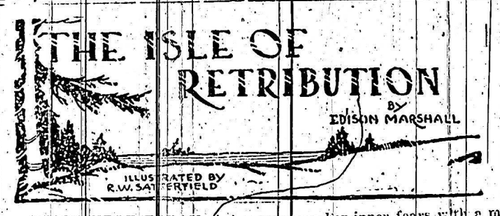


BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet is sent by his father, Godfrey Cornet, on a voyage to Northern Canada and Alaska to exchange two thousand silk and velvet gowns with the Indians for furs. The profits are to be split 75-25, the lion's share to Ned.

Cornet is accompanied on the voyage by his fiancee, Lenore Hardenworth, and the latter's mother. Bess Gilbert is hired to go as seamstress. Mrs. Hardenworth objects to eating at the same table with Bess.

At Vancouver, the night following their departure from Seattle, they loaded on certain heavy stores. Captain Knutzen, in charge of the craft, is ably assisted by McNab. Bess makes up her mind to avoid the three aristocrats as much as possible. They in turn ignore the girl.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

There was such a little group of them, only eight in all. The ship was a mere dot in the expanse of blue. Around them endlessly rolled the sea, swept by unknown winds, cursed by the winter's cold, like death itself in its infinity and its haunting fear. The life they had left behind was already shadowed and dim: the farewell cheers, the laughter, the gaiety, the teeming crowds that moved and were never still were all like something dreamed, unspeakably far off. Only the sea and the sky were real, and the ever-straighter wrinkle of the North.

Lenore found herself possessed by a fear, unreasoning and unspeakable, of the North. It was something that she could not put into words, even to herself. It was the fear of the unknown, the fear of the mysterious, the fear of the cold and the loneliness. She had been told that the North would change her, but she couldn't have believed that it would change her so wholly. She was a stranger to herself. The softness, Ned always called it, was gone from her. She could not even weep. She was conscious of a certain hardness, a certain coldness, that frightened her. She felt that she could look upon anything that life contained, and that she had not the power to weep. She dared not think that she could ever weep again. Neither another social season nor the winter ahead in the bitter days to come could save her should the winter find her unprotected. Her own personal charm would not help her. Neither should she fall overboard into the waters. Here was a region where recklessness could very easily mean death; and where life itself was suddenly revealed utterly beyond her ken. There was no turning back. Ever our the Charon bore her farther from her home.

Mrs. Hardenworth, whose habits of thought were more rigidly established, was only made irritable and petulant by the new surroundings. Never good company except under the stimulation of some social gathering, she was rapidly becoming something of a problem to Ned and Lenore. She was irritable with the crew, on the constant verge of insult to Bess, for the entire expedition. Unlike Bess, she had never been disciplined to meet hardship and danger; her only resource was guile and her only courage was recklessness; now she tried to overcome her inner fears with a more reckless attitude toward life. It was no longer necessary for Ned and Lenore to seek the shelter of the pilot house for their third whiskey-and-soda. She was only too glad to take it with them. More than once the dinner hour found her glassy-eyed and almost hysterical, only a border removed from actual drunkenness. Never possessing any true moral strength or real good breeding, a certain abandonbegan to appear in her speech. And they had not yet rounded the Alaskan Peninsula into Bering Sea.

To Ned, the long north and westward journey had been even more a revelation. He also knew the fear, the disillusionment, a swift sense of weakness when before he had been perfectly sure of his own strength; but there was also a more complex reaction—one that he could not analyze or put into words. He couldn't call it happiness. It wasn't that, unless the mood that follows the hearing of wonderful music is also happiness. Perhaps that was the best comparison, the passion he felt was something like the response made to great music. There had been times at the opera, when all conditions were exactly favorable, that he had felt the same, and once when he had heard Fritz Kreisler play Handel's "Largo." It was a strange reaching and trapping rather than happiness. It was a stir and thrill that touched the most secret chords of his being.

