

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Death in the Eeltrap"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

A fisherman takes his living out of the water, and at times the water is pretty generous. But it's a treacherous element when it wants to be, and there are times when it takes back more than it has given. Sometimes it drives a mighty hard bargain.

Judd O'Rourke, of Hartford, Conn., made his living for eight or nine months by wheeling it from the Saco river in Maine. Judd didn't take any too much from the river. Darned little more than he needed to live on. But when the river came around to collect, it wanted Judd's life in payment for those few months of subsistence.

It was in the spring of 1929 when Judd started to wrest a living from the river. He was digging clams and fishing for eels, down at the mouth of the stream. Eel fishing took quite a bit of equipment. One set line alone cost about eight dollars for material and a day's work putting it together.

Set Line Anchored by Concrete Blocks.

Judd's set line stretched clear across the river. It was anchored by concrete blocks a few feet apart. One end, and at one end there was a float that Judd could find it when he wanted it. You never take a set line entirely out of the water. When you want to gather your catch, you haul the line up at the buoy and work your way along in a rowlock, pulling the line up in front of you and letting it fall back in the water behind.

All through April and May, Judd made his living digging clams and tending his set lines. And then, on the morning of June 7, Old Man River presented him with a bill for what he had taken. The bill was for one human life. Old Man River didn't stall his payment. He started collecting them. That morning, Judd and his friend, George Croft, were rowing out to some mud flats for bait. On their way, they passed one of Judd's set lines and stopped to see if there was a stray eel or two on it. Judd



George was hauling him down—not up!

caught the line at the buoy, pulled it up, and started working along it toward the other side of the river. He worked along until he was about half way across, and then the line stuck.

Judd figured it was caught on a snag on the river bottom. So he would, he couldn't pull it up, so the two men gave up and rowed on to get their bait. But on the way back, Judd began thinking that he didn't want to lose a new eight dollar set line and decided to have a try at diving for it.

The river was only about 14 feet deep at low tide, and all the clothes Judd had on were his boots and a pair of old pants with legs cut off at the knees. He took off his boots, and then tied the boots' anchor rope to his waist and gave the other end to George Croft to hold. That rope was for safety's sake, but it was the Maine coast, and it was cold, even in June, and if Judd got a cramp he wanted George to be able to haul him up. But sometimes the contraptions we rig up for our safety are the things that do us the most harm.

Judd Finds Where the Line Is Snagged.

Judd dove. He found his line and began working his way toward where it was snagged. He found the place. An old water-logged tree stump, rolled downstream by the current, had lodged on top of it. Judd couldn't budge the stump. His lungs were bursting, and he was out of air. The only thing he could do now was to cut the line on each side of the stump and save as much of it as possible. Taking his fishing knife he dove again.

He reached the bottom, cut the line on one side, and then, after rising to the surface for another breath of air, he went down again. But this time, he miscalculated his distance. He reached bottom on the wrong side of the stump and had to work his way around it. "That lost a few precious seconds," says Judd, "because now the current was becoming stronger and it was getting increasingly hard to hold my feet on the bottom. But at last I found the line. I cut it quickly, decided my harness under me and shot toward the surface."

Anchor Rope Caught on Bottom.

But Judd didn't reach the surface. He shot up about five feet, and then stopped with a jerk that took the air out of his lungs. That jerk scared Judd. "The first thing I thought," he says, "was that a large squid had me. To this day I don't know why I should have thought that for the largest squid I have ever seen weighed only a pound and a half. Then I looked down and saw that it was the anchor rope, tied to my waist, that was holding me. I knew it must be caught on the bottom, so I grasped it and hauled myself downward, hand over hand."

Judd's lungs were holding now. The air was gone out of them, and he knew it would be a long time before he could untangle that rope and get to the surface. Would he make it? Well—he was doing his best. That 18 feet of rope seemed like 100. His heart was beating so fast he could hear it. At last he reached the point where the rope was snagged, and then—calmly!

As he reached the snag, the rope suddenly tightened, drawing him up close against the stump. Up to the boat, George Croft had picked that moment to become alarmed and tied to haul Judd out of the water. And with the rope caught in the snag, George was hauling him down instead of up—down to his death!

Judd began to struggle. But the rope only pulled him closer to the stump. It was so tight that Judd couldn't possibly free it from the snag, and there weren't many more seconds left to which he'd be able to free it. His lungs were burning, and his stomach felt as if it were burning inside out. He began swallowing water—and at that moment he thought of the knife he had brought down to cut the set line. It was in his belt. He got it out, cut the rope, and he was the last Judd remembered.

When Judd woke up, he was lying in the bottom of the boat, and George was giving him artificial respiration. George had had the scare of his life when the rope suddenly went slack and Judd's body had come to the surface and then started to go down again. He had feared Judd was up with a gas and then worked over him until he brought him around again.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Government Wages

According to figures compiled by the United States civil service commission, the average annual salary of government employees is approximately \$1,871. The average in the District of Columbia is \$2,006, and outside the District of Columbia, \$1,826.

Farm Lands

Texas has the largest amount of land devoted to farming of any state in the country—134,707,139 acres—almost four times the acreage of the next largest, Nebraska. The District of Columbia, the smallest section, has 3,071 acres devoted to agriculture.



SANDWICHES (MAINTAINS OF SUMMER MENUS (See Recipe Below))



'Make Mine a Ham on Rye'

Sandwiches in all their delightful variety are the mainstays of summer menus. Grilled sandwiches make a "one-dish meal" for lunch or supper; substantial sandwiches with hearty fillings make a satisfying picnic lunch; and dainty sandwiches served with a frothy beverage are perfect for a party.

But it keeps a woman's wit working overtime to provide sandwiches that are new and different! And new and different they must be, if they're to retain the appetite appeal which makes them popular.

Success With Sandwiches.

1. Use bread that is a day old.
2. Cream the butter—don't melt it.
3. Whatever the filling, use plenty of it.
4. Keep sandwiches moist for several hours by wrapping them in wax paper or in a clean cloth wrung out of hot water.
5. Remember to use a variety in breads, as well as fillings—whole wheat, rye, graham, oatmeal, brown bread, raisin bread, nut bread and orange bread all make delicious sandwiches.
6. Use left-over sandwiches for next day's lunch or supper.
7. "French toasting"—merely dip the sandwiches in beaten egg, pan fry them on both sides, and serve hot with a garnish of watercress or sweet pickle.

Raisin Orange Filling for Sandwiches.

- (Makes 10-12 sandwiches)
- 2 cups raisins
 - 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
 - 4 tablespoons orange juice
 - Grind the raisins, add orange rind and juice and blend well. Use with white or whole wheat bread.
- Banana Muttie Filling.**
(Makes 1 cup filling)
- 1 ripe banana
 - 1 cup peanut butter
 - 1/2 cup dates (cut fine)
 - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Mash banana with a fork and thoroughly blend in remaining ingredients.

Mayonnaise Sandwich Leaf.

- 1 loaf bread
- 1 head lettuce
- 1/2 cup boned chicken
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise dressing
- 2 slices broiled bacon
- 1 medium sliced tomato
- 1/2 package cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- Ripe olives
- Celery

Remove crusts and slice a medium sized loaf of bread lengthwise in three equal parts. Place crisp lettuce leaves on the slices and add a layer of boned chicken. Spread a second slice of cream cheese on the slices and add a layer of sliced tomato. Add crisp broiled bacon and thin sliced tomato as the sandwich filling on the second layer. Sprinkle tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing and top with third long slice of bread. Mix 2 1/2 packages softened cream cheese with one tablespoon prepared mustard and frost the loaf. Garnish with ripe olives and parsley. Slice as for any ordinary loaf of bread. Serve on individual plates.

Hot Peanut Butter Sandwiches.

