

# HE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



# COALS OF FIRE

A STORY OF A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL

What Happened Years Later When the Man Who Snubbed Her Came to Borrow of Her Husband.

By H. Burgess Miller. RS. R. CORBAN had been Jewel Kent, and Jewel Kent had been Josie Keith! That is to say, that one of New York's most influential young matrons had, previous to her marriage to Dick Corban, been the beautiful and accomplished young actress. Jewel Kent. And years before that, in a small town in Ohio, this same Jewel Kent had been merely Josie Keith.

During the first period Will Everett entered Josie Keith's life. He came to town, a spick and span young Lochinvar, and bought the village grocery. And with the first can of corn that Josie purchased, she lost her heart to him. But Will saw no charm in the gawky girl, who daily visited his store, and snub-

Will's last snub was adminisered in the grocery twelve hours before a gala leap year party was

to be staged in Ampton.
"Will—I'd like—won't you—I mean, will you take me to Clara's party to-morrow night? It's leap year, you know, and that's why I'm asking you."

Take you?" he answered, "why, goodness no, Josie. I never go with you. And, anyway, I'm pretty sure that Emma Lou Hale is going to ask me. But, I tell you, I expect that Jimmie there would take you," he offered patronizingly, as he indicated his red-headed delivery boy. Josie's face was scarlet, and her lips trembled, but her head

was high! "Thank you very much, indeed, but I can look out for myself," she answered shortly! But she swore revenge as she left! Josie left Ampton soon after Clara's party. Years passed and no one knew what had become of

In New York, the caterpillar became a butterfly! The red hair was now a tawny auburn; the eyes that Ampton had called "green" held the fires of a Mexican opal in their depths, and artists raved over the expressive face of the beautiful actress, Jewel Kent-Ampton's Josie

Exactly eight years from the day that Josie Keith, caterpillar, had been so snubbed by Will Everett, Jewel Kent, butterfly, was listening to the entreaties of Dick Corban to be his wife. And when he placed the sparkling token of their engagement on her alim third finger, Jewel smiled a reminiscent smile

Two years after their marriage Jewel's opportunity came. One morning the phone rang, and her husband's voice came hurriedly over the wire, "Jewel dear, (everyone called her Jewel) there's a fellow here that's trying to borrow some money from me. teel sorry for him, but he's a ton. I forget his name, but I thought probably you'd rememer. I'm bringing him around for

So Will Everett entered the Corban home. His face was He did not know her! "Your husband tells me you are from Ampton," he mumbled, as she extended her slim, jeweled hand, "but I can't remember a Jewel Kent from Ampton." Jewel smiled patronisingly, and oked straight into the puffy

"Dick should have told you that Jewel Kent was my stage

#### WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

1-When was the well known song, "Auld Lang Syne," written?

2-When did the fire which destroyed Rome and which Nero was accused by the people of

setting, occur? 3-When was the International Court of Arbitration, at the

Hague, organized? 3-When was the Fulton-Hudson celebration held in New York? 5-When was the conference of Powers held at Algeciras. Spain, to settle the Morocco

ANSWERS

1-Marco Polo, the celebrated Italian traveler lived from 1254 2—Lloyds, the famous under

3-The Bodleian Library Oxford University, was formally opened November 8, 1663. 4-Leavenworm, Kansas, was -Henry VIII was pro

ne head of the Church of

that as my one and only name." she answered, in a soft, modulated voice. "Probably you would remember me by my Ampton name -Josie Keith?" Will Everett gasped! His al-ready florid face turned scarlet!

+ name, but he always thinks of

After dinner Dick led his guest into the magnificent library. Then he excused himself and went in search of his wife. "Who is this fellow, anyway, Jewel? Is he a friend of yours?

He acts mighty uncomfortable. for some reason, and I've done my best to make him feel at home. If he's a friend of yours, I'll help him, and if he's not, I won't. What do you say, dear?" questioned Dick.

"Sit down a minute, Dick. want to tell you of my acquaintance with Will Everett, dear. He can wait! It will do him good to rest-and think!" "Well, it's really nothing,

Dick," she began, "I merely want to tell you a little incident of my girlhood," and then she told him of her days in Ampton, of her infatuation for Will Everett, of her many youthful snubs and troubles, of her leap year's invitation, and of Will's curt refusal. "He'll not get a cent," Dick Corban cried, when she had fin-

Jewel sat very still. Somehow the telling of her own story had softened her. She did not want revenge. She pitied Will Ever-

"Dick," she said suddenly, "please, dear, forget it all. I thought I wanted you to to refuse him, but I don't. I'm sarry for him, Dick. Think of his life -and then of ours. We have so much-he has so little. I don't want revenge, Dick-loan him the

"For your sake, Jewel dear, I'll loan him the money, and try to help him," Dick Corban said earnestly, "but it's heaping coals of fire on his head all right." "Let's heap them then, dear, anyway," smiled, Jewel, happily.

### CURING WEAK STOMACHS

By Brice Belden, M. D. NE of the commonest complaints on the part of patients consulting physiclans is "weak stomach." Another common complaint is "torpid liver." Still another is "nerv-

ous dyspepsia."

