THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XXXXII. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, JULY 26, 1924. NO. 37.

MERELY A LOVE STORY

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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Clouds lowered but spring was in the air. Amy felt it inarticulately, but her housemates, the Bradleys, were so literal-minded they resented as "highfalutin" open cognizance of things immaterial. Therefore she was glad to be walking alone through naked woodland. With five hundred a year secured her for life, the Bradleys thought her enviable among young women. They begged her to stay with them as "one of the family," but she had been too wise to agree. Therefore she paid them—very, very moderately in currency of the commonwealth, much more in kindly service, and but scantily in gratitude. Parting would be no wrench if she were lucky enough to bring it to pass.

Madame Carey, the local great lady, an absentee for ten months of the year, was now home for her annual visit, and had let it be known that she wanted a capable younger woman to go back with her to the city under a sliding agreement. If they suited each other something might come of it; if not, no special harm would have been done. She would pay expenses—anything more was for later consideration.

The Carey place was so big and handsome, Amy thought upon coming to it; what a shame it stood deserted so much of the time. Even with madame in residence it held to its air of desolation. Amy came to it by the back way, through orchards rather ragged and weedy, that ran on to a stretch of turf hardly less ragged, which gave finally upon a rose garden still ungainly in winter swathings.

Three minutes later she was standing disconsolate before an impromptu butler, who had just said madame was away—till five in the afternoon he was sure. He held the door half shut, a tall thinnish man stood within it, asking civilly: "Will you leave a message with me, young lady? I'll deliver it straight."

"Thank you—but it would only trouble you for nothing," Amy answered, with a sudden vivid consciousness that the tall man had been in the rose garden while she passed. He must have followed her inside by another entrance. She wondered why. The wonder deepened as he said persuasively:

"Better let me judge of that. Madame is my stepmother, and we are commonly of one mind about things. By telling me what is on your mind, I can at least settle how far you two are likely to agree."

More words went back and forth, with the upshot of them a conference in the library before a delightful fire of hickory logs. It lasted till the impromptu butler blurted out, sticking his head inside:

"Luncheon's on the table, Mr. Carey," then sighting Amy: "Plenty for two—shall I put another plate?"

Amy rose protesting—again she found herself overborne. Thus she ate from Carey china, with Carey silver, old and beautifully kept, her eyes the while further enchanted by the fine lofty old room, many-windowed, with pictures in all the spaces between. Her host noted the gazing. Presently he asked tentatively: "You like it here?"

"Like is no word for it," Amy answered; "but—the pity of it. So much grace and beauty shut in darkness most of the time."

"That's my notion," Cliff Carey returned; "but there seems no help for it. Madame has nobody but me to cherish her—she hates the place—for reasons, of course—but will not part with it—she wants to pass it down to me. So we go along, each half a heart-break to the other. By the way, I believe this new plan of hers is meant in a way to give me greater freedom."

Said Amy: "Do you want it?"

He smiled. "A year of it—after that—I won't let myself think further—running loose might make a different man of me."

Amy insisted upon going the way she had come. Cliff Carey went with her to the very verge of the rose garden. As they passed the rebelstem he smiled whimsically, saying:

"I'm sure it will remember—when it blooms. Somehow, you seem not easily forgotten."

He was the same, Amy decided. Though she saw no more of him for months, he was never long out of her mind. Madame Carey had been a little doubtful at first, but after a fortnight had insisted upon clinching the bargain—Amy to stay a year with her as daughter of the house, to see and hear and rejoice in things proper for that personage; Cliff the while sailing all round the big world, dawdling where it pleased him, making airplane flights when the itch for speed laid hold upon him.

Amy had come to a tragic understanding of madame's piteous case. Hale and stately as she seemed, life for her hung by a thread. Thus she dared not travel, neither to stay far from her specialist. He might not be needed once a year, but when the need came he meant life or death.

"Dear son to me that Cliff has always been," madame told Amy, "I felt his indifference to things I cared for—he endured them gallantly for my sake. He loves me as I love him—as I have since he was born. His mother, my dearest friend, gave him to me when she died—he was barely a week old—"

"You loved his father," Amy said, not in question but as speaking truth, and madame smiled, answering: "There was never another man in all the world for me. His wife, knowing it, begged me to take her place."

