Larry let the first ball pass and the second was a called strike. He scraped his feet in the dirt and took a good grip on the stick. The ball came floating up to the plate and he forgot all instructions and let go. He connected and the ball went sky-rocketing way past centre field and Larry trotted in with a home run to his credit.

Pop was furious. "What did I tell you?" he demanded when Larry came in.

"I couldn't—" Larry began.

"You do as you are told! I think for this team, and orders are orders!"

That was all Pop had to say, but Larry was fined and benched for a couple of days.

The newspapers recorded Larry's insuborination with some glee and much serious comment. Doc Biers said that you couldn't keep the collegiate grandstand play out of a fresh rookie's game unless you banged his head in first. What would Pop Clark do wth ths seemingly brilliant but unreliable player?

The Blues left Washington with only one game to their credit out of the three played. The writers said that the Blues were living up to expectations and it was going to be just another year of the Blues' baseball performance. The accidental winning of a few games had fallen ten years before.

No hope was held for the Blues in their coming game against the Boston Indians at Boston.

Terry went to Boston on the night train before the first game. He wanted to be there early and get the lay of the land. He had an early lunch and when he saw several of the players starting for the field, he decided to go out himself and watch the Indians warm up. He was crossing the lobby of the hotel when he spied Doyle sitting alone in one of the big armchairs in the lobby. He wasn't sure, but he thought Doyle had smiled at him in recognition. Curious, if true. He was inclined to go back, but could not be quite sure what Doyle's smile might mean. Did he smile in recognition or did the smile mean that Doyle was rather satisfied with the beating he had given Terry down at Tony's?

Terry knew that Frances Clark and Sid Reynolds, the Brooklyn sports writer, would be coming in immediately anyhow. He had seen them in the dining-room; they were having dessert and coffee when he left.

Terry lingered just inside the lobby until all the players had left. The doorman gave them the preference, anyhow, and he had plenty of time. From the corner of his eye he saw Frances and Reynolds pass Doyle with just a nod of recognition.

Ten minutes later he was on his way. His cab was racing along a street which had been deeply ditched for a sewer or some work of that sort. There was a great gaping hole on the right-hand side of the road. The brakes of the cab were jammed on suddenly and for one sickening moment Terry felt the cab sway and then come to a dead stop. There was a terrific traffic jam on ahead, with people running excitedly about.

"Must have been an accident," the driver said and started backing up while Terry clung to the side of the car in terror as the rear wheels seemed to sag over the edge of the ditch. The cab swung across the traffic and was blocked by oncoming cars.

"Damn!" the driver exploded. "They've got me hemmed in now, boss. I can't get out!"

"It may clear up in a minute," Terry suggested hopefully.

"Naw. There's a wrecker, an ambulance and a police car up there. Was you goin' to the game? It's only a couple of blocks away if you want to walk it."

Terry paid his fare and started ahead. He reached a line of curious spectators who were watching a wrecker lift a taxicab out of the ditch. Terry tried to press on, but was stopped by a husky policeman. Terry showed him his newspaper card.

"Well, can't you tell a fellow what happened?"

"Sure. A taxicab went into the ditch."

"Anybody hurt?" the man next to Terry asked.

"Now, how would I know? Am I up there? You can see as much as I can. If your car ran into the ditch, don't you think maybe you would be hurt a little?" The crowd grinned at the cop's speech.

Terry, with a momentary shiver as he remembered his own cab swaying to a halt beside the ditch, sidled along the line which the police were holding back. The cab was pulled free from the ditch and the horrible work of taking out the victims begun. The front of the car was badly smashed in, the top was pressed down over the driver's seat and the sides were buckled. They pulled the driver out first and then a blowtorch was used on the hinges of the door and the other occupants were lifted out to the street.

Terry looked at his watch. There was still plenty of time, but he hated being held up. Across the street from the wreck a new building was going up. Terry worked his way into the building, picking his steps carefully so as to avoid falling into the cellar. In the rear of what would be the first floor of the building, they were pouring the concrete floor. The workmen were all out on the street edge looking at the accident; that is, all but one of the workers, and Terry wondered why he, of all men, should show such a lax of interest. He was ramming something under the concrete mixture and Terry supposed it was one of the steel reinforcing rods which are used for that purpose. Terry's precarious path led him toward the solitary worker, who looked up startled when Terry's step on a board dislodged something that clattered into the cellar below.

"I'm not used to this," Terry said and grinned. "But it is the only way I can get round the police. I want to get to the game."