Toast 5 slices of bread on one side only. Then spread unseasoned side with 1/2 cup peanut butter, and toast with 1/2 cup chili sauce. Top with slices of bacon and broil slowly until bacon is slightly browned and crisp. Serve with gherkin pickles fans.

Sandwich Spread.

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 eggs (slightly beaten)
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons soft butter
- 1 1/2 ounce package cream cheese
- 1/4 cup pimiento (chopped)
- 1/4 cup olives (chopped)
- 2 tablespoons pickle (chopped)
- 1 tablespoon green pepper (chopped)

In a double boiler place the mustard, sugar, salt and milk. Blend in eggs and vinegar, and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from flame, and add remaining ingredients. Store in refrigerator until using.

Beefy Sandwich Filling.

- 1 pound American cheese.
- 1/4 pound dried beef
- 1 cup condensed tomato soup
- Thin cheese and beef through food chopper, then moisten with the tomato soup. You will find that this filling will keep indefinitely if stored in the refrigerator.

If you're looking for suggestions for easy, inexpensive meals be sure to read this column next week.

In *Eleanor Howe* will give you practical tested recipes for one dish "macaroni meal" recipe that are suitable for family menus, for camp cooking, and even for an informal buffet supper.

Get This New Cook Book.

Of course the man of your family has very special recipe likes and dislikes. So has every other man. And, of course, they all like a big, juicy steak, apple pie is a mode, potatoes au gratin, etc. This new cook book contains over 120 recipes that men like. Send 10 cents in coin to "Feeding Family," Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and get a postage prepaid copy now.

WORTH REMEMBERING

Brown paper moistened in vinegar will polish tin until they gleam like silver.

Save all paraffin as you remove it from your preserves and jelly.

A man's pipe cleaner makes an excellent device for cleaning the spout of the coffee or tea pot.

Emptying a cream whipper and bowl is wasteful unless one takes time to scrape them carefully.

The present sugar from burning in preserves or jam, add a teaspoon of corn sirup to the contents of each pint.

Instead of putting whole apples, just cut them in half, then in quarters, and put the core and then peel. This is a great time saver.

Instead of peeling potatoes or scrubbing carrots, scrub same with a cheese ball, and skins will come off easily without waste.

For a Higher Effect

Interior decorators have now decided that the use of a deep color on ceilings raises them. Instead of lower, as has been usually thought. A new trick is to carry the side walls up to the ceiling, instead of dropping the ceiling color down on the sides. This creates an optical illusion of greater height.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Lewis' Violent Blast at Garner Wrecks Influence as Labor Leader

Resentment Spreads Quickly and Things Begin to Happen; Reaction in House Labor Committee Starts; Strengthens Vice President's Political Position.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON—There have been so many instances in history where one act or one expression, or one omission, has changed the course of events that it is necessary here to make mention only of such things having occurred. Everyone has seen them. In only a few instances, however, has there been such a change in the course of events as the one which occurred here today. It was a number of years ago that which obviously were going to raise Cain from the start. It is one of the latter type about which I write now.

When John L. Lewis burst forth with angry violence and referred to Vice President Garner as "a labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, old man," he wrote "this" for long careers as the most bitter of all language into a description of his enemies, even with this capacity and a million or so workers for his cause, John L. Lewis, through as a political influence in behalf of organized labor.

It is not meant here that Lewis was the cause of the radical element, but that he was the cause of having unfair to organized labor; he still has his vicious tongue, and he is still president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. As long as he has that title he can go places and make speeches and drive some threats and yell "bloody murder," and, of course, he will get newspapers to print his statements. What I am saying is, however, that Lewis has created such resentment among the capital building as against the laboring man, and that he has created such a feeling of having been wronged by him, that his statements, his greetings to him here and there, are likely to be of the thumb-to-the-eye variety.

Reaction Comes Quickly

In House Labor Committee

As an illustration of how these things react, mention may be made that immediately after the Lewis attack on political life, the house labor committee decided to go forward with legislation amending the labor laws, and hours just amendments to which Lewis was violently opposed. True, there was no member of the committee in the hearing, but they did vote to send the legislation to the floor for debate, and, in effect, tell Lewis to take his marbles and go home.

It was the second time that Lewis has pulled stupid boners, actions so dumb that they seem inexplicable when they come from a man who has had the build-up given Lewis as a labor leader and politician. It will be recalled how, a year ago, Lewis walked into the office of Speaker Bankhead of the house, and announced what the house must do about some labor legislation. Mr. Bankhead, a thoroughly level-headed Democrat from the South, said: "You're right up for the labor leader—to make sure that Lewis would lose out. One would think that Lewis would have learned his lesson from the dictatorial arrogance he displayed on that occasion. He came back for more."

Perhaps, the circumstances of the Lewis statement should be related to give a clear picture of the consequences that seem certain to flow from his personal attack on Mr. Garner. The house committee invited Lewis to appear as a witness to give the C. I. O. views on the amendments that were proposed. Lewis spent a few minutes in discussing the text of the amendments and then launched into a sour puss tirade about the Democratic party. He asserted that the party, after having accepted labor's gifts—C. I. O. having supported President Roosevelt with money and men in both presidential campaigns—had now turned out as a traitor. He argued that he never had looked for such a political double-cross, but that he had believed the Democrats would stick by him and his fellow Lewis workers.

But there the last year or more, however, Lewis found someone in the Democratic party who was behind him, and that individual, he showed in red-ink anger, is "a labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, old man," which was the name of the man, Vice President Garner. The vice president was the "genius" of a great campaign against labor, so Lewis charged.

News Travels Rapidly

Then Things Begin to Happen

Well, I have witnessed fast traveling of news around the halls of the Capitol many times, but I never have known words to get around so fast as they did on the day of the Lewis statement. And things began to happen. The day after the Lewis statement was made, the house labor committee decided to go forward with legislation amending the labor laws, and hours just amendments to which Lewis was violently opposed. True, there was no member of the committee in the hearing, but they did vote to send the legislation to the floor for debate, and, in effect, tell Lewis to take his marbles and go home.

Then Things Sober Up

People always laugh at the fool things you try to do until they discover that you are making money at it. There would be but few mysteries in this world if people looked into everything as closely as a woman looks into a mirror. We Avenge Humans. We sadly contemplate our bad habits, and then reconcile ourselves to them. Tradition should be treated with respect. It is often worth following.

Life First

Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues.—Phillips Brooks.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

By having 25% **alower** than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—**alower** than any others—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK



YES, Camels, with their mellow blend of fine, more expensive tobacco, mean luxury smoking and a lot more in it every pack. Recent impartial laboratory comparisons of 16 of the largest-selling brands show:

1. CAMELS WERE FOUND TO CONTAIN MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2. CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By having 25% slower, the average Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.

3. In the same test, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average does for all the other brands.

Try Camels. Enjoy the mellow, mellow smoking of luxurious Camels. America's No. 1 cigarette for pleasure and economy.

CAMELS COSTUME TOBACCO

More Pleasure per Pull. More Taste per Pack!

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—In view of Miss Alice Marble's recent arrival here after successful exploits at Wimbledon and elsewhere, it would seem that she should be the *Gift Kept Tennis* reported association of John McCormack, the eminent Irish tenor, with the fair Wimbledon and United States national titleholder in London as a tennis teacher was someone's flight of fancy. Miss Marble, as may be recalled, made her debut as a night club soloist last winter, and after the current tennis season is over, she will go to Hollywood to make a motion picture—provided the entrepreneur with whom she has signed is able to place her to advantage.

The first woman to hold three Wimbledon and three American titles at one and the same time, designer of sports clothes, singer, potential actress, Miss Marble's versatility is not confined to these things. She could, if she had not—her expressed regret—go beyond such things, play football baseball with facility equal to that of most men. Also proficient in basketball as a member of the Polytechnic high, San Francisco, team, she was likewise a track athlete of no small ability. And, before that, sandlot football with her brothers and other boys claimed her enthusiasm. As a six-year-old she started playing hard ball baseball with a younger brother, Harry (Tim) Marble, who later joined the Pacific Coast League Mission team as shortstop.

