

NIGHT GYPSIES

By CLARA C. HOLMES.

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All day the rain had poured upon a small, neat cottage, the home of Salina Godfrey. For eight years Salina had lived alone, the village Dorcas. Today she took up her sewing work—a baby's fine nainsook dress. It was daintily handmade, with finishing touches of embroidery.

"It is his baby's dress," she soliloquized, "and no one knows how well I've loved to put the stitches into it. I can't help feeling blue and lonely sometimes—but he is so happy with her and the baby. I did not have much common sense," she continued, talking to herself, "to keep on waiting five years for him, thinking he would come back to me."

"Even when he neglected to write, I did not suspect, believing he was overbusy. But he wrote to her every day from here and he was restless until he got away to her again. Then he sent me that crushing note. I will destroy it today and try to be more sensible."

"From a cabinet she took a yellow envelope, postmarked two years before. She read it through for the last time: "My Dear Salina—I've dreaded and delayed to write you these lines, which I know will terribly wound your tender, faithful heart. But I am so intensely infatuated with Marie that I can't live without her. We are going to be married next week. Don't mind too much, Salina; give some of the other steady fellows half a chance to win. They are more worthy than I. With deepest regrets, I am,

"HOWARD BLACKWELL."

Now two years had gone by, and Salina, outwardly, was the cheerful, much-respected Dorcas of the village. Salina tore up the yellow letter and tossed it into the open fire, watching the charred bits fly up the chimney flue. Then she went to the window.

"Gypsies!" she exclaimed, "camping right here, almost in my yard. I'll telephone to the constable and have 'em bounced!"

"No, I'll loose Badger; they will move when they see him around," and at once the savage great black dog, growling viciously, bounded over the yard.

Then the telephone bell rang. The call was from Mrs. King, a neighbor. "That you, Salina? Have you heard how Marie has got ill? We are in need of assistance. Will you come over?"

"Course," answered Salina cheerfully, forgetting the gypsies trespassing near her door.

Hurriedly she fed her hens and did some other chores. Then she called Badger and left him loose inside the house. Taking a folded apron she set out across a pasture for a crossroad farmhouse.

Salina softly entered the kitchen, where Howard sat with downcast, heavy eyes.

"What is the matter?" Salina asked, startled.

"I am heartbroken hearing the baby cry with no one to do for her," he sobbed.

A few hours later the nurse came from a hushed chamber to relieve Salina. The beautiful young wife and mother was resting beyond earthly care.

As in a dream Salina worked about the farmhouse, doing the numberless things needing to be done. At last it was Howard who sought her.

"I want you to rest now, Salina—there is so much more to be done tomorrow. I have no one I can look to but you. Go into the spare room. It is comfortable in there."

He opened the door for her and bade her good-night.

The next morning Salina rose early. "I must go to see what the gypsies have been doing," she told Howard.

"But you will return to look after my motherless baby girl?" he pleaded.

Briskly Salina retraced her steps across the pasture. But she saw that the dreaded gypsies already had broken camp and moved on. The sun rose brightly. Salina entered her house, a new light softly beaming in her soft gray eyes. Her sensitive nature was shocked by the happenings of the last fearful day, yet she peacefully realized that, from the gates of her own heart, infesting cares had stolen away like the gypsies of the night.

Earth's Odd Pipe Smokers. In Korea merchants smoke their pipes from dawn until dark, and stop only to wait on customers. They squat down when they smoke, and as the stems of the pipes are three feet long, the bowl can rest on the ground, the bowl being of the average size known to the United States. In Bethlehem the hookah is very popular among the women, and it accompanies the morning and afternoon coffee drinking hour. Several tubes extend from the water bowl through which the smoke passes in a cooling process, and the women gather about the hookah, each selecting a tube, and all drawing smoke from the common bowl.

She Said It. Mother—Why did you let him kiss you? Edith—Well, he was so nice about it. He asked.

Mother—The idea! Haven't I told you you must learn to say "no"? Edith—That's what I did say. He said no if I'd be very angry if he kissed me. New York Central Magazine.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

JOB AND YOUR HEALTH

IS A WOMAN as strong as a man? Given the same stature and weight, can she do equally hard work and not suffer for it?

Among many other matters that the war proved or disproved, this seems also to be settled—and settled in the negative. She can't!

Woman can do the same work, given a like training. But she breaks down under it where the man remains un injured.

In France and England women for five years did the work of men. They have not stood up under the strain as men do. In England, physicians' reports show that of two thousand five hundred women examined in one industry, 42 per cent were found to be suffering from severe physical exhaustion or actual ill health, brought on by overwork. Yet men stood up under the same work without difficulty.

We are none of us likely to go into munition factories or to undertake heavy labor. But there is more in this than the fact that a woman ought not to attempt such feats. A girl who is looking about for a job ought to think of it in regard to herself—in regard to her health. The nervous and high-strung girl should not take up telephoning, for instance, nor should she go into a large and noisy office. She won't stand the strain.

A girl I knew who made a success of a small tea and lunch room got ambitious and took the whole house. She rented rooms and served a dinner as well as breakfast and lunch. She gave good meals and good service, had a large force of assistants to manage, and in six months she broke down and had to go to a sanitarium.

