THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XXXXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, APRIL 9, 1927. NO. 21.

ISABEL RETURNS TO EARTH

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ISABEL HOPKINS was a discontented woman. Her husband did not earn enough to suit her. She had married a crawler when what she wanted was a flyer. She was always prodding Homer and pitying herself and wishing—wishing—wishing that they had more money.

"Here we are, middle-aged people," she would say, "and we've got nowhere. Yet you've worked hard and been steady and I've economized and contrived. All we've got is your job and our house. Almost everybody who was married at the same time we were has got more. Just look at the Tarboxes! They've just bought their third automobile. And the other day Stella Tarbox went downtown and bought that expensive library suite in Cable's window. She paid $300 for it. We think we've got to live six months on $300."

"We have," Homer would reply gloomily. "I don't see how Dick Tarbox gets hold of the coin. I wish I could. I wish I could satisfy you for once, Is, and give you just such a home as you want. You'll give me no peace till I do."

The Hopkinses were not very happy together because at morning when Homer started to work Isabel sent him away sighing, and at night when he came back she sighed again, because they had to have salmon loaf instead of roast chicken.

Worst of all, she got on hard terms with her neighbors because she was not on good terms with herself. And she grew to hate the neighborhood and the small, neat house and everything in it.

"I could be just as much as Stella Tarbox if I had a chance," she said to herself. "Homer ought to give me the chance. Any man can make money if he tries hard enough to. Homer doesn't try. He just sticks to that old job and takes what is handed out to him without complaining. He's too easy, that is all the trouble."

Isabel cried a good deal and her emotions made her sallow. People remarked that she didn't look well. And she didn't. How could she look well or feel well, for that matter, when discontent was seething within her like liquid brimstone?

Then one night something happened. Homer came home to supper with a new look, a new air.

"There's what you've been looking for," he said, "in that letter." He flung it to her.

When Isabel had read the letter she screamed. She had her wish, indeed. Some relative of Homer's had died and left him $20,000.

"Now we'll live as we ought," she said. "I'll show Stella Tarbox. Homer, I want you to buy me the Norris place."

"The Norris place! Why, we don't want that. The house is too big for us, Is. And what would we do with all that yard? And that carriage house, besides! Oh, you don't mean you want that."

"I do. It's going for a song. And we can fix up the yard and put a car in the carriage house."

"But who'll learn to run the car?"

"I will, if you can't," snapped Isabel.

Homer gave in. As soon as he got the money he bought the place for his wife. This meant a lot of new furniture. The yard had to be redressed, repairs had to be made everywhere and the new car selected.

Isabel had a delightful time. She let people think what they pleased about the size of Homer's inheritance. The most triumphant moment of her life was when Stella Tarbox sourly congratulated her on her good fortune. They had met at the dressmaker's where Isabel was having some new gowns made. People were saying that Homer had received anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million. Isabel made him keep his mouth shut. But she could not make him give up his job. He kept to that with quiet determination that ruffled her.

In time she got things to suit her and they gave a "housewarming." Everybody was invited and everybody went. It was a great affair for humble little Summitville. In time also the new car was purchased. Homer called it the "Yellow Peril," and after one or two attempts, refused to learn to drive it. Isabel, in spite of her heroic resolve, gave up trying to understand clutches and service brake and hired a man to drive for her. In a purple hat she made quite a sensation, flashing about the Summitville streets in the yellow car.

For a couple of years she had a delightful time. The more money she spent the more ways she found of spending it. In the beginning $20,000 had seemed a limitless sum. And anyway she had to live up to what was expected of her.

Meanwhile, Homer kept on working. He had never given up the little house on Meadow street, nor rented it. He always had an excuse ready when Isabel begged him to sell.

"I'm sort of sentimental about it," he signed. "It was our first home." And Isabel let him have his own way, for he was very generous with her and lenient in all else. But $20,000 cannot last forever when it is being constantly drawn upon.

There came a day, though, when Isabel received a polite note from the bank saying that she had overdrawn her balance. She was stunned.

"What shall we do now?" she demanded of Homer. "It can't be we've touched bottom. But if we have, you'll have to sell the old house."