The man said nothing, bent his head and went on smoothing the cement. For a moment Terry considered and then went on. That man had seemed vaguely familiar. There was something about him and yet he was obviously an Italian, and to Terry all Italians of the slim, dark type with bushy brows looked alike.

It was a corner building which he had crossed and he made the street away from the accident, walked round the block and reached the field in about five minutes.

(To Be Continued)

The sun his visit makes more brief.
All red with cold the daylight dies.
The land in frozen ridges lies
Black fold on fold against the skies.
The oak has left one parchment leaf.
Tonight, there is a smell of snow.
But let us walk out once not fearing,
One last night walk, and at the clearing
Listen for that white silence nearing,
And watch the last leaf slip and go.

Metal Is Found Between Stars

Scientists Say Titanium, Common On Earth, Is Also in Space

WASHINGTON. — Discovery of titanium, a common metal of the earth, in the almost complete vacuum between stars was announced recently by the Carnegie Institution.

Astronomers of the institution's observatory at Mount Wilson, Calif., reported that with the aid of the mighty 100-inch telescope and spectograms — photographs of the rainbows of light cast by starlight falling through a prism — they had identified the element in the vast dust clouds of the nebulae of Orion, one of the great star systems.

The discovery was declared by other astronomers to disprove further the old theory that the space between stars was completely empty, previously the elements calcium and sodium had been discovered between stars. Some doubt has been cast on old measurements of star distances by the knowledge that dust exists in space, scientists holding that it makes stars appear fainter and therefore at greater distances than they actually are.

Offers Solution To Unemployment

Doctor Suggests Men Go To School Until Thirty

SYDNEY, N.S.W. — School till the age of 30 and marriage at 50 may be the design for living for the average man of the future, according to Dr. Edgar Booth, lecturer in physics at Sydney University.

"Science has so arranged matters," he says, "that grandather now stays on and manages the business —and draws the manager's salary— so that his grandson cannot afford to marry and his nephew cannot get employment.

"We might decide later that grandfather, even if in private and not Government business, must go and play bowls or spend his time in motor cycle racing, if he prefers it, after reaching 60; or we might decide that the future grandfather, having been promised and by then, practically guaranteed a healthy virile life to the age of 60, might equally be guaranteed a compulsory but painless departure from that existence at that age.

"There are obvious objections to this, particularly from grandfather, who controls the money and, consequently, the situation."

Dr. Booth offered a suggestion for the solution of the problem in the production by scientists of a tonic, or diet, or perhaps a small operation that would make grandson content to be still a schoolboy at 33 and to defer the responsibilities of marriage until he is 50.

North Window Is Best For Fuschia

If you have a stand or window-room on the north side where you can keep window plants in a room not too warm, that will be the best place for ferns and fuschias. They require coolness and not too much sun, in order to survive the winter change of temperature.

There are two classes of fuschias, the summer flowering varieties, will winter safely in a frost proof cellar if they can have light and water; the winter varieties will blossom if placed in the north window, as described.

Apple Champ—In the window of his barber shop at Hatboro, Penn., a barber ate 366 aples in 126 minutes. There were 400 spectators.

Smallest Crop In Eleven Years

Production of Wheat Down 73,000,000 Bushels

TORONTO.—World production of wheat in the 1936-37 season bids fair to be the smallest in 11 years, according to a semi-annual world wheat review contained in the Canadian Bank of Commerce's montly commercial letter, released recently.

Including current estimates for the partly harvested southern hemisphere crops, the world, except Russia and China, is expected to yield a crop of 3,481,000,000 bushels, or 73,000,000 less than the 1935-36 harvest.

The size of the northern hemis-crops is now fairly well established, 43 countries reporting a total of 2,-971,000,000 bushels, as compared with 3,140,000,000 a year ago. This decline in output was the result, not of a reduced acreage, but of intense heat and prolonged drought over the wheat belt of this continent and excessive rainfall and rust in south-western Europe and North Africa.

After a good start, the condition of Canadian and United States wheat this year deteriorates steadily in June and July drought proved disastrous to large sections, particularly in southern and western Saskatchewan and southern Alberta, where the drought was the worst on record.

Points to Women Still Worse Off

Mrs. Roosevelt Seeks Aid For Rural Women

NEW YORK — Women of New York's least privileged groups were urged by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt to "stretch their horizon" to include an even worse situation—the "under-privileged of rural communities."

The wife of the president was talking to a group of Mothers' Clubs in Gotham's East Side. Hitherto she had confined such addresses to more leisured and wealthy groups.

Mrs. Roosevelt began by telling mothers about "rural slums" in West Virginia where no free clinic was available and a child had to have a tonsilitis operation in a garage.

