For the Whole Family

Magazine Section of Special Interest to Women and Children Readers

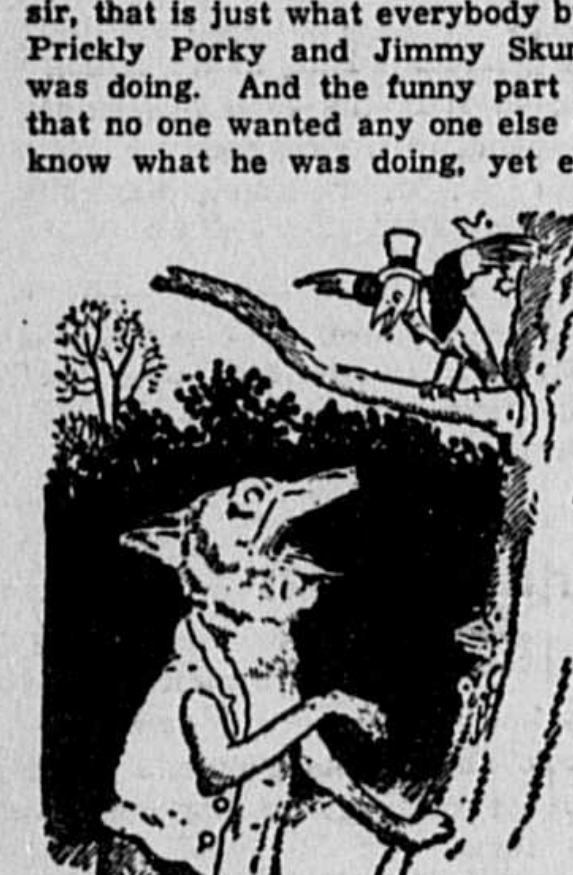
Bedtime Story

by Thornton W. Burgess

EVERYBODY HUNTS FOR HONEY

SUCH a funny time as there was in the Green Forest. All, or nearly all, the little people who wear fur went about with their heads up until you would have thought that their necks would have ached. Perhaps they did, but no one seemed to care. Only Jimmy Skunk and Prickly Porky went about their business just as usual. When they met their neighbors gazing up into tree tops they would laugh and say to themselves: "How foolish!"

What did it all mean? Why, just this: Everybody was hunting for the storehouse of Busy Bee. Yes, sir, that is just what everybody but Prickly Porky and Jimmy Skunk was doing. And the funny part is that no one wanted any one else to know what he was doing, yet everybody knew. You see, it was this way: Buster Bear, who had come to live in the Green Forest, is very, very fond of honey. Buster is so big and has such great, cruel looking claws, and such long, sharp teeth, and such a deep, fierce sounding growl, that nearly all the little people who lived in the Green Forest, or sometimes came up from the Green Meadows to visit there, were afraid, very much afraid of him. Jimmy Skunk wasn't. You know, Jimmy isn't afraid of anything or anybody. Prickly Porky wasn't. He came from the same Great Woods that Buster came from, and he had long ago taught Buster to have very great respect for the thousand little spears he always carries with him. Jumper the Hare wasn't afraid, because he also was once a neighbor to Buster in the Great Woods, and he knew Buster knew that he couldn't catch Jumper no matter how he tried. But everybody else was afraid, very, very, very much afraid.



So When Sammy Told Him That He Knew a Way, Reddy Wanted to Know What It Was.

Now it happens that Buster Bear had given Reddy Fox a terrible scare when Reddy was trying to catch Jumper the Hare, and Jumper had wished that he could do something in return for Buster. Buster had asked Jumper to keep his eyes open for the storehouse of Busy Bee, for he was very, very hungry for some honey, and Jumper had gladly promised that he would, though he didn't think there was much chance that he would find it, because, you know, Busy Bee usually chooses a hollow high up in a tree, and Jumper cannot climb trees.

Sammy Jay had heard all this and straightaway Sammy had made up his mind that he would find that honey and tell Buster Bear and so make Buster Bear his friend. Then he remembered how terribly frightened Reddy Fox had been when he met Buster Bear. Sammy had made fun of Reddy and called him bad names, and so they were anything but friends. But now that he had had his fun at Reddy's expense, Sammy wanted to make up with Reddy. You know, they are both scamps, and usually it is best for scamps to be friends. Here was a chance to make up with Reddy. He would tell Reddy how he could make Buster Bear his friend by finding some honey for him, and Reddy would be so grateful that he would forget his quarrel with Sammy.

It all worked out as Sammy had planned. Reddy was so much afraid of Buster Bear that he was willing to do almost anything to make him his friend, so when Sammy told him that he knew a way, Reddy wanted to know what it was. Sammy told him and Reddy started off right away with his head tipped back looking up in the tree tops for signs of Busy Bee. Sammy Jay cuckled, for Sammy meant to find that honey himself, and he knew that Reddy Fox, being unable to climb, would have very little chance to find it. But Reddy is smart. Yes, sir, he is smart. He knew just as well as Sammy did that he hadn't much chance for finding that store of honey himself, so he went to Happy Jack Squirrel and to Chatterer the Red Squirrel, who knew all the hollow trees, and promised them that if they would find the one where Busy Bee was storing her honey and would tell him, he would promise not to try to catch them any more. They wondered what Reddy could want with honey, but, of course, they agreed to hunt for the hollow tree with the honey. Then they discovered Jumper the Hare looking up in the tree tops, and he told them how he was hunting for honey for Buster Bear. Right away they guessed why Reddy wanted it, and made up their minds that they would tell Buster themselves if they found it, and so make him their friend. Of course, news like that travels, and pretty soon everybody who was afraid of Buster was hunting for honey.

