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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Silent Sam and Noisy Nan

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

"KNOW a girl named Nan—Nan Jones?" queried Mr. Samuel Pratt as he slouched down in a comfortable low chair on the veranda of the country club after an hour or so of golf. He asked Bertram Lane, a chance acquaintance with whom he had been playing.

"Know her—know Nan Jones?" quoth the other; and then with a grin. "Why sure, Nan's a sort of cousin. Every one knows Nan. Why?"

"No reason, specially," said Mr. Samuel Pratt. "Only she and my sister were chums—roommates in boarding school. I'd like to meet Nan Jones." Then Samuel Pratt became silent, and that was not at all surprising. He had already made what for him was a very long speech. But Bertram Lane had more to say. He hailed Rodney Jordan passing.

"Say, Silent Sam here wants to meet my cousin Noisy Nan." He laughed. "How do you think they'll hit it off?"

The other laughed a little. "You know what we heard about Sam," he said. "When Tom Yates introduced him in a letter he said, 'Look out for Sam. He thinks twice as much and says half as little as most men'—and Nan——"

"Nan talks ten times as much as any other girl I know," supplied Bertram. "In an endurance test in talking she would certainly take the prize."

"Rather pretty, though——" said Rodney Jordan.

"In a measure," said the privileged cousin, "but I doubt whether she's pretty enough to trap a husband. No man unless he was positively crazy about her would consider a woman with a tongue like hers. The men I've introduced to her fall for her looks—call a couple of times—and give it up."

Later that day Messrs. Lane and Jordan encountered Samuel Pratt again in the club house. Said Lane: "You look up your sister's friend, Nan Jones We're betting you'll never have a chance to say a word to her."

And Jordan added: "We'll stake you to a dinner and a show if you can prove that you can talk when you're with Nan."

Silent Sam, true to his reputation, merely put out his hand, shook that of Lane and then that of Jordan, grinned and walked away. He had already been presented to Nan Jones and had found her adorable to behold. There were certain features in her particular brand of good looks that he knew he would never find save in his ideal. He had dreamed of a girl like that—so far he had never seen one. Now he remembered that when he had tried to ask her whether he might call on her some time she had talked so persistently that he had lacked the opportunity. So with the aid of the address that his sister had given him, he wrote to her, asking for the privilege of calling on her. At least he could get her attention when he wrote. And while he waited for an answer and then until the day came when he had been asked to call upon her he resolved to talk to her, to talk, and talk and talk. It was not shyness that had given him the sobriquet of "Silent." Rather it was a species of acquisitiveness. For Sam was ambitious and he had found that through listening attentively to what the other man had to say he could learn much that was helpful to him.

But when Sam called on Nan he was primed, and apparently that was all that was necessary. From the minute that she gave him her hand and then led him into the wide sunny living-room of her house he talked. Later they sat alone before the wood fire in the gloaming while a well-trained maid brought tea, and still Sam talked. Nan listened, breaking her own silence apparently only to urge him to more words.

Two months later on a summery day in spring Sam walked gaily into the Jones house without knocking and sought and found Nan in the living-room. Before she saw him he had put his arms about her and had exacted his dole of kisses.

"So long as we're engaged," Nan had told him, "you shall have three kisses when you come and just four when you go and none in between. My mother wasn't allowed to kiss my father until after they were married."

And Sam had agreed, assuring her that on such limited rations there was more reason than ever why their engagement should be of short duration. "I came around early," Sam told her, because I am going to be busy tonight. I'm off to dinner and a show—a bachelor party—in payment of a bet. I told Jordan and Bertram Lane that we were engaged and they said that that entitled me to a wager we laid some time ago. They had said that I was such a silent sort of fellow they didn't think I'd even be able to talk to you."

"Why?" asked Nan.

"Oh, I suppose because you are so beautiful—and I am naturally so word-shy."

But Nan did not tell Sam of the wager she had accepted soon after she had met him. Two of the girls at the club who had also met Sam and had heard of his reputation for silence and tried in vain to engage him in conversation, had bet with Nan that she could never get Sam to talk.

