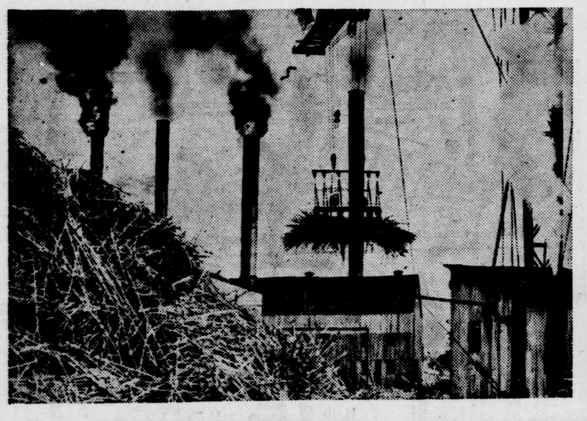
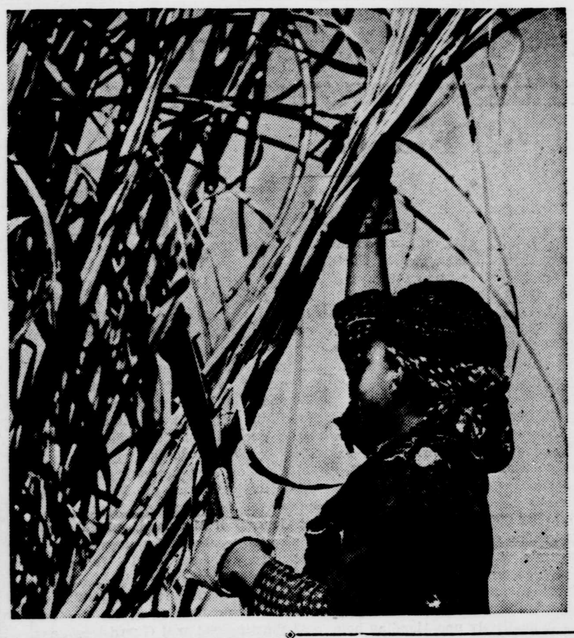
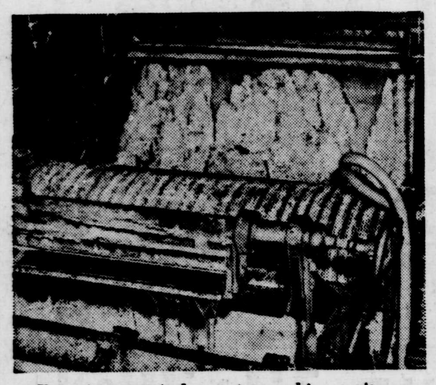
SWEETNESS . . .

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-SIX years ago this summer the first stalks of sugar cane were imported to Louisiana from Java, 12,000 miles away. Today this oldest industry is the foundation for Louisiana's agricultural wealth, income amounting to $52,000,000 annually. RIGHT: Luscious stalks of emerald green cane, from 8 to 12 feet high, fall beneath the blows of a machette when cutting season arrives in the fall. BELOW: Gigantic mounds of cane arise outside the mills during grinding season.







Here is one of the great machine units converting cane in the process of being crushed to extract the juice. This is the modern transformation of those first crude sugar kettles in which sticky molasses was turned into granules of sugar.

After refining, thousands of bags of raw sugar are shown being stored in the warehouse to await shipment to all parts of the country. Some of it will find its way into candy, some into your sugar bowl and coffee cup.

BEDTIME STORY

Farmer Brown's Little Boy Puzzled by Lack of Trout

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

FARMER BROWN'S boy was tramping through the Green Forest whistling merrily. He always whistles when he feels light-hearted and he always feels light-hearted when he goes fishing. You see, he is just as fond of fishing as is Little Joe Otter or Billy Mink or Buster Bear. And now he was making his way through the Green Forest to the Laughing Brook, sure that by the time he had followed it down to the Smiling Pool he would have a fine lot of trout to take home. He knew

"It wasn't cut off with a knife; it was bitten off."

every pool in the Laughing Brook where the trout love to hide, did Farmer Brown's boy, and it was just the kind of a morning when the trout should be hungry.

