

# The Silk Dress that Brought Happiness,

# Jealousy, and Finally a Double Murder

Hattie Hall married Sam England in 1920, shortly following his return from across the big pond where he had served his country in such a way as to win national praise and

honors. He was a good looking young dark brown farmer, as honest as a dollar, and he had built up a nice little nest egg, owning his place which comprised one hundred acres of the best farm land in Southern Missouri. Hattie was eighteen and until he married her had never been out of her county. She was one of those so called "hill women."

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**Palmer's "Skin Success" Ointment**

She had been left without parents at an early age and did not know what it was to have the love of an honest man. In fact, it is very doubtful whether she understood the real meaning of love. All she knew about it was what Sam England taught her, until she took on a coat of the world's shining veneer.

For the first year they got along nicely without the least trouble of any kind. Sam did not believe in extravagance on clothes and the first quarrel that arose between them was when Hattie wanted to order a silk dress from a catalogue. All she had ever been accustomed to, were home-made calico dresses that cost less than fifteen cents a yard. But a school teacher had boarded at Sam's house one winter and her fashionable wardrobe had changed his wife's ideas about what she ought to wear. The teacher explained to her that silk dresses were all the fashion.

Then the following winter there was another boarder who also taught school. He was a young man, handsome and polished and immaculate in his attire. The very moment he came into Hattie's love-starved life he swayed her with his maliciously romantic influence.

Down there in that particular part of South Missouri in which this story happened, women took little to fashion, but were long on calico dresses. Silks and satins and sables were things they had read about but had never seen. So this teacher, Martin Brewer, took Hattie into his confidence and acquainted her with the fact that a silk dress made all the difference in the world in a woman.

Sam England didn't know what was going on. He was entirely too preoccupied with his hogs and chickens and cows. Too, when he wasn't working he was slaying wild turkeys, ducks and quails for the table, thinking to save money in this direction. He was, as a natural result, always tired when evening came. Sun-down, to him, meant bed, and bed meant rest so that he could rise before the sun on the next morning fresh enough to do a big day's work without having to lose any time sitting on a tree stump and reposing.

Well, when he found out that Hattie was in love with Brewer it came as a shock to him which completely dampened his spirits. He walked in on them one day and found his wife in the other man's arms. He went back into the kitchen before they discovered his presence and got his single-barrel shot gun. Retracing his steps he lifted the weapon and aiming it at Brewer said: "Make

your peace with God because I'm going to kill you."

"Don't shoot," Brewer pleaded, "please don't shoot me, England. I'll leave here right now and never show my face again. I promise you that. You don't want to stain your hands in my blood. You would always regret it. It would wreck your life and hers. Think, man—think what it would mean to murder me."

Hattie trembling, stood to one side and watched. She was terror-stricken but helpless to intervene. She knew she loved Brewer, yet she was so weak that she could not raise her hand in his defense.

Sam England lowered the gun. He knew what it meant to shoot a man down in cold blood, so he suffered a reversal of feeling. He pointed to the door.

"Then get out," he ordered angrily, "and stay out. If I see you again, I shall shoot you like I would a hog."

Brewer left immediately.

For a long time England pondered the situation. He loved his wife. He knew that he loved her dearly. His love, to tell the truth, made him powerless to send the unfaithful Hattie away like he had sent her lover away. So he became reconciled to the facts he faced, and kept her there under his roof.

But life was never the same after that. She yearned for her lost love.

Her unhappiness became obvious. The truth showed in every look and action. And then he tried to win her love, realizing that she had never cared for him. He climbed into his car and drove to town and bought the prettiest silk dress that he could find. It cost him forty-five dollars. When he returned with it, Hattie smiled and said: "I've always wanted one, Sam. I wonder how I'll look in it."

She put it on. She had been taught how to dress her hair by the school teacher who had explained to her that calico dresses were not fashionable. And she looked chic and charming to Sam. He took her in his arms. "Honey, Girl," he murmured, "I love you with all my heart and soul. Can't you care for me a little in return?"

She snuggled down close to him and her lips were responsive. But he didn't know when he looked at her that her eyes were filled with lies.

That silk dress was his undoing.

## Satan's Henchman

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"Well, you'd better take me over to Foo's now and get me a feed and a smoke."

"But you gotta cut out that stuff if you expect to ride on top," the man argued. "It ain't doin' you no good, Jenny, and you might as well lay off."

"You ought to thought of that when you doped me. But I just gotta have a shot tonight. Come on."

The man Terry accompanied his companion away through the park and the silent eavesdropper, who had stumbled upon their tryst and the exchange of their confidences, fol-

lowed in close proximity. Out of the park and across Parkway the conspirators entered a bus, but again took to foot at Fifty-fifth Street, walking the short distance to the notorious "Paradise."

Instead of entering the canopied entrance of Foo Chang's place, they continued on to the corner and turned south. Midway the block they entered a dingy barbecue and quick lunch stand which was barren of customers.

With hat pulled low and coat collar turned up, Theo followed them into the place, which was apparently operated by a fat black cook and a stout, officious woman. Watching with alert eyes, Theo slouched into a chair at the rear partition, separating the place into a front and back room. Terry and Jenny had proceeded to the back room, where they were seated at a table. Through the flimsy partition Theo was made aware of the fact that moonshine was dispensed in the rear room. The cook busied himself with his meat, while the woman served the couple in the rear.

Finishing her service, she approached Theo with a smile, and took his order. "Duff night, buddy,"

It brought tragedy into his life. It completely ruined him. Hattie took to going to town alone, drove the car, and remained away for hours at a time. She was displaying her expensive clothes in the village. He let her do this, thinking that he was winning some response to his great undying devotion. Then one night when the clock struck twelve and she had not reappeared, he armed himself with the shotgun and half mad, mounted a horse and started for town.

He came presently to a bend in the road and around this saw the gleaming lamps of an automobile parked near a wire fence. When he drew abreast of the car a woman's voice said: "Say, mister, we're stuck here. Can't you use that horse to pull us out?"

It was Hattie but she didn't recognize her husband. Sam knew her voice and rode closer to the machine. Then when the other occupant of the car flashed a cigaret

lighter and held it up to his face Sam uttered a low exclamation.

**BREWER!**  
"So, I see you again," he expostulated between clenched teeth.

"You broke your word and came oack. Well, you remember what I told you. I said I'd kill you if you ever came back. And this time I mean business."

He was crazed, didn't realize what he was doing, knew only that his temples throbbed and his pulses pounded as they had never pounded before. He aimed at the man with his shotgun and blew a hole in his head. Then he fired again before Hattie could leap from the car, and tore her heart into little pieces—that false heart that had caused him so much grief.

He was tried for it but came clear. The unwritten law saved him. Anyway he blamed it all on the silk dress.

## Modern Suggestions for Modern Housewives

### IS YOUR FOOD OLD-FASHIONED

Those who pride themselves upon being skillful housewives, and particularly skillful in the preparation of food, should be careful to check up their vegetable dishes, meats, salads, and desserts occasionally so that they may be sure they are not getting into a cooking rut.

No matter how well a woman may prepare some of the good old stand-bys, the modern guest looks for new foods in the private home just as he looks for them in his club, hotel, or favorite restaurant.

Salads and fruit cups are regarded as necessities today in millions of homes where they seldom appeared twenty years ago. Fruits and vegetables that were then unknown are now quite common, while others are just appearing upon the tables of those who are always eagerly seeking novel foods with attractive flavors and nourishing qualities. Probably one of the most popular of the newer vegetables is the artichoke—the bud of a plant that grows in California. The artichoke is cooked as you would cook Brussels sprouts. The edible portions are the thick, white base ends of the leaves, also the heart. The flavor is difficult to describe. Many who try it are sure that it resembles the tip ends of fresh

asparagus, while others are equally sure that it has the flavor of roasted chestnuts. In spite of this difference of opinion, the fact remains that the artichoke captures tastes very quickly.

From a health viewpoint these artichokes rate very high as they not only contain valuable vitamins but are rich in iron and iodine. What may interest many more than this is the fact that this vegetable served with a lemon juice dressing will satisfy the appetite and nourish the body without adding weight.

Doubtless, some people refuse to purchase artichokes because they do not know how to eat them. Probably this applied to our parents or grandparents when oranges, pineapples, Brussels sprouts and many other delicacies, that we are now perfectly familiar with, first appeared.

The artichoke is just as easy to prepare as many of the vegetables we have been using for years. Soak one artichoke for each person in cold salted water for at least five minutes. Place them compactly in a kettle, cover with boiling salted water and cook until the stems can be easily pierced with a fork, usually about thirty minutes. Some cooks add a tablespoon of lemon juice and

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## Too much ACID

Many people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

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