THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XXXXV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 22, 1927. NO. 10.

KILLING WAS NOT MURDER

By H. M. EGBERT

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LAWRENCE PRESTON, murderer, occupies a good position in the social world of his native town. He is vice president of the board of trade, a respected business man, a good citizen, and has an adoring wife and children. He goes to church on Sundays and walks home with a clean conscience.

Is murder justifiable? Preston had loved Dorothy for years before Rankin appeared upon the scene, with his flashy ways and tales of wanderings and adventures. He was just the type of man who would captivate the heart of an inexperienced girl like Dorothy. Preston, to whom she was more than half engaged, saw her slipping away from him.

Dorothy married Rankin, and then ensued five of the bitterest years of her life. He took her money and spent it, partly gambling, partly on other women. Dorothy ought to have divorced him, perhaps, but she shrank from that step; nothing like it had been known in her family, and, while she was still deliberating, Rankin was killed in the train accident that occurred after the Watertown races, where he had gone to play.

The body was mangled among a heap of others and only identified by a card in a card case. It occurred to nobody that Rankin might have given his card to some chance acquaintance upon the train. Dorothy did not pretend to mourn him. Six months later she married Preston, and her real honeymoon began.

Two years of ideal happiness passed. Preston was at this time representing his firm on the road. He was away for a week when Dorothy, seated happily on the porch of their house, and thinking of him, saw a ragged tramp approaching along the road.

Something in the man's appearance, in his slouching gait arrested her attention. Suddenly she sat up in her chair, rigid, her eyes fixed with horror upon the face of the man who had been her husband.

Rankin advanced up the little walk of the garden. He grinned amiably as he came to a halt in front of the terrified girl and removed his battered hat with a mock bow.

"Well, wife," he said, "is that all you have to say to me? Aren't you glad to see me again after all these years?"

Dorothy only shrank from him. Rankin observed the movement and he grinned, not so amiably as before.

"I guess we'd better have this thing out right away," he said, taking his seat beside her. "So you thought I was dead and got married again, eh? And I guess you're happier than you were with me? And you wouldn't like to be disgraced and have to take me back?"

"I'll never do that!" cried Dorothy.

"Maybe not," he admitted. "All the same, you'd give a good deal to get rid of me and not let your husband know it wasn't my body that was found. How much is it worth to you?"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl.

"I mean," said Rankin sullenly. "that I'm down and out. When I heard you thought me dead and had got hitched up again, I meant to stay away. You weren't the only one that was sorry to have got married. Married life wasn't all beams and roses for me either. Now, then, how much is it worth to you to set me on my feet, knowing I'll never come back? Make it five hundred."

"You want me to deceive my husband?" cried the girl.

"I'm your husband," said Rankin with another grin. "Come now, five hundred squares it. I know you can raise that. I didn't run through all your money. I wish I had, but now it seems just as well."

Dorothy rose and faced him scornfully. "You mean that if I give you five hundred dollars you will never see me again?" she asked.

"That's about the size of it," he answered.

"I have five hundred left and you shall have it by the first post tomorrow," said the girl. "Give me your address."

"The Parker hotel," said Rankin.

That afternoon the girl drew all her money out of the bank and mailed it to him. No answer came, of which she was glad; but no Rankin returned. And Dorothy nerved herself to meet her husband on his return and keep the matter from him for his sake.

"Why, you look quite worn out, dearest," said Preston. "You'll have to run into the country for a few days' change."

She clung to him hysterically. "I don't want to leave you, Lawrence," she cried.

"What nonsense!" he answered, kissing her. "It will do you good, dear. You are as white as a rag. Come, I want you to go off on a little trip and freshen up."

Dorothy consented, and Preston spent a week in town alone. It was on the third day that a tramp, shuffling along the road, looked up at the house, saw Preston, and hesitated.

Then he went brazenly up the path and stood before him. Preston recognized the man and gasped.

"Rankin!" he cried.

"You've got me," answered Rankin.

"I thought you were dead."

"I guess you both did. Where's Dorothy?"

"Mrs. Preston is away," said Preston hotly.

Rankin grinned and seated himself upon the porch. "Let's talk like men," he said. "How much? How much for me to go away and never turn up again?"

"You blackmailer—"

"Oh, cut out the adjectives," said Rankin. "I guess it's worth five hundred to you not to let Do—I mean Mrs. Preston—know. Five hundred and you don't hear of me again."

