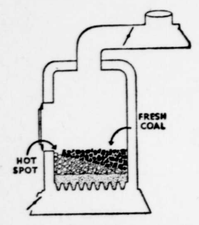
Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay
Heating Expert

Refueling Furnace Fire Correct Way Means Most Heat at Lowest Fuel Cost

THERE'S an art in refueling a furnace fire that enables you to get the most heat at the least cost. There's more to it than just scooping up a few shovelfuls of coal and tossing it into the firepot. The economical way is simple.

Shake the grates gently when necessary. Don't do it vigorously and shake a lot of live coals into the ashpit. When you see a slight red glow in the ashpit, stop shaking. Then pull a mound of live coals from the rear to the front of the firebox, just inside the firedoor, using your shovel or a hoe. Don't disturb the ash under the



live coals. That gives you a fire bed sloping down from the edge of the door to the rear.

Now, shovel a charge of fresh coal into the hollow toward the back of the furnace, being careful to leave a mound of live coals in front. These live coals ignite the gases rising from the contact of the fresh and hot coal, causing them to burn.

Finally, when these gases are thoroughly burned, clean the ashpit and reset the dampers. The turn damper in the smoke pipe, remember, should be nearly closed. The check damper should be entirely closed. The ashpit damper should be open. Open the slide in the firedoor only about the width of a wooden match.

That's the way to refuel economically and the best way to obtain the most satisfactory results.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

Attributes of Character

Zest and enterprise, vigor and hardihood, faith and fervor, are not of time but of character.

Among the Indians, every male had to be brave or be chased out of the camp. Imagine an Indian sissy.

When a girl agrees to share a man's lot she makes the most important decision of her life—except when she gets a divorce.

If everybody's aim was to make others happy, even your armor would be penetrated, you old hardshell.

Pardonable Pride

Pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts, not to hurt others.

Beware of eccentricities. They may become imbecilities when one grows old.

That something is a fact, doesn't make it a legitimate subject of conversation.

After all, "getting cold feet" may indicate only coming to one's senses.

Miss REE LEEF says:



"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved"

Be Worthy

The only way to compel men to speak good of us is to do it.—Voltaire.

Still Coughing?

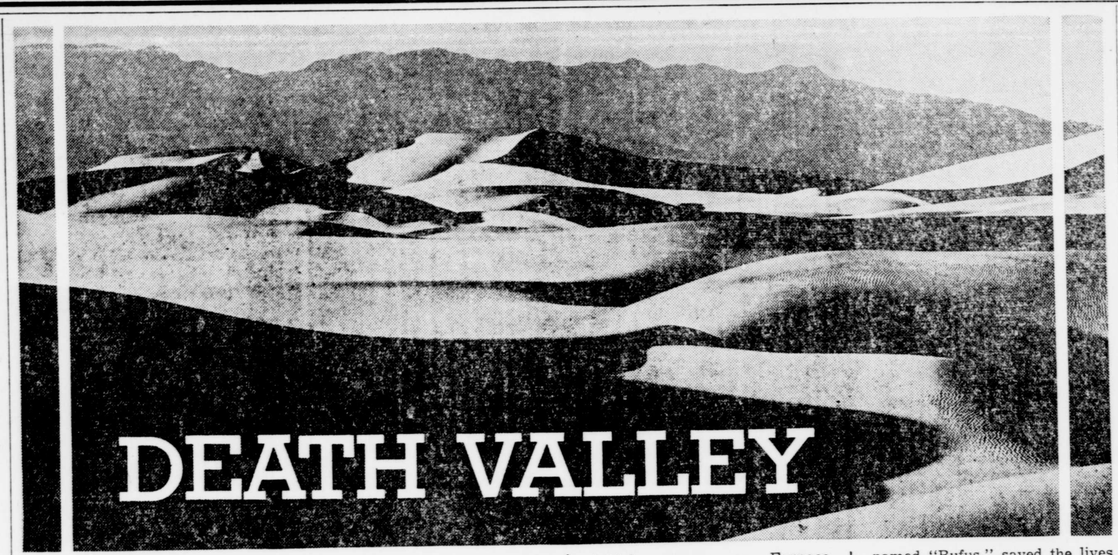
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)



PEP! The foe of PEP is Constipation. The foe of constipation and the friend and ally of PEP is Wright's INDIAN VEGETABLE Pills "THE TONIC-LAXATIVE"

25c a box at druggists or Wrights Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N.Y. City.



