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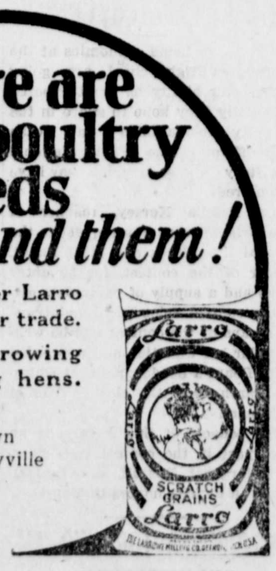
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WHAT HETTY WANTED TO KNOW

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"WE WILL now join in singing hymn No. 58—58—Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown? Hymn No. 58."

There was the usual rustle of moving bodies, the troublesome cough of Deacon Lightbody. Hetty Simpson rose with the congregation at the upward move of the minister's hymnal. She knew the hymn perfectly. She had sung it for 35 years, since Sunday school days, so she looked straight over the top of her book at the choir, and this morning, as for the last five Sunday mornings, the new tenor was seemingly returning her gaze. He was tall, angular, middle-aged with a pronounced bald spot over which he combed his thinning hair from a part just over his ear. His nose was long and his eyes incased in horn-rimmed spectacles. If the spectacles were removed Hetty could be sure—but it did seem that he was gazing upon her intently where she stood in the old Simpson pew.

Romance had passed Hetty by. But today she was surrounded by a rosy glow. To be sure she knew very little of Mr. Amos Weatherbee. She had found his name on the church bulletin advising members of the Methodist church of Phillipsburg that he would supplant Josiah Jordan, tenor, who was ill. Mr. Weatherbee had come to Phillipsburg to take a position in the knitting mills. He "boarded and roomed" at Mrs. Miller's and she had told the aid that he wasn't married, because he darned his own socks and ironed his shirts. Also that he certainly did enjoy home-made meals and was a good eater, very neat and prompt with his board money. That was all Hetty knew except that every Sunday morning he gazed down upon her intently from the choir loft. Hetty was a handsome woman. Mr. Weatherbee had not as yet been presented to all the church members, as the annual bazaar had not taken place.

That evening, alone with Melba, the bird, and Rosamonda the cat, Hetty made a very startling decision and before she could lose courage she wrote each member of the choir together with the minister and his good wife, asking them to have dinner with her the following Sunday. Mr. Henry Hart, basso, was told to bring Mrs. Hart; then there was Martha Layle soprano, who worked in the post office; Mrs. Jennie McLaughlin, also a widow, and the new tenor, Mr. Weatherbee. Now she would know—she must know if out of the hundred members of the church she, Hetty Simpson, had attracted his attention.

On the following Friday Hetty went to Wakefield, the county seat, and the items on her shopping list would have made the good ladies of the aid gasp with astonishment. She even ordered flowers for her dinner table, to be sent up on the eight o'clock train on Saturday night in care of Bennie Brown, who was her neighbor in Phillipsburg.

She lingered for a moment before the Wakefield Emporium, whose window displayed some dresses. One in particular, a soft black and white silk with cuffs and collar of ecru lace, caught her attention. There was still an hour before train time and she went in and asked the price of the black and white dress. Then it was slipped over her shoulders and she viewed herself in the mirror.

"Very chic—very girlish, madame," enthused the clerk. "You look ten years younger!" and before she left the store Betty had bought a pair of slippers with straps, and scorning the gauzy silken hose that the clerk dangled before her eyes, she compromised on a fine pair of lisle at $1.19.

Etiquette in Philipsburg did not call for an acknowledgement of dinner invitations. Hetty Simpson had no doubt as she sat in the Simpson pew that morning, but that every one of her chosen guests would surround her dinner table at one o'clock. The dinner had been partially cooked before church and the day before the house had been completely cleaned, although already immaculate. At the close of the benediction, Hetty hurried out. The tenor seemed to be looking at her as she glanced in his direction. Mrs. Miller had said he was a good eater and enjoyed home-cooked meals.

The minister and his wife were the first to arrive and Mrs. Smithers donned a gingham apron and offered her services to her hostess, while her husband comfortably esconced himself before the fireplace and prepared for a predinner nap. Hetty was on her knees before the oven, basting the chicken the last time, when the guest of honor, the last to arrive, rang the doorbell—and Mrs. Smithers admitted him.

