THREE LITTLE MAIDS

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

When the leaves were turning yellow in the autumn of 1908, three little maids in flowing silken gowns marched up the stairs of a weatherbeaten Victorian building in Macon, Georgia, and breathlessly confronted the registrar of Wesleyan college, oldest chartered woman's college in the world.

Temporarily taken aback, the registrar quickly regained his composure and flipped open the pages of a great ledger. In the great book, the three little maids inscribed, one after the other, these names:

"E-Ling Soong
"Ching-Ling Soong
"May-Ling Soong
"Father: Charles Jones Soong, Shanghai, China."

Then, armed with certificates of registration, the three little maids climbed more stairs, marched down a long corridor toward their rooms—and toward a place in history as one of the greatest trios of women in the chronicles of mankind.

Today, with China fighting for her very life as a free and independent democracy, the enrollment of the three Soong sisters at Wesleyan takes on many aspects of a turning point in history. For when the three little Chinese maids registered at an American college, the history of China began re-shaping itself to fit an American pattern.

It was a process which had been heading toward a climax for a full quarter-century.

In the 1880s the father of the three Soong girls, Charles Jones Soong, arrived in the United States as a poor relation, come to serve an apprenticeship with a wealthy uncle in Boston.

Fortunately for China, however, Charles Soong found a way out. Looking about for an American solution to his problem, he found it in the very best tradition of the Bay state. He ran away to sea, beginning as a cabin boy on a steamship plying the coastwise channels between Boston and Savannah, Ga.



As a student at Wesleyan, little Ching-Ling exclaimed over the success of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, China's "George Washington." Later she married him, helping infuse the democratic American spirit into China's 400,000,000 people.



E-Ling, Charles Soong's second daughter, as she appeared during school days at Macon, Ga. Today she is married to Dr. H. H. Kung, premier of China, an American university graduate and a descendant of Confucius.

In the sleepy, lush civilization of the American deep South, Charles Soong found something kindred to the slow but determined life of the agricultural China which had given him birth. Soon the little Oriental cabin boy took off his white jacket for the last time and enrolled as a student at Duke university.

Back to the Orient.

When Charles Soong returned to China as a publisher of Bibles, one of his first social projects was to found the Chinese Young Men's Christian association.

And as his three daughters and his son grew, Charles Soong resolved to bring them up in the American way which had so profoundly influenced his own life. In the care of a missionary returning to the United States, he sent his four children to college—the boy, T. V. Soong, to Harvard; the three girls to staunch old Methodist Wesleyan.

The three Soong sisters spoke many times of their hope that China might some day become a great republic like the United States. And in 1911, they saw the first of their dreams for China come true when China became a republic under the inspired leadership of one of history's great republicans, Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

The enthusiasm of the second Soong sister, Ching-Ling, at this event is still remembered at Wesleyan. Classmates say that when first news came of Sun Yat-sen's success, Ching-Ling climbed onto a chair to pull down the old Imperial Dragon from her wall and put in its place the flag of the new Republic of China. Throwing the old banner to the floor, she exclaimed:

"Sun Yat-sen has achieved one of the most glorious deeds in the history of the world."

She Was Right.

Her enthusiasm was almost prophetic, for just four years later little Ching-Ling became the bride of Sun Yat-sen and, as his wife, was able to aid him in his mission of infusing the democratic American spirit into China's 400,000,000 people.

The historic significance of the American education of the Soong sisters became even more profound when the eldest, E-Ling, married Dr. H. H. Kung, himself an American university graduate as well as a descendant of Confucius and today the premier of China.

When her sisters returned to China, May-Ling transferred to Wellesley college in Massachusetts, to be near her brother at Harvard.

That little May-Ling would ever become more famous than her two illustrious sisters seemed almost an impossibility.

But in 1927 at one of the innumerable gatherings at the Soong house, May-Ling met a slim, young leader of the Chinese Republicans, Chiang Kai-shek, who had just concluded a spectacular campaign to unite China solidly behind the principles of Sun Yat-sen.

Chiang Kai-shek fell in love with May-Ling. Their courtship was an impetuous and a strange one. For interspersed with love-making were interminable discussions of economics, of China's history, her future, of great reforms and great plans. During the courtship, May-Ling converted Chiang Kai-shek to Christianity. He quickly became one of the most devout members of the Southern Methodist church. Then May-Ling and Chiang Kai-shek were married—and the most glorious decade in all China's 5,000 years began.

China's New Life.

Her first step was to found the New Life movement, one of the most sensational reforms ever conceived in China. Into this new organization Madame Chiang and her two sisters gathered all the leading scholars and savants of China.

With breath-taking rapidity the New Life movement broke ground for vast housing projects for the long-neglected Chinese working classes. Outside Shanghai's International settlement on Chinese-owned land sprang up a great civic center with museums, libraries, housing projects, theaters and parks, a living symbol of the greatness planned for all of China.

