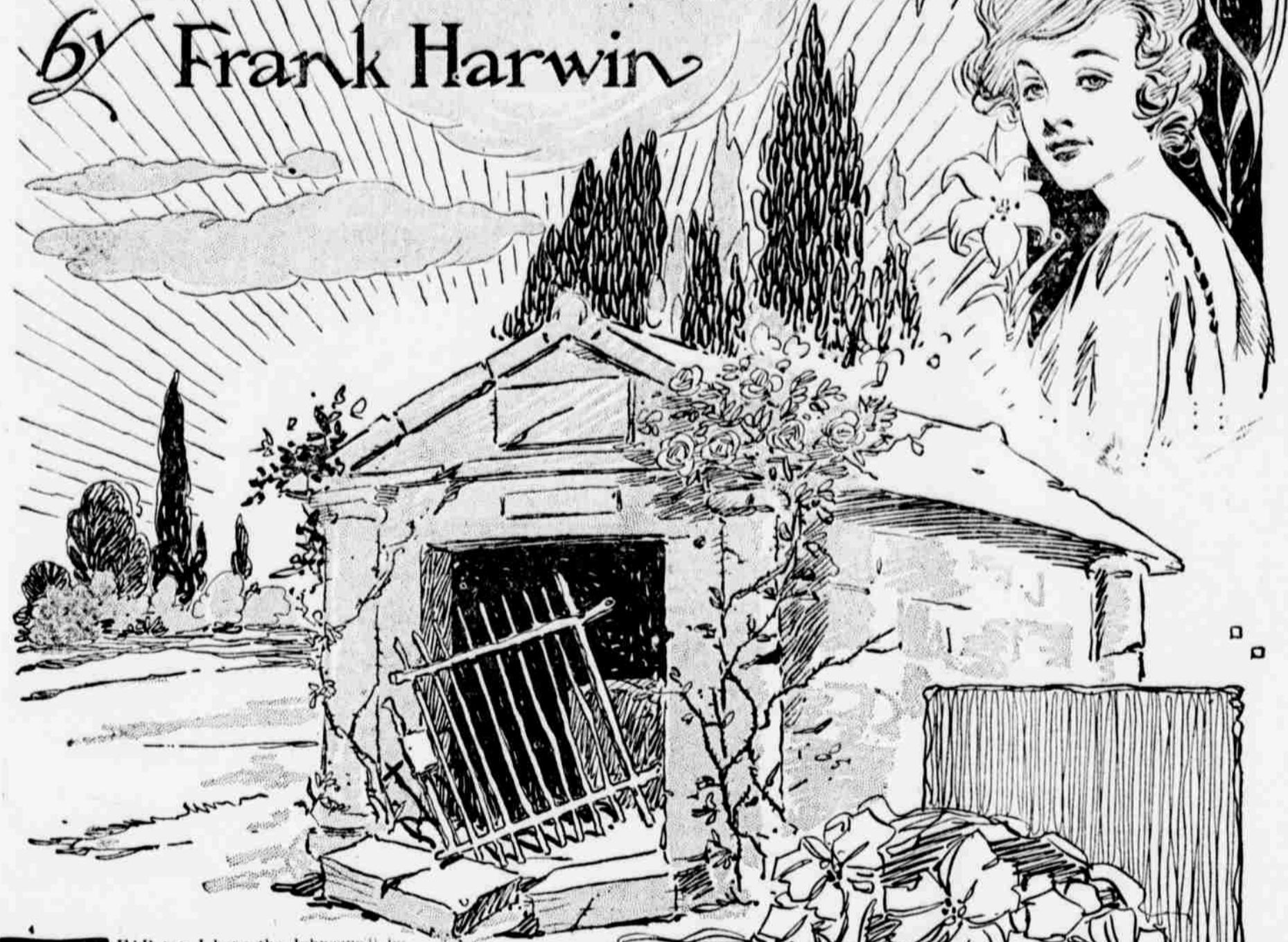


Romance of an Easter Card

By Frank Harwin



"DEAR me, I hope the Johnsons are here," Mrs. Briggs said, uneasily. She had deposited a large parcel on the serving table of the small private dining room where the Saturday Dinner club was in the habit of taking its weekly feast, a parcel that appeared to be too precious for Horace Briggs' clumsy paws. The remaining nine members of the club were in their places, and many an anxious eye had been cast in the direction of the serving table when the door opened and the tardy ones burst in, bubbling with suppressed excitement, and also bearing a parcel, this one in the husband's snowy and always competent hands. "Wonder if they're bringing cats," big Bill Smith muttered, under his breath. He had been assured that the Briggs parcel was not good for the digestion.