DEATH VALLEY

HOW DEATH VALLEY WAS NAMED
(From "Tales of the Old Frontier.")

Across the white plain the heat waves shimmered and danced. Mirages of cool lakes appeared, mocking their thirst, and vanished. In the background stood a range of black-walled mountains through which the emigrants could see no opening. And this was Christmas day, 1849!

Early in the spring they had left the Middle West, 100 wagons strong, for the gold field of California. Then the fatal decision of a part of the train to try a short cut across the mountains had brought them into this valley whose floor was more than 200 feet below the level of the sea. In it they wandered for weeks of torment.

Again the party split. One group, 36 persons in all, young bachelors from Illinois who called themselves "The Jayhawkers," pressed on toward the mountains. Some of them died of starvation, some of thirst and others went mad and wandered away into the desert. In all 13 perished before they fought through to safety.

The other party, men with families, found a tiny spring and camped there to rest. Then food supplies ran low. Their oxen began to die and their wagons to fall apart in the blistering sun. So Asahel Bennett, their leader, sent two young fellows, Will Manley and John Rogers, forth to find a way out of the trap. As they departed Mrs. Bennett gave Manley a double handful of rice—half of all she had— and silently pointed to the hunger-pinched faces of her children.

The emigrants now sat down to wait for the return of the two scouts. A week passed—two—three—and still they did not return. At the end of the fourth week all except Asahel Bennett's wife abandoned hope. "They will come back," she declared steadfastly. But they did not, and the emigrants resolved upon one final desperate attempt. They began stripping the canvas covers from the prairie schooners and making pack saddles to cinch upon their emaciated oxen.

And then Manley and Rogers returned! They spoke but briefly of the days of horror spent in struggling from one waterhole to the next across the 250 miles of the Mojave desert, of the dead of the Jayhawker party whom they found along the trail. But they had brought food and, most vital of all, they had found a way out.

They guided the party on the long climb to the summit of the Panamint range. As the emigrants reached the crest and looked back into the inferno from which they had escaped, Asahel Bennett's wife raised her arms in a gesture of farewell. "Good-by, Death Valley!" she cried.

And thus it was named.

* * *

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IN THIS valley the heat waves still shimmer and dance across the sandy waste; the mirages still appear and then vanish; and the sun still blazes down to make it the hottest place found in all the world in mid-summer, with recorded temperatures of 137 in the shade and 160 in the sun. But how different is its reputation nearly a century after Asahel Bennett's wife christened it with that dread name of Death Valley!

There was a time when most Americans believed the saying "See Death Valley and die!" But that has been changed since Uncle Sam has been saying to his children: "After you have visited the Great Smoky mountains in North Carolina, Yellowstone park in Wyoming, Acadia park in Maine and Mesa Verde in Colorado, come to Death Valley. Here is a winter playground for you. Come, enjoy it."

For Death Valley is now a national monument, administered by the national park service of the department of the interior. And so every year, from October to May, thousands of Americans respond to their Uncle Samuel's invitation. For the fear of danger or even of discomfort in this lost world of lonely desert wastes, of harsh, barren mountains, of brooding silences, is no longer present there. Over the roads and trails once marked by the bones of pioneers, thousands of automobile tourists now drive in safety, finding there tourist camps, garages and gasoline stations and the ever- present roadside stands.

It's "Life Valley" Now.

The silence of the desert is no longer broken only by the winds which sweep down from the mountain tops and stir the ever-changing sands. The music of resort hotel orchestras blare out and echo from the slopes of the Funeral range or the Panamints. Moreover, Death Valley, once inhabited mainly by snakes and lizards, now has a permanent human population of nearly 200—the last census figures show that. Some of them have built luxurious homes there and they, with the thousands of tourists who come every year by automobile, by railroad, by bus line—yes, even by airplane—, have transformed Death Valley into Life Valley.

* * *

Dramatic as is the incident which gave Death Valley its name, scarcely less dramatic is the story of how the borax industry, which spread the fame of Death Valley, got its start in this region.