By 1937, the progress of Madam Chiang's New Life movement had assumed the speed of a race—a grim race in which the generalissimo and May-Ling strove to complete their modernization before their envious neighbor struck.

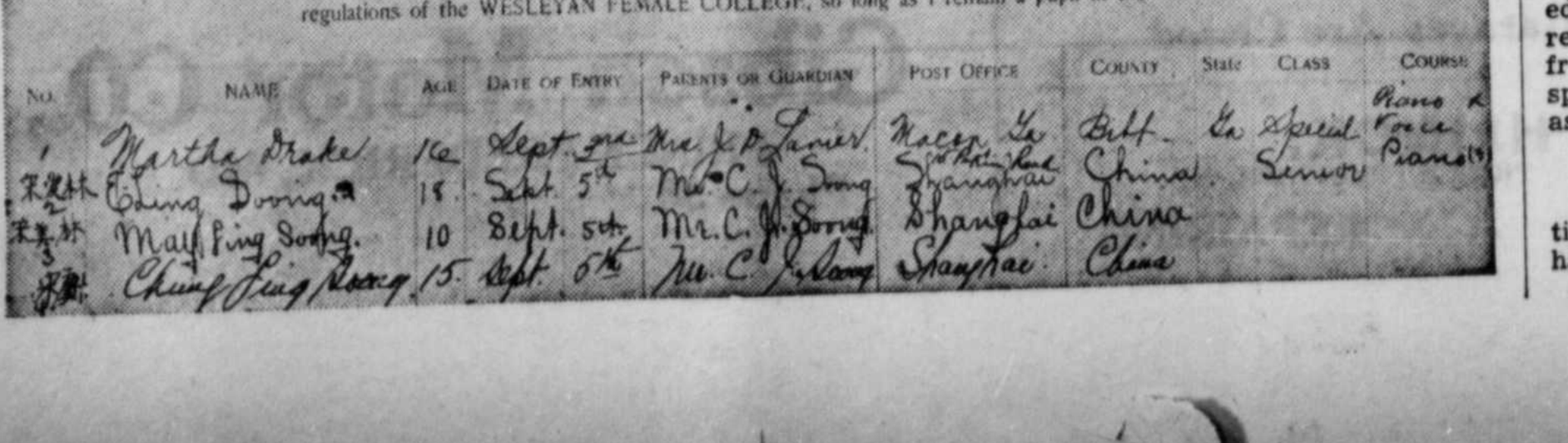
Then came war—a war which students of the Orient believe was begun purely to retard the progress of the awakened China. Much that May-Ling and Generalissimo Chiang and the Soong sisters had done was destroyed. Hospitals, universities, churches, housing projects, all were ruthlessly destroyed. But enough survives to form a new foundation.

When it is over the three little maids who registered at an American college 30 years ago may have a new chance to rebuild China on a sound and enduring plan — an American plan.

© Western Newspaper Union.



May Ling, who frightened Wellesley college by swinging a curved Chinese scimitar over her head, is now Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of China's leader in the current war of defense against the invading Japanese. She deserves her rank as one of the world's most notable women.



1908 - 1909

The act of subscribing my name below implies a solemn promise on my part that I will faithfully keep all the rules and regulations of the WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, so long as I remain a pupil in the Institution.

No.	Name	Age	Date of Entry	Parents or Guardian	Post Office	County	State	Class	Course
	Martha Drake	16	Sept. 2nd	Mr. J. D. Lanier	Macon Ga	Bibb	Ga	Special	Piano & Voice
	Ching Soong	18	Sept. 5th	Mr. C. J. Soong	Shanghai	China		Senior	Piano
	May Ling Soong	10	Sept. 5th	Mr. C. J. Soong	Shanghai	China			
	Ching Ling Soong	15	Sept. 5th	Mr. C. J. Soong	Shanghai	China			

The Poetry Hour

By MARCIA DINSMORE
© Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.
WNU Service.

ARLINE breathed a sigh of relief when the door of the den was safely shut. For the twelfth successive Monday her aunt had allowed her to clean this room promptly at 10 o'clock without question. And, though, in the bitter round of Arline's overworked days, it was no such treat to clean a room, the den was different. For here was the radio. And here, at ten on Mondays, March conducted his poetry hour.

The newspapers liked to make a bit of a mystery of March. No one knew who he was. Even the radio people professed ignorance of his real identity.

"This morning," the clear, beautiful voice began, "at the request of one of my audience who, like myself, prefers to conceal her identity, I am going to share with you some of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language."

"Arline!"

The girl sprang to her feet, trembling.

"So this is how you work! Using up my radio! Get to work now! Your uncle has an important con-

SHORT SHORT STORY
Complete in This Issue

ference tonight." The great diamonds on her aunt's fingers glittered wickedly. Arline had long since ceased to wonder why Mrs. Bolls wore all her jewels even in the morning.

Eleven o'clock! Arline slipped from her chair with a sharp gasp of dismay. She had forgotten her uncle's conference. How could she slip upstairs without being heard?