When he reached the first little pool he baited his hook very carefully and then taking the greatest care to keep out of sight of any trout that might be in the little pool he began to fish. Now Farmer Brown's boy learned a long time ago that to be a successful fisherman one must have a great deal of patience so though he didn't get a bite right away as he had expected to he wasn't the least bit discouraged. He kept very quiet and fished and fished, patiently waiting for a foolish trout to take his hook. But he didn't get so much as a nibble. "Either the trout have lost their appetite or they have grown very wise," muttered Farmer Brown's boy as after a long time he moved on to the next little pool.

There the same thing happened. He was very patient, very, very patient, but his patience brought no reward, not so much as the faintest kind of a nibble. Farmer Brown's boy trudged on to the next pool and there was a puzzled frown on his freckled face. Such a thing never had happened before. He didn't know what to make of it. All the night before he had dreamed about the delicious dinner of fried trout he would have the next day and now—well if he didn't catch some trout pretty soon that splendid dinner would never be anything but a dream.

"If I didn't know that nobody else comes fishing here I should think that somebody had been here this very morning and caught all the fish or else frightened them so that they are all in hiding," said he, as he trudged on to the next pool. "I never had such luck in all my life before. Hello! What's this?"

There on the bank beside the little pool were the heads of three trout. Farmer Brown's boy scowled down at them more puzzled than ever. "Somebody has been fishing here and they have had better luck than I have," thought he. He looked up the Laughing Brook and down the Laughing Brook and this way and that way but no one was to be seen. Then he picked up one of the little heads and looked at it sharply. "It wasn't cut off with a knife; it was bitten off!" he exclaimed. "I wonder now if Billy Mink is the scamp who has spoiled my fun."

Thereafter he kept a sharp lookout for signs of Billy Mink, but though he found two or three more trout heads he saw no other signs and he caught no fish. This puzzled him more than ever. It didn't seem possible that such a little fellow as Billy Mink could have caught or frightened all the fish or have eaten so many. Besides, he didn't remember ever having known Billy to leave heads around that way. Billy sometimes catches more fish than he can eat but then he usually hides them. The farther he went down the Laughing Brook the more puzzled Farmer Brown's boy grew. It made him feel very queer. He would have felt still more queer if he had known that all the time two other fishermen who had been before him were watching him and chuckling to themselves. They were Little Joe Otter and Buster Bear.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Bothered by Bees? —Just Use Vacuum

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—James D. Hall has hit upon a new device for exterminating yellow jackets.

For several months Hall has been waging a losing battle against a swarm of yellow jackets that built their nests under the eaves alongside the chimney of his home. After dousing the nests with paint and gases to no avail, he filled the bag of a vacuum cleaner with ammonia and applied the cleaner to the opening through which the yellow jackets entered their nests. After the yellow jackets had been sucked into the bag, Hall set it aside 20 hours to let the lethal ammonia do its work.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

Modern Bathroom Gay, Waterproof

By BETTY WELLS

Nowadays, the old Saturday night order of the bath has gone by the boards, but just the same, not many of us go poetic over the rite of bathing through the winter. It's just one of those things that has to be done. But with summer the bathroom really comes into its own. Then bathing is fun in itself. Not to mention its part in summer sports. That's when a lady with a house really gets around to doing something about the bathroom.

If it's in for a real doing-over, give more than a passing thought to the idea of linoleum for the walls. Partly because it is so practical. Easy to clean with a damp cloth and besides all corners and baseboards are rounded. But mainly because it really offers an opportunity for something new under the shower. You can have as much gayety and design as with wall paper, and yet be as waterproof as your kitchen floor. Which is something. If you want plain and simple color, there it is in a range of interesting tones. If you want riotous individual design, you can have it inlaid right into the walls and to your own fancy.

Whatever you decide on for your linoleum wall motif, repeat the motif in your bath linens. Monograms are usually initials but they don't have to be. If you're a fishy family, let your hobby mark your linens with interesting varieties of fish embroidered on your towels. Ships, coral stalks, flowers or what-have-you will do quite as well. Some people have golf sticks or tennis rackets, horses, dogs, cats or birds. It's up to you.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

A Change in Silhouette

Schiaparelli's high-standing puffed sleeves change the midsummer silhouette. The fabric shown here is a rich black pebbled crepe. The hat is of grayish blue felt with black velvet and coque feathers to present a military effect.

