

THE FAIRY WISH

By HILDA MAIRIS.

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

There was nothing outwardly romantic about Elsie Boggs. She was nearly thirty, with sandy red hair and spectacles. She lived alone with a generous maiden aunt, and she had never, so far as anyone knew, had a lover.

When we entered the war the ladies of the Stillville Aid society, like the ladies of other aid societies all over the country, began to knit for the soldiers. There were strange things discussed at their meetings in those days.

To Elsie Boggs it was all like a page from one of her stories, preferably a historical one.

For many years she had had a habit of wondering what would happen if certain conditions were thus and so, and now, quite suddenly, she caught herself wondering what would happen if the soldier for whom she was knitting a particularly fine sweater should learn that she had knit it.

Aunt Hattie's voice cut in upon this reverie.

"I hear Bud Emery has enlisted," Aunt Hattie said, as she came in from the street. "There ain't going to be a young man left in this town. I don't know what we're coming to!"

"Bud Emery?" echoed Elsie. "Well, he's not so very young. He used to be in our class in school. He's thirty anyway."

However, it would be difficult to imagine Bud Emery as a figure of romance. He was more freckled than she, with the sandy hair that bristled freely all over his head. He had a good store.

As Elsie went on with that extra fine sweater, a daring idea came to her. Never before in her life had she put one bit of her sentimental thought into action. Now she was possessed with a desire to label that sweater, so that the soldier who got it could come to find her if he chose. Furthermore, as she worked she knitted into it what she tried to imagine was a fairy wish; a wish that he would want to find her.

The sweaters were designed for some far-off Red Cross station, so Elsie felt quite sure that no one she knew would ever see the slip of paper that she hid into the garment. It bore her name and address, and it might be that some time she would hear from the man who received it.

She saw Bud Emery before he went away to camp, and tried to fancy how he would look in a khaki uniform. He was so big and shambling, so awkward and shy! It was hard to imagine him erect and trim, yet she knew that he would make a fine soldier; Bud Emery was true blue.

The weeks went by after she had sent away that sweater, and nothing happened. Perhaps it took time for the articles to reach their destination, perhaps her sweater had been lost on the way, or perhaps the man who got it had not noticed the slip or cared to write to her if he had. And so, eventually, Elsie gave up thinking about it. After all, she was a red-haired old maid, and would be a sad disappointment to any soldier. She had been a fool to dream of romance. The army might make the man over, but nothing could make her over. Her part was just to stay at home and knit.

And then, one day, there came a letter for Elsie. She rarely received letters, and this one was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, very large and black, almost as if a man had written it.

She opened it with a fast-beating heart, and hastily scanned one page; "Camp Devons." It was headed. And strangely enough, it began: "Dear Elsie!"

"Yesterday they gave us some knitted things that the Red Cross had sent around, and what do you think I got? I sweater with a little slip of paper inside it. I couldn't understand at first how your address had come there, until I realized that it must have been you, Elsie, who made that sweater. Isn't it funny that I should get it? I tell you I like that sweater, and when I think that you made it I like it all the more."

"Some people say that it is easier to write things than it is to say them, so maybe that is why I can say now, on paper, what I have wanted to say to you for years and years. And that is, Elsie, that I love you. You might have guessed it before, I should think, but you know how funny I am and how hard to talk much. But now I have told you that I shall never be afraid to talk to you again, that is if you will let me. I have 'leave' next week and I want to come home for a few days, and I want to come to see you, so we can talk it over. Let me know, Elsie, how you feel about this. Of course, I don't suppose you care for me, but maybe you could."

"The letter was signed 'Bud Emery.' Elsie dropped it to the floor and stood staring straight ahead. Her eyes, behind their spectacles, were wide with amazement. Here was a soldier who actually loved her.

She could meet him with no fear of disappointing him, for to him, perhaps, she was beautiful.