Preston thought, his eyes fixed on Rankin's face. He was in a trap, and for Dorothy's sake he must submit.

"I'll give you five hundred," he said. "And—listen, you hound! If ever I see you again I'll kill you. I'm a man of my word and I mean just that."

"That's all right," answered Rankin easily. "Five hundred goes."

"Be back in an hour," said Preston, "and you shall have it."

An hour later Preston handed Rankin his money, and the man shuffled out of sight along the road. Preston watched him. He had meant what he said. For Dorothy's sake he was resolved to kill Rankin if he entered their lives again.

Rankin, who had lost the five hundred in a gambling hell, took the second amount to the place. He was sure he could easily get all he wanted out of Preston. He inquired and learned that Dorothy would not return for a day or two. The second five hundred followed the first.

Rankin did not call at Preston's house again. Perhaps he had a lurking fear of violence; perhaps his nerve was not equal to seeing Preston. He wrote a letter instead, asking for five hundred more. It was a letter typical of such a man, now threatening, now imploring, and winding up with the statement that he meant to take the money and go West.

Preston received the letter when he came home from business. When he had read it he sat with hardened face, thinking. He saw this blackmailer a chronic feature of his life. He saw that in the man's death lay the only chance for Dorothy's happiness. And he meant to protect Dorothy at the cost of his life—or of his soul.

Rankin had asked Preston to meet him on the bridge across the river—a lonely spot in a deserted quarter of the town, given over only by day to factory activities. Preston put a loaded revolver into his pocket that night and walked briskly through the town until he reached the rendezvous.

As he stood on the bridge he saw the ragged figure approaching him from the low quarter of the town in which the Parker hotel was situated. Rankin saw Preston and hurried forward. He stopped a few feet away and looked at him inquiringly.

"I got your letter," said Preston calmly.

"Yes," said Rankin, deceived by the other's manner. "I meant to keep my promise to you. But I was slugged and robbed. And I've got to go West and I'm stranded. If I stayed in town you know I'd be recognized and the truth would come out."

"It would," Preston agreed.

"I've got to get out of town, then," said Rankin. "You'd better hand over that five hundred, and I'll take the first train for California in the morning."

"Rankin," said Preston, "you are supposed to have died in that train wreck."

"Yes, but I didn't, so what's the use of talking?" asked Rankin with a sneer, thinking that the other was temporizing.

"Nobody knows you didn't die," said Preston thoughtfully.

"I guess they will soon, if you don't come across," said Rankin threateningly.

"You are as good as dead, anyway," said Preston, as if talking to himself. "Is five hundred the least you will take, Rankin?"

"Not a cent less, and it's that or exposure," answered the other.

"There's an alternative."

"There is, eh?" demanded Rankin "What?"

"This," answered Preston, drawing the revolver from his pocket and aiming it at Rankin's heart.

He saw the terror in the blackmailer's eyes; then, pressing the muzzle to his breast, he fired. Without a sound the blackmailer toppled into the sluggish stream.

Preston dropped in the weapon after him and walked home.

Imitative Man

No man in effect doth accompany with others but he learneth, ere he is aware, some gesture, voice or fashion.—Bacon.

PLAID COAT FOR MOTORING; ADVANCE MILLINERY FASHIONS

IT HAS become a matter of custom with women who are guided by their reason rather than their enthusiams to "wait until after the holidays to buy my winter coat." All well and good, but having made this decision, be sure these plans are well-carried out by selecting a garment suitable for immediate wear, yet not too heavy and wintry for service during the early spring days not far distant.

Since plaids are forespoken as being retained in the list of spring fabric favorites, why not choose a handsome woolen modeled somewhat after the style of either of the two coats in this picture? For steamship wear, motoring and general traveling a plaid coat is both charming and practical. It will be observed that in both instances pockets play a very important role in the styling of these coats. Also observe fur collars on both models. For those who incline to fur, it may be of interest to know that fur of different kinds is a prominent trimming medium for spring.

Elaboration is the keynote of many spring coat styles. This not so much in applied trimming as in subtle, complex seamwork, intricate sectioning and artful tucking.

Sleeves especially interpret interesting new schemes. The flowing sleeve gains in favor.

There is promise of considerable embroidery especially on sleeves, this most often being self-colored.

