THEY NEEDED A STEPMOTHER

(©, by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS one of those afternoons when a small town girl with a vacation has nothing to do. Frances Knight, lounging in the porch hammock trying to read a slow-moving story, welcomed the sight of her friend, Bertha Glen.

Bertha looked hot and tired and very cross. She sank into the hammock beside Frances and wiped powder and perspiration indiscriminately from her face.

"Ted's awful," she sighed. "I can't do a living thing with him. Our housekeeper and Dad both leave him to me. I'm afraid of Ted when he's mad. He was horribly mad just now. He told me to go where it's much hotter than it is here this afternoon. What that boy needs is an animal trainer."

"This trying to get along without a mother is a mess," Frances said. "We've got everything in our house to make us happy except a mother."

Bertha gazed into space. This was one of the times she felt more motherless than at other times. Her bout with her boisterous brother had disheartened and disheveled her.

"Look! There goes Miss Susan driving her new car!" exclaimed Frances. "She's wearing the fifth new hat she's had this season."

"She's a nice looking woman for her age," Bertha said. "She was a girl when our mothers were. Funny she never married."

"She didn't have to. She's got oodles of coin."

"Nevertheless she ought to marry. She's depriving some good man of her companionship. That's what Dad says."

"Mine, too!" Frances bounced on the cushions. "Bertha! I've got an idea!"

"Keep it. I don't need it. I've got one myself," retorted Bertha.

Bertha went home rather hurriedly. Frances was glad. Snatching her scissors, she dashed into the garden and began cutting nasturtiums.

"Here! You get outen there! I want them to go to seed for my pickles!" shouted the housekeeper, Mrs. Bird, thrusting her dust-capped head out of the window to see "what that girl was up to."

Frances paid no heed. After all, she was the real mistress of the house. When she had cut a nice bunch of nasturtiums she scooted down the street toward Miss Susan Burke's.

Miss Susan had shut her smart roadster in the garage and sat down on her broad veranda with some sewing.

"For me?" She seemed a little surprised at this unusual attention from her young neighbor. "How nice! Won't you have a seat?"

Frances felt a sense of elation. But she bit her lip with vexation when a few minutes later Bertha appeared. Bertha bore a large book in a gorgeous jacket. Bertha's father belonged to a book club and this book had just been handed in by the postman. Miss Susan looked a trifle embarrassed, but she accepted the volume.

Frances perceived that Bertha and she had the very same idea. It was most unfortunate. Frances made up her mind that Miss Susan was just the kind of mother she wanted. Dad was fairly well off, but they had to be a mite careful of expenditure. Miss Susan was rich. If only she could be persuaded to marry Dad, Frances argued mentally, she'd probably let them move into her house. What a wonderful home for a young girl! Think of the parties one could have there! Dad was good looking and agreeable, but Frances had a feeling that he'd need her help if he was going to get Miss Susan. Of course, Bertha's father was well off and good looking too, but he had a drawback. Not Bertha, Ted. Ted was a horror.

Every day Frances plied Miss Susan with favors. Frequently she encountered Bertha bent on like missions. Relations were strained between the former chums. Bertha took succulent young vegetables when Frances took flowers, she took books when Frances took fruit. She praised her dad to the skies. Ted was going to be just like him—in time.

One afternoon Frances sought Miss Susan with an assurance she had not before known. That morning she had gone for a ride with Miss Susan in the eight-cylinder roadster. She felt a delightful new possessive sense in the car, the wonderful house, and Miss Susan herself.

On Miss Susan's veranda sat a small, brown, ugly young girl, who was toiling over some breadths of coarse blue-checked gingham. Frances' nose went up. Bertha's likewise. They sat down with their backs to the "obstacle." Judy Hoy wasn't in their crowd. She lived in "rooms" and her father came home at night in overalls, looking hot and soiled. Besides, Judy had twin sisters, Jane and Mary, who played in the street simply because there wasn't any other place for them to play. Judy was younger than either Frances or Bertha, but she and her father "managed," with the help of a woman, who came in once a week, to dig out the thickest of the dirt.

"I'm teaching Judy to make dresses for the twins," Miss Susan said. "That looks very well, Judy. I'll just run in and stitch it for you."

"You've got nerve, asking Miss Susan to teach you to sew," Frances said scornfully.

Judy lifted big brown eyes. She crossed her thin arms and legs in an attitude of defense.

"I didn't ask her. She offered," she returned.

The tea wagon was heavily laden that afternoon. Judy ate as if she'd never seen food before. Frances thought contemptuously. But Miss Susan was beautifully courteous. She even sent a bag of cakes to the twins.

"Cheek," Frances grumbled to Bertha as they walked away together. Their antagonism toward Judy made them forget their own mutual jealousy.