He felt it most at night when the great, white northern stars wheeled through the heavens. It was good then times the sea was beautiful by mystery. The truth was that Ned, by the will of the red gods was receiving the meaning of the real spirit of the North. A sensitive man to begin with, he caught something of the mystery and wonder of which Lenore had no glimpse. And it was to bring home to the young man a far-reaching discovery: that he was wiser and wickeder.

He had never admitted weakness before. He had always been sure of himself, so complacent, so self-sufficient. But curiously these things were dying within him. He found himself doubting, for the first time, the success of this northern adventure. Could he cope with the realities that were beginning to press upon him? Would not this northern wilderness show him up as the weakling he was?

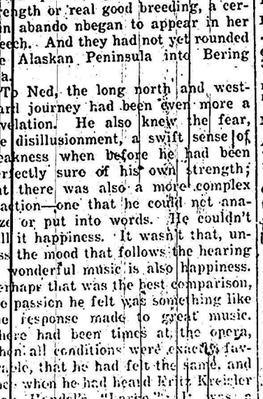
For the first time in his life Ned Cornet knew what idealism was. He had supposed, in his city life, that he had been a realist; instead he had only been a sophist and a mocker in an environment that was never real from dawn to darkness. He had read books that he had acclaimed among his young friends as masterpieces of realism—usually works whose theme and purpose seemed to be a bald-faced portrayal of sex—but now he saw that their very premise was one of falsehood. Here were the true realities—unconquerable seas and starry skies and winds from off the waste places.

Unlike Lenore, Ned's regrets were not that he had ever launched forth upon the venture. Rather he found himself regretting that he was not better fitted to contend with it. Perhaps, after all, his father had been right and he had been wrong. For the first time in his life Ned felt the need of greater strength, of stronger nerves.

What if his father had told the truth, and that strict, grim reality awaited him here. It was no longer easy to disbelieve him. Almost any disaster could fall upon him here, in these wastes of sunlit water, in the very shadow of the polar ice. The sun itself had lost its warmth. It slanted down upon them from far to the south, and it seemed to be beguiling them, with its golden beauty on the waters, into some deadly trap that had been set for them still farther north. It left Ned some way apprehensive and dismayed. He wished he hadn't been so sure of himself, that he had taken greater pains, in his wasted years, to harden and train himself. Perhaps he was to be weighed in the balance, and it was increasingly hard to believe that he would not be found wanting.

In such a mood he recalled his father's words regarding that dread realm of test and trial that lay somewhere beyond the world: "some bitter, dreadful training camp for those that leave this world unfitted to go on to a higher, better world." He had scorned the thought at first, but now he could hardly get it out of his mind. It suggested some sort of an analogy with his present condition. These empty seas were playing tricks on his imagination; he could conceive that the journey of which his father had spoken might not be so greatly different than this. There would be the same desolation, the same nearness of the stars, the emptiness and mystery, the same sense of gathering, impending trial and stress.

(To be continued.)



Lenore found herself possessed by a fear, unreasoning.

Wild Pastures

My black flocks wander on the bitter salt marshes;
At the mist they feed and drink;
They pick at the sea-holly and the rough plants and grasses,
At the harsh water's brink.

My white flocks stray about the landward meadows;
Their fleeces shine;
With lowered heads they feed on the tender herbs and grasses
Tasting their honey-wine.

But my horned sheep spring and go upon the mountains
Lifting their heads to the wind;
Out on the crags they stand; they drink of the running water,
In the way of their kind.

—Grace Ivey in "A Celtic Anthology."

Beauty Contests

Three Rivers Nouvelliste (Cons.): The Irish Episcopate has emphatically condemned beauty contests. The principal European competitor has refused to go to the United States, when she discovered what sort of a costume she had to appear in. Mussolini has just forbidden them in this country. The decree prohibiting them gives the following reason: "In consideration of the ever-increasing number, especially in the summer months, of beauty contests, with proclamation of queens, princesses, etc., and consequently of the grave inconveniences to the public order which arise from them, all these dangerous forms of exploitation of feminine vanity and its parodies will be strictly forbidden in future."

