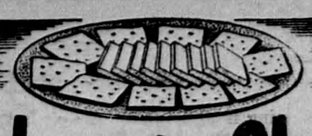

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The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIII

"That doesn't shake my belief in you; you see, I'm your friend."

She believed in him; it was the most marvelous thing in the world!

"And you don't ask me about it? Nor why I was sent there?" he cried.

She shook her head, smiling. "You're my friend," she repeated softly.

The beauty of it swept him off his feet. He caught her hands in his in another moment he would have told her that he loved her — told her the whole story — but his eyes fell suddenly on a green thing on the table at her elbow, a squat shining figure, marvelously carved it was, the face — cunning and old as the ages — was grinning up at him — one of the small uplifted hands pointed. Her hands slipped out of his; he reached for the jade god and lifted it, turning it over slowly in his hands. Underneath, where the fat-kneed goblin sat so squat, the jade was smooth except for a cipher or a dent, something that marked it indelibly. Mark ran his finger along the broken surface and felt it. Then he looked at the queer elfin face again and his own face went white.

* * *

"My God," he said below his breath; "how did it come here — here of all places?"

"You know it?" Pam leaned forward, her own face flushed. "What is it? What's the matter?"

He had collected himself, but he held the god hard in one of his powerful hands.

'Where did you get this — thing?" he demanded, and, for the moment, even the girl herself seemed to melt away from the reality of the thing he held!

"It's uncle's." She was shaken by his emotion; she felt the tension, the excitement of his discovery. "He wouldn't give it to me — I put it here for — fun!"

He looked at her for the first time without seeming to be aware of her; his face was so white that his eyes looked black.

"Where's your uncle?" he asked excitedly.

"He ought to be here soon. It's late now for him," she glanced toward the window.

* * *

Mark, holding the jade god in his hands, looked down at her and seemed to come to himself.

"I must see your uncle," he said gravely. The girl's eyes traveled from his face to the ugly green jade god in his hands.

"That's the key to something," she said excitedly, "I see that! Will it — help you?"

"It will — if your uncle will tell me about it — tell me where he got it. I know when — I know almost to a minute about that!"

She rose and came over to him, touching it in his hands, wonder in her eyes. "It has always held me — was this why?"

He did not touch her; he knew that she cared; but she might have been wrapped in fire, he would never take her in his arms until he was cleared! But his eyes held hers.

"If you hear hard things of me, unbelievable things, will you trust me? Will you believe in me?" he demanded passionately. "Can you — believe in me, Pam?"

* * *

It was the first time he had spoken her name thus, and she was touched by it. It had a new sound on his lips, he made it a symbol of love — the love he could not claim.

"I'll believe in you!" she smiled back bravely, but her eyes were wet with tears; she suddenly saw his hands again and now she understood — they were the hands of a prisoner, knotted with work!

They were still standing thus, looking at each other, when there was the stir of an arrival in the hall. Mark looked at her questioningly; she nodded.

"It's Uncle—and Aunt Lynn."

Something like triumph came into his face; he gripped the jade god in one powerful hand, the other fell at his side, clenched.

"You're going to ask him now?" the girl breathed. She was only vaguely aware of the thing it meant to him, but she knew that it had some deep significance.

He nodded.

* * *

They were standing together on the hearthrug, the light of the lamp cast a soft glow behind them, outlining them. They stood waiting. They were still waiting silently when Mrs. Lynn came rustling in and, behind her, a little bowed about the shoulders, looking a little older, the millionaire himself. Mrs. Lynn, seeing the two, exclaimed.

'Why, Pamela, I thought you were out! Mr. Byram, please touch that light-switch behind you. I hate gloom!"

Burleson laughed a little harshly. "Butterflies like light," he remarked humorously, smiling at his sister-in-law.

"Pam, I want some tea—" her aunt began, and then she stopped. She had become abruptly aware of their attitude, and she saw Mark's face. "Why, Mr. Byram!"

* * *

Mark did not seem to hear her. He walked slowly over to the library table where Burleson stood, and the older man, searching his face in the new strong light, did not move. He seemed suddenly to see something in it that held him. Mark came nearer and opened his hands. In the hollow of his palms the jade god squatted like a toad. Burleson stared at it and stared up at the young man. He apparently linked the two by some chain of circumstances, and the age in his own face deepened, the lines grew sharp, his eyes dulled. The two women watched them, Mrs. Lynn in amazement, Pam with a beating heart. It seemed eons before Mark spoke.