WOOD TICK WOULD TICK WOOD!

CHICAGO.—This year's voracious crop of wood ticks is the largest in many summers and a current issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association tells how to avoid being bitten.

Most surprising this year is the presence for the first time of the common dog tick in many cities. There are several hundred varieties, one carrying spotted fever. Another causes fatal infection. To avoid being bitten:

Keep ticks from gorging on blood of dogs—give your pet frequent inspection.

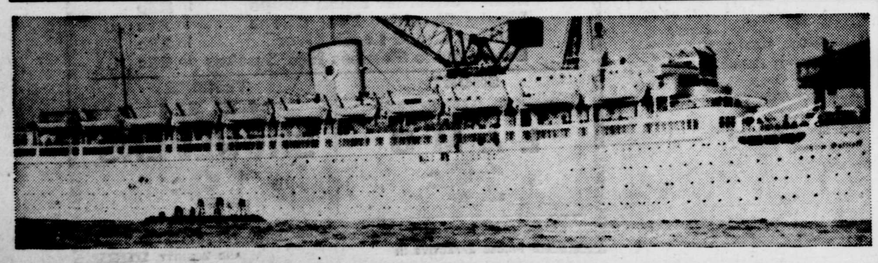
Wear boots laced over the trouser legs when walking in tick infested regions.

Avoid brushing against foliage when walking in the country.

Feel the back of your neck and head, their favorite feeding places, and examine children once or twice a day. Examine the whole body after exposure to ticks. If one is found, pull it off and disinfect the bite and surrounding tissues by inserting a round toothpick dipped in iodine into the exact spot where the tick was found.

To detick clothing, place it in a vessel tightly covered and set on top of it a pan containing half a teacup of carbon tetrachloride or carbon disulfide.

Ticks are numerous along the eastern coast from Massachusetts to Florida, especially within a few miles of shore. Texas and Florida have a great many and parts of Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin are infested.



Is It Potentially A Plane Carrier?

LONDON.—Aerial photographs of Germany's new cruise ship, the Wilhelm Gustloff, first of a large fleet, have aroused speculation whether these craft with their long upper deck, obstructed only by a funnel, could quickly be converted into aircraft carriers. The boat pictured here is about 700 feet long with a deck area of 53,800 square feet.

Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Nightingale

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A DESERTER'S STORY

HE CAME out of the Athabaskan night, and made himself at home by my campfire. Living up to the unwritten, yet strictly followed law of the northland trails, food was graciously offered. I could see at a glance that my wilderness guest was no ordinary person. He was neither settler nor trapper, and as we became better acquainted it occurred to me that this ruggedly handsome, clean-cut chap had been keeping his chin up and his shoulders back most of his life. Personal questions, of course, were entirely out of order, so I waited for him to reveal himself. As time passed, it also occurred to me that my guest might be a Man of the Mounted doing a bit of checking up in that district, and before I could stop myself I had opened the gate, so to speak, and much to my amazement he walked right in.

"If you're from the Royal Mounted," I began, "I might be able to help you at whatever you're doing hereabouts." Across the small campfire his gray eyes caught mine. He stared steadily, but not rudely, for a full minute without batting an eyelid. Then, he spoke:

"You're a very observing chap, aren't you?" he smiled, "and the astonishing thing is, you're quite right. The truth is, I'm a deserter from the Royal Mounted, and I hate myself for chucking it up."

"A deserter," I exclaimed in astonishment. There was a story behind all this, and I set out to get it.

"What happened? Lose a prisoner? Go on a spree, or something?"

"Nothing like that, my friend. Don't touch liquor. Didn't lose any prisoner. Clean record and six years' service. I'm only one of a few dozen that have deserted this last while, so you'll likely meet others who will tell you a story like mine."

"Well . . . I'm sure interested, and will keep your secret if you feel that you simply must tell your troubles to someone."

