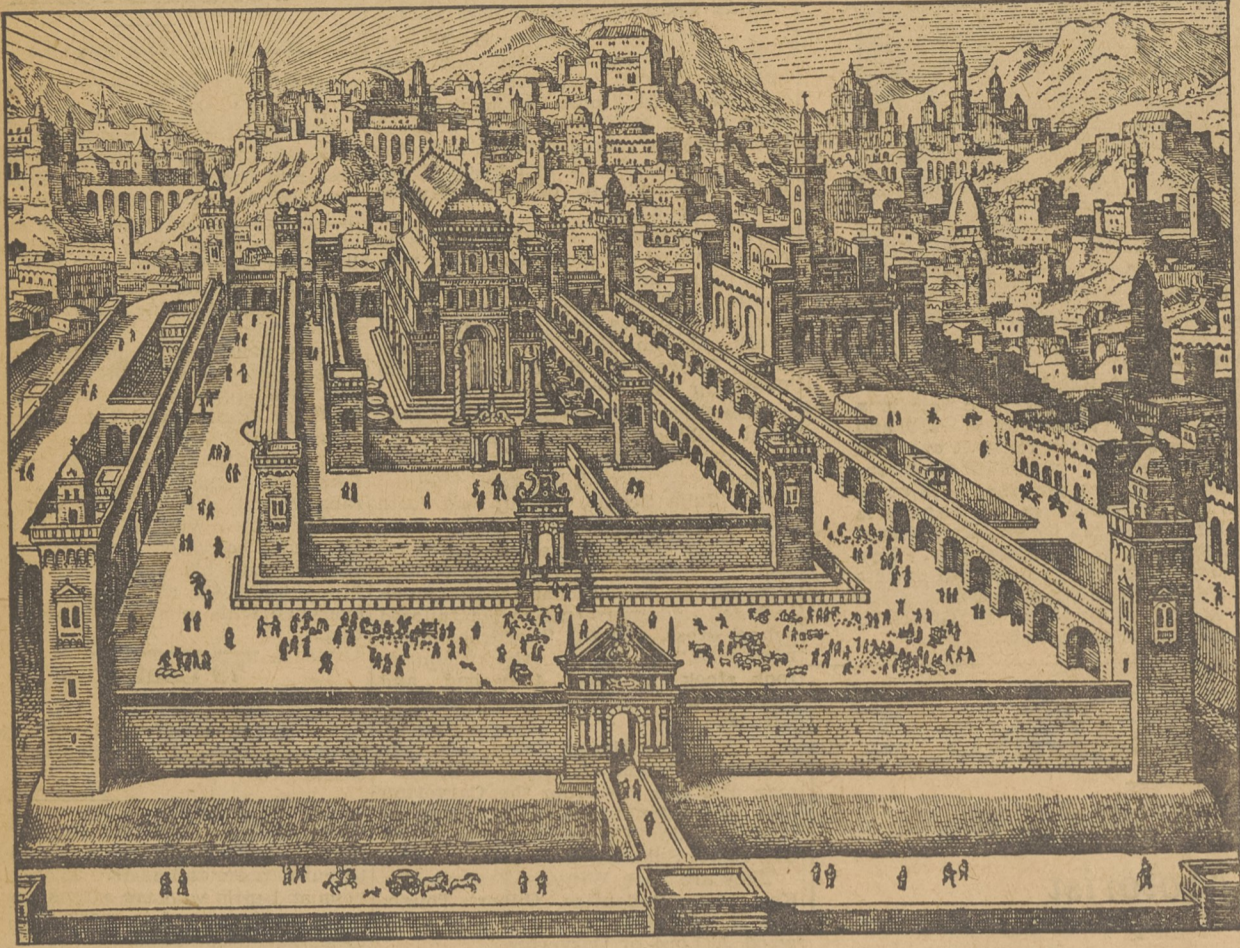
