Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

For lovers of green tea

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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The Michigan Kid

by Rex Beach

Rose Morris was at once the richest and the prettiest girl in Dover, Michigan. She drove a sleek, fat little pony hitched to a marvelous wicker dogcart, the envy of every child in town, and to Jimmy Rowan she represented all that was both desirable and unattainable.

By the time he was fifteen he was hopelessly in love with her and he carved hearts and arrows on all the trees in his yard and initialed them with interlocking R's and J's. He wrote her passionate misspelled love notes and in words of fire he told her of his undying devotion. He never sent the notes, of course, and his declarations were only whispered to the empty air, for he still remained "the Rowan kid"; his people were desperately poor and he was cursed with a sensitive pride.

Jim was surprised one day to hear that Mr. Hiram Morris had "gone out of business" and was leaving for the West. What that meant the boy did not know, but he understood that the Morris fortune was not what it had been. Rose and her mother remained in Dover. They lived on much as usual and they referred vaguely to those large interests which kept Mr. Morris away from home. But the pony and dogcart were gone and so were the high-stepping bays. It was while Jim was working his way through college that they quietly moved away. The Morris house sold for barely enough to pay the mortgage.

Loathing For Poverty

Some people endure poverty cheerfully, other with a grim stoicism; the majority of people who are born poor accept it with a fatalistic resignation and never look forward to anything else.

Jim Rowan was unlike any of these. He loathed poverty; it was unendurable. It had kept him from knowing Rose Morris. He swore he would make himself rich for her sake. In time this became a fixed idea with him and he quit college and went to work, savagely. It took him quite a while, however, to realize that riches are not come by in a hurry and that he was getting nowhere.

He had lost track of the Morrises completely—there was no use of keeping in touch with them—but he still had his day-dreams, he still thought of himself as Rose's prince who sooner or later would search her out and seat her upon a throne. Depression seized him occasionally when he saw how hopeless was the task he had set for himself.

At such times he grew desperate and he told himself that no price was too great to pay for success; he longed for some opportunity of becoming suddenly rich and vowed that he would sell his soul for such a chance.

The chance came finally, or it seemed to come, with the news of the Klondike discovery. Jim joined the first rush to the Yukon and he arrived in Dawson City with the firm determination to make a fortune somehow, anyhow. Here again however, he learned that money was not to be had for the asking.

New Code of Morals

Placer mining was a hazardous undertaking, with the odds a thousand to one against success. Education counted for little in a country where men were judged on a pick-and-shovel basis and paid for the actual work they did. Jim saw that here was not the place in which to earn a fortune; here was nothing but speculation, chance, a gamble either with men or with nature.

In order to beat the game one had to risk all, then double his winnings and risk them again and again. To gamble here was not a sin, it was the daily practice of everybody. Men gambled with death when they hit the trail; they gambled again when they staked their labor and their time against Nature's bedrock secrets, only they took longer chances than when they heaped their chips on the roulette table or dropped their "pokes" on the high card. There was this difference, too; Nature seldom played fairly, whereas there were many square gambling houses in Dawson.

Jim Rowan fitted himself to his new surroundings and adapted himself to a new code of morals. He played as other men played, except in one respect; he never played for the excitement or for the fun of it, he played only to win. He played for Rose Morris. He tried speculating in claims, but he was unlucky; his only winnings came from the manipulating of Dawson City real estate or at cards, and the time when he found himself the owner of a huge Front Street saloon and gambling house, together with a nickname of the Alaskan flavor.

Perhaps a score of people knew him as James Rowan, but to the thousands that went in and out of his place he was "The Michigan Kid." That was the way he even signed his checks, for the name had brought him luck, and superstitiously he clung to it.

Life flowed at a furious pace in those early days. Reputations were made in a night; in six months they were hallowed; in a year they had become legendary. There were many celebrities in the Yukon country the mere mention of whom evoked tales of sensational exploits on the trail, at the mines, or at the gambling tables; the one perhaps best known of all was "The Michigan Kid." He it was who best typified the composure, the steady nerve, the recklessness of his profession.

