Borrowed Sunshine

By DORA H. MOLLAN

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This is a story of two days in the life of Joan Carruthers—two days separated by two weeks. On the first, Joan stood, her face pressed against the window pane, engrossed in her one and only amusement. For when one has risen no farther than salesgirl in a bargain basement in these times of high prices and must live on the proceeds of such daily toil, there is but little left over for extras, and when one spends five evenings every week at school and a sixth and part of Sunday in study, there is little time left over for frivolities anyway.

Joan was studying stenography as a means to an end; not that she liked it so well, but it stood for shorter hours and more money. Most of the girls in the store had beaux, of course, and went to dances and shows with them—and married them and led lives just like Joan's mother's over again, and Joan remembered that only too well.

Now, as it arose like a picture, blotting out for the moment the entrancing one actually before her eyes, the color-note of that old life was a deadly drab. Not one ray of sunshine had penetrated into their dark basement home. Not a single bit of material or spiritual brightness had it contained. Joan's mother had been a little drab wisp of a woman, with all the joy of life knocked out by her drunken, morose husband. Well, she was at rest now! Joan didn't know where the father was, and didn't want to. As she shuddered at the thought of him, the picture changed like a fade-away and the one really before her eyes gained added brilliancy by the contrast.

That scene typified everything Joan's life had lacked and for which she was struggling. Even the one thin, watery beam of sunlight that found its way into her third floor hall room was reflected from the window directly across the narrow street. The apartment back of those windows over the way, so near in actual distance, was miles removed from the sphere of Joan's life. To look into it was, to her, like a peep into fairyland.

There lived a beautiful lady and a wondrous prince, in a country of gorgeous colors—and with one sweep of



Looked Hard at That Particular Curtain.

the blue and orange curtains over those windows all that could be shut from her sight, Joan prayed hard that they might be forgotten tonight, for a third person was present in that room.

This third person, masculine, was by name Strickland—Dr. Stanton Strickland—and by nature endowed with a full share of good looks. Of the first of these facts Joan was ignorant; the second she magnified. To her he looked a Greek god—or a movie star! Joan didn't know, either, that the prince was just plain Mr. Bertram Smith and the beautiful lady his wife and sister to Stanton. Neither did she know the subject under discussion, but she could see by the glow from the orange shaded light—for her own one dim gas jet was dark—when they all arose and passed through a door into another room and so out of sight. Also, that before going, the visitor lighted a cigarette and threw the match on a stand close by the window.

But even emptied of its glorified occupants the room fascinated her. She would have one like it some day, if working hard would bring it! How that orange light brightened everything—was reflected everywhere, even on the curtains; on one in particular, the one nearest where the visitor had sat! Joan came to, suddenly, from her dreams, and looked hard at that particular curtain. Suddenly she turned away, opened her door and fairly flew down the two long flights of stairs.

Into the street she sped, and across it. Breathlessly she ran up the stone steps of the house opposite, the house of the reflected sunshine, and pushed and pushed again and again the button of the electric doorbell.

It seemed ages before anyone came, and Joan had time to wonder whether she was doing the right thing. Finally the door was opened by a stupid-looking maid, who fled screaming at the only word of Joan's breathless speech she seemed to grasp. Again Joan ran, this time up two other long flights, into a hall and through it straight into that fairyland she had glimpsed from afar.

But the bad demon whose entrance into this paradise she had witnessed was by this time writhing in long, curling flames up the beautiful curtains. With a fierce, militant resentment against this despoilment of her fairyland, and reckless of the danger in her battle to preserve it barehanded, Joan seized the flaming curtains, tore them from their fastenings, threw them to the floor and cast a heavy rug upon them.

And so, hurrying in to discover the cause of the extraordinary commotion, they found her, just awakening to a realization of her surroundings, and her burned hands.

Doctor Strickland reached Joan just as the pain brought blessed unconsciousness. He carried her to a couch, demanded various articles and skillfully dressed the burns, the while they wondered who she might be and whence she came.

Presently consciousness returned, and though with it returned, too, the agony of her wounds, Joan struggled to her feet, and with faltering voice started an apology for her intrusion. But strong hands gently pushed her back and three people voiced gratitude and questions.

Joan tried to explain. "I love sunlight and colors so! Not much of either has ever come my way. All that I get comes from your windows. I was watching; but I'm going to get my own. I'm studying," she began—then stopped short at a twinge of pain and gazed down at the poor bandaged hands. Mrs. Smith caught that look and read it. Impulsively she spoke:

"You're not going to do any studying for awhile, nor anything else, but just stay right here and be nursed by me, my dear; and Stanton will come every day to dress your burns."

"I sure will," the latter volunteered; "and perhaps Miss Joan, since she loves color so much, will be willing when she's better to tell me what ones to use in my new offices over among my poor folks on Carmine street."

Joan sat straight up. "Carmine street!" she exclaimed; "I was born there. Oh, doctor, make it bright! Bring some color into their gray lives! Make it—like this!" She looked about her at the room, then sank back with a little moan of pain.

