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EAT ICE CREAM & DRINK MILK TO PREVENT COLDS

Health Commissioner Kegel, of Chicago, interviews the representatives of the press advocating that everyone eat ice cream and drink milk to prevent colds.

"The part foods play in building up resistance against colds is often overlooked," he said. The intelligent way to avoid colds is to prevent them.

A meal consisting of meat, potatoes, two or three vegetables, topped off with a dish of ice cream, is a big factor in keeping up bodily resistance.

Ice cream, in fact, may well be indorsed as a winter food. Contrary to general opinion, there is no harm in the consumption of cold drinks or cold foods. By the time they enter the stomach they are raised to body temperature.

GILL BROS.

Chestertown, Maryland

LIVING IN KITCHENS AND CASTLES

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JEAN'S blue eyes shone as she opened the book of samples. "Look, Donald, isn't this fabric lovely? I do want to fix up the kitchen and have it look like something. Everything is old and drab."

Her husband shot a hungry glance toward the table. "I had a hard day at the office," he said, unconscious that he uttered a marital bromide, "and I want my dinner. Put that stuff away."

The young face clouded and, had Donald cared to look, he'd have seen that her mouth drooped like that of a scolded child. After all, at nineteen a girl is scarcely more than that and Jean had never had the bride's joy of a new home. She had married Donald for love and the necessities for the wife who does her own work would, she had vaguely supposed, naturally follow the honeymoon. Poor Jean had never done anything more strenuous than ride horseback and dance and she soon discovered that her husband had no intention of replacing the worn furnishings that his mother had purchased as a bride. "My mother selected everything here herself and surely, Jean, you should be satisfied. I'm afraid you'll never be the housekeeper that she was," he sometimes ended.

The shabbiness was bad enough. The slur of her attainments unendurable, or so she felt. Donald was perfectly able to refurnish the suburban cottage if he chose. He did not, however, choose to humor what he said frankly was an extravagant whim. "Show me that you can keep house with what you have—then talk about this queer color scheme you rave about. I never heard mother speak of having a turquoise blue dishpan or a blue double boiler. Oatmeal tastes good no matter whether it's put in a blue pan or one of pink. Fads it is, not sense."

The question of dainty brightness became an obsession with Jean and she skimped her work shamelessly. The old sink grew accustomed to a load of soiled dishes and the tin dishpan grew more and more battered from Joan's reckless handling. The question of acquiring of some yards of turquoise fabric to cover the scarred table and cupboards brought the family jar to a climax. The material was surprisingly inexpensive. Jean held her sample against the dubious wood of the corner cupboard and, closing her long-lashed blue eyes, dreamed of a gay kitchen to match the bit of blue.

"Uncle Jim wrote that he'd take me on his trip to Scotland if you could spare me. He'll come back on the return trip of the Empress. And," Jean cried recklessly as she saw the familiar negative shake of the sandy head opposite, "I'm going. Going, do you hear? Why should I stay here and spoil my hands when I could be seeing Edinburgh castle again? I love to look at it by moonlight. Uncle Jim and I are kindred spirits. He loves poetry and ocean trips and things like I do."

Donald cast a grim look down at his plate. His mouth was set in a stubborn line that matched the pink, primmed lips of Jean. Once Jean's mouth had seemed made for laughter, but the misunderstandings and the bleak atmosphere of the faded old home had changed her. She felt as though Donald's mother still lived, in spirit, in that house and that that model housekeeper thoroughly disapproved of the tired little bit of modernity who longed for a gay and suitable environment.

"Go, if you wish," the words shot out abruptly; "I've felt lately that you were not satisfied."

It wasn't until she had been away from home for three days that she began to regret her hasty departure. Her uncle had been unexpectedly detained in Chicago and Jean, resentful of her husband's lack of argument against her flitting, had not notified Donald of her unexpected stay at the Congress. Donald had put her in a taxi to go to the station, where she would meet her Uncle Jim and had then hurried off to his office. "As though," she had told herself fiercely, "he were glad to be rid of me." She had scarcely glanced at the cluster of spicy carnations he had bought for her—had been ungracious when he handed her the latest Galsworthy book to read on her trip. "As though I wanted to read anything to improve my style," she had reflected. Jean sometimes wrote poetry which Donald smiled at. "Any way the title fits the case for 'Swan Song' is what I'd sing if I felt like singing anything. I'd have liked something frothier."

But Chicago without the quiet but companionable Donald seemed a desert to the spoiled girl and even the evenings of theaters and concerts had not consoled her. Her Uncle Jim had listened without comment to her lame excuses for not insisting that Donald spend his evenings with them, but she had the impression that he disapproved.

"The skyline is wonderful," she heard a woman at the next table say, "like great gray castles against turquoise, those buildings are."

Jean fell into one of her dreams promptly. Again she was in Edinburgh looking down first at the gay flowers in the square and then up at the rocky hill that led to her favorite castle.

