

Narcissa Admired Dare's Work

By JANE OSBORN

NARCISSE FENWICK was a person of rare enthusiasms. She had been about a wide variety of things. Once it was thoroughbred dogs with strong emphasis on pedigree dogs—though the only dog she had ever owned was a nondescript, dandycolor canine that had attached himself to their rambling old suburban house. She became a devotee of the art of Velasquez at one time, though all she could see of his work was from the imperfect reproductions in a few books from the circulating library. Now she was enthusiastic about the short stories of Morgan Dare. Strange enough when Morgan Dare laid his plots in mining and lumber camps, had very little love interest and was regarded by his publishers as having no following among women readers. However, Narcissa honestly admired him. She read everything that Morgan Dare had ever published and waited impatiently for his next production.

One morning at breakfast her older brother, Edward, happened to be drinking his coffee and eating his butter toast at the same time that Narcissa was.

"Hello, Cia," commented the elder brother. "I met that Dare fellow last night—guest of honor at the club ladies' night." Edward paused to drink coffee, and continued: "Odd having him come on ladies' night, too, because the ladies never read him. Fine chap, though."

"You mean Morgan Dare," Narcissa had been saying, and her blue eyes became almost black with energetic appreciation. "Why, I perfectly adore him. I eat his name up."

"I don't think you should be so contemptible not to ask me. And he was ladies' night, and you know how very enthusiastic I am about Morgan Dare."

" weren't any children there," commented Edward and then grinned while Narcissa reminded him laughingly that it was twenty. "Why, I might as well have another chance to see him," she said.

Narcissa's eyes snapped fire. Edward knew the depth of her disappointment, though he perhaps did not count on the possibilities of her resentment. The Fenwick household had been considerably depleted. Two of the brothers, an uncle and an older sister were away from home. Aunt Martha kept house, and the servants' id room at the back of the house. Old Mr. Fenwick was quite deaf. So Narcissa's plan of revenge was to do it work well. Edward had called out her at his left to tell Aunt Martha that he wouldn't be home for dinner. It was then that Narcissa thought of her plan.

As the day advanced she noticed with regret that it would probably be unusually warm and balmy for May. She had hoped for a chill evening, with possible showers and perhaps a sprinkling of snow.

After her father had gone to his room that evening, after the servants were all in and after good Aunt Martha had gone the rounds to see that the windows were all securely locked and shutters on the downstairs windows all well bolted, Narcissa crept downstairs.

She surveyed the heavy old front door with close scrutiny. It had a special lock, a key to which the elder brother Edward carried. When he was to be out late the bolt was not drawn. Narcissa carefully drew this bolt and then turned another under which the door would open at midnight. She heard the late train draw into the station, waited fifteen minutes and then heard steps on the veranda below. Edward had come home, but he couldn't possibly get in. The garage was locked and he would have to stay out all night or walk to the village with messenger chains of finding shelter there. Narcissa dropped off to sleep secure in her revenge. In the morning she would unbolt the door before anyone was up and not confess her guilt until after Edward had aired his grievance to the entire family.

That morning when she drew the lock she peered through the crescent aperture in one of the front shutters to see if her brother were on the veranda. Instead of one man she saw two. One was asleep in a dilapidated hammock and another, the stranger, in a rickety steamer chair. "That morning she appeared at breakfast smiling serenely. Her revenge had worked better than she had hoped. Edward had apparently brought home a guest and had been put to the embarrassment of lodging on the front porch with him. Served him right. She hoped the guest was someone important so that Edward would be really embarrassed. "Edward greeted Narcissa with more than usual enthusiasm, both he and his guest rating as she entered. "Here he is, Cia," he said. "This is Mr. Morgan Dare. I brought him out for the night, which we spent on the veranda."

There were rather embarrassed handshakings. "I told Mr. Dare how you admired his work, and he asked me to meet you. You're the first woman he ever heard of that liked his writing."

So it was. Morgan Dare tarried two days, so charmed was he with the only girl who admired him. And when he went it was with his tooth plighted to that of Narcissa Fenwick.