A hundred stories were told about the Michigan Kid and some were not pleasant, for it required a ruthless man to hold down the job that Jim had taken, but most of them had to do with his luck. That luck became a byword, finally; men blessed with some extraordinary and unexpected good fortune were apt to boast that they had "Michigan's luck." "Michigan's luck" became an Alaskan phrase.

More than once Rowan took stock of his winnings and realized that he had nearly attained the goal he had set for himself, but invariably Fate intervened to prevent him from quite reaching the quitting point. Time crept along. The cycle of life for placer camps is brief.

(To be continued)

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St. Jovite - Quebec

Waists Longer, Skirts Shorter

New Feather Hats In Form of White Hens or Black Ducks

PARIS.—Longer waists and shorter skirts are the striking changes greeting newly arrived stylists and buyers viewing the latest collections in foremost Paris houses.

The new feather hats take the form of white hens or black ducks with red beaks and tails in the air. Patou's new collection stresses the Moyen age in form-hugging bodices extending below the hips to meet short, pleated skirts just covering the knees.

Masculine Note

Many two-piece dresses and suits also follow this design. There is a pronounced masculine note in strictly tailored three-quarter jackets for day wear and a similar styling for evening coats.

A strong contrasting feminine note is seen in lingerie details for suits and dresses in frilled jabots, ruffled vestees, lace-trimmed collars and cuffs.

Make Frock With a "Swing" Skirt If You'd Be Right In Style

PATTERN 4723

By ANNE ADAMS

The ultimate in charm is this important little afternoon frock, Anne Adams' newest contribution to your Spring wardrobe! 'Tis hard to resist the allure of such a graceful "swing" skirt that flares and billows as you walk, dainty bodice with its soft gathers, and becoming neckline or collar that may be enhanced by a sparkling clip or festive flowers! You'll want to make up Pattern 4723 for "special occasions" in colorful flower-scattered synthetic, or one of the new, inexpensive sheers that are first-in-fashion this Spring. What's more, this pattern is easy as can be to follow, so order it today!

Pattern 4723 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Sizes 16 takes 3¼ yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, Wilson Buildings, Toronto.

« Special Company Desserts »

It isn't very often we get a request for a recipe for Lady Fingers nowadays. The fashion for these delightful little bits of pastry seems to have waned since the coming of ready-made biscuits. But for the sake of our inquirer and for those of you who would like to revive these tea dainties, we are going to give it.

When you make a batch of Lady Fingers, serve them for afternoon tea or with ice cream and be sure to keep enough to make an Angel Charlotte Russe. That's such a grand sounding dessert,—makes one think of Paris and Vienna and restaurants, famed the world over for their exquisite food. But don't let the name stump you because you can make a perfect Charlotte Russe right in your own home. We are including that recipe too.

Lady Fingers

1/3 cup sifted cake flour.
1 whole egg.
2 egg yolks.
Dash of salt.
1/3 cup powdered sugar.
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten.
¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, and sift again three times. Combine whole egg, egg yolks, and salt, and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Fold sugar gradually into egg whites and continue beating until mixture stiffens again. Fold in egg yolk mixture and vanilla; then flour. Shape in oblongs, 4½ x ¾ inches on ungreased paper in baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 12 minutes. Makes 30 lady fingers.

Angel Charlotte Russe

½ package (4 tablespoons) lemon jelly powder.
1 cup warm water.
Dash of salt.
½ cup powdered sugar.
½ teaspoon almond extract.
1 cup heavy cream.
Lady Fingers.

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water. Add salt and sugar. Chill until cold and syrupy. Add almond extract and cream. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and beat with rotary egg beater until thick and fluffy like whipped cream. Turn into mold lined with Lady Fingers. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 8.

Fairy Jam Torte

1½ cups sifted cake flour.
½ teaspoon salt.
1 cup sugar.
6 eggs, unbeaten.
3 tablespoons butter, melted.
2 tablespoons lemon juice.
Grated rind of 1 lemon.
Apricot jam.
Raspberry jam.