"I'd like to live in a castle," she meditated, then her common sense caught back her vague flight on the unsubstantial back of Pegasus. A castle of that age would not be apt to be equipped with the modern luxuries that American women consider necessities. There would, likely, be mice and dubious drains. Jean smiled at this fancy. Ladies of a castle do not worry much, she felt, about the furnishings of the remote kitchens. Still, homemaking had opened a new vista to Jean's mind and she felt that the kitchen was the heart of the home. A castle might be romantic, but—Jean's smile vanished. Her mind had leaped ahead again. She loved Scotland, although she had only a faint strain of Scottish blood in her. But she was thinking of that factor of a Scotchman's character. Loyalty was the word. Loyalty to ideals and to life. She saw herself, as she sat in the flower-scented room that thrilled with music, as a shirker; one who had accepted wifehood but who denied any responsibility in the joint work of marriage. She had done her work carelessly, touching her dishes with lazy, abhorrent fingers, dropping her tea-towels about instead of scalding them and putting them out in the sunshine. She had sulked and drooped and complained instead of telling her husband frankly that she was flitting off to Europe to play while he remained at work. He had told her that one more year of the strenuous, almost incredible work he staggered under would put him on Easy street. Jean hadn't cared much, scarcely listened.

"I don't care," said Jean aloud, then bit her lip. No one had heard, though, for some one near her hummed the words to "Laugh, Clown Laugh." "I'm going to laugh," she told herself, "and I'm going back home tonight. Donald might not want me back," she worried, her mind suddenly alert to the danger of leaving a husband alone. And the spicy carnations suddenly assumed a new value in her mind. Sturdy and sweet and enduring they were. Donald was like that. Contrite and frightened, she planned, shaking her head when a man asked her to dance, glad when her uncle suggested going back to the hotel. "I guess this gay crowd bores you, Jean."

Breathlessly she told him of her change of mind and he agreed to take her out to La Grange that night.

When their taxi stopped before the old house that Jean called a bungalow because it was on one floor she looked out eagerly through the snowy trees. There was a light.

"Run on in, Jean. I'll follow presently," was the tactful command.

Donald sat hunched over the dining room table and Jean's heart sank. He was working and might be cross.

"Donald, I'm sorry. I came back," she cried, hurling herself across the littered room and landing in the arms he swiftly opened to receive her. "Castles and heather and moonlight can't make up for—home."

His tired eyes twinkled as he caught the familiar smell of violet that always heralded this fragrant if lazy little bride and he held her close a moment before speaking. "I'm sorry, too, Jeanie. After all a woman's home is her kingdom and we're going to buy in the spring. Meanwhile, I've been making out a list of some things you want for your kitchen. Maybe," he finished quaintly, "you can make believe it's a castle."

Pasted to the lengthy list was the scrap of turquoise fabric that would, in the generous estimate he had made, turn that shabby kitchen into beauty.

Yellowed Old Missive Has Historic Interest

On February 25, 1853, hardly a decade after the first successful operation of a telegraph line, a telegram was sent from Natchez, Miss., to New Orleans. For more than 76 years, says International System News, the telegram lay forgotten in the home of the addressee. The paper became yellow, the writing faded. Recently this telegram of ante-Civil war days was found, rescued from oblivion, and once again started on its travels. But this time no telegraph key rattled the message. Reincarnated as a postal photograph, it was sped from Atlanta to New York for reproduction in the International System News.

In 1853 the telegraph was still a novelty. If the crinolined shade of Mrs. S. C. Irvin, who sent the message, or of the gaitered Walter Irvin, who received it, could see their telegram thus transmuted by the alchemy of modern science, to what bounds would their amazement not carry them?

The message, which reads, "All well. Get Fulton's bookkeeping double and single entry," was sent over the telegraph line which extended from Natchez to New Orleans, via Woodville, Miss., operated by a company which gloried in the name of the "New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville; the United New Orleans and Ohio People's; St. Louis, Indiana and Lake Erie Telegraph Lines." The company and the line have alike vanished; the line was destroyed in 1865 by federal troops.

The blank was found at the Briars, one of the oldest residences at Natchez. The Briars is of historic interest as the house in which Jefferson Davis was married. M. W. Fassmann, husband of the great-granddaughter of the Mrs. Irvin, found the message, which he claims to be the oldest telegram extant in the South.

Very

"Do you carry accident insurance?"

"Yes. Been insured twenty years and never had an accident."

"That's an efficient company for you."

Fallacy

Mayor Mackey, of Philadelphia, a university man himself, believes that every boy who wishes it should receive a college education.

"I hope," said the mayor in an interview, "to do something for ambitious youth in my administration. I am a great believer in the benefits of education and I disagree totally with the illiterate millionaire who once said to me:

"'These here fellers with a mint of knowledge can never coin it into good hard cash.'"

Most Important Thing

Three passengers in a big sports car were having a lively argument as to whether they would beat a train at a level crossing.

"Don't get excited," cried the driver, "I can do it easily."

"And I say you can't!" yelled the man at the side of the driver. "The train's going a lot faster than we are."

"Well," said the passenger in the rear seat, "I don't care who wins this race, so long as it's not a dead heat.—Weekly Scotsman.

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Mrs. E. K. Blauch

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JAMES E. MORRIS

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 4th day of June, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 31st day of December, 1929.

ELWOOD R. MORRIS,

j4. Executor.

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