



### DAN WORKS ON FRIDAY, THIRTEENTH

It was Friday, the thirteenth day of the month. Dan Newton woke with a start, as if someone had hit him on the head. He sat straight up in bed and yelled, "Who did that?"

Not seeing anyone in the room, he decided he must have been dreaming. Jumping out of bed suddenly, he stubbed his toe on a foot stool. "Ouch!" he cried. "Bad luck for the whole day!" he thought. Later in school, when he spelled "physiology" with an "f" and the teacher took off ten points, he whispered to Carl Bartlett, who sat across the aisle from him, "it was that old foot stool I bumped this morning!"

Instead of going as usual after school on Fridays to the Postal Telegraph office where he was hired as an extra to deliver messages, he called up Mr. Evans, the manager, and asked to be excused for the day.

"What for?" asked Mr. Evans.

"Well, it's Friday, the thirteenth. Mr. Evans. You know it's back luck to do any work on that day," ventured Dan.

"Get down here as fast as your legs will carry you!" shouted Mr. Evans. "or you needn't come any more."

Dan couldn't afford to lose his job, so, poutingly, he went to the gymnasium locker, and threw his books in with a bang, took his hat from the hook and started for the Postal Telegraph office.

He squeezed the rabbit foot in his pocket a little tighter, and said some strange word under his breath, as if to drive away spooks from his path on the way to work.

On account of hard times, his father had been forced to accept a position as inspector in one of the mines, in Minerstown, across the river from Middleton. Of late, Mr. Newton had been put on a night shift, and his change in living and the damp air in the mines, seriously affected his health. He coughed badly and now and then missed a day at work. Once he was brought home in an ambulance, overcome with gas fumes and not expected to live. Mrs. Newton was always in fear of bad news from the mines, and whenever the phone rang, or, once in a while, when a message came, she imagined something had happened to Mr. Newton.

There was a branch telegraph office in Minerstown and on Friday evenings Dan sometimes handled deliveries from both offices. The messages were brought over the bridge in a batch to the Middleton office and then carried by the boys on their regular routes.

There was a bad spell of flu in Middleton, and a couple of messages which Dan had delivered earlier in the evening, reported the deaths of people living there. Dan was usually asked to wait and see if there was an answer, and had to look on and see the shock which such sad news brought to the relatives and friends receiving the messages, and every time he would say "I know it's on account of it being Friday, the thirteenth—and because I stubbed my toe when I got out of bed," which was a double proof to him that the evil spirits were angry.

His sister Nan, too, was sick with the flu. When he left the house after supper to deliver messages, the doctor, who was there, shook his head

gravely and said, "Mrs. Newton, I think we'd better call in Dr. Gans, for consultation." Several times during the evening Dan phoned home to find out how his sister was feeling, but each time the nurse would answer, "Pretty bad, Dan."

It was about ten o'clock in the evening when a batch of messages came in from Minerstown. Dan was the only boy in the office.

"You'll have to work fast tonight, Dan! The other boys are out on some pretty long runs. Oh! look! here's one addressed to Mrs. Clara Newton, that's your mother, isn't it?" exclaimed the clerk, continuing to shuffle through the pack of telegrams.

There was a strict rule in the office, that messenger boys were not allowed to know what was in the messages delivered by them. The messages were always sealed in their envelopes, when handed to the boys.

"Gee!" exclaimed Dan. "I wonder what's happened! I hope nothing's wrong with dad," he continued, taking off his cap and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Gee! I'd better get going. Mother'll be scared, when she gets this."

As Dan signed for the messages the clerk gave him, his hand trembled. He hardly dared to let his thoughts dwell on what he feared might have happened to his father in Minerstown. Once outside of the office, he started to run for home. Several times he stopped, felt the telegram to his mother and was tempted to tear it open, but fear checked him. As if to excuse his own weakness, he said to himself, "No! I'd better not. It's against the rules!"

Dan hurried faster for a while, and then paused again to wonder what his mother would think of him when she received the message. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he felt a queer sensation about his sister, over the way the nurse had said Nan was feeling. Every time it had been "pretty bad!" He hurried faster, but as he was about to enter the gate at his home, two fiery sparks glistered in the light of the street lamp, and then like a swiftly passing shadow, a black cat sprang across the walk, right in front of him.

"Ugh-Ah!" he exclaimed, almost choking with fright. It was "the last straw" in a stack of bad signs on this Friday, the thirteenth, which had made the day miserable for Dan. A black cat crossing his path, was the worst of all things that could have happened to his now over-wrought mind. That it should have happened just when he was delivering a telegram to his mother, perhaps bringing word of some accident to his father, or maybe worse, and when his little sister was lying ill with flu in the house, made his blood run cold in his veins. He jumped back several paces for fear he might step on the spot where the cat had crossed the walk. He supported himself by leaning against the fence post. "I can't go in there now! I can't take the message in!" he said, trembling. "Something might happen if I cross the cat's path!" Dan turned and ran, as if to take the message to the office for someone else to deliver. After running a block he stopped suddenly and realized what the boys and the clerk would say about him. "They'll make fun of me! They'll call me a coward!" Then he thought of his father. "Perhaps father is hurt or

### Carl A. Hotze Wins This Week's Award

Carl A. Hotze, 749 Twelfth street, Wilmette, found the hero quite dazed and bewildered at the close of last week's "Deeds of Dan Story." Not only had Dan bumped his head, but he had been confronted with a problem that tested his finer qualities.