Many Reasons Why Fish Is Favored for Friday

The principle reason for eating fish on Friday is religious. Jesus was crucified on Friday, and many early Christians observed it as a weekly fast day. On fast days, people were expected to abstain from eating flesh meats. The prohibition did not include fish, hence fish came to be favored as a Friday dish. Pope Nicholas I ordered about 1140 years that communicants of the Roman Catholic church must not eat meat on Fridays. Some Protestant churches have adopted the same rule, or sought to foster the same custom. The result is that there is a considerable demand for fish on Friday, creating a good market and bringing choice fish to the buyers, so that many who are unfamiliar with church rules and customs eat fish on Friday because they feel that they can get the best fish at that time. Since the introduction of the new custom, there is a shipping fish, however, this is more a custom than a real reason. Christians favor fish as a fast-day dish because of New Testament references to men and fishes, several of the disciples being fishermen, and the story of the loaves and fishes being among the most widely known in the Bible. That the fish was associated with the resurrection because of the report of fish caught after the Resurrection by disciples following the instructions of the Lord.

Scientists Baffled by Great Mystery of Life?

"What is your life?" asks St. James. He answers it thus: "It is even a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away." The life spoken of here is the individual existence, the mortal life, and not the general life, the life principle. Nevertheless, the definition is interesting and suggestive. "Life, the shadow of death," so Swinburne says, but then he was a poet. Another poet sings of life as "a blunder and a shamble." The scientists who hold that there was no difference between life and death was asked why, in that case, he did not die. "Because," he replied, "I do not make no difference. The fact is that everything that both breath praise the Lord." This seems to identify life with breath, which surely is a "vapor," to use the word of St. James. Our scientists seem to have embarked on a daring and difficult enterprise when they attempt to create life, artificially in the laboratory. There are few things they will do that they do not, indeed, in the investigation of which they have not won marvelous success. Perhaps life, its origin, and its nature are beyond them—Indianapolis News.

Indian Arrows Varied

A complete Indian arrow is made up of shaft, point, fletching and neck. These differ in material form, measurement, decoration and assembling according to locality and tribe. Arrows have three parts: the shaft, the point and the fletching. There are two kinds of arrowheads, blunt and sharp. In the Southwest a sharpened forepart of hardwood serves for the head. Arctic and northern Indians use heads made of ivory, bone, wood or copper, as well as stone; elsewhere they are more generally of stone, chipped or polished. The head is attached to the shaft or fletching by lashing with sinew, by riveting or with gum.

"Clean Hands" Is Law

There is a legal maxim, "He who seeks equity must come with clean hands." As explained in Bowman's Handbook "a plaintiff who has been guilty of inequitable conduct in the actual transaction which he seeks relief against the defendant's inequitable conduct will be denied relief." An illustration cited is that a plaintiff who sues to restrain the defendant from infringing his trade mark will be denied relief where the trade mark is itself untruthful and misleading to the public. A somewhat similar maxim is "He who seeks equity must do equity."

Workmen's Compensation

The first legislation on the subject of workmen's compensation in the United States was a cooperative insurance law in Maryland in 1902. However, this law was declared unconstitutional in 1904. The first compensation act was passed in 1910, but several of them were held unconstitutional—notably that of New York, by the famous Ives decision. The New York constitution was then amended and another law passed. Congress in 1908 passed a law providing for a plan of compensation for accidents incurred by industrial employees of the United States.

Slister Political Date

One of the most slister dates in modern British politics is October 4. Have you ever seen the list? On October 4, 1881, Gladstone denounced Parnell, and on October 6, 1891, Parnell died. On October 10, 1906, Roseberry retired from the leadership of the Liberal party, and on October 6, 1909, he resigned the presidency of the Liberal League. On October 6, 1919, H. E. Hall died. He led the house of commons, and on October 6, 1903, Joseph Chamberlain opened his disastrous tariff reform campaign with his Glasgow speech—London Mail.

FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FORGIVE your enemies! That's hard to do. I know the holy Scripture tell us to; And yet it seems to me A better way would be For enemies to forgive.

And try to treat us fair, So there will be no hatchets we must bury. So our forgiveness won't be necessary.