"I know this thing," he said slowly; "it has a curious mark underneath—see?" He turned it over, holding it close to Burleson. "Will you tell me when it came to you?"

* * *

Burleson's hands clenched, he grew grayly white, then, suddenly, that red streak ran up between his eyebrows to his hair. The effect was ghastly. Mrs. Lynn caught Pam's wrist in clutching fingers and whispered:

"Send that man away—your uncle's going to have a fit!"

Her voice was only a murmur, but it broke the spell that held them —staring at the jade god.

"Will you tell me?" Mark repeated, in his deep voice, "you know me, Mr. Burleson?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I know you now!" As he spoke he took an unsteady step forward and laid one hand upon a chair.

"Then—tell me!" Mark demanded hoarsely; "help me that much now!" and he followed the older man, holding out the mocking god.

Burleson turned and looked back at him. He was breathing hard; suddenly a fire leaped into his eyes, he stretched out his shaking hand, seized the god and flung it with all his force into the corner. It struck the edge of the great mantel, slanted, spun like a top against the brass fender and fell, broken in a thousand pieces on the floor.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 11—1945

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MEET THE RISING GENERATION

Some up and coming youngsters are pictured here. At left, Helen Sue Goldy, 3, balances on one foot on the thumb of her father, Sid Goldy, of Los Angeles. Helen regularly entertains servicemen with her extraodinary balancing feats. Above, youngest children in the world to perform on the high wire, Marion, 4, and Carla, 6, of the famous Wallenda circus family, have poise of veterans as they practice at Ringling Brothers' Sarasota, Fla., winter quarters.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a glove stretcher?

A. A curling iron is excellent for stretching the fingers of washable kid gloves.

Q. How can I make a wall paper cleaner?

A. By making a paste by mixing 3 cupfuls of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of ammonia and 1½ cupfuls of water. Roll this into balls of convenient size to fit the hand. Rub a ball over the paper and it will clean thoroughly.

Q. How con I make an iron smooth?

A. One of the best methods for making an iron slick and smooth is to run the iron over a piece of an old candle, used on a folded newspaper.

Q. How can I remove acid stains from marble?

A. Try rubbing with ammonia. But one should avoid allowing any acids, such as lemon, to come in contact with marble.

Q. How can I make better window shades?

A. Some persons prefer oilcloth window shades to crétonne, as it keeps out the sun better. All necessary is to cut the oilcloth the required width and tack it to the rollers. Stitch a hem at the bottom to hold the stick, or make scallops if preferred, though the stick holds the shade better.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Is an unmarried woman presented to a married one when making an introduction?

2. How soon after a visit, should a house guest write a "bread and butter" letter?

3. In general conversation is it ever permissible to contradict a person?

4. If a woman is staying at a hotel, would it be all right for a waiter to bring a breakfast tray into her room while she is still in a robe?

5. Should a person who talks exceptionally well monopolize the conversation at any social affairs?

6. Is it proper to number the pages of a social letter?

Answers

1. Yes, unless the single woman is considerably older than the married one. A bride of twenty years should be presented to a woman of fifty, regardless of whether the latter is married or single. 2. Immediately upon arriving home, the same day if possible. Under no circumstances should she delay this letter for a week or more. 3. While flat contradiction is said to be always rude, in exceptional instances a contradiction may be done tactfully. 4. Yes, this is customary. A woman would hardly care to get dressed for the day before breakfast. 5. No. One person should never try to do all the entertaining, even if he does enjoy the spotlight. 6. No, but the long letter should be written on consecutive pages.

Drift From Farm

In 1921, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 38 of every 100 Canadian working men were farmers; by 1941 the proportion had fallen to 32. This is the first time in the history of Canada that farmers have formed less than a third of the working population.

by Laura Wheeler

Flowers in their natural coloring, combined with a crocheted edging 2½ inches wide, make the loveliest kind of adornment for your linens.