It is said that Marble Pere, a farmer in Plumas county, Calif., at one time doubted whether he ever could win the girl from a baseball that she swung on clubs otherwise composed of male players. But the gift of a tennis racket at the age of 11 and subsequent success turned her thoughts to tennis. This happened when, in lieu of a career as a ball player, she had become the official mascot of the San Francisco Seals of the Pacific Coast League.

Blonde, statuesque, with gray eyes, gracious in manner as she is in appearance lovely, Miss Marble won much favor wherever she went abroad.

ASSUMING Laurence Olivier's role in support of Katharine Cornell in a current Broadway hit, Francis Lederer, the engaging young *Warrior at 12*, actor whose *Lederer Now a Peace Advocate* American fame has been gained in motion pictures, finds his facility for mastering native pronunciations serving him well. In this connection it is recalled that, when he made his first stage appearance in London four years ago, he was unable to speak a word of English. Nonetheless, by using the diction of the coach, later resorting to the dictionary to learn the meaning of that which he had said, he succeeded admirably in rendering his role.

He is passionately devoted to the cause of world peace through the World Peace federation, which himself organized—this new has branches throughout the civilized world. His advocacy of peaceful adjustment of international issues resulted from experience in the World war, in which he served as a lad of 12, winning two medals for gallantry. Entering the war to avenge the death in action of a beloved older brother, he found his age no bar to service. He served, indeed, that, at the time of his capture, he was the youngest of the war who was eight years old under arms.

His biography opens at Prague, where, at 12, he was playing walk-on parts at the Deutsches Landestheater—a soldier in "Lohengrin," a servant in social comedy, anything, of extremely subordinate character. Gaining a rather important speaking part through ability displayed in reading the lines of an indisposed actor, he subsequently received a scholarship in the Academy of Dramatic Art in Prague. He then went to Breslau, where Katharine Dorsch, the German actress, discovered him and introduced him to the Berlin theater, where he became overnight the adored of feminine Berlin.

He married Ada Nejedlik, an opera singer in Prague in 1925, from whom subsequently he was divorced. Two years later, he married "Margo," Margarita Balado, stage and screen dancer. He is tall and slight, his eyes are maroon by delicate, grey ocellus. In his reading, he is addicted in the German philosophers and the French classical (Continued Feature—WFO Service)

The Slicing Doesn't Matter—It's Still From Bologna



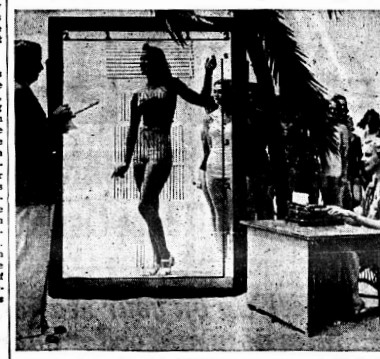
These three Italian beauties, in a festive mood at the annual fair in Bologna, pose with Italy's largest ham, which weighs 161 pounds and contains enough meat for 1,000 sandwiches—sliced a bit thin, of course. Bologna, in central Italy, on the plains of the Po valley, is the center of the country's pork-producing area.

Doomed Man Is Honored Guest at Own 'Wake'



Death was an invisible guest at a gay party given in honor of Claude Joseph Bradley, pictured at piano, in a Brooklyn, N. Y., club. The affair given by some 200 of "Brad's" friends was an anti-mortem wake for the guest of honor. Doomed by a serious illness, he has only a few weeks of life left, according to his doctors. Undaunted, he jests about his fate and proved his courage by being the "life of the party" at the "wake." The arrow in the upper right points to the honored guest.

Tsk, Tsk! Such Is the Way of Progress



California beauty contestants are now judged on a scientific basis. The beauty queens have are being tested in the "Shadograph," a new device which gives their accurate measurements at a glance. The Shadograph was first used to select the winner of the Venice, Calif., Mardi Gras.

Charles Comiskey II, Heir to White Sox



Upon the shoulders of Charles Comiskey II may some day fall the responsibility of carrying on the name Comiskey, famous in baseball. The young man, now 12, shares equally with his two sisters in ownership of one-half of the Chicago White Sox, American League baseball club. His father, John Louis Comiskey, who died recently, left the entire holdings to his widow and three children, expressed in his will the desire that ownership in the club be kept in the Comiskey family at least until his youngest child attains the age of 25 years.

Star Dust

★A Picture Without Men
★Remembered for Another
★Right Up Raf's Alley
By Virginia Vale

"The Women," the movie version of the very successful play of the same name, is going to be something to see. Norma Shearer, Ronald Russell and Joan Crawford head the cast, which includes those excellent actresses, Phyllis Povah and Florence Nash, and one hundred others, all girls.

Women will want to see the picture, if only to see the clothes—super-special frocks have been whipped up for their benefit. One of Joan Crawford's is black velvet with a split to the waistline, and worn over very tight black knickers.

And men will want to see it, both to see some of our best screen actresses trying to outshine each other, and to see what cut-throat



battles women can get into over men.

If there were any other cut-throat battles while the picture was being made—little things like arguments over billing, scene-stealing, and things like that—the great public will never know.

Roscoe Karns has played featured roles in more than 100 motion pictures, but is best remembered for one he didn't play, in a series of pictures in which he didn't appear.

For years his friends and his fans have insisted on remembering him as the tight manager in the "Leather Pusher" series, in which Reginald Denay starred. But it was not Karns who played the character, who played the tight manager. The two men don't even faintly resemble each other.

Karns is mystified, but at last is resigned. Just the other day, when he arrived at the studio to work in "Everything's on Ice," an assistant cameraman hailed him with, "It's been a long time, Roscoe, since we worked in the 'Leather Pushers' together!"

George Raft's performance in the new James Cagney picture, "Each Dawn I Die," won him a new contract and an assignment to do a remake of "The Public Enemy." The one which Richard Barthelmess once made a comeback, as his first picture. He is to make three a year. The hero of the picture is a prizefighter, which is right up the raft alley—in his days as a fighter he fought 22 professional bouts, and was knocked out seven times.

News of radio programs that take the air in the fall is coming in regularly. Tommy Higgin will be back with "Quaker Party." Bob Becker will resume his dog talks, and the Screen Actors Guild show will have its old time on Sunday nights—with \$10,000 for each broadcast going to the Motion Picture Relief fund.

Paul Whiteman's band is now leading their own orchestra, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Henry Busse and Ferde Grofe among them. They were with him 10 or 11 years ago. Another member of the band at that time was Bing Crosby, who sang with the band but couldn't play; but not holding an instrument so that he'd look as if he belonged there. Too bad they can't all be gathered together for one more performance, with the great Whiteman holding the baton.

ODDS AND ENDS—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, preparing to take a vacation, were requested by their studio to spend a few years in New York. The thing that people seem to remember about Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, is not his musical ability as pianist and composer, but the fact that until he was nine years old he did not know that he was blind.

When officials of Rockville, Md., dedicated the city's new \$77,000 post office they encountered difficulty. Mrs. Elizabeth Winsted of Washington, D. C., erected a warning sign, declaring that she and a sister were coming right into the city. The owner of the site had not received anything from the government. After much wrangling, the chief of police persuaded the advanced sister to leave the property quietly.

Wise Mothers Value Child's Individuality

CHILDREN OFTEN "conditioned" toward resentment and bitterness by untimely parents. Initiative dulled by frequent and unnecessary interruptions while working.