"A covering for the head, especially with a crown and brim, made of various materials, worn by men and women"—thus is the noun "hat" defined in Webster's dictionary.

Hats of our ancestors, can this be all that a hat meant in days of yore? Merely "a covering for the head"? Modern batology would suggest a revised definition. In this era of an awakened "hat consciousness" rather might the "hat" be interpreted as a glorified work of the milliner's art, a thing of beauty, chic and of exceeding becomingness, designed not only as a "covering for the head" but intended to "complete the picture."

Even for informal wear, the milliner of the present is in a mood to intricately and artfully fashion the hat, while for formal dress, milady's "covering for the head" has become a glittering multi-colored, bejeweled, beadworked and embroidered article of adornment, ever serving as a complement to the costume.

Typical of the movement toward a more ornate styling are the several advance millinery fashions shown in this picture. At the top are three adorable new-vogue hats. The mission of the model in the center is to charmingly top the midwinter daytime fur coat. It abounds in beguiling details, chief of which is its large ombre ribbon flower applique. Of cloth of gold, jeweled with sparkling colorful stones is the gorgeous dance hat to the left. The other little chapeau is of shimmering silver cloth allover patterned with silver cord.

Of the trio of hats below the top group, nothing could be more effective for dinner or evening wear than this very novel crushable ribbon hat illustrated to the left. Its color is vieux rose and it is trimmed with a handsome tortoise shell ornament. A charming formal hat for southern resort wear is portrayed in the center. The crown of embroidered applique flower in harmonizing tints adds that ever coveted touch of individuality. Decidedly enlivening to the usually somber fur-trimmed or fur coat is this colorful creation to the right below indicating the oriental influence. It is especially apropos for afternoon wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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TWO CHARMING COATS FOR TRAVELING

LATEST STYLES IN MILLINERY

The Sandman Story

By Martha Martin

THE SKY CREATURES

IT HAD been rather a cheerless day. The sun had not come out, though at times it had seemed as though surely in but another moment it would come out.

And it had not really rained though at times there was a drop or so of rain which made people carry their umbrellas and wear their rubbers. Suddenly the sky creatures thought they would give the city people a party.

"Let's give some of those people who live in all those many, many apartment houses some lovely sky treats," said the King of the Clouds to Mr. Sun, and Mr. Sun thought the idea was an excellent one.

"How Beautiful It All Is," Said Another.

"Of course," the King of the Clouds said, "all of the people will not be able to see us. They may not have windows which will look out just the way to get all the effect as I notice that Mother Rainbow over there has been shaking out her best frock. But many of them will see us. Oh, yes, we must all go."

"It will be splendid," said Mr. Sun, "and I think it was a nice suggestion of yours, King of the Clouds.

"I often feel sorry for people who only look out upon gray houses and the backs of houses and they get so used to looking at houses they really don't look up at the sky half enough."

"Oh, but we'll make them look up today," said the King of the Clouds. And all of a sudden the earth people were surprised by the beginning of the treat given to them by the Sky People.

It began to pour with such a gay flourish and dash. It was not like a steady downpour at all. It was a great and tremendous shower. A wonderful, exciting shower.

One lady telephoned to another in the city.

"It's the most terrific shower I've seen in many a day," she said.

And the lady at the other end of the telephone said, "It isn't raining up here at all."

But no sooner had she said that than she added, "Oh, yes, it's just beginning now! Oh, it's a terrific downpour, too! Dear me, I shall have to ring off, I must see that my windows are down."

For the King of the Cuolds had suggested to his children that they run races from the lower end of the city right up to the very furthest end, which was exactly what they had been doing.

Then as the children had raced right up town along came Mr. Sun and he and the King of Clouds laughed and chatted and even sang songs.

Then came Mother Rainbow and the Rainbow Brothers and all the Rainbow children dressed in their best. Mother Rainbow had them all grouped together according to their costumes just as she always does. The ones with costumes which were partly of one color and partly of another were the ones who were grouped between two distinct colors.

Oh, how lovely they all looked! And some went down very close to the earth and some were high up in the sky. The city people stood at their windows and called to each other.

"Oh, a beautiful rainbow," they said.

"See! It is a double rainbow," said another.

"And doesn't the sun look pretty through the rain?" said another.

"How beautiful it all is," said yet another.