They gave her a sleeping potion and put her to bed. So ended the first day.

The fortnight has passed. The burns are healed, the bandages gone. But on Joan's left hand something has been substituted that binds tighter than any bandage. She stands in a broad ray of sunshine watching Mrs. Smith hang silken curtains of bronze gold hue. Through the door strides—a Greek god? Or could it be a movie star? No; just a big-hearted man who has dedicated his life and knowledge to humanity. He puts an arm around Joan.

"Just see the beautiful sunlight Stan," she says, "and to think—I'm not away off across the street, looking in, but actually living in it—with you! Oh, Stan, if I can only help you bring it into other peopde's lives, as you have brought it into mine!"

"I didn't bring it to you, little wife; you flew straight into it—but I'm going to keep you there always."

ALL INFLUENCED BY OMENS

Notorious Criminals, as a Class, Are Remarkable for Their Many Superstitious Beliefs.

Some of the most notorious criminals who, it might have been thought, would not pay the slightest attention to omens, good or bad, have a profound belief in superstitions.

Curiously enough, the burglar will often relinquish a big burgling feat if a dream the night before has warned him that he will be in danger. But should it happen that he sees a rainbow during the day he will consider it to portend that, however reckless he may be, he is not likely to fall into the hands of the police for a space of three months.

Many burglars carry donkey shoes in their pockets before setting out, believing that this will protect them from danger, while others pin their faith to a piece of coal, which they will carry in their pockets throughout their career.

The pickpocket is equally superstitious. He will not rob a person who squints, this being accounted a certain sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he steals contains foreign money it is believed to augur that he will travel in the immediate future.

Weddings and funerals are pregnant with meaning for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, whereas if a purse stolen at a wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief.

Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet, and if they are not arrested while wearing them they cut the boots up into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to confederates.

A Born Pessimist.

"What makes the baby cry?" asked the little visitor.

"Oh," replied Elsie, "our baby doesn't have to have anything to make it cry."—Boston Evening Transcript.

MEDFORD PRICES

Granulated sugar 10c lb.
Spark plugs 29c each
Ford tool boxes $1.75c
Brooms 39c
Men's B. V. D. Underwear 85c
Best table syrup 75c gal.
Salted fish 95c pail
Loose oats 6c lb.
National spark plugs 75c
Palm leaf fans 1c
5-gal. funnel top milk cans $3.75
Babbitt's soap 4 bars for 25c
Ford switch locks $2.98
Digester tankage $4.50 per bag
Iron beds $5.98
Congoleum 39c yd.

Gillett Razor Blades 39c box

Corn 10c can
Ice cream for sale
Double lipped jar rubbers 3 doz. for 25c
Tomatoes 10c can
High chairs $1.39
Quick suds soap 5c bar
Men's work pants $1.69 pr.
Tin washboilers $1.25
Santa claus soap 5c bar
Jelly tumblers 39c doz.
10-lb. pails of Ocean whitings fish 95c
20-lb. pails of Ocean Whitings fish $1.85
50-lb. pails of ocean whitings fish $3.95

National Spark Plugs 75c

100-lb. kegs of ocean whitings fish $6.50
Havoline light oil 43c gal. in your can
Havoline light oil $1.98 for 5 gal. (can free)
Men's dress shirts 98c
5 lb. Hygeia coffee $2.35
O. N. T. spool cotton 4c spool
Red Barn paint $1.19 per gal.
Havoline medium oil $3.00 for 5 gal. (can free)
Dress Ginghams 19c yd.
1-lb. jars Pyrox 35c
5-lb. jars Pyrox $1.25
6-lb. can chipped beef $2.98
Gasoline 22c gal

Deering Binder Twine 22 1-2c lb.

Mica axle grease $1.75 per pail
Pint jars 75c doz.
Quart jars 79c doz.
1-2 gal. fruit jars 98c doz.
Spark plugs 29c each
Hot shot batteries $1.98
Hershey's cocoa 23c box
Deering binder twine 22 1-2c lb
Gardner carburetters $11.00
Men's work shirts 69c
Lard (WANTED)
15-lb. boxes Sal-Vet $1.39
40-lb. boxes Sal-Vet $2.75
100-lb. boxes Sal-Vet $6.25
300-lb. boxes Sal-Vet $15.00
Work nets $1.50

Granulated Sugar 10c lb

Jelly tumblers 39c doz.
Havoline oil (Medium in your can 50c gal.
Men's hose 5c pr.
Hershey's cocoa 23c box
Granulated sugar 10c lb.
Salted fish 95c pail
Men's tan hose 3 pair for 25c
1-lb. Havoline cup grease 18c
Fence ratchets 9c each
No. 9 wire $4.95 per 100 lb.
Ice-cream for sale
Wash stands $5.75
Barb wire $4.50 per roll
Gillett razor blades 39c box
Washboards 39c each