For once Homer displayed a firmness that astonished her.

"No," he said. "I'll keep the old house. That's a right I reserve. But you can get more money to splurge on by placing a mortgage on this."

Unfortunately Isabel never dreamed of that day of reckoning—when the interest must be paid. She didn't have the money and Homer had none for her. Isabel floundered for a while, nearly a year, then she put a second mortgage on the house.

All this time it was getting harder and harder to keep up with the Tarboxes, who were making a great deal of money, just then. Her collapse from malaria and the departure of the Tarboxes occurred almost simultaneously. The Tarboxes had gone to other fields, where they could get more for their money. The doctor advised a sanitarium for Isabel, but Homer took things into his own hands by removing her to the old house, which was dry and warm. The old Norris place had reeked with miasma. But Isabel was done with it forever because the mortgage was foreclosed forthwith.

In the old house Isabel grew rapidly well, but she was subdued forever. Homer went calmly back and forth to his work as if nothing had happened. An auction took most of the Norris house furniture, the car was sold at half-price and the wreck of high fortune was nearly complete.

Isabel, however, blamed Homer for it all until one day he brought her home a little book and asked her to read the story it contained. It was a fairy tale of Grimm and told of another Isabel whose discontent had led her to the top of the world, from whence she had fallen with a great smash. The picture of the distracted fisherman standing beside the sea and calling up the enchanted fish might have stood for Homer's self—"For my wife, Dame Isabel, wishes what I scarce dare tell!" She was in very truth Dame Isabel, and like the fisherman's discontented wife, she found herself in the very place she had started from.

Isabel pondered the story a long time. She never mentioned it to Homer, but thereafter she was a much more reasonable, gentle and uncomplaining woman.

Sneezing Superstitions

Superstitions concerning sneezing date back to the beginning of history and have been myriad and fanciful. To some peoples sneezing was a sign of good omen—to the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians it was an oracle warning of impending danger or good. Sneezing to the right meant good luck, to the left, disaster. Pope Gregory the Great, during the Sixth century, established the custom of saying "God bless you!" when another sneezed. During his pontificate a plague raged throughout Italy that proved fatal to those who sneezed. The pope ordered prayers against it, accompanied by signs of the cross and a benediction. —Mentor Magazine.

Resurrection of Sow

A number of years ago my uncle and two of his hired men were killing hogs on the river back near my uncle's home. They had just knocked a large sow in the head and after scalding and scraping the animal they hung it to a tree preparatory to dressing it. Unfortunately the support broke and the hog, which was only stunned, fell to the ground and ran away. However, she returned the next day with 13 pigs after swimming the river with them.—E. Linn, Melbourne, Ark., in Pathfinder Magazine.

Vegetables for Royalty

All the vegetables eaten by the Imperial family of Japan, says the Pathfinder Magazine, are grown in special gardens by experts who are careful to see that none but perfect products reach the royal tables. When the prince regent is on a tour the vegetables are sent to him every day in refrigerator cars. The gardens cover several acres and contain a number of large hothouses.

First Roman Coin

About eight inches in circumference, a coin which was in circulation as long ago as the days of the first Roman republic has been found in the suburbs of Rome. It is of metal closely resembling gold, and despite the wear of time, the figures on each side have not been obliterated beyond tracing.

Odd Accident Blamed on Eating of Onion

A few weeks ago a working party set out from Sydney, New South Wales, to clear a road for a new soldiers' settlement. With them went Albert Coxon as a guest. He took no part in the clearing, but joined in a scratch lunch, of which his chief share was a raw onion.

Later he was one of a party returning home in a motor car. Traveling about 35 miles an hour over a bad road, a jolt threw the occupants from their seats.

Coxon immediately yelled for the car to be stopped. On pulling up, he was discovered in a state of collapse, gasping for breath and suffering great pain. When he reached home he at once consulted a local doctor.

The latter was puzzled. The patient's chest was swollen, the heart twisted aside, and there was pain and shock. Coxon spent a night of agony. In the morning his chest was inflated like a football, and his heart was fluttering. Then another doctor, a lung specialist, was summoned, and the mystery was solved. The jolt had "winded" Coxon with a vengeance. He had actually burst a lung. The swelling was the escaped air.

