May Chick Prices Reduced.

Beginning May 1, prices of our chicks will be as follows: Rox, $13 per 100; Wyandottes, $14; Leghorns, $12; Reds, $13.

In lots of 500, prices will be $1 per 100 less. If called for price will be $1 per 100 less.

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JERRY'S FAIRY GIFT CAME BACK TO HER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

AN ICY blast grabbed at Jerry Doan's hat, fluttered her skirt and sent a shiver down her back. She paused, realizing that she'd got something in her eye. Two winks and a blow. Old-fashioned remedy for mote, but it worked. Relief was instant. When she saw again with both eyes she noticed that she stood with one foot on a clean, crisp new $5 bill.

She snatched the money eagerly. A lucky find. What couldn't she do with it? She'd send Betty, her little school sister, back home, the dollar she'd been teasing for. That would leave plenty for a pair of hose and a hat for herself.

Jerry turned toward the tempting window. At the same instant a young man who had paused there in the bright light to glance at a letter he had in his hand, turned from the window. Their eyes met with the happy recognition of two friends encountering each other unexpectedly.

He was good looking, not tall, but well made with nice, square shoulders and a full chest. Blue eyes, with a twinkle in them, a firm mouth slightly truned up at the corners, a sturdy jaw. For two months now he had roomed across the hall from Jerry. He was looking for a job. He hadn't yet found one. She was sure his purse was getting pretty thin. He didn't look as as if had a good square meal since he came away from home.

That lucky fiver now. She had to scrimp a good deal for she wasn't yet so expert a typist that she received the best wages. Yet she felt she'd rather do without the hat and hose and treat Bert Adams to a real good feed.

"Help me across the street, will you?" she asked him.

He looked into her dark eyes with amusement in his blue ones. Jerry didn't impress one as being a girl who was timid of traffic. He took her arm and steered through the roaring thoroughfare.

Here she faltered, wondering how she was going to get him to go into the restaurant with her. If he suspected what she was up to he would be offended. Then she had a flash. She would tell him honestly and make known her wish frankly.

"I've just had a fairy gift given me," she said. "I want to share it with some one. You're the only person handy. Won't you go into this restaurant with me and let me order a nice little dinner—for us two?"

Again he looked down into her dark eyes. They pleaded. No dark eyes could ever be so wistful as Jerry's when she wanted them to be. They might, he felt, fill with tears if he refused. He bowed. They entered the restaurant together.

They were alone at a small table. Jerry scanned the menu excitedly. What would be most filling, most nourishing?

"Do you like roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy?" she asked. Now her dark eyes were starry.

They had roast beef, mashed potato and gravy with a heap of rolls, a salad, pie and coffee in addition. Jerry was hungry, but not one-half so hungry as Bert.

"You see," Jerry said gayly, "this is really pay-back for half a chocolate cake, six lovely doughnuts and a plate of sugar cookies, the best I ever ate. I'm afraid you gave away so much that you didn't have anything left for yourself."

"My sister Alice is a fine cook," Bert said. "I couldn't have been such a pig as to have consumed the whole boxful myself. Besides, I owed you something. I didn't know how I was going to get those buttons sewed on my shirt till you came to my rescue by lending me a needleful of thread."

They laughed. "Get a job yet?" Jerry casually inquired.

He shook his head. "No! I'm not going to look any further. I'm going home."

She gazed at him, startled.

"Oh, don't tell me you're a quitter!"

"I'm no quitter, Jerry. But I know when I'm a misfit. I came here because I had to have more money. My mother was sick a long time, it ended up with her having an expensive operation. Well, I had to mortgage the old homestead for all it would bring. Then I couldn't pay the mortgage on what the few worn-out acres would yield. So I came here looking for an opportunity. Plenty of jobs but I'm not the right man for them. Besides, I hate all this. If it hadn't been for you—" he smiled right into her eyes. "You're a peach, Jerry."

She blushed. "No flattery, please. The trademark of true friendship is frankness—I suppose you'll never come back here again?"

"Yes. I shall come back, maybe in a week—to see you."

For a week after Bert went away Jerry was light-hearted. He was coming back to see her.

