

HAVING NONE OF HER OWN

By RUTH H. MYERS

MANY a woman is a mother though she has no child. Marbeth could have managed a dozen and loved it; it was an inefficient waste of good maternity that she was a seamstress and unmarried with only the children of her customers to contact.

The last time she sewed for the young Pendells, the baby had come and was three weeks old. Marbeth and the maid, each prompted by the urge of vicarious motherhood, fought over him disgracefully. This time he was fourteen months old. He had developed clear blue eyes, yellow curls on his head and a pleased, wondering acceptance of all that was done for him.

They called him Georgie. Among his toys was a large old gray elephant that Mr. Pendell's mother had just sent on, writing that when he was a baby Georgie's father had loved this king of beasts and that all baby boys generally seemed to enjoy him. Claire Pendell saw no reason to question either statement.

"By the looks of it, Georgie's great-grandfather might have owned it," she told Marbeth, regarding the aged king of beasts with scant hospitality. "But when Pen unwrapped it, it seemed to stir up something tribal in him. He war-whooped 'Georgie, it's Jum-Jum!' And presented it to the son as if it were an enemy scalp. And now just try to get it away from him."

Marbeth laughed but she could see why Georgie or any little boy hugged him that way.

He was a benevolent old fellow, if threadbare.

His ears were large, flat and floppy; his silly tail was either tasseled or frayed; his trunk moved with the correct unjointedness of that always endearing appendage; his faded blanket was still pinkish red and edged with tarnished gold braid.

Marbeth's quick eyes, trained to visualize new garments for old, lit at the possibilities she saw in a renovated Jum-Jum.

For the present, however, she would say nothing.

It would be her surprise and her own gift to Georgie the adorable.

She lived so far across the city that when she sewed for her patrons on the North side, she brought her little suitcase and stayed nights until she had them all sewed up.

It was maddening now to remember that 16 miles away—and a double fare each way—the precise scrap of red flannel and remnant of orange souchache braid that would serve for a new howdah lay awaiting some such useful service in the piece bag hanging on her bedroom closet door.

Claire Pendell knew only that Marbeth had urged business that called her home that first night.

However, she was back at work promptly in the morning and she said nothing about the long walk she had taken to save another carriage over to a certain store called the Bon Ton, open evenings, where she could get the exact weight and color of thick, elephant-gray flannel she desired.

Nor about how she had planned to piece Jum-Jum under his front legs and save 17 cents on another half yard of goods.

Mrs. Pendell was delighted with the idea of having the elephant recovered. That was good.

It paid these days to keep on the right side of even such old patrons as the Pendell family in all its branches, and even though primarily this gift of love was all for Georgie.

"I'll work on him after hours, evenings, so it won't be time out that you're paying for."

"Nonsense! When you insist on paying for all the material?" Georgie's mother patted Marbeth's shoulder.

"We'll start him right now. Bring him to mother, Georgie."

And before Marbeth could warn her, Mrs. Pendell had picked up one of the razor blades Marbeth used for ripping and slashed off Jum-Jum's left ear with it.

How a mother could be so stupid, thought Marbeth.

Georgie screamed. A hideous, rasping scream. Of protest. Of astonishment. Of sheer horror.

"Georgie!" His mother could not understand what was wrong. He put one arm around Jum-Jum and held out the other pitifully for the amputated ear. "No-no-no-ma-ma!" His screams increased in volume. Beads of perspiration appeared under his tawny curls.

His mother pulled Jum-Jum as firmly from the other side. "Georgie! Georgie! No, no! Let mother have him. Why, what's the matter with you, Georgie?"

"It's the ear," said Marbeth's voice above the tumult.

"Jum-Jum's ear. He thinks you're hurting Jum-Jum."

"How silly! I'm not hurting him, Georgie. Marbeth's going to make him a new coat. Stop crying! At once!"

She shook Jum-Jum violently and that shook Georgie so that he toppled over and sat down hard on the sewing room floor where he screamed louder than ever.

Claire Pendell's one idea was to have peace from those screams. She jerked Georgie up sharply by one arm and spanked him as he stood catching his breath for a fresh start.

"Why, you're terrible, Georgie! I never saw him act so." And over Marbeth's protests she snatched the baby up and carried him across to the nursery, closing the door with finality.

The screams and choking gasps did not diminish in the slightest, nor Georgie's sobbing "No-no-no-ma-ma!"

It was 3 a. m. and Marbeth by the dressing table lamp was just finishing Jum-Jum's fringed tail.

Distressed at the futile clash of wills across the hall she had at last basted Jum-Jum's ear back in place and at the risk of Mrs. Pendell's disapproval carried the elephant in to Georgie.

As she expected, the baby stopped crying at once and received Jum-Jum with open arms.