Then the little red-and-gold book almost slid from her fingers. From behind the davenport by the window came an unmistakable sneeze. Fear held her rigid.

"Who is there?' she stammered.

After a moment of silence, a rather sheepish young man unfolded himself and stood before her.

"Does my uncle know you're here?"

"I hope not."

Arline's fingers tightened on the back of the chair. Her eyes were wide. It was his voice! It was March!

"What do you want?" she gasped.

"I had planned to see your uncle." He glanced swiftly toward the door.

There was no mistaking that furtive look. He had no honest business here. In a dreadful moment of understanding, Arline knew why he had kept his identity secret.

"My aunt's diamonds—did your errand concern them?"

The young man's eyes hardened. He regarded her for a moment, speculatively.

"In a way, yes," he admitted.

"Then it's no use," Arline told him bravely. "She wears them day and night." The young man did not move.

Oh, why didn't he go? Arline flushed with shame. She was protecting a criminal, just because she liked to hear him read poetry. On a sudden impulse, she thrust the book into his hands.

"See what I've been reading? I wrote you that letter! Now, won't you go?"

For a long moment the man stared down at the book, a deep flush rising in his face.

"You wrote that letter—his niece?" He jerked his head toward the door. Arline bit her lip at the memory of her uncle's hard eyes, his grim mouth.

"He's hard," she replied, "but he's good." She tried to make that last phrase an accusation, but she was ashamed of the lack of enthusiasm in her tone.

The young man started and stared at her.

"Look here," he protested. "If he's good, then what am I?" He read the answer in her miserable eyes. "I see. I'm a thief and a robber, but I have a lovely voice!"

Arline never replied to that. For on a sudden the door burst open and her uncle appeared on the threshold. March's hand dropped swiftly into his pocket. Upstairs there was a shot.

The next moment the room was plunged into darkness. Somewhere, amidst a crashing of glass, her uncle and March were grappling fiercely.

Then suddenly it was all over. Half fainting in her chair, Arline knew dimly that her uncle, and the other men, too, were being led off by a squad of policemen.

"You didn't get hurt, did you?" It was March, bending over her solicitously.

"But who—who are you?" gasped Arline.

"I'm a detective," admitted March. "I was supposed to hear what went on upstairs tonight, but my plans were almost ruined by a girl." He smiled down at her.

"But aren't you March? If you aren't — what I thought — why don't you tell your real name?"

A pensive look crossed March's friendly face, and he sighed.

"Reason enough! Don't you know that the biggest joke outside a comic strip is a cop who likes poetry?"

Sense of Sight, Taste, Smell

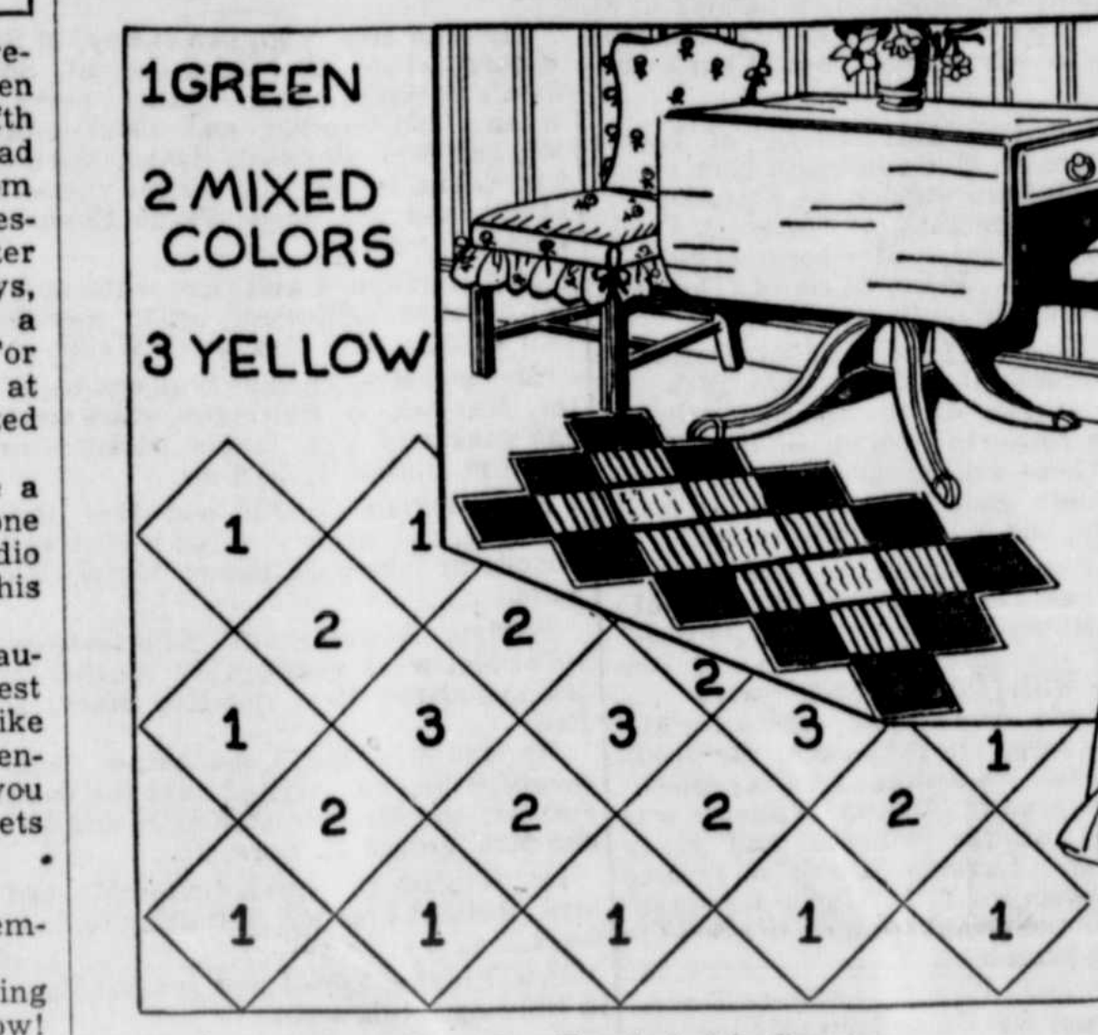
The sense of sight as well as the sense of smell often assists the sense of taste. Many wine tasters, says Collier's Weekly, when blindfolded, sometimes have difficulty in correctly naming wines that, produced from various soils, have correspondingly varied shades as well as flavors.

