Ever Since the Days of Old

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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BETTY BARROW'S maid came in with the cup of steaming cocoa with whipped cream which she always had before going down for her evening performance at the theater.

"Oh, Miss Betty, just you look what I done find in this hat I bought me this afternoon." And the faithful Cora displayed a large linen handkerchief with signatures of every description embroidered on it. "It was tucked in the brim of that there hat and I couldn't get my head in nohow."

"Cora, perhaps we're on the edge of romance," cried Betty and examined the handkerchief. "Why, this is one of those fad handkerchiefs we all had about ten years ago. I had one myself. We used to get all our friends to write their names on them and then embroider over them. Oh!" Betty bobbed up from her comfortable position in so great a hurry as to jeopardize the whipped cream and cocoa. "Cora! Can you believe it? Here's the name of my best girl friend in those days—look—Alice Moore—I never heard of anything so exciting. Where did you get this hat? I shall try to trace Alice and see how the world has treated her."

"I got that there hat down at a second-hand store in Seventh avenue," said Cora, "and I paid one dollar for it."

"Well, you hop right along and offer him another dollar if he will find you the name and address of the girl who sold him this hat."

As a matter of fact, Betty's own name was also on that handkerchief which was like a breath from the days of old, but she didn't at the moment want to tell Cora all about it. Ten years before, when Betty was just sweet sixteen, and living in the Mid-West, there had been the usual private theatricals of a small town. Betty, and the others whose names were embroidered on the handkerchief, had given a fine performance of "Robin Hood." The kindly reception Betty had got at that time had been the stepping stone to the rather splendid position she now ocupied in the hearts of New York theatergoers.

"It also," thought Betty a trifle wistfully, "was the stepping stone which enabled me to bridge that River of Love and leave it far behind. I wonder how and where Donald is and if he ever thinks of his sweetheart of sixteen who turned away from his love to follow her career." Betty glanced back into the past for a fleeting moment and was looking into the blue, blue eyes of Donald Crawford—merry, love-lit eyes—eyes that had grown terribly shadowed when Betty firmly bade him good-by. "Something tells me it is best," she had said.

Cora was more than successful in her effort to get the name and address of the girl who had sold the hat originally.

When, at four o'clock that afternoon, Betty Barrow's card was handed on a dainty tray to Mrs. Alfred Dray, that lady wondered what on earth the well-know actress was calling on her for.

But the two girls, when they looked keenly at one another, flew into each other's arms.

"You're not—you can't be that little Bridget Bennett," exclaimed Mrs. Dray, putting Betty off to have a second look at her.

"I'd have known you anywhere Alice," laughed Betty. "I must have changed dreadfully," she added.

"Not dreadfully," said Alice, "you're just a dream. It's no wonder the public is mad about you. But tell me," and she dragged Betty down on the big chesterfield beside her, "how did you get my address, and—"

Betty pulled out the big handkerchief from her bag. "My maid found this in a hat she bought."

"Well, of all things," laughed Alice unbelieving. "Do you know—I was going out in a rush one day right after I had my hair shingled and all my hats were oceans too big, of course, and I stuffed in the first thing that came to hand. Can you beat it?" And she punctuated her remark with a great hug which Betty returned.

In the very midst of this great loving party on the chesterfield, a big blue-eyed man stepped on the scene.

Both girls looked up.

"Don, you'll never guess who's here. Look!" She pulled the now blushing Betty up and Don looked deep into the only eyes she had ever loved. "Oh Don—you know it's Bridget—I can see it in your face! And she's been right here in New York all this time—she's the famous Betty Barrow!"

It was Don who spoke first. "Yes I've always known Bridget Bennet was Betty Barrow. I've been night after night to the theater—just to look at her."

"Don Crawford!" cried Betty, finding her voice at last and very near to tears it was, "do you mean to tell me you knew where I was all this time and didn't look me up!"

Alice, because she was filled with human emotions herself and knew real love when she saw it, perhaps because she and her husband had found it slipped swiftly off to arrange with the maid for tea.

"You said good-by to me once," said Don. "I couldn't stand it again, little Bridget—you mean too much to me."

A tear splashed from Betty's eyes and a second later she was swept into Don's arms. "I've never loved anyone but you, Don—ever since the days of old."

Mule Long Imprisoned

When his mule disappeared, Dan Darling, pioneer farmer of Nixon, Texas, started a farflung search for him, without avail, even putting out postcards with a reward for his return. Two weeks later, he happened to cross a dry creek in the middle of his pasture, and found the mule wedged in between two banks in such a way that he could not get out. Darling procured help, and released the mule, which had not suffered much in spite of his long stay without food or water.—Indianapolis News.