And the Sun and the King of the Clouds and the Army of Raindrops and Mother Rainbow and all of the Rainbow children smiled their gayest and best and most wonderful smiles and the city people smiled, too, scarcely realizing that they were smiling.

"Call for the Cloud Fairies," said Mr. Sun to the King of the Clouds, and then they came. Oh, they were so lovely! They wore golden and silver costumes and cuffs and hats and though from the earth they couldn't be seen very distinctly, their lovely bright fluffiness could be seen.

The Mother Rainbow grew dimmer for she was taking the children back home with her as they had a marching lesson to take before bedtime. They had to learn to be so quick about marching to the right position when they were to appear before the earth people. But it had been a beautiful treat. And the city people rejoiced in the glory they had seen.

(Copyright.)

The Hotel Stenographer

By Roe Fulkerson

"OF COURSE I do not like to talk about myself," began the hotel stenographer, "but I—"

"You don't?" asked the house detective, "then why do a disagreeable thing like that?"

"Kelly, as a comedian you would make a fine grave digger," snapped the girl. "I was not going to talk about myself except to say I am like that Pharisee who thanked his stars he was not like other people but I cannot help be a bit crazy about myself when I listen to other people talk.

"Last night I took an automobile ride with a guy who took me home from a dance. He did the talking. I was planning a new dress so it didn't bother me much, but I got the drift of it.

"This chap talked about the things he knew most about, but if I had taken all the capital 'I's' he used and set 'em up for fence posts I could have fenced in half the United States. He told me how he felt about this and that, what he thought about these and those, where he had been hither and yon, where he ate, the kind of girls he loves, bobbed and shingled, the music he liked to listen to, loud and soft.

"If I had had my note book and taken it down I would know more about that guy than Bobble Jones knows about golf or Sinclair about statesmen. But I wasn't interested and so I didn't listen. But, Kelly, what captures the cat's meow with me is why people think other folks will be interested in what is going on inside of their little peanut shells? Who can tell? I can't. I just don't do it, though."

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Interesting Bird

The redstart is one of the most common, sprightly and interesting of the migratory warblers. It ranges in summer all over the country as far west as the Rocky mountains, and nests in small trees. The rich orange-red that varies the black of the general plumage of the male is represented in the female and young males by yellow.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

TWO CURES

IN RURAL Canada the French Canadians have the following way of getting rid of rheumatism. They go out to a fence, and leaning the breast upon it, say: "I leave you here, I leave you here, I leave you here. Den you go 'way and don't you never come back dere no more."

In another section people suffering from biliousness bore three holes in a tree and then walk three times around the tree, saying each time: "Go away, billous."

Here we go back again to primitive man, to tree worship and the doctrine of transference of disease. Also the conception of disease as an evil spirit. Moreover, we again encounter the mystic number three. As far back into history and tradition as man has been able to delve certain numbers were regarded as of mystic import. Why has never been discovered, perhaps never will be.

Primitive man regarded disease as an evil spirit which could be expelled from himself by providing for it another habitation. The person, animal, object upon which he wished the disease, "caught it" from him. It was the primitive man's theory of contagion and beat the modern one "all hollow," in that when some one had "caught" the disease from you you no longer had it yourself.

The remnant of tree-worship in the two cures under consideration is obvious: The direct appeal to the tree in the one case and the contact with and appeal to the wooden fence in the other. In both cases the patients put their disease "up to" the tree-god who would know how to take care of it. Perhaps the boring of the three holes in the tree is to facilitate entrance of the disease into it.

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Readiness to Believe

"O' course, Mrs. 'Iggins, wot they're tellin' about 'er mayn't be true, but I always says: If this be 'earsay, make the most of it."—Boston Transcript

Lya De Putti

The feminine star of "Variety," Lya de Putti, has a leading role in the picture "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," a story of the New Orleans Mardi Gras season.

WHAT THE GRACIOUS HOSTESS SAYS:

By DELLA THOMPSON LUDES

ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS

THERE are certain rules to be followed in the matter of introductions, and these rules are based as are most social laws, upon consideration and courtesy.

Children, no matter how young, if they are able to walk and talk, upon entering a room where there are callers, should be punctilliously introduced, and the caller should respond as politely and formally as if the small person were twenty-five years old. The only way to teach children social graces is to accustom them from infancy.

