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MISS BABCOCK'S WING

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ELSIE had gone to the city alone because at the last moment her dearest friend, young Mrs. Spencer, had disappointed her. Mrs. Spencer had a wonderful little boy and she could not leave him in her mother's care because that lady had a sick headache. Maybe she had a sick headache on purpose, for Eugene was a handful, but that is another story. Elsie went on alone because she had the money—she had been saving it for three months out of her housekeeping allowance, at the risk of alienating Dick of macaroni and stew forever—and because she simply had to have a few things that could not be had for either love or money in Springville. She made up her mind that she would not mind the loneliness or the strangeness of being unknown, but she would just go on and get her shopping done in a businesslike way. On the train she looked Springville to see if there were any Springville folks going up to the city, and there, three seats farther up the aisle, was Miss Babcock. She knew it was Miss Babcock by the hat.

"I would know that hat in Nantid," Elsie thought, and giggled faintly in amusement.

It was an odd hat, one that had been good of its kind five years before when they were wearing them high with narrow brims. Besides, it was a winter hat and here it was May, burgeoning May. Under the felt-like brim one way sat a wad of clean, dark hair with a few silver threads in it, the other way jutted out Miss Babcock's plain, thin face. She was looking out the window and clearly enjoying everything.

"What can she be going to the city for?" Elsie thought. "Well, I don't want to look up with her, so I will keep well out of her way."

Elsie was very conscious of her charming new suit, dainty silk stockings and pumps. Ladies in high, old-fashioned velvet hats do not match up with such fashionable young beauty, of course.

After arriving at the city Elsie took sight of Miss Babcock. She found her hat and put it on and then she went to lunch at a place Mrs. Spencer had recommended, but she did not know how to select from the menu. Moreover, the lamb tasted woolly, and the pie had seen better days. She went forth feeling sadly unfed.

It was hot, terribly hot. People burned and sweated and Elsie soon tired. She slipped into a "movie" theater, but the picture was of a kind she hated, and she wished she had gone somewhere else.

When she came out of the theater she was astonished to find that the sunshine had vanished. Indeed, there was an ominous gathering of gloom. People began to appear with umbrellas. Elsie had no umbrella, and, worst of all, she had no money to buy one or rubbers; she had spent far more than she should on a pair of straw shoes with a big dahlia stuck in front.

Then suddenly she began to sprinkle. The moment she would be completely drenched. She darted for a public shelter and entered a quick change.

"Something is happening," she thought, and she pushed up her hair and looked at the sky. The rain was coming down.

"A pore old niggab like me don't need all dem extrys," remarked the patient. "Ist give me ten cents w'ith of you' coug medicine an' dat's enough fo' me."

"I will be right back."

She returned with a tray filled with dishes. "There," she said. "Now we can eat comfortably together. I expect one thing makes you nervous is you're hungry and tired. This is an A. No. 1 plate; I've eaten here lots of times. Look here, I've brought you a little chicken pie, real chicken, and some nice hot rolls, and a cup custard! That's what I've been having and they're good. Try your pie before it gets cold. You know, my dear," went on Miss Babcock in her humorous voice, "you're just as safe here as you would be anywhere. A good many folks live to be eighty or ninety without being struck by lightning. Now pick away and see how much better you feel."

Elsie made an attempt to "pick away" and soon found a real relish in the food. Besides, there was something comforting in Miss Babcock's presence as she munched and sipped, evidently in a state of calm unconcern. Once when a violet light lit the place she put her arm about Elsie for an instant with a soothing effect.

"There! There! Most over now, I expect. You could count five between that flash and report. And nobody killed yet!"

The storm raged on. They finished their supper and Miss Babcock began to tell stories. Once or twice she made Elsie laugh.

After a great length of time the lights flashed on. Elsie glanced at her wrist watch and gave a cry.

"We've lost our train!"

"I knew that ten minutes ago," replied Miss Babcock calmly.

"But what shall we do?" Elsie was dumb with consternation.

"Why, we will go to the Y. W. C. A., get a room and go to bed and sleep. It's right around the corner; you won't even get your feet wet."