In 1880 Aaron Winters lived with his wife, Rosie, in a frontier home in Ash Meadows, a tiny oasis east of Death Valley. To their home one day came a wandering prospector who told the Winters of the borax deposits in the state of Nevada and how a great fortune awaited anyone who could find more such deposits. Winters asked many questions, including the question of how a person could know borax if he discovered it. He was told that the best test was to pour certain chemicals over the supposed borax deposit and then to fire it. If it were borax the chemicals would burn with a green flame.

"It Burns Green.!"

Winters had made many visits into Death Valley, and after talking to the prospector was convinced that there was borax there. So he set out immediately, accompanied by his wife, and soon afterwards encamped on Furnace creek. In the marsh (which appears on Furnace creek in the spring) he gathered the most likely-looking deposit.

That night he made the test as the prospector had told him. There was a breathless moment of suspense and then Aaron Winters cried "Rosie, she burns green! We're rich!" The borax industry of Death Valley had come into existence.

The next problem was how to get the rich borax deposits out of the valley. Out of necessity came the famous 20-mule team wagons which are inseparably associated with the name of Death Valley.

But borax is not the only wealth which this valley contains. Gold was discovered there many years ago and it has been the favorite haunt for the old-time prospector. Perhaps the most famous of these prospectors—certainly the most publicized—was the man who became known as "Death Valley Scotty." He was Walter Scott, an ex-cowboy and once a champion rough rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show.

Every so often "Scotty" came out of Death Valley with a pocket full of gold. He was believed to have a secret mine and certainly its wealth seemed to be inexhaustible. He hired special trains to take him to Chicago or New York. When he came to town he threw money out of hotel windows and traffic jams caused by scrambling people resulted. He built a desert palace which was said to have cost more than $2,000,000. He found other and new ways of "blowing" his money—all of which landed him on the front pages of newspapers all over the country and he became a perpetual advertisement, an official "press agent," for this region which remained a land of mystery for so long.

The Good Samaritan.

Another picturesque figure in the history of this region was the man who became known as the "Good Samaritan of Death Valley." Lou Westcott Beck was his name and he was one of the great number of men who sought wealth in this valley of death. But instead of finding his fortune he nearly lost his life in its barren wastes. When he finally escaped he resolved to devote his life to saving others from the fate which had almost been his.

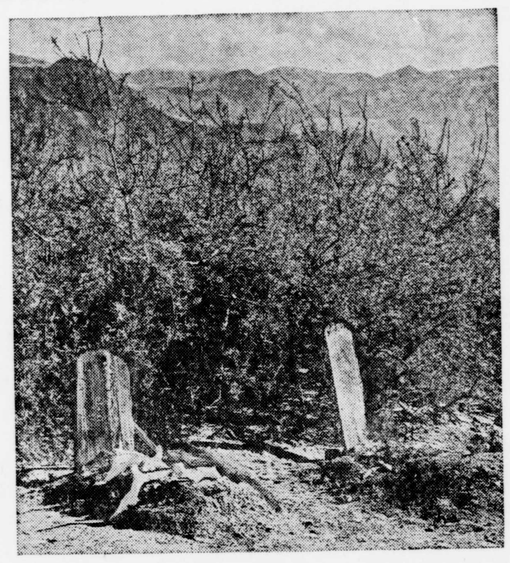
Each summer Beck made a trip into the valley of purple mist and great thirst, piling up rocks and placing signs on them to guide prospectors to waterholes, searching for lost travelers and guiding them to safety. For 13 years he did this work and during that time he and his companion, a Newfoundland dog named "Rufus," saved the lives of between three and four hundred travelers in the Colorado and Mojave deserts as well as Death Valley.

Then in 1917 Death Valley "got him" at last. During one of his trips he came to a spring which he had always used and drank from it. He offered some water to Rufus, but the dog refused to drink. The spring had become infected. After a terrible trip to his home in Pasadena, where Mrs. Beck awaited their return, the "Good Samaritan" went to bed ill and never rose again. The work which he inaugurated was carried on by the United States geological survey which erected the numerous sign posts that saved the earliest tourists from suffering the fate of so many of the pioneers in the valley.