And there's that one about the other cheek. It always is the right who must be meek.

The wise who must stop down. Move over for the clown. However they may feel, The wrong need not give in—

Because the sinner's feelings may be tender. It always is the good who must surrender.

Do unto others as you'd have them do (Yes, so the good book tells us) unto you.

Do good to them that hate, And you stand and wait. I know them all, the rules Laid down for saints and fools.

And yet it seems to me 'twould be more fun to Do unto others as you have been done to.

(© 1931, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO BE A SEAMAN

"I DO not agree with you," writes a reader, "when you say that women do not suffer a disadvantage because of prejudice against their sex. I believe being equal they have the same opportunity for success and self-expression as a man."

"I have a sister, an unmarried woman who passionately loves the sea. She no doubt has this from our father who was a New England sea captain. Having no son, and she being the older, he frequently took her with him from the time that she was a little girl. She always knew more about boats than any boy I knew and was baptised on the ocean. She is a hardy and strong and would make a better mate on a vessel than many a man who is holding down that job. If she were a man she would long since have had a ship of her own."

"But being a woman, her only hope of finding a position on the sea would be as a stewardess, which is about as much working on the sea as a basement office is like flying. How do you answer that?"

This reader refers to a recent article in this column when we discussed the complaint of one of our readers that "Nobody wants a woman lawyer," in which I disagreed with the idea that women in business and professions are held back by prejudice.

And the woman whose dream of happiness and success is in the form of being a sea captain is an extreme example of this handicap—you can hardly call it prejudice. You may say this particular woman is not untried by her sex for seamanship. True. And when the day ever comes when enough women desire to be sea captains, I doubt that prejudice would stand in the way of making this feasible.

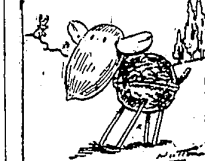
All the present arrangements on ships for the male crews. It is obvious why this exceptional woman's desire to be a seaman is not feasible. For my part, I cannot see it as an argument for prejudice against women's work. (© 1931, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY CRIME HUTTON

THE HUGHEN WAMPUS

SMALL colonies of these animals are found on the banks of the Volga and Bieg rivers, living among the bugs on one-and-one-and-a-half-inch-long, and the wings on the other, and train them to polish door knockers, but they often leave off in the midst of this exciting work to chase a jackrabbit up a tree. They can sing, but do not, for they can't sing.



Three are much obliged. If you can imagine this sad-faced beast singing, you can sympathize with the natives. The doleful face is a poem with split peanut ears. Its wistful body rests on a toothpick leg, and the stump of a tail is a clove. You use chewing gum to put him together with. (© Metropolitan Newspaper Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

"Little Stories for Bedtime" by Thornton W. Burgess

SEEING STRANGE SIGHTS

THE Red Terror, which, as you know, is the fox, was sweeping over the Old Pasture. A careless hunter had dropped a lighted match there, and so set the Red Terror loose. Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter, watching with frightened hearts from the edge of the Dear Old Briar Patch down on the Green Meadows, saw the great smoke cloud grow and grow and the little red flames leap and dance as they ate up everything in their way. The Green Meadows were not green now, for the grass was brown and dry. It had not rained for a long time. Peter knew something of the Red Terror. He knew that when things are set the Red Terror is powerless and soon dies, but that when all is dry, as it now was, the Red Terror sweeps all before it. What if it should reach the Green Meadows? Then they would have to run for their lives.

But tender-hearted little Mrs. Peter was thinking more of others just then. What of the little people living in the Old Pasture. What of Old Jed Thumper, the big gray rabbit who was her father? You know it was in the Old Pasture that Peter had met Mrs. Fuzzly, the big gray rabbit who was his mother. What of Old Man Coyote, whose home was also in the Old Pasture? Much as little Mrs. Peter feared Old Man Coyote she could not bear to think of anything so terrible happening to him as being caught by the Red Terror. That was too dreadful!

All at a dash Peter remembered something of the Red Terror. "If I had before!" he cried, kicking his heels together joyfully.

"What?" cried little Mrs. Peter.

