

Daisy's Ring

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

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Bart Wilson, at the jewelry counter, looked up in surprise as he heard Daisy Martin ask falteringly:

"What kind of ring can I buy for five dollars?"

"Not a very good one," he returned; then as her pretty brown eyes filled, he added, "but you might give me that much as a deposit, and pay the rest later."

"I didn't know you ever sold goods that way," Daisy said softly, and for the first time Bart, smarting from a heart given him by a heartless city girl who had flirted with him during the past couple of months, noticed how lovely the girl's face was.

"I never have," he said smiling, "but it is never too late to change my methods. Don't tell anyone about it, will you?"

"Oh no, no," she cried in alarm, "and you won't tell that I have bought it?" and the tears started in her sweet eyes.

"Why, surely not," he returned, wondering at her emotion, and briskly turning matters into a thoroughly business channel, he pulled out a tray of rings, and asked:

"How high do you want to go?"

The girl's eyes lingered upon a dainty little pearl cluster ring, and Bart finally let her have it at cost, twelve dollars, telling her to pay him the other seven as she saw fit. He laughed at himself a little scornfully the rest of the day when the transaction recurred to him, but by the next forgot it, for his heart was still heavy with the sorrow the city girl had made for him.

Daisy came in a week later with a dollar, and he was somewhat surprised to see the ring on her finger, for he had thought she was buying it for someone else.

While the two lived near each other, they moved in different circles, Bart being in one of the older sets, so he did not meet her socially until the charity entertainment at Christmas in which all the young people of the town participated. There was a program made up of local talent, and afterwards a dancing party. Bart, who was very popular, danced with the various belles of the place, but began to notice that Daisy did not seem to be asked, and so he inquired of his partner why so pretty a girl as she seemed to be neglected.

"Oh, I don't know. She just doesn't seem to take, I suppose, and then since the talk about her ring, I guess people think they had better know just who she is going with before they are seen with her."

"What talk?" Bart gasped, skillfully guiding his partner into a recess as the music ended, so she could continue her conversation.

"Why, she has a ring that she says was given her by someone who cares a great deal for her, and who knows her better than anyone else. She won't tell who that someone is, and people are talking," and the girl threw up her hand.

Bart looked serious, but said nothing, and excusing himself started to cross the floor, intending to ask Daisy to dance with him. He saw several of the older girls go up to the little figure and evidently say something to her that was not kind in its nature, for Daisy sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing. Then her head drooped and she seemed to wilt as she resumed her seat dejectedly.

In a moment the young man was by her side, asking gently:

"What is it, Daisy?"

The girl turned, her sweet young face changing from white to crimson, and then paling again, but she said nothing.

He turned to the tormentors. "Perhaps you will tell me the trouble."

"A mysterious person has given her a ring, and she won't tell who it is," said the elder of the young women.

Calmly, he took Daisy's little hand, on which appeared the offending ring, and drawing it through his arm said coldly:

"My dear, while I thank you for keeping our engagement a secret, still I think you have gone a little too far. As you have respected my wishes not to have it known until after the first of the year, I'll solve the mystery of this ring, and tell these ladies, and they can spread the news all over town, that you obtained this ring from me," and with these words he swept the astounded girl from the room.

"Get on your wraps," he told her, "and I will take you home," and he waited in the hall, fully conscious of the buzzing tongues inside as the news spread like wildfire.

"What made you buy the ring, Daisy, dear?" he asked.

"The girls say I'm too quiet for the boys to like me, and I thought if I had a pretty ring they would think someone out of town cared for me."

"You poor little thing," he cried. "I wonder, darling," he whispered, bending his head over hers, and pressing her hand, "if you are willing to make what I said tonight strictly true?"

Daisy raised her eyes to his. Bart gathered her into his arms and covered her soft lips with his own.

Daisy now has a half a dozen very valuable rings, but prizes that little pearl cluster more than any, and she said Bart already have measured another one on her little finger, a plain, round band, that he is to put on the ring finger, which will also be a valuable ring.

DIRECTOIRE MODE FOR SPRING TOGS

American Designers Assert They Will Make and Promote This Style of Gowns.

HATS OF THE PICTURE TYPE

Headgear to Be of Suitable Design to Complete New Outfits; Chance for Designers to Outdo Themselves.

