

THE GIRL WHO HAD GOOD MANNERS

The employees of the Golden Products, Inc., had a new sensation. Fast as gossip run through the different departments of a large corporation, it exceeded the speed limit when little Louiseite Bonheur went to work in the accounting room.

"She can't be more than sixteen. I thought they never considered anyone under that."

"She must have some pull!" "Did you see the way she dresses? No rouge. Not even lipstick. And skirts longer than my granny's."

"Ah-ha! The little French girl. Wish I knew her."

The last remark of course was masculine. Which was part of the reason for the chill in the air when Louiseite tried to be friendly with the other girls.

And such good fortune had placed in their way this chance of a place with the Golden Products, Inc. It had been puff, in a measure, for a neighbor of the Bonheurs, loving the lonely mother, and fearing for the experiences the daughter might have in some business office, had pleaded with the Golden chief to give Louiseite employment.

"But little whirlwind. . . . She kept at her work when all of you were looking at me as if I was like, I need a new stenographer myself. Wasn't that I came about. The box doesn't matter."

"This is no tea dance. Nor afternoon reception. Who does she think she is anyway? Wasting time that way. Why doesn't Reuter give her a call-down? Let one of us try that racket. . . . hm."

But no one removed Louiseite. That is, in words. Some of the girls barely answered her. Mr. Reuter nodded gravely and absent-mindedly. Miss De Murie made it a point not even to glance up from her desk, whether busy or not. Or if they met in the hall she gave the newcomer one of those stinging stares that women only can achieve.

while Mr. Reuter answered an imperative ringing of the telephone. It had not reached Louiseite, who had left her desk to get a letter from the filing cabinet, when the door suddenly opened and the chief himself, James Golden entered. Discipline was the one thing James Golden insisted upon. Old-fashioned discipline, too. Miss De Murie snatched the box from Lily Camp and made a hasty retreat toward her own desk. Louiseite stood her ground at the filing cabinet. She saw nothing to scurry around about. She looked at her desk, next to Miss De Murie's. It was in perfect order, as always. This stern gray man they all shivered before had, as the American girls said, "Nothing on her."

It seemed, though, that something was on her after all. As it is so often. "All right, Miss Demurie. You have the box wrapped? Here is Mr. Golden, who will take care of it himself."

No, Miss De Murie hadn't the box. She had been letting one of the girls—letting Miss Bonheur—examine it out of her hand. Lily Camp flushed and opened her mouth to say she had had it last when, like a little tornado, Louiseite crossed the room to her desk, flung down the letters she had taken from the file, banged open the drawer where her purse was. She would walk out of that room and never enter it again. Oh, the awful awful fear that girl was. Deny the accusation? But she would not speak to the pig! And then the poor child's hand was stayed. There on top of her purse, lay the mosaic box! It glittered hatefully. The girls near could all see it. Mr. Reuter, walking slowly down the room saw it, too. He could hardly believe his eyes. As could not Louiseite. She looked wildly about at the grave, cold faces. What could she say? Innocence needs such proof as mere words cannot give. She put down her hand to take her purse, but drew it back. She could not touch that box, that terrible thing that lay there screaming "thief" at her.

So she flung shut the drawer, pushed past the staring girls, rushed from the room. After she had gone no one spoke for a minute. And then the brisk, curt tones of James Golden made them all come to life.

"Go after her, Reuter. She's not the thief. The girl there, at the next desk. Yes, I remember the name now. De Murie. She slipped the box in the child's desk, when you all were gazing at me. Of course, Miss De Murie will not expect to stay on. Same girl was in some trouble upstairs last year."

"But little whirlwind. . . . She kept at her work when all of you were looking at me as if I was like, I need a new stenographer myself. Wasn't that I came about. The box doesn't matter."

"Besides I've been hearing about this 'Good morning' girl. We need some manners in the main office, as well as attention to the business of the day."

"Ah, Reuter. You found her?" "Just come with me, Miss Good Morning."

"The Old Man" Once Ruled Roost; Now Look at Him

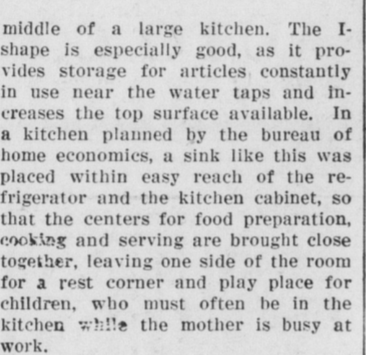
Students of primitive tribes and customs tell of the existence of an individual known as "the old man."

HANDY SINK FOR LARGE KITCHEN

Especially Convenient If Flat Surface Adjoins.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A sink unit in the middle of the kitchen is very convenient, especially if it is built with sufficient flat surfaces to hold the dishes waiting to be washed or to stack those that are finished, or accommodate vegetables or other food which must be cleaned before cooking.



The sketch shows a good type of sink and work table for use in the middle of a large kitchen. The I-shape is especially good, as it provides storage for articles constantly in use near the water taps and increases the top surface available.

Scalloped Kidney Beans Are Always Delicious

The dark red dried beans known as "kidney beans" have a delicious and characteristic flavor, brought out by soaking and slow cooking.

Broiled Hamburg Steak on Onion Rings

ter, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, add the water, cover closely, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for 30 minutes, or until tender.

ETHYLENE OXIDE FOR FUMIGATING

Recently Found to Be Highly Toxic to Insects.

Ethylene oxide is a fumigant not hitherto used for exterminating insects, but recently discovered by the United States Department of Agriculture to be highly toxic to certain species.

Owing to its low boiling point ethylene oxide is effective at comparatively low temperatures, ranging from 60 degrees to 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

Spaghetti, Codfish and Tomatoes Are Excellent

Salt codfish is always soaked in cold water for an hour or more to remove most of the salt used in preserving it.

His guide was an enemy of Kidogo, a man from Flanders—where poppies grow—who after a doubtful record among the whites, had taken up abode among the Indians.

They had been told to kill the Indians right and left but were warned to spare Frontenac's daughter. The attack was made before dawn.

Fall of Great Rock Due to Shake State

The biggest crash in modern natural history is coming some day soon out in Dolores canyon, in western Colorado, when the Potato Rock falls.

Little Journeys in Americana

By LESTER B. COLBY

Frontenac's Nut-Brown Daughter.

The Chevalier de Frontenac, governor of Konedieya, had a nut-brown daughter. She was very beautiful. Her mother was a squaw; a woman of rare, bronze beauty herself.

War came between the French and the Mohawks. These Indians were brave soldiers. They carried their war to the very walls of Quebec and Montreal and for months knocked at the gates of the greatest cities in Konedieya.

Word came finally out of the forest that she had become the wife of Kidogo, a young Mohawk chief. It was then that Frontenac, seventy years old now, organized an army in 1696, to invade the forest and rescue his beloved daughter.

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Food Products Co. Butler, Pa.

Jelly-Quick

ACHING JOINTS Bayer Aspirin advertisement with image of a man and woman.

RICHARD The DELICIOUS Supreme advertisement for apples.

C. & O. NURSERY CO. advertisement for plants and flowers.

HOTEL MONTCLAIR advertisement for rooms and baths.

Health Giving Sunshine E All Winter Long advertisement.

Reduce Safely Without Drugs, Pills or Exercise advertisement.

DR. ACHILLE MOUHAT advertisement for health services.

La 18 advertisement.

Advertisement for a product, possibly a watch or clock.

Advertisement for a product, possibly a book or manual.

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