

## ZEKE'S BEER GARDEN

By R. K. WILKINSON  
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I HAVE known Zeke Taylor for a score of years. He is an old man now, one of Dexter's oldest inhabitants. He should, at his age, be retired from active business, should be spending declining years as most old men of Dexter spend them—spinning yarns with Elmer Stone and Sam Cook on the veranda of the Suncook hotel, or seated comfortably before the open fire of his own home with glowing pipe and pleasant dreams.

That's how it should be, for it is these simple things from which Dexter folk derive their greatest pleasure. But Zeke cannot retire and live on his savings, for no savings have been set aside for this purpose.

Some say he lacked in thrift and foresight during the days when his little grocery store, with its lunch counter stretched across one side of it, knew a lively business.

Some say he was shiftless and lazy. But those of us who have been closely associated with Zeke know that none of these accusations are founded on truth or fact.

Zeke might not have been attentive to business, but he was never shiftless or lazy.

His life has been one filled with little deeds of kindness.

And from them he derived his keenest enjoyment.

Zeke Taylor has been friend to every man who crossed his path.

Quite forgetful of his own future, he has helped this one in distress, counseled that one in matters of grave importance, lent moral and financial support to countless charitable movements and unselfishly denied himself when some stricken brother was sorely in need of aid.

The little things of life have meant much to Zeke, and others have benefited by this peculiarity of his makeup.

But now that Zeke is aged, these things are forgotten.

Folks are wondering what will become of the old man, fearful that sooner or later he will be "on the town."

And because of their forgetfulness they are hard and condemning.

Not long ago I dropped into Zeke's store for a chat, and found him sunk into the depths of gloom.

He was, he told me, contemplating bankruptcy.

His creditors were pressing. Business was going across the street to the new modern lunch room, recently opened.

The old man was sorely hurt, inwardly wincing at thoughts of failure and being on the town.

His pride was hurt, though his words held no note of bitterness or complaint.

It was about this time that the taxpayers of the United States were, in a manner of speaking, quite steamed up over the beer and light-wine issue. It seemed almost inevitable that three point two would be legalized.

I mentioned this to Zeke and he brightened considerably.

One thing led to another and it wasn't long before Zeke's ordinarily lively imagination took on a new lease of life and began to function.

I followed him through the rear door of the place and into the space beyond. There was a green lawn here and a shade tree or two.

Almost instantly I sensed what was in the old man's mind. A beer garden! A real old-fashioned beer garden!

The spot was ideal; the location perfect; the old and musty surroundings especially inducive.

Moreover, there wasn't another store or lunch room in town so naturally and adequately equipped for the purpose.

We discussed the idea at length. And the more we talked the brighter became the look in Zeke's eyes.

His enthusiasm and eagerness, remembering that of a child, brought a lump to my throat.

I fell in with Zeke's plans quite wholeheartedly. And when a frown suddenly appeared on his face at some abrupt thought, I actually became alarmed.

The establishment of a beer garden would, he remembered, entail the expenditure of a sum of money. And Zeke at the moment was absolutely penniless.

Of course, I agreed to provide the necessary funds, an act which, I believe, has given me more pleasure than any equal expenditure prior to or after that day.

There was no need, I told myself, to let Zeke know that the money I invested was the extent of my entire savings; that, should the beer garden experiment go to seed, I would be as penniless as he.

And so, in the utmost secrecy, we went ahead with our plans. None of the dozens of folks who passed daily to and fro in the street before Zeke's store so much as suspected that in the plot beyond the rear door a real and enchanting beer garden was being constructed. It was to be a surprise.

Zeke, despite his decrepitness, worked like a Trojan. Tables were conveniently placed in a great, sweeping circle, with a bright-

ly colored umbrella above each. A trench was dug and water piped to a fountain skillfully fashioned of cement and rocks in the center of the plot by Zeke's own hands.

The shade trees were trimmed up, shrubbery thinned to a respectable density, flowers and hedges planted where their effect would be most beneficial.

The finished product was something to admire. And during its construction the beer and light wine bill had been rushed through congress and was passed.

The day that it was signed I rushed down to Zeke's store in a high state of excitement; a state which was short-lived.

For Zeke greeted me at the door and the expression on his face betrayed glumness and disappointment within.

"It's the license," he told me when I questioned him. "We got to have a license to sell beer and the danged thing cost 200 bucks!"

I stared at him blankly. It was true. We had expended our last penny on equipment, holding out only enough funds to pay for our first shipment of beer, already ordered.

It seemed like a little thing, yet in that moment I knew it meant the difference between being able to open on time—or ever for that matter.

There wasn't a soul we could go to for funds. Zeke's creditors were pressing. My own resources were exhausted.

It looked pretty bad. And then when it seemed we would have to abandon the entire project, Zeke came through with an idea.