"Well, I've been trying to do my duty under a madman, a sergeant major who lived to make life miserable for himself and everyone else. For instance, our full dress uniform, as you know, is a costly and showy affair. This sergeant major would order us out in full dress uniform, then this madman would set us at chopping wood, shoveling coal, cleaning stoves, digging drains and sewers, currying horses, cleaning out the stables, and all sorts of chores that were supposed to be done in overalls or old clothing. Then, when we were all grime and dirt and our dress uniforms just about ruined, this idiot would line us up and call us the lousiest, dirtiest, filthiest and laziest bunch of scalawags he'd ever seen. It was all so pointless and humiliating, and maddening.

"He usually wore those highly polished field boots. He'd call a man to clean them until you could see your face in them. Then he would put them on, go out to the mudhole by the horse trough and kick around in mud there until the boots were completely smothered with mud. Then he'd call on another man to shine them up again.

"While we were working, or on patrol, he'd mouse through our kitbags, read our personal letters, and poke his nose into everything. When he was sending in his reports on cases handled, they were worded as though he had solved the crimes all alone, he got the evidence, caught the prisoners, and so on, in spite of the fact that other men had really done the job. Most of my fellow-officers were men who have served in the Boxer war, Boer war, the Afghan show and on other frontiers, men with splendid records, and for chaps like that to soldier under a madman, well, something had to happen and it did. Quite a few have deserted."

"What happened to make you clear out?" I asked.

"He sent me out on a case that I knew should have taken me to the north. Nevertheless, the order, written and issued by this idiot, read 'proceed south' to a certain place. A few miles out I decided to return to quarters and show this fool that he had made a serious mistake. When I arrived, however, he placed me under arrest for negligence of duty, in spite of the fact that he had issued an incorrect order. I have it in my pocket. I broke jail, and I'm on my way. I'll be damned if I'll soldier under an idiot any longer."

"What's the program now?" I asked.

"I'm heading north, then west, to give myself up to a certain inspector, who, I know will listen to my story. We've been on the trail on many a case. He'll start the ball rolling to get rid of the madman, and I'm so sure of that, that I'm giving myself up when I could easily forget all about it." Thirty days later the madman was ousted, and for years before he died, his playthings were paper dolls.

Brie Is Historical

Brie is a soft rennet cheese made from cow's milk and has a pronounced flavor and odor. It resembles camembert somewhat. Brie has been made in France for centuries, and was mentioned in historical documents before the time of Columbus.

River Causes Much Damage

The Kosi river in India swings 100 miles from east to west and back again every 300 years, causing much damage.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for August 7

RUTH: ADVENTUROUS FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Ruth 1:6-18.
GOLDEN TEXT—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Girl Named Ruth.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Story of Ruth.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Ruth's Wise Choice.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—An Adventurous Faith.

Out of the dark fastnesses of an underground dungeon into the brightness and warmth of God's sunshine—such is the transition we make when we turn from the moral and spiritual failures of Samson to consider the lovely story of Ruth. She lived in the midst of the travails and the sorrows of life, in fact we find her at the beginning of the book which bears her name, a widow who has lost all that the world would hold dear. Yet she, because of her purity of life and devotion to God rises higher and higher, while the one of whom we spoke last week, starting with every advantage, slipped lower and lower because of his sin.

Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David, and thus this Gentile woman became one of the ancestors of Jesus. (See Ruth 4:22 with Luke 3:22.) Many folk are greatly concerned about their ancestry—one could wish that more were concerned about living such lives and developing such characters as will make them good ancestors.

Teachers and classes will do well to read and study the entire book of Ruth—only about three pages long in most Bibles—and give attention to the full story of her life, especially the picture of the kinsman-redeemer, to be later fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ. We must confine our comments largely to the printed portion which reveals Ruth first as a loyal and thoughtful daughter-in-law, then as one whose love was not to be denied by sorrow or circumstance, and finally as one so bound to her mother-in-law in unity of spirit that she became one with her and her people.

I. Commendable Loyalty (vv. 6-10).

Tragic misfortune had visited Naomi, who with her husband and two sons had gone from Bethlehem to Moab in a time of famine. Not only had her husband died but also her two sons, who had married Gentile women, leaving three widows in one family to mourn together. Naomi craved the fellowship of her own people in her hour of trial and arose to return to her own land.