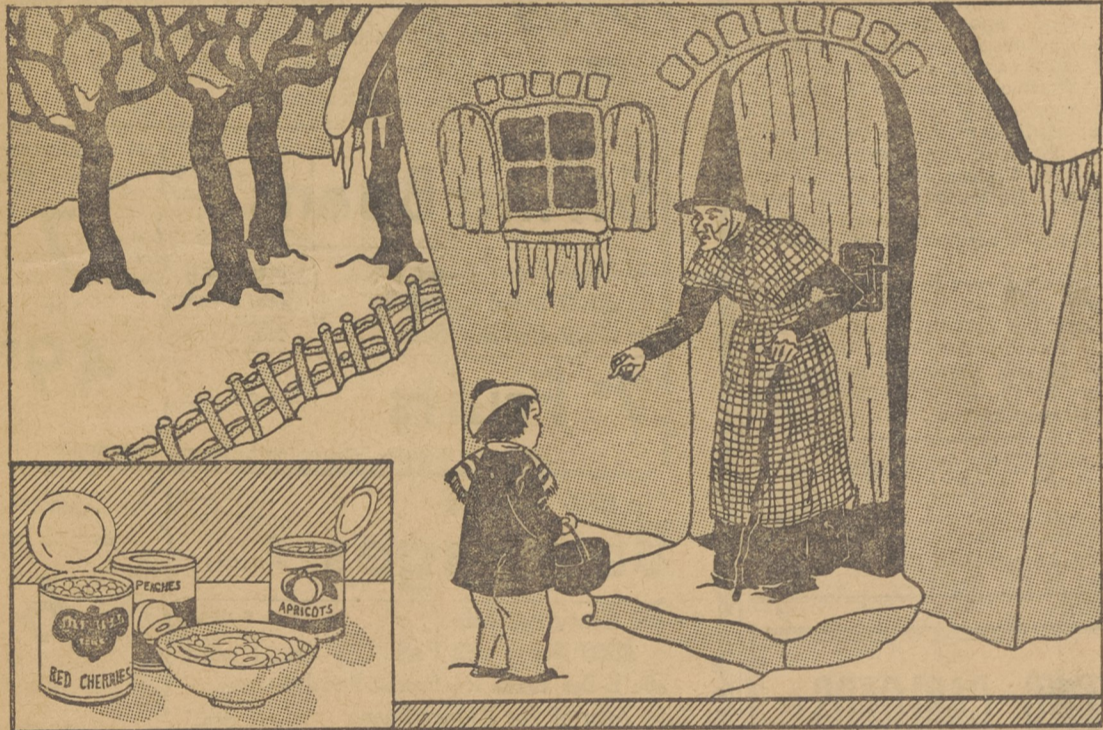