But Mrs. Pendell demurred. "I hate to let him get the upper hand—so young."

Still, it was a relief to have him quiet.

"He's just a baby," Marbeth said. "It's really better to work around them when they're so little."

After his dinner Georgie had gone to sleep with Jum-Jum still in his arms. "But Marbeth's going to make him that new coat tomorrow," his mother warned him, "and you mustn't cry."

Marbeth had seen Georgie's hold on the elephant tighten; but that was all right. She knew there would be no more scenes tomorrow.

For at midnight when the house was quiet and Georgie in a sound sleep, Marbeth stole into the nursery and cautiously drew the elephant out of the baby's relaxed arms.

Back in her own room hurriedly and competently she laid the old pieces for a pattern on the new cloth, cut them out and, since she dared not use the sewing machine, set herself to the long, tedious task of back stitching and felling the seams by hand.

The clock downstairs chimed three. But Jum-Jum was done at last and a smart, swank beast he was!

Still benign, still benevolent, but with a well tailored elephant-gray hide, firm legs (Marbeth had reinforced them with skewers) and a gorgeous, ornate, red and orange howdah blanket where ladies might ride.

She crept down the hall back into the nursery and seated Jum-Jum on his haunches atop a fold of blanket with the tip of his new trunk touching Georgie's outspread palm.

His pleased cry of surprise awakened Marbeth in the morning out of her heavy first slumber.

She heard him with a satisfaction that was followed by a sharp twinge of something like jealousy.

For it was his mother he was calling—"Ma-ma! Jum-Jum! Jum-Jum!"

London Smart Set Dances in "The Morgue" Resort

"The Morgue" is the name of London's popular night club, says a United Press correspondent.

In an atmosphere of coffins, tombstones, skulls, ghoulis and "things that go bump in the night," the smart folk dance until the small hours of the morning.

The correct thing for visitors to do is to toast the skulls and compose a humorous epitaph for one of the tombstones.

On the ground floor of the club is a pleasantly lit room called "Seventh Heaven," with the usual tiny dance floor and bored jazz bands that can be seen in any night club anywhere.

In the dark corner is a dimly lit staircase that leads down to "The Morgue."

As the timid visitor descends he is greeted with a wall from some hidden siren that would put any self-respecting ghost to shame.

On every wall of the long eerie room are painted graves and tombstones, each one headed "R. I. P." Doggerel proclaims the merits or demerits of "the old toper" alleged to be buried beneath.

Ruins of churches, with bats flying from the walls, and gruesome pictures of bodies torn from their graves and lying naked on stone slabs—the work of one of the younger and modern school of artists, it is said—form the "mural" decoration.

A score of black coffins with imitation brass handles and fittings painted on their sides are the tables at which the guests sit. A massive mausoleum hung with wreaths of evergreen is at the far end. It bears a plate to the effect that some aged Londoner "who had once refused a drink" lies buried below.

And on a square of polished floor, beneath imitation cobwebs and grinning skulls, society dances until dawn to music relayed from "Seventh Heaven."

Vitality of Plant Life

The vitality of plant life is shown by a fig tree standing in a jungle grown over a military park near the ancient city of Murshidabad, India. A giant cannon—17 feet in length, 5 feet in circumference and eight tons in weight—is horizontally imbedded in its trunk, several feet from the ground. Apparently, writes Grace Hatfield, Santa Barbara, Calif., in Collier's Weekly, the tree met the gun when growing up and decided to take it along.

Young Quail Are Active

The quail is one of the few birds that run as soon as hatched. He can make short flights when he is a week old. The down on the chicks disappears when they are about twelve weeks old, and until then it is almost impossible to determine their sex. From the beginning they demonstrate the independence which make them one of the most sought-after game birds in the country.

A WALLED PARADISE



The Ideal Life in Malawa.

TRAVELER, novelist, naturalist, poet and philosopher have dreamed consistently of a "lost land."

They haven't wanted to find it because it would then no longer be "lost." They merely wanted proof of its existence. There would be the setting for flights of fiction and fancy. There would be the locale of romance supreme and undiluted by fact. It would be peopled by the fabled "lost tribe."

It may be the valley of Halawa, on the island of Molokai, right within the boundaries of the United States.

Few have ever seen it but it is known to be there, a walled Paradise, almost as virgin in primitive peace and plenty as if it were the Garden of Eden rediscovered.

What is known as civilization has not yet dawned there. Steps have been taken to prevent it from dawning.

Even the birds have not learned the almost universal lesson of animate life—that the struggle for existence leads to natural enmity, pitting one species and one tribe in a conflict against another.

An Isolated Eden.

The people are in the same blissful state of isolation. They want nothing from outside and no one yet has shown a desire to get what they have. Impassable walls of rock shut them out from the land. A rift gives them an outlook upon the calm Pacific. Ships pass but do not stop. Occasionally an airplane blots the blue sky but never lands.