Men's B. V. D. Underwear 85c

Girl's dark tan hose 25c pr.
Pillow tubing 39c yd.
5-lb. hygeia coffee $2.35
1-lb. Hygeia coffee 47c
Extension tables $9.98
Parrowax 17c lb.
Ford speedometers $5.00
Tennis Slippers 48c pr.
Country lard (WANTED)
Men's silk hose 48c pair
Men's black hose 3 pair for 25c
Quart fruit cans 69c doz.
20-pound pails ocean whitings $1.85
House dresses $1.48
Store closes at 7 o'clock
Men's dress shirts 98c
9 rolls of toilet paper for 25c
Lemons 39c doz.
Floor mops 19c
Buggy whips 10c

Salted Fish 95c Pail

Crimson clover 17c lb.
Harlem oil 5c bottle
Rock salt 1 1-2c lb.
Hair pins 2 doz. for 5c
6-pound cans of chipped beef for $2.98
Salvet 7c lb.
Men's grey hose 15c pr.
Bicycle tires $1.98
Picnic twist tobacco 84c drum
Oyster shells 89c bag
Butter churns $4.75
Sewing machines $19.75
Wash blue 10c bottle
30x3 tires (not guaranteed) $9.75
30x3 1-2 (not guaranteed) $10.50
6 plate vacuum ice cream freezers $3.25
12 plate vacuum ice cream freezers $4.50
These freezers don't need any turning

Best Table Syrup 75c gal

Men's work shoes $1.25
Hammocks $1.75
Dish mops 5c each
2-burner oil stoves $13.75
3-burner oil stoves $16.75
4-burner oil stoves $20.75
Coffee 33c lb.
10-foot gates $7.98
12-foot gates $8.98
14-foot gates $9.98
16-foot gates $11.98
Granulated sugar 10c lb.
Lewis linseed oil 84c
1-gal motorcycle oil 84c
Deering binder twine 22 1-2c lb.
1-lb. jar Pyrox 35c
4 bars Fel's soap for 25c
Children's white hose 10c pr. 3 pr for 25c
90-lash buggy nets $3.98
Boy's hose 25c pr.
3-ply pioneer roofing $3.50 per roll
3 packs Mrs. Price's Compound for 25c

Ice Cream for sale

3-legged corn plows $4.98
6-lb. pails lake herring 19c
10-lb. pails lake herring $1.25
25-lb. kegs lake herring $2.75
50-lb. blake herring $4.75
100-lb. lake herring $7.50
Ladies' white hose 10c pr. 3 for 25c
Jar rubbers 2 doz. for 5c
Best table syrup 75c gal.
1 1-4 inch Corr. Galvanized roofing $6.00 per square
25 Florence Reed cigars 69c
Kirkman's soap 6c bar
2-qt. ice cream freezers $2.98
3-qt. ice cream freezers $3.48
4-qt. ice cream freezers $3.98
3 packs Mrs. Price's Compound for 25c
Iron beds $5.98
White jar rubbers 4c doz.
Hot shot batteries $1.98
Quart jars 79c doz.
Ice-cream for sale
Men's black hose 3 pr. for 25c

Men's tan hose 3 pairs for 25c

Spot lights $2.98
Lanterns 39c
Buggy lanterns $1.98
7 packs of Smith Bros'. cough drops for 25c
Harlem oil 5c bottle
Spark plug cleaners 75c
Loose oats 6c lb.
Sneakers 48c pr.
25 feet of garden hose for $3.75
40-lash buggy nets $1.39
75-lash buggy nets $3.48
90-lash buggy nets $3.98
Jar tops 29c doz.
Fence ratchets 9c each
Men's work shirts 69c each
Mixed tea 40c lb.
Pyrox 35c jar
Country lard (Wanted)
2-burner oil stoves $13.75
3-burner oil stoves $16.75
4-burner oil stoves $20.75
Men's and ladies dusters $1.98
Men's grey hose 15c pr.
Floor mops 19c
Lemons 39c doz.

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Medford, Maryland.

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AT

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We will pay Fourteen Dollars ($14.00) per ton of 2000 pounds for Prime Chestnut Oak Bark and Eight Dollars ($8.00) per ton of 2000 pounds for Prime Black Oak Bark, of this years peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the Carroll Tannery, before the first day of July 1919.

We will not buy any Span Oak Bark this season.

The Carroll Oak Tanning Co.,
Of Carroll County, Md.

TanneryStation on the W. M. R. Y.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

FORD PRICES

Touring Car $525 Roadster $500
Chassis 475 Coupelet 650
Sedan 775
One Ton Ford Truck $550
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I have for HIRE at my
Livery Stable
ON
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Good, Quiet, Quick
Driving Horses

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These horses may be secured at any time at a reasonable price and they will give the best of service. I also feed horses for fifty cents and stable for twenty five cents. Stables are open from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M.



Prune Your Expenditures

Prune them well, as
the horticulturist prunes his orchard.

$ Prune Closely! $

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Prosperity and Success Will Resul!

THE WESTMINSTER
SAVINGS BANK
WESTMINSTER MARYLAND

A Born Pessimist.

"What makes the baby cry?" asked the little visitor.

"Oh," replied Elsie, "our baby doesn't have to have anything to make it cry."—Boston Evening Transcript.

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