Sift flour once, measure, add salt and sift again. Add sugar to eggs in bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water (water must not touch bottom of mixing bowl) and beat with rotary egg beater 12 minutes. Avoid beating violently. Remove from over hot water and continue beating 10 minutes, or until mixture is cool. Fold in flour mixture thoroughly, but gently. Fold in hot butter and lemon juice and rind. Spread thin on 2 large, shallow, ungreased pans 15 x 10 inches. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 12 minutes or until done. Invert pans on rack for 1 hour or until cold. Put layers together with tart apricot jam. Cut in half, spread on top of one half with tart raspberry jam, and adjust other half on top, making a four-layer cake. Dust top with confectioners' sugar.

Orange Sponge Cake

1¼ cups sifted cake flour.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
¼ teaspoon salt.
1 cup sugar.
2 eggs and 1 egg yolk.
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind.
¼ cup water.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and salt, and sift together three times. Add ½ cup sugar to eggs and beat with rotary egg beater until smooth. Bake in greased, floured pan, 8x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven and invert pan until cake is cold.

Girl, 3, Knows All the Answers

Maritime Prodigy Refuses To Be Stumped By Most Abstruse Questions Flung at Her In New York.

In a quick, piping voice, Jean Kathleen Demers, 3-year-old prodigy of Tracadie, N.S., rattled off wisecracks and random facts from an apparently inexhaustible fund of knowledge at New York last week.

"Just ask me anything you like," she said. "They call me the walking book of knowledge."

She knew all the answers. With an air of boredom, as though impatient for something hard, she replied glibly that Paramaribo is the Capital of Dutch Guiana, that Lake Michigan is the fifth largest lake in the world with an area of 22,460 square miles, that the buffer State between Russia and China is Mongolia, and that the Suez Canal was opened in 1869 and built by a French engineed named Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Walking Encyclopedia

"That's spelled with a small 'd' and a capital 'L', she advised gravely, for the benefit of newsmen.

She knew that Woodrow Wilson drew up the Nine-Power Treaty, that the United States bought Alaska from Russia in 1867—"for $7,200,000," she added gratuitously—and that the longest river in China is the Yangtse.

Woman Breaks Up B. C. Opium Ring

Solves Code Which Leads to Arrest of Five Chinese

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Friedman, U.S. Coast Guard cryptanalyst, returned to Washington last week with the story of how the solution of Chinese code broke up a Canadian opium smuggling ring.

Mrs. Friedman, who was lent by the United States Government to the Canadian Government, was a key witness at a trial in which five Vancouver, B.C., Chinese were convicted on January 24, of trading guns and ammunition for opium.

Her job was to turn such messages as "Uuooa masan aguso gukuu juuia eiy" into "Cable three thousand. Select fully the order list of Wat Sang."

She declined for professional reasons, however, to say how this was done, although she admitted the message was a code of Chinese words and that she does not know Chinese. After she solved the code a Chinese interpreter helped translate the message.

Mrs. Friedman has been a cryptanalyst since 1924, and handles deciphering work for all agencies of the U.S. Treasury. During prohibition days she sometimes had hundreds of rum runners' code mesages to solve.

Issue No. 10—'38

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SORE THROAT WITH COLDS Given Fast Relief

Take 2 "Aspirin" Tablets with a full glass of water.

Crush 3 "Aspirin" Tablets in ⅓ glass of water—gargle twice every few hours.

The speed with which "Aspirin" tablets act in relieving the distressing symptoms of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment is simple and pleasant. This is all you do. Crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

● "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

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Talking in Whistles

The whistling language is "spoken" by a section of the population of Gomera, one of the Canary Islands. In a remote part of the island the people of the villages communicate with one another by whistling across the deep ravines which separate them.

The whistling language is centuries old and is produced without use of fingers. So expert are the people that they can send aud understand the most intricate messages—and can make themselves heard four miles away.

Despite rising costs building construction in Australia in 1938 is expected to at least equal that of last year. Building construction in leading cities is four times as great as in the depth of the depression in 1932.