A New Serial "China Seas" Starts On This Page Next Week

The Story of the Bible Told in Pictures



The Building of Solomon's Temple.—When Hiram, king of Tyre, sent messengers to Solomon, he was informed that the latter intended to build a temple. "And Solomon sent to Hiram, saying, 'Thou knowest how that David, my father, could not build a house unto the name of the Lord his God, for the wars which were about him on every side, until the Lord put them under the soles of his feet. But now the Lord my God hath given me rest on every side, so that there is neither adversary nor evil occurrent. And, behold, I purpose to build a house unto the name of the Lord my God.'"—I Kings 5: 2-5. Lumber for the temple was brought from Lebanon and many thousands of men were engaged in the work of building it. I Kings 6 gives details of the construction of the temple, and the fact that it took seven years to build it. King Solomon sent to Tyre and had Hiram, who was a worker in brass, brought to Jerusalem. And Hiram wrought many decorations for the temple. Solomon constructed an edifice which ever since has been famous as a symbol of costliness and magnificence. This illustration is from Merian's story of the Bible in pictures, engraved in 1625.



Modern Methods Upset Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales Fruits in Winter No Longer a Problem

It used to be that when a writer of fairy tales wanted a good story situation he had a cruel stepmother ordering her child to gather strawberries in midwinter, or a wicked witch demanding cherries when the snow lay white on the ground. The adventures of the hero in getting himself out of this difficult situation composed the action of the story. Today, ten cents or so, and a corner grocery store would do the trick, and curtail the story. But if you think that this matter of fruits out of season was a problem only of ancient times, it may be interesting to know that if your grandmother had casually remarked to your grandfather, one winter day, that they were going to have peaches for dinner—he would probably have called a doctor to see if all was well with his grandmother. It was not until the Civil War that canned foods became known, and even then they were difficult to get and the varieties were so limited that they were not generally used. **Canners Make Intensive Study** And while these first canned foods were a boon to the soldiers

during the Civil War, they did not compare with the delicious-tasting canned foods which are available today. An intensive study of methods of growing fruits and vegetables, as well as methods of canning them has been responsible for the great strides which canners have made in three generations. Long before the plow is stuck into the ground, canners have been at work to make the can of peas which you open for your dinner, the finest tasting peas possible. They have entered into contracts with the farmers, studied their soil conditions, and in many cases supplied them their seed. They send experts to help them during the growing season so that the crops will be handled in such a way as to produce the best crop. When the crop is ready, the canners provide means for quick harvesting, transporting and preparing for the cannery. Modern scientific methods of canning these foods are well known, and the best proof of their efficiency is the high quality of the product—with which we are all so familiar.

Varieties of Vegetables Did you know that there were more than sixty-five varieties of canned vegetables? Every grocer, of course, does not carry every variety. While the average grocer carries those for which there is the greatest demand—such as tomatoes, corn, peas, beans, asparagus, etc.—you will find by looking around a little that you can also buy artichoke buds, Brussels sprouts, tiny, whole white potatoes, sweet potatoes, beets sliced or diced, baby carrots whole or diced, and the various strained vegetables which are so delicious and so convenient for preparing dishes which call for puree. It is not only at seasons when fresh fruits and vegetables are not possible that the housewife uses these tender, delicious canned products. There are many times in midsummer when the vegetable markets show so-called fresh vegetables which are limp and wilted from long processes of transportation, or from drying out on the display shelves in the store, that the housewife prefers to buy these same fruit and vegetable varieties, always fresh and full-flavored in cans.*

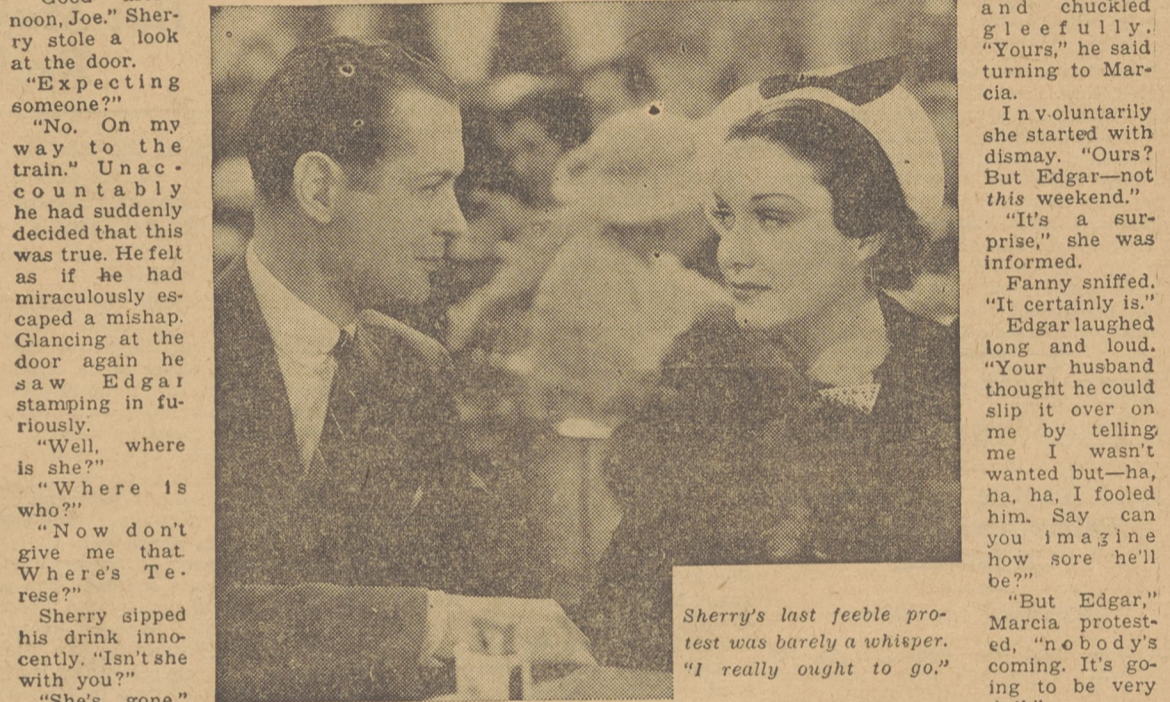


NO MORE LADIES

From the stage play by A.E. THOMAS
Adapted by BEATRICE FABER
from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