SPORTS OF WEEK

A FEW ITEMS CONCERNING BASEBALL, BOXING AND A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

BY POLK T. BRAMBLE

After all, the leading sporting event of the day is the one in which we are personally interested.

Jim Maloney, a few weeks ago slated to be a heavyweight champ, was knocked out in one round by George Godfrey the other night.

Jack Dempsey has begun training for his championship bout with Champion Tunney. The bout will draw the largest crowd in the history of sport. Personally, the writer has had about enough of ten-round championship fights.

The Easton baseball club is in bad financial straits, following the usual history of Eastern Shore baseball clubs.

The Yanks are clearly the superior team in the American League, and perhaps in both leagues. However, the World's Series will decide this point.

Caroline County now has a heavyweight championship contender. A round or two with a real fighter will perhaps convince him that he is a better carpenter or bricklayer.

All through this simmering Summer the Pirates have had three batters listed amony the five leading hitters of the National League. These lusty lads with the willow are Paul Waner, Joe Harris and Clyde Barnhart. Lloyd Waner, Pie Traynor and Kiki Cuyler are well above the .300 mark in the latest returns. Glenn Wright and George Grantham are hitting a bit below their usual level, but they may move up and join the select circle of .300 hitters at any time. The club as a whole leads the league in hitting and is 16 points ahead of the Giants, the closest rivals for batting honors. Then why have the pirates failed to lead the hunt?

Those who are backing Jack Dempsey to beat Tunney are backing strength, pushing power and aggressiveness above greater skill. And they are still backing Dempsey in spite of what happened in Philadelphia a year ago.

Betterton Gun Shoot

Betterton Beach, Md., August 19, 1927—Browne Metcalfe of the Chestertown Gun Club ran away with high honors at the second weekly shoot staged here yesterday by the Betterton Gun Club under the Lewis system. The Chestertown marksman broke 24 out of the regulation 25 clays after having tied with John Mulford of Galena with 23. Seven squads of five men each faced the traps as 25 rocks were thrown in initial event, sweepstakes and shoot-off. There were numerous ties and in the shoot-offs Mulford took second prize. Other final winners were John Price with 18 targets; Clarence Newsome 17; Edward Smith 15; John Brice 13; and Owens Marchand 11. Next Wednesday afternoon the weekly events will be run off under the squads system with five men each in five squads. The two high men in each squad will receive the prizes. Following are the scores of the remaining competitors in yesterday's shoot; H. F. Owens 17; P. V. Kratzer 16; B. R. Sutton 14; C. Newsome 17; J. F. Price 18; R. Roberts 20; R. Wilkins 17; C. Rollison 19; B. Metcalfe 24; H. Skirven 16; H. Smith 17; J. Thompson 16; Grove Carter 17; John Brice 13; John Mulford 23; J. McCauley 21; G. Gilford 16; A. Robinson 10; Geo. Brice 18; Joseph Kiker 14; C. W. Clark 10; H. B. Owens 9; Owens Marchand 11; H. B. Moore 14; J. E. Smith 15; Herbert Oliver 20; S. W. Matthews 10; Dave Matthews 15; and Newton Ellis 11.

Milk Without Cream

A cow that possessed "a perfectly adjusted separator" has been reported by a correspondent to the Sydney Bulletin. "She gave a lot of milk and her calves were the fattest and biggest in the herd, but for household purposes her milk was useless," according to the correspondent. "The milk could be run through a separator without a drop of cream appearing either in the dish or in the interior of the machine. By no method of milking could she be enticed to give any cream."

Metric Measures

The myriameter, or 10,000 meters, is equivalent to 6.2137 miles. The kilometer, 1,000 meters, is 0.62137 miles, or about 3,280 feet and 10 inches. Other units above the meter are the hectometer, 100 meters, 328 feet 1 inch, and the dekameter, 10 meters, 393.7 inches. The meter is equivalent to 39.37 inches. Below it are the decimeter, 3.937 inches; the centimeter, 0.3937 inches, and the millimeter, 0.394 inches.

Watch Oddly Preserved

After being lost for 12 months in a plowed field in England a farmer's watch has been picked up, and is going as well as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

The man lost it while he was plowing, and searched fruitlessly for it. Yet he has now found it lying on the top of a furrow. Since it was lost the field has been plowed twice, harrowed and drilled, and has yielded a crop of potatoes.

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