That night, after Elsie had written her letter to Camp Devons, she sat alone at her window looking up at the stars. And the romance of the still night seemed to promise beautiful things. After all, romance was real, and more alive today than ever before. Perhaps, she thought, there were such things as fairies. For had not her fairy wish come true?

WHAT CAN WE DO?



We can face another year of work with immense confidence, in the light of the recent report of the American Red Cross on its expenditures in Europe and America. This report is a revelation and an inspiration. It is more than a matter of duty now to be a busy member of this wonderful, wholly modern and efficient organization. If this report stirs no pride of country in the heart of the woman who reads it she may be sure her soul is about dead—or held a famishing prisoner by her self-centered mind.

To be in the midst of a world of good deeds and to take no part in them—when the way is always open—can you imagine it?

What happens to your dollar when you send it forth on its errand of mercy through the medium of the American Red Cross was explained in a statement issued as a prelude to the opening of the campaign for another \$100,000,000 war fund. The magnitude of the work which the Red Cross is doing on all battle fronts and for American prisoners in Germany is disclosed by the figures:

Table with 2 columns: Relief work in various countries and amounts. Includes entries for France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Great Britain, and other foreign relief work.

There are two things the Red Cross can always use; it seems; they are money and knitted wool socks. Almost

every woman can furnish one or both of these in some measure. Recently the Red Cross ladies in a Kentucky town held a corn-shucking bee for a grain merchant who found it difficult to get laborers. They worked to the merry tune of \$75, which cash they turned in to the Red Cross, thereby making themselves justly famous as an enterprising chapter. They are proud and we are all proud of them.

Julia Bottomley

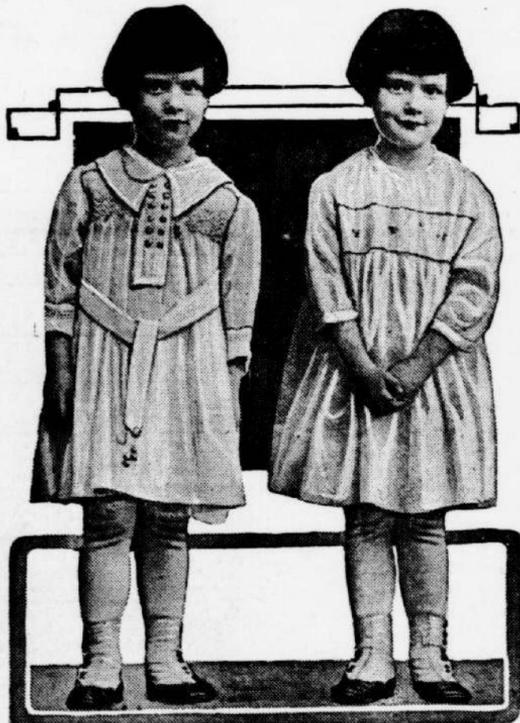
Fashion Points of Interest.

There are four things in fashion that are often discussed today: The severe uncollared neck line, the short sleeve, the cape back and the lack of chiffon blouses. A dressmaker drew a patron's attention to the absence of the latter garment because of the prevalence of one-piece frocks, and told her the shirt waist people were depending upon wash blouses to continue their business. Sailor collars are not smart. High collars that roll upward at the back and down in the front are not attached to coats. The collars that go on bodices of one-piece frocks end before they reach the collarbone, and the rest of the décolletage is untouched by any line of white.

To Wash Silk Stockings.

If time permits silk stockings should be allowed to soak for a short time before washing in tepid water to which a little powdered borax has been added. Then wash them in a tepid soapy lather first on one side and then on the other, paying particular attention to the feet. Pull the stockings gently into shape before drying, and when nearly dry press them on the wrong side with a cool iron.

