One Desperate Measure

By AD SCHUSTER

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DOLLY CAMLIN arranged the cushions on the front porch and awaited the scheduled call of Mark Kimball. As she did so she could hear, from a room upstairs, Cousin Teresa singing while she added the finishing touches to a complexion which was the talk of Minden. Dolly sighed.

Mark had no more than arrived and finished the customary preamble concerning the weather than the song from above ceased. Teresa's steps were heard on the stairs and the picture of surprise she made in the open doorway was calculated to captivate and convince.

"Oh, Mark Kimball!" Teresa bubbled. "I didn't know you were here!" She looked questioningly at Dolly. "I was just coming out to enjoy the breeze. You don't mind, do you?"

And Teresa proceeded to monopolize Mark while Dolly reflected on the burdens of having one's guest an attractive and undeniably vampish young woman from the city.

The worst of it was, Dolly told herself, Mark would be going away before long. She had thought that before he would go he would say something; they would make plans, and, perhaps, he would take her. But with Teresa determined that the two should never be alone, with Teresa beguiling and ogling him shamelessly, what chance had Mark to propose if he wished?

"Of course not," Dolly answered the question. "Mark was going to tell me something about his plans. He is going to move to the city, you know."

Teresa beamed. "And you must tell me all about it. Let me know where you live, look me up, and all. We will have some perfectly splendid times, for I believe I will return shortly after you go."

With the hour for Mark's departure approaching, this scene had been enacted several times. Teresa met them on the street, dropped into the Palace of Sweets when they had soda, and made a third in the party, and, exercising the privileges of guest, seldom let Dolly out of her sight.

Mark's last evening in Minden arrived, and Dolly arranged the cushion on the front porch. Upstairs Teresa was outdoing herself in the way of preparation. Dolly smiled as she wondered what Mark would say if he could see the city girl now, for Teresa's face was covered with clay, and Teresa was planning to emerge in half an hour more beautiful than ever. Dolly dabbed powder on her freckled nose. If Mark Kimball was going to propose he would have to do it this evening, and if he preferred Teresa, who was only playing with him, to the girl he had known all his life, it was time everyone found it out.

When Mark arrived Dolly was smiling as sweetly as if Teresa and her marvelous complexion and city clothes were far removed from her thoughts.

"You are going away tomorrow, Mark," she said, and so abridged the usual five minutes of weather report and prediction. "We are all going to miss you."

Mark looked at the door and listened for the familiar sound of Teresa descending the stairs.

"It's kind of good o get a chance to talk to you," he said nervously. "Blamed if I didn't think I would have to write you or send a telegram."

"Why, Mark, what did you want to say?"

"What do you think, Dolly? What else, but the only reason I am going away is to get a better job so we can afford to get married, that is, if you'll take me." Again he looked nervously over his shoulder at the door as if doubting the fortune that had kept Teresa away.

And so as the evening fell in Minden the two on the front porch made their plans and a girl's head rested on a man's shoulder and there was no interruption from Teresa. Finally Mark departed and Dolly, happy and a little frightened, crept to the room of her guest. There was Teresa, weeping and angry and grotesquely transformed. What little of the facial clay remained on her face was caked and as hard as stone. That which had been removed had left red blotches testifying to desperate and painful measures. Teresa was defeated and she knew it.

But she did not know the cause of the strange behavior of her adorning clay: Dolly had mixed cement in the preparation.

Tenants Buy a Town

The greater portion of the town of Gort, in South Galway, the heart of the Kiltartan country, made famous in the works of Lady Gregory and the poetry and painting of the brothers Yeats, will shortly pass into the hands of the tenants living in it. The town has been for generations in the hands of the Gough and Lahiff families, and during recent years protracted negotiations have been carried on for its sale to the tenants. Gort now has a population of about 1,200.

Woman, 74, a Carpenter

One of the busiest pupils at a night school in London is Mrs. M. F. Howarth of Stockwell. Not only has she furnished her home with bookcases, tables and various ornaments, but she has made articles that have found a ready sale.

Many Tales Told of Production of Pearl

Although pearls have an ancient history, the beliefs of how they are produced have been largely a matter of the imagination. These views have resulted in the production of some of the prettiest fairy tales that human imagination has achieved. It seems almost a pity that these must be replaced by the prosy findings of the science of today.

Some of the ancient tales date back for more than 5,000 years in Chinese history, where we are told that pearls were used to adorn not only favored human beings, but the images of their deities. One of their legends tells of a certain pearl so brilliant that its radiance made it possible to cook rice a hundred yards away. Mystic qualities are even now ascribed to pearls by the Chinese, for we find them prescribed by their old school doctors, crushed to a powder or dissolved in acid, as medicine.

They are mentioned in the Vedas, while the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Koran all exalt them as symbols of beauty and purity. The Persians, long before Christ, valued them, as is shown by their medals and coins and actual pearls found in their burial places.—Exchange.

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Dollars and Doughnuts

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

POLLY ANDREWS sat at her desk in the room she was pleased to call her "office" with her chin cupped in her two slim hands. She was thinking deeply.

Except for the fact that her glance was turned inward rather than outward, she could see through the glass doors eight empty gray enameled tables, flanked with their chairs, on the center of each table a spotless doily with yellow daffodils in a crystal vase.

So would the scene remain all day. Charming—and unoccupied. Oh, possibly one or two old customers would drop in for doughnuts and coffee. But there would be no steady stream of patrons bringing in profits and going away to advertise.

No, all that sort of thing had departed when the new state road struck across a virgin meadow, leaving Polly and her Doughnut Shop all to themselves on the abandoned curve.