What's the use? Your health is priceless. And once shaken, it isn't easy to get into good shape again. Look at your health as part of your capital, and conserve it. Never let your job borrow from that capital. There are times when you cannot control the thing, and when you do you must do the best you can and hope to get through with it. But most of us are just careless. It doesn't pay.

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Mother's Cook Book

The common things of life are all so dear. The moon's soft rays that through the leaves doth shine. The morning's sun on glistening waves so clear. The clouds of gorgeous hue, are mine and thine.

—Edith L. Farrell.

HOLIDAY GOOD THINGS.

As Christmas draws near we turn to the good old fashioned cakes and candies.

Gala Cake.

Crean one half cupful of shortening, add one cupful of granulated sugar. Beat two egg yolks until light, add to them one-half cupful of sugar. Beat the egg and sugar mixture into the butter and sugar, and when thoroughly blended add one cupful of milk alternately with three cupfuls of flour, sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites and pour into a single loaf cake pan, buttered and papered and bake thirty minutes. When cool, spread with.

Gala Frosting.

Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of molasses, two cupfuls of granulated sugar in one-half cupful of boiling water. Cook to the soft ball stage, then pour in a fine stream over the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Return the frosting to the saucepan, set it over boiling water and beat constantly, keeping the frosting moving from the bottom and sides of the pan until the mixture thickens, then spread over the cake. Do not try to smooth it; leave the frosting rough.

A Christmas Bowl.

Bake six greenings and three Baldwin without removing the skins or cores. When tender add four quarts of boiling water, the thin yellow rind of three lemons and four oranges and two bay leaves. Let simmer twenty minutes then strain through a bag, pressing out the juice. Boil three cupfuls of sugar with a pint of water 20 minutes. Add to the liquid with one cupful of black tea infusion and set aside to become cold. Then add the fruit juices and a small bottle of maraschino cherries with the syrup. Let stand several hours before serving.

Corn Balls.

Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan and when melted add two cupfuls of molasses and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water. Pour over six quarts of popped corn. Butter the fingers and shape into balls before it gets too cool.

Peanut Brittle.

Melt a cupful or more of sugar in a smooth frying pan stirring until a good brown; pour over a pan of peanuts and put to cool.

Nellie Maxwell

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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

THE USE OF "GOT."

THE word "got" and its derivatives, "got" and "gotten," have their proper place in the English language, but they are frequently overworked and misused. "Got" means "to acquire, to gain, to obtain, to procure," and it does not mean to have or to become. To say "He got a fortune," meaning that he acquired one, is correct usage, but it is not correct to say "He's got a fortune" when one means "He has a fortune." Say "I have a cold," but do not say "I've got a cold" or "I've got a cold."

Some authorities permit the use of "have got," meaning "have," but they call such use colloquial, meaning that it is common but is not recognized as standard. It is, however, sometimes defended on the ground that long usage has made it a part of our common speech.

"I did not get to go there" and similar expressions, are heard sometimes, but they are examples of another faulty use of the word "got." Say, "I could not go there," or "I had no opportunity to go there."

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MARGUERITE CLARK



Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams of New Orleans in private life, but universally known as Marguerite Clark, long one of the leading "movie" stars, is regarded by many as the sweetest girl on the screen. This is a recent picture of the little star.

Inanity.

In January, 1910, there were in the United States 62,683 single men insane, and 29,047 married men insane. At the same time there were 37,115 single women insane, and 35,975 married women insane.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT SHEEP? MOST dreams of rural life and country scenes appear to be regarded by the authorities of Dreamland as favorable omens. To dream of seeing a flock of sheep, for instance, is a very good indication for the future. To be surrounded by them increases the good luck and a flock of lambs foretells even more good luck than a flock of sheep. But just to gaze upon a flock of sheep feeding in the pastures of your dreams means that you will have success in life.

If you are unmarried and dream that you are watching the little lambs skip about, your sweetheart is faithful and of a good disposition. Also, if you are a man, the lady of your choice is inclined to say "Yes," if you will but pop the question. If you are married and see sheep or lambs in the visions of your slumbers you will have children who will acquire riches and be a great comfort to you. If you pick up a lamb and carry it in your dreams you will be a lucky person indeed.

If a sailor dreams of sheep it means great luck and a safe and prosperous voyage to him. If you see yourself shearing sheep it is an indication that you will shortly make money by a business enterprise, though, according to some of the wiseacres, it means that you will have to struggle hard for this success. But if you don't go to see the sheep running away from you, for that indicates that some of your pretended friends are really trying to injure you. It is a warning to be on your guard. Also it is a bad sign to hear the lambs baa or to see them killed. If you see your flock of dream sheep lean and scraggy look out for your investments carefully if you would profit by them.

With the few exceptions noted the lambs and muttons of Dreamland are much to be desired and come far cheaper than in the markets of the world of actualities, the food profiteer not as yet having obtained a foothold in the realm of shadows.

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THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE MYSTERY.

Heard a rustle in the brush Only yesternight; Heard a rustle in the hush, Somethin' out of sight— Jest a footfall on the ground, Shakin' of a tree; But we argued all around, What the thing could be.

