

Why She Did Not Give Up Teaching

By MYRA CURTIS LANE
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"I'M SORRY to hear of your decision, Mrs. Banks," said the school superintendent. "We shall miss you a good deal in Clinton school. And you ought to have a dozen good working years before you. Are you sure you won't regret it after you're resigned?"

Nancy Banks smiled. "No, I'm sure I shan't," she answered. "I've always meant to retire at fifty and devote myself to literary work. You see, I sold several stories when I was younger, and I'm so interested in the work."

The superintendent glanced after her. "There goes the best of my teachers," he meditated. "Plucky little woman, the way she tackled life after that wretched husband of hers left her."

He would have expressed himself still more strongly if he had known the whole of Nancy Banks' history. Henry Banks had been a rotter all his life. Drifting now from one job, now to another, he had finally left her, with another woman, ten years before.

Since then she had only had news of him once—some malicious person had sent her a newspaper clipping describing the arrest of a man named Henry Banks in a Western town, for bootlegging.

Nancy had taken up teaching. She had denied herself nearly everything during those ten years. And she had paid for her house—six thousand dollars. She had two roomers and a few hundreds in the bank. The roomers guaranteed her few needs in the way of food and clothing. It was safe at last to devote herself to her literary aspirations.

If she stayed at the school for ten years longer, as was perhaps the wiser course, she could retire with a comfortable little competence. But at sixty it is pretty difficult to begin a new trade. And Nancy's heart had been set on writing ever since she was a girl. Now at last, after the storms and stress of her earlier married life, after the privations of the past ten years, Nancy saw clear water ahead of her.

And she looked round happily at the clean, neat little cottage. Her home, her own home, after the years of striving and penury! And she was free. Henry would never trouble her again.

Then she saw a letter lying on the table. It was from a firm of lawyers in a Western town. With a sudden premonition of evil, she opened the envelope.

She stood staring at the contents, unable to realize the blow that had fallen on her.

Her husband had been arrested for stealing goods from the store where he was employed as a porter. Silk to the value of five thousand dollars. He had mentioned her. If she was willing to pay half that sum the firm would not prosecute. The money had been spent—how, the lawyers did not say.

Nancy stood looking at the letter with clenched hands and nails that dug into the palms. After all those years! "Olive me, Sturges & Baker, please," she said to Central. "Mr. Sturges? I've changed my mind about this case. I might be willing to consider your client's offer of five thousand, five hundred for a quick sale. Yes, send me along."

And, though she had no regrets, the bitterness of it all came over her with flood. Her home, her work, her life, her future.

She sat down, took up her pen, laid down the stationery. "Dear Mrs. Banks," she wrote. "I am enclosing herewith a check for five hundred dollars in earnest of my intentions. I am arranging for the sale of my house, and on receipt of the money will send you the balance, making up five thousand. The conditions are that Mr. Banks shall not communicate with me, directly or indirectly, again."

She paused. A bitter smile came over her face. How could she hold Henry Banks to that?

It is taking all I have," she continued. "and I shall never be able to do anything more for him."

She enclosed the check, sealed and stamped the letter, went out and posted it. On the way back she stopped at Clinton school.

"I've changed my mind," she told the superintendent. "As you say, I've got a good dozen working years yet, I think I'll stay."

Capital, capital," answered the superintendent, rubbing his hands. "A wise decision—and a prudent one."

A New Religion

The night porter of a large hotel was an apparition in white moving across the hall at two o'clock in the morning. He tapped on the shoulder of a man who had just fallen asleep.

"Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the porter.

The man opened his eyes and tried to come out of a trance. "Beg your pardon," he said. "I am an embezzler."

"Well," said the porter, "you can't be around here in the middle of the night in your pajamas, no matter what your religion is."

Almost Friendless

Since he lost his money, half his friends don't know him any more. "Is the other half?" "They don't yet that he has lost it."—Klode (Copenhagen).



MISTRESS SPRINGTIME

Mistress Springtime was wandering everywhere, as is her way.

"Hello, Red Alders," she said to some trees by that family name. They looked like birch trees and their bark was gray, while their twigs were of a brownish red color.

Then she wandered away from the Red Alders and came a little further to the north and said:

"Ah, my lovely Dogwood Blossoms, I greet you. You are so lovely. I love your wide, open faces and your splendid way of all coming out to greet me."