Judy continued to be seen at Miss Susan's. She began to dress better and look happier. The twins, clean, were really cute. Ordinarily Frances couldn't have kept her hands off these delectable tiny morsels of healthy humanity. But because they were Judy's sisters she passed them by.

The time came when Frances felt she must speak to her father. She laid the case before him. They needed a mother. She'd picked Miss Susan; father would have to do the rest. He listened and laughed heartily.

"Susan wouldn't have me. I asked her before I met your mother."

"Then she'll marry Mr. Glen!" grieved Frances.

"Not on your life. He, like myself, was one of her old suitors. Listen, Fran!" Mr. Knight pulled his daughter down on his knee. "Can you keep a secret? Susan is going to marry Dick Hoy—"

"Not Judy's father! Oh! Oh!"

"He's a better man than Glen and I put together," Mr. Knight said earnestly. "I hope, my dear, when you get ready to mate you'll pick as fine a husband as Susan has."

Carved Rock Temple Is Marvel of Sculpture

On the rock floor of a great, open pit out stark into the top of a hillside in south central India in a 27-foot plinth walk, a colossal frieze of oversize stone elephants. Shoulder to shoulder they stand, appearing to bear on their stone shoulders the weight of the rock temple which rises above them. Five hundred and forty-six measured feet they run, slightly more than a tenth of a mile. They have been called by those with standards of comparison the greatest achievement in rock sculpture in the world.

They are perhaps the most striking single feature in an extraordinary architectural achievement of ancient India—the great rock temple of Kailasa at Ellora village in the territory of the Nizam of Hyderadab, today the newest wonder of the ancient world.

About the time of Charlemagne, around 800 A. D., King Krishna I came down somewhere from the North into southern India and thrust out the previous rulers of the Deccan. As a definite thank offering to his god, he conceived and started one of the most magnificent temples, stupendous in plan and brilliant in execution, that the whole long history of religious enthusiasm can produce. Down to the last, least detail it was sculptured out of the living rock.

There is not a square foot which is not covered with sculpture or has reliefs, not one bare wall, not one undecorated ceiling. They are all closely covered, either with huge over-size reliefs or with minute lace-like sculpture telling in Indian fashion all the detail of the endless escapades of the multifarious gods of the whole Pantheon. It is known as the Kailasa, after the celestial palace of the great god Siva, offering a physical counterpart for his honor and delectation.

The average tourist first comes upon the Kailasa with all the suddenness of an approach to a precipice. It is as unexpected and as unmarked as the opening of the Grand canyon in Arizona. One moment you see nothing but hillside, and the next the great pit is before you; and you're gazing down in the clear Indian air at a vast pattern of sculptured architecture that is too bewildering at first to be grasped as reality.—Exchange.

Suggestive

Two women were out shopping when they happened to pass a shop which had a pig's head with a lemon in its mouth displayed in the window.

One of the women exclaimed:

"Good gracious! That reminds me—my husband asked me to take him home some tobacco."—Stray Stories.

No Brains

Jack—I didn't know they could be as dumb as she is and still live.

Jim—Me neither. She saw "Bear Market" in the paper and asked me if there was such a big demand for bears that they had to have a special market for selling them."

Optimistic

Applicant—Well, 'ere I am to see about that job you advertised.

Boss—I see. Do you think you can do the work?

Applicant—Work? Lor' lumme, I thought you wanted a foreman!—Answers.

Not So Good

First Golfer (telling fish story)—He was about as long as that last drive of yours.

Second Golfer—Oh, really!

"Yes, so I threw him back."—Pearson's.

A Vocation

Mrs. Worrymore—My little boy has St. Vitus' dance terribly. I don't know what to do with him.

Boarder—You might get him a conductor's baton and have him lead a jazz orchestra.



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This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM.
CONGRESS COMES BACK.
RUSSIA IS ANNOYED.
GAS FROM COAL.

President Hoover's forceful address to nearly 400 industrial leaders in Washington is one for which the country will thank him. It is bound to produce results.

There is no cause for pessimism or permanent discouragement.

But well-informed men know that there has been a sharp increase in unemployment.

We have in the United States probably fully as many unemployed as there are in Britian, where Government pays a "dole," enough to live on each week, to those out of work.

We have here 2,000,000 more unemployed than they have in France, where unemployment is practically unknown.

And this is surprising in the richest, most prosperous country on earth.

The President is determined to do something about it.

Nobody could keep this off the front page:

Henry Ford has raised wages by an amount totaling $20,000,000 a year. The basic wages from now on, according to Edsel Ford will be $7 a day.

More than 24,000 employes will have their pay raised $1 a day.

That is the way to build prosperity. High wages are the nourishment of the national goose that lays the golden eggs.

Congress met and a cut of $160,000,000 in the income tax is the programme.

That will be welcome news to those that pay income tax, a small percentage of all the people.

But it is just as important news to those that pay no income tax. They all earn money, and any cut in income tax, especially in corporation tax, encourages development, expansion, employment.

