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—AND—

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If you are not in good health, whether it is your stomach, lungs, heart, kidneys, bladder or some trouble you don't understand, you should go to Dr. Carter and have an X-ray examination made as the first step toward regaining your health.

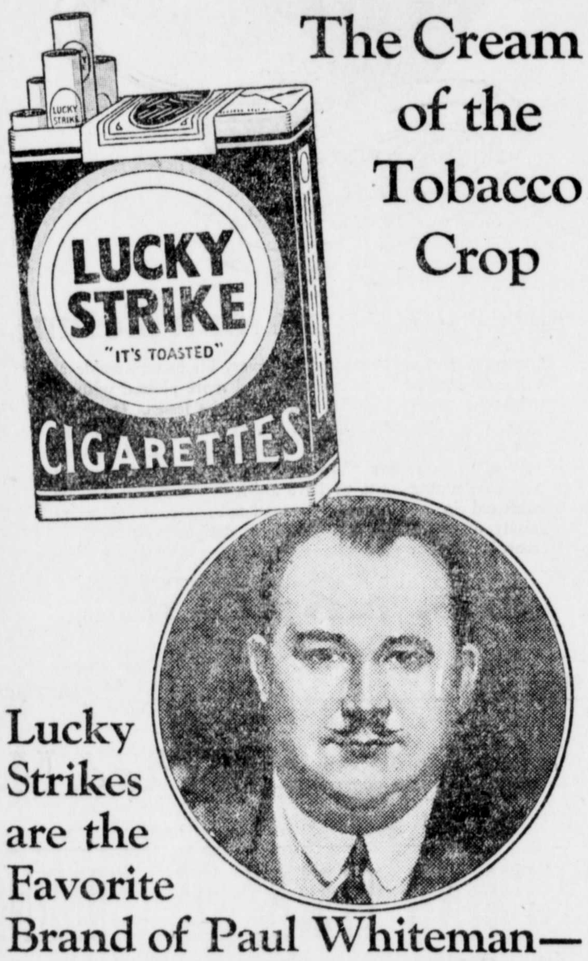
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STUFFY'S WISH TO BE ADOPTED

(©) by D. J. Walsh.)

STUFFY RAYMOND hunched himself closer against his newsstand in an effort to secure all the shelter its scant width afforded. Rain beat down with cold persistence upon his thinly clad shoulders, seeping through his worn slicker and sending cold rivulets trickling down his spine. Stuffy's duty consisted in keeping dry his supply of evening newspapers and magazines and in consequence his own frail body suffered unduly.

Yet Stuffy did not complain. Greater misfortune than a cool drenching were frequent happenings during his fifteen years on this earth and he accepted this mild rebuff of Mother Nature's with stoical fortitude.

Perhaps had Stuffy's mind been unoccupied the misery of the present moment might have caused him to wince, but as it was a weighty reflection and an enticing flight of imagination rendered him oblivious to his discomforts. A headline in one of his newspapers had set him to thinking.

"MILLIONAIRE ADOPTS POOR ORPHAN GIRL."

"A millionaire!" he soliloquized. "A million dollars!—and I haven't a cent! Not a single dollar that I don't have to buy newspapers or food or some thin' with." He sighed philosophically.

"Suppose'n I was that kid he adopted," he fancied. "I'm an orphan. Gee! All the automobiles and baseballs I'd have!"

He paused, sighing deeply.

"Suppose'n," he thought, "suppose'n I was to meet a guy like that, who'd adopt me an' everything."

He turned so that he could watch the hurrying pedestrians and automobilists who were rushing homeward through the fall rain. They were well-dressed people, most of them, who lived in the immediate vicinity of Stuffy's stand, which stood on a busy corner in a well-to-do neighborhood.

A great car swirled up the misty street splashing high geysers of dirty water. Stuffy eyed the car longingly.