Jack, the stable-boy, he said Likely 'twas a colt— Farmer's colt that got its head, Broke its halter bolt. Bill, the cookhouse flunkey, swore 'Twas a bear or cub. Huntin' round the cookhouse door For a snack of grub.

Pete, who likes to hunt when fall Comes around each year, Said it wasn't that at all— That it was a deer. Frank, who drives the two ox pair, Said they made him luff, Said their colt or deer or bear Simply was a calf.

So they set an' argued What the thing could be; Every fellow took a side, Had a theory. Jack he chimed it with the chaps, Bill with all the boys; Mac, who's deaf, he said perhaps There wasn't any noise.

What the rustle was about, No one ever knew; But one fact I figured out From that gabby crew: People look with different eyes, Hear with different ears; That what closest to them lies Everything appears.

Every nation is the best To the man from there. Every stare beats all the rest When their sons compare. Do you wonder at the lot Of religious creeds?— Each a special God has got For his special needs.

Harpis an' music for the gay, Huntin' for the red; Atheists expect to stay Permanently dead; Streets of sapphire for the Jew; For the weary, rest— Each, accordin' to his view, Thinks his heaven best.

An' I'm puzzled, I admit, Puzzled at the maze— Heaven, you kin figger it Forty-seven ways. Heaven with a street of gold; With a Jasper gate; Heaven where the very old Still must sit an' wait.

If there are so many there, There beyond the blue, Heavens round an' heavens square, Gentle, Injun, Jew,— All that I can do is trust. Since they can't agree, When I lay me 'dust to dust' There'll be one for me.

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MILITANT MARY

They say that business is the salt of life, well—that's all RIGHT. But there is such a thing as OVER-SEASONING A MITE!

The English derby has been won by the favorite on more than fifty occasions. A lot of people find it easier to use their hands and arms than their heads. Often a benefactress is but an ex-bachelor who was overtaken by misfortune and a widow.

A Warning Word. "A girl in a bathing suit is dangerous. A widow is irresistible." The speaker was Guy Oyster, Samuel Gompers' clever secretary. He was addressing a plumbers' union. "A word to you young plumbers," he went on. "On your vacations, whether you go to Atlantic City or Newport, Ocean Grove or Narragansett, treat a widow as you treat a widow, and when you get near her look out."

In the Crowd. "What are you making such a fuss about? I thought you were a good loser." "I am, so far as an election is concerned," answered the excited citizen. "What I am concerned about is the loss of a perfectly good two-dollar watch."

Jud Tunkins. Jud Tunkins says the fact that most of the family is out to the moving pictures or the caberney is all that keeps the flat from being overcrowded.



PUSSIE'S REVENGE

LITTLE Pussie White was feeling very unhappy one morning as she sat in the barn door in the sun licking her paws. Pussie White had only lived at the farm for a short time, and she was much younger than the other pussies, Tabble and Blackie.

The reason Pussie White was so unhappy this morning was because the two older pussies had made fun of her for not catching as many mice as they did the night before.

"Of course, she may in time be able to catch a few more than she does now," said Blackie to Tabble, "but I am afraid this new puss will never prove to be a good mouser like you or me."

Tabble had tossed her head and replied that there were few pussies who could hunt mice as they did. "They may hunt for mice, my dear Blackie," she had said, "but they do not catch



them. Pussie White may in time, as you say, catch a few more mice than she does now—she must learn something from watching two such experts as we are."

And this was the reason Pussie White was so unhappy and as she washed her face she was thinking how she could catch more mice and show Tabble and Blackie that she was just as

smart as they thought themselves to be. Pussie White had a friend that lived down the road, so she took herself off to tell Peter Dog her troubles.

Peter was a very wise little fellow and very fond of Pussie, for they had played together when Pussie was a kitten, and she had never scratched him as the other kittens had done.

"I think I can help you, Pussie," said Peter. "I am not at all fond of mice, but I am sure I can catch them and, tonight if you can manage to keep Blackie and Tabble away from the barn I am sure we can catch inenough to surprise those two spiteful creatures."

That night when the three pussies were eating their supper in the farm house kitchen Pussie White slipped away before the others had finished. Down the cellar stairs she ran and climbed out of the window where there was an opening for the pussies to go in and out.

When Pussie White went out she managed somehow to knock the board that was fastened on the outside and down it slipped right over the opening.

Some time later when Blackie and Tabble wanted to go to the barn for the night, as they always did, they had to stay in the cellar all night.

The next morning Pussie White did not care for her breakfast and smiled to herself as she heard the farmer's wife say to the other pussies, "I guess Pussie White caught all the mice last night and you two did not catch any from the way you eat."

But her revenge was complete when later Blackie and Tabble ran into the barn and could not find a mouse, for those that Peter and Pussie White did not catch the night before were frightened and ran away from the barn to live.

Tabble and Blackie did not make fun of Pussie White again, but they never knew how Pussie managed to clear the barn in a single night.

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SCHOOL DAYS



The Dead Sea

SCHOOL DAYS



Scrap Bookin'