Then she saw some May apple flowers, with their big, umbrella-shaped leaves. "I always call you Wild Lemon flowers," she said, "for I called you that long ago, and I greet you, too. It's such a joy to see you on the hill-sides around."

Then she waved to the purple peablossoms of the Lupine flowers. "I think your name is so interesting," she said. "I laugh as I think of the old botanists, people who know about flowers, who named you that because they said you simply devoured the goodness of the earth and used up so much good soil! Lupine, they said, was a name which came from the word Lupus, which was a name meaning wolf."

And the blossoms smiled at Mistress Springtime, but they did not mind much what their name was, and as for knowing languages and different words—well, that was too much for them.

Then she went to speak to the Wild Geranium flowers which were growing along a wood road.

But she stopped for quite a time with the Wild Honeysuckle, for sometimes, she said, she thought her favorite flower of all was the wild honeysuckle.

"Your beautiful, sweet scent and your deep, pink blossoms are so

gorgeous," she said. "You're a part of the woods and of the springtime, and Mistress Springtime simply adores you."

And the woods seemed even sweeter than ever with the perfume of the wild honeysuckle blossoms as they waited Mistress Springtime there thanks for her beautiful compliment.

Next she went to call on the Mockers, or Lady's-slipppers, which were great favorites of hers, and she called on the Mountain Laurel, too, and they gave her their most magnificent smiles.

Next she talked to Mr. Sun, as he went to bed, wearing his handsome red robe, and she watched the beautiful red glow in the water and along the beach and sand, and it seemed as though little sand fairies, dressed in soft red and pink costumes had come out to dance in the sand.

Later she talked to Mr. Moon, and he looked his brightest and cast sparkling silver lights over the water until it seemed as though many silvery-dressed fairies had come out now to dance.

And after she had called on all of these friends of hers she peeped in over a window covered with blossoms, and inside she saw a little friend of hers.

"Hello, Charles Norman," she said. "I knew you last year—you were growing up then, wearing rompers and had quite outgrown all your baby ways. I heard your mother say that you outgrew all your beautiful baby clothes all of a sudden when she was planning to take you visiting."

"What a gay prank you played on her!" And Mistress Springtime smiled. It seemed, too, as if Charles Norman were almost smiling in his sleep at the thought, and, with a wave of her beautiful hand, Mistress Springtime was off again. But not before she had thrown a kiss to Charles Norman and to his soft, pink toy rabbit with the pink eyes and ears.

Mother's Little Man
Little Jimmy, aged two years and three months, climbed on a chair and after a breathless moment of balancing, just escaped a fall.

Seeing this, his mother reproached him tenderly. "Aha, Jimmy, what's that?" "What just had a scare?"

"Mamma did," replied Jimmy coldly.

Bright Idea
"If I only knew what to do with baby!"

"Didn't you get a book of instructions with it, mother?"

Like Toast
"Mamma," said the little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

French Silks in Larger Patterns

Crepe Marocain Frocks Are in Designs for Afternoon Dress.

Designs of the French silks are in larger pattern than those of home manufacture, at least so far as those appearing in the new models is concerned, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald. The crepe marocain frocks are in shades suitable for the informal afternoon dress. The striped frock is lavish in color and is combined with plain white tulle or organdy. Corsets, jades, black and yellow are the principal in the mixture of color, with white as a background. The use of the bow in the design is very unusual and, by the way, the bow under the chin is very well on its way to general acceptance.

More severe in treatment is the dress with the flounce at the bottom and the black bows marking the two breaks in the straight line. No white relieves the neck of this dress and the wearer will have to have sufficient height as well as good looks to carry off its trying lines, although the choice of a becoming color will do a great deal.

Of course the blouses in these silks will come in for a large share of attention as the tulle dresses again repeat its lines in the figured tulle blouse and plain skirt. In the opinion of some authorities on dress the smarter combination is to have the



Striped Marocain Frocks with Panel Vest of White Crepe and Tulle Collar of Same Material.

skirt either of black or dark blue with the tulle overdress of a heavy crepe in white or very light tulle draped ground and colorful design.

Of these blouses the most important at the present time, aside from those that the makers are sending over in their collections, are those of the Baked designs in silk. Very much the most favored of these is a design with a high peach color background figured in dark blue and a cerise shade.

