

SHORT STORY

A Marriage Saved

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

JUD had always respected Neil and Elsie Kilduff. Especially Elsie. She was not only a sensible sort of person, but a good sport. Took things philosophically and made the best of hard times.

It had, in fact, been Neil and Elsie who had brought about the marriage of Jud and Bettina. Jud hadn't been strong for the marriage stuff. But Neil and Elsie had made such a go of it. Seemed to have such swell times together. They were the only married people of his acquaintance who got along without much squabbling; they found pleasure in each other rather than in someone else's husband or wife.

Jud thought of these things as he stood on the curb before his apartment building, bitter January afternoon. And impulsively he decided to go and have a talk with Elsie. It would be good, he thought, to talk with Elsie, after what had just happened.

He knew, as he turned up his collar and bent his head against the strong northeast gale, that he'd never go back to Bettina. Today's quarrel was the culmination of many. It would be the last. He laughed cynically as he pictured that last scene; Bettina, white-lipped, saying, "And this time you needn't come back. I'm tired of you running out in a huff every time we have a difference of opinion, and then come whimpering back home about meal-time. If you decide to return this time, please let me know, so I can get out."

And Jud had said, sarcastically, "Don't worry, sweetie, the joint is



"Why, I thought—Good heavens, Elsie, what's happened?"

yours. I wouldn't come back for a million dollars."

Neither of them had meant it, but now the damage was done. It was too late to repent. They were too proud.

Jud was brushing the snow from his coat sleeves when Elsie opened the door. He stopped and looked at her in alarm.

"Why, what's the matter, Elsie? You've been crying."

"Oh, Jud, I'm so glad you've come. I—I wanted to talk to somebody. It's—it's Neil."

Jud stepped inside and closed the door. "Neil? What's wrong with Neil?"

"I'm leaving him."

"Leaving him!" Jud's face was a mask of dismay and disappointment.

"You! Leaving Neil? Why, I thought—Good heavens, Elsie, what's happened?"

Elsie flung herself on a divan and began to sob hysterically. Jud waited, awkwardly, until the storm had passed.

"It—it isn't any one thing," Elsie said, without looking at him. "It's just a whole lot of little things put into one. Little quarrels we've had from time, getting worse and more frequent."

"But, look here, Elsie, you can't barge out on old Neil like this. Why, you two have made a real go of it compared to—"

"That's just it. Folks think we have and we haven't. That's what makes it doubly hard."

Jud dropped down on the divan and took Elsie's shoulders in his hands. "Look here, Elsie, tell me the whole story. Maybe I can help you."

As he listened Jud became conscious of a feeling of mingled disgust and shame. Disgust because these things that had brought disaster to the matrimonial career of his two best friends, seemed so trivial and unimportant. Shame because few details of Elsie's story were unlike the causes of his quarrels with Bettina. Elsie's troubles seemed slight, absurd, foolish, scarcely a creditable excuse for a breach in relationship. Yet when compared to things that had seemed so important to him and Bettina, they closely resembled each other.

Jud suddenly knew a feeling of anger. He shook Elsie brutally. "Listen to me, you little idiot. You and Neil have got to patch it up, do you hear! You can't quit. It wouldn't be fair to the folks who think you're perfect, who point you out as the ideal couple, who try to make themselves like you and fashion their lives after the manner of you and Neil."

Jud talked on and on. He wouldn't have believed he had it in him. Words just came—strong, powerful words. Words that made Elsie's eyes open in surprise. Words that finally dried her tears and brought a smile to her lips.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," she confessed. "I—I guess we'd better try again. I needed someone like you, Jud, to talk to me."

Jud felt important and triumphant, yet behind it all he knew a sensation of being a hypocrite. Was he man enough to go home and face Bettina? To practice what he's preached? He threw back his shoulders. He'd do it, by jove. He'd go back to Bettina and apologize. He'd talk to her as he'd talked to Elsie and they'd made a new start.

He knew a warm feeling of ecstasy. He felt like a martyr.

Elsie followed him to the door. There was gratitude in her eyes. She made him promise that he'd bring Bettina over for bridge after dinner that evening. She pressed his hand warmly, her eyes shining with happiness, and watched him out into the street.

She turned then and went back to the divan and sat down. After a moment she picked up the phone and dialed Bettina Chadwick's number.

"It's all right, darling," she said, when Bettina's eager voice answered. "He came here as you expected, to pour out his troubles. But I was ready for him. He's on his way home now. Thinks he's a martyr. And it's just as well to let him think so. I'll tell Neil not to say anything when he gets home. And, for heaven's sake, don't mention to Jud that the whole thing was prearranged. He'd never forgive me."

Cold Bath Is Excellent

Tonic Before Breakfast

A warm bath, taken just before going to bed, relaxes the muscles, attracts blood from the brain and tends to induce sleep in many individuals. A general cold bath or shower is an excellent tonic if taken on rising in the morning. It wakes up the sluggish circulation; it drives the cobwebs out of the brain and provides a general feeling of well being.

The alternate application of hot and cold water is one of the simplest and most successful forms of treatment for pain, congestion, inflammations, blood poisonings, sprains and bruises. But when to use hot or cold is a matter of training and experience. The application of cold over the heart slows the pulse, and over the abdomen relieves intestinal spasms, slows the movements of the abdominal organs and controls pain. A pleurisy pain is best controlled by heat; the pain of a rheumatic joint by cold applications. Sprains and bruises are relieved by cold applications or immersion in water. This closes the blood vessels and tends to prevent bleeding into the joint as well as to reduce the swelling.