La Patrie (Cons.): The last increase in the indemnity came into effect during the War when, using the excessive cost of living as an excuse, members and senators had the amount raised from $2,500 to $4,000. This increase was only agreed to as a temporary measure, like the high cost of living allowances to officials. Subsequently, the latter were gradually deprived of their allowances, but members had not the moral courage to sacrifice their increased indemnity at the same time. What will the public think now of the proposal to raise the indemnity to $6,000? What will make them suspicious is the fact that members are organizing secretly for this purpose, and that it has to be voted by the very people who will benefit by it. The best way, undoubtedly would be to get the people to approve of the increase in a general election. This is never done, probably because our representatives find the other method at once more expeditious and efficacious.

SO THAT WAS THAT

A Parliamentary candidate was addressing a crowded meeting when an interrupter demanded to know if the were in favor of prohibition.

"I am," began the candidate—(cheers from the temperance supporters)—"not," he went on—(prolonged cheers from the rest of the audience)—"going to tell you," he concluded.

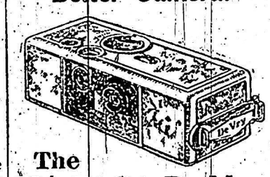
Then there was silence from every ong.

What Indeed?

Houston Post-Dispatch: What will eventually become of the stage, and even the movie, when all a real actor or actress has to do to earn a fabulous income is to change from indorsing one cigarette to indorsing another?

"What fo' you name yo' baby 'Electricity, Mose?" "Well, nah name am Mose, and mah wife's name am Dinah, and if Dinah does don't make electricity, what dods dey make?"

At Last—A Really Better Camera!



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INVESTIGATE—SEND COUPON NOW!

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Gentlemen: Please send further details regarding the Q.R.S. De Vry Kamra and name of nearest dealer.

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Strawberries!

There is no more delicious jam than that made from strawberries, whether the preserves are cooked in the usual way or managed in the special and somewhat more tedious method known as "sun preserves." Here is a recipe for everyday jam cooked over the fire until done. The addition of lemon juice not only gives a fine flavor but helps it to "jell." This recipe is from the Bureau of Home Economics:

4 quarts strawberries, 3 lbs. sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Wash the berries thoroughly, drain, cap and pick out the largest. Take about one quart of the smaller fruit, crush it and add the sugar. Cook this rapidly in an enameled saucepan and stir until the sugar is dissolved and a thick syrup is formed. Add the remainder of the fruit and continue the rapid cooking, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. An asbestos mat should be placed under the pan as a precaution. Cook from thirty to forty-five minutes until fairly thick, then add the lemon juice. The jam should then have a brilliant red color, and some of the fresh flavor of the fruit. The jam thickens when cold and should not be cooked down too much. Place the jam in sterilized jars, seal and store.

Strawberry Sauce

A hard sauce with strawberry flavor is just the thing for puddings while these delicious berries are in season. It is good on plain cake or baked cottage pudding.

One-third cup butter, three-quarter cup powdered sugar, three-eighths teaspoonful salt, white of 1 egg, 1 cup fresh strawberries.

Cream the butter and add the sugar and salt. When thoroughly mixed, add the stiffly beaten white of egg and crushed. The acidity of the berries causes the sauce to separate somewhat, and to overcome this, warm it until it is smooth. Serve at once, or chill if a thicker sauce is desired.

Fruit Cocktail

Mix together equal parts of berries, diced orange and grapefruit. Cover with strawberry and orange juice. Serve very cold in glass dishes at the beginning of Sunday dinner. A little lemon juice or powdered sugar may be added if liked.

Fruit Whip

One-half cup strawberry pulp sieved, one egg white, one-half cup granulated sugar.