The assistant superintendent of the contracting company which was engineering the job, coming in one day with Peter Drake, one of the young surveyors, had advised her to move her quarters.

"Why, I couldn't do that!" Polly had exclaimed. "The investment would be too great. Because this is my home, I can figure my rental as very little."

He was a nice young fellow, the assistant superintendent. Almost as nice as Peter Drake who had drummed up a lot of trade for her among the men. John Cary, his name was, and she remembered how he had leaned gravely across the little candy counter. "Where you made your mistake," he had said gravely, "was in the sign you hung out."

"What do you mean?" she had queried blankly.

"It should have been 'Ye Doughnutte Shoppe.' Change it to that and you'll see what will happen!"

Recalling the instance, she smiled. If she could only put up a sign over on the main road so alluring that cars would read it, stop, and detour around!

But what an unusual sign that would have to be!

She couldn't possibly sell her wares cheaper. Besides, people were fed up with cheapness. Everything sold along the way was cheap enough. Hot dogs — hamburg sandwiches — fried clam cakes!

Suddenly, she grinned. "It can't do any harm," she said to herself. "I'm at the last ditch anyhow." Dimpling, she rose, went over to the telephone, and called up a sign painter.

Four months later, John Cary, driving his roadster along the new road at a mean forty-five, suddenly put on his brakes. And he backed to the sign he had just passed.

At the intersection of the new highway with the old one had been placed a large black sign with neat gold lettering:

DOUGHNUTS
ONE DOLLAR EACH

An arrow indicated the route to be taken if one wished that sort of a doughnut.

"Can it be," he mused, "that our friend Polly has found a recipe for making doughnuts worth that? I shall have to find out."

Half a dozen cars were already parked before the old slope-roofed house which Cary noticed had been freshly painted, with a cunning green lattice over the doorway that matched the blinds. The place advertised prosperity.

Then he saw Polly coming toward him, the same winsome Polly yet with a new little air about her.

"How do you do?" she said cordially and held out her hand.

"Tell me about it," he begged presently.

Polly beckoned to her assistant. "Mr. Cary will have the usual service," she said.

When the white-napkined tray was set before him, he looked at it in amazement. Two dainty sandwiches, a cup of coffee, relish, a generous slice of cake and—the inevitable doughnut in the very center of the tray!

"Exactly!" said Polly. "The rest is thrown in with the doughnut. It is all a matter of psychology. I catch 'em by shocking 'em. They are curious to see who could possibly have the nerve to charge a dollar for a doughnut and figure they'll only be stung once. Then, they're so delighted at the way they've been fooled, they come again and again and bring their friends. And I'm getting a dollar for the same stuff that I couldn't get fifty cents for before!"

Cary regarded her with admiration. "You and I," he said, "ought to start a chain of Doughnut for a Dollar Shops on the cross-country routes of travel. It's a great idea. Do you know," he went on thoughtfully, "I've thought a great deal about you since the days we used to drop in while the road construction was on. May I—may I come to see you again?"

"Of course," said Polly. "We welcome repeaters, you know." Then she smiled mischievously. "Any day but next Thursday."

Cary looked puzzled. "Next Thursday?" he asked.

Polly smiled gently. "That is the day Peter Drake and I are to be married," she said.

Had Long Experience With Moving Pictures

A burly man sauntered into the offices of a film-producing company and managed to reach the managing director's office without being accosted.

He told the director that he wished to secure an engagement with the company. As the applicant looked a most unlikely person for such a post, the director asked if he had had any previous experience.

"I get Saturday afternoons off," said the would-be player, "an' I reckon I might as well pass the time actin' for pictures."

"But have you had any experience in moving pictures?" asked the director, who was rather doubtful on the point.

"Have I?" exclaimed the man, and his voice was full of scorn. "I've been driver for the Shiftum Transportation company for five years."—Los Angeles Times.

Rise of the Bathtub

The grand old Potomac river is designated by Fairfax Downey as the "bathtub of Presidents." It is said to have washed George Washington, as well as numerous other succeeding Presidents, for it was not until the inauguration of Fillmore as the head of the American government that the first bathtub was installed in the White House, this being in 1850. This tub is said to have served other Presidents following Fillmore until the Cleveland administration, when new and better facilities appeared to be in order.

The contrast with today, when two bathtubs in the small home are common, is remarkable.

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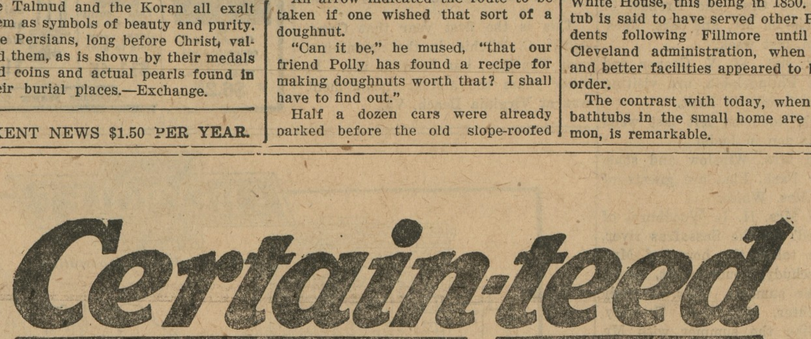
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of J. Oscar Jarrell, et al vs. Frederick W. Jarrell.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County In Equity, No. 2424.

Ordered, this 20th day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, by the Circuit Court of Kent County, in Equity, and by the authority of said Court, that the Creditors of Emma Jarrell, deceased, be and they are hereby directed and required to file their said claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Maryland, on or before the 26th day of September 1927, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 26th day of August, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

S. SCOTT BECK, Auditor.

jy23-4t

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