By EDITH BRANDIS

STUDENTS of the human mind tell us that children may be and often are "conditioned" toward resentment and bitterness when they are very young, by—can you believe it?—their mothers. Later this conditioning which is an actual change in nerve structure is indicated by a bad disposition, an unpleasant personality. We say of such a person, "He has a chip on his shoulder."

There will be an almost infinite number of incidents in the early life of almost any child, which, if wrongfully dealt with, will form fighting habits. Let us consider a simple, understandable, all too common example.

A little boy is making something he calls a boat. He is happy and intent on his piece of work. His mother speaks to him. When he does not respond instantly to her bid for his attention she snatches the boat away from his hands in a surge of anger. She is, she thinks, teaching her child instant obedience and to respect for his elders. If he is a child of spirit he, instinctively, will respond to anger with anger. If he cannot give vent to his resentment at being interrupted—of course he must never fight back at Mother—he will have a thwarted feeling associated with the breaking of his concentration and the snatching away of his project.

Should similar incidents repeatedly occur, the resentment he will feel and the entire train of reactions which will follow can hardly fail to become deep-seated. They are now involuntary—a fixed habit. When this stage is reached, nothing but a careful arrangement of situations in which the child receives sympathetic consideration and makes desirable reactions as a natural consequence will bring him back to normal behavior.

Now there is a hopeful thought about habit formation. If it be true that the child may be and often is "conditioned" toward undesirable behavior, it is also true that he may be conditioned for peaceful, harmonious and productive living.

Home is Best School.

The mother, who is the child's first teacher, and his first life, is wise and resourceful, should understand the value of the early plans and activities he sets up for himself. They are his preparation for the larger plans, greater productivity and development of initiative when he is older. During his moments of intense concentration she must try never to interfere. She must see that a certain amount of his time is used by and for himself without interruption. Respect for his elders may be taught him in connection with other matters to which they are more properly related.

The child's individuality is recognized and respected, whose initiative is encouraged, will form desirable habits of self-expression. He will enter the world with a self-confidence and an inner control that will enable him to meet his problems with courage and competence.

Deep within himself he will know, he will remember, that he has planned, he has wrought, he has achieved. To successful living there is no greater asset than to be able to say, "In the past I have planned and made my plans come true." Following such a statement will always be this: "What I have done I can do again."

National Kindergarten Association (WFO Service)

Spotless Guatemala City
At an altitude of about 5,000 feet above sea level, and with a 170,000 population, Guatemala City, capital of Guatemala, is an attractive spot in tropical America. The name, of Indian origin, means "permanence of ancestors." Of real interest are the palaces, temples, pottery, statues, monuments and burial places, mysteries of dead and gone ages. Broad streets and snowy houses are unusually attractive, for it is a spotless city. The market place attracts visitors who find most enjoyable the place where Indians of many tribes congregate. For many miles, these men and women have lagged along patiently, bringing their handicraft and pottery to be sold at very reasonable prices. One may determine, if educated by their tribal traditions, to distinguish which tribe they belong to by the sprays of the men and the blouses of the women, each having different weave and pattern.

Children Like Bright Colors
Children of school age have a preference for blue over red, surveys show. Yellow runs third in favor, and green is preferred over white. Inasmuch as children have such a decided liking for the primary colors, it is well to keep them in mind when planning the painting of children's rooms. As children develop, and their preferences change, toward the subdued or less gay colors, further tests reveal.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FEED AND SEEDS

CHEAP FEED FOR HOGS AND POULTRY
CORN, SOYBEANS, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, BARLEY, SORGHUM, SUDAN GRASS, ALFALFA, CLOVER, ETC.
MILFORD HATCHERY, Philadelphia, Pa.

POULTRY

SEED FOR PRODUCTION
BARRER FOR PRODUCE
CORN, SOYBEANS, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, BARLEY, SORGHUM, SUDAN GRASS, ALFALFA, CLOVER, ETC.
MILFORD HATCHERY, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD COINS

COINS WANTED
Gold, Silver, Copper
We buy what you have
L. S. FORD, Birmingham, Alabama

Ask Me Another

● A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is the difference between an eclipse and an ellipse?
2. What is an anapest?
3. Is black a color?
4. Does practice make perfect?
5. Which extends farther south, Texas or Florida?
6. What is the white part of the eye called?
7. Of what did our Constitution originally consist?
8. From where do we get chocolate?

The Answers

1. Eclipse means to obscure, ellipse is a geometrical figure.
2. The symbol for the word "anapest" is "˘ ˘ ˘".
3. No, black is the absence of color.
4. Possibly, if you are practicing the right way.
5. The most southern point of the United States is Cape Sable, Fla.
6. The choroid, which is seen through the conjunctiva, which is the transparent membrane over the eye.
7. A preamble and seven articles.
8. From the seeds of the cacao tree.

HOT WEATHER BILIOUSNESS

Have you noticed that in hot weather your digestion and stimulation seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food does not digest, your complexion sallow, and your bowels sluggish or constipated.

These are some of the symptoms of biliousness or "hot blood." Biliousness is prevalent in hot climates. They call for calomel, or better still, the famous "Calomel" tablets. Calomel is a mild, non-toxic compound that makes calomel-taking a pleasure. Calomel gives you the effects of calomel without the danger of the system. One or two Calomels at bedtime with a glass of water—drinks all next morning your system feels clean and refreshed, your head is clear, your spirit bright, and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for your work and pleasure.

Genuine Calomels are sold only in checker-board boxes and white packages bearing the trade mark "Calomel" tablets. Beware of cheap imitations. Ten cents; family packs twenty-five cents; your druggist's duty.

Learn From History

Examine history, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."
—Caryle.

ROSE COLD

Put just "3 drops" in each nostril for quick relief from excessive nasal secretion. Ask for **PENETRO**

For the Cause

It is the cause and not the death, that makes the martyr.—Napoleon.

Got Malaria?

If you have Malaria, you owe it to yourself and your family to get **WINTERMITH'S TONIC**. All over the world, and in 21 foreign countries—Wintemith's Tonic is known as one of the oldest and most reliable malaria medicines on the market. We believe you will agree this is proof of quality. For your own sake, get Wintemith's—and see for yourself!

WINTERMITH'S TONIC

BARGAINS
—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants.

IN THIS PAPER

SOCIAL and Personal News

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DAISY TEN EYCK Society Editor

Baptist W. M. U. Meeting Monday

The W. M. U. of the First Baptist Church held their regular monthly business meeting Monday afternoon at the church. The president, Mrs. David Stuckey, presided over the meeting. A song was sung, followed by prayer. A portion of the scripture was read. Mrs. J. R. Bennett read the secretary's report and Mrs. J. D. Sherman read the treasurer's report. Mrs. W. C. Touchton gave a short talk on her trip to the World Alliance at Atlanta. The business meeting was closed and Mrs. J. B. Coen, Jr. taught lesson four of the Book of Luke to both circles, and closed the meeting with prayer.

In attendance were: Mesdames David Stuckey, J. D. Sherman, R. Lawton, Frank Costine, J. B. Coen, Jr., Anna Lawton, M. M. Foster, W. M. Martin, J. R. Bennett, W. C. Touchton, S. F. Longbottom, J. E. Crosby, J. L. Collins and Mrs. Puel.

C. E. Lanier was a business visitor in Orlando on Monday.

W. M. RECK REGISTERED BROKER REAL ESTATE IN ALL STATES 15 Jacksonville AVON PARK, FLORIDA

PARK THEATRE 10c ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Saturday, August 12 (Only)

ROY ROGERS

— in —

"In Old Caliente"

— Also —

Chap. No. 3 Serial & Cartoon

Sunday & Monday, Aug. 13-14

BORIS KARLOFF

— in —

"DEVIL'S ISLAND"

— Also —

Selected Short Subjects

Tuesday & Wednesday, Aug. 15-16

MICHAEL WHALEN

— in —

"Pardon Our Nerve"

— Also —

News, Cartoon & Comedy

Thursday & Friday, Aug. 17-18

ERROL FLYNN

— in —

"DAWN PATROL"

— Also —

Selected Short Subjects

Philathea Class At Lawton Home

The Philathea Class of the First Baptist Church held its regular business meeting and social at the home of Mrs. E. P. Longbottom. The Lawton home was beautifully decorated with exquisite roses. After a short business session a social hour was enjoyed, during which games and contests passed the time very pleasantly.