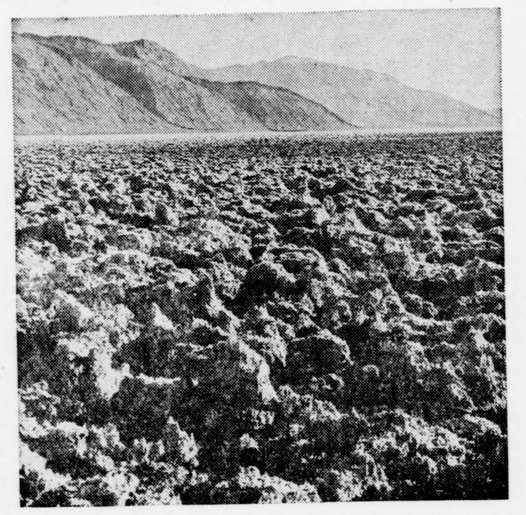
Another interesting character in Death Valley history was "Dad" Fairbanks who won fame as the "official rescuer" of the region. During his career in that role "Dad" saved the lives of more than 50 persons who had become lost in the desert. He called the buzzards, which wheel in great circles over the valley, his "spies."

"When the buzzards fly low and hover over one spot, I know some animal is in distress" he was accustomed to explain, "But when they hover high I know some human being is weakening under the blistering sun and needs my help out there in the desert." So to the lore of Death Valley is added the ironical fact that these birds more than once robbed themselves of their meal because their method of flying revealed to "Dad" Fairbanks' keen eyes the fact that a human being was in distress.

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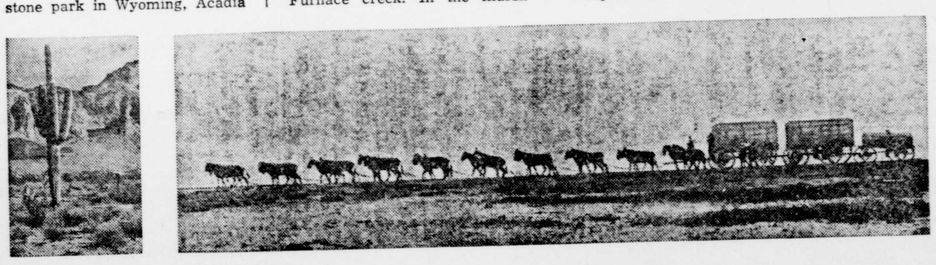
OLD TIMERS' GRAVES—These two simple slabs of wood mark the last resting places of two of Death Valley's best beloved characters: Jim Dayton, a driver of one of the famous 20-mule teams, who was buried on the spot where he perished in 1898 with all of his team, and "Shorty" Harris, who outlived him by nearly four decades, and was laid to rest, at his expressed desire, beside his buddy.



THE DEVIL'S GOLF COURSE—An expanse of salty deposit, crystallized into weird and fantastic shapes, varying in height from an inch to three feet and more, it is a striking testimonial to the fact that the floor of Death Valley was once a great inland sea.



DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY





A Few Little Smiles

MIMICRY NO SUCCESS

A man who prides himself on his powers of mimicry is always keen on adding to his repertoire. His latest is an imitation of the buzzing of a bee, London Tit-Bits says.

After practicing assiduously in private, the day arrived when he considered it sufficiently realistic to try on his wife.

Standing quietly in the hall, he began the buzzing noise and, gradually opening the diningroom door, gave full vent to the imitation.

"Lifelike, dear, what?" he hazarded, smilingly.

"Pooh!" his wife answered. "I don't think that's much like a cow."

GOOD PROPOSITION



"Couldn't we form a stock company and sell lots on this ocean front?"

"I should say so—and look at the water we could put in the stock?"

A Suggestion

She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband.

"Wilfred," she said in a hoarse whisper, "Wilfred, wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"

Hubby unwillingly sat up. "Well, what about it?" he groaned.

"I can hear it squeaking," she said fearfully.

"Well, d'you want me to get out and oil it or something?" he snapped.

Hubby Was Spared

A motorist was giving a woman lessons in driving.

"The hand lever," he said, "brakes the rear wheels only, and the floor pedal brakes all four. Is that clear?"