If Mrs. Barlow's little daughter of two years comes into the drawing room when Mrs. Wiley is calling, Mrs. Barlow, if she is a thoughtful mother, will say:

"Mrs. Wiley, this is my little daughter, Jean." And Mrs. Wiley will respond cordially:

"How do you do, Jean? Will you shake hands with me?"

If Mrs. Barlow's young son of ten enters the room, she should say:

"Mrs. Wiley, this is my son, Frederick."

Children should be introduced to each other, but not formally. Formality of any kind makes them self-conscious. "Catherine, this is Robert Bingham. Don't you think he'd like to see your new game?"

"How-do-you-do" for children, as well as their elders, is the simplest response.

And children should be encouraged by cordiality—to introduce their little friends to their parents. This they usually do unconsciously. The child says, "Mother, this is Annie Blake. She's come home with me to play." The mother, by her courteous response, can teach a very gracious lesson in introduction and reply.

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WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21—Richard Bennett Worked in a Factory.

"AT TWENTY-ONE I found myself in Chicago during the summer when many actors have to take a vacation, whether they can afford it or not.

"I couldn't afford it so I went to work in a factory until I could get a stage engagement. After three months at the factory I went to see a performance of an old melodrama when the manager, whom I knew, saw me between the acts and told me that the juvenile of the company was about to quit and I could have his part. Of course I jumped at the chance but I had to rehearse at night, after I came home from the shop.—Richard Bennett."

TODAY—Richard Bennett is beyond the reach of such vicissitudes of fortune. He is one of the most noted players on the American stage. An Irish-American himself, he has the remarkable talent of being able to assimilate himself into any European type, especially the Italian, and this has played no small part in his success.

Mr. Bennett recently achieved a huge success in "He Who Gets Slapped."

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The KITCHEN CABINET

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Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, pain not make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in. —John Ruskin.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

Good bread is one of the first essentials in planning a menu. The following will be kinds one will like to serve occasionally:

Oatmeal Bread—Pour two cupfuls of scalded milk over one cupful of rolled oats; milk and water may be used. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of shortening and when lukewarm add one-third of a yeast cake, softened in half a cupful of water. Add wheat flour to make a dough to knead from five to ten minutes. Return to the mixing bowl, cover, let rise until double its bulk. Shape into loaves and when light bake one hour. About five cupfuls of flour are required for this amount.

Nut Bread.—Take one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, three-fourths of a cupful of walnuts, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Mix as usual and bake in a one-loaf bread pan forty-five minutes.

Coffee Cake.—Take five cupfuls of light bread sponge, three eggs, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, three-fourths cupful of shortening. Warm the shortening, add the beaten eggs, stir into the sponge, add flour until too stiff to stir. Set to rise until light. Mix sugar and cinnamon and spread the top of the cake with butter before sprinkling with the cinnamon and sugar. Bake twenty minutes or more in a hot oven.

Almond Omelet.—Take half a cupful of blanched and halved almonds, place in an omelet pan with butter, stir until well coated with the butter, using a tablespoonful, then pour in an omelet mixture using four eggs. Cook as usual, fold and roll onto a hot platter and pour over a hot maple sauce. Serve at once. The nuts will be nicely browned if they are quickly coated with butter, before the omelet is poured.

A Few Good Desserts.

To avoid monotony in dessert making, the following may be used:

Butterscotch Pudding.—Melt one cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, until brown but not burned; pour over the mixture two cupfuls of boiling milk and simmer until the sugar is dissolved. Meanwhile soak a thick slice of bread in cold water until soft, press all the water out of it, add the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a well buttered baking dish and bake in a pan of water for forty-five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon; beat again, spread over the pudding and brown in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.

Baked Apple Tarts.—Cook apples until tender in sirup, but not soft enough to lose their shape. Roll out rich pastry cut into squares large enough to wrap an apple. Brush the tops with water and dredge with sugar. Bake until well browned. Serve with a spoonful of hard sauce piped on the top of each. Pass the sirup that was left, also.

Graham Pudding.—Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of molasses, the same of milk, one egg, one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of raisins. Mix and steam in a buttered mold two and one-half hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Caramel Pudding.—Boil together one cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of water until it hairs. Dissolve one-fourth of a box of gelatin in enough water to cover, add to the sirup, then when cool fold in three beaten egg whites and pour into cups to cool. The white comes to the top—the brown goes to the bottom. Serve with a custard made from the egg yolks, two cupfuls of milk, sugar and flavoring.