Happiness is tonic. Madame was better, stronger, more alive than for years. Then came the cablegram—Cliff badly hurt, in danger of death, half a world away. His mother read it with set white lips then said to Amy: "How quickly can we go to him?"

Amy answered: "At once!" and set about making that possible. So by help of gold, steel, steam and science they came within little beyond a fortnight to his bedside. Madame had been wonderful—shrinking from nothing, steadfast in courage, in endurance, in hope, all the long way Amy marveled and rejoiced. At the worst they would reach him in time, at the best they might help him win back to living. Coming upon him still in the borderland between life and death, they knelt either side of him, heads bowed upon his nerveless hands, silent but sending through him vitalizing currents of love and gladness. After long minutes he stirred faintly, saying in a weak whisper: "I must be dead—and—it heaven. Mother—any Amy—are there." Strength failed him there.

Madame lifted her head, kissed him three times, then walked away, saying in her heart: "She will make his heaven—when I am gone."

Next day, almost forcibly, she had them married. Afterward she went outside. And there, under flittering palm shadows, they found her dead with the happiness of heaven itself frozen upon her face.

No Official Notification

Honors do not always seek their man. Fewer times they run him down and secretly attach themselves to him. But Indiana university has just discovered its case of that sort. Dr. W. A. Rawles, dean of the Indiana university school of commerce and finance, is the recipient. During the first of May, Dean Rawles attended the convention of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business, but was called from the session before the conference closed. Almost a month later he received a communication addressed to him as secretary-treasurer of the body. "What can it be," he wondered, and after he had communicated with the president, a headline in the college daily announced: "Rawles Holds Office During Four Weeks Without Knowing It."—Indianapolis News.

The Florida Keys

The Florida keys are a group of islands or reefs which stretch in a curved line, 200 miles long, from Biscayne bay to the Gulf of Mexico. They are a remarkable example of coral formation, and most of them are submerged in high tide. They contain numerous good harbors, the most important being Key West, where a naval station is situated, which is a connecting link with principal eastern coast cities. The railroad from Key West to the mainland, over the water from island to island, a distance of 130 miles, is considered one of the greatest of modern engineering feats.

Keep Knives Sharp

Kitchen knives will not require sharpening so often if they are kept apart. Racks for this purpose are obtainable, but a long strip of leather about two inches wide, will do nicely. Nail the strip to the wall at two-inch intervals and you will have separate spaces for each knife to slip into. This will also prove a time saver when looking for the knife you want.

Saved the Situation

An Italian who had a wonderful memory was able to save a friend 11 months' work. The friend came to him lamenting the loss of a manuscript which had taken a year to write. The Italian sat down and rewrote the entire manuscript from memory, although his friend had only shown it to him on one occasion.

Slow to Exercise Veto

Washington exercised his power of veto only twice during his two terms in the Presidency.

Nature Has Balanced Strength and Weight

The size of an animal is of far greater significance than the average person realizes. Few species could live in their present environments if their bodies were much larger or much smaller. Any decided change in either direction would necessitate marked changes in the habits of the creatures and in extreme cases would produce fatal results. This is because any change in size seriously upsets the existing nice balance between weight and strength. It has been demonstrated many times to the chagrin of engineers that a perfect-working small model may be a dismal failure when reproduced on a large scale. Often radical changes in the relative proportions of parts are necessary to preserve the balance between strength and weight.

When an animal's size is increased its strength which is dependent on its muscles increases approximately as the square of the dimensions of the latter. Its weight, however, increases as the cube of its bodily proportions. Obviously therefore weight increases much more rapidly than power of locomotion. Because of their remarkable strength relative to weight insects and the smaller animals are able to make prodigious leaps. For instance grasshoppers and fleas sometimes leap through a space equal to 100 times the length of their bodies. This relative lightness is often a great advantage in other ways; everyone has observed how insects may fall from great heights without the slightest injury and how cats, squirrels and other small animals leap from high elevations with impunity.—The Pathfinder.

Philadelphia Led

The first pleasure ground for the American public was dedicated in Philadelphia in 1681.

Polite as Usual

"Is my wife forward?" asked a passenger on a liner. "She wasn't to me, sir," replied the deck hand.