"I don't want anybody to look while I get it ready. No fair peeping," Ada Johnson warned, as she beat over a chair in the remote corner of the room. In an amazingly long minute she relieved the anxiety of the crowd by setting in the center of the table a mound of Easter eggs, colored in the most ingenious fashion and bearing the names of all the club members. "They're warranted hard boiled, will not shrink, warp or rub off, and they're to be carried home in the tall pocket of every fellow's dress suit," Johnson explained.

"Humph, I know a better place to carry eggs than that," was Bill's suppressed comment.

"Shall I open mine before or after dinner," Mrs. Briggs asked, the shine having been rather rudely brushed from her surprise by the hasty appearance of the eggs.

"I should say you'd have to open it before you eat it," Jones glibed.

"I didn't mean the egg. I was talking about that," and she indicated the carefully wrapped box on the serving table, just as the waiter arrived with the anchovy paste. So it was not until the interval between soup and roast that she got around to the openings of the Easter surprise.

"How perfectly beautiful! How interesting! How unique!" came in chorus from the ladies, as she passed out the gifts—made of Easter cards of by-gone years, cut out and mounted to form a mat for an unusually pleasing kodak picture of the Briggs. The edge of mat and glass had been cleverly bound in soft gray green.

"I hate you, Vera Briggs," Mrs. Jones ejaculated. "I couldn't passe-partout a picture as neatly as this is done if I worked a week at it. And as for combining these Easter lilies and angels and other et ceteras—well, I suppose it's a gift. I look at hats in the windows or on people's heads, and I think I'll go right straight home and get out my old velvet and ostrich feathers and make a swell hat for myself instead of blowing \$15 for it. And do you know, the most graceful plume in the world would get as rigid as a poker the minute I get my fingers on it? It makes me sick to see the things other women can do."

"I'd trade my skill at making pictures and trimming hats for the ability to concoct a salad the way you do it," Mrs. Briggs retorted. "Everything I know about cooking I've had to grub for. I have to have a cook book glued to the end of my nose, and all my wits about me. And I could die of envy when I see you flip things together without even looking to see how much you're taking, and have the dish turn out simply delicious."

"There, I love you again," May Jones bubbled. "I'm going to hang this Easter picture in my bedroom, and every time I look at it I'll reflect that my poor talent isn't so stupid after all. And, say, Vera, any time you want to get out of cooking a meal, there's loads of old feathers and hat shapes and velvet in the old trunk, up in the attic."

young chap, just out of school. It began in Western New York, and some of you know the hero, I'm morally certain. I reckon it'll be safe to tell his name right here in the buzz of the family, but to be on the safe side, I'll call him Stanley. He manufactures something that's advertised in all the big magazines, and most of the ladies use it to help out their complexion. Any of you that have been to guessing school can finish out his name for yourselves."

"Oh, I know," little Mrs. Smith twinkled. "I always buy his dental cream. Bill won't let me put the massage stuff on my face. Says my skin's good enough, and he—"

"You're next, all right," Jones assured her. "Stan used to be the liveliest fellow in our crowd. Folks said nothing less'n a cyclone or having a leg cut off would ever settle him down. He had lots of sense, and could learn anything he set his mind to. Trouble with him was that things came too easy. He liked to strum a guitar and dance and skate and ride a wheel and make love to the girls. When I met him last February I couldn't believe he was the same chap. There's nothing like smashing a man's heart to settle him down."