A man will work harder for money that the Government does not take from him.

Professor Barnes, of Smith College, says there are more causes for war now than there were in 1914, and greater danger of war, and the League of Nations is too timid to do much.

Borah, not Kellogg, wrote the Paris Peace Pact. A Chicago lawyer, Salmon O. Levinson, invented it.

And Barnes agrees with Professor Borchard, of Yale, that the Kellogg Pact, in Cold reality, "contains the first international indorsement and moral recognition of certain forms of war."

The learned Barnes says the next fifty years will decide whether democracy o rdictatorship shall survive.

That has already been decided a thousand times. When finally decided, democracy will win. Dictators die, democracy lives on, always ready to bob up.

Russia, naturally annoyed at United States interference in China. The Rusians say Uncle Sam is trying to snatch away their victory, and encourages China.

The United States is cleverly put in the postition of leading the other nations to what Russia considers meddling interference.

You observe that Japan and Germany, Russia's nearest neighbors, hold aloof, refusing any share in telling Russia about her duties in China, beautiful peace, etc.

Having a closeup of Russia at hand, Japanese and Germans know that a confict with Russia would not be pleasant.

A man who understands coal and oil has a patent for burning coal underground in the mine.

Gas extracted from the coal would be piped to the surface and sold.

That is an improvement on blasting and digging coal, hauling it to the surface, loading it on cars, carting it to cities.

Changed into gas, coal travels, transported by its own power of expansion.

The Standard Oil of New Jersey is makng gasoline from coal. Our coal supplies are vast, and the coal industry has been in a bad way. Human ingenuity may bring it back again.

Giuseppe Rossi, a really great Italian aviator, has just finished a three-engined plane to carry twenty passengers. The extraordinary thing about the plane is its power to carry a load equaling its own weight. That's a great improvement on some of our earthly transportation methods. A first-class Pullman car, for instance, weighs nearly fifty times as much as the load it carries.

Young men and women, interest yourselves in gliding. William B. Mayo, Henry Ford's chief engineer, says: "Gliding is a safe method of learning to fly; a glider can be purchased for a few hundred dollars, and gliding in itself is a delightful and thrilling sport."

The National Glider Association, organized to promote navigation of the air without engines, will do a great deal to build up flying, by adding to the number of fliers.

Divorce Easy for Dyaks

The Siang Dyak country of Dutch Borneo is a paradise for divorced husbands, as alimony is not known there and freedom can be purchased for a song, John H. Provinse, University of Chicago anthropologist with the All-American Lyric anthropological and radio research expedition reported.

Divorce is practiced freely among the Dyaks and marital ties are easily severed. As in this country, cruelty, infidelity and desertion are grounds for divorce. With the payment of a trifling penalty the freed husband's responsibility ceases.

South African City Life

De Aar, South Africa, has denied stories that thousands of rats came into the town to die and spread the plague, but it admits there are some of the rodents there. It declares that 25 per cent of the people never saw a rat, alive or dead. It also admits that at times there are dust storms and tropical heat, with bitter cold in June and July. Most of the water is obtained underground, and often there is a shortage, so a plan to have it piped from a distance is being considered.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

Be sure and visit this store often for you will find many things that will be of unusual interest to you.

NOLAND'S

Gift Suggestions



Hundreds of articles are on display at this Christmas Ready Store awaiting your inspection. We can but merely indicate the wide variety by listing a few from various departments. Our large and experienced sales force cheerfully invite you to consult them on your Gift Problems---THIS IS YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE.



Underthings
Rayon and Crepe de Chine, varied colors daintily trimmed.
$1 to $8



Silk Bloomers
French panel or regular style. Sizes from age 6 to stouts.
75c to $1.50



Ladies' Garters
Expressing the spirit of the season with fancy frills.
25c to $2



Ladies' Kerchiefs
Plain, hemstitched, lace trimmed or hand embroidered, linen
5c to 50c each



House Slippers
Felt, Satin or Leather, Chrome and leather soles and heels.
89c to $3



Silk Hosiery
All weights, shades and heel styles to select from.
50c to $2.50





Men's Handkerchiefs
Hemstitched border, all linen, with block initial.
25c and 50c



Gloves
Men's and Boy's Leather Gloves, warmly lined.
$1 to $2.50 pair





Art Pottery
A special collection of useful and ornamental novelties.
25c to $2



Book Ends
Any book lover would appreciate this artistic gift.
$1.50 pair



Toiletries
Dainty perfumery, bath salt or powder, most attractive.
25c to $3



Stationery
An always welcome gift. Unique packing.
25c to $2



Belts
Cowhide leather, in many colors, for men and boys.
50c to $1.50



Neckties
Pleasing shades and patterns for all tastes.
50c to $1.50

A Complete Assortment of Tissue, Wrapping Paper, Boxes, Seals and Cords for gift packing.

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