Plaits Featured on Many French Costumes
Plaits are the quintessence of the current mode, according to a Paris fashion writer in the New York Tribune. Their vogue is not confined to any particular type of costume. Morning, afternoon and evening, for manly tailcoats or frilly feminine frocks, plaiting is ever en vogue. The entire skirt of a dress by Miller Soeurs consists of only three plaits, each of which is minutely plaited. A graceful finale is lent to this model of green crepe de chine through the farther employment of plaiting to the bertha collar and the turn-back cuffs.

The evening mode is less stable to the strictures of fashion than any other type of costume. Here it is that the designer may shake loose every restraint and soar into the realms of fantasy. There are no don'ts—color, cut and cloth know no master save only the caprice of the maker. It is curious to note that although the couturier has not been niggardly as far as trimming and fabric are concerned, vivid hues are not the dominant evening colors nor are plait and flounce inalienable adjuncts. The outstanding shade is black, and rippling panels are the modish note of decoration. Go to the opera in New York, or observe fashionable society in Nice and Paris, and the majority of black evening gowns will be as patent as the absence of plaiting.

New Envelope Bag
The envelope bag is now a permanent part of the tailored costume. Some of the new bags show delightful little touches that stamp them as being extremely up to date. A rather small envelope bag of beige suede has the button fastening of the flap made of a round moonstone set in etched silver. Inside the bag are two little flat cases, one for money and the other for mirror and puff.

Chic Two-Piece Costumes to Be Worn This Summer



When summer days are here this dainty two-piece costume in white and yellow would be a wise choice to have ready for all-around wear.

Navy Blue, Old Standby, Has Regained Prestige

At the beginning of the season it seemed as if navy blue were to be relegated to the background, but as new models appear from week to week one finds that the old standby has, to a great extent, regained its prestige and is used for a number of the most interesting models.

Reports from the Paris openings emphasize the vogue of navy in combination with lacquer red, and at present every indication points to an equal vogue in this country.

In millinery this combination of colors offers the most delightful possibilities. A group of new models reveals the chic and charm of a small hat of blue straw enlivened with touches of red in the form of a ribbon cord, a feather, fantasy, a single large flower or an ornament made of tiny flowers closely massed together.

A bit of red cleverly introduced adds materially to the effect of a tailored frock of navy blue, and the innumerable variations of this theme indicate that frocks of this type are destined to play a rather important part in the modes of late spring.

One of the smartest and most interesting models recently seen adheres closely to the tube silhouette and its exceedingly long tunic contributes to the formal appearance so essential to a street costume. The foundation of the frock is of lacquer red crepe de chine, which has a double row of small self-covered buttons extending the entire length. Over this is the tunic of navy charmeuse which, although it has bound button holes and large, flat bone buttons, is open from neck to hem.

A bit of red suggests underclothes and the color scheme is repeated in a hat of blue straw cross-crossed with narrow red cre ribbon.

Apron Motif Popular With Many Variations
The artistic manipulation of the involved details of dress has entirely dissipated the early disappointment over the unchanged silhouette. Superlatives may be unblushingly employed in describing the splendid phantasies of the new mode. Plait, flounce and tunic are the rungs on which the Paris designer ascends the heights.

Chanel was one of the first houses to show the apron-like tunic several seasons ago. She has continued to feature the idea and her present collection contains many lovely dresses in this style. The apron motif allows many variations—it may be shaped, round, pointed or elongated with the fullness at the sides, or it may be plaited. The old-fashioned apron style with narrow tie strings that knot at the back is an ancient theme which has been rejuvenated.

Animals Embroidered on Paris Street Gowns
Animals have supplanted monograms as the embroidered decoration on Paris street dresses. Where once the initials of the wearer added a small but certain touch of distinction to the frock, there now appear little creatures, invariably in pairs and embroidered in vividly colored silk threads. Cello originated this caprice and it has met with an immediate response along the Riviera, where it is no uncommon sight to see the smartly gowned Parisienne trailed by a very animate Poni and accompanied by two inanimate chicks strikingly embroidered on the ends of the sash.

Dainty Wristbag
The most springlike of wristbags is a delectable affair, round as a bouquet and covered thickly with little silk flowers in various springtime colors.

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