

"MY DEAR CHILD!"

By **AVERY W. RUBLE**
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WNU Service.

"AND you'll be eighteen tomorrow, eh?"

George Carter gazed proudly at his diminutive auburn-haired offspring as she slipped into her chair at the breakfast table.

"What'll we give a great big girl like her for a present, Mother? A nice big dolly?"

He looked expectantly from Myra, his wife, to Nancy, his daughter. Then his gaze turned to hurt astonishment when neither smiled at this witty sally.

"Yes, you would suggest a dolly," Nancy's fresh young voice was scathing. "You've been acting as if I were four ever since I came home. If you want to know what I really want—it's a lip stick and a boy friend."

A bomb exploding in their midst could not have caused a greater upheaval.

George Carter choked on a piece of toast.

Myra in the act of taking her second cup, poured the hot coffee on the breakfast cloth.

"My dear child!" The parents in horrified chorus.

"Yeah, that's what I want—a boy friend. All the other girls have them. M'ree Collier, two years younger than I am, has heaps of them."

"Oh, she has!" Myra gasped helplessly.

"Yes, and it isn't enough that I'm handicapped by inheriting Mother's snub nose and your carrot-top, but you have to dress me queerly."

"My dear—your mother's nose is retroussé—it's her best feature," George Carter defended gallantly.

"And your father's hair is auburn," Myra reproved, not to be outdone in chivalry.

"As to your clothes—"

"I know what you're going to say. I ought to. I've heard it often enough. You think just because you're president of the Parents' league, you've got to be an example of how to keep young girls young—so I'm a fright in jerseys and flat-heeled shoes," she fixed her mother with accusing eyes.

Mr. Carter threw in a mild "Now, my dear child, I'm sure your mother knows best—"

"Yes, she knows best," and because you're a college president with young women to save I can't have even a box of talcum."

Tears were very imminent now.

"Here I am practically doomed to be an old maid by the two people who ought to help me the most. No boy will look at an out-of-date blotter like me."

"Thank God for that!" George ejaculated fervently.

"The clothes I've got were all right in a Switzerland boarding school where there is such a thing as a jeune fille, but here in America they are a disgrace. I want a fur coat, a chic hat and high-heeled pumps like M'ree Collier's got."

Nancy's voice was almost a wail.

"When I walked home with her yesterday every boy we passed looked at her."

"I'm thankful you are not the kind of girl boys stare at," her father insisted.

"That's just where you make a mistake. In the proper clothes I am!" replied his daughter provocatively.

"Certainly not. You're still a little girl. No amount of clothes could make any difference. If I were a betting man," said George Carter in sudden irritation, "I'd bet that if you walked down town with me not a single man would do more than glance at you!"

"Atta boy, Dad. Be a sport now and come through. Bet."

Nancy pressed home her vantage point.

"Nancy!" came gentle reproof from behind the coffee percolator.

"I've got to convince you. Let me walk just six blocks with you," coaxed the wily Nancy. "You walk behind me and watch. Only, Mother, I'll have to wear your pumps and fur coat."

"No, indeed!"

"You see!" jibed Nancy. "You're afraid to bet—you both know I'm right."

"All right! All right!"

Myra threw up her hands.

"But I think you are out of your mind."

Nancy wore a cherubic smile.

"You didn't name your bet, Dad," she reminded him. "If I win I get a fur coat and a make-up box."

"My Godfrey!"

"No backing out!" pleaded Nancy.

"Backing out—never! But you're going to get the disappointment of your life. Not a man will look your way—"

"You're going to be surprised, Dad," retorted Nancy.

"Do we start now?"

George Carter looked at Myra. "I guess she is too big for the doll," he said ruefully.

Then sternly to Nancy: "We'll be right behind you, young lady."

"Of course, that's part of the bargain. Give me your things, Mother."

"Absolutely ridiculous," grumbled George to Myra as they followed Nancy's tapping high-heeled pumps.

A young man with a brief case passed them.

He glanced at Nancy curiously, and hurried on.

A solemn, black-frocked clergyman passed.

He stared at Nancy, looked away, looked back again.

His face showed intense interest. He hurried on.

Traffic forced a passing motorist close to the curb. He looked at Nancy, bumped the curb and looked again. Nancy turned to glance back at George and Myra Carter.

Her pliant little face framed in the fur of her mother's coat started a train of thought for them.

Yes, she was grown up.

"They had been suppressing her. She was not the little girl any more they had fondly tried to keep her. The six blocks were nearly done now.

Grant Manning, the new young man in the chair of international relations passed them.

People said he had a private fortune.

Doing research work.

"A coming man."

"Now there was the type he'd like Nancy some day to . . ."