You may use embroidery or crochet alone. Pattern 617 has transfer of 6 motifs averaging 4½x12 in.; crochet directions.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

When boy meets girl that's fine. When two boys meet two girls that's generally all right too. But when two boys meet one girl, that isn't so good. I remember when son Bob and his life-long chum were in High school, the chum developed a girl complex. Bob didn't—at least not at that time—So there he was at a loose end and had to find other interests—not so easy after two boys have gone their way together for so long, both in the same form all through school; both interested in the same hobbies, the same sports. Such a dilemma may well mean a boy's first lesson in adjustment to changing conditions in life. A boy's family can do much at such a time to bridge the gap by creating other interests and encouraging new friendships. But it has to be done unobstrusively —an adolescent boy is like a young colt and will shy away from any obvious means to help him meet a difficult situation.

Bob survived the ordeal and now young John is going through the same experience—losing his chum to a girl. But he already has something to take his mind off his troubles. A gramophone—no less! He has it in his bedroom, which, unfortunately, is above our little sitting-room, so that quite often I write to the accompaniment of old time dance music, complete with cowboy yodelling. Oh well, so long as he doesn't buy Frank Sinatra records . . . .

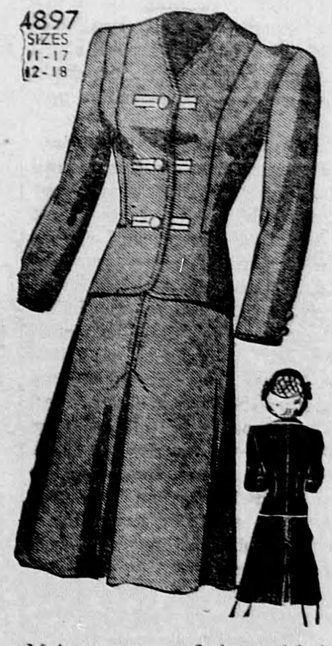
* * *

At long last a letter arrived from son Bob. It was an airmail letter, censored, crumpled and dirty. And after reading it we knew no more of the whereabouts of our boy or of what he is doing than we did before. We don't even know what country he is in. The enemy wouldn't get much information if it were left to that lad. However, it was a letter and set our minds at rest for a little while anyway.

Mother Nature is surely making a good job of snow removal. Already there are large bare areas of land showing in the fields but, unfortunately, the lane is still well covered, and that doesn't help our transportation problems at all. Yes, snow in the lane is too deep for car or wagon wheels and the highway too bare for sleighs. Thus one day when Partner went for chop he thought at first it would be necessary to load the bags on the sleigh at the barn, then transfer them to the wagon at the road, which would have meant a lot of heavy, extra work. Finally he decided to put on a smaller load and take a chance on the wagon. I watched him go and how that wagon rocked and lurched.

* * *

While the men were away I paid a visit to the car. More than that I got behind the wheel and stepped on the starter. After three months rest, don't forget. What happened? You don't know my old Lizzie or you wouldn't ask that. One step on the starter and away she went! That is, her engine, not the wheels. But to hear the purr of the motor, to know the battery wasn't cracked, nor the radiator frozen, that was really quite a load off my mind. First thing you know we'll be going places and seeing things. Maybe!



Make your new Spring suit! A cardigan is young, smart, and easy to sew — no collar to finish! Pattern 4897 includes instructions for making it from a man's suit.

Pattern 4897 comes in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 13 takes 2⅜ yards of 54-inch materal.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print painly size, name, address, style number.

Wettest Spot

Burnley, the British cotton town, in Lancashire is claimed the wettest town in Britain.

Residents have now written to the board of trade asking 18 extra clothes coupons to each inhabitant to be used for raincoats.

Local weather experts claim that Burnley has 272 wet days a year, and an annual rainfall of 42.8 inches. Their raincoats soon wear out.

Are You Overtired

Whether you overwork, worry or expend your energies in the social whirl, the result is the same — chronic fatigue or nervous exhaustion.

Your nerves and bodily organs are also tired so that digestion fails and you lie awake at nights unable to sleep.

Perhaps there is nothing that can so definitely help you as Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD. Many people find this to be the case. Why not benefit by their experience.

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Quick relief from the sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds is what you want. So try Va-tro-nol—a few drops up each nostril—to soothe irritation, reduce congestion. You'll welcome the relief that comes! Va-tro-nol also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

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