(SYNOPSIS: Marcia Townsend living with her modern-minded grandmother, Fanny Townsend, finds that she is in love with Sherry Warren, New York's handsomest heartbreaker. But just when she has decided to forget him he proposes to her. She accepts with the mutual understanding that they will expect nothing of their marriage but a heartrending flop. For a year and a half they are blissfully happy. Then Sherry meets an old flame in a cafe bar. She is with his cousin Edgar. Leaving, Sherry goes across the street to join her at another bar.)

"Well, now look Edgar," Sherry began shamefacedly. "I'll confess something to you."
"I knew it, you rat," Edgar shrieked.
"No," Sherry smiled with childlike candour. "I'll confess to you that there was a moment this afternoon when I was tempted. Not of course that I could have taken her away from you," he assured Edgar deprecatingly, "but she's a darned attractive girl and—well, anyhow I'm glad nothing came of it."
Edgar was watching him with unconcealed suspicion. "You aren't kidding me?"
Sherry spread his hands and opened his eyes guilelessly. "Would I tell you this?"
Edgar digested his words in silence. Then he extended his hand in open friendship. "No old man I don't think you would. I apologize for my suspicions."
"Good hunting," Sherry called after him as he left.
"Thanks," Sherry said.
Shaking with mirth Sherry finished his drink, paid his bill and walked to the door. But in the hall he was confronted by Terese herself.
"Hello," she said gaily.
He tried to edge past her without seeming too much like a boor. "I'm taking a train."
"Yes, I know," she said, her smile refusing her words.
Sherry fought with himself. "Well—uh—Edgar was looking for you."
Terese carefully placed her index finger in the top buttonhole of his coat. "And I'm looking for you."
Feeling himself weaken perceptibly Sherry tried to regain a hold on his will power by essaying a meaningless joke. Evasion could always be used as a last resort. "I wonder where I am."
"Maybe you're in the Bar." She moved up close to him and he caught the heavy fragrance of her perfume, felt the silken softness of her purple-black hair.
"No," he smiled rapidly, still gamely fighting. "I don't think so."
"Shall we look?" Her eyes held his.
"I don't think it will—do any good," he said, groping for the door with frantic eyes.
"I'll take a chance." Hooking her arm through his Terese turned toward the door that led to the bar.
Sherry's last feeble protest was barely a whisper. "I really ought to go."
"Yes, I know."
He looked at her, fascinated. The three words, "Yes I know," sang through his brain like the Song of the Siren.
They walked to the bar.



Chapter Six
A REFORMED CHARACTER

Somewhat hesitantly Sherry seated himself at the bar. "A sidecar—no, a scotch and soda," he ordered. The proprietor bustled up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Warren."
"Good afternoon, Joe," Sherry stole a look at the door.
"Expecting someone?"
"No. On my way to the train." Unaccountably he had suddenly decided that this was true. He felt as if he had miraculously escaped a mishap. Glancing at the door again he saw Edgar stamping in furiously.
"Well, where is she?"
"Where is who?"
"Now don't give me that. Where's Terese?"
Sherry sipped his drink innocently. "Isn't she with you?"
"She's gone." Edgar was almost screaming with rage. "And doggone it you took her."
Sherry looked him squarely in the eye. "Edgar, I didn't."
"Well, who did?"
"I don't know." An injured look came over his face. "How can you think I'd do such a thing?"
"How can I think—" Edgar choked over the words. "You've been doing it since I was five years old."
"Well, I've reformed." Sherry glanced at his watch. "How about coming out to the country with us tonight? Oh, no—that's right, you can't. Marcia and I are having a weekend alone. Fanny's coming, though—and perhaps—"
Edgar shook his head surlily. "Sorry, I've got a date. I mean I had a date. Where do you suppose she went?" Sudden inspiration struck him. "Maybe she's been kidnapped. I wouldn't put it past her." He sprang into activity. "I'll get my dog. He can track her down. I'll have him smell one of her shoes." He looked a Sherry slyly. "Have you got one of her shoes?"
Sherry's regret was apparent as he felt through the pockets of his coat. "I'm afraid I haven't. What was the size?"
"He's a marvelous dog," Edgar brooded. "Name's Rover. Maybe you know him."
"Rover? No, I don't think so. What's his first name?"
"That's funny." Edgar carefully balanced his chin on one hand using the other to aid the difficult feat. "I don't think he has any first name." His chin slipped. "I wonder where Terese is," he said darkly.