Buffalo and deer are the only strangers that have ever invaded this quiet valley since its known history first began. The people, so far as they can tell, came with Nun, the Hawaiian Noah. Nun brought very few

animals except the song birds. The buffalo and deer have been introduced since Captain Cook discovered the islands. The hunter has not followed them into Halawa. It has been too difficult and deer have been so abundant in the open parts of Molokai that there has been no inducement.

Halawa wears the purple robes of a royal domain. Sheer walls, rich in varied tones, that extend from blue to orange, rise abruptly from the floor, festooned richly with loops of swinging vine and plumed with arboreal verdure. Over a vertical precipice at the head of the valley two streams pour their crystal waters, the treble melody of the singing birds supported by the diapason harmony of thundering falls.

Purchased for Preservation.

The few families of Polynestans dwelling here have maintained the simple customs and habits of their ancestors. They are as unconcerned with the world outside as are the birds and animals. They are practically unaware that they have been "discovered."

The pineapple and sugar planter passed them by in the general invasion of the islands. Their own little Eden supplies all their wants. All that is necessary to their happiness is that they be left alone.

Civilization, however, like nature, abhors a vacuum and even a lost land had to have protection from being found. Some weak spot in the Halawa walls might have developed but for their recent reinforcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Fagan, of California and Hawaii, decided that the valley of Halawa must be left, if possible, as a legacy to the future. They have purchased the 8,000 acres for the purpose of maintaining it in its primitive state without exploitation. On the table lands above the territory has erected another barrier against in-

vasion by creating a forest reserve of thousands of acres.

No Money Used There.

One of the remarkable customs that is being preserved by the tribe in the Halawa valley is to live without money. There was no currency among the native Hawaiians before they were discovered. The cynic if not the economist may see in this fact alone a sufficient reason for preserving even a small part of the strange domain in its original state.

Peace, plenty and contentment are the unique characteristics of Halawa, almost mythical in its contrast to even the remotest parts of the known world. There are no picnic grounds in these Elysian fields. It is a place to be spoken of with awe and wonder, not to be visited.

The title may change hands but possession has so far remained with the little handful of aborigines who still vaguely believe that the heavens and the waters and the earth were created for the sustenance of mankind, without benefit of deed or abstract of title.

Italian City Designed for Aviation "Center"

Italy is building a new city—Guidonia. Recently, Littoria, Sabaudia, Pontinia and Mussolinia, new towns which were built as rural centers, appeared in the news headlines. Now Guidonia, named in honor of Alessandro Guidoni, one of Italy's most famous pilots, who was killed in an airplane disaster in 1923, basks in the spotlight of Italy's city-building program.

Guidonia is only 16 miles from Rome, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. Aviation caused its construction, and according to plan, aviation will dominate its industries. It will, in fact, be a giant aviation laboratory manned by scientists and laymen whose first interest is research and experimentation in aviation.

No airplanes or airplane motors will be built there, but in its laboratories will be found the most modern equipment for making all sorts of experiments on model airplanes. One part of the "laboratory" will be devoted entirely to research on flying in the stratosphere.

When the city is completed, officials and employees will live in comfortable homes and work in a carefully planned buildings. There will be churches, a city hall, schools, and construction and other shops. Most interesting, perhaps, of the completed buildings are the mysterious looking towers in which model airplanes already are being tested.

In the Radio pavilion, scientists now experiment with the use of radio in aviation. In the three-story building of the Superior Board for Studies and Experiments, intensive study is being made of air photography and of the many instruments used in airplanes. In other buildings tests are made on motors, and the speed of hydroplanes. The Aerodynamical galleries are equipped with ventilators worked by 450 horsepower motors that cause winds of strong velocity to test the strength of model airplanes.

Harvest All Year 'Round

While wheat harvest in this nation runs from May in Texas to August in the Dakotas, wheat is harvested in some part of the world every month of the year. In January, Australia, New Zealand and Chile harvest; in February and March, East India and Upper Egypt; in April, Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and Cuba; in May, Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco. In fall months wheat is harvested in August in Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Poland, Canada; in September and October, in Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Russia; in November, in Peru, South Africa and Argentina; in December, Burma and Argentina.

Daily Population Increase

It is estimated that the daily increase in the population of the United States amounts to one person every 36 seconds, based on the 1930 census. The average is one birth every 14 seconds, one death every 22 seconds, one immigrant every 12 minutes, one emigrant every seven minutes.

Nicotine in Tobacco

The average amount of nicotine in tobacco varies from 2 to 8 per cent, the coarser kinds containing the larger quantity, while the best Havana cigars seldom contain more than 2 per cent, and often less. Turkish tobacco contains scarcely any.

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

KEEPING WELL BETWEEN 45 AND 65

This age group is usually not both-er much with contagious diseases, if we except tuberculosis. In Illinois in 1930 there were 23,690 deaths in this age group from all causes. Of these more than half were caused by degenerative diseases, which is another term for diseases that result from the wearing out of some vital organ.

Chronic kidney diseases headed the list with 2,684 deaths; chronic heart disease came next with 2,425 deaths; accidents, third, with 2,332 deaths; cancer of the digestive tract, fourth, with 1,919 deaths. Cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy ranged fifth with 1,600 fatalities; endocarditis, or inflammation of the lining of the heart, came sixth with 1,131 deaths, and tuberculosis was seventh with 1,052 deaths.

Old age, you see, is operating within this forty-five to sixty-five age group, with diseases of the kidney and of the heart and blood vessels causing most deaths.

The kidneys can be thought of as two organs, each about the size of a doubled-up fist, that are shaped like a kidney bean. In fact, it is because of this resemblance that the vegetable kidney bean gets its name. These organs are specialized glands for the excretion of water and dissolved substances from the body. It is just as important for the kidney to excrete water as it is for it to excrete the dissolved salts, urea and other substances which are poisonous to the body when allowed to concentrate in the blood stream. The kidney represents the dam that allows the constant flow of the end products of metabolism from the body.

The secreting units of the kidney are specialized small twists of capillaries that are like a small ball of yarn, and are located in the outer portion of the organ. There are several million of these small secretory units, whose job it is to secrete urine every minute of the time, day and night. Nature is prodigal with the number of these secreting units, for there are many more than are needed for daily use. She has provided for a reserve supply in each kidney, so that in case of emergency, these can come to the rescue.

Now during childhood or adolescence, a person may have had an infectious disease common to young people, such as measles, diphtheria or scarlet fever. Although apparently recovered, there may have been some damage to one or both of the kidneys, which was not sufficient, however, to cause acute kidney disease, and the reserve secreting units were able to carry on the normal function of the kidneys. And for the next 20 or 30 years the individual was left happily in ignorance that the kidneys had been damaged, for there were no extra demands placed upon them, and they seemed to be functioning as they should.

Then when this individual reaches an age past forty, and the aging processes of the body begin to take place in him, he suddenly finds himself with a bankrupt excreting system, for his kidneys have no further reserve secreting units to draw upon. Such an individual then has chronic nephritis. And finds it very difficult to rest the kidneys, since they must secrete day and night, every minute, to prevent accumulations of waste products in the blood stream. This individual must place himself at once under the care of a physician.

Vaccinations against diphtheria, scarlet fever, and measles were not available forty years ago, and so heart and kidney disease patients in the over-forty age group can hardly blame anyone if the damage to their heart or kidneys occurred from an infection due to one of their childhood diseases. But the child today can be spared this danger. We have the vaccines now; we know that these childhood diseases need not be "inevitable" accompaniments of young years; we could stamp them out if the community so willed. Certainly every older adult who is paying the penalty for childhood infections now with a heart or kidney ailment, should see to it that every child under his guardianship is protected against these avoidable childhood diseases.

Science has not yet been able to vaccinate against the kidney or heart wearing out! The chances are it never will. The way to keep these organs functioning without impairment of reserve power is to keep infectious germ diseases out of the body. Then scar tissue will not be formed as the result of a secondary infection, or inflammation, on either of these organs. Scar tissue on a kidney impairs the functioning power of that kidney just as much as the loss of one of our hands would impair the working ability of our arm.

But the person with an impaired heart or kidney will add years to his life, if he will learn how to live with this impaired heart or kidney. He must let them now be the master of his activities. If he does that sensibly, he will often be able to live many years without invalidism in bed, except for short complete-rest periods.

Western Newspaper Union.

Wiping Out of Beaver Deplored by Foresters

It is now an accepted belief of rangers and other forest authorities that beavers help to prevent forest fires, says John P. Dinney in Our Dumb Animals. Whenever logging companies move into a virgin forest they employ hunters to clear the streams of these busy animals. Their numerous dams regulate the flow of waters in the region, with the result that the surrounding lands retain sufficient moisture to check the easy outbreak of fires. With the extinction of the beavers and their dams the waterways gradually dry up. The deadwood and brush, left by the logging company when it moves on, become dry as tinder, easily ignited.

A case in point is that of a virgin territory in northern Saskatchewan. With the appearance of the mill company the beavers disappeared. A million feet of lumber were sent out of the region every 24 hours.

Due to the absence of dams the streams dried up; so did the deadwood. A fire broke out, destroying the mill and much of the remaining forests. In contrast is an adjacent heavily wooded area, where the beaver still holds forth. It is green; the streams are well stocked with fish, the forests with woodland creatures.

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