"You're such a chatter-box yourself," they had said. "He'll never get a word in edgewise."

Cross-Word Carry

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

CARRY had been going about for some time now with a far-away expression in her eyes and the tiniest of puckers between her brows.

Ted Conrad, the young man who had been courting her during the last year, didn't like it at all. He realized of late that, during his recitals of some of his most entertaining exploits on the football field, Carry's eyes drifted into that remote distance.

Naturally Ted was annoyed. Carry was not giving him her undivided attention. It was not encouraging.

If Ted had been less obtuse he would have known that Carry was bored and had taken, like the rest of the world, to cross-word puzzles. The far-away look meant that Carry was seeking an elusive word for polecat with an m and a u in the center.

But Ted would have been as much bored to work out a cross-word puzzle as Carry would have been to have to sit on a cold bench and watch Ted disporting himself on the football field.

As a matter of fact the big athlete and the dainty Carry were not particularly suited to one another. They had drifted into a lover-like attitude during the summer when there had been swimming, boating, dancing and picnicking to entertain them.

She had not even told Ted that she was working in the $5,000 competition. Carry always had a bit of luck in such cases—perhaps her optimism helped more than a trifle.

Carry had no hesitation about asking for information when she wanted it, and, of course, it was always forthcoming, especially if the wise one were masculine and Carry happened to look up at him with her big violet eyes with their most pleading expression.

She had so far conquered the telegraph clerk in the post office, whither she went for a code in three letters; a Greek professor whom she inveigled into telling her all the prehistoric animals of ancient Greece; the young curate who told her all the various names of Ecclesiastical nature; and she had made a perfect slave of the young man in charge of the reference department of the local library.

Carry was on her way there on a bright and sunny morning in November to get the no doubt atrociously long and unpronounceable horticulturist's name for an innocent little garden flower.

There was more than a nip of frost in the air and Carry's cheeks were a healthy scarlet. She was a wee bit cold, otherwise she might have continued her walk to the library and the young swain therein. As it was, she decided to go into the long row of hothouses that sheltered the glory of the flower world in that part of the country. Carry loved flowers.

Carry paused on the threshold in sheer delight. The hot fragrance of the flowers together with their glorious colors gave her the sensation of having stepped from a cold silent world into one of life and warmth and love. She inhaled the warm odors deep into her lungs and was enjoying herself to the utmost when she realized that a young man had entered the greenhouse and was waiting her pleasure.

Carry put the violet eyes into use and the young man of course realized that someone as lovely as the flowers was questioning him.

"Oh, I say," he laughed genially, "are you working on those stickler too? I have lost weight and three nights' good sleep on one word."

Carry burst out laughing and Braden stopped to listen. "Which one is it? Perhaps I have found it," she questioned.

"We will have to share that $5,000 if we help each other," laughingly replied Braden. He drew from his pocket the familiar cross-word puzzle and pointed out to Carry's amused eyes the simplest word of the lot. "There," he said, "that word, 'Bingled'—I never heard such a word, and it's not in any dictionary, synonym book nor any other book that I can find. Its cue, as you know, is 'most modern girls have it.'"

"Bingled is a perfectly good word," Carry exploded into merriment, "it is a cross between a shingle and a bob." She pulled off her hat and showed the astonished young man what a bingle was, and he had to admit to himself that it was something very lovely in this particular instance.

"And now for the flower. It is so simple to me that I can't think of anyone not getting it." And with that he wrote down a conglomeration of letters that made Carry gasp. It filled in, of course.

"I wouldn't even attempt to pronounce it," she laughed. "It is very good of you to help me."

When the violet eyes turned again to Braden's face he bowed with all his heart that there would be at least one or two more horticultural names to bring this youth's face to his green house.

Carry hoped the same.

As a matter of fact, while she was thinking about it the young man was cutting, with a tenderness that proclaimed the flower lover in a few exquisite buds and a moment later was putting them into her eager hands.

"We will split that $5,000," he said, "if I get it. Don't you think we should work out the next puzzle together?"

"It certainly is easier," Carry softly admitted.