The clock at the Grand Central Station was just pointing to five minutes past six. A group, consisting of Marcia, Fanny with a Pekinese and the maid Jaquette, stood under it, patiently waiting.
Edgar, willing himself to appear sober, lurched up, seemingly dragged along by a huge English sheep dog on a leash. Its coat was gorgeously combed and brushed. The only visible part of its face was a red tongue.
"Hello, Edgar," Marcia nodded to him while her eyes searched the crowd restlessly.
"Hello." The sheepdog sprang for the cowering Pekinese. "Rover—quiet."
Fanny eyed the dog askance. "Are you sure the collar is on the front end of that beast? What are you doing here anyway?"
Producing a toothbrush from his pocket, Edgar brandished it triumphantly. "My credentials, Madam. I'm a houseguest."
Fanny's mouth thinned down to a pencil line. "What lucky home is entertaining you?"
Edgar chuckled and bowed gleefully. "Yours," he said turning to Marcia.
Involuntarily she started with dismay. "Ours? But Edgar—not this weekend."
"It's a surprise," she was informed.
Fanny sniffed. "It certainly is." Edgar laughed long and loud. "Your husband thought he could slip it over on me by telling me I wasn't wanted but—ha, ha, ha, I fooled him. Say can you imagine how sore he'll be?"
"But Edgar," Marcia protested. "nobody's coming. It's going to be very dull."
"Where I am it's never dull. And besides a couple of days in the country ought to do me a lot of good." Fanny sighed heavily. "Heaven only knows what you'll do to the country though. Perhaps you'd better have Connecticut covered with a tent."
Edgar crossed his fingers with grave precision. "Mrs. Townsend, Connecticut and I are like that. Come on, Rover."
There was the strident cry of "All aboard. They hurried off to the train."
"Sherry may have gotten on already," Marcia said with one last backward look.
Dinner was well over when the telephone rang, filling the quiet house with its clamor. Marcia's voice was barely audible to Edgar and Fanny who were in the living-room.
"Yes—of course," she was saying evenly. "Goodnight, Sherry. Of course not. I wouldn't give it another thought. Bye."
She walked in the living room.
"Well?" Fanny asked.
"He's afraid that he won't be able to get here until tomorrow afternoon."
"What's he doing?" Fanny asked querulously. "Why is he staying in town?"
"He has to take care of a drunken friend."
"Who?" Edgar asked with interest.
"Marcia's eyes smoldered. "You."
(Marcia is now aware that Sherry is wandering. Will she try to win him back? How will she go about it? Don't miss next week's exciting installment.)

IT'S COMING

A series of colorful thumbnail sketches of the early residents of Dallas — names which still survive in tradition — pages from the history of the Back Mountain Section. Watch for them!

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?

Watch for the series of twelve articles which have been written for The Post by Stanley M. Yetter, outstanding authority on inheritance taxes and estate analyses, on "Oddities In Wills". Mr. Yetter will answer, without charge, any question you have on the subject.

the mysterious, exotic East . . .

is the setting for as fascinating a newspaper serial as you've ever read, "China Seas", which will start in The Post next week. "China Seas" is a glamorous yarn of a dashing skipper, a hard-boiled adventurer and a silken siren, The China Doll, thrown together aboard the tramp steamer Kin Lung, bound for Singapore with a king's ransom in gold aboard her. Plot and counterplot, pirate raids, and the strangest love story ever told form the ingredients of a romance that never lets up in excitement till the last word.