Beat egg until very stiff and dry, with rotary beater, add sugar rather gradually, then add fruit pulp, beating with rotary beater until stiff enough to stand up, about four minutes. This is good for Washington pie filling or in place of whipped cream anywhere. It stands up a long time.

Fresh Fruit Sundae

Wash berries, sweeten slightly and crush with spoon, or with potato masher, then let stand until ready to serve on top of ice cream, fluffy boiled rice or plain cornstarch pudding.

Strawberry Shortcake

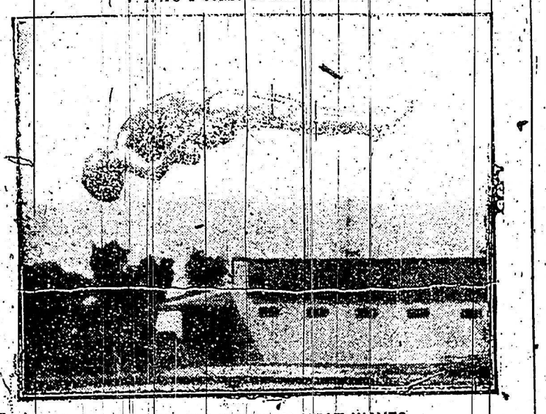
One level teaspoonful baking powder, three-quarter cup milk, two cups flour, six tablespoonfuls shortening, one-half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar.

Sift flour, then measure, sift three times with other dry ingredients and cut in shortening with two knives, with a fork, or use fingers, as for pie or biscuits. Add all the milk at once, mixing rapidly to make a very soft dough as for biscuits. Put on well-floured board, pat gently to one inch thickness, and cut with large size cooky cutter, and bake on greased tin. Bake twelve minutes in hot oven (450 F.) or until a toothpick comes out clean when inserted in shortcake, and nicely browned. These large hot biscuits are split and buttered, crushed berries put between and on top, and whipped cream served with individual shortcakes. If more are made than needed at once, cool on wire cake cooler, and reheat to serve at next meal. This is a slightly sweetened biscuit, just as rich as it could be made, and especially light and tender.

Friend: Airplane designers are trying to find some bird that can go straight up in the air, to use as a model.

Hubby: They ought to come around and study my wife.

Where Forms Adds Attraction



A SURE RELIEF FROM HEAT WAVES

Swimmig time is here and you should take stock of your diving prowess. Josephine Dunbar of St. Joseph, Mo., is testing hers with apparent success.

A Fishy Bear Story

How the Caretaker of Lumber Camp Used a Novel Trap for Catching Bear

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont—Mose Davis, a 70-year-old caretaker of a camp for the Searchmont Lumber Company, believes that when trapping bear, if the bear will not come to the trap, then take the trap to the bear.

Mose keeps his meat in a lean-to adjoining his bunkhouse, and of late has been bothered by a bear which sought the bacon. In desperation he fashioned a crude trap of a good, sound barrel, into which he drove long spikes so that when the bear forced its head inside, the spikes would catch in its head and hold it. Hearing a commotion in the early hours of the morning, Mose visited his trap near the meat house and found a big bear at grips with his dog. As the two were engaged in combat, Mose approached with the barrel, and jammed it over the animal's head, where it stuck.

He says he heard more bear language in a minute than he had ever heard before in his life. The dog worried the bear down to the shore of the Goulais River, where it took to the water, still wearing the barrel. The current took the animal, thus handicapped, down stream and it finally went over a dam and was beaten to death on the rocks below.

This is the story as it appeared in recent press dispatches. What we would like to know is just how Mose got that barrel over the bear's head and what kind of a barrel it was.—Editor.

True Romance

Squire Weds Village Maid Scandalizing Gentry

Weymouth.—In every self-respecting novelette the village villain—the squire. She spurns him, escapes from his toils in the end, and marries the hero, a humble and upright fellow, poor, but fearfully honest.

