

Heating Safety

One of the most notable innovations in safe heating is the wet base boiler in which water circulates under the ash pit. The fact that the boiler can be placed on a combustible floor is of interest in connection with the trend toward the basement-less house. In such houses it is often desirable to install the boiler on a wooden floor in a utility room or kitchen. Other safety features of modern boilers are foot-treadle door openers, ball-shaped, air-cooled handles and side shakers, making it easier to open and close doors.

Defeated Nation

For the first time in modern history Japan is a defeated nation and for the first time in all history foreign soldiers will tread the ancient soil of Nippon.

Clever Washcloth

Here's a clever way to use up those left-over slivers and scraps of toilet soap. Put them into a small turkish toweling bag when taking a bath; this bag full of soap can be put into the tub and you'll have wash cloth and soap in one.

Blooming Hats

It took clothes-ration points for an Australian girl to buy a hat. Knowing this, United States soldiers often brought to their dates specially made headpieces of fresh flowers. This custom, started by our troops, became the rage in hat-scarce Australia.

Progressive Century

The barometer and the thermometer were developed in the 17th century.

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Lucky Stones

Emeralds were once believed to be beneficial to the eyes and amethysts were thought to prevent drunkenness, according to Encyclopedia Britannica. The belief in lucky stones still exists.

Bath Banishes Blues

According to etymologists, the English word "bath" comes indirectly from a Greek word meaning "to drive sadness from the mind." Which goes to prove again that the classic Greeks were a modern people and that they knew the full value of bodily cleansing. Bathe frequently and thoroughly, and thus "drive sadness from the mind."

Plan Baths

If the man of the house has been accustomed to taking his daily shower in the morning, reserve this time for him. The children might bathe in the evening, allotting the time according to their ages and when they go to bed. The younger children might be bathed before dinner, older children later. Plan your own bath for whichever hour will give you the most relaxation.

Eggs Nutrition

Eggs help keep the body healthy. They make strong muscles and red blood. A child needs four to five eggs a week. An older person needs three to five eggs a week. Eggs may be eaten plain, or mixed in other foods.

Whip Soap Flakes

Whip your soap flakes in a little hot water with an egg beater and you will need fewer flakes and get better results.

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Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA

W.N.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunderhead is the only white horse ever foaled on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He resembles his great grandsire, a wild stallion called the Albino. Ken McLaughlin, 13 years old, owns Thunderhead. He hopes his horse will develop into a racer, as he is very fast. Unfortunately, he is difficult to handle, so plans for entering him in the fall race meet are uncertain. Rob McLaughlin, Ken's father, goes east with 48 horses to an important auction in Pennsylvania. This clears out most of his stock. Mrs. Nell McLaughlin, left alone on the ranch, feels depressed. Financial worries have worn her down. Then one day she returns from a ride to find Rob back, and a party in progress.

CHAPTER XIX

"I've already started!" said Nell, on her mettle now. "I've written Aunt Julia, in Boston. She has a huge circle of friends and acquaintances. And two of my school friends, Adelaide Kinney and Evelyn Sharp."

"You expect them to promote your business for you?"

"Not that way! Oh, Rob! You're being simply horrible!" Nell sprang to her feet and stood by the mantel.

"I simply want to get the idea," said Rob icily. "You wanted to tell it to me, didn't you? Go on—tell the rest. I'm particularly anxious to know, now that I realize you have passed on the fact of my failure to your relatives and friends in the east."

Nell was silent for a while, then drew a long breath and said, "They won't have to promote my business. They'll be glad to give me lists of the right people to write to. And they'll let me use their names as reference. And I've made out a letter, setting out the plan, descriptions of this place and everything, and we'd have to have pictures, and all that can be mimeographed and sent to these lists of people. And we have the complete set-up. Practically no investment needed. Some guest cabins, yes—Gus and Tim and you could build them yourselves. And this is a lovely place, and there's beautiful country to ride in and plenty of horses! And I'm an awfully good cook!"

Nell said nothing more. In a moment Rob asked, "You say you've made out the letter?"

"Yes," Nell picked it up from the table and handed it to him. But Rob put out a protesting hand. "No. I don't want to see it, thank you. And I hope you haven't set your heart on this. Have you?"

"Set my heart on it?" said Nell. "Because I don't like to deny you any of your wishes."

"I know," said Nell hesitatingly. "You're awfully nice about that. I wanted to thank you for—for the sleigh Gus is making—and the monkey tree. I do thank you ever so much."

Rob brushed this aside. "It's nothing at all," he said indifferently. "No reason you should not have what you want."

Nell was silent. After a while she said, "Rob, you know this isn't just something I want—for the fun of it."