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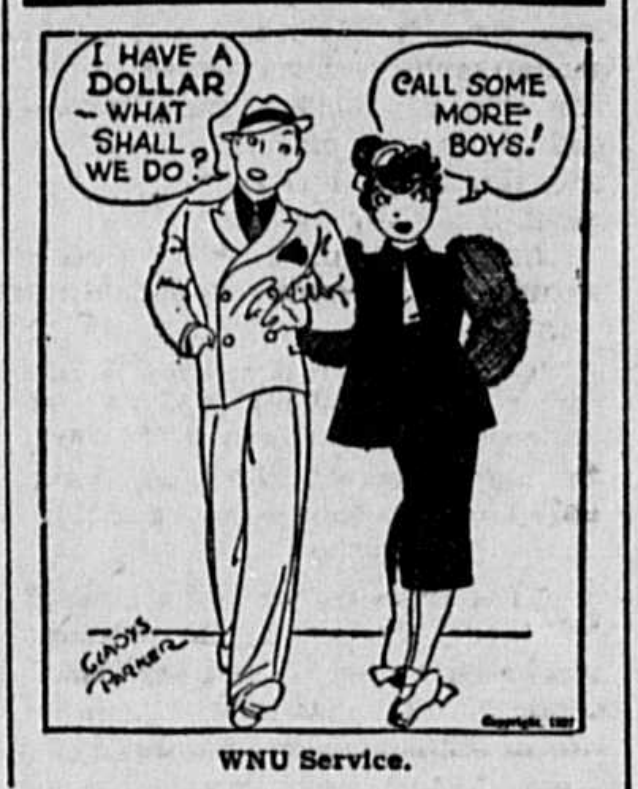
MOPSY


I HAVE A DOLLAR—WHAT SHALL WE DO?
CALL SOME MORE BOYS!
GLADYS PARKER
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WNU Service.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH

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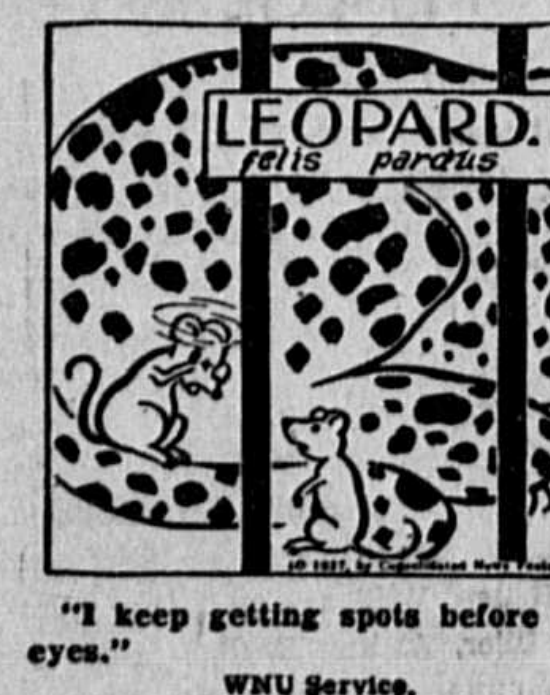


"I keep getting spots before my eyes."

WNU Service.

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

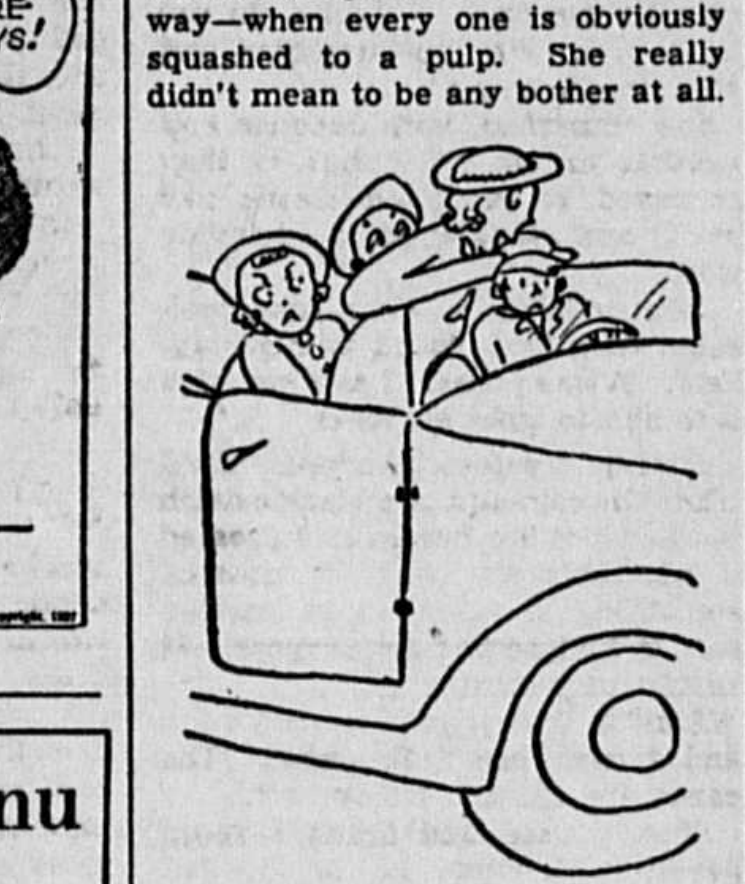
By JEAN

© By The Associated Newspapers

TOO much apologizing is worse than no apologizing at all. Far worse.

Take, for example, the girl who wonders if your car is full and asks you very nicely and apologetically for a ride home from the bridge party. She insists that she doesn't want to be in your way, or to bother you at all, but she just wondered. So you cheerfully say you can squeeze her in, thinking that four in the front seat has been done before, and for so short a distance no one really minds.

But then your extra guest makes the whole trip miserable by continuing to apologize all the way home. She does hope that she isn't in the way—when every one is obviously squashed to a pulp. She really didn't mean to be any bother at all.



"I Do Hope I'm Not in the Way."

And if you'll let her out at the next corner she can walk home. It's only a mile and a half. She keeps it up until you are ready to take her at her word—which would surprise her no end. Probably if you did it once, she'd be more careful with her soft-soap.

It's high time that she—and all of the rest of us—learned that when an apology is needed one is enough. And please make it short and snappy if you're anywhere near us.

WNU Service.

Try Soups for Luncheon Menu

Milk Chowder and Simple Dessert Make Good Meal.

By EDITH M. BARBER

WHAT about soup for luncheon today? Perhaps you would like one of those good milk chowders, full of flavor and food value—the kind that is a full meal in itself. With plenty of toasted crackers or Melba toast, you will need only a simple dessert for a good meal.

The first thing to do is to see what vegetables you have on hand. Of course, you have onions and potatoes, perhaps a few stalks of celery and a carrot or two. There may be some leftover corn in the icebox, or you might open a new can. Next pare and dice the potatoes, celery and carrots, if you are going to use them; slice the onions and cook the prepared vegetables in a few tablespoons of butter for ten minutes or so. Don't let them brown, however. Then add just enough water to cover them; put a cover on your kettle and let them cook about twenty minutes, until tender. Now you are ready to add the milk, and corn, if you like, and to season the chowder to taste.

Any other leftover vegetables, such as peas, and tomatoes may go into your chowder also. You may, if you like, add a few canned shrimps for the sake of their color and flavor.

Milk Vegetable Chowder.