Lincoln's Private Secretary

Karl Jonas Ludvig Almquist for a time was private secretary to Abraham Lincoln.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Rag Rug Crocheted in Squares.

THE diagram shows how the contrasting squares are arranged to give the rug its interesting design. Whatever color scheme you use, black will be most effective for joining the squares and for an edging of single crochet around the outside of the rug. If the materials you have are not the colors you want, don't forget there is always the dye pot. Producing your own colors may be the most exciting part of rug making.

A crocheted rag rug like the one shown here uses odds and ends. Wool rags make a nicer rug than cotton, or rug yarn may be substituted if desired. Either a wood or large steel crochet hook is used. The rug shown here measures 36 by 21 inches. The 5-inch squares are made separately in single crochet stitch and then joined with crochet slip-stitch. If rags are used, tear or cut the strips not more than 1¼ inches wide, and work with the raw edges turned in as shown here at A. Measure each square carefully so they will all be exactly the same size. Full instructions for slip covers for side chairs like the one shown are in the book offered below.

NOTE: Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' book SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Forty-eight pages of illustrated directions for making slipcovers and curtains; also dressing tables; lampshades and other useful articles for the home. Price 25 cents postpaid (coin preferred). Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Perhaps Forgetful Chap Could Use Sharp Reply

A young man wrote to a business firm, ordering a razor:

"Dear Sirs: Please find enclosed a dollar for one of your razors as advertised and oblige. John Jones."

"P.S.—I forgot to enclose the dollar, but no doubt a firm of your standing will send the razor anyway."

The firm replied as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your order received. Sending the razor as requested and hope it will prove satisfactory."

"P.S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need of it."

Slight Difference

There is a difference of .0000028 inch—about one-thousandth the thickness of a hair—between the official United States and British inches. Engineers, however, are not waiting for legislative action to do away with the discrepancy, but in both countries have agreed on 25.4 millimeters as the standard inch. If only international differences covering greater territory could be settled with the same fine scientific detachment, we should all breathe easier.—The Commentator.

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PHILADELPHIA



Fair Warning

"Martha," said her mistress, "I want you to polish that table until I can see my face in it."

But Martha had already given notice. "If I was you, ma'am," she replied, "I wouldn't look."

LEARNING FAST



Oldboy—What are your views on matrimony, now?

Newwedd—I've got far enough to discover that it's much easier to follow a woman than it is to lead her.

Dutiful Mourner

"A penny's worth of licorice, please," said the little girl.

"I'm afraid I have no licorice, dear," said the sweetshop proprietress. "Must it be licorice?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it must," replied the child. "You see, our canary is dead and I'm in mourning."

Forgotten Place

A commercial traveler began to turn the room upside down.

"What have you lost, dear?" asked his wife.

"I've taken an order today, and I've mislaid the address of my firm."

Practical Reply

"When the barometer falls, what does that tell us? Come, Tommy, surely you know?"

"Nail's come out of the wall, miss."

"Is that you, Mother?" asked the excited new father over the phone. "Oh! Mother! Mother! —it's—it's—a—a—baby!"

Dashing His Hopes

"Cloudy day, sir," said the porter with "tip" written all over his face.

"Yes," was the reply, "and there's no change coming, either."

Cause for Complaint

"Those garage people certainly ruin a car."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, my car used to do seventy miles an hour. Then I let them put in a new speedometer, and now I can get only fifty-eight out of her."