"I find that the cares of a family have the same effect," Bob White said, solemnly, whereat the other members of the club laughed.

"I like the family, but I've sometimes thought it would be a good scheme to take the cares by proxy, the way you do," Briggs remarked. "Your sister's kids and the kids of the club have made quite a serious decent man of you."

"Stan didn't have any kids, nor even any nieces and nephews, to pester him. If he had, it wouldn't have gone so hard with him," Jones averred. "He was the only child, and his mother died when he was about fifteen. He and his dad and an old maid aunt lived together, and I reckon he had to tear around a good deal to keep from dying of slow stagnation in that house. He couldn't have been more'n 23 when two new girls came to town. He'd run the gamut of all the old girls, and he wasn't the sort to fall in love with a girl he'd grown up with. Not but what he could have had any of 'em for the asking. Oh, he wasn't what you call a flirt," as he caught the look in Mrs. Johnson's eyes. "Stan didn't break any hearts. He took care to let the girls know it was all play, and I suppose he never would have got in dead earnest if it hadn't been for the two strangers that dropped in on us the same week. One of 'em was a tall girl, with serious dark eyes and a rich contralto voice. She'd been studying art in New York and her folks were all in Europe, so they sent her out there to visit her uncle—and do some sketching."

"The other girl was a tiny bit of a thing, with yellow hair and big brown eyes and a complexion like peaches and cream. When she sang it reminded you of a Baltimore oriole. When she danced she made you think of a trick pony in a circus. She could cut more dainty little capers and do more amusing things'n any dozen girls I'd ever seen. I met her the same night Stan did, and we'd both met the other girl a couple of nights before. I saw in a second that there was going to be something doing in the old town that summer. And I didn't miss my guess, I can tell you. Half the boys were dead crazy about the little girl, and she didn't make any bones of her preference for Stan. Well, I woke up to the fact, one starlight night, that the tall one was in love with him. I had a yearning for her myself, and that's how I came to surprise the secret from her."

"Stan had paid her a lot of attention, all right, and it was a clear case of the little vixen cutting her out, for the fun of showing us that she could. But he didn't get up his nerve to propose till almost the end of summer, and then she led him



right up to the climax. She got dead serious for once, and told him she'd never had any idea what life meant till she met him. So he suggested helping her to fight all the battles of life and all that rubbish that a man talks when he's embarrassed and don't know what to say—and the little devil, pardon me, it's all I can call her, laughed in his face. Said she didn't want to marry him, that he made an elegant summer beau, but was too flighty for a husband."

"She'll get punished for it, mark my word," Mrs. Briggs insisted.

"She did—last Tuesday. That's what I'm coming to. She went back to New York, and so did the tall girl, and Stan went to the demitison bow-wows for awhile. Then he braced up and went into the cold cream business. Just happened to get into that line of manufacturing, and he's rolled up barrels of money. The little girl married an Englishman with a title and cut a swath in London society for a season. Then she had trouble, when her husband found out she really didn't have as much money as she pretended. So he divorced her, after he'd blacked one of her brown eyes and called her several kinds of pet names. After that she had various kinds of hard times, and finally about a year ago she went to see Stan. Walked right in and gave him to understand that she'd reconsidered the question—and wouldn't he please take her back to his heart and love and support her, don't you know? And she was so appealing about it that he almost went in to the old madness about her. The only thing that saved him was an Easter card. He advertised last January for sketches in color, with prizes amounting to a thousand dollars, for six cards to be sent out to the trade, and one of the designs, submitted without any name or anything to show who painted it, gave him an awful jolt. It was the facade of an old Roman tomb, and the tomb was empty, and a half dead rose vine that climbed over the marble had burst into foliage and flowers just above the door, and over it there was the most wonderful light. Oh, Stan didn't consider putting it in the contest. He had it framed, to hang in his bedroom, where he could see it the first thing in the morning, to inspire him for the day. Under it was that text from Corinthians, 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' He sent out the other prizes, and then he asked the artist who painted that one to come and get her money. Said it was worth \$500 to him, and she came—and let me tell you, it was the tall girl he'd turned down fifteen years ago."