3 tablespoons butter
1 onion, sliced
2 stalks celery, diced
1 cup potatoes, diced
½ cup carrots, diced
1 cup water
4 cups milk
Salt, pepper
½ cup canned corn or other cooked vegetable.

Melt the butter and cook the onion, celery, potatoes, carrots in butter three or four minutes. Add the water and cook, covered fifteen to twenty minutes until vegetables are tender; add milk seasoning and cooked vegetables; reheat and serve with toasted crackers or Melba toast.

Vegetable Chowder.

3 tablespoons butter
1 onion, minced
2 stalks celery, diced
1½ cups diced left-over vegetables (carrots, potatoes, peas, corn).
4 cups milk, salt, pepper.
Parsley.

Cook onion and celery in butter two minutes. Add vegetables, milk and seasoning, and heat. If you haven't enough left-over vegetables add 1 cup of water to butter, onion and celery, and cook 15 to 20 minutes before adding rest of vegetables and milk.

Cream Soups.

3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
3 cups milk
1½ cups ground or strained cooked vegetables.

Melt butter, add onion and cook one minute. Stir in flour and seasoning and add milk gradually. Stir over fire until smooth. Add vegetables (mixed vegetables may be used). Reheat and add more seasoning, if necessary.

A dash of nutmeg with pea soup, of cloves and sugar with tomato, of celery salt with potato, of paprika with corn will improve the flavor.

If tomates are used add ¼ teaspoon of soda before cooking with the cream sauce.

Black Bean Soup.

2 cups black beans
2 quarts water
2 onions sliced
¼ pound salt pork
12 cloves
3 bay leaves
2 stalks celery
Salt, pepper

Soak beans overnight. Add the other ingredients and simmer until beans are soft. Add more water if necessary during cooking. Press through a coarse sieve, add more water to bring to desired consistency, reheat and serve with sliced lemon and hard-cooked egg. Sometimes, a teaspoon of sherry is added to each portion.

Quick Onion Soup.

6 medium-sized onions
3 tablespoons butter
1 quart soup stock or
5 bouillon cubes and
1 quart water
3 slices bread
½ cup grated or strained cheese

Slice onions and brown in butter. Add soup stock and bring to a boil. Put in casserole. Slice bread one-half inch thick, cut in halves and toast lightly. Float on top of soup and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (500 degrees Fahrenheit) ten minutes or until cheese melts.

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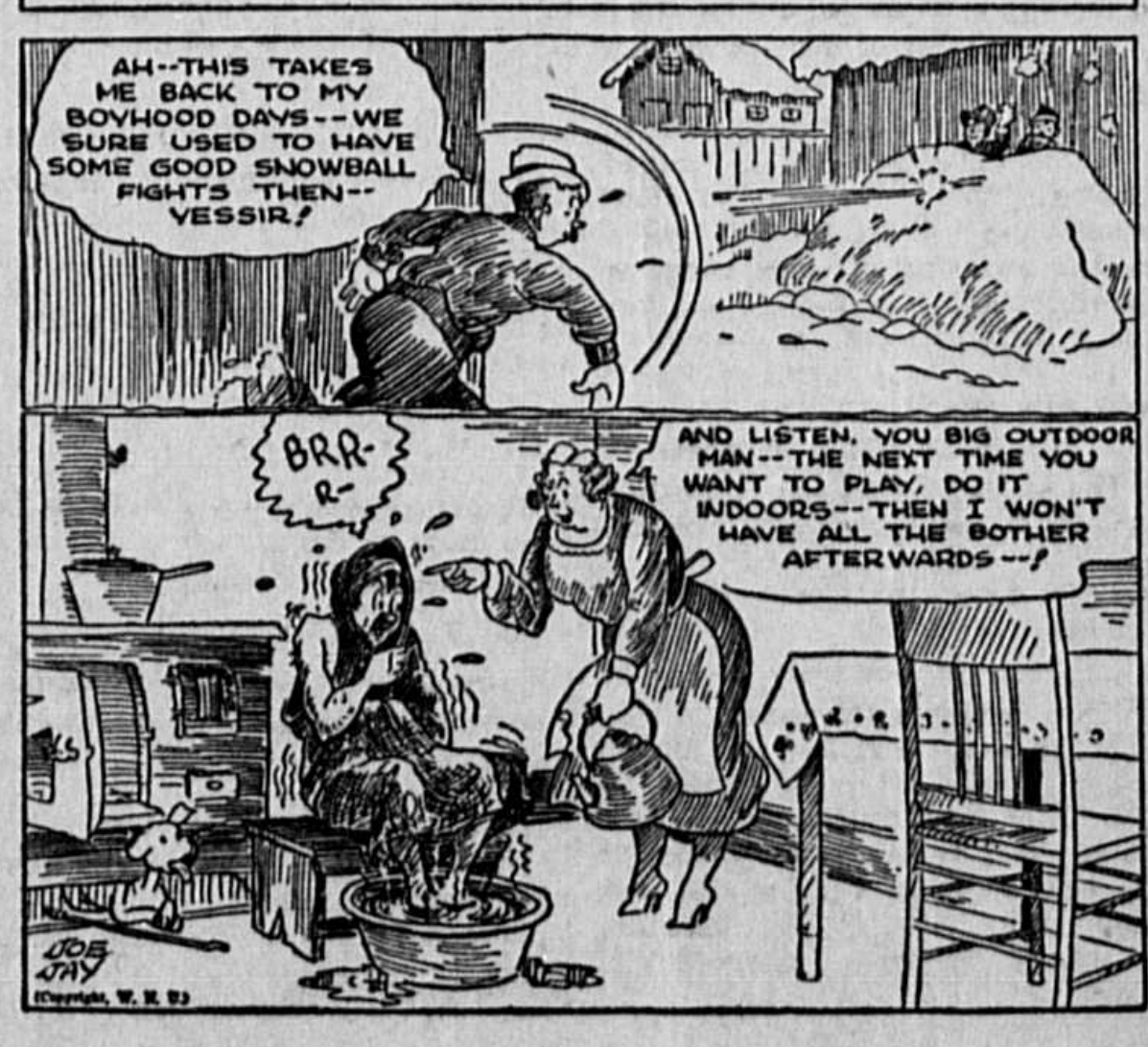
His "Sole Support"

This country shoemaker of Kent, England, calls at the homes of his customers to collect shoes, and carries them back to the repair shop on a strap over his shoulders.