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Quaint Custom

By a curious law dating back to 1779, all the grapes left on the vines after the harvest in the vineyard at Beziers, France, go to the benefit of the poor and the owners can be fined for picking the culls.

Lamp Burned Long

A funeral lamp placed, in the year 75 B. C., in the tomb of Tullia, daughter of the great Roman orator Cicero, and wife of Dlabella, is said to have been kept burning constantly for 1,500 years.

In the Kitchen with 6 Famous Cooks

DOLLING UP THE HUMBLE POTATO

Four Unusual Recipes by Four Famous Cooks

Don't think that after you've served potatoes mashed, creamed, and fried you've put them through all their paces. You don't have to begin repeating the old story. There are many delightful ways of preparing the humble spud, as several famous cooks have discovered. They actually glorify this homely American vegetable!



MRS. BELLE DE GRAF

Tamalpais Potatoes

Tamalpais Potatoes. Doesn't the very name make your mouth water? This delicious dish, prepared from left-over potatoes, is a favorite with Mrs. Belle De Graf, San Francisco home economics counsellor and writer.

Chop fine 3 cups cold boiled potatoes. Add ¼ cup of cream, and salt and pepper to taste. Pack very solidly in buttered custard cups, or muffin pans. Set in a pan in a very hot oven. Bake 30 minutes, or until golden brown crust has formed which will hold the potatoes together. Turn out in individual molds.



Baked Potato "Tips"

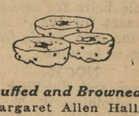
Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, Philadelphia cooking expert, adds two or three artful touches to baked potatoes which make them taste unusually good.

"After scrubbing large, perfect potatoes, I soak them an hour in cold water," she says.

"I bake them on the upper grate of a medium oven, and turn them after 20 minutes. I let them bake another half hour, or until they feel soft when pressed in a napkin.

"Never try them with a fork, for this allows the steam to escape and makes them heavy. Serve in a napkin at once.

"The secret of good baked potatoes is a slow oven; for a hot oven hardens the skin at once and makes the potatoes soggy."



Stuffed and Browned

Miss Margaret Allen Hall, nutrition expert at the Battle Creek College of Home Economics, has a decided preference for stuffed potatoes. She fixes them like this:

6 medium-sized potatoes
½ cup milk or cream
3 tablespoonfuls butter
1 teaspoon salt

Select well-shaped potatoes about equal size. Bake until soft, then cut or break each potato at about the middle. Remove the contents, mash, add salt, butter, and sufficient cream or milk to cause the potato to beat up light. When very light, fill skins with the seasoned potato, piling it up in irregular shapes. Set the stuffed potatoes in oven a few minutes to brown.

a la Pittsburgh

Mrs. Kate Brew Vaughn, home economics director, of Los Angeles, teaches cooking to 100,000 women every year. Her Pittsburgh Potatoes are rich enough to serve as the only cooked luncheon dish, she says. If served with a good salad they

HIGHER THAN WOOLWORTH BUILDING

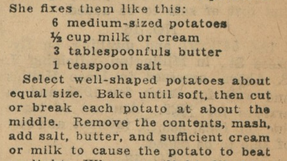
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"I have lots of work to do and I am not very strong, but I was getting worse all the time until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used to lose my appetite completely at certain times, but I feel very well since I began taking this medicine. I think so much of it that I would go before a notary and swear to its merits. You could step into my home any time and you will find a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK M. CASEY, 220 South 11th Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.



NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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

ELIZABETH JERVIS,
late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of November, 1926, 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 27th day of April, 1926.

ALBERT JERVIS,
Executor.

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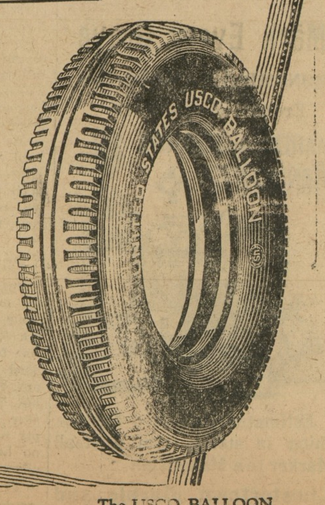
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