It was a brilliant idea, quite characteristic of the Zeke whose brilliant ideas had helped one man or another over rough spots in the days when things were booming in Dexter and a man didn't have to sneak in somebody's back door to get his drink of beer.

At first I was skeptical, but the more Zeke talked of his idea the more convinced I was that it would work.

Had the situation been less serious I would have laughed mightily at this plan of his and wagered with anyone who wanted to wager that it would not work.

Anyway we put the idea into execution. On the day that beer was legalized we hung out the sign which Zeke had painted and flung wide the door.

At first folks came out of sheer curiosity. Grinning, they poked their noses inside and looked around.

It was sight of that cozy little garden in back that brought them all the way in.

It was uncanny. We actually had to hire outside help to take care of all the customers.

Zeke's old cash register kept ringing all day and far into the night. It was incredible that beer and cheese and pretzels could hold such an appeal to so many people at once.

The next day the rush was greater, and the day following, Sunday, we were forced to hire three extra waiters.

We were off to a running start, and it looked as if we were going to keep running.

Things were moving smoothly a week later when quite unexpectedly a government agent came in and asked to see our license.

Zeke winked broadly in my direction and produced the requested document.

The agent ran hawk-like eyes over the written words and looked at Zeke sharply.

"This license was issued two days ago. You've been selling beer more than a week?"

"Sure," said Zeke, while I held my breath, "that's right. We waited till we'd taken in enough money to buy us a license, and we bought one."

"Admit it, eh? Well, get your coat, mister, you're coming with me."

"Wait a minute," says Zeke. "That there license is for 3.2. Up till two days ago I ain't sold a mug of 3.2."

The agent stared.

"You're nuts. You got a sign out there says 'beer,' and folks have been coming here for a week."

"Sure," Zeke agreed, "they been coming here. But they ain't been drinking 3.2. They been drinking near beer. I advertised beer for sale, but I didn't stipulate what kind of beer. And these dumb bunnies who have been yapping for beer and light wines didn't know the difference."

It was true. These customers who constituted our first rush had been drinking near beer and never knew it. And the agent was good enough sport to keep his mouth shut.

Zeke serves real beer now, or rather the man to whom he leased his garden does.

Zeke himself spends his days on the veranda of the Suncook hotel, yarning with Elmer Stone and Sam Cook about the days when beer was beer, and he never had a worry in the world.

**Mexican Fashion Note**  
The idea of male garb for women has been a complete failure in Mexico. Girls who appear in public in the provincial cities wearing male clothes are chased home by mobs of men and women who hurl verbal insults and sticks, stones and overripe vegetables.

**His Distance**  
Cholly—How far will this rifle shoot?  
Clerk—Two miles.  
Cholly—I'll take it; I want it to shoot at bears!—Kansas City Star.

## Summer of Wide Brims Is Message

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S breathtaking the way millinery has burst into a blaze of glory before our enchanted eyes this season. Everything from flowers to feathers, fruit trimmings, ribbons and brims of startling dimension seems to be conspiring to bring "real millinery" back into the picture once more.

Now that brims have definitely "arrived" you may wear them as huge as you care to wear them. Fashion places no limit to their dimensions. Not for season upon season have brims been so wide, so versatile, so everywhere present, so chic and so picturesque.

In the circle leghorn and roses tell a summery tale of hats beautiful such as will be worn with frocks of exotic print, with gowns of lace, or of net, pastel chiffons or organdies.

In the other large circle is a huge black panama with the new fruit trimming which is considered quite the last word this season. You must have at least one hat trimmed with a wee apple or so, or a trio of plums and green leaves, or a cluster of cherries or berries of some sort—anything just so it is tempting looking artificial fruit. By the way, the fruit motif in dress prints is also very good this season.

The hat up in the left corner of the group has one of those wee semi-cartwheel which is strictly tailored. Of course the new exceedingly shallow crowns, posed at so perilous an angle as most of them are, would never in the world stay on themselves and so here is a final message—old-style, now new style, elastic or hatpins!

Just below, centered to the left, is a hat of rough cre straw, for cre and cellulose black straws, you must know, are the rage. So, also, are all-black fabrics of cre luster. A perky multi-colored quill imparts a dash and a go to this simple tailored hat which is just what is needed in a headpiece which is to top one's cloth or linen suit.

Brims that turn up in the back are excellent style, and are a pleasing change from the conventional cartwheel of the merry widow type. The model shown in the lower left corner is indicative of this trend. Its simple ribbon trim tunes it to wear with the daytime tailleur.

Transparent brims are important millinery news. Huge capelines sheer as can be add an exquisite touch to the summer picture. Illustrated at the top, to the right, is a charming transparent brim. The bouquet of flowers together with a simple ribbon band trim this chapeau effectively.