There is to be a new mode in the spring and it is to follow the Directoire with faithfulness, asserts a prominent fashion correspondent. Now, of course, the great question is: "What is the Directoire?"

Small profit lies in going into the history of the thing. It bridged the



Directoire Evening Gown of Yellow Crepe and Pearls.

gap between the French Revolution and the Empire styles. But that is neither here nor there when it comes to the practical point of modern dressing being done in the Directoire fashion. The feverish points of consideration are: First, is the thing practical? Second, is it suited to the expression of our modern time? Well, the verdict of designers is that it is both of these things, so we can proceed to a further business of understanding without any undue worry.

It seems that the American women feel a strong need of something that is different and a distinct change from what they have been wearing, at least so the designers say. They report that the women come to them with dissatisfied looks and wrinkled brows demanding to know what is "new" in the present styles. Then they valiantly bring forth their newest conceptions in the way of the straight one-piece dresses that we have been wearing for so long and are met with peevish frowns and dissatisfied glances. "There's nothing new about those," they complain. And it is the truth—there is nothing new. But, then, we have had the war and the after effects of that great struggle, and we have had Paris sending us gowns along the same old lines and after the same successful ideas, so what chance have we had to obtain anything distinctly new?

But now the foremost American designers have taken a stand and they announce that they will make up and promote gowns in the Directoire manner for spring wear. In fact, they are doing so now, and illustrations only go to show how successful they are and how truly fascinating the dresses are.

Will Consent to Moderate Changes.

Perhaps the American woman has reached the point where she will not be dictated to, to the extent of changing all of the style of her garments every season, but she will consent to moderate changes if they do not follow each other in such quick and uninterrupted succession. Now, the authorities seem to agree, she is ready for a change of some sort. She has tired of the unremitting sameness of the gowns that have been, and it is believed she will welcome a complete change for the spring season. So here is the meaning of the Directoire in its newest interpretation, for it cannot be entirely true to its old-time ideals. It must conform with new demands and new situations.

One suit shown is an interesting Directoire adaptation, for the short coat accentuates the high waist line, which is one of the salient points of the new mode. The jacket hangs straight and loose and the waistline of the skirt snugly under the arms so that the lines of the skirt fall straight from under the overhanging coat. The collars and cuffs on this suit are another prevalent feature of these newer Directoire styles. They flare and stand

out straight and stiff away from the coat to which they are attached. In this instance they are made of yellow pique cut double and stitched together.

It will be noticed that everything about the Directoire lines makes the models suitable especially for the slightest variety of feminine figure, but the designers, who are, after all, clever wizards, explain that it is a perfectly possible matter to make the frocks and coats adapt themselves to figures of more ample proportions. They have tricks of cutting and fitting that bring the lines into harmony both with the figures they are designed to adorn and with the period which sets the fashion.

Coat Has High Waistline.

A blue serge suit—one of the freshest on the market and just newly hunched from the workroom—is made with a coat that has a high waist line, but which is more fitted than the one mentioned. There is then attached a fitted and rounded peplum made up of three circular flounces, each about four inches in width. These are lined with tomato-red silk that shows only at rare intervals when the flounces sweep away from the figure and show the color that is their foundation. The collar on this suit is made of white pique, and is shaped so that it stands way up back of the head in the stiffest and most picturesque manner. Then the cuffs are fully five inches in width, are made double, and turn back over the suit sleeves. It is a pretty fashion, and most becoming when well done.

Another suit, with coat that reaches well below the knees in front and slopes to a shorter length at back, is made of champagne-colored tulle. At the point where the severely cut revers come together there is a yoke line and a link button to hold the coat in place. Then the rest of the coat carries out the straight Directoire line, and the skirt is just tight enough and straight enough to make walking a simple matter. This suit is trimmed with the merest suggestion of an insertion of Roman-striped ribbon running lengthwise of the skirt and inserted at the edges of the coat pockets and along the outer edges of the sleeves for a space above the flaring portions at the hands. This is one of the most practical of all the never models, and one that is surely destined to be a notable spring success.