ALL WHITE MILLINERY IN VOGUE; BEACH TOGS AND BATHING SUITS

FOR midsummer the mode finds happiest expression in terms of all-white costuming. Dress of immaculate whiteness throughout makes an especially fascinating appeal to women of fashion this year. Of assured style prestige is she who wears a simple white canton crepe dress with cape or three-quarter coat of self material, shoes fanciful but white, chapeau probably of utmost simplicity, the vogue being interpreted in its snowy whiteness.

Hats for Midsummer.

Charming exponents of white millinery are shown in the accompanying illustration. It will be noted that in this group there is no partiality shown to large or small brims, for the all-white chapeau collections in the best shops include both.

The very large brim in the center at the top is made of white crepe with silver interwoven in the drape. Tiny grosgrain white ribbon is looped en masse, to the left of the very high crown.

Valenciennes lace enters into composition with crepe in the other large white hat. There is an abundance of fine shirring with handwork further applied in the making of wee roses of the crepe, placed in pinwheel fashion with the aid of fancy stitchery.

White bengaline silk is a millinery fabric of importance and the designer uses this medium for the attractive little hat shown below to the right.

Belting ribbon is used for the cunning cloche in the circle to the left below. The all-ribbon hat is one of the smartest millinery types of this season. Attention is called to the ornament through which ribbon is drawn at each side.

Two Interesting Models.

Scallop-tucked white organdie is used row and row, as if it were straw braid, for the piquant model centered to the right.

Ribbon of infinitesimal width is shirred all over the hat pictured to the right above. The tabs which form the brim are an especially interesting feature.

With summer time here, the scene represented at seashore and bathing beach is like a huge palette of riotous color, wherewith nature and fashion work in unison for artistic effect. Bathing suits and beach costumes of gorgeous plaids, gay gypsy colorings startling blacks and whites, mystic oriental hues, tones of barbaric splendor appealing pastel shades, supply splotches of color which seem to intensify against the background of neutral sand stretches bounded with ocean blue-green and changing sea tints.

It matters not whether one chooses a costume elaborately styled of satin, crepe de chine, taffeta, alpaca or other favored fabric, or whether one prefers a plain-knit form-fitting bathing suit, color is the dominating note. Indeed, it would seem as if it were almost one's duty to wear gay color, since it adds so much to the picture.

An interesting color scheme is achieved in the smart bathing costume worn by the beach-beauty posing under the Japanese parasol in the picture. It is one of the new coat models of American origination. Black satin is the medium selected for its styling. The coat is piped with white and likewise monogrammed, the suit worn over bright red bloomers. Tile hat is of black and white.

The knit bathing suit does its part in accenting color, being a deep purple with orange decorative design. The gypsy-like silken square tied over the hair is a bright crimson shade.

One of the cleverest models of taffeta is cut on form-fitting princess lines, with short skirt full flare, the entire suit from neck to hem covered with wee taffeta bias ruffles. The effect is charming and youthful.

As important as the bathing or beach suit itself is the cape to go with it. Effects are gorgeous in the beach wrap. Perhaps the new plaid ones give the greatest thrill of being of up-to-the-minute vogue. Also solid colored wraps with scarfs in Roman stripes compete for the beauty prize.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Vestee for Tailored Mode

Along with the tailored mode comes an accessory note well worth mentioning. This is the vestee, either of white pique, moire or faille silk, often trimmed with black binding and tiny black buttons applied in a line down the front and placed very close together. If the suit be checked the vestee should be plain white, but with a black or navy suit the black or navy trimmed vestee is too smart for words. When the vestee is all white and devoid of trimming the black note of smartness may be supplied by black enamel fobs worn on a black ribbon dangling from a tiny inset pocket.

Classic in Effect

Head bands for the evening coiffure have taken a decidedly classic turn. In filigree, copying designs such as Helen of Troy herself might have worn; they are pushed low over the eyebrows and the hair arranged rather high behind them.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

All men whom mighty genius has raised to a proud eminence in the world have usually some little weakness which appears the more conspicuous from the contrast presents to their general character.—Pickwick Papers.

SOME BEST DISHES

This is the time of year when we look for foods to tempt the appetite.