Her departure brought out in the two daughters-in-law the expression of kindness and loyalty which should exist in every family, but which is all too often lacking. Her own testimony concerning these girls of Moab is that they had dealt "kindly" with her and with the dead. That word speaks volumes. There is so little genuine kindness in the world. Both Orpah and Ruth went with her on the way—protesting their loyal purpose to go with her all the way. Thus far the two sisters were not differentiated—but the next incident reveals Ruth as the one who had an

II. Undeniable Love (vv. 11-14).

No one could for a moment condemn Orpah for yielding to her mother-in-law's entreaty that she return to her own people. She affectionately kisses Naomi and in tears turns away. "But Ruth clave unto her."

Such love cannot be denied. It is the most precious possession that a man can have, apart from his fellowship with God. The love of a devoted father or mother, of a noble helpmate, or of a little laddie or lassie, these are the things that really make life worth while, that stand out as an oasis in the desert of life, as a light in the darkness.

But Ruth takes one more step. Her kindness and loyalty, her unswerving love lead on to a confession of her faith in the true God, and the declaration of an

III. Inseparable Unity (vv. 15-18).

Literature knows no more beautiful gem than verses 16 and 17. It was the Great Commoner, Bryan, who said, "We cannot hope to contribute to literature a sentence so exquisite and thrilling as that into which Ruth poured the full measure of a noble heart, but we can imitate her devotion."

The story is told of a fine young Englishman who left his betrothed sweetheart to go to California during the great gold rush. He was going to make a fortune and then send for her. He sent her his first gold nugget. But alas, there were none to follow and soon he became not only poverty stricken, but ill. In noble sacrifice he decided to release her from her promise, and wrote to tell her so. She (and one could almost believe her name was Ruth) took the treasured nugget, had it made into a ring engraved as a gift from her to him, with the additional words "Ruth 1:16, 17." In due time it reached the young man with its tender and inspiring message—"Intreat me not to leave thee," and the assurance of her devotion until death.

May this dizzy and bemuddled world have many more characters like Ruth.

And Live It at Home

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16: 15.

Our Business

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

The True End

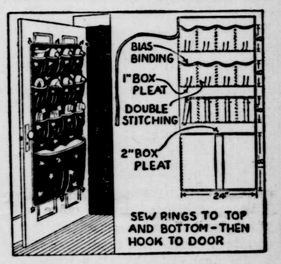
The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—Penn.

Door Pockets Have Multitude of Uses

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HAVE you door space going to waste? There is always the inside of a closet door—even in the tiniest apartment. A pocket like the one shown here gives a place for shoes, whisk broom, hat brush, shoe brush and even a dust cloth to have within easy reach when tidying up the bedroom. A large pocket at the bottom takes care of small pieces of laundry.

This door pocket may be made from 2¼ yards of 35-inch-wide cotton material. All the dimensions



as well as suggestions for making are given here in the diagram.

There are other doors in every house where pockets of various types and sizes may be used to good advantage. The broom closet door offers a place for cleaning brushes and bottles of furniture polish. Two large pockets on the pantry door—one for clean dish towels and one for soiled ones, have been in use in my kitchen for years. A large pocket of heavy ticking on the inside of the door leading to the basement makes a place for old newspapers that are so useful for many purposes. Pockets on the inside of a door leading to the attic often make a place to keep small cleaning equipment. And here is another thought—even a small wall space in your closet may be used for a series of pockets for individual pairs of stockings. This is much neater than keeping them in a drawer.

NOTE: Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' book, SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Forty-eight pages of directions for making slip-covers and curtains; dressing tables, lampshades and many other useful articles for the home. Price 25 cents postpaid. Ask for Book 1, and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

All Is Fair Even If It Is a Dog's Life

He was a pork butcher, and he and his sausages had done very well indeed in the town—until a rival came along and, by undercutting and pushful publicity, started to take all the trade.

Butcher No. 1 was sitting in his shop musing on what the inside of a poorhouse would look like, when a bright idea suddenly struck him.

Changing his clothes as quickly as he could, he hurried to his competitor's shop and, elbowing his way through the crowd of customers, planted a dead dog on the counter.

"'Ere y'are, Jack," he exclaimed in a loud voice. "That makes the dozen."

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming fittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Available Capital

Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business.—P. T. Barnum.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Much in Little

A little body doth often harbor a great soul.—Proverb.

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.

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