"Why, were safe, Fuzzly! We're perfectly safe right here in the Dear Old Briar Patch," replied Peter. "The Old Pasture is on the other side of the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook and even if the Red Terror does get to the Green Meadows it will have to stop when it reaches the water. Let's go over to the Smiling Pool. We can see better there and it is perfectly safe." Peter was so excited he couldn't sit still.

Mrs. Peter, who is very timid, a very timid person, indeed, was afraid to go, but when Peter declared he was going anyway, she was still more afraid to be left behind. So they hurried over to the bank of the Smiling Pool. (© by G. L. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

TO BADGER SOMEBODY

"HE was badgered almost to distraction by the impudent demands for payment."

This is the sense in which we see the word "badger" frequently applied to indicate that whoever it is that is doing the badgering, he is annoying, worrying and severely irritating his victim.

Interestingly enough, the word comes to us from the vocabulary of hunting. For it is exactly in this sense that a badger hunter will treat the badger till the animal in desperation, "badgers" himself up. (© 1931, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Any playwright knows that an onion is a strong idea in a garden plot." (WNU Service.)

Prudent Afterthought

They were making the grand tour of the toy shops, and little Jeanetta passed before one doll of the "charming type" which had innocent, childlike features, and very blurring doll. "Oh, look at that doll in the green velvet, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl. "Isn't she ugly?" Then in the same breath she continued to be attracted. "But still, Santa Claus might say, 'Take that one or nothing!'" (Copyright.)—WNU Service.

Evalyn Knapp



From high school and junior college dramatics to a road stock company—then while playing in California she took a film test and played her first role before the camera—thus charming Evalyn Knapp became identified with motion pictures—and later she was signed on a long term contract. Her rapid stride to leads in the talkies has caused much favorable comment. Miss Knapp was born in Kansas City. She is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

THREE FEARS

IN HIS recent address in the Madison Square Garden, President Hoover referred to the "Greatest calamities of human kind as being the fear of poverty, the fear of unemployment, and the fear of old age."

If these fears could be eliminated from our daily life we would be rid of much unnecessary worry, useless anxiety, nervous fatigue and a lot of poor judgment. Mental attitudes are controlled by fears. They often play a role with the psychic center. They are like poison, destroying initiative, courage and the spirit of adventure.

Fears, however, need not be fatal. While they may be caused by a psychologist, the cure in every case is personal and depends entirely upon one's own attitude of mind. The cure is not brought about by some malicious interference or intervention of an outside power. In the majority of cases what is needed is the exercise of a little common sense.

To dispel the possible fear of poverty let us begin early in life to practice thrift. A dollar saved is a dollar earned. The capitalist finds only what he takes with him. If we insist on living beyond our means and spending all our income as fast as we make it, the result is inevitable. Common sense argues that while poverty is not a crime it is mighty inconvenient and could be avoided if we would put into our daily life the spirit of that saying of Brully—"He is poor whose expenses exceed his income."

The fear of unemployment is even more subtle in its appeal. It strikes at the very heart of our economic system. Periods of unemployment may be unavoidable, but if we are prepared against the day of misfortune we shall be able to master it.

The last fear of old age is the most pathetic of all. Why? For some reason many people do not want to grow old. To these persons Browning's lines may bring a message—"Come grow old along with me—the best of life is yet to be." "We must have much within before we can find much without." If the heart is young, the years matter little. A person is never older than his arteries are hard. In truth we are no older than we feel. If we are only "let the heart sing while the hand works" we will have no cause for fear old age.

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The Old Gardener

Says:

OF LATE years there has been a tendency in some sections to derogate the planting of the Japanese barberry. The suburban home owner, the plot being made that such planting has been everdone. This is a mistake. It is true that the Japanese barberry has been planted freely but the reason is obvious. It is not now sited anywhere, requires little attention, does not need to be pruned hard even when used for hedges, and is annually covered with red berries, producing a pleasant effect which lasts all through the winter months. A barberry hedge covered with fruit stands out against a background of naked shrubs and trees like a good deed in a naughty world.



Sweet clover, a roadside weed twenty-five years ago, today is a crop of considerable economic importance in the corn belt. (Copyright.)—WNU Service.