

THEY WERE ON THE ROAD

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ED BOUNDED up the station steps three at a time, with the sample case held straight behind to avoid delaying collisions. The train was gaining momentum. A quick diagonal spurt and flying leap carried one foot to the lower step and a hand to the rail.

He went through two cars, to the door of a third, when something he saw inside made him duck suddenly and slip back toward the middle of the second. There he dropped into the vacant half of a seat, still breathing heavily from his sprint.

"A minute or so, and he looked toward the window—and into the amused eyes of his seatmate.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed—"or Billy." "That's right—Billy. I like people to use that nickname. Blanche would be all right for woman's apparel, perfume and the like, but automobile accessories and hardware—ugh! Blanche would kill any such orders, while Billy is a real recommendation."

"Ever capture any of the Pine river plum?"

Billy shook her head, though her eyes were sparkling.

"Not yet," she admitted, "though I've tried hard. That's why I feel so good today. But it's tough luck for you. Ed, working so for a sure thing and then finding yourself at the tail-end of three."

"Don't quite catch on."

"I saw you duck at the next car door and dodge back. You didn't want Jim Briggs to know you're on the same train."

"Um! his face clearing a little, Jim Briggs, with a line of accessories and hardware. You ditto. Me likewise. Um. Does Jim know you are on the train?"

"No, I saw him through the window. He didn't come into this car. But you've heard that Jim boasts no competitor ever beat him yet, and I don't suppose they have. So it will be quite a surprise for him to find me at Hill & Co.'s, just closing my book with their order inside."

Ed's face grew serious. "Couldn't do it, Billy, not with Jim," he regretted. "I've been after his scalp for years and only got a few stray hairs now and then. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be," she laughed, "for I'm going to be in it this time. You remember when—"

"We made the trip together," he broke in eagerly, "and—"

"I didn't mean that trip," a sudden color rising to her face. "I mean an average trip—and—"

"That trip together," firmly. "It was your first, one there, and you knew nothing about the road. Not finding any conveyance you started on foot, like the plucky girl you are. I overtook you a mile out and insisted on sharing my buggy seat. Then the old horse, seeming to have a dream of his youth, ran away with us into a swamp and smashed the buggy against a tree, for standing room. We were there four hours—before help came, and we got acquainted. And you promised—"

"It was just the—the situation, and the danger," she interrupted. "You and I would better get tomahawk pins and wear them as declaration of commercial antagonism."

The instant the train stopped they hurried toward the one automobile. But Jim Briggs had jumped while the train was in motion. They saw him speak to the driver, spring in, and in a moment later the car swung round and started down the street.

"Hey, there, you!" yelled Ed, as he rushed across the platform. "But the machine was a hundred yards away and gaining speed. Jim looked back at them and grinned cheerfully. Ed returned with a wrathful face.

"The skunk!" he exclaimed. "But that's Jim's way. Probably the man said the machine was hired by telegraph, remembering me, and Jim declared himself the man. What now?"

There were tears in Billy's eyes. "Wait for the next train, I suppose. Ed," she answered despondently. "This was to be my big day. The manager hinted I was doing well, and if I could capture a good big order he would put me on a regular salary in stead of on commission as now."

"The skunk!" repeated Ed. Then to the driver of a decrepit wagon, and straightening up suddenly: "Do you know where Fork River is—Bary & Du Bary?"

"Yes, three miles."

"Well, get this lady there as quick as you can." He threw in Billy's case. "No time to explain," he jerked out. "Go to meet Jim."

"Absurd. He can't. That automobile."

"Yes—but car's got to go fourteen miles over a bad road. Only a mile and a half by cut path straight across."

"But a bad river, and no boat. A swamp, too. You failed there once."

"Didn't have a skunk to beat then. I'm a good sprinter and a good swimmer. Wait a minute." He scribbled a few lines and gave her.