For severe inflammations, those due to infections, where there is much redness, pain, swelling and fever, contrast baths are advised, in which the infected part is placed in water as hot as can be borne for four or five minutes. Then immerse in cold water for 40 or 50 seconds and repeat five or six times. Between immersions, the part should be wrapped in cloths wrung from a hot Epsom salts solution. These force a large amount of fresh blood into the inflamed part, blood that is loaded with white corpuscles which attack the offending organisms. Water inside and out is fine medicine.

Too Little Vitamin C

Many of us are victims of a mild type of scurvy (too little vitamin C). The lack is great enough to hold the system substantially below par. Minor signs, such as tender gums, are observed occasionally. In all probability, however, the most significant indication involves the slow and imperfect healing of wounds.

Physicians have long noted that occasionally they will encounter a patient whose cuts mend so gradually that he is singled out as possessing some peculiarity. We now know the answer—not enough C.

Research has now shown just what happens. When one does not take an ample quantity of C, all of the steps in the restoration of broken tissues are retarded. Under the microscope, the cells appear immature. The healing elements seem to be floating in too much fluid. They are thus prevented from forming a network of firm fibers.

Surgeons realize that in those who are obliged to undergo operations, steady improvement is all important; and the employment of doses of C will reduce the hospital stay appreciably in many cases. To bring this about, the use of fruits and fresh vegetables will do more than all the dressings that may be applied. It is assumed that there is no infection and that the work has been performed in a skillful manner.

Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Strenuous American

WHEN a German bomb fell on the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth in London recently, its explosion had repercussions in America. For it not only destroyed the church but it also blasted into oblivion the dust of a "strenuous American" whose career won him the right to that characterization two centuries before Theodore Roosevelt made the use of the term popular. William Phips was his name—or, more accurately, Sir William Phips and he was born on February 2, 1651, in Penmaenid, now the city of Bristol, Maine, but at that time a town in the British colony of Massachusetts bay.

He was the son of a gunsmith who is described as a man "in humble circumstances." But there was nothing humble about the size of his family. There were 26 children and William was his twenty-first son! At the age of 18 William bound himself to a ship-carpenter and at the end of his term of service went to Boston where he started out on his amazing career.

Ten years after he left his birthplace he was the master of his own ship. In 1684 he set out to recover the lost "Hispaniola Treasure" which lay beneath the clear waters of the Bahamas in a wrecked Spanish galleon. His first search was a failure but three years later, under the patronage of the duke of Albemarle



William Phips

he recovered bullion, coin and plate worth more than a million and a half dollars.

So generous was William Phips and so liberal was he to his sailors that his own share amounted to only \$90,000, as compared to the duke of Albemarle's \$250,000. King James II, who by law was entitled to one-tenth of all treasure discovered by his subjects, received nearly \$150,000 and he was so grateful to the bold young colonial that he made Phips a knight and gave him a commission as high sheriff of New England.

In 1690 Sir William commanded an expedition against the French at Port Royal in Acadia which captured that place and later in the year he was placed at the head of an expedition of 34 vessels, manned by 1,500 sailors and carrying 1,300 New England militia which attempted to take Quebec. After a siege of several days, the colonials were forced to withdraw and, when nine of his ships were later wrecked, Phips greatly depressed by his failure, returned to Boston. However, he did not suffer any loss in prestige, for when he went to England to urge another expedition against Canada, the king appointed him captain-general and governor-in-chief of the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Phips arrived in Boston in May, 1692, and immediately asserted his authority by putting an end to the witchcraft nonsense by organizing a special court to pass upon all such cases. As a result the jails were soon emptied of persons accused of witchcraft, but it won Phips the enmity of powerful political and ecclesiastical forces in the colony. They began making claims of dishonesty and cruelty against him and in 1694 he was summoned to England to answer to these charges.

Assured by crown officials that he was still in royal favor, he was preparing to return to New England to resume his duties as governor when he died suddenly of a malignant fever on February 18, 1695. He was buried beneath the floor of the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth and there his bones lay for 245 years—all but forgotten until the explosion of a German bomb reminded his countrymen once more of this early-day "strenuous American."

In his day Phips was noted for his height—six feet, three inches—his mighty fists and his sense of humor. While he was short on "book learning," he was long on signs and superstitions. He believed that seven was his lucky number and, since he was the twenty-first, or the thirteenth, son, he believed that the three sevens gave him a triple advantage over other men. He must have felt assured of that when, after one failure, he recovered so much of the "Hispaniola Treasure."

Strange Petfellows

Nearly everybody, with a few exceptions, likes a dog or a cat of their own. Others favor canaries or guppies or goldfish. Then there are still others who go in for the most unusual pets, and it is with these that the following series of photos deals. The animals and birds here shown are not out of the ordinary. All are natives of the United States, with the exception of the leopard. However, it is distinctly unusual to find them in pet roles.



Meet Pete . . . Everyone in Barnegat, N. J., knows Pete, the pet of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Beckett. Mr. Beckett found Pete, an abandoned baby, in the nearby woods. He was brought up on a bottle. The deer is shown here on his daily shopping tour.



Picture Parade

Wisdom comes to roost on the stem of Charles Kornet's pipe—Kornet found this owl in Bronx park, N. Y.



Freckled (and how!) Jack Wilstem of Pittsburgh has a pet raven, whose "peck" is quite painful as we see from this picture.



Little Nancy Feller's pride and joy is the duck with which she is shown here. She raised it from an egg and the duck is fond of her.



Mrs. Arthur Myeland of Chicago created quite a stir in Miami when she appeared on the beach with a pet bear.



A leopard is the pet of Mrs. Linton Wells, wife of the explorer and writer. "Miss Snooks" has her own room, and is quite frisky.



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