Dress-Up Frocks for Little Maids



In displays of midsummer frocks for little maids, three fine and trust-worthy materials appear to fill all the requirements of designers. They are voile, dotted swiss and organdie, and they are dainty enough and at the same time strong enough for the smallest girls' dress-up frocks. Voile has come to be a great favorite on account of its wonderful wearing qualities, which make it worth while to put careful needlework on it. Dotted swiss is liked because it is crisp and fresh looking, and organdie is chosen for the finest of all dresses made for the youngest wearers of sheer frocks.

In the picture the little dress at the left is of white voile with a smocked yoke in which heavy blue embroidery silk is used for the ornamental stitches. It has a narrow panel set on at the front, making place for two rows of tiny round crocheted buttons and a narrow sash of the voile finished with two of the small buttons suspended on the silk thread from the ends. The designer did not overlook opportunities for these little dangling buttons at the point of the collar, or forget to introduce a band of smocking and fancy stitching on the cuffs. Altogether this little frock is elaborated with considerable needlework.

The dress at the right is much simpler. It is made of dotted swiss, very plain and dainty as to design, and very crisp and sprightly in effect.

Wonderful Measurer.

A micrometer used by a Swiss watch company accurately measures to the hundredth part of a millimeter.

Paper First Used in Asia.

Paper as we know that article today, was brought from Asia to Europe by the Arabians. In China paper had been manufactured from an ancient period, from silk. When Samarcand was conquered by the Arabians they employed cotton in the place of silk in paper making.

Road's Thick Ice Foundation.

At one point of a road recently constructed in Alaska, there is a solid ice foundation. At the surface there is a two-foot layer of moss and tundra, but previous mining operations at this point proved that there is a forty-foot bed of clear ice and six feet of gravel between the surface layer and bed rock.

Optimistic Thought.

A man may joyfully revolt from an unjust ruler.

Y.M.C.A. HUT IS THEIR HANG OUT

Yanks Travel Many Miles to Spend Evening in the Club.

SOMEBODY ALWAYS ON JOB

'Y' Guy' Can Be Depend Upon to Get Move On in Emergency—Men Made to Feel Perfectly Free and Unrestrained.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND.

Paris.—Thirty sailors off an American war vessel hired a motor truck and drove nine miles to get to the Y. M. C. A. club in a famous French city. I asked them why.

"Because it's a regular hangout," one of them said, and another added, "Because you get white bread with butter on it, and eggs fried on both sides and coffee with piano accompaniment."

As soon as I broke into the place I found why men would ride nine miles on a truck to loaf there from eight until eleven.

It wasn't the sort of place folks in the United States imagine a Y. M. C. A. to be. It was a swelteringly hot night, and the broad front steps were lined from end to end with men in khaki and men in navy blue. They were gassing and smoking until the place looked as if the captain had ordered a smoke screen to help him through the submarine zone.

From the street you could hear a piano doing business and a lot more men in uniform howling, "Joan of Arc." If the mothers of these boys could have heard that racket their hearts would have dropped off a pound of weight and increased their beat by ten to the second. They sang as if they were glad to be alive.

Right on the Job.

And then somebody busted up the game. A sailor came in and made the announcement that the driver of their truck refused to take them back to quarters again, and it was a walk of nine miles on a hot night, or a stretch in the brig for them. Gloom descended. Then somebody turned around and belted, "Where's one of them 'Y' guys?"

A "Y" guy happened to be on the spot and in a second he was surrounded, not by a crowd of men who were angry or in a mood to demand something, but by fellows who were mighty courteous in an unpleasant situation. That was something worth remarking, and it made you sort of glad to be around.

They put the thing up to the "Y" guy and one fellow said sort of bashful-like, "We don't want to act like we was puttin' this up to you. 'Tain't your fault, but—"

It was apparent they had gotten the idea somehow that you could depend on a "Y" guy to get a move on him, and the "Y" guy allowed as much. "Sure, it's up to us," he said, "that's why we're here."

Inside of twenty minutes he was back with a big truck with a red triangle on the side of it. He tucked the thirty sallowmen into it and off they went to keep their appointment with their boss.