"Now into the wagon and off," he shot out rapidly. "Give that to Du Bary. It's a big card. I've been holding up my sleeve. Didn't dare to whisper it out loud for fear Briggs would hear, even if he were ten miles away. Du Bary's a man I used to sell goods to as a manager, and now he's a partner in starting a big supply store at Fork River. Got buildings

all ready, and telegraphed me to come and get order to fill him up before other salesmen got round. That note turns it over to you. He'll let you have it all right. Off you go now and do your best."

"Just a moment, Ed," raising her face toward him regardless of the grinning driver, and with her eyes shining, "you may give me a kiss—for commercial courtesy, and—and everything that was said and promised in the swamp is true."

As their lips touched, the driver smacked his own in sympathy.

Then Ed was alone, with Billy sprinting away.

It was nearly three weeks later when Ed finished his trip and entered Duluth to report at headquarters. As he left the street car he noticed a girl in front of a window that displayed kitchen furnishings. Something about the figure made him pause irresolutely. It reminded him of—and Billy was somewhere down in Crew Wing county, he understood. Then the girl turned so that he saw her face and he rushed forward. But before reaching there Billy moved along and passed into the office entrance. He followed. In the hall he caught up with her.

"Is this your headquarters, too, Billy?" he asked curiously, placing himself between her and the office door.

"Why, yes—didn't you know?" Innocently, but with dancing eyes. Maybe it didn't come up in our talk, though. The house has been very nice to me. I wonder, "if it could be that I wanted to beat you at your own game in your own house. Once upon a time I heard you make a disparaging remark about a girl being in business."

Ed threw up quick hands. "I take it all back," he apologized, "every word, and then some. But that isn't what I wanted to talk about. My salary and the extra percentage allowed figures up to \$1,300 and some cents. You remember our talk?"

Billy nodded and smiled. "I don't have any salary at all, Ed, you know."

She said, "so my percentage is larger. Lucky, too, in this case. I got a tremendous order, and my commission amounts to," in not altogether mock awe—"over—two—thousand—dollars. Enough to—" she stopped short flush.

"Buy some of the things you were looking at in the window?" finished Ed boldly. "And—er, say, Billy, I stopped at the new apartment house and picked suites—one with five rooms and tiled bath, overlooking the park, and—"

"Oh, stop stuttering. Ed. You saw that advertisement in the morning papers as I did. I stopped there, too, and—"

"Engaged it?" eagerly.

She nodded.

Immortal Phrase Not Spoken in the Senate

"I would rather be right than President" is attributed to Henry Clay, who was known among his admirers as "the Mill Boy of the Slashes" because he was born in a slash or swamp in Hanover county, Virginia, and as a boy used to carry grain to a nearby mill, says the Pathfinder Magazine.

It is popularly supposed that Clay uttered the historic words in the United States senate during the famous compromise of 1850. The great senator from Kentucky was then seventy-three years old. Somebody asked him a question, according to the popular story, which alluded to Clay's Presidential ambitions. "Sir," replied Clay, "I would rather be right than President."

Unfortunately this story is pure fiction. John Bartlett, the American publisher and compiler, was probably largely responsible for the error. He attributed the quotation to Clay in his "Familiar Quotations" and gave the details to fit the date. The error was copied into recent editions of Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations.

The famous quotation did not originate on the floor of the senate. Neither did it originate in 1850, but in 1839, when "Harry of the West" was more ambitious than at any other time to become President. If he could have had the Whig nomination in 1840 he would surely have been elected to the coveted office.

In February, 1839, Clay delivered a notable speech against the abolitionists. Before giving this address, however, the Kentucky senator consulted a colleague, Senator William Preston of South Carolina. It was at this interview between Clay and Preston that the famous quotation was born. Some time later in the same year Senator Preston addressed a Whig meeting in Philadelphia. That was the first time that the world learned that Clay "would rather be right than President."

In the course of an eulogy of Clay Senator Preston said: "On one occasion Mr. Clay did me the honor to consult me in reference to a step he was about to take, and which will, perhaps, occur to your minds without a more direct allusion. After stating what he proposed, it was remarked that such a step might be offensive to the friends of both parties. In the excitement which then existed. To this Clay replied: 'I trust the sentiments and opinions are correct; I had rather be right than be President.'"