"Suppose'n," he went on, "the guy in that big car wanted a boy like me—and would give me—"

His reflection was broken off short by a sudden swerving of the automobile. He glanced up quickly and saw a little girl in the middle of the street. As the driver attempted to stop the car skidded. Despite his efforts the heavy machine swayed straight toward the girl and toward Stuffy's stand. In another instant she would have been crushed between the car and the newsstand.

Stuffy acted quickly. Flinging his little body into the street, with one arm he swept up the girl and swung her upon the sidewalk. As he did so the car skidded closer; the fender struck his retreating form and sent him sprawling in a heap upon the sidewalk.

With a laugh Stuffy arose. Except for a painful bruise across the small of his back he was unhurt. The girl was on her feet also, crying hysterically, but unharmed.

The sedan paused for an instant, and the driver, seeing the two on their feet, sped away. Two onlookers rushed toward the pair, but already Stuffy was consoling the child.

"Don't cry," he said, "it's all over now. You didn't get hurt." He placed his arm around her and patted her head.

"Here, I've got the number of the car," said one of the onlookers, handing Stuffy a slip of paper.

"Huh?" he grunted. "Oh, I don't want it. But wait, maybe the tyke wants it. I don't think she was hurt, but she might be."

He thanked the men and led the child into a nearby store. Her tears had ceased to flow by this time, and in a plaintive little voice she told her story.

"My name's Annie Rushovic an' my mother's name's Povlona 'cause she got married to my stepfather. He don't bring her no money, and we can't eat and she had to go to work and got sick and couldn't go."

The girl spoke in a dreary monotone, pausing now and then to sniffle.

"I live down on Airport street, but I come up here," she went on. "A girl in our block was adopted by a millyun-aire so I came up here where they's a lots a mill-yun-aires so I could be 'dopted, too, and give my mother lots o' money."

As the girl spoke Stuffy's face reddened. She wanted to be adopted so she could help her mother; he wanted adoption so he could buy automobiles and baseballs. He saw in an instant the futility and selfishness of his dreams.

He clasped her little red hand in his, called to the proprietor of the store to watch his stand and started to Annie's home.

He found her mother, a tired-looking, middle-aged Polish woman, in a tiny flat over the rear of a grocery store. She was overjoyed at recovering her daughter and thanked Stuffy profusely. Annie told, in her childish treble, the story of the rescue.

Stuffy carefully scrutinized the small, poorly furnished room that served as parlor and bedroom. His own room was as large as the two which comprised this dingy flat. It was light and airy, compared with the Povlona home, and he shuddered at the idea of Annie's sick mother dwelling in so mean a place.

"I ask you stay for supper," said Mrs. Povlona, "but no got nothings good to eat."

"Nothing to eat," commented Stuffy to himself. He never went hungry, for all the pinching and denying he did.

"Just a minute," he said, and excusing himself, he dashed out of the door. He returned a few minutes later with a great armful of groceries.

"Now," he said, "we can have a swell supper!"

The grateful woman wept loudly and thanked him over and over again. She apologized for not having food.

"You see Pete Povlina he not come back. He bum all time. Last week he shot man and now he in jail. I work but get seeck. Now no can do."

Next morning Stuffy was back at his stand early. A tender aura of well-being poured through him yet mingled with it was a poignant feeling of hopelessness. The plight of Mrs. Povlona and Annie had touched him deeply and he made a vow to aid them. His own meager circumstances, however, deprecated his chances, but a silent determination to devise some means of helping them came to him.

As the rich, morning parade of motor cars filed past him, Stuffy felt a sudden return of the desire that had come to him the preceding day.

"Suppose'n one o' these guys really would adopt me," he enthused. "Gee what I couldn't do for Annie!"

"But, shucks," he added a moment later, "that's just punk dreamin'. I gotta get busy and do somethin'."

He cast a spiteful glance at the flow of automobiles.

"Huh!" he grunted. "If you guys knew what a swell kid Annie is an' how much they need your dough."

But the great river of motor cars sped on heedlessly. Some grim realization of the irony of existence came to Stuffy as he watched.