The novelettes writers will have to mend their ways. The squire of Radipole, near here, has just won and wooed the village maiden in circumstances that are as romantic as any visioned by Thos. Hardy.

The squire is E. B. Thresher, laird of the manor of Corfe Hill. His bride is Miss Winifred Walden, who, until a few days ago, lived in a tiny cottage on his estate.

But the path of true love did not run smoothly at first. The squire wooed the village maiden ardently, and she returned his love. His relatives, however, frowned on the match.

The Threshers have lived at Corfe Hill for generations, and this fact was dinned into the squire's ears in and outand out of season.

Mr. Thresher is a county J. P., a leader in its social life and secretary of the Cattistock hunt. He is extremely popular and well known to everyone locally.

His wooing, therefore, had to be in secret. During the long winter months his fiancee used to go out with a lantern to the hills above her lover's mansion and signal to him in the billiard room.

If the coast were clear of prying eyes she would steal into the house by a secret door, and for a brief half hour the lovers would renew their troth.

Finally the squire determined to wed her in secret. Once again he was foiled. Miss Walden waited in her new travelling dress at the cottage, her suitcase packed. She waited that day in vain.

But at length love triumphed. The couple were married by special license here recently with only the verger and a trusted servant as witnesses.

Glozel Relics Are Declared Fraud

London, Eng.—It has already been reported that M. Bayle, who was asked by the French Government to submit the alleged prehistoric inscriptions dug up on a farm near Glozel, in the Vichy region of Central France, to a microscopic and chemical analysis, has reported that the affair is a fake or hoax.

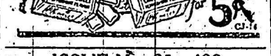
M. Bayle declares that objects found on Farmer Fradin's famous field could not have been long in the ground, and that not one of them is more than five years old. Maitre Maurice Garcon, the Paris advocate, has lodged with the judicial authorities at Moulins a demand for a prosecution of the person connected with the affair.

It is no longer a demand for proceedings against persons unknown; young Fradin is mentioned as the person to be proceeded against.

At the end of a day's work, relieve nervous tension *before* eating. Wrigley's will refresh and tone you up—so that you're ready to enjoy your food.

Then, after meals, Wrigley's helps digestion, cleanses the teeth, removes all traces of eating or smoking—sweetens the breath.

WRIGLEY'S



3 handy packs for 5¢

ISSUE No. 25—'29

Ask for Salada Orange Pekoe—it is the finest

"SALADA" TEA

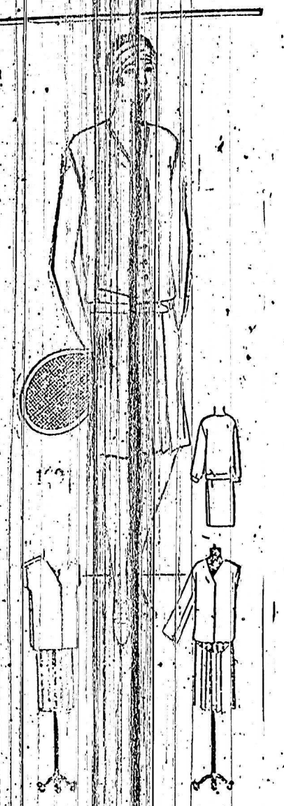
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Bascule Bridge

The bascule bridge lies trodden under foot
By street and motor cars and heavy trucks,
And even rubbish loads find way across its floor.
Pedestrians tread its length unthinking free,
To them it is a highway safely built.
And this low bascule cannot say them nay.
But unprotesting, there it lies for use.
For service, lowely service it was formed.
Below, the wide canal lies placid, slow
Until a boat, high masted, breaks its tide.
And lo! the bascule is aroused.
Its mandate spoken in no feeble way
Goes forth. "Halt, step not one foot on my floor,
Nor turn a wheel, nor touch my steel girt frame.
I own this time, for see, I lift myself
On high, and hang against the blue of heaven.
Not even this, the boat that finds its way
Between my lifted wings can rise so high;
And while you wait until I please to drop
Again to serve the traffic of your world,
I breathe the air with flying things of light."