"I know you here in New York do not know much about farm conditions," she said, "but they matter to you just as much as to any one because your children and the children from those farms are going to work together to make the United States of the future.

"You women must educate yourselves in conditions in other parts of the country, and be ready to back up the Government's measures that effect the whole nation.

"You here, of course, are especially interested in better housing, and if poor housing ever becomes a thing of the past it will be because everybody knows what he is talking about. Individuals may try very hard, but unless we all work together things won't be changed."

A Cold or Colds

A learned physician has drawn a distinction between catching a cold and catchnig COLDS.

The distinction may have a clinical importance. We cannot say. In practical life we have often caught both —to judge by the severity of the attack: one or more colds at once, or in a succession so rapid as to be indistinguishable from simultaneity.

In that plight we never bother to ask whether we have caught a cold or colds. We ask only to be told how we can avoid catching another or more.—London Daily Mirror.

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Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT

Using Left-Overs in New Ways

Left-overs from the Christmas dinner becomes very tiresome after a day or two and so many of the Christmas goodies are very rich and even the best digestions in the family can't stand them for too long. But there's the turkey, the cranberry sauce and that end of plum pudding that must not be wasted. Here are some suggestions for using them so that they have an entirely new character and their richness is offset by the ingredients used with them in their new forms.

For instance there's still lots of tender sweet meat left on the turkey but you are all heartily sick of cold turkey and it's as much as your life is worth to mention "turkey hash", but here's a new way to bring it to the table that will delight everyone. By making a loaf roast it will look and taste so different that the family will forget that it came from a Christmas "bird".

Turkey Meat Roast Loaf

4 tablespoons minute tapioca, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne, dash of black pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 3½ cups cooked turkey, 3-4 cup tomato juice or meat broth, ½ cup hot water, 2 tablespoons butter.

Combine tapioca, seasonings, onion, parsley, meat, and tomato juice. Shape into loaf in roaster or turn into loaf pan. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 30 minutes basting frequently with mixture of water and butter. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

The addition of the quick-cooking tapioca, the onion and the tomato juice take away from the over-richness of the turkey meat and give it all an entirely new flavour to say nothing of its appearance. The smart shape of your leaf may be enhanced by garnishing it with cress, parsley or coils of sliced green pepper.

Quick-setting jelly beaten into a meringue will give you the cool fruity flavour of the lime and will be a delicious contrast to the small slice of hot pudding.

Lime Jelly

1 package quick-setting lime jelly. 1½ cups warm water. Dissolve jelly in water. Turn into dish and chill. When firmly set, beat with fork and serve on hot pudding.

And there's the bowl of cranberry jelly still left. Well, you can use that for a dessert that will charm the most disgruntled dyspeptic.

Cranberry Arabesque

3 cups cranberry juice and water, ½ cup quick-cooking tapioca, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cranberry jelly or mashed cranberries, ½ cup cream, whipped.

Place cranberry juce in top of double boiler and bring to a boil over direct heat. Combine dry ingredients; add gradually to liquid and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from water, mixture clears and thickens as it cools. When slightly cool, fold in cranberry jelly or mashed cranberries. Pour ½ mixture into parfait glasses; chill. When remaining tapioca mixture is cold, fold in cream; pile lightly in glasses. Just before serving sprinkle each portion with blanched almonds or other nuts from the Christmas bowl and top off with a little whipped cream flavoured with rum or sherry. This recipe serves 8.

Smart and Sensible Frock for Small Girls

1987-B

Whether it's for school or holidays this frock is a winner, both for mother who sews it and daughter who wears it. Front and back centers are one with the side panels flared for action and yoke, and then there are the style. A delightful way of trimming is to outline yoke and seams in bias binding. Contrasting collar and cuffs and a bright little bow can also be used to make a little girl look just as smart as mamma! No pleats to bother with when laundering, and you may or may not decide to have buttonholes down the front. Pick one of the new printed linens, or strong gingham, or broadcloth.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1987-B is available for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires just 2 yards of 39 or 35-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin, (coin preferred), wrap it carefully, and address your order to Barbara Bell, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

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C—2

"My nerves are better"
writes Mrs. P. M. Peterson,
R. R. No. 2, Strome, Alberta.
"When I was 14 years old I took six bottles of your Vegetable Compound. Now I am taking it again for painful periods and it is helping me a lot. I am in good spirits and do my work every day. My mother used to take your medicine and always recommended it."
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On Government Relief

When recent snow covered the natural forage in Glacier National Park forest rangers came to the rescue and spread hay and feed over the snow for great herd of deer. Some of the hungry recipients of Federal relief are shown filling up.