AROUND the HOUSE — Items of Interest to the Housewife

Improving Meat Flavor.—The flavor of boiled ham, salt beef or tongue which is to be served cold is much improved if meat is left in the water in which it was boiled until it is cold.

• • •

Protecting Hat Band.—A strip of cellophane, folded and placed under the inside hat band, will prevent perspiration and oil from staining the outside ribbon or band.

• • •

Firm Pie Crust.—To prevent the lower crust of a fruit pie becoming soggy, brush it over with the white of an egg before putting in the fruit filling.

• • •

When Tying Bundles.—Twine used in tying bundles should always be dampened. It will tie much tighter and will not slip when knots are made.

• • •

Cleaning Upholstered Pieces.—Heavy upholstered pieces that cannot readily be taken outside can be freed from dust by placing over them an old sheet wrung out in hot water and then beating well with a cane. The sheet will absorb the dust.

• • •

When Fat Catches Fire.—Never throw water on burning fat. Use flour instead. Water only spreads the blaze.

• • •

Pressing Pleated Skirt.—Wire paper clips mey be used very successfully to hold pleats in position when pressing a skirt.

To Stiffen Meringue.—A generous pinch of soda added to the egg whites before they are beaten will make meringue stand up better.

• • •

For Light Muffins.—When making muffins in iron pans, grease the pans and heat them in the oven before putting the batter in. Your muffins will then be much lighter.

• • •

Sparing the Tablecloth.—Use white waxed paper under the child's tray on table. The paper saves the tablecloth and is barely noticeable.

"You Said it—It's Swell!" This Pepsodent with IRIUM

Irium contained in BOTH Pepsodent Tooth Powder and Pepsodent Tooth Paste

● You'll get the "Thrill of a Lifetime"... once you use Pepsodent containing Irium ...The thrill of seeing your teeth gleam with all their natural loveliness!

You can depend on Pepsodent to bring about a vast improvement to surface-stained teeth! For it is Irium that helps Pepsodent to so thoroughly brush away unsightly surface-stains, polish teeth to such glorious brilliance!... Pepsodent can make your teeth sparkle as they naturally should... and do it SAFELY. It contains NO BLEACH, NO PUMICE, NO GRIT! Try Pepsodent today!



THE JOURNAL, PRINCE FREDERICK, MARYLAND

Cool, Smart Frocks That're Easy to Tub

DRESSES with v-necks and short sleeves, easy to put on, and with no ruffles or fussy details to keep you long at the ironing board! That's the main and most important fashion for summer time, and here are two particularly smart styles that you can quickly and easily make at home, even if you haven't had much experience in sewing. A detailed sew chart comes with each pattern.



Slenderizing Shirtwaist Dress.

If you take a woman's size, choose this smart tailored type with notched collar, short kimona sleeves, and action pleats in the skirt. It's cool and unhampering for housework, and tailored enough so that you can drive to the station and go shopping in it, too. Gingham, percale, seersucker or tub silk are smart materials for it.

Basque Frock With Dainty Frills.

This charming dress is extremely becoming to slim, youthful figures, with its snug bodice, puff sleeves and wide revers. A fashion you'll enjoy for home wear and afternoon parties all summer long. This design will be lovely in any dainty cotton that you like—dotted Swiss, dimity, lawn and linen, light or dark, with white cuffs and revers to make it look so cool and fresh.

The Patterns.

1462 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material.

1453 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material, plus ⅝ yard contrasting for collar and cuffs, and 2¾ yards lace or edging to trim as pictured.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Beauty, Thrift in Crocheted Linens



Pattern 6038.

Cross-stitched bouquets in crocheted baskets can be a needlewoman's pride. Try these on your linens. Other cross-stitch motifs that may be used alone are given. The crochet is done in No. 50 cotton; the cross-stitch worked in lovely colors. In pattern 6038 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs 3½ by 12 inches; two motifs 4 by 10½ inches; two motifs 4½ by 7 inches; two motifs 4 by 12 inches; a chart and directions for crocheted edgings 4¼ by 15 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Humility in Wisdom

Humility is the part of wisdom, and is most becoming in men. But let no one discourage self-reliance; it is, of all the rest, the greatest quality of true manliness. —Louis Kossuth.

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MARYLAND'S FINEST BLOOD-TESTED CHICKS 8c and Up
Eight popular breeds and crosses. Started chicks; also Ducks and Poults. Hatches twice weekly. MILFORD HATCHERY, Milford Road nr. Liberty Rd., Pikesville, P. O. Rockdale, Md. Pikesville 36-R.

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• Blood-tested, leading breeds. All chicks unconditionally guaranteed.
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Large, Airy Rooms
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• Opposite Macy's
Near Pennsylvania Station

Dog Man's Friend, but—

No one likes to quarrel with the statement that the dog is man's best friend. In fact, we all like to believe it without question. But neighborhood dogs that insist on staining prized ornamental evergreens and shrubbery certainly do put a heavy strain on friendship.