Wasp Colonies

Social wasps are those that live in colonies and are all papermakers. Their nests are sometimes of large size and shelter a great many individuals.

NEW SILHOUETTE ACHIEVED; FAVOR COAT WITH A FLARE



WHERE the younger set is present, taffeta in bouffant styles enlivens the evening picture. One simple must be young and slender to dare the picturesque full and lengthened hemline which flares from a long-waisted bodice, as pictured here.

As one studies this lovely gown comes the conviction of a changing silhouette—which is true. The newest lines stress a molded princess bodice effect, which takes on extreme fullness at a point much lower on the hipline than heretofore. Also, skirts grow longer and longer for the evening mode. However, their lines are so exquisitely modulated with sheerness and unevenness one feels in no sense that they are too long.

The evening taffetas, for which youth shows such a fondness, revel in "delicious" colorings. The gown in which Dorothy Gulliver, a rising Hollywood star if you please, poses for this picture is an exquisite nile green.

It seems that green is an outstanding favorite this season among the fashionable pastel shades. By the way, pale delicate green is as becoming to brunettes as blondes, which may account for its popularity.

Crystals trim this prepossessing princess-fitted bodice outlining a V-shaped front opening. The bouffant skirt is twice scalloped, once around its taffeta edge and again about the hemline of self-colored transparent net. In selecting the new party frock do not forget that flowered taffeta is also coming into flattering notice.

In fashion's vocabulary "crisp" is a word which is acquiring considerable usage. We hear repeatedly about crisp taffeta, crisp nets, likewise stiff metal cloths. It is a fact nets and tulle are actually being processed to stand out "crisp" and lively in the making. To further the effect, fashionists style these dainty crisp silks and transparencies with flaring flounces and peplum flanges at the waistline and otherwise do they emphasize as to retain a slender feeling.

It's been casting its shadow before this many a day—the coat with a flare. As Paris sees it and has been seeing it for quite some time the flare's the thing! However, American women are so infatuated with the idea of straight slenderizing lines they are slow to react to the widened hemline. Be that as it may, the flare is gradually inveigling itself into the mode. Reluctant as some may be to adopt it, fashion's whims cannot be ignored by those who would be modern.

The flared coat, it seems, as stylists explain it, is not, however, so much a caprice of the mode as it is the result of a cause and the cause is the trend to bouffancy in skirts. Acquiring as they have a multiplicity of tiers, many flounces, many drapes and numerous voluminous bows, an accommodating fullness in the wrap under which they are posed becomes a necessity. Therefore it behooves the present generation of fashion followers to study the intriguing ways of flares as latest coat modes record them.

Already it becomes apparent that there are flares and flares. Some register a circular treatment from the hips. The Paris-made coat in the picture adopts this movement. Of gray cloth is this charming sports coat and it is paneled and cuffed with gray astrakhan. Gray, by the way, is tremendously smart for coats and furs this season. With as striking a model as the coat illustrated pointing the way, even the most skeptical have cause to become converted to the idea of flares.

Not all flares are from the hips, but are achieved in various ways. Sometimes short godets from below the



Favored by French Stylists.

phasize their sprightliness. A late vogue calls for stiff or crisp fabrics made up in faltered simplicity for evening wear.

Moire is one of the definitely sponsored stiff silks this season. The colorings of the new moires are a delight to the eye. Banana shade, eggshell and bright red are featured shades. The decolette neckline for the bodice of moire is usually extreme and severe in line. This simple decolette which is so stressed by the mode makes an admirable setting for jewels and for corsage flowers. When it comes to the skirt, one tier after another stands out in aggressive circular flares, yet they are so adjusted

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)
Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh floweret pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the ranking thorn to wear?

HONEY WAYS

Honey is one of our most easily digested sweets and one that children may enjoy with freedom. Where the home is supplied from a hive or two of bees one will always have plenty of good honey for the table. The bee forages for himself and with little care supplies plenty and many pounds to sell during the season. The flavor of honey combines well with spices in cookery and it takes the place of sugar and molasses in cakes, puddings and cookies.

