

**MONEY DOESN'T COUNT**  
By MEREDITH SCHOLL

LOOKING across the table at Derek Hychins, Peggy Bru-

not said, "It doesn't make any difference to you. I can talk to you this way because your father's rich, too. Some day you'll come into a million and so will I. It isn't very pleasant to think about, is it?"

"Why?" asked Derek.  
Peggy gestured. "Well, you never know whether people like you because of it, or because of yourself. If you know what I mean."  
"Yeah," said Derek. "I know. Who's the man?"

"There isn't any," said Peggy. "You know. But, I want, suppose something there is? How will I know? I mean, I could never love a man unless I was sure it was me he wanted."  
Derek laughed oddly. He said, "You're crazy. You don't measure it that way."  
Peggy didn't know what he meant, and he didn't offer to explain. It was a week now since that conversation, and at the moment, standing at the rail of Derek's yacht looking up at the moon, with Craig Linton close beside her, she thought of it oddly enough for the first time. Her lips moved as though she were repeating what Derek had said, and Craig looked at her curiously.

"Did you say something?" he asked, and Peggy laughed in faint confusion.  
"Poetry," she apologized. "Poetry about the moon. Lines I used to know. It's so beautiful I couldn't help remembering them."  
He looked down into her eyes and laid his hand on hers atop the rail. A little tremor ran through Peggy's body. She'd met Craig only two days ago. He was tall and fair with smoldering blue eyes, and there was something about his voice and the way he looked at her that quickened her pulse. She wondered if he was the man—the man about whom she had been thinking during that conversation with Derek. Yesterday she had tried to laugh it off. It was her own vanity, she had decided; being flattered because

"No, wait," he swung her back to face him.  
Craig paid her so much attention when all the other girls were just dying to have him cut in on them. Craig was new to the crowd, handsome, with vague past; hence desirable. Derek had ignored him from somewhere—an old college friend or something.

Yesterday, too, Peggy had wondered if she'd heard about the million dollars she was going to inherit sometime. The thought left her cold.  
"Let's go in," she said. "It's chilly."  
"No, wait." He swung her back to face him, lifted her chin with a deft motion of his hand and drew her into his arms. She felt his lips, but not once against her cheek. It was like wine running through her body. A moment she yielded, floating in sweet ecstasy. Then she drew away, pushing her hands from his chest.

"Don't! Please. I—I—"  
He laughed easily. "No harm done. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. It was the moon. It does something to you."  
She turned and fled, aware that her cheeks were drained of color, aware of a queer little fright, a troublesome doubt. It had been strange, sweet, guess, but there was something wrong. She didn't know what.

She crossed the main saloon and entered the bar. The place was filled with people laughing, people. She found a place and ordered a cocktail. A voice behind her said: "Like him?"  
She turned. It was Derek, smiling.

"Yes—yes. He's nice, Derek, but—"  
He shook his head. "Nope, he's not a fortune hunter. Plenty of dough."  
"It isn't that, Derek. It's something else. I—I can't explain it."  
He shrugged, changed the subject. "By the way, I'm staying good to you to-night. Tomorrow I'm off."

"Off? Off where?"  
"Dunno," he grinned. "Out West somewhere, sweet. Remember what Horace Greeley said? I'm taking his advice."  
"But why, Derek? Why?"  
He looked surprised. "Haven't you heard? Family fortune's gone to pot. We're broke. Gotta get out and rustle up some shekels."  
Unconsciously she slid from the high stool. They crossed the room,

came out onto the forward deck. "Peggy was saying: 'Oh, Derek, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. Isn't there something we—I could do?'"  
"Sure," he grinned. "Marry me and save the family name from disgrace with your money."  
"Oh, Derek, don't joke. It's serious."  
"Sure it is." He was suddenly sober. "Glad of it. Tired of being so doggone worthless. Like to take a whole lot getting along myself."  
The moon was not visible because they were standing on the port side. It was quite dark, Peggy could see only the vague outline of his face. Yet she sensed that a change had taken place. Suddenly she felt his hands on her arms, and she caught her breath. Derek had never acted like this before. They had been friends, pals. It was strange.

"Derek!"  
But Derek didn't answer. Not with words. He suddenly ceased to be the easy-going, grinning youth. He gripped her tightly, pressed his lips against hers, against her eyes, her cheeks, her hair. She heard his voice, husky, unnatural.

"I've wanted to do that for years. Couldn't go off without doing it. Not a bit sorry. Hope you hate me. Make it easier."  
Peggy whispered: "Make what easier, Derek?"  
"Tryin' not to love you, you little fool!"

"Oh, Derek, don't get. Come, back. Take me in your arms again. I—I am a fool. And now what was wrong—with Craig? It wasn't anything much—only that it wasn't you who was kissing me. He said the moonlight did things to me; but here there is no moonlight. Oh, Derek, now I know what you meant by saying you didn't measure it that way. Darling, you don't and I was crazy. And—and, my precious, I'm glad you're broke, because otherwise you wouldn't have kissed me, and then neither of us would have known. We'd have gone on and on—"

She was babbling, incoherently, happily, raptly. Derek was looking at her with a queer, almost happy smile. He said to himself to object, but he thought he ought to put a stop to it, and he did, taking her into his arms again where she belonged.

**"Blood-Typing" to Prove Relationship of Ancients**

Kings and queens of ancient Egypt, 4,000 years in their royal tombs, soon may be "blood-typed" to determine their relationship to each other.