Stomach, liver, nerves—one or another apparently at fault, in the minds of the sufferers. As a plain matter of fact there is nothing the matter with either

the stomach, the liver or the nerves, as a rule, of these people. The doctor does not give these patients something to strengthen a weak stomach that is not weak, nor something to stimulate the activity of a liver that is not inactive, nor something to tone up nerves that do not need ton-

forming reasonably good work. The weakness of the stomach in these cases is only apparent; the simple fact of the matter is the poor organ is called upon to execute tasks that are far greater than any efficient stomach would be able to per-

The apparent inactivity of the liver is because of the unreasonable burdens imposed upon it. The term nervous dyspepsia, in these patients, belongs in the same class as weak stomach and torpid liver.

How can these people, who suf-fer from distress, "bilious attacks," stomach aches, loss of ambition, fatigue and local catarrhs and infections, be cured? By lessening the burden im posed upon the digestive and eliminative organs.

Above all things, these folks ould give up the bread-meat potato type of meal, and eat more greens, vegetables, fruit, eggs

#### WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

"There's many a slip twixt our

Uncertainty is the keynote of human life. No one can forefell what may happen. The saying printed above is an old prover! served by William Carew Hazlitt in "English Proverbs,"

"What fools these mortals be!"
Exclaims Puck in Shakespeare's
"Midsummer Night's Dream," as
he watches the progress of the strife he has stirred up.

"A fellow-feeling." Is a term used by Burton in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy" to sig-

"Love is Nature's second sun." ove brightens up this old worl just as does the great p

# The End of the Rainbow



DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY





VERY person has watched the marvel of the rainbow-an arching band, ethereally colored, a faery causeway, the dangerous and beautiful pathway that the Norse soul took on its way to the Pagan Paradise. Every one has felt that strange uplift of the heart in the breast, the speechless, painful joy that all beauty with mystery brings, when they watched it grow and fade. Every one has thought rather of its beauty than of its reason for being. Every child has wondered if there was a place of strange, lovely light, a place of ad-

venture, a place of a different sun from ours, a place of jeweled trees with gold and silver leaves, flowers of diamond and sapphire and fiery ruby, a place where elves danced and gnomes worked in plain sight of a child, the place where a child could find a magic word for the pulling of it out of a tree-trunk, and the place where the round pot with the three legs, full of goldpieces sits! And eve na grown man has wondered sometimes if there was a pot there, too. If he hasn't wondered-he has wished it!

There is an end to the rainbow—the radiant place

where it comes down. When you are a child you poin to it. When you are a man you find it. For some folks it seems to be a pot of gold—and they think, "Is this all that the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold brings?" Others find happiness there in the shiny spot where the bow comes down when they have traveled and come to it. And any one who is happily married-will tell you that that is the real rainbow. Every other find you that that is the real rainbow. Every other find you may Isle of Happiness under a rose and gold light is fur--NELL BRINKLEY.

#### FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES HOW BUNNY FOUND A STRANGE FAMILY IN HIS COUSIN'S HOUSE.

Bunny?" I asked one day when we were in the Farces, a group of islands belonging to Denmark. They lie in the Atlantic Ocean near Iceland. "Oh, I'm all right," answered

For all these agencies are per-Bunny, straightening his ears, for they were hanging so limply they gave him a sad expression. "No, you're not," I insisted. "Out with it!"

"Well, Foxy Grandpa," said Bunny in a choking voice, "you know that I love you and Bobby very much, but this has been a long cruise and I haven't seen any of my relatives in a long, long time. Why, I feel just like sitting down over a carrot and having a confidential chat with a member of my own family. hope you aren't offended because feel this way."

"Certainly not, Bunny, that's only natural. I'll just inquire around and see if there aren't some rabbits here. Then you could/call on them and have a nice visit, talking over the affairs of the rabbit world." It didn't take me long to find

out that there were plenty of rabbits on the island, but none very near where we were stay-ing, although the man I asked said he knew there was one rabbit warren a little distance down the road near the beach. "Good news!" I shouted to Bunny when I finished talking to the stranger and pointed to the place where he was sure Bunny would find a cousin.

Off bounded my little pet. I followed him to see how happy he would be. He ran along the ground and all of a sudden-pop! into a hole he dove! I sat down by the side of the road and looked off to sea, waiting for him.

Imagine my surprise when in a few minutes Bunny dashed out

HAT'S the matter, + sat on his hind legs with his ears drooping and every whisker twitching as if he were going to burst into tears. Finally he said, indignantly:

> "Well, of all the nerve in the world, Foxy Grandpa! What do you think? I went into my cousin's house expecting to find the family there when who should I bump into but a great big bird sitting on one egg. It was Mrs. Puffin, and before I could make myself known she flew at me and we had quite a scramble down there in her sit-"Mrs. Puffin!" I exclaimed.

"What was she doing laying an egg in a rabbit hole?" "Well, that's just the trouble, Foxy Grandpa. Those Puffins have no honor at all and are very lazy. Do you know what she and Mr. Puffin did? When they got married and decided to go to housekeeping, instead of digging their own hole they looked around until they found my cousin's house already made, and they just went in there and chased them out the back door and took possession. And there Mrs. Puttin is now sitting on her one egg. They're so lazy they only hatch one egg at a time." "What about your cousins?" I

"Well, Mrs. Puffin did have the politeness to tell me where they live, so if you don't mind I'll run over to see them now." Away Bunny ran. When he returned, he told me he had had a very nice visit. And during our stay in the Faroe Islands Bunny went every day to see his cons ins and wasn't homesick one

WRAPS By Rita Stuyvesant

OR shore or mountainside. you will want a smart wrap for cool evenings. Have you ever thought of making one? It is simple, for success depends on simplicity of lines and richness of fabric.

The cape is perhaps the simplest to make! White canton crepe and white fox fur com bine their beauty into a wonderful wrap. The width of the material is seamed together twice and pressed flat and the cape cut to fall a little below the knees. The neck is shirred several times and finished with the white fox collar. Streamers of the same material are tied at the front.

You can purchase Summer fur by the yard, wide enough for collar, cuffs or border of a wrap. It comes in a great variety of shades dyed to suit and is inexpensive and convenient.

A lovely cape of corn-colored taffeta for a young girl is cui knee deep and frilled from hips to the bottom with two-inchpicoted frills, put on with a narrow heading. There is a loose roll collar, tied at the front with rather broad streamers, and s lining of turquoise blue China siik was used.

This frilled model may also be made up in any number of exquisite pastel shades, and any of the flat crepes or sport silks will be suitable. If you prefer a wrap a little

warmer, the woolen sport fabrics are just the thing. White is popular, perhaps because it goes so well with any costume. White knitted fabrics may be purchased by the yard and make clever lit-

tle sports capes. If you are an experienced eamstress, try one of the ragian sports coats and make it up in some unusual color. The angora materials by the yard are smart and are shown in some lovely colors. Crushed raspberry is in-teresting, and so is the new Lanvin green. Black and white striped effects are good, and there are any number of clever

#### THE SUMMER THE SECRET OF CHARM IT. ISN'T SO HARD TO ACQUIRE.

By Beatrice Fairfax. (Who Holds a Unique Position in

the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.) HARM is a fairy-like elfin thing which the dictionary defines as the power of delighting, bewitching or en chanting.

Magnetism is defined as hynotism and carries with it the idea of a force which attracts one even against his will.

Now a few nights ago a group of us were discussing certain people we know in terms of great enthusiasm. "She is one of the most mag-

netic women I know," cried a man of one friend, and then someone commented of another: "He is irrestistable. You forget everything about him except his tremendous magnetism when you're with him. Of course

when you get away-"

The sudden break made me stop and think, but it was filled in by a comment on a third person whose charm was a thing we all felt and loved. Now the charming woman is a shy, simple little creature who is devoted to her husband, her home and her child. She will probably never do anything very startling with her life-but all who come into it are refreshed and delighted. As I contrasted the woman, to

whose charm we all attested and agreed, I realized that it had the fair elfin quality of cobwebs on the grass at early morning and of birdsong at twilight and evening dew. It was nothing tangible, nothing startling or concuous, merely an exquisite and enchanting something like the hush of the woods or the first faint tinge of sunrise.

Charm is the perfume of a rare and fine personality. It is the exquisite aroma and fragrance of a life beautifully and gracio lived. It is due to thought o others, to unselfish love for hunanity and to all the truly o lightful qualities which anyon who thinks kindly and expre his thoughts delicately and wit quiet courage is bound to expres Perhaps not all of us can attait he magnetism of boundless vite ity and forceful strength. But we can strive toward the expression of belief in life and the gracie sweetness of meeting each day with high hope and kindlin

which is bound to give us some of the charm we all long for. By rejoicing in each new day, by striving to make it bring to life something of courtesy and consideration for all who cross our paths, we will attain charm and so revive our powers and vital energies that some of the magnetism of health and strength shall be ours, too. For in the final analysis, both charm and wholesome magnetic qualities come from a fine spirit rather than from any physical form of expression.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis The Dullard.

HOUGH Smithers was the sort of guy who had a lofty brow, he thought a railroad train in high was gentle as a cow. And oft his flivver blithely dashed past passenger and freight, but finally his checks he cashed, run down by number eight. It's strange how much a chap can know of calculus and Greek yet when it comes to going slow, how poor his brain, how weak! A brother may in bygone years have led his Latin class; yet, climbing hills, he won't shift gears and still blows out the gas! Such vagarles are strange indeed, and sadly folks infer his brains have surely gone to seed or else they never were. Since man goes sailing underseas and through the air can fly, he sets no bounds to stunts like these, he's boss of earth and sky. He knows a lot of occult things, he conquers cold and heat, and yet his learning all takes wings when he would cross the street. He then puts all his trust in luck and dodges to and fro, to land beneath a motor truck and break a leg or so. Some men can speak the Zulu tongue, on Einstein's stuff they dote. y these are often classed among the boys who rocked the boat We meet wise men on every hand in this strange fashion cursed: they've lore of almost every brand, but none on safety first