The hostesses served refreshments of ice cream and cake and punch to the following: Mrs. J. B. Coen, Jr., Mrs. Jack Dalton, Mrs. Harry Walker, Mrs. Lena Clements, Mrs. Bob Adams, Mrs. J. E. Crosby, Mrs. James Spencer, Mrs. Ernest Spencer, Mrs. M. M. Foster, Mrs. Ray Wells, Mrs. Frank Costine, Miss Evie Canup and Miss Evelyn Clements.

Mrs. McKnight Club Hostess Tuesday

The Tuesday Contract Club was entertained this week at the home of Mrs. George Scott McKnight. Tables for twelve were set on the cool porch. Colorful garden flowers were an added note of cheer. High score went to Mrs. W. H. Kempton. The hostess served a salad course and led tea at the close of the games.

Guests of the club were: Mrs. Geo. Voorhees, Mrs. Viola Alderman and Mrs. Katherine Bristol. Regular members attending were: Mrs. W. H. Kempton, Mrs. Lulu Bass, Mrs. J. E. Brick, Mrs. Margaret Church, Mrs. Earl Ware, Mrs. C. H. Pardee, Mrs. William H. Yates, Mrs. Olive Anderson and the hostess Mrs. McKnight.

Pilgrim Fellowship Picnic Thursday

The Pilgrim Fellowship of the Congregational church held a picnic at the Legion home on Thursday afternoon. The picnic was a success and many people enjoyed the day. Games and contests were held and a good time was had by all.

Among those who were present were: Mildred Wray, Louise Wilson, Ruth Wild, Henry Wild, Lillian Bennett, Bob McKee, Robert Prescott, Mary Frances Correll, Darlene Correll, Albert Correll, Joanne Correll and others.

Contract Club At Tourist Home

The tenth in the series of covered dish luncheons held by the Tourist club home by the Thursday Contract Club was held there this Thursday noon. After the appetizing and abundant lay out of food was disposed of an afternoon of contract was enjoyed.

Members attending this week were: Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Humming, Mrs. Lulu Bass, Mrs. Katherine Bristol, Mrs. Olive Anderson, Mary Armstrong, Mrs. George Symonds, Mrs. Georgia Vickery. Guests of the club were: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wester, Mrs. M. E. Ellor Robinson and Miss Peggy Keys.

Mrs. Thayer Hostess To Luncheon Club

The Wednesday Luncheon Club was entertained by Mrs. S. S. Thayer this week at the Jaccaranda Drug store on the mainline floor where two tables were set in the gift shop there. After a very enjoyable lunch, several progressive games of bridge were played and high score went to Mrs. J. A. Johnson and second high to Mrs. Earl Hart. Mrs. G. F. Thayer and Mrs. Sue George were guests of the club. Regular members in attendance were Mrs. Earl Hart, Mrs. Margaret Church, Mrs. Earl Ware, Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Mrs. Demos Mandis and the hostess Mrs. S. S. Thayer.

Nancy Morgan Has "Slumber" Party

Miss Nancy Morgan of Key West invited four friends, Helen Jarrett, Winifred Archer, Betty Moffett and Josephine Brown to a "Slumber" party Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Brown, where she is visiting. After attending the movie, and a treat of ice cream and cake, the party went to bed, but not to sleep, oh, no! Such a talking and giggling time was never had in bed or out. At last Mr. Sandman got the best of them. Next morning all were able to eat a hearty breakfast and to vote Nancy's party "the best ever."

STORK NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Bennett are rejoicing over the advent of a 10½ pound son on Sunday night. They have named the young fellow James Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jolly are the proud parents of a 10 pound boy who arrived Sunday night. The young man has been named Carl Martin.

C. S. "Buck" Pardee and wife of DeSoto City are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pardee.

Miss Audrey Culbreath of St. Petersburg is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Deigal for two weeks.

Mrs. Lucille Tombaugh and daughter Miss Patricia Tombaugh were visiting in Tampa Thursday.

Mrs. E. G. Todd and son Donald spent Monday in Winter Haven on business and pleasure.

Mrs. S. J. Hunt of Jacksonville is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Helms for some time.

Mrs. Verina Morris of Macon, Ga. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Redick and family for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shepherd returned Saturday from a delightful vacation spent in the Virginias and other northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Drayway and son Joe and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Bradcock of Pine Castle spent Sunday in Avon Park visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hagan. Mr. Bradcock, who is Mrs. Hagan's brother, will stay for the week.

Whalen Sips at Fountain of Youth



Grover Whalen, president of the New York World's Fair, seems to be enjoying his orange juice while Pansie de Leon, at left, at the Florida Building, looks on approvingly at the Fountain of Youth.

Miss Nadine Sloan and Miss Mary Smith of Leesburg spent last weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bowman.

Rev. Philip Schuyler of Zolfo Springs and his mother, Mrs. Albert Schuyler, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wester Thursday.

Mrs. Sue Gregory and son Arthur left on Thursday for Bradenton to visit Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Nanny and family.

Miss Mary Louise Stewart left for Waycross, Ga. Friday night for a visit with friends and relatives.

William Hauptmann returned from Asheville, N. C. on Saturday. Mrs. Hauptmann will remain there until October First.

Miss Ruby Jean Norton, Mr. and Mrs. George Haynie and Mrs. Ten-Hayne left Wednesday for points in Tennessee and expect to be gone about two weeks.

Miss Nancy Morgan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Morgan, of Key West, is visiting Fr. and Mrs. R. I. Brown and other friends in Avon Park.

Mrs. W. C. Touchton and daughter Betty have returned from Atlanta, Ga. and Fairburn, Ga. where they have been visiting friends and relatives.

Major Edward Keenan of Lake Wales was in Avon Park on Sunday and had Sunday lunch with Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Todd and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Roberts and son Desmond spent the day Wednesday in Sarasota visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Culler and Mrs. and Mrs. Aubrey Roberts.

Dr. and Mrs. George Scott McKnight, Miss Marjorie McKnight and Mrs. George Voorhees spent Sunday in Haines City visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hopley who are Mrs. McKnight's parents.

Mrs. R. A. Brown of Chattanooga, Tenn. and daughter Beverly Ann, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ware and family, and Mrs. Carl Jolly and family for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Zuck of Norristown, Pa. have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Garber for the past week. The two families are old school chums and this is their first meeting in a number of years and the Zuck's first visit to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Leroux, Jr. of Baltimore, Md. arrived in Avon Park Wednesday to spend a few days with the S. C. Pardee family. Mr. Leroux is a classmate, and close friend of S. C. Pardee, Jr. They are touring Florida on their honeymoon.

J. W. Napier, who purchased the beautiful home of Oscar Barrell on Lake Letta some time ago, arrived in Avon Park Wednesday to take possession of the place. This is one of the outstanding show places of Avon Park, and the new owner is receiving a cordial welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pardee and daughter Mary have returned from a stay in Daytona Beach. While away they went to Deland, Fla. and St. Augustine and enjoyed the interesting old town very much. There Mr. Pardee met a friend he used to know in Hagerstown, Md. years ago, and a great old tale over the time was enjoyed by both.

The only place in the world where large marine specimens are fed by hand daily is at Marine Station, Maryland, Florida.

REALTORS URGE INDUSTRY FOR FLA.