But two weeks passed and he did not come. Three weeks, four—five. Neither did he write. And now Jerry knew she had lost him. She grew a little wan trying to imagine what had happened.

Then there came a cataclysmic turnover in the big office where Jerry worked. She suddenly found herself out of a job.

Resolutely she set out to find another job. A long tramp in a cold rain to save car fare, a neglected sore throat and she was laid up for good. In her room she tried to sip the broth Miss Henderson brought her hot from a near-by restaurant, tried to read the magazine Mrs. Jenks loaned, tried to sniff the flowers which were a donation from all the roomers.

But she got well at last. A little pale, lacking in her usual vigor, she went out to answer an advertisement. She got the job because the woman who was doing the hiring happened to have an understanding heart.

Dark days seemed to have become if not sunny at least bright enough for ordinary uses. If only she hadn't lost the fairy gift that had seemed so close to her hand! The fairy gift of a clean, honest man's abiding love.

The second day she worked she went home at the close of day to find a neat blue roadster standing before the rooming house entrance. She glanced at it curiously, wondering if it were a doctor's rig. The door of the coupe opened, a face looked out.

"I've been sitting here waiting for you for over an hour," said Bert Adams.

Jerry concealed her joy. He'd kept her waiting nearly two months, you see.

"Come get in, Jerry. We'll go round to the restaurant and have a bite," he said.

Jerry got into the car. He took her to the same restaurant where they had dined that long ago evening. He ordered. Jerry gasped at the profusion of chicken and other delicious food.

"Jerry," said Bert, "I've come back as I said. But I'm late. I—haven't been having a nice time, Jerry. Up to within about three days I wasn't sure I'd ever come back at all. I couldn't ask you to give up your good job and marry a failure, Jerry."

"You've never been a failure for one minute!" cried Jerry. Her cheeks were scarlet. "And anyway if you were I—I wouldn't mind helping you be a success, Bert."

"You darling!" Bert's eyes rested upon her rapturously. "Well, I got out of the mess by myself. I can now offer you something that's worthy of your taking. Jerry, I told you about the old place, worn out, incurably run to seed. Most of the land was on two sides of a great hill. Well, sir, I studied that hill outside and in. Finally I got an expert to give me his opinion. The hill, Jerry, is solid granite. Granite is worth money. I'm going to open a quarry. Oh, I've had chances to sell already but I'd rather run the thing myself—unless you object to living in the country, Jerry."

The waiter strolled by. He glanced at the young pair gazing at each other over their scarcely tasted food. He was an elderly waiter who still retained a bit of youth and romance in his kind heart. He smiled faintly—and turned his back.

Old Romans Used Wells as Their Refrigerators

Deep wells, which are supposed to have been the primitive iceboxes or refrigerators used by the ancient Romans for icing drinks, were discovered during archeological excavations in Rome, according to the Italy American society.

Naturally the refrigerators, which were not operated by either gas or electricity, were very elementary. They consisted of an underground deposit of snow which played a very valuable role in the ritual of drinking at Roman banquets. Trimalcion, the typical new rich and after-dinner speaker of the day, represented by Petronius in his famous novel, "Satyricon," had iced drinks at all his banquets. Of course he was not bothered by prohibition agents and he was looking for publicity when he displayed before his guests the great frozen amphorae in his magnificent home, which was not a speakeasy.

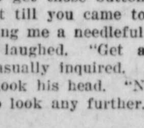
In regard to this discovery it is worth recalling that history tells of Eliogabalus, the effeminate emperor in the period of the empire's decline, who used to employ numberless slaves to fill his "iceboxes" with snow during the winter in order to have plenty of cold drinks for even the warmest days of summer.

Voodoo Doctor's Protest

The laws of South Africa forbid the practice of "tagati" for money not voluntarily offered, and every day black men are sentenced to imprisonment for pretending to have supernatural powers, which the unromantic local courts consider as nothing but a variety of fraud. Recently a number of these "wise ones" frequenting the mining districts of Witwatersrand joined together to defend their names and profession. One of them said: "I am sure that if the government allowed us to practice in this town we would beat the European doctor, so that before long they would have no work to do. Please refrain from calling us wizards. If we are wizards, so are European doctors. We believe to a certain extent in magic, but so does the white doctor, although he calls it by another name."