At last everything was ready. The beautifully browned fowl was on "grandma's" big turkey platter at the head of the table; the snowy mashed potatoes were on one side, the squash on another. The gravy boat steamed nearby, flanked with a plate of delicately browned hot biscuit. Scarlet currant jelly, peaches dotted with succulent cloves, golden-yellow butter, fruit salad!

Hetty removed her apron and burst forth in the full glory of her new dress to Mrs. Smither's admiring gaze. "Goodness, Hetty, I would never have known you. You look so much younger."

Hetty advanced to the parlor door to summon her guests. Now—she would know! Had Amos Weatherbee been looking at her on these past Sunday mornings? Mr. Smithers, the minister, acted as master of ceremonies.

"I presume, Mr. Weatherbee, as a newcomer into our city and the fold of our church, you have not yet met all our members? May I introduce you to our hostess—Miss Hetty Simpson?"

The long-looked-for moment had arrived. Hetty felt her hand grasped in his, she looked upon her guest's face. She blinked and looked again! The eyes that looked down at her from behind those horn-rimmed spectacles were unmistakably crossed!

"No!" he drawled. "I never had that pleasure. I presume, Miss Simpson, that you are a regular attendant. Otherwise, we would not have had the pleasure of being your guests; delighted, I am sure."

Hetty served her guests generously, and urged them to return for the second and third helping. The dinner was discussed, the flowers, Hetty's new dress, under cover of discussion about the climate by the men. But Hetty was far away, in a dream. Well, anyway, she knew! He had "presumed" she was an attendant of the church. His crossed eyes had deceived her! He had not been looking at her after all!

The long afternoon dragged. Mr Smithers again napped, and the basso lost himself in the "History of Josephine." The alto played two selections on the organ and late in the afternoon lemonade and delectable nut cookies, such as only Hetty could bake, were passed.

Hetty was relieved when breaking-up time came. It had been a strain. The tenor seemed very distraught and had made an effort to appear interested in the Simpson family album, but conversation lagged. The fire in the grate seemed to make them all sleepy, listless. Mr. Smithers must see to his stove before meeting time, and his choir arose with him. They bade their hostess a grateful farewell, assuring her of their enjoyment of the dinner. Mr. Weatherbee lingered for a moment, shook her hand, started to leave, and then came back, while the rest of the party filed through the gate at the end of the walk.

"I—would like to walk—walk home with you from prayer meeting, Miss Simpson—on Thursday night—if you are not already—engaged. That is—if you are agreeable—to having company," he almost stuttered. "You see, I am very lonely—and I certainly would enjoy the pleasure—"

And when Hetty Simpson, Phillipsburg's "old maid," closed the door of the old white house, she knew—what she had wanted to know! She had won the admiration of the new tenor of their church!

Important to Retain Confidence of Child

How important it is to keep the child's confidence is shown clearly when we contrast a boy's truthfulness to his companions with his frequent tendency to evade or lie to a teacher. He is following the primitive principle of being truthful to his friends and lying to his enemies. All things are fair in war, he thinks, including especially fraud and deceit.

One does not have to learn such things. The child knows very well where he can safely put his trust, and where he has to be on his guard. Our job is to make him feel the same confidence, the same security of friendliness and sympathy, in his parents or his teachers as he already has in his intimate companions. It will not do to assure him by word of mouth that we mean everything for his best, that mother is his best friend, that nobody cares for his welfare as much as does his father, and so on. After all, the child's vision is limited by his experience, and he has to rely upon his feelings; some people do a great deal for him, but they also make life very uncomfortable; other people may not do so much, but they are very tolerant, and not very fussy. And one does love comfort, and one does hate a fuss. —From Children.

Laugh at Yourself

A great and learned philosopher once said, "You aren't licked as long as you can laugh." But, of course, he said it in much more dignified language, or he wouldn't have been considered a great and learned philosopher. He would have been considered as just having horse sense.

No person is really bested as long as he can laugh; especially at himself. One of the easiest things in the world is to laugh at somebody else; one of the hardest is to laugh at yourself. Most people take themselves too seriously. If they could step off a few paces and see themselves as the world sees them, they would have a good livery-stable laugh.—Homer Croy in McClure's.

Finest Water Front?

