, and Jeremiah said something under his breath and went home at once.

Mrs. Gilbert's health steadily improved in the fresh country air, and sometimes she even helped Joan in the garden. These were precious occasions to be celebrated with a little supper.

at which Jeremiah frequently appeared, immaculate in his best blue serge clothes. He and Mrs. Gilbert talked of old times.

"I don't mind anything else, but I did want Joan to keep her jewels," she murmured one night.

"Jewels? Dora Gilbert, what better jewels do you wish for her than the golden tan of health, the sapphire of her sparkling eyes, ruby lips, pearly teeth—and diamonds—Dora, the child's heart is pure diamond."

"Jerry, I am glad you think so; and we are so happy! I wish my poor husband had given up the business years ago and retired to the country."

"What are you talking about, mother?" asked Joan as she came around the corner with a gay party of young people, who immediately gathered about the pair on the veranda.

"We are talking about your jewels," laughed Mrs. Gilbert.

"My jewels," repeated Joan thoughtfully. "Come and see my jewels, good people—buried treasure," she went on as they followed her to the kitchen garden, now a large half acre of growing things. Robert Lloyd, standing in the background, watched her wistfully.

"Jewels? Buried treasure? How romantic!" cried one of the girls.

"Emeralds!" announced Joan, as she plucked some pods and displayed perfect green peas in matched rows.

"Rubies! Oh, you think they are only beads, but you are mistaken. These silky kernels of corn are pearls—and some day I will dig yellow gold from

those turnip tops, ivory from the potato hills. Diamonds? Why, if you had seen the shower this morning, with a bit of sunshine slanting through, you would have seen it raining diamond drops. You must believe this is a magic garden."

"Indeed, we do," they protested, and then Mrs. Gilbert carried them off to feast on peach shortcake with cream, but Joan remained behind to pluck some ears of corn and Robert stayed to carry them for her. As she gave them to him he caught her hand and looked at the faint circle.

"It will not fade," he said triumphantly.

"Some day," she faltered.

"Not unless you wish it to, Joan, why can't we make a home here for your mother? I can commute to town every day. We will start square now. I am not rich yet, but I will have a jewel of a wife. Joan?"

"So many jewels?" she laughed, but her eyes were wet when he kissed them with twinkling eyes, his gaze on Joan's third finger.

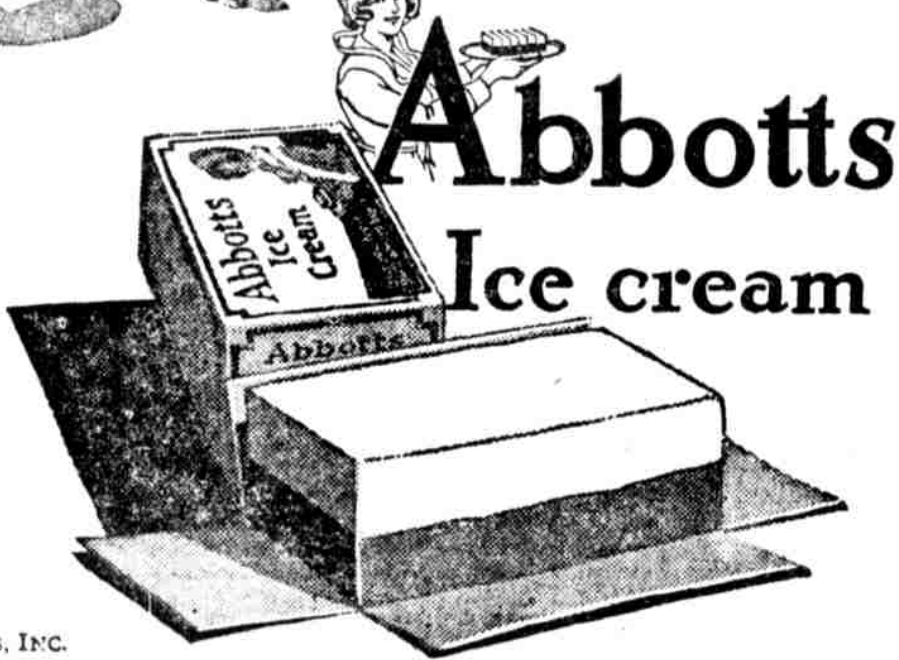
"Seems like you got a drop of that diamond rain on your finger, Miss Joan," he drawled.

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Try these new and dainty

recipes for using Iwins Lunch-on-Thins



For the Afternoon Tea:
Ivine Lunch-on-Thins,
1 Phila. Cream cheese,
1/4 teaspoon salt,
Orange Marmalade,
3 tablespoons finely chopped nuts
Mix the cream cheese with the salt and spread on the Lunch-on-Thins, then spread a very thin layer of Marmalade and sprinkle with the chopped nuts, or a half of an English walnut may be put on top.



Try this Dainty Creation:
Iwins Lunch-on-Thins,
1/2 cup cocoa,
1 cup confectioners' sugar,
1/4 cup boiling water,
Pinch salt, Marshmallows.
Put cocoa, sugar, water and salt into bowl over hot water, mix until smooth and creamy. It takes only a few minutes to mix. Then spread on Lunch-on-Thins. Put a marshmallow on top at once so it will stick, as the cocoa paste gets firm very quickly.
(The Cocoa Paste may be put between the Lunch-on-Thins, making a sandwich.)

YOU'LL find many other new ways, too, of using LUNCH-ON-THINS. Every day, women are sending new and novel recipes to the Iwins' Contest Editor. The sender of the greatest number of best new and novel recipes will win a cash prize of \$50.00. And 23 other cash awards will be made to senders after the Contest closes on October 1st.

It's not too late for you to win a prize.
Jot down as many recipes for using LUNCH-ON-THINS as you can think of—send them to the Contest Editor, J. S. IVINS' SON, Inc., 627 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Your suggestions may be judged the winning ones. Don't delay. Time is short. Do it now, and win a cash prize!



A Dainty Sandwich for Evening Parties:
Iwins Lunch-on-Thins,
1 cup seeded raisins, figs, dates or prunes,
1/2 cup peanut butter,
1 tablespoon orange juice,
Pinch salt.
Wash and dry the fruit, then put through food chopper, mix with peanut butter and fruit juice and salt. Spread between Lunch-on-Thins. If too stiff to spread, add more fruit juice.



Sardine Canape makes a good Appetizer:
Iwins Lunch-on-Thins,
1 can sardines,
Small bottle stuffed olives,
2 tablespoons chili sauce.
Remove all skin and bones from sardines. Mince very fine and mix with the chili sauce. Spread on Lunch-on-Thin, then put half of a stuffed olive on top.

Iwins
LUNCH-ON-THINS
"The better butter-thins"

The above recipes adapted from recipes of Mrs. Anna B. Scott, Food Economist and Cooking expert of the Philadelphia North American.