Comes next, below to the right, a coolie beach hat. It has a cunning buckle fastening under the chin. Not only beach hats reflect the Chinese influence, for many of the smartest dress models carry pointed crowns which are so shallow they almost glide right into their large drooping-all-around brims in true coolie fashion.

Last in the picture is an immense cartwheel which is strictly tailored. Of course the new exceedingly shallow crowns, posed at so perilous an angle as most of them are, would never in the world stay on themselves and so here is a final message—old-style, now new style, elastic or hatpins!

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## SHEER RAYON DOT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Rayon has won its way to the top. Upon it leading designers have set their seal of approval. Dotted sheers in self color is the last word in summer materials. Raised rayon dots on a mousseline de rayon background describes the handsome all-black fabric which fashions the gown illustrated. This model is making a very praiseworthy showing in the collection of man-made materials which the Fashion Group of America have been exhibiting in New York. They are smart for dinner and evening gowns but the big news concerning them is that the swankiest of daytime jacket suits and ensembles are being made of them, a tailleur of net being the newest of the new.

**Back Fullness**  
Black fullness in evening dresses continues to be their most noteworthy feature. It is achieved by ruffles, cascades of flounces, bustles and other devices.

## PASTEL WOOL NOW POPULAR FAVORITE

Every season sees some new fashion development which springs up mushroom fashion, overnight. This year it is short, loose or belted swagger coats of white or pastel wool over town frocks of plain or printed crepe.

These coats are sold separately. They are quite inexpensive. And they give a decidedly fresh and summery air to a dark ensemble. They may take the place of the black or navy redingote with which you started out the spring season.

String color is very smart with black or navy. Other popular shades are a deep dusty yellow, linen blue, and a soft leaf green. In many instances the color of the coat is accentuated in the print of the frock, or in some detail of belt, scarf or other trimming.

## Evening Tailleurs Seen in Various Novel Fabrics

New evening tailleurs, combining a tailored jacket and instep-length skirt ready for restaurant dining, are fashioned of novel fabrics along striking lines. One suit of silver lame with a trim tailored jacket is finished with a black satin blouse and a facing of the same sable fabric inside the skirt hem. Black faille or taffeta suits cut on the same lines appear with either long-sleeved or sleeveless blouses of white organdie or flame red crepe.

## Refreshing Colors Now Feature Newest Fashions

Colors this season are amazingly refreshing. There's a "Flagship" blue with all of the light in it of a sky from a sailing vessel. Russet is swapped from fall shades for spring and competes with the new clay some people object to.

Pale blue with a lavender tinge is lovely in knitted wear and for evening, with deeper blue trim. And brown comes in more different tinges than ever before.

**Buggy, Strictly American**  
The one distinctly American contribution to overland transportation is said to be the buggy, essentially a light, four-wheel wagon, which appeared about 1820.

## That Body of Yours

By

JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

### Living Safely With Heart Disease

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that thousands of men with "leaking valves" in the heart fought in the war without difficulty, and notwithstanding that thousands of individuals with leaking valves live to a good age, there are still a great many who worry because they have this condition.

The leak in the valve has been caused by some ailment—scarlet fever, rheumatism or others, which left the little valve with an "escaloped" edge instead of one that was smooth and well fitting. Naturally, when the valve is closed a little blood is going to flow back through these small openings at the edge of the valve. But, if the heart continues to pump enough blood, despite this little leak, what difference does it make to all your tissues?

It is just like a pump that leaks year in and year out but still supplies all the water the household needs.

Therefore, physicians do not talk very much about "leaks" in the heart, but talk rather about the strength of the heart muscle and try to measure its ability to do the necessary work and how long it is likely to continue to do this necessary work.

The individual then who has a heart leak can go along in his usual manner and feel safe as far as his life is concerned.

As you know, the first sign of a failing heart is shortness of breath, getting out of breath doing little tasks that formerly did not cause this breathlessness.

Now, what can the individual do who finds that he is getting "breathless" on slight exertion?

He should first see his doctor, as this shortness of breath may be due to an acidosis in the system, or to a failing heart. If it be due to acidosis, then less food and more exercise may be necessary.

If due to a failing heart, the physician will advise as to health habits in regard to amount of exercise that may be taken, the necessity of one or two rest periods during the day, and the need of resting the mind as well as the body.

In other words as the ability of the pump (heart) to do work has lessened, then the individual must simply lessen the needs of his body for blood by resting more.

In this way he can live safely.

### Hot Weather Eating

THERE are two mistakes many of us make during warm weather; the first is eating too much or at the wrong time, and the other is not eating enough.

Sometime ago I quoted Dr. W. C. Alvarez of the Mayo clinic and it is worth remembering. "On trips to the mountains I have noticed that the man who comes into camp hungry from an exhausting climb and immediately sits down to a heavy meal, will occasionally suffer afterwards for several days with abdominal pain, gas pressure, and diarrhoea." This is due to the fact that the tiredness dried up all the important ferments that digest the food and prevent decomposition or spoiling of the food when it is taken into the body.