A most delicious meal and one which may be stretched to feed several more may be prepared from the following recipe:

Chicken Warmein.—Stew a large fat fowl in plenty of water to make a good supply of broth. Remove the fowl and cut the meat into bits after removing it from the bones. Into the broth drop nicely diced celery and cook it until tender, keeping the diced chicken hot over steam or hot water. Remove the celery after cooking and then add noodles, cooking until they are done. When serving make a nest of noodles, add some of the celery and on top place the chicken; all should be well-seasoned while cooking. Serve with mashed potatoes and gravy made from the seasoned broth.

Here is a dainty dessert which is good enough to serve for company:

Frozen Fruit.—Mix together two and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of flour; add one cupful of boiling water, stir and cook until the flour is well cooked. Add the juice of three lemons, three oranges, three mashed bananas and a can of grated pineapple with three cupfuls of cold water. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and freeze as usual.

Here is a cooky that young and old will clamor for:

Filled Cookies.—To one-half cupful of shortening add one cupful of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of sweet milk in which a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved. Sift three and one-half cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and mix well; roll out and cut with a cooky cutter. Put together in pairs with the following filling: Cook one cupful of chopped raisins with one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of flour and lemon juice to taste, adding a bit of the grated lemon rind. When thick cool and use as filling.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that many matters which agitate the public mind are not worth a thought in comparison with dietary questions to which a thought is seldom given.

SUMMERY DISHES

Now that the fresh fruit and berries are plentiful one may enjoy a variety of fruit combinations.

Pineapple Turnovers.—Roll pastry thin and cut into four-inch squares. Drain the strup from one cupful of grated pineapple. On the center of each square place a tablespoonful of the drained pineapple and one teaspoonful each of sugar and butter. Moisten the edges of the pastry and fold together in the form of triangles, pressing the edges firmly together. Fry until brown in deep fat. Drain on brown paper; sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Strawberry Pudding.—Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water; add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add one-half cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of strawberries crushed, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let stand in a cold place until the mixture looks creamy, then add two stiffly beaten egg whites and pour the jelly into molds. Serve on squares of sponge cake with cream and sugar and garnish with whole berries.

Pineapple Sandwiches.—Cut oblong slices of sponge cake about one-half inch thick. Put together in pairs with a layer of crushed pineapple between. Place on individual serving dishes, sprinkle with powdered sugar and decorate with quarters of blanched almonds, stuck into the cake. Serve with a cold custard sauce.

Frozen Fruit Salad.—Cut six slices of pineapple into small pieces; mix with two cupfuls of strawberries. Stir in one cupful of mayonnaise with one cupful of whipped cream. Fill baking powder boxes with the mixture; cover with greased paper and put on the covers. Bind the edges to keep out the salt, with a strip of cloth dipped in melted wax. Pack in a pail with two parts of ice to one of salt. Let stand three hours. Serve cut into slices with cream mayonnaise dressing.

Date Loaf Cake.—To one pound of dates and one pound of walnuts add one cupful each of flour and sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four eggs, vanilla, salt to taste. Use the dates and nut meats whole; sift over the flour, which has been well sifted with the baking powder and again with the sugar. Beat the egg yolks; add the vanilla and salt and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites; bake one hour.

Nellie Maxwell

Saving African Timber

Natives of Central Africa in Kenya colony clear farms by means of the hatchet and fire. This has destroyed much forest land, as the farmer only uses his cleared patch twice before moving on to another forest. Forest officers are training the natives in the conservation of timber.

Useless to Try

You can lead a woman to a mirror, but you can't make her see herself as others see her.—Boston Transcript.

The SANDMAN STORY

THE BLUEBIRD PRINCESS

PERHAPS if Prince Arno had been a poor youth he would not found life such a bore and he might have married as his father the king had often asked him to do, and settle down at home.

But he was a prince, and he did not fall in love with any princess that his father had chosen, and so one day he started off on a journey, telling the king that when he found the girl he could love he would return.

The poor king was very unhappy, for he thought he should never see his son again, because if he could not love any of the beautiful princesses he had chosen for him, he was quite sure he would find none in his travels.

For many months Prince Arno traveled without seeing anyone but peasants working in the fields, and then one day, just as it was growing dark, he spied far in from the road where he was traveling a castle brightly lighted.

Turning his horse into the path, he rode up to the door, but what was his surprise when he reached the castle to see the light suddenly go out and all the windows dark.

Out of the Fire There Arose a Beautiful Maiden.

But as he was a brave prince he dismounted and boldly walked up to the door and knocked. A bent-over, witchey-looking creature answered his knock, holding a flickering candle in her hand.

"Can I find shelter here for the night?" inquired the prince.

"Enter if you wish," replied the witch. "If you care to remain, you are welcome; but no traveler has stayed here long, I warn you."

She led him to a room, where, by the candle light, Prince Arno saw a broken-down bed in one corner. "This is all I can offer. If you care to remain, you are welcome," she said.

Prince Arno told her he would sleep there that night, after he had made his horse comfortable under the trees.

It did not take the prince long to fall asleep, in spite of his strange surroundings, for he had traveled far that day. How long he slept he did not know, but when he woke the sound of music fell upon his ears.

Softly opening the door, he looked upon a strange sight. A room full of beautiful maidens dressed in blue were dancing and swaying to the music, though where the light came from or the music he could not make out.

Prince Arno knew he must be in an enchanted castle and that some strange spell was upon the place, and he was determined to find out something about it.

"Hold!" he cried, rushing into the midst of the dancing group, and at the same time he caught one of the beautiful maidens by her arm.

In an instant the scene had changed. Not a maiden was there. The light had gone and the music streamed through the windows. Prince Arno saw that he held by one wing a poor, struggling, frightened bluebird.

Just then the door opened, and in came the old witch. "You have rescued our princess," she said. "Now, if you are brave enough you can save her and restore her to her former shape."

"And what am I to do to break the spell that holds her?" inquired the prince.

The old witch touched with her cane the bare fireplace, and instantly there blazed a bright fire. "Throw her into the fire," she said.

This was not easy for the prince to do, for he was a kind-hearted man and could not bear to give pain to anyone.

"You hesitate?" said the witch. "They all do; no one has been brave enough to cast the bluebird into the flames."

Prince Arno hesitated no longer. If this was the way the spell was to be broken the bird must be sacrificed, and into the flames he threw the bird.

But instead of being burned, out of the fire there arose a beautiful maiden, the most beautiful Prince Arno had ever seen, dressed in a gown the color of the flames, as though they had wrapped themselves about her.

Prince Arno's heart told him he had found the bride he sought, and the old witch explained that she was a princess that had fallen under the spell of a wicked ogre, who had changed her into a bluebird, to remain one until a prince should rescue her in the way he had done.

"I could only break the spell that held her at midnight," said the witch, "and then only for an hour, when all the bluebirds around could be changed into maidens."

The next day Prince Arno took the princess with him to his father and the king gave a grand feast that lasted for a week to celebrate the marriage of his heir.

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Adolphe Menjou

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., educated at the Culver Military academy, Indiana; experienced in stock and vaudeville; prominent in motion pictures—describes this well-known player who has been seen in a number of the latest popular picture plays.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

WEEDLESS

If, As they say, all flesh is grass
I'm going to start at early dawn
And do my best ere day shall pass
To prove myself a perfect lawn—
To keep my spirit fresh and green
As having sprung from best of seed,
And smiling as the sky, and clean
Of every sort of noxious weed.

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

MIRIAM

THE exquisite name of Miriam seems to be a predecessor of Mary. It, too, signifies "bitter," and comes from the Hebrew word marah, which has that translation. But Miriam, according to the Scriptures, antedates Mary.

Miriam first named the sister of Moses and Aaron, who led the sons of the Israelites when they saw their enemies dead upon the seashore. It was not repeated until after the captivity when it took the Greek forms of Mariam and Mariamne, and became much used by Jewish women. The Asmonean princess in whom the brave Maccabean line was extinguished by Herod the Great, was called Mariam. Later it is found designating the poor soul who is cited as having fulfilled the most terrible of all the woes denounced by Moses upon the daughters of Jerusalem.

Miriam was one time the name by which the Blessed Virgin herself was called, and it also named two popular saints: the Magdalen and the Penitent of Egypt. Mariamne, the derivative, is sufficiently important to be discussed separately at a later date.