A method of finding the blood type from dried muscle, regardless of the time the owner has been dead, has been worked out successfully by American Indian mummies, several centuries old, according to an announcement by two physicians at the Boston university. In the Journal of the American Anthropological society, they believe the technique will be just as applicable to Egyptian mummies.

Human blood groupings, they explain, are due to two extremely stable chemical substances, the nature of which is unknown, which are found chiefly in the red blood cells. Upon the basis of their blood clotting reactions they divide the human race into four groups—those possessing one or the other of the agglutinating chemicals themselves, those with both, and those with neither.

There are slight but not very significant racial and geographical differences. The substances are found in the blood of all races and even the man-like apes. These substances were found hard to destroy by such methods as heating or drying. They are found not only in the red blood cells, but in a lesser degree, throughout the body.

The two Boston university specialists have worked out a special technique to determine the blood group from the dried tissue of the mummies. It has proved successful with about 200 Indian cases. Since the laws of blood type inheritance are well established—so much so that they are given standing by the courts in cases of disputed parentage—it is expected that it will be possible to identify at least some of the long-dead rulers.

**New Salvage Fead**  
British salvagers afloat a new stunt by their new tug of tricks by aid of submarines, says the Popular Science Monthly. Sent to the bottom by a collision, the steamer Errol, lying half submerged, constituted a menace to navigation in the Firth of Forth, Scotland. Seeking a means of refloating the craft, two osboats, dismantled British submarines and used them as pontoons. With the undersides balsa lashed to its sides and made buoyant by blowing the ballast tanks, the Errol soon was lifted from its shallow resting place and towed to the seaport of Leith, where it was beached.

**Balsam and Spruce**  
The needles of a balsam are longer and straighter than those of a spruce and may or may not be pointed at the end. They are widespread on the branches in two tiers and have silver linings. They are soft and fragrant. The cones are cylindrical and smeared with pitch. The bark is dotted with blisters of resin.

**Tremendous Trifles**  
By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**A WOMAN'S HAIR**

IT WAS long and brown and lustrous—the hair of twenty-three-year-old Jane McLaire—and those who saw and admired it little realized that the destiny of a nation would be woven into its silken strands. But that was before Gen. John Burgoyne invaded New York to the summer of 1777.

Jane McLaire was sitting in the home of her father, John McLaire, when she had been warned of the danger from Burgoyne's Indian allies. But she refused to go to a safer place. Her lover, David Jones, a Tory, was coming back from Canada. She intended to wait for him.

But she waited long. A war party entered the cabin, dragged the two women out. Two Indian warriors began quarreling over possession of the girl. Suddenly one of them turned, shot her and as she fell from the saddle his scolding knife did its ghastly work.

When the Indian exhibited his gory trophy in Burgoyne's camp the general was furious. But she was nothing compared to that of the New York Patriots. "Remember Jane McLaire!" became a rallying cry.

Patriot propagandists spread the tale and that master propagandist, their old, canny Benjamin Franklin, used all of it in stirring up sympathy throughout Europe for the cause of the colonies. So there is no doubt that the story of Jane McLaire encouraged Patriot morale at a time when it was very low and had a part in bringing about the final victory for the colonies.

**The Lyr-Bird**  
The lyr-bird is somewhat smaller than a pheasant. The common species is remarkable for the three distinct feathers composing the tail of the cock, giving the latter the appearance of an ancient lyre. It is very shy and inhabits the open bush, displaying itself on small hillocks and singing a very fine song. It eats only insects, myriapods and snails; and nests close to the ground, being closely veiled with roots and fibers lined with feathers. Altogether there are three distinct species of the lyre, but all are of the same general coloring, and are only found in Australia.

**Density**  
Density is usually expressed as pounds per cubic foot in the English system of weights and measures. In the metric system grams per cubic centimeter are used. The latter units are the more convenient because the density of water is very close to one gram per cubic centimeter. Therefore densities expressed in the metric system give a direct comparison of the density of a given material with that of water. There are 28 pounds in an ounce and 30 cubic centimeters in a cubic inch.

**Scenic Contrasts in Death Valley**  
Death Valley is a region of dramatic scenic contrasts, with multicolored mountainous formations. The floor of the valley is 270 feet below sea level. In the pocket between the Panamint mountains on the west and the Funeral and Grapevine mountains on the east, all a part of the Sierra Nevada range, Death Valley is approximately 150 miles in length and at maximum points from 15 to 30 miles in width.

**Drum Communication**  
As used by the natives of Central Africa drum communication depends on an elaborate code which to one reared in the atmosphere is more dependent on musical understanding and mutual recognition of the tone variations than on translation into letters. Travelers, even Europeans, have obtained food and lodging by its means.

**Pockmarks Once Fashionable**  
Which inoculation against smallpox was introduced into England, the keen interest reached the fashion world, and women wore dotted ribbons representing pockmarks and named a dress style "pockmarks" after Dr. Jenner's discovery, says Prof. A. B. Rowbotham of the University of California.

**Grand Jury Juries**  
A grand jury consists of more than 11 and less than 24 persons summoned by the court to investigate and hear evidence in complaints against persons in order to determine if such evidence is sufficient to justify indictment and criminal prosecution. A petit jury is the trial jury and consists of 12 persons or less, the duty being to hear and pass on the evidence presented before the court.

**Opium for the Needy**  
Chinese charity dispenses more than necessities. Sometimes the destitute, suffering from opium, can secure it at a Buddhist temple. "Opium is one in Lichow in which a life-sized idol always has a handful for those who are too poor to buy their own. The supply is limited to the wealthy citizens of the city. Freeling Foster in Collier's Weekly

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