"Isn't it? I thought maybe you were lonesome here with me alone."

"You know it isn't that at all. Rob, you aren't even pretending to tell the truth about anything."

"Just a damned liar, am I?"

That struck Nell as funny and helped her recover her poise. "It's because I told you that thing last summer—that the horses would never succeed and it made you mad at me. And you've never got over being mad. And I was thinking afterward that it was awful of me, to have knocked everything so—the horses and your work—without having something else to suggest. So I tried to find another plan. That's all."

Rob began to knock the ashes out of his pipe. "I hadn't meant to tell you this, Nell, but I'll have to now. Otherwise you won't be able to understand why I say no to your proposition. I am not going to continue to raise horses as the main production line of the ranch. They can be a side line. I'm going to raise sheep."

"Sheep!" exclaimed Nell. "But that requires an enormous investment! How could we possibly raise the money for that?"

"It's already raised. To begin with, although I did not make the twenty thousand dollars from my polo ponies which I might have made with good luck, I did make nearly ten. That cleans me out of horses. With the exception of the young stuff coming up I'll have nothing more to sell. But I have put every dollar of that, and more too—all I could borrow—into a band of ewes. I investigated the sheep market thoroughly when I was in Laramie. I was lucky in my buy I think. I found these up at the Doughty ranch, near the Red Desert. Fifteen hundred Corriedale ewes."

"When are they coming on the ranch?" asked Nell.

"They're already on," said Rob. "I've got a Mexican as a herder, and we drove them up from Laramie two days ago. We came in the back way."

"But what about Bellamy's sheep? They're out on the back range there. I saw them yesterday."

"If you saw sheep on this ranch yesterday, you saw our own sheep. Bellamy left with his sheep weeks ago."

Nell was about to ask "What about the lease you gave Bellamy for another year?" but thought better of it. She did say, "You just said you hadn't intended telling me this yet. Why not?"

"Because it may fail," said Rob coldly. "It's a gamble, like all stock-raising. It looks good now. The markets have been good for several years. With these sheep I ought to net almost ten thousand in one year. That will make a sizable dent in our debts. And if it continues, in a few years we'll be out from under."

For Nell, the reversal of all she had been thinking and believing and planning was so sudden, she felt flattened out. Why! then everything's all right! Everything's settled and arranged! Our future provided for—and—and—everything!

Presently she found breath to say it aloud, and Rob acquiesced.

"Yes, everything's arranged."

"And there's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing."

The words faded into the heavy silence. Nell's eyes flickered to Rob. Everything all right—nothing to worry about—and yet, between them, this cold distance and strangeness. What made it? Was it impossible—once the habits of love had been broken—to mend them again? Even when the cause of the breach had been corrected?

Rob stared at the fire and said slowly, "I would have liked it—if



"Is this card phony or what?"

this experiment could have been worked out first, so that, when I told you, I could have told you of a 'fait accompli'—money in the bank, debts paid, notes met, a going concern—not just, as it is now, one more hope, one more plan, one more good chunk of wishful thinking."

Nell was leaning back in her armchair and made no answer.

"But," continued Rob, "since you have made it so plain that it was not only the horses you doubted, it was me too—and any ability I might have to care for you and provide a home for you—" he left the sentence unfinished.

The clock struck eleven, and Pauly rose from where she had been lying near the fire and staged an elaborate stretch, then ran meowing to Nell.

Nell lifted her automatically. "That's true, isn't it, Nell?" asked Rob in a sudden direct manner.

"What?"

"That you have lost confidence in me?"

Nell did not answer immediately. Finally she said, "Rob—I didn't think you would succeed with the horses. I told you that. But that's not your personality."

"But it was, me, personally," he insisted. "You didn't think I was going to pull us through, did you?"

"You never took me into your confidence," said Nell. "You didn't tell me you were going to try a different line. You kept saying it was to be the horses or nothing."

"I suppose that's as good a way of answering as any," said Rob slowly.

A sudden passionate protest flung Nell to her feet. Pauly hit the floor with a little grunt. "I don't see why confidence means so much to you! I've never stopped loving you—not the least bit. Suppose some of the confidence—was gone? That would be only human—wouldn't really matter between us!"

Rob got to his feet and went about blowing the lamps out, and finally answered, "Just that it—sort of—takes the heart out of a man."

It was still possible, thought Nell, as she walked slowly upstairs. When people loved each other as they had, nothing more would be needed than just one look—one word—her name, Nell. There would be no forgiving or explaining, just a sudden com-

ing together and all the discord flung behind them.

But Rob stood in a sort of daze in the center of the bedroom, as if he did not feel at home there. One hand held his pipe as he puffed at it, and he stood watching her as she moved about, turning the bed down, closing the window, taking her nightclothes from the closet and dropping them on the bed.