Frederick of Forward Florida
Foundation Cities State's
Advantages

"Florida is now at the crucial point in its entire industrial history," stated Harlow G. Frederick of Orlando, chairman of the Forward Florida Foundation recently.

"It resolves into a simple question of whether we are to be a state productive of merely raw products or will we advance to the higher status as producers of finished products," Mr. Frederick went on to say. "This applies to every fruit, vegetable, seafood, meat, dairy, forestry and other merchantable products which provide our major source of profit."

Mr. Frederick pointed out that highly processed food products have replaced the foods formerly put up in the home. He urged that Florida do her share of this processing.

He encouraged Floridians to take advantage of the research work being carried on at the University of Florida and other places and to utilize materials which were found to be suitable for certain needs through this research, but which many local producers now discard as waste.

He cited grapefruit refuse as an example. It had been found that the refuse from grapefruit canneries makes a most valuable form of cattle feed. Great sums of money are still "going down the drain" here, according to Mr. Frederick.

The Forward Florida foundation of which Mr. Frederick is chairman, is encouraging and urging that Florida advertise her facilities for industry.

"While the tourist industry will be regarded by many as Florida's major activity, it is obvious that many of the same factors which make this great state a favorite for winter visitors would also contribute to its industrial activity as a location for many types of industrial enterprises," chairman Frederick pointed out.

He gives Belleville, New Jersey, as an example that it can be done. This town changed from a dismal outlook to a thriving industrial town, largely through a newspaper advertising campaign calling attention to the municipality's residential advantage and industrial sites. This was done with a \$5,000 appropriation.

Mr. Frederick urged that the people of Florida give this matter serious consideration.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Wray and family as their guest, Miss Louise Wilson of Brookville, whose mother will be remembered as Florence Hunkley, and old timers in Avon Park will recall that her grandfather Ben Hinkley had charge of Hollyhock years ago.

Basil Bullock who has been spending a two months vacation in the mountains of Tennessee, returned to Avon Park on Sunday. While away he was invited to give an audition at W. S. M. broadcasting station at Nashville, Tenn. and will accept the invitation at some time in the near future.

Florida Exhibit
Attracting Crowds

The Florida State Exhibit is attracting more attention than any two other State Exhibits at the New York World's Fair according to County Agent Louis Almyer, who has just returned from New York.

He stated further that he made a careful check on the attendance and found that not only was the Florida Exhibit having the greatest number of visitors but the visitors are spending 50% more time in the Florida Exhibit than any other State Exhibit. They were asking a large number of questions and making many notes and memoranda. The Florida Exhibit is located at one corner of the Fair grounds so as to be on a large body of clear water and give a tropical Florida atmosphere. It is really accessible by the buses and walks. Recently arrangements were made so that visitors are transported across the lagoon by boats from the amusement area to the Florida Exhibit, which latter is located near Billy Rose's Aquadome.

While at the World's Fair the County Agent changed and freshened up the exhibit of chemically preserved fruit which was sent from this county and which is attracting much attention there.

New Scout Camp House

A Scout Camp House is being constructed on Brush Lake back of Highland Lakes, all labor being volunteered. It is near the Boys Forestry Project and will be 20 x 20 feet in size. There is a good place for swimming and other sports. Fine progress has been made. It is reported, in spite of the expert advice, unskilled planning and skilled carpentry of the older lad, Douglas Perry, H. E. Ketter, Mr. Brown, "Kid" Roberts, Walter Betts, L. J. McConnell, Matt Plicher, C. E. Lanier, Lawler Wells and Ed. Todd, who donated their artistry and conversation to this worthy project.

The only place in the world where large marine specimens are fed by hand daily is at Marine Station, Maryland, Florida.

Want Ads

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Credit on a new American
tour car for sale at a discount.
Bill Beckett, Avon Park, Fla.

FRYERS, 25 cents pound, Maggi's Hatchery, Avon Park, Fla.

FOR RENT: Two apartments, each with bed room, living room, dining room, kitchen and bath, electric refrigerator, gas stove, water heater and garage. One apartment same as above with only one large bedroom. Apply, Mrs. M. E. Covington, phone 177-W. 22, 23.

OPPORTUNITY
TO GO INTO BUSINESS
FOR YOURSELF
In a
Western Auto Associate Store
Western Auto Supply Company
largest and most successful in the line, 20 years in business, has a sales volume of 38 million dollars in 1938. We are now offering you an opportunity to own and operate a Western Auto Associate Store, home owned, in towns of 1,500 to 25,000. There are over 1100 such stores in operation.

You can become the owner and operator of a "Western Auto Associate Store" for as little as \$2,750 in the smaller towns, and \$5,000 for merchandise and fixtures and everything necessary to start business. We train you in our successful merchandising methods.

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FLORIDA WEEK
JOIN GOVERNOR CORE'S
SPECIAL TRAIN
Lv. JACKSONVILLE 7 P.M. SUN., AUG. 13
Connecting Train Lv. Avon Park at 2:18 P.M.

Everyone is invited to join the Governor and his staff on the Special Train via Seaboard Railway—the official route. Help make Florida Week a huge success. Plan your World's Fair trip to be there at that time!

LOW FARES
from
AVON PARK
Round trip fare per person, including Pullman charges as shown—

1 person to upper berth \$66.50
1 person to lower berth 71.25
2 persons to lower berth 62.00
2 persons to compartment 78.55
3 persons to compartment 89.97
2 persons to drawing room 85.35
3 persons to drawing room 94.50
Round trip coach fare 38.85

Governor Core's special train will be completely air-conditioned—composed of modern Pullman sleeping cars, Seaboard dining cars and reclining seat coaches.

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Consult you
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SEABOARD RAILWAY

BIG SALE!!!

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ABRAMS

PRICES ARE LOWER THAN YOU
CAN EVER IMAGINE. COME IN
AND SEE FOR YOURSELF AND
BE CONVINCED.

DON'T MISS THIS BIG CHANCE TO SAVE
MONEY!

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CHAPTER XX—Continued

Breck sprang up, shot by the suggestion of Irene's words. "What did Art say? Anything about it?"

"It might have been that," she admitted.

"Tonight?"

"He said later he had some important business," Irene sighed. "Please don't make me use my brain. It's tired."

Breck looked down into her face. It was wholly innocent of any definite knowledge. No doubt Art had bragged in vague terms; nothing she might repeat.

"Irene," he asked, "did Tillson give any names? Or places, or people?"

"She turned imploring eyes to him. 'Must I know?'"

"Enough to remember what you were talking about. Was any mountain or meadow brought up?"

Irene counted on her fingers. "I slept well last night and remarked on it. He said something about sleeping too. Then we talked some more. Then he bragged about knowing so much. He said if I would look at the sky tomorrow—there is a sleeping mountain?"

"Sleeping Beauty," Breck urged. Irene shook her head with a little smile. "I really don't know. Where are you going?"

Breck had untied Kit. Now he said quickly, "Promise me you'll say nothing about this to anyone."

"Have I told you something?"

"Perhaps. Promise me."

"I'll not talk," Irene promised. He strode on to the telephone booth, dropped Kit's reins, and ran back quarters. Cook answered.

"Dad," Breck asked, "is Slim there? No, don't call him. Tell him to take the trail and meet me half way. I've got some letters that must go out."

"It's sort of late in the afternoon," Cook began.

"They're important!" Breck cut in. He could not trust the fore. Too much chance of his word being intercepted from one of the patrol instruments.

A pause told that his meaning had gotten across.

"All right," Cook finished briefly and hung up.

Breck strapped on his gun and put an ax in the saddle scabbard. The whole thing might be a false clue; yet he read Art Tillson. The boy would boast to make himself big before Irene. After all, he had told nothing she could understand.