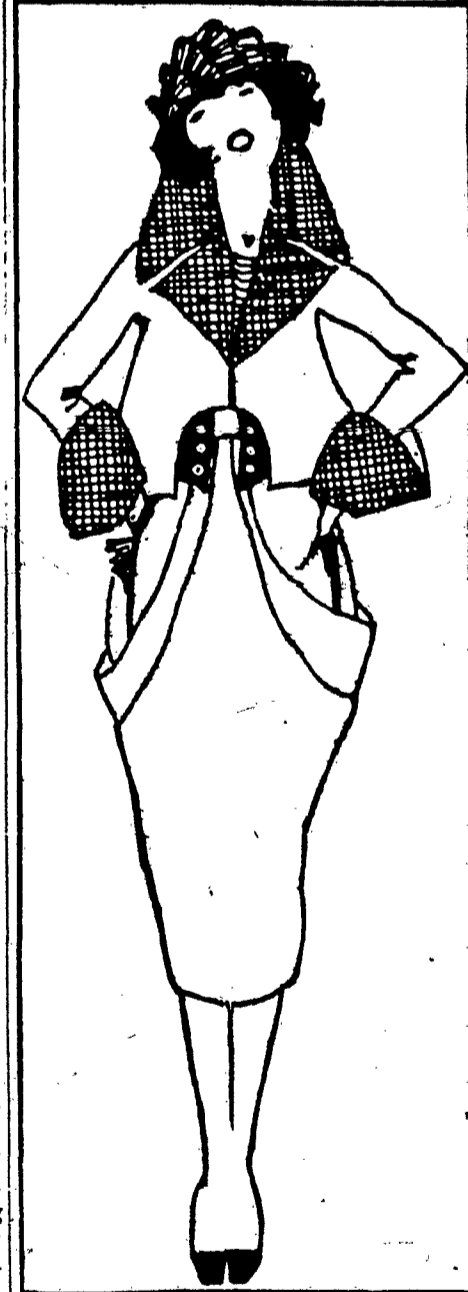
A street frock made from gray tulle is something in the manner of a coat dress with all of the elements of the Directoire applied to its construction. It has very tight fitting, long sleeves, as most of these Directoire creations have. Then it has a wide, pointed neck line arrived at when one side of a coat overdress laps over the other side. There it joins at one point below the pointed line and falls away from the short waist line into the skirt portion. Now, by way of trimming, this overdress is bound with pale orange silk and is lined with the same thing, so that the lining reveals itself now and again. This gown is quite startlingly new in appearance and most fascinating in the way it is done. It would be the means of converting

the most prejudiced mind to the adaptability of the Directoire.

Spring Coat of Black Taffeta.

One of the spring coats that have been suggested in the Directoire mode is made of black taffeta. It is just a succession of tiny black taffeta flounces reaching from the hem to the throat, with a collar that stands high behind the head and above the ears. This ravishing garment is lined with an illusive bit of peach crepe and has a bit of peot ribbon in the same shade running round the base of the collar, to be tied in a bow with streaming ends directly in the center of the back. The way this wrap achieves a Directoire silhouette underneath all its rufflings is a beautiful thing to behold, and if it is any criterion of the wraps to be under the approaching regime, then welcome the change.

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The Directoire Suit of Gray Kitten-Ear Cloth.

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HOW ONION AFFECTS EYES

"Gas" Given Off Causes Smarting and the Organ Hastens to Take Relief Measures.

The "gas" given off by a freshly peeled onion makes itself apparent in two ways—by a strong aroma which is at once apparent to the sense of smell, and by a smarting of the eyeballs, which, being very sensitive, are hurt by this substance to which they are not accustomed.

The nerves of the eye immediately signal the brain to turn on the tears or liquid which is secreted by the body as a natural eye-wash. This, flowing over the eyeball, forms a curtain which prevents the onion "gas" from coming in direct contact with the nerves and thus injuring them.

Tears are present in the eye at all times. When we wink, a tiny drop of the tear-liquid is smeared across the ball of the eye and washes off particles of dust which may have accumulated. But when this liquid is produced so rapidly that it cannot be carried off by the trough at the lower part of the eye, the tears overflow and run down the face.

FAIR ONE ACCEPTED THE END

Statement Might Be Copied From Page of Modern Fiction, but It Is Far Otherwise.

"And this is the end!"

Something glittered in the man's hand as he uttered the words. The beautiful girl before him looked up into his face and a doubtful look crept into her eyes.

"The end!" She echoed his words wistfully, standing there in the beam of sunlight which caused the glittering thing in the man's hand positively to dance with fire. "You are quite sure?"