Should Dan take a puff of corn-silk smoke and be admitted to the treasure-seeking Pirate's club, or should he shun all smoking and make sure of winning the one thousand dollars his aunt had promised he should have if he kept from smoking until he was 21 years old?

Well, Carl Hotze didn't allow himself to be staggered by the problem, and he wrote a fine letter telling what he would do if he were Dan. Carl's letter wins the one-dollar trade certificate that will be honored at face value in the local stores.

Wilmette is ringing with the query, "Children, what would you do if you were Dan?" This question which ends each week's "Deeds of Dan" episode is spurring many children to put on their thinking caps and write letters to Mr. Hurst who publishes a "Deeds of Dan" story in Wilmette Life each week.

Get busy, read this week's "Deeds of Dan" episode. Then write a letter telling what you would do, and you too may win the one-dollar trade certificate.

Just a word about the rules. In addition to the address, each letter must contain the name and age of the child striving for the prize. Letters must reach Wilmette Life on or before the first Tuesday following the "Deeds of Dan" story. Letters about the story in this issue must reach Wilmette Life on or before Tuesday, March 28.

Carl Hotze's prize-winning letter reads as follows:

749 Twelfth street,  
Wilmette, Ill.  
March 20, 1933

Dear Mr. Hurst:

If I were Dan I would go back home without my so-called friends, knowing that a boy can't be much of a friend if he tries to tempt me to do wrong—for corn silk is just as harmful as tobacco, and besides my aunt said I would have to swear to the oath that I hadn't smoked at all, and not just kept from smoking tobacco as Carl Bartlett had said.

On returning home, I would be away from temptation, have a clear conscience when I came to make the oath and still be sure of receiving the thousand dollars. On the other hand, even if I had smoked and become a member of the Pirate's club, I would probably have a guilty conscience and not even be sure of finding the treasure.

I am 12 years old and read your stories every week and find them very interesting and to have hard, thought-provoking problems.

Truly yours,

Carl A. Hotze

### GIVE DANCE

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barnes, 96 Indian Hill road, entertained fifty-five guests at a fancy dress dance and supper Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Smythe, 43 Kenilworth avenue, accompanied by Mrs. William A. Whitner, 31 Kenilworth avenue, Kenilworth, motored to Milwaukee on Wednesday of last week to visit Mrs. George Uthlein.

Mrs. A. I. Ullmann of Chicago formerly of Elmhurst, Ill., is the weekend guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Albert, 321 Warwick road, Kenilworth.

very sick and wants mother! It would be wrong to delay the delivery of the message—But the cat... Oh! what shall I do?"

Children, what would you do if you were Dan?

### Shuffleboard Fan Gets Fine Notice in Florida Daily

Mr. and Mrs. Dee A. Stoker, 228 Myrtle street, Winnetka, who are spending their sixth consecutive winter at St. Petersburg, Fla., plan to be home on April 3. They left the north shore on January 20.

Mr. Stoker, an insurance man who is well known on the north shore, is an ardent shuffleboard enthusiast and is a member of the St. Petersburg Shuffleboard club, largest organization of its kind in America. W. H. Hazard, newly elected president of the club, in his column "Shufflin' Along," in a St. Petersburg daily newspaper last Friday made the following comments concerning Mr. Stoker's unusual enthusiasm for the game of shuffleboard:

#### Real Enthusiast

"While reading the interesting article in Tuesday's Times by Damon Runyon, the noted sports writer about Mr. Curley, editor of the New York Evening Journal, in which he marvels at the manner in which Mr. Curley retains his zest and enthusiasm for sports, after having spent so many years watching and writing about them, we couldn't help thinking of our own Dee Stoker, the well-known member of the club from Illinois. We have frequently remarked about the enthusiasm which he shows while watching the tournament games and especially when watching games being played by the team which represents the state of Illinois."

#### Not Young—Not Old

"Mr. Stoker is not a young man, neither is he an old man, but he has lived enough years to have seen much and to have enjoyed a large measure of life's pleasant experiences, yet his capacity for enjoyment has not become impaired, neither have his interest and enthusiasm become dimmed. To see Mr. Stoker enjoying a close game of shuffleboard is a pleasure for his interest and pleasure, or displeasure, is clearly manifest in every word and action. He follows every play as closely and as keenly as if it were his skill, and his reputation as a player, that was at stake."

#### Called a Tonic

"And what a wonderful thing it is for one to retain his youthful interest and enthusiasm! Its reaction on one's health and happiness cannot but be beneficial. It is a tonic more potent than medicine. Like the 'quality of mercy,' it is 'twice blessed'; it blesses those who possess this desirable attribute, and it blesses those who are touched by its influences. Would that more of us were like Mr. Curley and Mr. Stoker—never losing interest in life's wholesome pastimes."

Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Darling, 25 Kenilworth avenue, Kenilworth, returned on Monday, March 14, from Chandler, Ariz., where they had been since January.

Miss Gertrude Matthews, 319 Essex road, Kenilworth, a freshman at Vassar college, will spend her spring vacation with a group of Vassar girls in Bermuda.

Ray Zaher of Wilmette has his latest song hit, "I'm Glad It Was You and Not Me," sung by Jack Burnett over WIBO last Saturday evening.

Miss Helen Taylor of Barrington is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. William J. Taylor, 631 Abbottsford road, Kenilworth.