"But my husband—and I have no money!"

"Your husband's got sense. He will know you couldn't get home in this storm. As for money, I've got aplenty. Come on now."

At the Y. W. C. A. she asked:

"Would you rather have a room by yourself?"

"No! No! I want to be close to you," answered Elsie.

"There's a train leaves at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," said Miss Babcock as they were undressing.

"My! What a nice, comfortable room this is! We will sleep like tops."

"Miss Babcock," Elsie said contently, "you are a perfect dear. And to think I've known you all these years without finding it out!"

Miss Babcock smiled curiously.

"There's an old saying, my dear, which I set a deal of store by," she said. "It is this: 'The best way for two persons to get acquainted is to have them caught out in a storm.'"

Bargain Hunter

Those who object like the negro in his story, to the high fees of a good physician do not always realize what they are paying for. The doctor in question was called out to attend an unknown patient. When he arrived he found that a decrepit negro wanted his attention.

The sick man first asked, "How much you charge, doctah?"

"Five dollars a visit," said the other, and when the negro gasped his surprise, he continued, "That includes, you know, my time, experience, advice and medicine."

"A pore old niggab like me don't need all dem extrys," remarked the patient. "Ist give me ten cents w'ith of you' coug medicine an' dat's enough fo' me."

Would Save Tragic Spot

Efforts are being made to save the "Trench of Death," famous during the World war and familiar to later visitors to the battlefields. It is in the path of a proposed road from Casapeake to Dixmude, and a campaign has been launched to have the road rerouted and to preserve the tragic spot as a memorial of the war.

Doubtful

House (tearfully)—Our little boy left all his money to me. I'm a doubtful-minded person, something

HEMLINES TAKE ON IMPORTANCE; SUITABLE FOR BOUDOIR OR BEACH

SEEING that the charm of the "sweetly feminine" is fashion's favorite theme, chiffons and kindred diaphanous fabrics have assumed a position of foremost importance for the making of afternoon and evening frocks. What a summer of airy fairy dresses these lovely sheer materials promise! In regard to the exquisitely dainty gowns in prospect for the days to come here is a gentle hint—watch the hemlines! Indeed, hemlines are one of the surprising discoveries of this day and age in the

garments of this nature are playing just such a dual role this season. Quite a charming effect, this gorgeously printed coat in the picture, worn with pajamas of black satin! For those whose taste runs to hand-tinted modernistic patterns rather than printed scenic views, the new collections contain many three-quarter length boudoir coats of this type, whose colors are most vivid.

Better still, why not "do as others do" and hand-paint your own house robe? There is no danger of coloring



Alluring Evening Dress of Black Chiffon.

realm of fashion. We are being educated to a point of appreciation in regard to hemlines—now in themselves they have the power to take away or give youth to the silhouette. So it is that the stylist is manipulating these delightful lightsome sheer fabrics with every artifice, that their fluttering, swaying hemlines may achieve enchanting grace.

Mildly especially delights to dine and dance in filmy black touched with a flattering shade of pink. From the studio of a leading member of the Fashion Art League of America comes the alluring evening dress of black chiffon here pictured. Its intriguing hemline is wide-edged with lovely rose-pink chiffon, embellished with an exquisite hand-embroidery done in silver, crystal and rhinestones.

If you prefer to buy rather than to design your negligees then be sure to jot down on your shopping list one "gay-print pajama ensemble." See to it that the coat is styled after the model in this picture—that is, if you plan to let it also do duty for a beach robe, in which event it would be clever to order a parasol made out of the identical printed silk, for matching sets of parasol and three-quarter length coats are very popular for the beach, if not in silk, then of cretonne.

In regard to negligees, some there are who prefer the fully feminine versions, and of these the lovely styles being here printed

One cannot overstate the favor for lace-trimmed chiffons and georgettes. The lace may be cream, beige or black.

The Sandman Story by Martha Martin

THE BOSSY COW

"I BELONG to Mahalla," said the cow, "and I can tell you I'm mighty fond of her."

"She's just the dearest little girl in the whole world. Her voice is so sweet and her manners are so sweet and she is kind and gentle."