Love, Honor and Obey

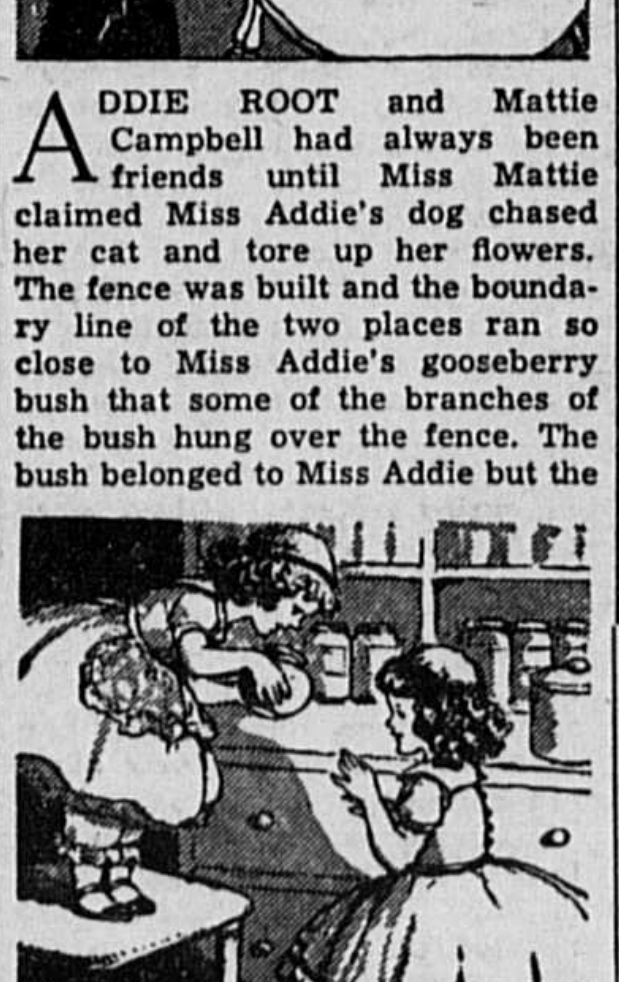

AH—THIS TAKES ME BACK TO MY BOYHOOD DAYS—WE SURE USED TO HAVE SOME GOOD SNOWBALL FIGHTS THEN—YESSIR!
BRR-R-
AND LISTEN, YOU BIG OUTDOOR MAN—THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO PLAY, DO IT INDOORS—THEN I WON'T HAVE ALL THE BOTHER AFTERWARDS—!
JOE JAY
(Copyright, W. N. U.)

HELLO AND GOOD-BY
1937
1938

The NEW YEAR'S RECONCILIATION

by BLANCHE TANNER DILLIN

ADDIE ROOT and Mattie Campbell had always been friends until Miss Mattie claimed Miss Addie's dog chased her cat and tore up her flowers. The fence was built and the boundary line of the two places ran so close to Miss Addie's gooseberry bush that some of the branches of the bush hung over the fence. The bush belonged to Miss Addie but the fruit on Miss Mattie's side of the fence Miss Mattie claimed. So Miss Addie picked the fruit on her side of the fence and Miss Mattie that on hers.



The Jar Had Held Candied Ginger in Miss Addie's Childhood.

Last summer, being sure that Miss Mattie was away from home, Miss Addie went in through the rear gate and picked the fruit on Miss Mattie's side of the fence. The jam in the jar before her, which she had taken down from the shelf for her supper that cold New Year's eve was from that fruit. The jar had held candied ginger in Miss Addie's childhood and she recalled how she and little Mattie had eaten the ginger from it. She recalled that she and Mattie had picked gooseberries from a bush which grew near the place where the bush which had caused so much trouble now grew. She recalled the many happy times she and Miss Mattie had spent together—the times when Miss Mattie had been a real friend in need—had helped to ease some hurt or lighten some sorrow. What a pity it seemed that such friendship should ever be broken. Miss Addie's dog had been given away long ago, and Miss Mattie's cat had wandered away from home and never returned. With the two original causes of the trouble gone, wasn't it too bad for one-time friends to remain enemies? Wouldn't it be better to turn over a new leaf this New Year's day and renew their friendship?

It seemed so to Miss Addie and she resolved not to waste another minute, but do it right away! So with a jar of jam in her hand and love in her heart she went to wish Miss Mattie a happy New Year.

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Watch Night

On New Year's eve midnight masses and watchnight services are held everywhere, while those less inclined to religious observances make the closing minutes of the year an occasion for jollity.

Welcome, New Year

WELCOME to you, New Year, enter newborn king—
Can you tell us something of the tidings that you bring?
Do you carry happiness, Enough to last the year?
Do you sing a song of joy To cast out doubt and fear?
Perhaps a balm for heartaches You bring along with you;
Perhaps a key to friendships To buoy us all year through.
We bid you welcome, New Year—our dreams we trust with you,
Forgetting ills of all the past, we start the book anew.

W. P. R., in Kansas City Times

January Was for Janus, God of New Adventures

THE month of January bears its name because Janus was the god of the opening year. He presided over the undertaking of any new adventure, and was a god known only to the Romans. The Romans adopted January as the first of the year from the reign of their second king, Numa Pompilius, who ruled until 672 B. C.

Not until the Eighteenth century was January universally adopted as the beginning of the year. England took the step in 1752, and Sweden in 1753, but other European countries adopted this New Year's day at an earlier date; France in 1564, Holland, Protestant Germany and Russia in 1700.

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New Year's at White House

Since the White House was not completed during our first President's lifetime, the John Adamses were the first presidential family to occupy it. The first drawing room or New Year's reception was held in the "President's palace," as it was then referred to, on New Year's day, 1801.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to ALL!

Ready for 1938

BLACK FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

© Harold Titus WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

—13—

She had run along the lake shore and insisted on being brought here to serve Shaw when, the last time he had seen her, she was lavishing her arms and lips on Burke Rickman! It was too much for the old fellow to fathom and he did not have in him the impulse to ask of her the questions which would relieve his perplexity. So long as she was of aid to Shaw, he was satisfied.

She sent men into the forest searching for the herbs her midwife aunt had used. Leaves and stalks to be cooked to pulp and bandaged over the gaping wounds in Shaw's flesh.

Quietly, he lay there. Now and again, at first, he moaned. Occasionally his eyes would open and his brows gather as though he struggled with some complicated problem. He licked water, dropped from a cup to his lips, with growing greediness, and that was his first word:

"Water!"—faintly, but with desperate need.

"Fever!" Annette moaned, looking hard at Basile and helpless appeal was in her eyes.

"Fever follows wounds," the man said and shrugged slowly, in something of a shudder. "It's upon Rickman one would wish fever!"