"All these guys with loads o' money an' I had to be the one to find Annie an' her mother. Why couldn't I be rich?"

There was a trace of bitterness in his thoughts—a bitterness unusual in Stuffy. In spite of himself he fell to dreaming again.

"Gosh! What if I was rich! What if one of those guys did adopt me! Or just give me a little money so I could help Annie!"

A large sedan drew up at the curb and Stuffy seized a paper and thrust it into the outstretched hand. The exchange was quickly made, paper for money, and the car rolled on its way. But instead of the usual pennies, a roll of crisp bills lay in the newsboy's hand and instead of the usual "Good morning," the hearty voice cried: "Well done last night, my boy. I'll meet you here at four this afternoon."

Stuffy stared in unbelieving surprise for an instant, then glanced up at the moving car. The license bore the same number the onlooker had given him the previous evening. A smile slowly spread over Stuffy's face until it became a broad grin. The passing motor cars seemed to purr in benevolent unison as he pictured Annie's small face wrapped in happy smiles.

Cross Hidden in Tree Many Hundred Years

When deer plunged through the brakes of Epping forest and old St Paul's in London town was a day's journey away some forester, or perhaps some wandering pilgrim, carved a Maltese cross in the bark of a young beech.

For hundreds of years the cross remained hidden. The stripling beech grew to a big tree. The forester or the pilgrim (whoever it was who had carved the cross) passed on, and many generations followed him.

Then, when the Twentieth century had been running 27 years, the long life of the tree came to an end. The sad day came when it was to be cut down, and a noble tree it was, four feet through.

It had seen vast changes in the world. The man who has now chopped it up is a citizen of Greater London who can reach St. Paul's, which Sir Christopher Wren had built long after the slim beech was planted, in half an hour from the place where the tree grew—a change that would have astounded the planter of the tree. In cutting up the old beech the woodman found, buried in its heart, the Maltese cross.—London Times.

Tobacco Mixtures

Kinnikinnick, an Algonquin word signifying "mixed by hand," is used to designate a mixture of tobacco with some other plant, either for the purpose of imparting a more pleasant odor or to reduce its strength, as the trade tobacco alone is commonly too strong to suit the fancy of the Indian. Among the western tribes tobacco was ordinarily used by mixing it with gum, sumac and barberry, the bark leaves and roots of two kinds of willow, manzanita leaves, Jamestown weed, touchwood, dogwood bark, arrowwood and a variety of other woods, barks, leaves, twigs and even insects.

Often Enough

Little James was kneeling beside his bed, saying his prayers. When about half way through the Lord's Prayer he stopped.

"James, what's the matter? Why don't you say the rest of the prayer?" said his mother.

"Oh, mother, I am so tired and sleepy, and I have told the Lord that prayer often enough. He knows it as well as I do. Please let me go to bed."

Cetacean's Odd Habit

It is a matter of common report that a certain cetacean, probably a grampus, lived for years in Pelorus sound, New Zealand, and had the habit of accompanying vessels through the sound. This animal was so regular in its appearance and so well known that it had received the name of "Pelorus Jack." There seems to be no doubt as to the existence of this animal, and of the fact that it was recognized by the New Zealand government. It appears to have been a large porpoise, or grampus, and was certainly not a fish.

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HEALTHY FOOD

WEEKLY TALK FROM THE NUTRITION DEPARTMENT PHILADELPHIA INTER-STATE DAIRY COUNCIL

Do minerals matter? Indeed they do. Perhaps the word mineral seems a bit unattractive to associate with the tempting word "food." Yet how important our minerals are be it calcium, phosphorus, iodine or iron.

Now let us take our mineral inventory. For the actual source of them we will depend upon our "food miners."

Calcium comes first. It constitutes three-fourths of the mineral content of the body. Milk is by far the best source of calcium. Other foods high in calcium are cheese (especially cottage cheese, egg yolk, almonds, fruits and vegetables. An important aid for the proper utilization of our calcuim is the mineral phosphorus. It is found in such food as milk, egg, cheese, peanuts, almonds, walnuts, lean beef, baked beans, whole wheat and oatmeal.

