

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Will-o-the-Wisp-o-Spring. By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

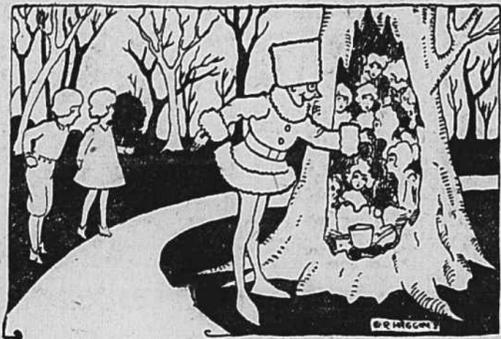
YOUR job is waiting for you, my boy," said Tedford McGraw, patting the broad shoulders of a convalescent patient in St. Luke's Hospital. Jim looked up, a little smile twisting his wide straight mouth. "You've been a great boss, Mr. McGraw."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Jack Frost and the Fairies.

Now this is what happened to the little fairies while they were away from Scrub-Up Land, and the reason why they did not return, and why Rubadub, the fairy-man, had to send Nancy and Nick on his errands instead.



Jack Frost was standing over them pinching them and teasing them dreadfully!

"Well, I declare, if that tricky old Jack Frost hasn't come back to scare everybody! I dare say he's chased the sun in, and he's got those fairies cornered up somewhere so they can't work. It's just like one of his jokes! Green Shoes, if you don't mind, will you please set us down in the willow grove and we'll hunt up those lost fairies."

So the Little Shoes set them down gently, and what do you think they saw? No wonder the fairies hadn't come back! Why, there wasn't a fuzzy bud on a single branch—the branches were as bare as eggs, they didn't even have the brown shiny polish on yet! And huddled up in a hollow stump were the fairies, baskets of buds, tubes of glue, and all! And Jack Frost was standing over them pinching them and teasing them dreadfully!

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CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

After Divorce Come Memories of an Enraptured Love.

"I remember how my father and mother parted," said Ann. "When love is dead—my father began in a dramatic sort of way. 'Love is never dead for you my dear,' said my mother. 'It is always waiting—just around the corner!'"

Mrs. Best took up her recital: "After he had gone, I wanted to kill myself. I forgot about the child. I desired one thing only—to get to a place where I could stop thinking. My grave was the only place where I could find peace."

"Please remember that I had worshipped the man. I had loved him, petted him, humored him, stood between him and the things which hurt his nerves and spoiled his art. After the divorce, I forgot his neglect and remembered only his tenderness."

"Never to feel his arms about me again! Never to stop his kisses with my lips! Why, that was impossible! I wanted him back—I would have hurt him back though he offered me but the shell of his old love!"

"I wept by day—and bit my pillow at night. His first honest love had been so wonderful! The memory of it swept over me, engulfed me, and drew me down to despair. I went through the routine of the days with all my mind fixed on finding a short road to death. Memory tortured me—memory of our happy hours together. In the beginning we had loved each other more and more with passing of the days. Love carried us to strange, new planes of experience where few human beings ever arrive, I think. There was no limit to love's beauty. Fresh vistas opened before us—until long after Ann was born. When my husband began to philander, his quest cramped our expanding souls. Our love was never the same again and my husband blamed me."

"When he had passed out of my life forever, all the first raptures of our love harassed me by day, and drove me—"

me—when I should have slept, I wanted to kill myself, but I didn't know how. I was tortured to face the duties of the day. On the street, I watched for a figure which towered a little above the crowd. I walked for blocks hoping that I might pass close to him. The day came when I was too weary to get out of bed. Then my despair made me clever. I thought of a way to take my life."

"Next morning I started west with the child, handed her over to my mother's care, then returned to my home. Quiet, if not peace, possessed me. I set my business affairs in order, groomed myself perfectly, snapped the door of my house behind me, and smiled because I knew that when the sun rose again, I would be out of the reach of the heart of love."

"But the afternoon was not far enough advanced to suit my purpose. I entered the tea room of a fashionable hotel, where I had gone many times with my husband. Slitting quietly at the table we were accustomed to choose wouldn't hurt much, as a last ceremony, now that all my hurts were so nearly ended."