"Rickman!" The name, repeated in that strained echo of Shaw's voice, was startling.

His eyes were open, he frowned upward blankly and his fingers worked, worked . . .

"Rickman!" he said in a high pitched monotone. "They're my hunters, it's my trade. You can't have any of them, any of it, Rickman! You're a braggart, Rickman, but you've parts. You're no fool, you've eyes and ears and wit! But . . . But . . ."—trying to rise as Annette on her knees, arms about him, strove to prevent the struggle which set him panting. "But it was that vixen behind you!" he screamed. "I told my secrets to her and she told . . . I tell you . . . Let go . . . Let me go, Rickman, or I'll send your heart, smoked and cured, back to Astor himself!"

"Water from the spring!" Annette said to Basile.

She stroked Rodney's brow soothingly and he smiled, closing his eyes.

"Crooks gave . . . me . . ." His voice was only a murmur. "Crooks . . . black feather . . . Crooks said . . . said . . . Crooks gave it to me, Rickman . . . As a jest . . . But . . . I've held it!"—pawing weakly at the blankets. "I've held the black feather against your damned company! . . . They can't . . . take it from me . . . He didn't know . . . his jest stood for . . . surrender . . . Where'd it . . . go? Where'd I . . . put . . ."

He struggled to sit up, searching his bed, and Annette, slipping a hand into her bosom, brought out, folded in thin cloth, what remained of the black feather she had picked from the sand at Mackinac after Shaw's arrest.

"Here, Rodney!"—breathlessly. "You have the black feather. Burke Rickman hasn't taken it! We'll keep it safe . . . safe for you, Rodney! See? It is here!"

Something in the nature of a smile twitched at his cracking lips as she thrust the feather into his hands. Fingers closed on it; he relaxed and lay mumbling in whispers, no longer striving to rise.

The water came. Cloths were soaked in it and placed across his brow, about his wrists and ankles, changed and rechanged to cool the fevered blood.

Wordlessly, the girl worked after the routine was established. Now and then she gave an order by gesture, unspeaking. When he tried to rise, she held him back; when he rolled in torment she kept him on his pallet. Now he slept heavily, unmoving, his breath alarmingly loud; again he mumbled incoherently; on occasion he cried out sharply and fought them.

Dawn, and they did not notice; and dusk again and still the girl sat there, changing her compresses, dribbling herb teas into his mouth, holding him quiet. Toward morning she slept, fallen to her side, curled close to his blankets like a bride, half repulsed. But before sunrise he was raving again, and she was up, refusing food which Basile tried to force upon her until he said that, perhaps, the master's life depended on her strength. Then she ate, though they could see that the sustenance was repulsive to her tongue.

Day and night, night and day, with his eyes giving birth to an orange flare, skin of his face stretching tight over the bones, dyed with the stain of fever, with his wrists shrinking and his body trembling.

Chills came, and the hot stones were snuggled close to him again; and once more the fever and then one afternoon a queer, sudden tranquility.

Basile and Annette knelt there as Shaw drew a deep sigh, and raised a hand to his brow and opened his eyes. The fevered flare was gone.

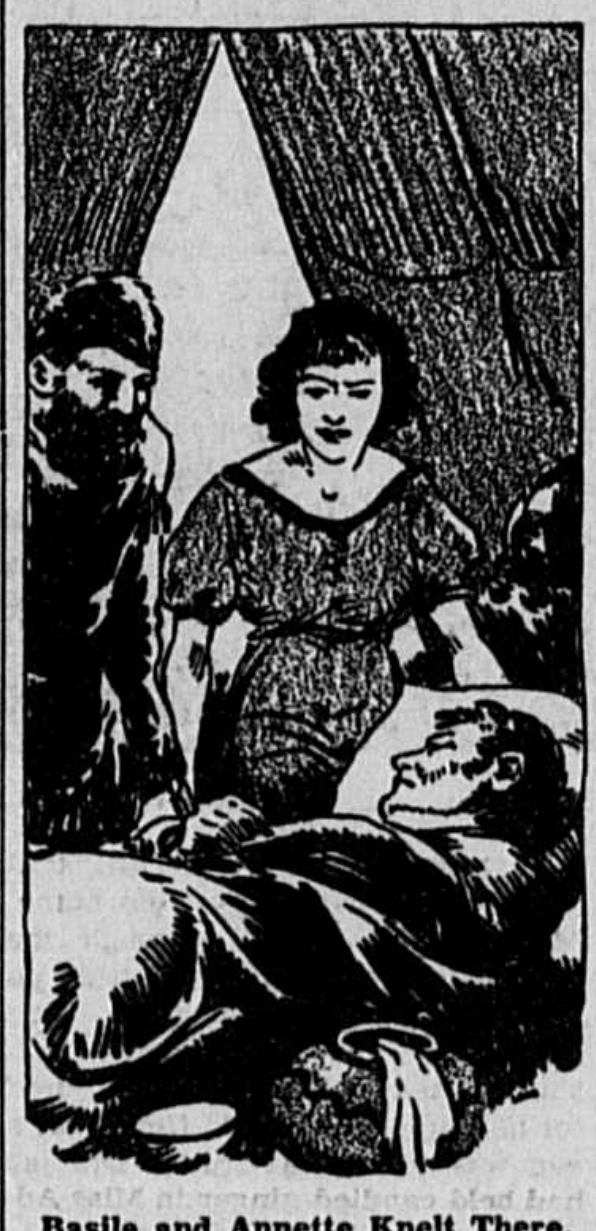
"Basile!" he whispered and smiled. He closed his eyes and sighed deeply in relief. "After all these . . . these dreams!" he said and feebly groped for the man's hand. "Good Basile . . . My friend, Basile!"

Annette had not moved, except to work the fingers in their tight clasp against her breast. Hope rode with the achievement in her eyes and her breath was quick. She had brought him back from death, this man she had loved and wronged and lived to save.

"I must've been here . . . for long," he whspered, looking again into Basile's face. "I . . . I remember Little Duck and . . . and being cold . . . and hot. I . . ."—face clouding—"I've had dreams, my friend . . . Terrible dreams . . ."

Still Shaw had not looked at Annette.

"Those dreams. Must . . . 've been fever. I . . . I dreamed that damned vixen was here, Basile,"—making a wry face. "I dreamed I saw her, felt her . . . touch me, even! . . . Ugh! . . . such a dream . . ."



Basile and Annette Knelt There.

The old man holding his hand stirred uneasily. His quick glance went to the girl and Rodney, seeing, moved his head slightly. Then stared, eyes upon her, as if transfixed.