Sleeping Beauty mountain came into sight as he topped a rise in the trail some distance beyond Rock House. It rose on the eastern rim of the range, a high, barren crest sculptured in the form of a man reclining. The peak was above timberline, but the wooded lower slope offered dangerous fire country.

South of the mountain were the Pot holes, and putting these conditions together, Breck formed tentative plans. They could be completed when he met Sierra Slim.

As he rode, his body grew tense. For that was the mood of the forest, and he strained to catch all words beyond the limit of his vision. Kit too, listened, and it was he who stopped abruptly without command when they were still an hour from the summit.

Breck rose in his stirrups, motionless until there came a faint blue ahead. Then he was a faint blue ahead. Then he was a faint blue ahead. Then he was a faint blue ahead.

CHAPTER XX

In a short time the sharp ring of shoes on rock that had first warned him, came again, then broke into the rapid thud of the other rider as he came up the dim path. Kit raised his head. Instantly Breck gripped his horse's neck, silencing him.

The sound approached in a reckless rush, with no attempt by the rider to move quietly. In a flash the other animal appeared. The lane where Breck watched, and glimpsing it he relaxed in his saddle. It was Sierra's patch horse; well at the same time the lack figure was unmistakable.

Whirling Kit, Breck called, "Slim!"

Sierra halted. "You, pardner? Come ahead."

Breck moved back to the trail and stopped at the other end. "What's up?" he asked. "Ran into someone?"

"Not any," Sierra grinned. "I was making that runner's job. I would have me. Thought you'd be about this far."

Without going into details as to the source of his information, Breck told him he had learned.

"The best way to get figure it," he finished, "is for me to go up Sleeping Beauty and lay for the firebug, while you watch the trail where the Tillsons will come out of Sulphur Creek. I have a hunch where they'll be."

Sierra wagged his head thoughtfully. "That might be the way to do it. Looks like the Tillson outfit's one came. He rode through a meadow with cattle lying in dark bushes on slivery, dew-laden grass, came to the corral, and continued beyond them, purposely avoiding the two cabins as he approached the forest service telephone. So far he had aroused no sign of life. He hoped to put in his call without waking Temple and Louie."

"I guess you're right," agreed Breck.

"That's a big country over there," Sierra added. "One man alone could hardly watch it. Now let's do a figure. A good place for fire is on the southwest side of the mountain. The nesters are just south of that. Wouldn't you say whoever's out there would strike for the Pot holes afterwards?"

"I thought so," said Breck. "They wouldn't want to meet me coming from Rock House, and you know they way operators to the south."

Abruptly Slim wheeled his horse. "Good enough. I'll call you later. Breck closed the iron box. Tom Temple had drawn on his boots and breeches and stood a short distance from his cabin. Breck motioned with one arm, saying as the man approached, "Sorry to get you up. Those bells do sound like night."

"No matter," Temple asserted. "I heard you before you rang. Thought maybe someone was looking over my horse. He pointed his rifle toward the corral. 'Got some good stuff in there tonight. 'Jot some good stuff for the rodeo.'"

Temple advanced. "Gettin' cold out here. Will you put up, Ranger?"

"Thanks, but I've got to go on," Breck swung into the saddle, and then, riding away from camp, cast a swift glance backward.

Curious at one window of the other cabin, moved slightly. It might have been the wind.

In the first light of dawn he came again to the bowl of Rock House, but he had pushed Kit rapidly, calculating that Sierra would reach headquarters about the same time he returned to his point. Cook would then call him at once.

His deduction was right. The telephone rang shortly after he had undressed.

"I'm coming over," was the whole of Cook's message.

When he came to the point in which Breck could sleep; and he suddenly felt the need of it. A few minutes later, when he lay fully awake, he heard his horse's snoring. Slim's parting words came back, and he dropped into the shadows with the

clatter burst suddenly; someone was riding down the backwash, leaving a fire-footed horse over the rubble of rock. Breck saw the man and his nag until the figure was within gun range, the moving Kit only a step, shouted, "Halt there! Hands up!"

Speed of approach was not slackened. A spurt of flame darted toward him. He answered with three shots from the Ruger, aimed high, a fourth he put close to the man's side. A sharp oath burst out.

"Then halt!" Breck ordered. Now the rider was plainly visible up the ridge. He had obeyed, bringing his horse to a stand. Breck advanced, saying again, "Hands up, there!"

Response was slow. Breck was within a few feet when at last two arms started up. Suddenly the movement one was flung out. A heavy gun grazed Breck's cheek. He dodged and the next instant the left-handed blow against the fellow's face. The man toppled from his saddle. His horse, freed, plunged down the ridge.

It was done in a minute. Breck leaped to the ground and with the Ruger in his prisoner's face, ordered him to his feet. Then, with a look of the rope, he bound his arms. Neither spoke.

From across the canyon came the sound of a horse scrambling downward. For a time the animal was lost in the bottom, but presently burst through a brush patch and was unmistakable.

"All right, Slim," Breck called. "Over here."

Sierra rode up. "By the kiss of Judas!" he exclaimed, bounding down to look at the other man.

"Do you know this fellow?" Breck asked.

"Hell yes! Worked trail for us one year. Got blown first with dynamite and sellin' it. After that he turned nester. Hard to tell what

he is now." Sierra shifted in his saddle. "Tillson pay you right well for this job, Cowan?"

The man looked up sullenly from a black-bearded face, but said nothing.

Breck swung to his horse. "We'd better hit that fire, Slim, before it gets away from us."

"Right, pardner," Sierra jerked a thumb toward the one shot. "Bring him along. If he don't run fast enough, drag him."

They climbed the ridge, with Breck leading his captive on a rope. The fire was in brushy woods not far from the ridge, and they climbed it at once, Breck chopping a line with his ax. Sierra shoveling earth onto the flames. In half an hour it could be left to burn itself out.

Returning to where he had left Kit and the man, both tied to a tree, Breck mounted immediately, then took his prisoner over to Sierra.

"He's all yours, Slim. We had you down to look at him. I'm dropping down to Temple where I can call Cook."

"I'll head straight north," Sierra answered. "Just you sleep tight now on."

That was his casual farewell. It was past one o'clock in the morning when Breck reached Temple's one camp. He rode through a meadow with cattle lying in dark bushes on slivery, dew-laden grass, came to the corral, and continued beyond them, purposely avoiding the two cabins as he approached the forest service telephone. So far he had aroused no sign of life. He hoped to put in his call without waking Temple and Louie."

But as he cranked four rings and stood waiting, one cabin door opened and the old man peered out. Temple had stopped to rest, but was prepared with a rifle across the bend in his arm. Breck turned away as headquarters answered.

"Hello, Cook!" Breck called. "I heard the sound of his voice. Identity. Now in the brief report he told him his location. 'All OK. We're here. Slim is bringing back my mail.'"

"The line became silent. Then: 'Good enough. I'll call you later.' Breck closed the iron box. Tom Temple had drawn on his boots and breeches and stood a short distance from his cabin. Breck motioned with one arm, saying as the man approached, 'Sorry to get you up. Those bells do sound like night.'"

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Speed of approach was not slackened. A spurt of flame darted toward him. He answered with three shots from the Ruger, aimed high, a fourth he put close to the man's side. A sharp oath burst out.

"Then halt!" Breck ordered. Now the rider was plainly visible up the ridge. He had obeyed, bringing his horse to a stand. Breck advanced, saying again, "Hands up, there!"

Response was slow. Breck was within a few feet when at last two arms started up. Suddenly the movement one was flung out. A heavy gun grazed Breck's cheek. He dodged and the next instant the left-handed blow against the fellow's face. The man toppled from his saddle. His horse, freed, plunged down the ridge.

It was done in a minute. Breck leaped to the ground and with the Ruger in his prisoner's face, ordered him to his feet. Then, with a look of the rope, he bound his arms. Neither spoke.