A smile flickered across the man's face.

"Quite sure! This is the end!"

The fair creature shrugged her shoulders resignedly. "Then—" she breathed, tensely, "I—I will take the piece!" and with a smile the man dropped the scissors and parceled up the short length of calico.

Clowns to Jail in Petrograd.

According to the energetic Aftonblad of Stockholm, the circus still exists even if it does not flourish in Petrograd. At a recent exhibition two clowns engaged in the following patter:

"Where have you been for the last week?"

"Looking for firewood."

"Did you find any?"

"Sure thing."

"Let me see it."

"I will if you promise not to touch it." With that he took a match from behind his ear.

Both clowns were locked up by the soviet police.

All-Conquering Sleep.

There was a New Year's eve party given at John's grandmother's. John, with other grandchildren, was there, but along about nine o'clock he got too sleepy to stay awake, so went upstairs to take a little nap and made his mother promise she would wake him up before 12 o'clock, so he could hear the bells, whistles, etc., and be up for the real fun.

So, at a quarter of 12, his mother went to call him and said: "John, wake up; 1920 is going fast."

John moved a little, frowned a little, turned over into a more comfortable position and said: "Well, I can't help it. Let it go."

Didn't Seem Fair.

Dolly had been taken to church for the first time. On returning home her mother asked her what she thought of the service.

"I liked it very much," she replied. "But there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, one man did all the work, and then another man came round and got all the money."

Proof Positive.

"I understand," remarked Mr. Callahan to his friend Mr. Casey, "that the judge fined ye \$10 for assaultin' Coughlin the other day."

"He did that," answered Mr. Casey. "an' it was a proud moment, I'll tell ye, when I heard the sentence."

"How's that?"

"I'm thinkin'," continued Mr. Casey, "that it showed which one of us had the best of the fight."

Geometrical Mind.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I see that they are talking about a whisky ring."

"What of it?"

"I was just wondering—"

"Go on. Let's hear the worst."

"I was wondering whether they use the word 'ring' because of the way liquor sometimes makes a man walk in circles."

Returning the Compliment.

Professor's Wife—I suppose you have forgotten that this is the anniversary of your wedding day?

Absent-Minded Husband (abstracting himself from comic sections)—Eh! V'hat? Dear me! Is it really? And when is yours, my dear?—Boston Transcript.

Wanted Her Advice.

He—I am madly in-love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?—Boston Transcript.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

STOLEN FRUIT

IN THE next yard to where Mrs. Pig lived with her five piggle children was an orchard and on the ground the five piggles could see when they peeped through the cracks in the fence heaps of apples, and though their mother told them they were green and not fit food for even a pig the piggles looked at them with longing eyes.

Billy Pig was smarter than his brothers, and so more often got into trouble, for his brothers were content to eat warm porridge for their dinner and then go to sleep with their mother, but Billy Pig was not.

He always slept with one eye open.

one next yard; but one day, to his surprise, he found he could squeeze himself part-way through, far enough to reach the fruit.

It did not taste quite so nice as he had expected it would, but all piggles think stolen fruit sweet, and after he had eaten one or two he began to like the green apples.

There were plenty within his reach, and he ate and ate, never thinking of stopping until his mother, awakening from her nap, saw his hind legs, and jumped up with a grunt.

Then Billy Pig tried to jump, too, but to his surprise, though he wiggled and squirmed, he could not move.

He had eaten so many apples he could not get back through the hole, and though his mother poked and pulled, he was held fast.

Such squealing and grunting never was heard. The brother piggles did the squealing, though none of them could out-squeal Billy Pig, and Mrs. Pig grunted until the farmer came running to see what had happened.

He tried to pull Billy Pig out by the hind feet, but it was no use, and he had to call the hired man to help before the boards could be pried apart and Billy Pig set free.

Such a scolding as his mother gave him he had never had before, and he was glad to creep into his bed without his supper, but he did not sleep, for green apples are not good for even pigs to eat, just as his mother told him, and Billy Pig had such a pain and cramp that he never again wanted to eat green apples.

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HE HAD OFTEN LOOKED THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE FENCE AT THE APPLES

SCHOOL DAYS

The celebrated tree that Old Skinsnut Hingebuck hung himself on

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