Iodine is needed for the proper functioning of the thyroid glands. Foods rich in iodine are the following: sea fish, lettuce, beets, turnips, green peas, radishes, tomatoes, carrots, parsley and potatoes.

No iron, no blood, no life! Iron builds rosy cheeks and keeps one from the anemic class. It must never be omitted in a mineral inventory. The iron rich foods are: egg yolk, molasses, spinach, all other greens, red meat, lentils, whole grain cereals, prunes, raisings, figs, dates, milk, oranges and carrots.

You will find the receipes for Spanish Cream, Stuffed Fig Salad and Peanut Cookies high in mineral value.

SPANISH CREAM—2 1-2 tbsp. granulated gelatin, 3 c. milk, White of 3 eggs, Yolks of 3 eggs, 1-2 c. sugar, 1-4 tsp. salt 1 tsp. vanilla.

Soak gelatin in a little of the cold milk, then dissolve in scalded milk. Mix sugar and lightly beaten eggs, add hot milk to this slowly. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from range, add salt. Add flavoring and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water and chill; serve with cream. May be garnished with whipped cream. Serves 8.

STUFFED FIG SALAD—Mash cream cheese, moisten with heavy cream, and season highly with salt and cayene; then make into balls three-fourths inch in diameter. Wash and dry figs, make an incision in each, and stuff with cheese balls. Arrange in piles on a plate covered with a lace paper doily. Serve as an accompaniment to dressed lettuce or any light dinner salad.

PEANUT COOKIES—2 tbsp. butter, 1-4 c. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1-2 tsp. lemon juice, 1-4 tsp. salt, 1-2 c. flour, 2 tsp. milk, 1-2 c. finely chopped peanuts.

Cream the butter, add sugar, and egg well beaten. Mix and sift baking powder, salt, and flour; add to first mixture; then add milk, peanuts and lemon juice. Drop from a teaspoon on a buttered sheet one inch apart, and place one-half peanut on top of each. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a slow oven. This receipe will make twenty-four cookies. One pint peanuts when shelled should yield one-half cup.

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer and daughter, Clara, visited Mr. Duyer's uncle Mr. Walter Crouch, of Kent Island, Sunday.

Mrs. H. T. Williams is substituting for Miss Hope Meeks whose father is ill at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams entertained at a family dinner Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Ford and little niece Thelma Crew, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Caroll Loller Tuesday.

Betterton is supplying Worton and vicinity with electricity. The lights were turned on Monday night for the first time.

Mr. B. F. Sewell who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. P. B. Rasin has returned to his home in Baltimore.

Mrs. John Hickman, of Betterton, visited her daughter, Mrs. Preston Crowding Wednesday.

Mrs. Ralph Stevens, of Clayton, spent Tuesday and Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee.

Mrs. Barney Cooper who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Howard Carter in Wilmington has returned home.

Mrs. Joseph Duyer and daughter, Esther spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Hackett, of Chestertown.

Mr. Charles Davis, of Rock Hall, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Willard Dodson, Jr.



Makes Life Sweet

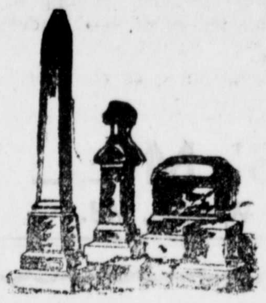
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Farmers, List Your Repair Needs

It would be hard to find a farmer who at some time or another had not lost valuable time waiting for necessary repair parts. Take this territory and total up the time lost in this way and it will astonish you. And all because repairs are not ordered as early as they should be.

There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared t meet every call promptly.

Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

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Do you know that every time you pay your interest you cut down the principal mortage indebtedness?

Your neighbors are getting "wise." It will cost you nothing to learn.

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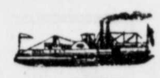
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Leaves Baltimore Sundays at 8.30 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

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