"She laughs, too, and she knows how to have a good time. She is a great one for a joke and everyone around her always feels merry and gay."

"Why, even though I am only a cow, I feel better the minute Mahalla comes around me."

"Don't you belong to the farmer?" asked the neighbor cow.

These two cows were talking to each other.

One was in a pasture on one side of the fence and one was in a pasture on the other side of the fence.

For these cows did not belong to the same farm. They were chatting across the fence in a most neighborly fashion.

"I am owned in a way by the farmer, of course," said the first cow. "But my real owner is little Mahalla. Her

I wouldn't want a cow for a pet. I've a kitten at home, and the kitten is my pet."

"Why, there's nothing pretty about a cow. You can't take a cow in your lap. And a cow isn't cute. I wouldn't want an old cow for a pet."

"Well, you should have heard Mahalla. I didn't know what she would be able to say, for I knew she would want to stand up for me, and yet the words that Nelly had said were true, though I didn't like them at all."

"Mahalla spoke up quickly, and said:

"I wouldn't have a kitten in exchange for my cow. I wouldn't have any pet in exchange for my cow."

"Why, a kitten drinks milk, all right, but a cow gives milk."

"Just think of the number of lives a cow saves every year. Yes, a cow gives milk to that babies and children and grownups, too, may be strong and live long."



Chatting Across the Fence in a Neighborly Fashion.

Daddy said she could call me her cow. "For I have always been her favorite cow, and she says I will always be her favorite cow."

"She can milk me, too. Oh, yes, and she says that the milk and the cream and the butter I give are the best in the world."

"But I must tell you of the little girl who came to see Mahalla. The little girl's name was Nelly."

"Nelly was being shown over the farm by Mahalla."

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE
JOSEPH KAYE

Hays Ham more an

Natalie Kingston



Natalie Kingston, who was recently elected a "baby star" by the Wampas (an organization of Hollywood publicity men), as one with great talent and beauty and with splendid screen possibilities, is appearing in her first vehicle, "Big Bertha," a wartime comedy, which has been known as "Bayo-Nuts" and "Who Goes There?" Miss Kingston is a native of California. She has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

For Meditation
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

REVERENCE

THE writer recently visited the tomb of one of our noted statesmen. Upon entering the enclosure, the reverential attitude of mind was clearly discernible as the majority of those present, with uncovered heads, paid their respects to the memory of a martyred President. In this same group, however, were some five or six men who spent the time idly, talking and amusing themselves with jesting remarks. This incident is illustrative of a general lack of reverence which is one of the sad bequests of our materialistic age. There is a "letting go" of this fundamental principle—a reverential attitude toward sacred things. Of course, a reverential attitude of mind at a circus would be sacrilegious. Not less humorous but more of it. But, the failure to cultivate that attitude of mind which regards seriously the more sacred realities of life is a serious and increasing menace. Regard for reverence is the key to success and contentment, the absence of it is the explanation of many failures. Reverence for truth makes the scholar. Reverence for truth makes the family. Reverence for truth makes men honest. Reverence for sincerity enables men to trust their fellow men. Reverence for the beautiful inspires the soul. Only a reverent scientist can say, "An undevout astronomer is mad." Students reading Agassiz' lectures after the death of the great scientist found this sentence; and placed the words upon the walls of the lecture room; "A laboratory is a sanctuary which nothing but one should enter."

Our attitude of mind toward things is a key. It would be well to consider it. A person who is a year old and a person who is a hundred years old, both are children of God.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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It has long been observed that in regions where fish are regularly eaten in considerable amounts, gout is rare, whereas it is very common in many regions because of lack of iodine. Sea foods, such as fish, furnish this element in appropriate amounts to supply the needs of the body.—Doctor McCollum.

FOR LOVERS OF CHOCOLATE

Chocolate is almost universally liked, the world over. It is a food in itself and may be served in countless ways.

Chocolate is a mixture of various ingredients in a delicious combination. One cupful of milk, two egg yolks, one-fourth cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, two ounces of chocolate or one-fourth cupful of cocoa. Cook until the mixture coats the spoon. Serve hot on tea cream.