That, quite likely, is one reason why they rode nine miles to spend an evening in the Y. M. C. A., because they knew somebody was on the job.

Like You Owned the Place. Another reason is that you don't have to knock, show a ticket, wiggle your first finger or roll over and play dead to get in. You just walk in like you were there to foreclose a first mortgage on the place.

When you walk through the front door you don't run into a lecture hall, though there is one upstairs, and the odor that comes to your nose isn't the odor of sanctity. It's the smell of fried eggs. The cafeteria is the first thing you meet, and if you are wise you get acquainted with it and stay acquainted while you are in this locality, for it is the best and cheapest place to eat in town. I know because I tried several.

The most impressive thing about it is the complete absence of an ostentatious welcome. You just help your self and nobody says a word. You wander in and eat and wipe your mouth on your sleeve and hike upstairs to mess around on a piano or write a letter or play billiards, or to do as you doggone please. You are free to be able to make a huge number of men feel perfectly free and unrestrained and at home is quite some little accomplishment. I haven't had time to find out how it is done, but the next time I have a party at my house I'm going to try it on. It's the real thing in hospitality.

SURPRISE FOR CHURCH FOLKS

Called an Hour Earlier for Prayer Meeting and Set to Digging Dandelions.

Denver, Colo.—Every member of City Park Baptist church was urgently requested to attend a special mid-week prayer meeting and to be on hand at hour earlier than usual. When the "worshippers" arrived the pastor produced an old case knife for each member, pointed to a church lawn bed, cluttered by dandelions and told men and women alike to get busy. At the end of an hour of digging the lawn was clear of weeds.

Harmless Candidates.

There's one thing in favor of the candidates who run for exercise—they never get in position to do any harm to the country.—Atlanta Constitution.

Tragic Fate of Queens.

France has had seventy-seven queens. Eleven were divorced; two legally put to death; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. Most of the rest were either poisoned or died broken-hearted.

WIT and HUMOR



That Toul Weather.

There are places in the world where the weather has been better the last few weeks than in the American sector northwest of Toul, but the prevailing dampness never even tarnishes the American sense of humor.

The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of the trenches, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"Who's there?" said the sentry. "Friend!" replied his colonel. "Welcome to our mist," said the sentry. And the most serious thing the colonel did was to laugh.—From Stars and Stripes, France.

Who Ever Saw?

The log that people sleep like.

The chickens that the farmer's kids have to go to bed with.

The deer that a small boy can run like.

The horse that everybody thinks he works like.

The dog that the pirates used to die like.

The house and home that one is eaten out of.

Some One Else Got Her.

Cholly—I thought I'd try an innovation.

Molly—And did you?

"Surely. I decided to propose marriage to a certain party by telephone."

"How did it work out?"

"I was told the line was busy."

It Was Correct.

This teacher was having some trouble with a certain pupil in grammar.

"Now, little girl, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

"Yes'm, it would," replied the girl.

"Oh! Perhaps you'll tell me why?"

"'Cause you can't!"

DEDUCTION.



"There are 14,000 oysters of full size in a ton."

"Then a boarding house stew must be one-fourteen-thousandth part of a ton."

Biblical Lore.

Banman was a tall, tall man, And so was old Golar. But Ananias, so they say, Was the tallest liar.

Its Effect.

"Mayme said if she had a soldier lover she would make him carry her picture in his pocket and it might stop a bullet aimed at his heart."

"It would be a life-saver all right. Her picture is enough to give a bullet shell shock."

A Believer.

"Do you believe in socialism?"

"Yes."

"What do you understand by the term?"

"I merely believe there is such a word. I don't pretend to understand it."

In the War Garden.

Wide (musingly, after digging up a potato by accident)—Well, well, and here we have been looking our eyes out for the things. Won't Harry be surprised when I tell him he planted those potato seeds upside down?

No Wonder.

"That man is very exacting in his attachments."