Two million people live on the tight little island of Manhattan on which rests the city of New York, and more than 6,000,000 work there. Visitors to New York wonder how the city disposes of its sewage and garbage. Of the sewage disposal it is best not to speak. The garbage is carried out 20 miles and dumped in the ocean. But the tides being what they are, much of this waste matter is brought back to shore. The beaches near New York are often swamped with grapefruit rinds, potato peelings that are hastily thrown into covered pails. Think of living in a big slop bucket like that!—Capper's Weekly.

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HEALTH NOTES

LET YOUR DOCTOR DECIDE

"Let your doctor decide" sums up the advice that will be given in the special effort that will be made throughout the country during March and in which Maryland will take part to bring about a more general understanding of the importance of the care and treatment of tuberculosis in the early stages of the disease before it has wrought irreparable damage and while the possibilities of control are greatest.

Great gains have been made in the fight against tuberculosis but much more could be accomplished if we could make an earlier start. Tuberculosis hits hardest at boys and girls just reaching maturity and at young men and women just entering upon their careers in life the age groups that offer the greatest promise to the individual and to the nation.

The records of the State Department of Health show that one out of every four deaths from the disease in Maryland in recent years has occurred among young people from fifteen to twenty-five years old. Considerably over one half, has occurred in the age group from fifteen to rorty and over two-thirds in the age group from fifteen to fifty years old. Early diagnosis and prompt treatment would have checked the disease and would have prolonged many of these lives.

But the great difficulty in regard to the early detection of the disease lies in the fact that some of the early symptoms of tuberculosis may easily be taken for 'over fatique'; 'persistent indigestion'; ' only a heavy cold' and the disease is allowed to run on unchecked, making inroads that are much marder to control. Tuberculosis can never be checked by quacks or by quack medicines. The best medical knowledge and skill is required and fortunately is readily available in Maryland through the services of private physicians practising throughout the State or through the public clinics.

The clinics that were started nearly five years ago in cooperation with the Maryland Tuberculosis Association provide State-wide service of that sort. One or more clinics is held in each county every month. Last year 270 clinics were held at which 3132 ersons were examined, of whom 1158 were found to have the disease, but in over half, 693, it was in the early stages.

In connection with this special effort to arouse widespread realization of the possibilities of the earlier conquest of the disease through the early recognition of symptoms followed by prompt treatment, the National Tuberculosis Association has published a poster giving this advice:

You May Have Tuberculosis. Watch For These Signals: Too Easily Tired, Loss of Weight, Indigestion, A Cough That Hangs On.

Kennedyville

Miss Carrie and Katie Hessner and Master John Hessner and Mr. John Krusen, and Miss Eleanor Carmage, of Philadelphia, visited relatives here.

Mr. Joseph Oliff spent the week end with relatives in Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rasin and daughters spent Sunday with their son, Mr. Harry Raisin at Millington.

Mrs. Carl Price, of Middletown, spent several days with her sisters, Miss Hannah and Lizzie Scotten.

Rev. Sewell Hepbron visited friends Here on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Kennedy entertained the card club last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, of Swarthmore, spent the weekend with relatives.

Mrs. John Hessener entertained the Embroidery Club on Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Green, of Church Hill, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Kennedy spent several days in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hurlock spent several days with their daughter, Mrs. Norman Hitch, at Queenstown.

Mrs. Acca Crew and Mr. Howel Crew spent Sunday with Miss Lula Van Dyke.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herzsog and Miss Edille and Mr. Myers, of Baltimore, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston.

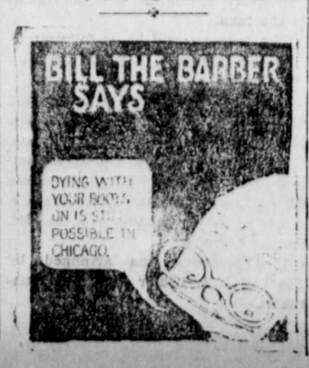
Mr. and Mrs. John Rollison Mr. and Mrs. Haddaway and Mrs. Wheat spent Saturday in Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Elliott has been quite sick during the past week. Miss Emma Shafer has been substituting.

Those on the sick list are: Mrs. Earl Nickerson, Miss Lula Van Dyke and Mrs. Charles Smith.

Miss Pearl Coleman has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Atwell.

The P. T. A. will hold their regular monthly meeting March 7th at 3.30.





That Constant Backache
Is Often a Warning of Sluggish Kidneys.

DOES every day find you lame and achy—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions too frequent; scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.

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