Home owners have faced this problem sadly, angrily and ineffectually—until recently a very simple solution came to light.

All that you do is spray the lower branches of your evergreens and shrubs with a little nicotine sulphate mixed in water. It's harmless to plants—harmless to the dogs—and brings a tremendous relief to frayed tempers. You see, the desired result comes because dogs do not like the nicotine sulphate odor and give a wide berth to any spot where that odor is found.

ARE YOU ONLY A 3/4 WIFE?

Men can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is lovable for three weeks of the month—but a hell-cat the fourth.

No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of Pinkham's today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

True Nobility

If a man be endued with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

DETOUR DOGS
Get from your Dealer
"BLACK LEAF 40"
Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc.
Use 1¼ Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

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How Do You Feel?
Tired? Irritable? No ambition? Look at your watch—note the time. The same time tomorrow, compare how you feel then with the way you do right now! In the meantime, stop at your drugstore and, tonight, drink a cup of Garfield Tea.
Tonight—"Clean Up Inside"—Feel Different Tomorrow!
Lose that let-down feeling. Let Garfield Tea clean away undigested wastes, intestinal "left-overs." Acts gently, promptly, thoroughly. Drink like ordinary tea. 10c—25c.
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MOTHERS, ATTENTION! If your child has WORMS, the best remedy to drive them out is Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" Vermifuge. Good for grown-ups also. 50c a bottle at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., New York, N. Y.

BACKACHES
are quickly relieved with Yager's Liniment. A Doctor writes that he uses it for backaches, sprains and rheumatic pains. Buy Yager's Liniment today. Let it help you rub aches and pains away. In use over 50 years. 25c and 50c bottles.
YAGER'S LINIMENT

WNU—4 23—38

Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

GO INTO YOUR CLINCH

By THAYER WALDO
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

WHEN Audrey March announced her engagement to Dr. MacGregor, Hollywood evinced only a mild interest.

In the light of later circumstance, this seems amusing.

The film town rarely misses a chance to wag its collective tongue.

On the morning of the day that later papers carried the news of her betrothal, Audrey was seated in Arnold MacGregor's office.

The good doctor—a pleasant looking, pink-faced man past thirty-five—perched upon the desk corner near her, wiping his spectacles.

"You know," said Audrey in her clear, crisp tones, "this is all really splendid. Don't you think so? I mean, so few couples plan things out sensibly the way we have."

"Yes, my dear, you're quite right."

"Of course," she went on brightly, "it's been a sane arrangement from the very beginning. I'm tremendously glad you feel the same as I do about too much emotional nonsense. When I see how most of the men and women I work with act toward each other—well, it's perfectly asinine!"

Dr. MacGregor carefully pinched on his glasses and amended:

"Very upsetting to the health, too."

She sat forward then, exclaiming: "Oh, that reminds me! Now that we're announcing this, I'm going to see that they put no more love scenes in my pictures. These silly clinches, I mean. I suppose there's a certain class of people who demand what they call 'heart interest,' so far as the plot's concerned; but I'm through with promiscuous kissing and caressing. I think a fiance has the right to expect that. And, anyhow, it's disgusting!"

"A fine idea! Thank you, my dear," said the doctor, beaming benignly upon Audrey.

Now most certainly there would have been no dearth of talk had she carried out that plan. But for some reason, Audrey changed her strategy, if not her mind.

Perhaps the tactical about-face was due in some measure to the assignment that next week of Mr. Lyle Crenshaw, Zenith studio's latest Broadway recruit, as her leading man. Or it may have been that Audrey felt a more subtle approach was needed to carry the day.

At all events, though her new picture was replete with good old fashioned romantic trappings, she went through each stipulated piece of business during rehearsals, in a reserved but adequate fashion.

Hollywood shooting schedules are traditionally arranged with a fine disregard for continuity.

Thus it came about that when the picture was ready for actual filming, its last sequence went before the cameras first.

This was largely Director Newsom's doing.

He had a penchant for starting every production with the major love scene between the principals.

Said it broke the ice and made for a friendly, informal feeling all around.

They gathered early one morning on sound stage 9.

There were just 12 of them, including technicians and the camera crew.

When Audrey and Lyle Crenshaw had taken their places on the set, Bill Newsom urged:

"Now let's have everything you can give it. Remember, this is the big thump—where you finally admit for the first time that you love each other! I want sincerity, ardor, and a real honest-to-God clinch!"

Just what Audrey might have said or done if left to her own devices remains a matter of conjecture, for at this point fate took a hand.

Of course the hardened pragmatist might say "coincidence"; but the fateful element seems hard to ignore.

Anyhow, what happened was that a door shut softly somewhere off to the left, and of those on the stage only Audrey heard it.

She glanced around and saw Dr. Arnold MacGregor slowly approaching from the wings.

He stopped when he caught sight of her and waved with a motion that ended in a deprecating gesture.