—Emily Patterson Spear.



Garden Notes

Ready With Celery

That most popular French vegetable celery, can be set out now. Except for the commercial man, it is inadvisable to grow plants, and these should be secured from a reliable source where the variety will be guaranteed. For a continuous supply, set out a few plants every week or two, up to the middle of July, with the bulk going in about the last mentioned time for Fall storage. Celery can be grown on any rich, drained soil, provided it is not too compact. Well drained, mack, which is the richest soil in humus that we have, gives the best results. Heavy applications of manure are needed on loam soil, with nitrate of soda during the early stages of growth. Water plants well before removing from flats, and if possible, have soil moist into which they are planted. Plant six to eight inches apart, in rows from one to three feet wide. Cultivate early and keep at it during the season. In order to keep the plants growing quickly, which is the only way to produce a tender crop, water when necessary. In the Fall, the simplest way to blanch the celery is to place boards close up against the plants on both sides of the row, and bill these up a little with earth to keep them in place. Celery will keep half of the winter in cool, fairly dry storage.

Tender Vegetables Go in Now

This is about the time to put in that group of vegetables or botanists may consider some of them fruits, known as the tender sorts. Chief among these will be the squash types. Marrows and summer squash may be planted any time up to July 1st. The same holds true for watermelon, citron, and muskmelon. The Summer squash and marrows as well as cucumbers, which come in about this time, should be picked when about half grown, the flesh being more tender then than at any other time. This rule decidedly does not hold good for the melons, however, which must be ripe before any but the very small boy will dare to tackle them. To determine when they are ripe or not, simply press the end of the fruit with the thumb, and if it is a little soft, one can confirm them safely. The soil for all of these plants should be warm, well-drained, well-watered and very rich. An old chip pile, where some well-rotted manure has been dug in, and which is fairly drenched with sunlight, is the ideal location. Plant six seeds to a hill, one foot apart, and thin to four plants. This also is the proper time to put down beans, which should give a fair crop if sown immediately. Limas need richer soil than string beans, and they must be plenty deep to retain the moisture. They give larger yields than the bush sorts, and usually do best when planted in hills eight feet each way. Water well to dissolve off the leaves. Scratch in around the hills, and cut now too, and to lay their full quota, which is best when there, or four full stems to the plant, they must be set in rich soil, but not too heavy, and have abundant moisture. Set them two feet apart in the row.

Keep Flowers Picked

To keep the flower garden blooming and looking its best, all dying flowers must be kept removed. With most sorts the oftener the bloom is removed, the more of it there will be. When the plants are allowed to start developing seed pods, there will be no more flowers. With those sorts, such as Alyssum, Phlox, Petunias, and others which do not produce flowers that can be easily picked, it is advisable to shear off thefading bloom.

In killing time see to it that you do not murder a big opportunity.

Have Patience

Adults Have Good Judgment and Severe Views on Mistakes of Youth

There are few people who have the patience and spirit of forgiveness in dealing with the faults of young people, and it is to be hoped that the philanthropic workers are not to be discouraged by the ingratitude they sometimes encounter. Many people who have given once or twice to the needy have closed their stock of patience and duly registered that they will never give to any young person who has been found guilty of any crime. They very often have the best and kindest intentions, and cannot be expected to be patient with those who do not appreciate their efforts. Adults have good judgment and severe views on mistakes of youth, and can see very easily where the young people have made errors, and can point out the way to avoid them. Many times they are very impatient with the young people, and cannot understand why they do not see as they do. They have had experience, and they feel that the young people should profit by it. Perhaps there is no more difficult task than that of dealing with young people, and it is to be hoped that the patience of those who have undertaken the task will not be exhausted before they have had the satisfaction of seeing the results of their efforts.

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