As a medicine honey is unrivaled. Combined with horseradish it makes a good cough medicine. When used in place of sugar the food keeps moist longer and is of better flavor.

Honey Ice Cream.—Take one pint each of milk and cream, the yolks of six eggs and one cupful of strained honey. Heat the milk in a double boiler and add the egg yolks, a pinch of salt and the honey. Cook until smooth and thick. Cool and add the cream and a bit of almond or any desired flavoring. Freeze as usual.

Honey Custard.—Take five eggs, one-half cupful of honey, four cupfuls of scalded milk, the grated rind of a lemon, or a teaspoonful of cinnamon, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs enough to break up well, add the other ingredients and pour into cups. Set the cups into hot water and bake until set. For a boiled custard cook in a double boiler until the custard coats the spoon.

Honey Pudding.—Take one-half cupful of honey, one cupful of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of milk scalded, the grated rind of a lemon, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of butter and one-half tablespoonful of ginger. Mix the egg yolks, honey, bread crumbs and seasoning. Beat well, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Steam two hours in a pudding mold.

Honey Salad Dressing.—Take three tablespoonfuls of honey, one tablespoonful of butter, one-third of a cupful of mild vinegar, and two well beaten egg yolks. Mix one-half teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, a dash of cayenne and add to the honey mixture. Cook over hot water until smooth, stirring all the time, or beating with an egg beater.

Try These.

The wholesome beet so well liked as a vegetable and as a salad with other combinations, is too often served with little variety.

Virginia Creamed Beets.—Boil the beets until tender, rub off the skins and arrange sliced in a deep dish. Make a sauce, using two table-

spoonfuls of butter, and when bubbling hot two tablespoonfuls of flour; add a little salt, cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of sugar and a cupful of hot cream. Stir until well mixed, then pour over the beets. Serve hot.

Baked Kidney Beans.—Soak three cupfuls of kidney beans over night. In the morning parboil them with four onions. Put them all into a bean pot with a pint of stewed tomatoes, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful each of sugar and salt and one-half pound of salt pork. Bury the pork in the beans and bake five hours in a moderate oven. Mustard may be added, using a tablespoonful in place of the onions, or both, if liked. Olive oil may take the place of the pork, using a cupful.

Ginger Pudding.—Cover the top of a ginger bread before putting it into the oven, with chopped blanched almonds and a few raisins. Serve hot, cut with a fork. Whipped cream with a little cottage cheese or apple sauce makes a nice accompaniment.

Hindu Salad.—Arrange finely shredded lettuce on salad plates. On these lay four slices of ripe tomato. Cover two slices with chopped celery and onion, the other two with finely minced water cross. Pour a French dressing over all.

For a plain lettuce salad, Thousand Island dressing is especially good. Take one cupful of thick mayonnaise, six tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, two chopped red peppers, one-half tablespoonful of chopped chives, one chopped hard-cooked egg and the salt and pepper to season.

Cherry Bread Pudding.—Spread stale bread with butter and place layers in a baking dish, cover with canned cherries, juice and all. Repeat until the dish is full, pour over more juice and bake if desired, or leave in a cold place to chill. Any fruit may be used for the dish.

Spanish Eggs.—Take one-half a can of tomatoes, pour off nearly all the liquid, heat in a saucepan and add salt, cayenne and a little scraped onion. Break in four eggs and stir until the eggs are well cooked. Serve on buttered toast.

Nellie Maxwell

DAILY TALK DAIRY

WARM DRINKING WATER FOR COW

Specialist Favors Tank Heater and Windbreak.

Milk cows should drink about four gallons of water for each gallon of milk produced, but they will not drink sufficient water if it is cold, or if they are compelled to go into the cold wind to get the water, advises John O. Toliver, deputy state dairy commissioner, at the Colorado Agricultural college.

A tank heater to warm drinking water, and a windbreak to protect the tank and vicinity so the cow will not be exposed to the cold winds of winter while drinking, are recommended.

Toliver states that a cow naturally drinks as little cold water as possible, and will not produce nearly as much milk as she would if the water were warm, about 15 to 20 degrees above freezing point. Cows will stand with their backs lumped and shiver after drinking ice water. Their hair is rough and stands on end, due to the contraction of the skin.