Audrey flashed him a quick smile, and turned to Newsom with a most decisive air.

"I'm sorry, Bill—the clinch is out. I meant to telp you before: the man I'm going to marry agrees with me that it's only fair."

The series of expressions which swiftly crossed Bill Newsom's face would have made a swell closeup.

It took him a full three seconds to finds words enough to splutter:

"What the—say, are you trying to—well, cut me down for a seahorse! If this is your idea of a gag—"

"Not at all; don't be ridiculous, Bill," she said, very cool and dominating now.

"I mean every word of it, so you may as well stop arguing."

"Now you look here, young woman, I'll—"

"Oh, why not let it go!" cut in the smooth voice of Lyle Crenshaw.

"Personally, I'm all for the idea."

That gave Audrey an unexpected shock.

She stared at him frigidly, with a noticeable lack of gratitude.

Mr. Crenshaw was lighting a cigarette. He seemed rather bored.

Newsom exploded: "So you're both going to tell me how to run this, huh? All right—we'll find out whether I'm the director around here or just a stooge!"

With that, he stalked off in the general direction of the administration offices.

Crenshaw raised his shoulders slightly and murmured:

"Tch—too bad."

Audrey tried one more glare, but it roused no visible reaction.

She left the stage battling against angry frustration.

MacGregor had gone.

The discovery fed Audrey's irritation.

It was like his silly squeamishness to pussyfoot away at a time like this. Probably find him waiting meekly somewhere, ready to apologize for his existence.

She passed the half open door on the way to her own dressing room.

In the first instant the voice that came dimly from beyond it meant nothing.

Then she stopped short at sound of a familiar chuckle.

"Now, doctor," feminine tones cooed, "I just know there's something the matter with me. Take a real good look."

Audrey turned her head and found she could obey that injunction.

Through the hingeside door crack Dr. MacGregor was to be seen looking very closely at a young woman whose hands were on his houlders.

He repeated the soft chortle and remarked:

He repeated the soft chortle and remarked:

"Seems to be a biological problem."

After that, the town forms became somewhat indistinguishable.

Audrey clenched her hands until the nails dug in.

A surge of furious and partly new emotions swept her as she walked away and up the stairs.

It was still intensely active when she rounded a corner and bumped smack into Lyle Crenshaw.

She gazed up at him for a split second, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him authoritatively.

"Is that," she then demanded, "what Bill wants?"

His grin and his embrace were genuine.

"I think so. Anyway, it suits me."

She tried to go on sounding matter-of-fact, but the dimples at her mouth corners seemed to interfere.

"Well," she sighed, "of course it's Bill I' m thinking of, so perhaps we'd better have some more rehearsals."

Giant Clam Is Queerest Man-Killer in the World

The giant clam, nightmare bivalve of the Australian seas, is one of the queerest man-killers in the world.

The clam is a huge hinged shell, in two parts like an oyster, and museum specimens reveal that it attains a length of anything up to eight feet. Native divers, operating on the sea floor in quest of pearl shells, have often described monsters fourteen feet long. Half the shell of a medium-sized clam, about five feet long, would make a comfortable bath for a baby, notes a correspondent in the New York Times.

The weight of an ordinary-sized shell is so great it takes two men to lift its 500 or 600 pounds. Often the shells are shipped away; they are popular with preachers who use them as ornamental holy-water basins because of their striking colors.

The giant clam does not fasten itself to coral reef or rocks, but remains, ponderous and immovable, in one of the coral pools, where it waits, hinge side down. Day and night it feeds with its great shell open, devouring the tiniest organisms in the water despite its great size.

And at the least sign of danger the clam exerts its immensely powerful muscle controlling the hinge and swirls shut. This snapping has caused the deaths of many natives and divers who have been caught by the foot and found themselves unable to wrench free.

Peanuts Popular With Old and Young, and Bring Huge Income to Growers

In the tidewater region of Virginia and back and around the Dismal swamp, and down into North Carolina and Tennessee, and in the Southeastern and Southwestern parts of the United States there exists a strange plant called Arachis hypogaea.

It extends its yellow flowers to the sun and its straggling roots into the sandy soil, and having reached maturity bends down its stems in modesty and determination and buries them in the ground. Two to three months later men come with diggers.

The harvest is a rich hay for stock fodder and from underground a small legume pod used for human food. The pod is a peanut.

Last year from about 1,700,000 Southern acres came a peanut harvest of 1,300,000,000 pounds, representing an American consumption of 10 pounds per capita. This country produces 99.8 per cent of all the peanuts it uses, says a writer in Fortune Magazine.

Although it produces less than one-tenth of the world crop of between 15 and 20 billion pounds, it nevertheless ranks fourth in production behind China, India and Africa. And it is peculiar among peanut-growing countries in that it likes peanuts as peanuts.

Most of the world supply of peanuts is pressed for oil. Most of the American supply of peanuts is consumed as roasted peanuts in the shell, salted peanuts, peanut butter, peanut bars and other peanut confections.