Similarly in hot weather. The heat has tired or exhausted you temporarily, and when you eat there is no digestion takes place for some time, thus allowing the formation of gas with pain from gas pressure.

The thought then is that instead of sitting down at once to a meal, that you lie down quietly on the right side for a few minutes until you are somewhat rested and then eat some food. Your whole body will be rested and the digestive organs more able to pour out their juices, thus enabling you to digest your food properly instead of suffering pain which you naturally think is due to some bad or "tainted" food you have eaten.

What about not eating enough food in the hot weather? Should you not eat less in the hot weather anyway?

As a matter of fact you should eat a little less food in the hot weather, but really, only a very little less.

The reason that you should eat almost as much food in the hot as in the cold weather, is because the processes of the body—your muscles, your heart, your blood, your lungs—all have about the same amount of work to do all seasons of the year. A very small amount of food is needed extra during the cold weather to create heat.

In fact, if you are outdoors more, do more work or take more exercise in the warm than in the cold weather, you may quite correctly eat more food during the warm weather.

Thus we find many individuals, thinking that all that food does is to heat the body, eating less than they actually need during the warm weather.

Remember, then, don't eat when you are very hot or tired; rest a while first.

Remember, also, that you need almost as much food in the warm as in the cold weather.

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## HOPE TO LEARN OLD SECRET

To study four columns which have stood for 2,000 years without showing a sign of decay or dust, a body of European steel manufacturers are visiting India. They hope to learn how people of those days produced stainless steel. The columns were erected by Asoka, the great Buddhist emperor, in four districts of his Indian empire. Each stands on a high rock and is inscribed with the laws of Asoka's reign. Through the centuries earthquakes have not shaken them and storms have not rusted them. The secret of their making is believed to rest with descendants of the makers, and the steel manufacturers hope to learn this.

### No Change in Trees

Trees which grew in the Miocene epoch of geological time some 11,000,000 years ago had essentially the same composition as trees do today, say Dr. E. L. Mitchell and George J. Ritter of the University of Wisconsin in a report to the American Chemical Society.

Fossil woods which revealed how little evolution has occurred in the plant kingdom were discovered 200 feet underground during mining operations at Placerville, Calif., embedded in Miocene gold-bearing sands.

### "Tums" Builds a Home

St. Louis, Mo.—The palatial new building being erected by A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., is a fitting exemplification of the enthusiastic sentiment of millions of users of Tums.

It will present a striking appearance in its contrast of blue-black terra cotta base with mottled cream above the second floor and glittering gold finish on high vertical mullions. Upper windows, fifty feet high, will have gold effect strips between them and furnish abundant light, while lower portion will have etched windows and stainless steel decorations.

The building, machinery and equipment will cost between \$100,000 and \$150,000 and is to be used exclusively for the manufacture of Tums.—Adv.

### Jilted

Gerald—"Anyhow, I am the real goods." Geraldine—"Oh, no! You are the canned goods."



## Say goodbye to freckles, muddy skin

No more dark, dull skin—no more freckles, blackheads, pimples—today this magic formula whitens and clears your skin—gently, quickly! At bedtime smooth cool, fragrant Nadinola Bleaching Cream on face and neck—no massaging, no rubbing. Almost overnight you will see freckles and blemishes begin to fade away. In an amazingly short time you will see lovely new beauty, a clear, flawless radiant complexion. No disappointments, no long waiting; tested and trusted for over a generation. Try it at our risk—your money back if not delighted. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

## HOW SHE LOST 14 POUNDS OF FAT FOR 85 CENTS

"I used one jar of Kruschen and reduced 14 lbs. and just feel fine. Was bothered before with gas pains but after taking Kruschen they never bothered me." Mrs. R., Deer River, Minn.

Don't stay fat and unattractive—not when it's so easy and safe to get rid of double chins, ugly hip-fat and unbecoming plumpness on upper arms—at the same time build up strength and increase vitality—feel younger and keep free from headaches, indigestion, acidity, fatigue and shortness of breath. Just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts first thing every morning in a glass of hot water. If not joyfully satisfied with results of one 85 cent jar (lasts 4 weeks) money back from any drugstore the world over. But make sure you get Kruschen—the SAFE way to reduce.

**Cuticura Soap**  
A scientific soap that solves skin problems  
If you are troubled with pimples, rashes, rough or blotchy skin you owe it to yourself to try Cuticura Soap. Delicately medicated and gently emollient, it acts as a protection to the skin and as a preventive of skin troubles. Start using Cuticura Soap now and see how much it helps.  
Write for special folder on the care of the skin  
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 16S, Malden, Mass.

**Goodbye ANTS**  
Simply sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. Get it at your drugist's.  
**PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD**