

## "JEST A QUESTION O' SENSE"

(By D. J. Walsh.)

OSCAR L. REESE rolled a black cigar savagely back and forth between his teeth, at every moment resisting a desire to bite the thing in two. He felt like biting something in two, as if he didn't have grief enough without Harry going on like this. The business needed him in St. Louis, he was needed half a dozen places, and here he was tearing across the country to Portland because that son of his could not keep out of mischief. It was a fight this time. Last time it was a car wreck. Why the deuce couldn't the boy behave himself? He had everything. His father had never denied him a thing. Harry had not the slightest ground for complaint, and yet he never seemed satisfied.

Well, Reese had decided he would show him this time. He wasn't going to stand for any more of it. He'd give the young cub a dressing down he'd never forget. What were these young fellows coming to anyway? Now, in his day he didn't have cars and motorboats and money to spend. He had to hustle for everything he got. He hadn't wanted his son to go through that. He had seen to it that the boy didn't have to. And what sort of reward was he getting? The thing hurt Reese a lot more than he would admit, even to himself. He had hoped a lot and dreamed a lot—and oh, well—

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced through his open window. He could make out nothing in the flying darkness, but he knew that the train was passing through desert country now. Just as well that there wasn't any light to see the bare hills and deep gullies and cactus-covered flats. Reese did not understand what the desert had ever been made for. Of all the earth it was the most worthless. Without the railroad it was less than nothing. Before the railroad it had robbed men of strength and hope and often life, and it gave nothing in return. He never saw a stretch of barren land without a feeling of strong distaste and a desire to get away as quickly as possible.

Reese had his arms up to lower his window when the crash came. It was a very thorough spill. There were no deaths, but there were enough serious casualties to make railroad officials rub their chins thoughtfully for a good many weeks. A span of the old wood-iron bridge over the Drosky hollow had broken. It was the irony of fate that all material was at hand to begin the erection of a new concrete bridge the following week.

Reese was hurled through the window as his car left the rails. He lit on extremely lumpy ground and rolled down a steep slope in the company of sticks and pitch-smearred pinion cones, boulders of various sizes and the half of an ant-hill.

He brought up on hard-beaten ground in the circle of light from a fire, pawing at pitch and ants. He tried to get to his feet and felt back with a grunt of pain. One foot seemed to be useless. A voice spoke close to him and he turned his head dazedly.

"Where you hurt, mister?" Reese looked into the kindly eyes of a gray-headed man who was stooping over him.

"It's my ankle, I think." He could hear cries and groans and screams from the wreck and concluded that his portion had been light. Still, the pain was increasing at such a rate that soon he was giving it all his attention.

The old man deftly removed his shoe and sock and gently felt of the rapidly swelling joint. "Not busted," was his diagnosis, "but a pretty bad sprain. Jest set still and I'll fix you up in a jiffy."

He stirred the fire, laid on more wood, and set over it a three-gallon pail half full of water. To this he added salt and vinegar and some dried leaves whose pungent odor Reese did not recognize. He was not in a condition to recognize much of anything. He lay back on the blanket the old man had spread for him and wondered just how much pain a man could stand without yelping.

At last the water was heated to the old man's satisfaction, he provided a worn camp stool for Reese to sit on, and told him to lower his foot gradually into the water. But Reese jerked up his leg at the first touch of the hot liquid.

"I can't stand that! Can't we rub it with some salve or something?" "This's the best way to treat a sprain," was the reply. "It's the only way I know that's any good. I got some dandy ointment, made out of balsam juice and herbs, but this comes first. First bile out the meanness, then lay on the salve. That's jest sense."

It took Reese ten minutes to get his foot into that pail and then the old man began adding hotter water until nothing but a sense of shame prevented the patient from crying out in protest. But the pain had almost entirely ceased and the swelling was already going down.

"It works like a charm," he admitted, drawing up his pink extremity for inspection. "I've seen men laid up for weeks with a thing like this." The old man nodded. "Now for the salve." For nearly twenty minutes he rubbed steadily and gently, working out the soreness, working in the healing compound.

With the relief from pain Reese had time to study this stranger who had

come to his assistance as naturally as his mother would have come.

"One might think," he remarked, "that you were used to having people pitched out of passing trains into the middle of your camp at night."

"The old man glanced up with a twinkle. "I ain't never had it happen just this way before."

"Are you what they call a prospector?"

"Yep. Been up and down these Rockies for nigh onto forty year, now." Reese watched him curiously, wondering how far desert etiquette allowed personal questions. The two could still hear people working about the wreck. They saw the flash of automobile lights and heard the authoritative voice of a doctor. Evidently assistance had been found in some nearby town.

"Isn't it a pretty lonesome life?" Reese asked.

"Well, now, most any life is pretty lonesome, ain't it? I mean," he went on, seeing the other's puzzled look, "we mostly got to depend on ourselves, ain't we?"

"Well, yes, I suppose that's right. But there's not much in it, is there?" "Money, you mean? Probably there's different ways o' lookin' at that. How much you think you got depends on how much you want."

"And have you all you want?" Reese's gaze traveled over the simple camp, the few blankets, blackened kettle and frying pan, two worn pack saddles, a canvas bag, of food probably swung in the forks of a low-spreading pinon. A couple of gray burros dozed contentedly in the outer rim of the firelight.

"Don't look like much to you," said the old man with a smile. "But you see, what I want and what I got go right along together." He looked up as if about to put a question, then thought better of it.

"I know what you're thinking," said Reese, "you're wondering if mine go together. They don't. They never did. I wouldn't want them to."

The old man nodded placidly. "It'd be a heck of a world if we all wanted the same thing, wouldn't it?" He slipped a bridle over the head of one of the burros, saddled the animal and laid a thick pad of blankets atop.

"Well, I don't need to ride," Reese had an uncomfortable picture of himself astride the diminutive mount.

"You can get off 'fore we come in sight o' anybody," the old man told him, understanding him so perfectly that Reese was embarrassed. "But you oughta keep off that foot all you can for two or three days. 'Twon't give you a bit o' trouble if you do that."

Reese mounted gingerly, the burro standing solidly under his awkward movements. "Are they always as patient as that?" he asked.

"Well, all of 'em's generally patient outside. And if they're broke right they're patient inside."

Seeing that Reese was again puzzled, the old man explained.

"It's jest a question o' sense. They're just like kids. You can whack 'em into mindin' and get the work done in a kind of a way. But ever' time they get a chance they'll run off from you. Then you can be what you think is awful kind to 'em, and feed 'em too many oats. And just as sure as sin they'll kick up their heels and run off the same. What brutes needs and what kids needs is some discipline and some pettin' and a whole heap o' understandin'. But kicks and too many oats—them two things don't go."

Oscar L. Reese, digesting this philosophy while he was guided through the velvet blackness of the desert night, thoughtfully muttered "H-mmp!"

### Few Trees Attain to Really Ripe Old Age

Trees live longer than humans, but a baby human has more chance of life than a baby tree. A forest at maturity contains about 5 per cent of the trees that started life there. The percentage of human beings living from ten to fifty is much greater than in the case of trees. About 95 per cent of trees die before they are eighty years old, while only 87 per cent of persons die before reaching that age. There are exceptional trees which live to an amazing age. The sequoia tree, for instance, sometimes attains the age of 4,000; so also does the cypress. At twenty years of age a spruce tree requires about four square feet of space; at forty years it will require 34 feet; at sixty years, 70 feet, and at one hundred years, about 150 feet. Pine trees need at least 15 per cent more light space than spruce trees.

### Just One More Bite

Richard, age three, was permitted at this meal to partake of the delights found in a roasting ear. So interested was he in this new addition to his otherwise prosaic bill of fare that he preferred to make his entire meal on the vegetable.

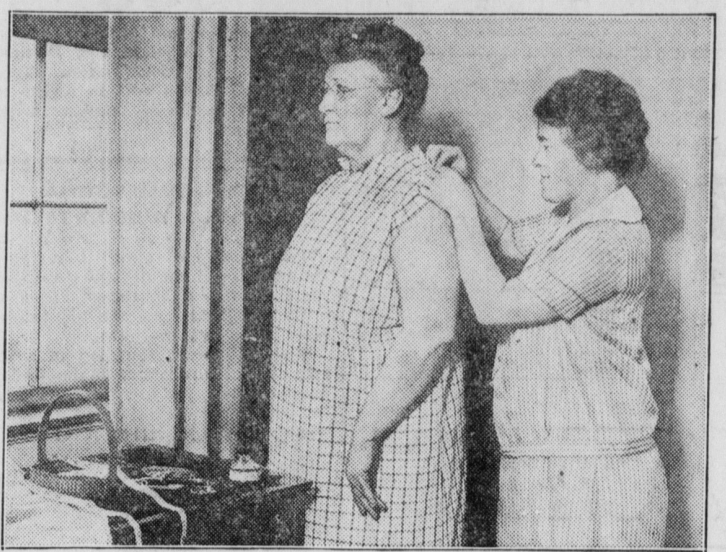
When his mother thought that he had eaten as much as he should have, she asked for the cob, which she placed on a nearby bread and butter plate.