"Is this another dream?" he cried brokenly. "Is this more torture, still? Are you real? Do you . . . live?"

"Rodney!" the girl broke in. "Rodney! It is I! It is no dream! And I came this way to beg you to forget the terrible thing I—"

"Forget?" he cried, struggling to sit up. "You ask me to forget? . . . Ho! . . . Things come back, now. The pain in my back . . . A bullet, that must have been Rickman's. Whose else? Your sweetheart's bullet, eh? Dear God, to awake to find you here . . ."

Basile, alarm stamping his face, gestured her to leave them and Annette slipped from the tent, standing alone in the dappled sunlight, eyes closed against tears, pulse faint and slow.

Tears had blinded her and she brushed them away to see that she had come near to Jacques, sitting cross legged mending a moccasin.

"The trader lives!" she said tremulously and in patois. Jacques exposed his white teeth in a magnificent grin. "We will want, now, partridge. You go, Jacques." He went at her command, as they all had obeyed her orders. And Mongazid, living in a spruce thicket across the stream where he could see and could hear, wriggled softly backward into a shallow ravine where he had come . . . the way he had been coming these many days, now, to see what he could see and hear what he could hear.

A caged man, Burke Rickman, after that first night that Shaw was known to be lying with life in the balance. Did he leave his fort by canoe and head up the lake, another canoe from Shaw's establishment appeared, menacingly.

When he went down the lake, away from Fort Shaw, in a direction opposite that where the little trader lay, none followed. The westward courses, only, were watched and forbidden him.

Mongazid had come, demanding his three packs of beaver, but this was after Basile's messengers had returned for what was needed from Fort Shaw, bringing word that their master lived.

"Skins for you?" Rickman scoffed. "When your hand trembles, when your eye goes blind? No, Mongazid, Flat Mouth's vengeance is still a shadow across your path. But there may be a way . . . may be . . ."

And so Mongazid, unsuspected by Shaw's men, went about rousing no suspicion, keeping safe for long hours in his concealment across the river from where Annette made her fight for Rodney's life, and reporting nightly to Rickman what transpired.

He came this evening. "The little trader will live," he said and shifted his gaze from Rickman's face. "The white woman speaks it. I heard her words."

Heavy drinking, then, in the trader's quarters; mutterings and mumblings, and Rickman paced the room like a wolf dragging an iron trap, back and forth, up and down.

And once, stopping, he snatched the girl's cloak from the peg where it had hung this fortnight, and ripped the fabric to shreds, silently, more terrible in his silence than he would have been shouting threats.

Annette did not again enter Shaw's tent. Another, which she could occupy, now that delirium was gone, was at a little distance. She lay there sleepless that night and, at dawn, was up.

Partridge were dressed and from the breasts she made a broth, cooked slowly, thick with the nutriment of succulent flesh. When Shaw roused she heard and gave Basile a jot of the broth in a cup to carry to him.

Shaw slept quietly most of the day, rousing thrice for more doles of nourishment and the morning found him with renewed vigor, but before he drank broth again he asked the question that had been on his mind.

"Basile, is she . . . is the . . . is the ma'm'selle still in camp?"

"Yes. She stays."

Rodney's face clouded.

"I felt it"—with an uneasy movement, like an abortive shudder. "She came from . . . where?"

"The company fort. As we had the word of you she came. Running. She . . . One did not want a woman here but she commanded that she come and . . ."—shrugging—"one does not deny a woman like that who demands."

"From the company fort, eh? . . . She'd been there, before me. I saw her cloak . . ." Shaw swallowed slowly. "She'd come to him, who refused to stay with her, eh?"

"The gift of God, her coming," the old man said earnestly. "She has healing powers from her aunt. Without her we would have been helpless. She . . . she cheated death of you, master."

"Errand of mercy, eh?" Shaw asked bitterly. "She'd do that for a . . . dog. A dog . . . or her sweetheart's rival." He drew a great and weary breath. "Get her away, Basile. Get her away I say!" and he closed his eyes wearily.

So Basile went to Annette.

Words at first stuck in his throat; and then emerged in volleys of unfinished sentences. "One humors the sick," he protested, as if she had hurled argument at him, when she had only stood silent. "When the body is weak thoughts have no health . . . But he is not a man for woman. He is a trader, married to trade . . . Truly the mademoiselle has cheated death of him but he will not grow strong again with her about."

"I will go, Basile," she said quite simply when he, having heard much and known little about women, had expected an outburst.

This overwhelmed the old man, made him jubilant and engendered a feeling of great friendliness for her. He would return her to the company fort in an hour, he declared.

"But I do not go to the company fort," she said.

"Eh Dieu! Where, then, mademoiselle?"

"I have my own encampment on an island nearby. My men are there. Or should be . . ."

She smiled wanly. So little had she thought of self in these days!

"But you came from there?"

"But I cannot return there, Basile." His fingers fumbled at his lips, wondering at her manner, so low spirited and hopeless. "May I . . . Would it not . . . Could one stop at Fort Shaw and prepare for the homeward journey?"

Yes, she could. Indeed, she could! Shaw would not need to know and she would be out of this encampment, with the trader threatening to fall into heavy sickness again at thought of her presence. Within the hour he would take her there . . .

Within the hour, then . . . She gave Basile minute directions for the preparation of other foods, naming the days when Rodney might taste the flesh of fowl and have fish. She told him what to expect by way of good sign and bad in his condition.

"I will be near for a few days," she said, "if he should not grow steadily strong . . ." She did not finish that. Her lips trembled and she turned away.

She embarked, with Jacques and another in the canoe but as they prepared to shove off Basile ran back and whispered a delaying word.

"But wait! . . . Here, mademoiselle! This was found in his blankets. It was yours. I saw you give it to him to quiet his fever . . ."

Strange creatures, women. She'd taken the remnant of a black ostrich plume from her bosom and pressed it into Rodney's hand. It must be something of value, to be carried so. It had served its purpose. It should be returned . . .

Annette took it with an odd smile and turned her face away. The canoe slid out into the current . . .

Shaw roused and drank a more generous portion of broth and smiled at Basile.

"What happened?" he asked "Just what . . ."

The other told, piecing the tale together as well as he could from the time the fabricated story of Rickman's flight to Black Beaver was spread until they found him there.

"The mademoiselle took command," Basile said gravely. "She gave the orders; she . . ."

He stopped as Shaw turned his face away.

"Has she gone?" he asked.

"Yes. While you slept. She went—"

"Then she is wholly gone. We will not even speak again of her."

And so at Fort Shaw a woman slept in the trader's bed, slept long and heavily and awoke still weary. Her boatmen were summoned from their island and brought within the enclosure. Jacques took command and tended her solicitously. Had she not saved the life of his idol? His trader who had humbled even his mighty back on the portage?

Basile came on the second day, staying but briefly to secure needed articles.

Yes, he reported, Shaw was stronger. He had a great hunger, now. His smile flashed through a set perplexity. He was uneasy, anticipating the time when Rodney would demand that they bring him here. He did not want him to find the woman here, but said no word of leaving . . .

A great lethargy settled upon Annette. She had no hope; she was hurt and bruised beyond hoping. Neither did she have resentment because, she reasoned, nothing that she ever could do would offset the injury she had brought to Rodney.

So she stayed on, not because hope lived in her heart, she told herself, but because she was inexpressibly weary and the thought of embarking for the long homeward journey—with nothing for her when she reached her destination—was too much to face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Restaurant Prospers Through Insults to Customers and Gets Away With It

This city has one business which has prospered on the theory of insulting customers. And it's a restaurant, writes a Toledo correspondent in the Detroit News.

The place is run by two brothers. It started about 11 years ago when the two boys, automobile salesmen, decided to operate the eating place on the side. They were so busy they couldn't do a decent job of waiting on the trade so covered up their deficiency by kidding. It seemed to take. People flocked to the place.

Now they have two larger restaurants in central locations.

One sits down at a table covered with oil cloth. A waiter will leave a flock of silver on the table and order customers to "help yourselves."

"What'll you nave?" If one doesn't answer right away the waiter is liable to yell "hey, this rube won't order!" and from the kitchen come a battalion of waiters roaring, mumbling, shouting. Some famous characters have even been picked up and carried out the door. This kind of treatment is usually pre-arranged, however.

Waiters wear hats and galluses all the time. They get paid for their ad libbing ability. They chatter about a customer's dress, his hair, and if he has any kind of lodge badge or identification they pounce on that for a flock of jests. A customer's coat pocket is sometimes loaded with silverware and they "catch a thief" as he attempts to leave.

The kitchen help joins in the barrage. A cacophony of screams, moans, breaking dishes, falling pots, bells and whistles comes from the kitchen.

Chinese Security

There is an unwritten law among the Chinese that a newcomer to any China town may go to any employer and demand an opportunity to work in exchange for rice, tea and shelter. That is why there are no hungry, begging Chinese in the land.

DORIS DENE'S COLUMN

Fickle Maidens Are Long Way From Being in Love!

DEAR DORIS DENE: I am eighteen and have been seeing one particular boy regularly. He is quiet, steady and very serious. He is also jealous of me so that I have given up all other fellows to please him. He has no car and we do not go out very often. I could easily have a lot of dates and could get around more than I do. I did care for this boy but am frankly getting tired of him now that I see him so much. Shall I be true to him and refuse to go out with others—or shall I break off?—A. G.

ANSWER—Obviously you aren't being true to the steady serious youth who is plodding along determined on marriage. Already you've made one or two plans for the future which would shock and grieve the steady admirer if he could read your mind.

So why not come right out with the truth and get it over? The chances are that you don't want to part with an absolutely sure thing in favor of free-lance philandering. But unfortunately you can't have your freedom and hold on to a possessive, serious-minded suitor, too. You must make your choice—and under the circumstances, the only fair decision is to tell your admirer the straight plain truth.

When a maiden's fancy begins turning to thoughts of popularity with swains who own cars and go places and do things—then she is a long way from being in love and the sooner she advertises the fact, the more merciful she'll be to the unfortunates who really love her.

DEAR MISS DENE: What should I do? We have all the makings of a happy home. We two are fundamentally congenial, although opposite in temperament. We have two delightful children and a nice home we worked for. The bugaboo is friendly drinking. Only a wife who has known the anguish of waiting until daybreak for the husband who went out on some small errand at 7 p. m. can understand what I have gone through. The excuse he gives is always lame and unconvincing. He simply can't keep away from his friends and his drinking. It isn't fair. There are many times when I have needed him when the children were sick but always friends and liquor have won.—G. A. M.

ANSWER—No habit is more insidious nor more capable of lasting harmful effect on any home life than the cheerful little business of friendly drinking. Simply because it all seems so harmless and cosy and natural, it is allowed to get by where other more spectacular sins are condemned.

Actually the pangs of anxiety a woman suffers over the constant semi-inebriation of her weak, good-natured irresponsible husband are as great as those she endures over a major catastrophe. And it is the height of cruelty for her husband to go on pursuing his carefree way at the expense of a woman's intense suffering and fear.

One woman once dealt with her husband's social drinking by indulging in the same sport. On those evenings when she knew him to be in a wandering mood she carefully invited a few friends to come over and help her through the evening. Not an experienced drinker herself she put up a fair imitation of her husband's own behavior after an evening of harmless merriment—and the spectacle proved so uninviting to her suddenly virtuous spouse that he gave up his sprees in order to stay home and reform her.

Other women have found that punishment did no good and have tried kindness instead—giving their whoopee-making mates a free evening a week in which to take care of their sprees. It has often happened that the man who enjoys his stolen liberty finds freedom dull when it is eagerly offered him. Many a wife has written to tell me that her lenience has proved a more effective means of curbing uncontrolled drinking than any punishment ever devised.

There is always the possibility that the easy-going social drinker doesn't realize fully how important his chief vice is to his domestic happiness. Faced with a wife's tears and reproaches in the early hours of dawn with himself in a befuddled condition he doesn't understand just how acutely his bad habits are affecting his peaceful home.

Perhaps if his wife demonstrated this to him by clearing out for a while and going home to mother with the children—the amiable drinker might take life more seriously—and might cease to include his favorite sport in the class of harmless amusements.

B. H. LEE: I believe that your romantic interest in the past love is caused almost entirely by the lack of sex appeal you feel in your present inamorata.

It is so like a woman—and a young one at that—to search desperately for some trace of the tender passion in her own consciousness. Finding that her steady affinity is all too cut-and dried—and platonic to be even interesting she hastily enlists the service of her memory to help her locate some particularly devastating love affair she has enjoyed.

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

After Dinner Speeches.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Lately, for my sins, I've had to listen to a jag of after-dinner oratory, including plenty of mine. I hope people like to hear me. I do.

Feature writers say professional after-dinner speakers are dying out. That may be true in New York, where folks are anxious to get the dinner over with so they may hurry to the night-spots and do some sincere and earnest drinking in an effort to forget what the stock market did to them yesterday and what it's going to do to them tomorrow.