"M'yes," replied the woman, doubtfully, "but I'd rather not have any of them broken."

Obstinate Husband

"And what's your new husband like, dear?"

"Oh, simply too obstinate for words, darling. You wouldn't believe the job I have to convince him that I'm always right!"—Smith's Weekly.

Or Begin Praying

Skipper—Is there any man in this crew who can't swim?

Bosun's Mate—Just one, sir, the carpenter's mate.

Skipper—This ship's going down. If he's really a carpenter he'd better start building himself a boat!

THE PROBLEM



Mrs. A.—How beautiful they dance together.

Mrs. B.—Yes, I wonder whose husband her partner is?

In Sea Terms

"Good morning, parson. Haven't seen you lately."

"No, captain, I've been busy. Only this morning I married three couples in 15 minutes."

"Smart going, parson! That's 10 knots an hour!"—Outspan.

True, All Right

Motorist—I've had it a whole year and I haven't paid a cent for repairs or upkeep on my car since I bought it.

Friend—Yes, so the man at the service station tells me.—Exchange.

Old-Fashioned

Sweet Young Thing—My boy friend has cold feet.

Fond Auntie—Shame on you, young lady. In my day we didn't find out those things until we were married.

No Spare Parts

"Please, ma'am," begged the beggar timidly, "I've lost my left leg——"

"Well," snapped the woman, slamming the door. "I'm sure it isn't here!"

An Antique

Guide — This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.

Visitor — Um, they must have the same landlord we have.

Expert

Young Brown was watching young Jones admiringly in the swimming bath.

"Jolly good! You can swim like a fish," he said.

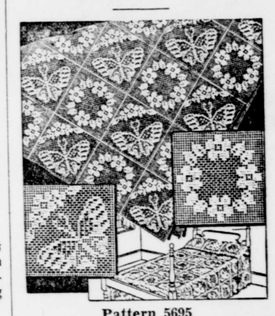
"Better, I reckon," said his friend. "I can swim on my back."—Barrie Examiner.

Explained

"The chap who came in with daughter was most polite. What is he?"

"A civil engineer."

Lacy Squares Form a Spread or Scarf



Pattern 5695

In this pattern filet crochet, that favorite of the modern needlewoman, is adapted to two lovely squares—handsome used together—effective each used alone in cloth, bedspread or scarf. The lace stitch sets off the design in each square. String is the material used and you'll be delighted with the result. You can also use mercerized cotton to make the squares a smaller size. In pattern 5695 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

1. What are "blue sky laws?"
2. What is sake?
3. What is a hookah?
4. What does "cloistral" mean?
5. What is the capital of Northern Ireland?
6. What World war campaign brought forth the battle cry "They shall not pass?"
7. In what famous child's story does "the Red Queen" appear?
8. What mythology tells of Valhalla?
9. For what is Marie Montessori famous?
10. What is a bonanza?
11. Who was Caligula?
12. Who wrote the "Penrod" stories?

Answers

1. Laws intended to protect investors against sellers of poor securities.
2. A Japanese rice beer.
3. A tobacco pipe in which smoke is drawn through water.
4. Secluded.
5. Belfast.
6. The attack on Verdun.
7. "Alice Through the Looking Glass."
8. The Norse.
9. For a system of education.
10. A rich vein of ore.
11. A Roman emperor from 37 to 41.
12. Booth Tarkington.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste.—Adv.

Power in Truth

There is nothing so powerful as truth; and often nothing so strange.—Daniel Webster.

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

LUDEN'S 5¢ DO ALL THREE!

Time for Courtesy

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy. —Emerson.

Less Monthly Discomfort

Many women, who formerly suffered from a weak, run-down condition as a result of poor assimilation of food, say they benefited by taking CARDUI, a special medicine for women. They found it helped to increase the appetite and improve digestion, thereby bringing them more strength from their food.

Naturally there is less discomfort at monthly periods when the system has been strengthened and the various functions restored and regulated.

Cardui, praised by thousands of women, is well worth trying. Of course, if not benefited, consult a physician.



AFTER YOU EAT?

After you finish a meal can you be sure of regular, successful elimination? Get rid of waste material that causes gas, acidity, headaches. Take Milnesia Wafers for quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