In a few minutes Richard looked intently at the cob and said: "Mother, please let me borrow my corncob again. I think I see one more good bite."

### Class

"Heard about that hotel de luxe?" "What about it?" "The lighting fixtures are solid gold!" "Well?" "All hardware is platinum-plated, and they make out your bill on embossed vellum."

## FOUNDATION PATTERN FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL



The Pattern is Carefully Fitted at All Important Points.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To avoid repeating the fitting process on every garment one makes, it is a good idea to make a guide or foundation pattern for each member of the family one sews for. A woman can fit her own foundation pattern, but it is better to have help. A simple commercial pattern with normal shoulder seam, high neck line, and set-in sleeves is bought for the purpose, and a dress-length of good quality, but inexpensive material, such as unbleached muslin, cambric, or gingham. A gingham with a conspicuous check is very satisfactory because the lengthwise and crosswise threads of the goods can be plainly seen. The foundation pattern is cut from this material as if one were going to make a dress, the bureau of home economics explains. In a bulletin on fitting dresses and blouses. It is basted up and carefully fitted at all the important points—shoulders, underarms, bust, hips, armscye, sleeve, and skirt length, and any necessary alterations are made on it. The hem

is turned at the right distance from the floor, the neck line and armholes are correctly trimmed, darts are made in their proper places, and the points are marked at which pockets, belt-line, hips, or kick-plaits should come. Care should be taken that the seams are uniform in width.

The foundation pattern is then cut down the center front and center back. One half is used as a pattern, the other as a b's for designing, unless the two sides are noticeably different, due to irregularities in the figure. In that case both sides should be saved, the right and left being plainly marked. All markings are made permanent by stitching with thread of contrasting color, which makes the pattern reversible. All pieces should be stitched one-eighth inch from the edge to prevent stretching.

The pattern is now available for designing almost any style of dress and many blouses. It is especially useful in sewing for a member of the family who at any time is away from home.

### CRETONNE-COVERED BOX IS PLEASING

Serves as Good Place for Storing Garments.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The feature of most interest to other girls about this charming room up under the eaves is probably the cretonne-covered box which serves as a window seat. Even if such a box is not immediately put into use as a "hope chest," it can always serve as a good place for storing clean garments and linen in a girl's bedroom. Ruth Henderson, a Virginia girl, whose room this is, entered it for the 4-H club girls' room improvement contest, held in her county under the direction



Attractive Box for Girl's Room.

of the club agent, who is under the direction of the co-operative extension forces.

She began by pulling all the old nails out of the wall. Then she tore off loose paper and pasted strips of cheesecloth over some of the cracks in the wall to keep the paper from breaking. One of the most unpleasant jobs was to clean some old paint from around the edge of the floor with 6.

Ruth did all the papering and painting herself, and also papered some rooms for her mother. She earned the money to pay for the materials—\$5.50—by making and selling two braided rugs and picking berries. This money enabled her to buy cretonne for the window box, glass handles for the dresser, candles and candlesticks, curtain rods and a peanut can to make into a waste basket, besides the paint and wall paper. Ruth says that after the furniture was done she "moved all the furniture out of the room, gave the floor two coats of paint and washed off the furniture. I took the dresser mirror off the frame and fastened it to the wall, enameled all the furniture, also a vase, waste basket and ink bottle. I stenciled a small flower on my dresser, washstand and the backs of the chairs, and got a seat for one chair. I made three braided rugs for the floor, scarfs for bureau and washstand and cream curtains."

### COOKING OF LAMB TOLD IN LEAFLET

Delicate Flavored Meat Demands Best Preparation.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Lamb has practically replaced mutton in the American diet. This change, says the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, means changes in methods of cooking as the delicate flavored, tender lamb demands very different preparation from mutton. In a new leaflet, "Lamb as You Like It," the bureau has given recipes and directions for roasting leg of lamb, saddle, and stuffed breast and boned shoulder. The use of the meat thermometer which makes it possible to roast large cuts to just the turn desired, and with a minimum of shrinkage, is discussed and illustrated. How best to broil the different kinds of lamb chops to keep them juicy and tender is described and times and temperatures given.

The tasty mint or watercress stuffing for shoulder is equally good for leg or other cuts from which the bone has been removed. Served either hot or cold these boned stuffed cuts are easy to carve into attractive slices. Lamb is in fact one of the best of meats for cold cuts, especially when served as illustrated in this leaflet with a cool green mint gelatin.

Now is the old standby lamb stew overlooked. Directions are given for making a savory stew, using meat from one of the less expensive cuts. The leaflet, No. 28-L, is available free on request from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### Curried Eggs and Rice Make a Delicious Dish

The flavor of curry goes especially well with eggs. A small quantity of curry powder, combined with other vegetable flavors and a dash of tobacco gives piquancy to a sauce served with hard-cooked eggs. The bureau of home economics gives these directions for preparing a dish of curried eggs with rice for lunch or supper:

- 6 eggs hard cooked, pepper
- cut in quarters 2 tablespoons
- 3 cups cooked rice chopped onions
- 4 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons
- 1 tablespoon flour 1 teaspoon curry
- 2 cups milk 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon chopped green 2 drops tabasco

Melt the butter in a skillet, add the onion, green pepper, and celery and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Stir into this the seasoning and the flour, mix well, and add the cold milk. Cook for 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Make a bed of the flaky cooked rice on a hot platter. Arrange the cut eggs over it, and pour the hot sauce over the eggs and rice. Sprinkle the top with chopped parsley and serve at once.

### Fruit Filling for Cake

Select one dozen large stewed prunes and remove the seeds, allowing them to drain so that practically all of the juice is removed. Also use an equal number of steamed figs or canned figs. Put through a food grinder, using the coarse knife. Add enough confectioner's sugar to make a nice paste for spreading. This makes a good filling for chocolate cake, with the plain white icing used on the top of the cake.

## So Constipated That Life Seemed Hopeless

"In November, 1920, I wrote you for special instructions in the use of Milks Emulsion. I have been constipated for a number of years and suffered with my bowels for a long time. I finally had an X-ray made which definitely located the trouble in my bowels. An operation was advised, but I was afraid of an operation, and your Emulsion had been recommended to me, so I decided to try it.

"I declined in weight from 190½ pounds to less than 120 pounds, and became so weak that I could not turn over in bed without help. I could not eat any solid foods for months, but I tanked up on liquid diet, until I threw it up constantly. Nothing passed my bowels except a dry, hard powder.

"Finally when I was convinced that I had only a little longer to live, I resolved to try Milks Emulsion. This was in November, 1920, and after a month of decline for two years. Now I am happy to say to you that I am greatly improved. At this writing my bowels are fairly regular with proper consistency. I have gained in weight and I am beginning to have an appetite.

"I have taken 15 large bottles of Milks Emulsion and the results have been most satisfactory. I am 65 years old, and still improving. I expect to return East in October and resume active business as mechanical engineer.

"I heartily endorse your Emulsion and I am satisfied that it saved my life." Yours very truly, C. B. RUSSELL, 140 Broadway, Denver, Colo.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

**Slices**  
Says—Golfing is pie for me. Which—I notice you always get plenty of slices.—Vancouver Province.

**More to the Point**  
The Barber (conversationally)—Married?  
The Flapper (absently)—Shingle.



**Over—and Over**  
There's nothing a man likes better than having a woman make over him, and nothing he hates more than having one try to make him over.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Virtue in Adversity**  
Virtue is like the precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

## Hotel Men Very Much Law Unto Themselves

The queerest hotel in Britain is now closed. It was in a village near Bury St. Edmunds, and though it was fully licensed no traveler could quench his thirst there. Nor could he get food or any kind of accommodation. The owner was a rabid teetotaler who adopted this method of asserting his principles. In the end the justices refused to renew the license. They came to the conclusion that the public had no need of an inn which never opened its doors.

At a small Devonshire inn the food and accommodation are good, but the landlord refuses to allow his clients more than three drinks a day. He declares that three drinks are enough for anyone, and his plan seems to work very well.

### Triumph Over Ill Fate

Eighty-eight years ago, Miss Lucy M. Blanchard of East Poutney, Vt., then a child, fell down the cellar stairs and was never able to walk again. Now at the age of ninety-one Miss Blanchard lives alone, gets her own meals and needs no attendant. "My wheel chair takes me around as my feet did," she says. When a young woman, she was able to get about on crutches, but she has not used them since 1856.

### Worth Knowing

Wife—I do believe Mrs. Brown is offended at something. She hasn't been over for several days.  
Husband—Find out what it is when she does come, and we'll try it on her again.—Stray Stories.

**Another Nervous Bride**  
Mildred (despondently)—I am to marry Jack next week and I am not at all sure that I really love him.  
Madelyn—How positively thrilling.

Read only the grand works of literature and whom will you have to talk to?

**Cuticura Does Much For Hair And Skin**  
For promoting and maintaining beauty of skin and hair Cuticura Soap and Ointment are unequalled. The Soap is pure and cleansing, ideal for every-day use, while the Ointment is soothing and healing to irritations which, if neglected, might become serious.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Auburn 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Laboratorie, Dept. 24, Malden, Mass.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
To Sell a Household and Office necessity. Large profits and easy sale. Repetitive. Write The Willard Co., 73 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

**"KAYO," "K. O." Is Guaranteed to remove CORNS, CALLUSES, Itchy Feet, Bunions, etc. Refunded. Send 35c to KAYO DRUG CO., 219 8th Avenue, New York City.**

W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, NO. 38-1928.

## Any Woman Can Look Stylish

By MAE MARTIN



Most stylish-looking women are just "good managers." They know simple ways to make last season's things conform to this season's styles.

Thousands of them have learned how easily they can transform a dress, or blouse, or coat by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing. Anyone can do this successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They don't streak or spot like inferior dyes. New, fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. E-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

**AGENTS WANTED**—To sell our leader Assortment of Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders all steel engraved and lithographed in colors. 100% Profit for you. Costs you 50c; sells for \$1. Sample box including postage 65c; Mounted sample, including postage 90c.

**I. ROBBINS & SON**  
203 Market Street - Pittsburgh, Pa.

**FINEST FINISH VANILLA** (concentrated) and money making plans. Free postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**LOWVILLE, N. Y.**  
Prevent Premature Wrinkles. Tone up skin. Ladies. Wonderfully soothing lotion after shaving, gentlemen. 75c. coin. postpaid. R. KLYVER, 408 W. YORK, NORFOLK, VA.

**Men and Women.** Start a well paying business of your own. No capital required. Send stamped envelope for particulars. Detroit Business Bureau, 17277 Brush, Detroit, Mich.

**1,000,000 SUFFERERS Hated.** German snake oil for sale at \$1 a large bottle and a 10 share will be sent with it free. GLENN CO., BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

**Glare shield, Supreme Protection** for night driving, prevents accidents; kills sun and headlight glare. \$1 postpaid. A. F. BURK, 65 Williams St., Whitehall, N. Y.

**A REAL MONEY MAKER**  
Auto, repair, gas, station, glazed tile bldg, corner two highways Washington, Pa. Details, Write C. A. IRWIN, Tarentum, Pa.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
To sell a Household and Office necessity. Large profits and easy sale. Repetitive. Write The Willard Co., 73 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

**"KAYO," "K. O." Is Guaranteed to remove CORNS, CALLUSES, Itchy Feet, Bunions, etc. Refunded. Send 35c to KAYO DRUG CO., 219 8th Avenue, New York City.**

W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, NO. 38-1928.

# RECORD-BREAKING MONTHS!

**Greatest August in Willys-Overland history—68% gain over last year!**

Now August has added its sweeping plurality to Willys-Overland's impressive total for 1923. Eight consecutive months have broken every record for the corresponding months in all of Willys-Overland's 20-year history.

Last month 68% more people bought Whippet and Willys-Knight cars than in August, 1927—a gain of more than two-thirds!

Experienced motorists are quick to appreciate the superiority of the Whippet Four, with its many engineering advantages never before brought to the light car field;—the Whippet Six, the world's lowest priced Six, with 7-bearing crankshaft and other costly car features;—and the Willys-Knight Six, which now, at the lowest prices in history, brings the unmatched smoothness, silence, power and operating economy of the patented double sleeve-valve engine within easy reach of thousands of new buyers.

**WILLYS-KNIGHT**

DOUBLE SIX

**\$995 COACH**

Standard Six Coupe \$1045; Sedan \$1095; Touring \$995; Roadster \$995. Special Six \$1295 to \$1450. Great Six \$1850 to \$2695.

**Whippet**

4-cylinder **\$610**

SEDAN

Touring \$455; Roadster (2-pass) \$485; Roadster (with rumble seat) \$525; Coupe \$535; Cabriolet Coupe (with collapsible top) \$595; Coach \$635. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

**Whippet SIX SEDAN**

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED SIX WITH 7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT

Touring \$615; Roadster \$635; Coach \$695; Coupe \$695.

**\$770**

**WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC.**  
TOLEDO, OHIO

...this absolute are you careful you buy it? And a glance to see and the word? It isn't the without it! A Bayer, with the d in every box:

...tablets rin...  
...of Salicylic acid

**ANS ESTION**  
Saves Money

**Distress**  
Heartburn  
Dizziness  
drinking  
packages  
where

**relief**

**ou**

**our**  
**n Cry**  
**It**

...ts at times. Al  
...at them. But you  
...to use as often  
...little pain you  
...nd it's always  
...ngs of colic, or  
...a; effective, too  
...enty-five million  
...at year.

**card**  
**ORIA**