World's Gold and Silver

The world monetary stock in gold and silver for the year ending June 30, 1929, was $10,526,000,000 in gold and $4,000,000,000 in silver; for the United States $4,379,000,000 in gold and $845,000,000 in silver.



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Desolation in Wake of Gigantic Gold Dredges

Automobile tourists through the northern part of California are liable to have their attention attracted to mountains of cobblestones frequently seen. Sometimes these piles are 50 or 60 feet high and several hundred feet long. They are never beautiful and they add nothing to the landscape. In fact, they are eyesores, but there is little prospect of their removal. These piles are the accumulation of the gold dredges, gigantic constructions which eat their way through the land and leave a trail of desolation. Farm lands and orchards are brought up by the operators and left in ruin, for the land is useless for any purpose whatever after the passage of the dredger. These machines cost about a quarter of a million dollars, but the cost of operation is very small. A large quantity of the earth must be treated to recover a small quantity of the yellow metal, but at that the business is very profitable. The stones taken from the soil are useful only to grind up for cement, but the piles standing today will offer crushed stone sufficient for the demands of the entire country for many years.—Washington Star.

Puzzle Presented to English Legal Minds

A barrister contributes to the Times, in a letter, an ingenious and apparently insoluble puzzle, which may be summarized thus: A says to B, I will teach you to be a barrister; half fee now, and the other half if you win your first case. B was taught, and called to the bar, but failed to do anything at all for two years. A then said to himself: If I sue him for the installment of my fee, and win the case, he will have to pay me; if I lose, then he has won his first case, and will therefore have to pay me. That seems unanswerable until we get B's view: If A wins, then I have lost my first case and need not pay him; and if he loses, then by the judgment of the court I need not pay him. So that is that; and there is no evident solution.—Weekly Scotsman.

On the Menu

The portly gentleman who had been engaged to sing in the musical program following a dinner at a large restaurant was loking very enraged. He was scanning the list of musical items, and, to his consternation, his name had been omitted!

Approaching one of the organizers he brandished the program furiously, and demanded the reason of the omission. The young fellow whom he approached glanced down at the card, then laughed nervously. "Aren't you Signor Jelly, the singer?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well—er—your name being 'Jelly,'" said the young chap, "it appears to have been put on the menu by mistake."—Montreal Star.

French Superstitions

To a considerable extent, the French peasants still attach credence to the evil eye, to witches, to were-wolves and to other weird medieval superstitions, in spite of years of persistent effort to eradicate these primitive beliefs. In many remote villages of Normandy and Brittany belief in heathen deities also survives. Sacred trees are the object of midnight worship, when young girls gather to dance in the moonlight, as in the days of Druidical heathenism. Healers and medicine men abound in the rural districts and certain animals still are treated with reverential awe. Cases involving superstition are constantly coming to the attention of the French courts.

Fearsome Creature

Maud Rex Allen says: "As known in Japan, the conception of the dragon is undoubtedly derived from the products of the imagination of the early Chinese, who were especially fond of evolving supernatural forms by combining parts of various animals. It is essentially a serpent, with horns of a deer, the head of a horse, eyes like that of a red worm, scales like those of a carp, ears like a cow, paws like a tiger and claws like an eagle. It has flamelike appendages on shoulders and hips. On either foot are three, four or five claws—the imperial dragon of China has five; that of Japan three."

Good Idea

Harringby was trying hard to listen to the speaker's eloquence at a political meeting, but the squalling of an infant directly in front of him gave him little chance. At length he leaned forward, touched the mother on the shoulder, and asked: "Has your baby been christened yet?" "No, sir. Why do you ask?" "Merely because I was about to suggest that if he had not been chirstened you might name him 'Good Idea.'" "And why 'Good Idea'?" asked the woman. "Because," replied Harringby, "it should be carried out!" —Vancouver Province.

Helpful Suggestion

An employer who believed in supporting all efforts to introduce a new spirit into industry, had called his men together to place before them his plans for bettering working conditions.

"Now whenever I enter the workshop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box and took out a slip of paper on which was written: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes."

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