She went to his chiffonier and took out a set of pajamas and handed them to him. "Here are some fresh pajamas for you."

He took them absent-mindedly. Then, as Nell undid the belt of her skirt and stepped out of it, and peeled off her sweater, he said to her hesitatingly, "I'm awfully tired. I think I'll sleep in the other room. Do you mind?"

He looked at his wife.

With just her slip on, she was seated in the low chair, one ankle crossed over the other knee to untie her shoe, her slender and beautiful legs shining in their long silk stockings. Her tawny hair hung loose over the pearl-like skin on her breasts. Her cheeks were exquisitely flushed.

Without raising her head her dark blue eyes shd up underneath her brows and she answered easily, "Not at all. I think it would be a very good idea. I shall probably sleep better myself."

Charley Sargent never missed the three weeks' autumn race meet at Saginaw Falls in Idaho, one of the few major or "recognized" tracks in the Rocky Mountain states; and had the same stables for his horses, and hotel accommodations for himself, year after year. Taking his horses down the Continental Divide from a high altitude to one several thousand feet lower gave them an advantage, and he liked the town which lay in the long valley between the Wauchichi and Shumono ranges and had a season of pleasant autumn weather.

Although the distance from Sargent's ranch to Saginaw Falls was not more than eight hundred miles, he always shipped his horses by rail in charge of his trainer, Perry Gunston, rather than vanning them or taking them in an automobile trailer. This was because the highway made a rather precipitous descent, winding down through several mountain passes; and on the Divide, the unpredictable storms sometimes made the road dangerous or even impassable for trucks. But he himself made the trip by motor.

There were always several events scheduled for two-year-olds, in which Sargent tried out his promising youngsters, and one race, on the last day of the meet, with a ten-thousand-dollar purse, which attracted an impressive entry. It was in this race that Thunderhead was to make his debut, and long before school closed Ken had familiarized himself with the past performances of all winners of this big event. Thunderhead had only to run the two miles on the Saginaw Falls track as fast as he had run it at home to win.

For Ken to hang around his father while the letter containing his report card was being opened, or even to allow the depressing event to catch him in the same room, was so unusual that Rob McLaughlin felt sure something was fishy.

He glanced up at Ken who stood waiting beside his desk with hands driven deep into the pockets of his bluejeans. "Going to take your medicine and get it over with, are you?" he grinned, then looked at the boy's face again. That wasn't Ken's usual report-card face—the face of one waiting for a death sentence. On the contrary, the sensitive face was now flushed with anticipation, gleams of light played in the depths of his blue eyes and one smile after the other rippled across his lips.

"Read it, dad. Read it quick!" he exclaimed, and watched closely as his father took the card and studied it, item by item.

Rob simply didn't believe it. He shook his head with bewilderment. "Is this card phony or what? Do you know what's in it, Ken?"

"What?" demanded Ken confidently.

"Ninety-two in Algebra. Ninety-four in Latin. Ninety-seven in Chemistry, and one hundred in English."

Rob pointed at the card. "How'd you get this? Was it just one composition?"

"You had to be excellent all year, and write a perfect composition to end up with."

"What subject did you choose?"

"I wrote about that time I tried to get the eagle feather—you know—down there in the Valley of the Eagles, and the eagle chased me all the way down the cliff and stuck his claws in my belly and it was only my belt that saved me—but of course I fixed it up a little."

"How'd you fix it up? Seems to me that was hot stuff without any fixing."

Ken waved his hands in a suave and explanatory fashion. "Oh, I put in some romantic dope—you know, the sort of things writers write—I had it that I had a picture of my girl in the buckle of my belt, so she—sort of saved my life, you see,"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Plug Shakers

When refilling salt and pepper shakers that have corks in bottom, or which have fallen inside, remove the cork and discard. Then paste muclage paper over the hole. Or use adhesive tape.

Fires Costly

Every day in the U. S. there are 1,800 fires. 28 deaths caused by fire in 1,000 homes, 130 stores, 100 factories, 7 churches, 7 schools and 3 hospitals.

Bike Passenger

You invite disaster when you carry another person on your bike.

Clever Washcloth

Here's a clever way to use up those left-over slivers and scraps of toilet soap. Put them into a small turkish toweling bag when taking a bath; this bag full of soap can be put into the tub and you'll have wash cloth and soap in one.

Cleaning Diamonds

To clean diamond rings, cover them with wood alcohol and let stand for five minutes. Remove and polish with white tissue paper.

Hanging Trousers

Best way to hang trousers is upside down, using a hanger with clips.

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