"One of the wearying kind of friends, is he?"

"Oh, no; he's a sheriff's officer."

Exercise.

"So you think the dancing craze was beneficial?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Rufnek. "It strengthened a large number of ankles for sewing machine work."

Concentrated Attention.

"Does motoring help you to forget your troubles?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins. "When a tire blows out I can't think of anything else."

SLEEP IN PEACE

MACKIES Pine Oil KILLS MOSQUITOES CUTS SORES BURNS

Smith The Sign Man

Roofing Rubber---V Crimp Corrugated B. V. REDMOND & SON 309-311-313 Decatur Street.

FOR TORNADO, FIRE, AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE SEE R. A. TANSEY 157 Delaronde St. Phone Algiers 9126 Rents Collected

Model Sheet Metal Works FRANK BRAAI, Prop. Repair Work, Gutter Spouting, Steam and Gas Fitting, Sheet Metal Work of All Description. Gas Sotve Repairing Our Specialty. PHONE ALGIERS 377 319 NEWTON STREET

The Johnson Iron Works, Ltd. NEW ORLEANS, LA. Machine, Forge and Pattern Shops and Foundry, Shipyards for Building and Repairs to Steel and Wooden Vessels, Boiler, Tank and Pipe Shops. MORGAN, TANKERSON AND SEQUIN STREETS P. O. Drawer 241 ALGIERS, STA. Telephone Algiers 491

The Dutch are raising vegetables, instead of bulbs. A potato is worth more than the handsomest tulip ever grown, under present conditions.

Learning to milk a cow by studying the theory would be all right if it were not for the fact that the average cow does not care much for theory.

The wool shortage is likely to result in men's clothing made of 50 per cent cotton cloth, but don't blame the war while the sheep-killing dog roams at will.

We are living in a time when the goose that lays a golden egg is sure to be killed. It is the hen that lays a yard egg that men reverence and adore.

However, if you are not satisfied with a limit of five pounds of sugar, why go to the candy store and get all the sweetness you want at a dollar a pound.

It is no use for a man to say he knows the country is at war unless he conducts himself, his family and his business according to war conditions and necessities.

Where Soy-Bean Flourishes. North Carolina claims rank as the largest soy-bean-production state, with an estimated crop for 1917 of 1,500,000 bushels, an increase of 20 per cent, over 1916. Despite this large crop, the oil mills of eastern North Carolina imported 200,000 bushels of soy-beans recently from China. A soy-bean harvester has been invented by North Carolina farmers. This harvester thrashes the beans from the vines in the fields.

What Solomon Said. The teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom. "When the queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently. One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied: "Ow much d'yer want for the lot?" —McClary's Wireless.

BREAD We have the best bread because we pay the highest prices for the best flour. No order too large or too small.

H. Martinez, 417 ELMIRA AVENUE Phone Algiers 9186. Louisiana Embroidery and Pleating Works Hemstitching, Picot-Edge, Chain-Stitch Buttons Covered 730 Canal Street, New Orleans Telephone Main 2609 A. J. Trevine, Mgr.

Banking By Women We invite accounts from those who appreciate the convenience and completeness of our facilities. Your business at this bank will receive the utmost courtesy and attention. Our Du Luxe Ladies pass and check book is an expression of the high regard and appreciation we have for your account. COME IN TODAY. MEMBERS FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. Liberty Bank & Trust Co. 229 Baronne Street

R. C. ROOT Painless Dentist BEST WORK \$4 TEETH Without Plates. LEAST MONEY \$4 Teeth, Full Sets, \$4.00 We make this great offer to introduce our Painless System of Dentistry into every home. Be sure you are in the right place. Payments arranged satisfactory. Gold crown, porcelain crown, bridge work, fillings. We save 95 per cent of the teeth. We give a written guarantee for ten years. DR. R. C. ROOT Main 766 635 CANAL ST., corner Royal