"But the waiter was obliged to put me in a far corner of the room. A man and a woman were at our table. I shrank back between a pillar and a palm and ordered the usual things. I was surprised to hear myself speak."

ing very evenly, for my husband was at our table. He didn't see me and the other woman didn't know me. "I could take my farewell of him undetected. I would stay until they left the place, then, the darkness of evening would have fallen and from it I would pass into the darkness of eternity."

(To Be Continued.)

Properties of Zinc.

Zinc is ductile between 212 and 302 degrees Fahrenheit, and can then be shaped as required. But when either above or below these limits it becomes brittle and unpliant, and therefore not adapted for treatment. It melts at about 786 degrees Fahrenheit; if volatilization is guarded against.

Advertisement for Freckle Ointment by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. Includes text: 'Freckles Positively Removed by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment' and 'Your Druggist or by Mail 65c Send for Free Booklet Dr. C.H. Berry Co., 2775 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.' and a small illustration of a woman's face.

Wrinkles That Form Around Eyes and Mouth

This Good Looking Young Woman Advises on Old Time Recipe of Buttermilk Cream in New Way, a Gentle Massage with Fingers Before Retire. All That is Necessary. There is no secret about it, and there are no doubt about the results. It's just common ordinary buttermilk in the form of a cream, really massaged with the fingers around the corners of the eyes and mouth.

To prove this to your complete satisfaction, obtain a small quantity of Howard's Buttermilk Cream at any good drug or toilet goods store. The money back is guaranteed. The directions are simple and costs so little that any girl or woman can afford it. Fairmount Pharmacy will supply you. Manufactured by Howard Bros. Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Osgood's for Quality

"The Best Place to Shop, After All"

A Plain Statement of Facts

THERE are many ways of conducting retail stores. The Osgood way is to sell all goods at lowest possible prices ALL THE TIME.

No store gives merchandise away. But some stores do have to get more in order to take care of heavy expenses.

Our policy of buying for cash—and naturally at the lowest prices the market affords—and of "turning over" our merchandise quickly at a moderate operating expense, always will enable us to sell at lowest prices consistent with the good quality we maintain. Evidence of both fair prices and good quality is to be found throughout our present large stocks. It is well known that we offer reasonable merchandise at the same time it is offered in New York and other large cities and yet our prices are in many instances ten to fifteen per cent lower.

Further evidence of our fair price policy is found in our weekly Saturday Night Sales which afford such liberal savings.

The ever-increasing favor with which our policy is meeting is final evidence of the correctness of our method of doing business and the fairness of our prices.

This Week's Saturday Night Sale

will prove the greatest event we have ever offered. There are going to be more reasons for you to patronize us than we can possibly tell you at this moment. There'll be ONE REASON FOR EVERY SINGLE ITEM WE CARRY IN OUR IMMENSE STOCK. If you know anything about how big our stock is you can pretty well imagine how many reasons there will be for you to come here Saturday Night, from 6 to 9 P. M.

Read All About it in Friday's Newspapers

Advertisement for Imperial Ice Cream. Features an illustration of a child and a man sitting at a table eating ice cream. Text: 'For the children's luncheon there is nothing better than a heaping dish of Ice Cream. Just pure Milk and Cream, pleasantly flavored, it is nature's own food for the young. You know it's pure when you obtain it from the dealer in your neighborhood who sells Imperial The Cream of All Ice Creams. Imperial Ice Cream Co.'

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SOMETHING COMING TO TOM FOR THIS)—BY ALLMAN.

Comic strip titled 'DOINGS OF THE DUFFS'. It consists of several panels showing a woman talking to a man. The dialogue includes: 'I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WANT TO GO HOME, I TO MORROW, MOTHER! WHY DON'T YOU STAY ANOTHER WEEK?' 'NO, I THINK I'LL GO TOMORROW' 'ONE MORE WEEK ANYWAY' 'I'D LIKE TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK AT THAT' 'WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WON'T STAY LONGER!' 'PERHAPS YOU DON'T, MY DEAR--' 'BUT AFTER DUE REFLECTION I THINK IT BEST THAT I GO TOMORROW!!'

First American Grammarian. The first American grammarian to attain distinction, Lindley Murray, died nearly a century ago. He was a native of Pennsylvania and a Quaker, and his famous "Grammar of the English Language" was the first textbook of its kind written by an American to be used in the schools on this side of the Atlantic.