Manning was looking at Nancy. Without a doubt. Hard.

George saw him actually tear his eyes away from her.

Poor little rascal, George thought, she shall have her high heels for keeps.

"Oh, Manning!" he called.

"You've met Mrs. Carter, but I want you to meet my daughter, Nancy."

Nancy talked to Manning in a self-possessed manner, which more than ever convinced George that he and Myra had narrowly escaped starting some sort of a complex in Nancy by refusing to let her be her age.

When they left Manning, George was in such an expansive mood that he not only paid his bet in full, but he also gave Nancy carte blanche in the exclusive shop to which she took him.

That was Nancy's debut.

Perhaps George Carter helped things along by his unexpressed desire.

Perhaps Myra did it with choice food.

Perhaps it was the new clothes and the make-up box. Or the red hair and the provocative snub nose.

But certainly a year later when things came to such a pass that whenever the front door opened and it invariably was to admit Grant Manning, George's hopes soared like an airplane.

And when Grant actually asked Nancy to marry him George was so pleased he almost went out of control.

"I was so young I thought you'd never notice me, Grant. What first made you notice me?" Nancy, after the fashion of all lovers, asked him.

"You acted so oddly, darling," he said.

From the snug haven of his arms Nancy merely wrinkled that delectable little snub nose.

"Honey," he added in a whisper, "why did you put out your tongue at me that morning?"

Thrills in Profusion for the Adventurers

The adventurers of this century are the archeologists, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Theirs is the thrill of finding the new, the strange and the startling. Trekking through jungles, the archeologist can find more thrills than the big-game hunter of Africa or the airman of the oceans wastes.

Expeditions sent from Washington recently uncovered stones with inscriptions unfolding stories of a people whose very existence was unknown before America was discovered. The Spaniards overwhelmed them and the conquered people dropped into obscurity. Now, however, their history is being uncovered and the world is learning the tale of the Maya people of Central America.

There is Tezna, for instance, an important outlying city of the old Maya empire. It is a great acropolis more than 500 feet on a side, having on its summit five impressive temples surrounding an immense sunken court.

Several score large and small cities and towns have been located in the jungles of Yucatan showing that the old empire was mighty and powerful, with arts and crafts as superior as those of ancient Egypt.

The whole of Yucatan seems filled with these lost cities. Some are unimportant. Others are yielding priceless treasures in jewels and art, and still others are yet to be explored. That the Maya people were intelligent and cultured there is no doubt. The Spaniards who suddenly swooped down upon them were children in comparison. Maya rulers offered the Spaniards cotton shirts and, later, jewels. Cotton was one of the great gifts of the Maya nation to the world. At that time it was unappreciated.

More Elk Last Winter

More elk were counted on feeding grounds to the Jackson Hole (Wyo.) region last winter than in any previous year, the reservation protector of the United States Department of Agriculture reports. At the elk refuge, maintained by the bureau of biological survey, 7,450 animals were counted, and those found on three nearby state feeding grounds brought the total to 11,230, about 1,250 more than ever before counted. The count was made co-operatively by the biological survey, the forest service, and the Wyoming state game department. About 2,600 tons of hay and 100 tons of cottonseed cake were used during the winter in feeding the elk on the refuge.

Ready Cash

Cashmere—What it takes to win women, I've got.

Badly bent—Then lend me a ten spot!

—Kansas City Star.

Lightweight Dinosaur Small but Ferocious

Maybe you picture a dinosaur like Alley Oop's pet, a monster of gigantic proportions.

The American Museum of Natural History has told of a dinosaur no bigger than a mastiff, but light and fast with hooked, saw-edged teeth, as dangerous by itself as a pack of wolves.

This formidable beast roamed the prairies and hills of Montana 120,000,000 years ago. Its fossilized bones were found in south central Montana, twelve miles south of the village of Harlowton, last October.

Careful investigation delayed the announcement. Fragments of the dinosaur's mineralized body have been hewn and chiseled out of the solid rock.

The fragments tell of a fighter that must have bid for the lightweight championship of its era. The bones are hollow, suggesting lightness and speed. The hind legs were about fifteen inches off the ground at the hips. The body balanced a slashing

neck and a powerful, falling tail—the neck alone two and a half feet long.

"At present," the museum authorities said, "it is impossible to fully visualize the skull, but it must have been unusually large, for the saw-bladed, recurved teeth are relatively larger than in any described carnivorous dinosaur. The front legs were powerful, and relatively better developed than in the great 'tyrannosaurus.'"

The discovery was made by Dr. Barnum Brown, of the Museum of Natural History.

Supposition

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"Oh, I've nothing to grumble at."

"Mr. Browne away, then?"

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