The lungs are normally inclosed in a double airtight lining. The air from the burst lung had burrowed into this sac and blown it up like a soap bubble, thrusting the sufferer's heart out of place.

The only explanation the experts can give is that, the raw onion having set up indigestion, a violent hiccup on Coxon's part coincided with the strain of the car's jolt, tearing open the lung.

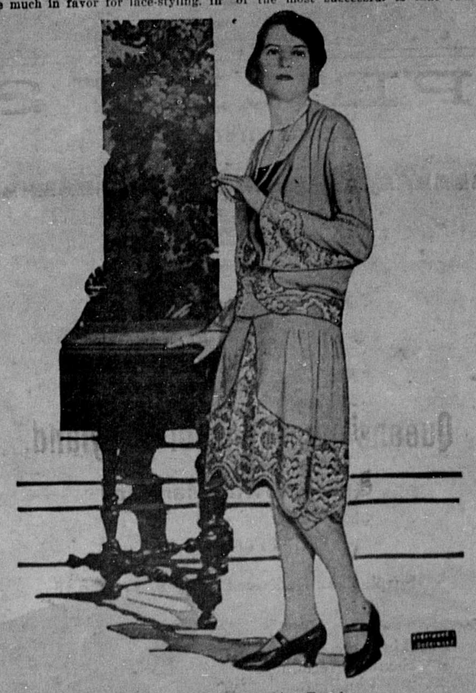
Six weeks of lying still have practically healed his "puncture," and the air lying loose in his chest is being slowly absorbed into the blood. Later it will (in process of circulation) reenter the lung, and so at last rejoin the atmosphere again.

Although it has a huge tongue, the whale has very little sense of taste.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LACE TRIM NOW IS POPULAR; INLAYS USED FOR ORNAMENT

A "LACE SEASON" such as reigns throughout all fashionland bespeaks none other than the alluringly feminine, and this is exactly in accordance with the demand of the mode. The new colorful chiffon and georgette frocks with their dainty lace adornment are all that imagination may picture in the way of an exquisitely feminized styling. All grace, all charm, all loveliness are they. The model here illustrated is distinctly characteristic of the present moment fashion trend.

Artistic placement, as well as the lace itself, impart enchantment to this gown. Insets such as are here shown are much in favor for lace-styling. In



Characteristic of Fashion Trend.

this instance, cream lace is cunningly positioned to help form a bell sleeve, also to embellish the skirt hemline, and to add a unique touch to the girdle. For this "sweetly feminine" frock choose almond green georgette with cream lace for the color scheme, although any of the new colors will be just as effective, such as pink beige, bois de rose, valencia blue, grecian rose, meadow pink, monkey-skin or orchid.

Filmy lace dyed to match the chiffon as well as heavy cream lace, comes the style message from many leading ateliers of Paris.

A fascinating feature of the new lace program is that it abounds in such delightful revelations of ingenious design. Refreshingly "different" is a cream lace blouse posed over an accordion-plaited chiffon skirt, the latter styled with inset lace drapes. A below-the-elbow puff of the chiffon for the sleeve, with a bow of this material at the neck and for the tie girdle, interrelates this gown.

Lace yokes and sleeves are an outstanding style element in spring dress fashioning. This applies not only to the colorful dressy georgette frock, but especially are cream or lace yokes introduced into the simple black dress.

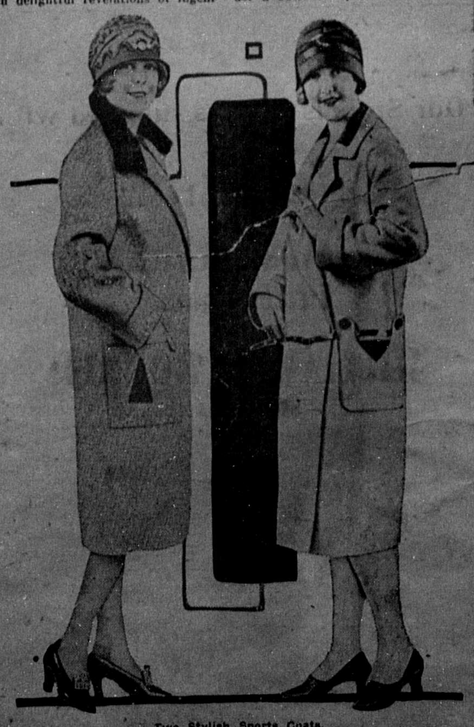
Hand beading and embroidery on lace are the "last word" in the lace program.

Because of their style importance, one is led to begin with pockets in telling the story of the season's sports coats. Decorative as well as useful pockets are an outstanding factor in modern coat styling.

Now that the pocket is depended upon to individualize the coat, designers are bending every effort to devise unique and interesting effects. One of the most successful is that of a contrasting cloth inlay. It seems as if a patch of solid-colored fabric or leather serves to make the novelty worsted of which the sports coat is made look all the more novel by way of contrast.

A tweed and a homespun novelty mixture coat are shown in this picture, each accentuating pockets with inlays, the model to the left using velours, while the other employs bright-colored suede.

Belts, too, play an interesting part in the fashioning of coats. Sometimes they unite with the pocket in achieving chic. In the model to the right a tiny suede belt, matching the inlays on collar, cuffs and pocket, slips under a buttoned contrivance—such interesting details as this affording fascinating variety to sports coats modes.



Two Stylish Sports Coats.

Swagger coats, either of plain or novelty cloaking, feature patches, inlays and insets of flat furs. At the moment interest is concentrated on pony skin, shaved lamb and spotted calfskin.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Smart Lounging Pajamas

Very smart lounging pajamas are made on the lines of the costumes worn in one of New York's most successful musical plays. The trousers are of black satin, while the peasant blouse is of crepe in a bright color.

Fashion in Gloves

Short, fancy cuffs and pull-on gloves still hold sway over all others in the matter of style, in both fabric and leather.

Simple Chiffon Frocks

The smartest frocks for afternoon or evening are fashioned of chiffon, untrimmed in many instances except for the use of the material in fluttering draperies and feminine bows and ends.

Feather Bouquets

Bouquets of ostrich feathers, or combinations of French flowers and ostrich feathers give a very airy touch to the chiffon dance frock.

The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

THE ASTERS AND TREES

"WE'RE all fond of the autumn," said the Red-Stalked or Purple-Stemmed Aster, "though some of us stay around longer than others of us if that is the correct way for me to speak.

"I am well known and well liked, I believe. My name is as it is because my stem is reddish. There are a number of flowers on various little stems from my one big stem and I'm of a violet color or pale lavender color.

"We have thin leaves which aren't very big, quite different from the leaves of our cousin, Large-Leaved Aster.

"Those cousins, as you can guess, have large leaves. Their name tells you that."

"Ah, yes," said Billie Brownie, "I do

"Oh, Do Tell Me the Secret," Said Billie Brownie.

"Oh, do tell me the secret," said Billie Brownie. "It will give me so much pleasure to hear it."

"We asked the trees how it was that they grew lovelier each day and how it was that they could become so wonderful.

"It seemed to us that each day we could not see them any more beautiful, and yet they were more beautiful and we could tell that people felt the same way about them.

"People would say that the days were so wonderful that they could not describe them—that they had used up all their words.

"And the trees told us this:

"'Late Purple Asters,' the trees said as they swayed in the breeze, 'we are Mother Nature's children, and we want to look our best for our mother before we take off our finery and go to sleep.

"'We are so pleased that she is pleased that we go on each day trying to look better and better, each of us doing the same.

"'We add a dash of color here or a dash of color there, and we just try to please her more and more and more. And, as we try to please her more and more and more, we keep improving [illegible] and looking better and better.

[redacted]

didly gay and bright in appearance.

"Then the Black-Eyed Susans are about, and all of the different Aster relatives are to be found in the different home spots.

"And from the middle of the summer on it seems to us as though the coloring grew more wonderful day after day, week after week.

"When the autumn is actually here, then it gets so that its beauty is beyond expression.

"We wondered how it could be so beautiful this year as, day after day, it did become more marvelous and the trees told us a secret and the shrubs and the vines said that the secret was one in which they shared, too.

"But they told me we could tell the secret to anyone really interested in Nature.

"And we can see that you are, Billie Brownie."

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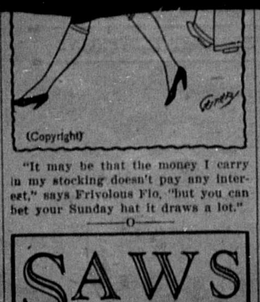

(Copyright)

"It may be that the money I carry in my stocking doesn't pay any interest," says Frivolous Flo, "but you can bet your Sunday hat it draws a lot."

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

A BIRD in his own car is worth two in a taxi.

Us women likes men that takes chances . . . before marriage.

Formerly a woman couldn't give her heart to a man unless she suspected him. She still can't.

In a ball room it don't matter how silly a woman is, providin' on'y her feet is lighter than her head.

FOR THE GANDER—

Sickness don't benefit nobody but the doctor; and nobody ever got no real returns outa lawsuit except lawyers.

Nothin' is big enough to be afraid of or little enough to despise.

In spite of what the proverb says, diligence is on'y the stepmother of success. Luck is the real mother.

(Copyright.)

Might Reasonably Be Called "Fixed Income"

A negro was arrested at the instance of his wife for nonsupport and refusal to work. He was being cross-examined by a young lawyer, who was the law partner of a local politician, called Colonel Benson. During the examination of the negro the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

The negro was puzzled by the term. [illegible] that the expression, [illegible] meant a certainty of money paid, not for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of the counsel's remarks, the negro's face brightened.

"Ah done fink Ah hab a fixed income, sah," he said.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," he answered with a broad grin in the direction of Colonel Benson, "de colonel dar alters gibs me fo' dollahs an' a sack ob flour on election days."—Everybody's Magazine.

Weighty Subject

An instructor in New York university got a fractured skull recently in a philosophical argument. It is supposed he was struck with the truth of the Kantian theory of categories. This is a very weighty subject.—Atchison Globe.

Anna Q. Nilsson

Anna Q. Nilsson, the popular screen star, was born in Ystad, Sweden. After small parts she soon became leading woman for a prominent producer. Miss Nilsson has been seen to splendid advantage in many of the popular pictures. She is the true blonde Scandinavian type, with dark blue eyes.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

PEBBLES

SAYS Mrs. Bergen in a publication of the American Folklore society: "Boys believe that they can prevent the stitch in the side which is liable to be induced by running by means of holding a pebble under the tongue. 'I believe I could run all day and not get tired if I could hold a pebble under my tongue,' said one." Says Doctor Kunz in his "Magic of Jewels and Charms": "Pebble-mania, or lithomania, is an inherent trait in all mankind. From the most primitive man to the most modern this trait is present in a greater or a lesser degree." Not only is man inherently inclined [illegible] there was a tendency [illegible] pebbles of any peculiar [illegible] found under any peculiar [illegible] stances, magic powers.

The boy's belief in the sustaining virtues of a pebble held under the tongue is evidently an atavistic idea which has its counterpart today among peoples living in a primitive state. The Australian aborigines believe that their medicine-men owe their powers to the fact that they have embedded in their bodies small crystal pebbles, and that by transmitting these stones from their own bodies to the bodies of others they can transfer therewith a part of their powers. The Malays have a class of pebbles called Mesticas which are worn by their warriors pressed so closely against the skin as to become embedded in the flesh and which are supposed to confer protection against wounds—in some cases to confer invulnerability. A Dutch writer of the Eighteenth century admits that these Mesticas confer invulnerability but ascribes the fact to "diabolical agencies." The boy's pebble under the tongue, the Mestica of the Maylay and the crystal pebble of the Australian are evidently one as to the main idea—and all three are equally conceptions of primitive man.

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Do You Know That:

"HALCYON DAYS." The Greek word for king-fisher is "Halcyon." According to fable, the ancient Sicilians believed the halcyon to nest at sea in a floating nest about the time of the winter solstice. During this time of incubation, which lasted about fourteen days, the waves of the sea were always calm and unruffled.

"Halcyon Days" therefore have come to signify a time of happiness and prosperity; a time of tranquility and peace.—Anna S. Turnquist.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Why do we worry about the neat?
We only stay for a day,
Or a month or a year, at the Lord's behest,
In this habitat of clay.

The best will come in the great "to be."
It is ours to serve and wait;
And the wonderful future we soon shall see,
For death is but the gate.

FISH COOKERY

Fish does not require long cooking, nor the slow cooking of varieties of meat. The connecting tissues of fish are more gelatinous and very tender, therefore they soften quickly under the application of heat.

Most fish would taste better, be more nourishing and palatable if cooked about half as long as the average cook cooks it. This does not mean that any fish should ever be served undercooked. Europeans and Asiatics use fish more freely than we Americans do, and they cook it much more deliciously, with highly seasoned sauces, dressings and stuffings which add to and bring out the flavor of the fish. They take especial care not to destroy the flavor itself by long, slow cooking that toughens the fibers, dries up the natural juices and loses the flavor altogether.

There are so many ways of serving fish acceptably; here are but a few: Baked, broiled or fried, escalloped, molded, pickled, smoked, spiced in chowders and broths.

Fish should be served more often than once a week, and that on Friday. Often one is able to get much better fish any other day in the week and at a lower price, as many women think because Friday is regarded as fish day the fish will be better, when the contrary is true more often, as the market man finds it hard to supply the demand on that day and will buy and store fish for the Friday market.

If the housewife would patronize her nearest fish dealer impartially throughout the week, as she does the grocer and baker as well as the butcher, she would not only help herself, but would find that the market could afford to lower its price. Naturally the man who has a good fish trade only one day in the week will make as much profit on that one day as possible.

[illegible] Trout.—In camp nothing in [illegible] with fried [illegible] a camp [illegible] nice- [illegible] brown first [illegible] on the other, adding salt and pepper while cooking. When the fish is brown it is ready to serve.

Special Good Things.

Fortunately we are not all alike in our tastes. Food of which one is especially fond will not be at all acceptable to his neighbor. This diversity of tastes gives us many dishes, and he is indeed hard to suit who is not able to find some to his liking.

The tender hearts of celery well chilled and filled with creamed cheese make a most tasty accompaniment to a lettuce salad.

Sauted Egg Sandwiches.—Finely chop four hard cooked eggs, then pound them to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding gradually two tablespoonfuls of cream; stir until well blended and of the right consistency to spread; add more cream if needed. Season with salt, pepper and a few grains of cayenne. Have ready twelve thin slices of white bread, spread six slices generously with the mixture, cover with the remaining slices, press firmly together and dip each sandwich into egg and milk beaten together, allowing two tablespoonfuls of milk for each egg. Saute in an equal measure of lard and butter, browning well on both sides. Serve hot at once.

College Pudding.—Mix one-half cupful of butter with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, add four eggs well beaten, one-half cupful of strained apple sauce, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of lemon. Line a pudding dish with plain pastry, fill with the mixture and chill. Serve with or without cream.

Sponge Pudding.—Stir one cupful of flour into a cupful of milk until smooth. Set in boiling water and cook. Cool and add the yolks of three beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of melted butter with one-fourth of a cupful of sugar. Cut and fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in a well buttered baking dish set into hot water. Bake until puffed and the egg well set. Serve with the following sauce: Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter and add one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of boiling water; flavor with nutmeg or vanilla; chill before serving.

Toasted Cheese With Nuts.—Cut thin slices of rich cheese a trifle smaller than saltine crackers. Arrange the crackers in a dripping pan, cover with the sliced cheese and over each place a half of a pecan nut or English walnut meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and set in the oven to brown.

Nellie Maxwell

Geographical Term

The term "the Spanish Main" is popularly given to the Caribbean sea and to the north coast of South America from the Orinoco to Darien. The term is also applied to the shores of the Spanish possessions in Central America.

Uncle Eben

"You can't believe all you hear," said Uncle Eben. "And you's liable to get fooled even if you is deaf an' dumb."—Washington Star.