At least 1,200 separate manufacturing establishments are engaged in the peanut business in one way or another. At least 450,000 farms grow peanuts every year and last year their direct income from the peanut harvest was around $44,000,000.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Warns Against Food Fads and Fallacies

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains How They May Endanger Health

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th St., New York City.

AS SCIENCE and civilization have progressed, painstaking investigators have sought to replace ignorance with knowledge, to substitute truth for superstition. But in spite of their efforts, our eating habits are still influenced by a multitude of food fads and fancies, which should have no place in this enlightened age.

Some of these are harmless; others may endanger health. And the homemaker must learn to distinguish between fact and fancy.

—★—

Fish Is Not a Brain Food

One of the most persistent fallacies is the notion that certain kinds of food are especially beneficial for certain parts of the body. Many people believe that fish is a brain food and celery a nerve tonic. Lettuce is thought to be a soporific. None of these things is true.

The idea regarding fish probably arose because fish contains phosphorus and the brain also contains phosphorus. How simple it would be if one could increase brain power merely by eating fish. Unfortunately, there is nothing to it! The brain, like other parts of the body, requires a balanced diet. No case has ever been reported of a man soothing the irritated nerves of his wife by feeding her celery. And as for lettuce, it is a fine source of minerals, vitamins and gentle roughage, but it does not contain any narcotic drug that induces sleep.



—★—

Not Necessary to Sip Milk

Another false idea is the widespread notion that milk must be sipped slowly or it will be difficult to digest. This has been refuted by a widely known investigator who made many tests. One day he fed a man a pint of milk in **10 seconds**. The next day the same man was fed the same amount of milk in **10 minutes**. On both occasions the contents of the stomach were examined a half hour later.

It was discovered that the milk which was drunk in 10 seconds had formed smaller curds than the milk which was sipped in 10 minutes. And in both cases, the curds were of practically the same consistency.

—★—

Water With Meals?

It is widely held that water should not be taken with meals, the argument being that it dilutes the gastric juice and thus interferes with digestion. This sounds logical and many people have been fooled. **But the truth of the matter is that water stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and careful research has established that normally, water taken with meals in reasonable quantities aids digestion.**

—★—

Danger of Half Truths

The most insidious food fallacies are those which contain some portion of truth—for example, the belief that cooked fruit is more wholesome than raw fruit. It is true that cooking increases the digestibility of some fruits and also has a sterilizing effect. On the other hand, most fruits are easily digested in the raw state, are more palatable and richer in vitamins.

A widespread belief which has a small portion, but only a small portion of truth, is that whole wheat bread is vastly superior to white bread. Whole wheat bread contains more minerals, vitamins and roughage than white bread. But the minerals and vitamins lacking in white bread can easily be supplied by other common foods, and there is no justification for going to the extreme of omitting white bread entirely from the diet.

—★—

Fad Diets Lack Balance

Far more harmful than the fallacies regarding individual foods are the fad diets constantly put forth by those who seek to exploit the homemaker's desire for dietetic knowledge.

—★—

Foods Not Incompatible

A fad diet which has gained a large number of adherents in recent years is based on the notion that certain foods — notably starches and proteins—are incompatible and should not be consumed at the same meal because they cannot be digested at the same time. **It is interesting to note that this fad has been condemned by the medical profession and that a physician of the highest standing has proved clinically that starches and proteins do not interfere with one another in the stomach.**

The fallacy of this theory is further appreciated when one realizes that there are few pure proteins or pure carbohydrates, most foods containing varying proportions of protein, carbohydrate and fat. Such foods as dried peas and beans and whole grain cereals contain a substantial percentage of both starch and protein.

—★—

Dangers of Fasting

Fasting is urged by some faddists as a means of "detoxifying" the body. Advocates of this practice claim that it is nature's method of housecleaning. As a matter of fact, fasting for any length of time may be dangerous to health, because it may result in the accumulation of incomplete oxidation products of fat, and the development of acidosis.

Homemakers must put aside superstitions, half-truths and food fallacies if they are to nourish their families properly.

Put your faith only in established food facts. Remember that upon your knowledge and breadth of vision depend, to a great degree, not only the health but the happiness of your family.

Questions Answered

Mrs. A. F. R., Jr.—Light corn syrup yields nothing but energy values, but dark corn syrup is a good source of iron. Pure molasses is rich in calcium and iron.

Miss M. F.—Nut protein is similar to the protein of meat and fish and nuts may be used in place of these foods when desired. They should not replace milk and eggs, however, as with few exceptions, they are low in minerals and cannot compare with eggs or milk as a source of vitamins.

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Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

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Influencing Action

The forces that impel action reside in temperament. The ideals and convictions that guide it are hidden in the mind and heart. A man moves slowly or swiftly, he does his work slowly or swiftly, according to the energy that is in him. But the direction of his life, this way or that way, follows the unseen influence of what he admires and loves and believes in.—Henry Van Dyke.

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