Baked Savory Eggs.—Cook as many eggs in the shell as there are people to serve. Prepare the same number of pieces of toast, butter slightly and arrange in a dish to be served. Cut the eggs into halves lengthwise and remove the yolks. Put two halves on each piece of toast. Have ready a small amount of minced tongue or chicken, mix with the egg yolks, adding a little softened butter, salt and pepper to taste. Pile the stuffing on each egg white, making it round up in a little mound; sprinkle with buttered crumbs and set in a quick oven to brown the crumbs. Have ready a cupful of white sauce or a thickened, seasoned tomato sauce. When the eggs are hot pour the hot sauce around the eggs but not over them. Serve at once.

Nellie Maxwell

Remarkable Sunset

In the autumn and winter of 1883, a vivid red glow suffused the western sky for more than an hour after the sun set. Volcanic dust and gaseous matter from an eruption of Krakatao in Sunda straits were the probable cause.

Like Cheese

Patron (to second-hand dealer)—See here, I want my money back; this old flute you sold me is full of holes.—Paris Rire.

Monuments of Past Uncovered in London

As a result of excavations during rebuilding in various parts of the city of London the Guildhall museum has become quite a storehouse of antiquities.

There are to be found flint flakes of the paleolithic period, flint celts and knives of the neolithic period, daggers of the bronze age and iron javelins, spearheads, hammers and tools of the late Celtic period.

Useful and ornamental things such as hairpins, combs, mirrors, rings, shoes, spoons, ladles and surgical instruments, that we owe to the Romans, are there. House furniture, locks and keys, wall decorations, and so on are little less perfect than we make them today.

From Elizabethan times we find chessmen in terra cotta and bone, dominoes in lead, bone skates and tobacco pipes.

Tudor wall tiles, tavern signs, boundary marks, spurs, weapons and armor are all arranged in chronological order. Spurs for cockfighting, models of state barges, handcuffs, manacles and a whipping post are other curious exhibits.

Use for Oyster Shells

Oyster shells are used for five purposes—"shelling," chicken shell, fertilizer, lime and road building. By far the most important use is for shelling. By this is meant the planting of them in oyster beds, in order that the spat may fasten on them.

Humanity's Odd Trait

The world is full of faint hearts, and yet everyone has courage enough to bear the misfortunes and wisdom enough to manage the affairs of his neighbors.—Poor Richard.

Early Prohibition Move

Prohibition was first tried in America in 1733, when the trustees of the colony of Georgia attempted to prohibit rum.

As You Wish

The bolero frock grows in popularity and is extremely kind to all types of figures. It will lengthen or shorten the waist as you will, and add or subtract from the height if you know how to manipulate it.

Two-Colored Hats

The newest felt hats come in two colors, with a darker or contrasting color for the brim. Red and tan, and gray and flag blue are popular combinations.

Red Accessories With Black

The vogue for red has had its effect in stimulating the demand for black frocks, since the two colors go so effectively together. Where the more vivid reds are used their garish quality is toned by combination with sober sable.

Muslin Trimming

Pink muslin is used to trim a dinner gown of black panne velvet—but it is a French creation, and handled in a most knowing manner.

Pulitzer Would Have Had Royal Birds Shot

Fitzroy Gardner, in his book, "More Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian," tells this story about Joseph Pulitzer: "On one occasion, having to stay one night in London, and fearing that his rest would be disturbed by street traffic, he instructed his London representative to obtain at any cost the use of some private house where no traffic could be heard. One of the mansions in Kensington palace gardens was rented for a week for the purpose of a night's occupation. Pulitzer was quite satisfied with the arrangement until, in the early hours of the morning, he was awakened by the piercing shrieks, not many yards away, of peacocks from Kensington palace. He rang for his valet, gave him a revolver—Pulitzer generally had one—and told him to go out and shoot the birds. The valet, not daring to disobey his master, did some desultory firing; the neighborhood was alarmed; police rushed to the spot, and Pulitzer was seriously inconvenienced by the enforced temporary absence of his servant."

Language Kept Pure

French Canadians speak French somewhat as it was spoken in the Seventeenth century, because French Canada was cut off from France for a long time after the conquest, and old expressions became established.