To produce milk economically the cow's ration should consist largely of the more bulky, cheaper foods, the deputy commissioner states. These foods require considerable moisture in the process of digestion, and therefore large quantities of water are essential.

A tank heater can be purchased for \$15 or \$16, and will soon be paid for by increased milk production. Heaters that will burn either wood, coal or coke may be obtained.

Difference in Quality of Mixed Dairy Feeds

(By A. R. MERRILL, Dairy Specialist, Connecticut Experiment Station.)

Whether the dairyman shall mix his own feeds or buy ready mixed rations is still an important question. Before it is definitely decided the dairyman should ask himself these questions:

1. Are the feeds he can buy as good as are contained in the ready-mixed rations?

2. Is it possible to secure a continuous supply of a large variety of ingredients?

3. Can the ingredients be mixed as thoroughly as they are in the commercial mixtures?

Undoubtedly he may be able to mix a ton at less money than he will have to pay for a similar commercial mixture, but when all things are considered there may not be the advantage that formerly existed. The last few years have witnessed a wonderful change in the quality of mixed feeds offered for sale. This improvement of quality has removed one of the reasons for home mixing. It also means that better feeds are being used in our commercial rations.

Low-quality feeds are still on the market and many of these find their way, as separate ingredients, to retail dealers. When a dairyman buys feeds for home mixing, he should be sure of quality or his supposed savings on the ton price may prove a loss at the pail.

Proper Winter Feed for a Fall Calving Heifer

What feed should be given dairy heifers in order to winter them satisfactorily for fall calving?

a. When legume hay and corn silage are available—lay and silage at will and two pounds daily of corn, clover, or kafir grain.

b. When legume hay but no silage is available—legume hay at will and two pounds of grain per day.

c. When corn silage but no legume hay is available—silage at will, some dry roughage as hay or fodder, and two or three pounds of a grain mixture consisting of one part of some high protein feed as cottonseed meal, linseed meal or gluten feed, and one part of corn, oats, or bran.

d. When neither corn silage or legume hay are available—buy legume hay. Feed one-half legume hay, one-half nonlegume roughage, and two pounds daily of a mixture of two parts corn and one part high-protein feed.

Unclean Utensils Traced to Filthy Dish Cloths

The dish cloth may be justly charged with being responsible for a lot of the unclean utensils now being used to handle milk and cream. Dish cloths fail to reach the cracks and crevices where dirt and bacteria are prone to lodge; they fail to cut grease and dirt, and it is almost impossible to keep them in a sweet, sanitary condition. If you are a dish-cloth user, throw it away and wash your dairy utensils the modern way, with a good stiff brush.

Soy Beans Favored

The comparatively high prices which are being asked for cottonseed meal and linseed oilmeal and the large acreage of soy beans are leading dairymen to consider the use of soy beans as a protein supplement in the dairy ration during the winter. Experiments conducted at the Purdue experiment station in which ground soy beans were compared with linseed oilmeal showed that the ground beans produced from 2 to 4 per cent more milk than an equal weight of oilmeal.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Constipated?

Take **NR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT
At Druggists—only 25c

Nerve of Bridegroom Put to Severe Test

The girl of Bonda Projas, in southern India, resorts to a severe test when selecting a husband. The chosen man has to accompany her into the jungle, where she applies fire to his bare back. If the pain draws a yell from him he is rejected. She takes him only if he suffers in silence.

In Borneo, among the Kalabit tribes, it is always the woman who conducts the courtship. It is the custom, too, if a marriage is celebrated between a Punan man and woman, for the husband to leave his own family and join the bride's people.

Very pugnacious is the courtship conducted by the young woman of the Cherokee and Ashlaway Red Indians of South America. She courts the selected youth at dances, and if a rival enters the field she settles the issue by fighting her with punches made of bone or with tapir-skin boxing gloves.

The Byrd expedition to the Antarctic is carrying several houses in tinette which will be set up to form a village for about eighty inhabitants.

"Before My Baby Came"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 808 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

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