"You don't mean it!" "What do you think of that!" A chorus of exclamations burst from his hearers.

"Yes; the same tall girl with the serious dark eyes and the rich contralto voice."

"Then what?"

"He married her that very day."

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

It requires some thoughtfulness to even send "best regards" to other members of the family.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Wrong Disease.

A Greencastle physician was approached by a patient who was in poor health. The patient explained his illness, and also the fact that he was not able to pay for the professional services at once, but would do so within a short-time. He got the medical services and was improving nicely, in fact he had recovered sufficiently to go to work. The patient met the physician, who broached the subject of his fees. The patient said: "Well, doc, don't you know I was just talking to another doctor, and he told me you doctored me for the wrong thing, and I don't want to pay you for doctoring me for the wrong disease."—Indianapolis News.

Country Uses Much Cocoa.

The United States is the world's largest consumer of crude cocoa, having taken in 1918 about 50 per cent of the total world production of 386,000 tons. The imports of crude cocoa into this country for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, were 313,037,419 pounds, valued at \$35,933,900, a falling off of 21.6 per cent in quantity and of 12.9 per cent in value from the high record of 1918.

A Plea.

"I have always maintained that alcohol is a food." "Me, too. Could you help a starving man?"

Every census has disclosed the fact there are more men in the United States than women.



A WELL-KNOWN INSTITUTION.

Probably no institution in America is more widely known than Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. Although established many years ago it is today a modern sanitarium, having all the latest facilities for the correct diagnosis of diseases and their successful treatment through medicine or surgery.

It was Dr. Pierce, its founder, who over 50 years ago gave to the world that wonderful stomach tonic and blood purifier, "Golden Medical Discovery," and that famous non-alcoholic medicine for women, "Favorite Prescription."

In his early professional career, Dr. Pierce realized that every family, but especially those who live remote from a physician, should have at hand an instructive book that would teach them something about First Aid, Physiology, Anatomy, Hygiene; how to recognize different diseases, how to care for the sick, what to do in case of accident or sudden sickness, etc., so he published that great book, the "Medical Adviser," an up-to-date edition of which can be procured by sending 50 cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

Later, Dr. Pierce added another link to his chain of good works by establishing a bureau of correspondence to which any one can write for medical advice, without any expense whatever, and if necessary, medicines especially prepared in Doctor Pierce's Laboratory will be sent by parcel post or express for use at home, at a reasonable cost. Thus those who have symptoms of disease need not suffer mental agony fearing that they have some serious ailment, but can have a diagnosis made free by a physician of high professional standing. Write to Dr. Pierce relating your symptoms if you need medical advice for any chronic disease. All letters regarded as confidential.

NOT SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND

After Experience With Truthful Parent, Teacher Got Great Light on Johnny's Case.

A teacher who believed in co-operating with the parents of her pupils called at the home of a small boy whom she had caught in a number of falsehoods in order to take counsel with his mother.

"I can't see how you can say that," the boy's mother objected. "John never tells me lies. I'm mighty particular about it myself. He's out in the yard now, Annie," she said to his small sister, "you go out and tell him to come right in this minute!"

Annie went, but in a few minutes she returned without the small perpetrator. "He won't come," she announced proudly. "He says he won't!"

"Did you tell him who was here?" inquired his mother.

Annie shook her head. "All right," said the truthful parent. "Go back and tell him his grandmother is here and has some candy for him. That'll bring him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Fuel Supply.

"A man should find happiness at his own fireside."

"Yes," answered the woman with the positive face; "only, if a man spends too much time at the fireside there isn't going to be any fire."

For a Consideration.

Spratt (gloomily)—"I don't believe I have a friend in the world." Sponger—"You can make one; I need \$5."

Health and Comfort
Flavor and Economy

POSTUM CEREAL

gives you every desirable quality in a table beverage and has none of the harm of coffee.

This All-American table beverage must be boiled 20 minutes.

For children and grown-ups.

"There's a Reason"

Two Sizes 25¢ and 15¢ All grocers.

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Battle Creek, Mich.