Cocoa Cream.—Mix one-half cupful of cocoa with one-half cupful of sugar, add two well-beaten egg yolks, then two cupfuls of cream and one-fourth inch stick of cinnamon. Cook until thick in a double boiler. Add two tablespoonfuls gelatin which has been softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, stir until dissolved in hot mixture. Add one-fourth cupful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of heavy cream. Beat thick. Cool the mixture before adding the cream. Pour into a mold, chill and serve.

Cocoa Tutti-Frutti.—Use the above recipe for cocoa cream, adding one-half cupful of macaroon which have been dried and pounded, one cupful of candied cherries, cut into small pieces, one-half dozen marshmallows cut into bits and one-half dozen raisins, one tablespoonful of finely chopped citron and the same of orange peel. Add the last just before putting into the molds.

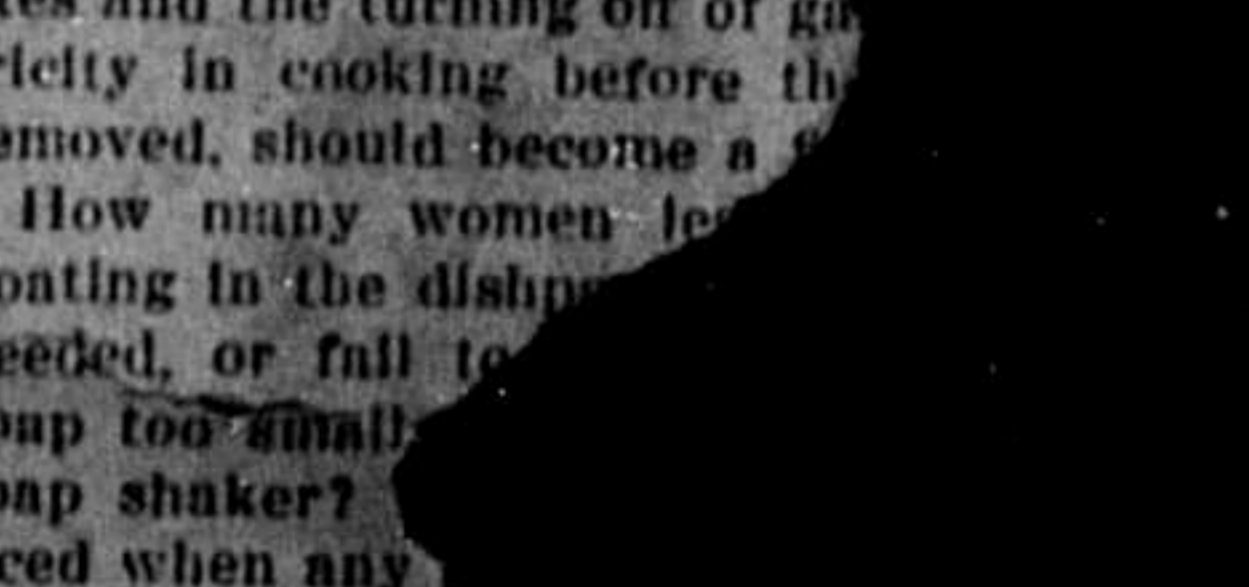
Chocolate Cake.—Take one cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, one-fourth cupful of soft milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one egg and one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour. Beat all well and add just at the last two squares of chocolate dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water. Bake in two layers and put together with orange filling or hotted frosting.

Let Nothing Be Wasted.

If the housewife wishes to train maids or children in the art of thrift, she herself must set the example. It is the little things and the small ways, that, multiplied by hundreds, make great waste in homes.

"It takes but a moment's thought to turn on the light when leaving a room even for a few minutes and the turning on of gas or electricity in cooking before the fire is removed, should become a habit."

How many women leave the water running in the dishpan, or the soap suds in the soap shaker? How many women leave the home, soap suds in the stand, water in the



It is a habit to turn on the light when leaving a room even for a few minutes and the turning on of gas or electricity in cooking before the fire is removed, should become a habit."