From across the canyon came the sound of a horse scrambling downward. For a time the animal was lost in the bottom, but presently burst through a brush patch and was unmistakable.

"All right, Slim," Breck called. "Over here."

Sierra rode up. "By the kiss of Judas!" he exclaimed, bounding down to look at the other man.

"Do you know this fellow?" Breck asked.

"Hell yes! Worked trail for us one year. Got blown first with dynamite and sellin' it. After that he turned nester. Hard to tell what

he is now." Sierra shifted in his saddle. "Tillson pay you right well for this job, Cowan?"

The man looked up sullenly from a black-bearded face, but said nothing.

Breck swung to his horse. "We'd better hit that fire, Slim, before it gets away from us."

"Right, pardner," Sierra jerked a thumb toward the one shot. "Bring him along. If he don't run fast enough, drag him."

They climbed the ridge, with Breck leading his captive on a rope. The fire was in brushy woods not far from the ridge, and they climbed it at once, Breck chopping a line with his ax. Sierra shoveling earth onto the flames. In half an hour it could be left to burn itself out.

Returning to where he had left Kit and the man, both tied to a tree, Breck mounted immediately, then took his prisoner over to Sierra.

"He's all yours, Slim. We had you down to look at him. I'm dropping down to Temple where I can call Cook."

"I'll head straight north," Sierra answered. "Just you sleep tight now on."

That was his casual farewell. It was past one o'clock in the morning when Breck reached Temple's one camp. He rode through a meadow with cattle lying in dark bushes on slivery, dew-laden grass, came to the corral, and continued beyond them, purposely avoiding the two cabins as he approached the forest service telephone. So far he had aroused no sign of life. He hoped to put in his call without waking Temple and Louie."

Luger on a wall peg near his head. He seemed to be waiting for the gun, placing it. When the thud of a horse aroused him. Instantly he swung his legs from the bunk. An animal had come up to the track beyond the cabin window. Then he saw Cook.

The two opened and the ranger came in, throwing down his saddle bags and giving his hand a fling to reach the table. "Hello, Breck. A little shut-eye? Guess you need it. Pretty good job of work you did last night."

Breck stood up, thoroughly awake now, and curious.

"What's our next move?" he asked.

"All right; it's theirs," Cook dropped onto a bench.

Breck returned to the edge of his bunk. "What do you mean?"

"A man in Jud Tillson's business," Cook explained. "can't have his plans go wrong more than once. You jumped onto his fire and took a prisoner. Jig's going to find out how come you knew all that before he does another. He's going to settle with someone and that means getting out in the open."

"Won't he settle things in his own camp?" Breck asked.

The ranger's gray brows knitted sharply. "You don't say a Tillson talk?"

Breck nodded. "Art and a girl."

"Well by God!" Cook purred; surveyed his boot toes, then looked up with a smile. "Don't say that. I never thought that was how you come to find out."

"Don't mistake Art," Breck advised him. "He probably doesn't know he told, and the girl is ignorant of it. I put things together and took a chance."

"It worked," the ranger grinned. "That's all we care about. What I said first still goes. Jud is coming to see us. He's going to see the light on this. That's why I'm here—we'll go double for awhile."

"Where's Slim?" Breck asked.

"Gone to Lone Tree with your prisoner. He'll bring a couple of good men back and meet us at Temple's rodeo," said Cook.

"I'm guessing more, but I don't think I'm far off. That gathering over there will be a place to start trouble. In this country lots of parties and up in shooting. Women make dance, and the men make a party. Tillson may add to his gang for this special occasion. On our side there'll be me, and Sierra, and the boys' brand new outfit."

"You'll be the center of interest. How do you feel about that?"

Breck shrugged.

Cook smiled. "Certain it's true that those afflicted with the leprosy of sin do not often come to church. We must go out and seek them and bring them in."

One of the weaknesses of many churches today is that they go through the regular services which may include preaching the gospel, and then they lament the leprosy of sin. They are too busy to go out into the highways and the byways to find those in need. Namman's experience illustrates how the simple word of a little alive spirit is instrumental in bringing the leper in touch with the man of God.

Had she failed in her responsibility, Cook would have had his opportunity to minister. Even the humblest believer has his important work, seeking out the lost and needy, and bringing about the means of bringing about great blessing.

II. Locate and Diagnose the Condition.

Namman knew that he had leprosy, but he did not know that he had a blight of soul called pride. The prophet, acting as required, and control of God, struck right at the heart of things when he directed the prophet to act as required, and to show his faith by obeying God's command to wash seven times in the Jordan.

The story has many important applications. Let us be sure that in our efforts to help people physically or socially, we get down to their real need, the need of Christ. Let us also be careful not to modify or change God's requirement. There is one way of salvation—through faith in Christ; there is no other remedy for sin. A man "must be born again" or he cannot enter the kingdom of God" (see John 3:3-7). If men are too proud to go that way, they cannot be saved. Observe also that there was no respect of persons on the part of Elsha. Namman was a great and distinguished man, ready to bestow rich gifts, but the man of God had no interest in those things. He wanted only to give God's message.

III. Apply the Remedy.

One would be quick to condemn the great physician, Elsha, for finding his patient and having given him attention to his need, made a careful and accurate diagnosis, and then sent him away without applying the cure which was in his possession. As the servants of Christ the great Physician, equipped in the cure of souls, we need to be equally wise. It is commendable to engage in a diagnosis of the problem of the man and woman, and to have our heart interest in that need. It is desirable that we clearly understand the nature of the disease, and that we are able to apply the remedy which is in our possession. As the servants of Christ the great Physician, equipped in the cure of souls, we need to be equally wise. It is commendable to engage in a diagnosis of the problem of the man and woman, and to have our heart interest in that need. It is desirable that we clearly understand the nature of the disease, and that we are able to apply the remedy which is in our possession.

IV. The Word "Baptize" From Latin

The word "baptize" is of ancient origin, derived from the Latin word for "to wash" or "to cleanse."

The name was at one time restricted to the small yellow grapes used in the wine-making industry in the region of the Tiber in Rome.

The average time of drying and curing a tray of grapes was three weeks, all depending on the weather. The earliest picked grapes dry in 10 days and the latest ones take four weeks or more. The bunches are cut from the vines and placed on shallow trays two feet wide, three feet long and one inch high, on which the grapes are allowed to sun-dry, being turned from time to time simply by shaking the tray up side down on the full end of the tray. After the raisins are dried they are sorted into the sweet boxes until they are packed and prepared for shipment.

HOW TO SEW

Ruth Wyeth Spears

Lesson for August 13

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Guild of Sewing Teachers.

ELISHA: A LIFE OF HELPFULNESS

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 5:1-14. GOLDEN TEXT—He was kind one to another.—Ezekiel 4:9.

"Golden kindness and tender mercies" (Ps. 103:8) are among the glorious attributes of our God, and consequently characteristic of those who follow Him.

The world has all but forgotten these virtues, for in its brutal determination to achieve results there is only an outward show of courtesy and consideration which extends itself primarily to those from whom some advantage may be obtained or some gain highly regarded because of their wealth or position. The poor and needy, the aged and afflicted are quickly brushed aside as unfortunate hindrances in the path of progress.

In all times God's people have been those most considerate of others. It is they who have given time and money to the needy, and who have been the most helpful in the world.

It is surprising to find how many of our miracles were for the purpose of helping others. God's servants are called to be leaders and to be generous, but they are not to be selfish. They are to be the servants of all, and to be the most helpful in the world.

Namman suggests a very interesting exercise which may be used in the text, shall we observe that we must be kind to one another.

It is not always that the one with the deepest need makes himself known. In fact, it is commonly true that those who have the greatest need and are possibly the most worthy of help keep their sorrows to themselves. Certainly it is true that those afflicted with the leprosy of sin do not often come to church. We must go out and seek them and bring them in.

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