The pearl is Miriam's talismanic gem. Its legacy of tears will be set aside for Miriam, for whom it will bring sweetness, charm and true friendships. Monday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

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The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

FEET TO THE EAST

IN MANY old graveyards in this country the graves are so placed that the body lies with its feet to the east. This is a form of orientation and a manner of burying still generally followed in Europe. Of this Elworthy says: "It may well be maintained that all our modern notions included in the general term orientation are but survivals of the once universal sun-worship." He regards "our still observed custom of burying our dead with the feet toward the East" as one which, though originating in heathen times, is not to be regarded as being still "an act of idolatrous sun-worship," but as having been changed into a pious custom of religious significance. He adds: "Among the aboriginal Australians who are still cannibals the graves have a direction from east to west and the foot of the grave is toward the rising sun."

The whole subject of orientation has received much attention from learned writers and there is a considerable literature on the subject. Though all agree that its origin was in sun-worship yet on other points the authorities are not all agreed. For that matter neither, apparently, were the heathen. For awhile the Egyptians built their temples so that they opened toward the east, allowing the beams of the rising sun to enter and gild the statues placed at the west end, Clement of Alexandria says that in general the altars and images of the pagan temples were placed at the east end and the temple opened to the west. And all alike were sun-worshipers.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

TRAVELING AND SEEING

AT THIRTY Priscilla knew that in the little town where she had grown up flourished the fine flower of civilization. Her town happened to be "located," as her geography said, in the northeastern corner of the United States, and Priscilla went each winter to New York or to Boston or to Philadelphia for two weeks. Once she had even been as far as Washington. But "travel," in the true sense of the word was too expensive. Priscilla had been brought up not to spend her income. Moreover, Miss Elizabeth, who lived with her mother down the street and was Priscilla's model in all matters—Miss Elizabeth said that if one had "the seeing eye" one found at one's doorstep what many went across the world for and missed.

Then came Priscilla's invitation from her cousins in Florida to spend a month with them. So she rented her house and went. At Richmond, there boarded the train a family of returned missionaries from China, a mother and father and seven children; and Priscilla, whose section was next theirs, fell into conversation. She had, of course, read of armed guards and revolutions; but never before had she talked as an equal with anyone who had been under arrest. It made her feel excited. Then someone told her that the little brown bushes stuck over with white that she had been watching for a half day were cotton, and a kind of scared sense of great experience crept upon her. The negro cabins of the Carolinas, and the mules, and later the hanging moss and sugar cane of Georgia, made her feel positively Don Juanish. And then came Florida.

To Priscilla, who had never seen anything older than Plymouth Rock, the Sixteenth century town was a revelation of another world. The white coquina walls with the crimson splashes of the poinsettia blossoms, the orange trees and the fragrant yellow roses, the mocking birds, and the blue water and skies, gave her an actual sensation of growing—the top of her head seemed to have expanded—it was as if windows had been opened in a close room.

Then one day came a letter from Miss Elizabeth. Priscilla seemed to see Miss Elizabeth out there on the plaza under the palmettos among the sisters on their way to mass in the red-roofed cathedral. Miss Elizabeth was fifty, but Priscilla suddenly felt twenty years her elder. Next year Priscilla would go to China. She would save and sell and spend and see the world. She felt as if she had to make up for Miss Elizabeth and for all others who had deliberately and permanently dug themselves in. She would acquire the habit of travel.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

(© by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

Baskets for Fishnets

Residents of Princess Anne county, Virginia, found shad so plentiful in the nearby waters that they were able to use ordinary baskets for fishnets and literally scoop up dozens of fish at a time. The fish were caught by the Lake Prince dam during their run.

—o—

Not Then

Even misery doesn't like company on the cook's day off.—Boston Transcript.

THE REASON.

Mrs. W.—What delightful manners your daughter has!

Mrs. B. (proudly)—Yes. You see she has been away from home so much.

—o—

Leap before you look—and then look foolish.

"Argus-Eyed"

In mythology Argus had 100 eyes, some of which were always awake. For his wakefulness Hera caused him to guard Io (one of the loves of Zeus whom Zeus had changed to a cow and surrendered to the jealous Hera). Hermes, sent by Zeus to steal the cow, killed Argus by stoning him (or another version is that he charmed all his eyes to sleep and then struck off his head). Hera used the eyes of Argus to decorate the peacock's tail.