Irvin S. Cobb

But out in the hinterlands the new crop of native orators is a bountiful one; and the typical silver tongues of the great open spaces—I'm speaking of their neighborhoods although I might include their mouths—are still convinced that the sweetest music on earth is the sound of one's own voice uplifted in eloquence.

An English preacher had the best formula: Stand up to be seen, speak up to be heard, shut up to be appreciated. If he'd left out all but the last part, 'twould have been a perfect recipe.

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Tomorrow's Treasures.

WANT to acquire untold wealth for your latter years, or, anyhow, for your grateful heirs?

Then collect things. Collect cheap things which are both common and commonplace. Then sit down and wait for these objects to become obsolete and therefore priceless. Yesterday's necessity is today's junk, but will be tomorrow's treasured antique.

Assume you'd saved up old circus bills, or Mississippi river steamboat menus, or buggy whips, or those handpainted slop-jars formerly found in all truly refined homes. Henry Ford or some museum would take a lot at any price.

I'm putting aside literary works of a purely imaginative conception. I have one perfect specimen of idyllic creation—a time-table of the old Florida East Coast railroad, also a complete working synopsis of the Townsend plan—just sheer fantasy. But the most fanciful romances are the platform pledges adopted at national conventions of the two great parties during the last twenty years—there's real fiction for you!

• • •

Germany's Colonies.

EVERY nation is united in the magnanimous attitude that to Germany should be restored the colonies taken from her by the winning side in the World's war—except the nations that acquired the said colonies in the split-up.

That's the main hitch. It's more than a hitch. It's a hard knot, tied originally with hate and sealed now with greed. In other words, sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—unless it happens to be our gander, which naturally alters the case.

Nor seemingly has it occurred to any government that the original owners of Germany's former territorial possessions might like to have a say about whom they're going to belong to in future. But then, if ever we started considering the wishes of despoiled native tribes over the world, where would the white man's noble civilization be?

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Cosmopolites

THE last time before this that Captain Mike Hogg and Major Raymond Dickson returned to their ranch at Casa Blanca, Mexico, they were just back from New York.

That night, at the bunkhouse, the hands, mostly Texas lads, foregathered to hear the bosses tell about the wonders of the great city. One or two of them had visited New York, so these cosmopolitans proceeded to exhibit their familiarity with its sights.

"Major," said one, "I reckon old Grant's tomb's still doin' business at the same stand, eh?"

"And I bet the aquarium is right where she was when I was there," said another. "And all them tall buildin's."

There was present one lanky youth who had never been fifty miles away from where he was born, in a bend of the Rio Grande; probably never had seen a town of more than a thousand inhabitants. But with all these seasoned travelers showing off, he didn't mean to be left out. He waited for an opening.

"Cap'n Mike," he said, "tell me, is that there same feller still runnin' the hotel in New York?"

IRVIN S. COBB.

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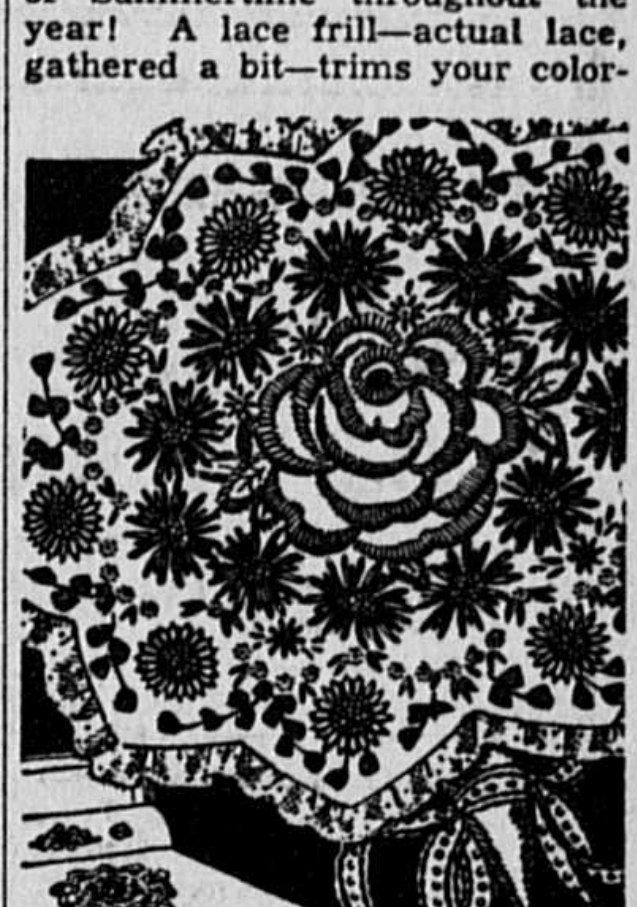
Old Center of Education

One of the oldest centers of education in America, the University of Havana, was founded January 5, 1728, by a Dominican priest, with the authorization of Pope Innocent XIII. It remained under Papal jurisdiction until 1842, when it was officially secularized.

Sure to Delight in Colors Bright

Add an old-fashioned bouquet of dainty roses, cornflowers, daisies, fern, and forget-me-nots to your bedspread and preserve the glory of Summertime throughout the year! A lace frill—actual lace, gathered a bit—trims your colorful bouquet. Easy to do, the charming result is well worth the brief time spent on a bit of simple embroidery. Begin on it right away! In pattern 5906 you will find a transfer pattern of one motif 16¼ by 21½ inches; one motif 5½ by 9½ inches; four motifs 3 by 3 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.



Pattern 5906.

To otain 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.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Egg Celery Sandwich.—Chop hard-cooked eggs up fine and season them with salt and pepper. Add half as much finely chopped celery and enough mayonnaise to make the mixture easy to spread.

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Saving Leather Chair.—The comfortable old leather chair that was sent to the attic years ago because the leather had finally become shabby can be made usable again if the worn part is concealed by a slip-cover. If it is covered in nice, dark blue the chair may be used winter and summer.

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Save Chicken Fat.—Chicken fat may be used as a butter substitute in cooking. Consequently, it is a good plan to save the fat from boiled, stewed or fried chicken.

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Washing Window Shades.—Soiled window shades may be washed by spreading each shade on a flat surface and then rubbing it with a clean cloth or sponge and soapsuds.

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Polishing Furniture.—That foggy appearance on highly polished furniture can be removed by sponging with a cloth dipped in a solution of one quart clear water and two tablespoons of vinegar, wiping dry with another cloth and rubbing.

GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy. Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

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Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Wafers (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets) . . . both for only 60c! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

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