

# STORY OF THE WEEK

## Fair Exchange

By STANLEY CORDELL  
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

MRS. CLARK BUCKNER likes to talk about her husband. She is forever fretting about him, worrying, it seems, for fear that he will get himself into some sort of mess that will result in disaster or shame for his well-ordered family—a family which, besides Mr. and Mrs. Buckner, consists of two fine boys and a girl.

This continual fretting on the part of Mrs. Buckner is, on the one hand, excusable. Clark, though capable to the nth degree, gives the impression of being helpless.

Yet more than once I have strongly suspected that this simple look on the face of Clark Buckner is a mask behind which he hides. For Clark is indeed shrewd. Smooth-talking strangers, who have selected him as attractive game, have discovered themselves fairly fleeced when their negotiations with Clark are completed. And Clark, as much as they, will act mildly surprised and bewildered at the outcome.

And on the other hand Mrs. Buckner, who has lived with Clark these past 17 years, should, it would seem, be familiar with her husband's traits and cease her worrying about him, which is not the case.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Buckner said to me this particular afternoon as we sat together on the porch of Clark's home, "that sooner or later some one of these business deals Clark is forever entering into will leave us penniless." She stroked the head of her youngest child, Madeline, aged seven, as she talked.

"Of all the folks who know Clark," I suggested, "you, Mrs.



She put his hat on his head, kissed him tenderly and told him to go home and mind the chickens.

Buckner, should be more certain than any that no city slicker can get the best of him; that his family will never be in want."

Her head came up as I spoke and a smile came to rest in her eyes, as if my words had enlivened a dim memory.

"Yes," she said, staring vacantly out over the lawn, "yes, I suppose I should." And then after a moment, "it reminds me of the time Clark went to New York." She looked at me, smiling. "Has Clark ever told you about the time he went to New York?"

I shook my head. At the moment I was waiting for Clark to keep a fishing appointment with me. He was late, as usual, and so I lit my pipe and settled back to hear Mrs. Buckner's story.

It was a long time ago (began Mrs. Buckner). Clark had made some money on his little farm here and decided he ought to go to New York to celebrate. He was always, as you know, a fine-looking man, and when he dressed up in a new suit of clothes and bought himself a Panama hat he certainly looked handsome.

But they spotted him—those vultures who are forever on duty before the gates of incoming trains at the Grand Central station—for just what he was: A yokel from the sticks with some money to spend.

They followed him to his hotel and that evening managed to strike up an acquaintance. Clark seemed pleased at their friendliness and invited them up to his room. Clark, sensing that his two guests suspected him of being a prosperous merchant or some such thing, decided not to be disappointing. He painted a picture that made the vultures' mouths water. He told them he was a mining man from the Middle West, hinting that he'd recently sold one of his properties for a sum that made the vultures' eyes light with greed.

Shortly after that the vultures departed and Clark chuckled at his little joke.

But Clark, of course, couldn't guess what was in store for him. He didn't know that the vultures had taken in every word of that story, had decided that he was bigger game than they anticipated. If Clark had merely had a thick roll of bills they would have robbed him and called it a day. Owing mines was different. It would take time and ingenuity to get him to sign over the ownership of a mine.

The first step was to win Clark's confidence. And no man can accomplish this task of winning another's confidence like a woman. So the two vultures introduced Clark to

Sari. Sari was their come-on. Her job was to make Clark fall in love with her so that when her friends, the vultures, appeared with the fake stocks, Clark would not dare entertain a doubt or suspicion.

She was all that was necessary to fill in the gap between a good time during his stay in New York and a bad one. He took Sari everywhere. He bought her jewelry. He lavished compliments on her.

The vultures rubbed their hands together. Things couldn't be progressing any more smoothly.

After about three weeks of this, Clark's savings gave out and he decided to go home. He hated to leave, too, he'd been having such a good time. And he hated to leave Sari. Moreover, he'd been enjoying the role of prosperous mining man. He'd enjoyed letting the vultures and Sari believe he was a millionaire.

It was about then that the vultures decided the time was ripe. They printed up a lot of fake stocks, and set off for Clark's room on the last evening of his stay in the big city.

In the meantime Clark, who at heart was as honest as the day is long, and who had come to love Sari sincerely, had decided that he couldn't go off leaving this little slip of a girl in a disillusioned state. That very afternoon he called at her apartment and told everything.

At first she wouldn't believe him, but as he talked on and she saw the utter innocence and simplicity of the man, she came to know the truth. It was this impression of innocence and simplicity that Clark radiated that made Sari do the thing she did. Instead of flying into a rage, upbraiding him, scolding his attentions, she put her arms around his neck and told him what a dumb, stupid idiot he was. She told him about the vultures, and gave a brief outline of her own mission in life. She told him that he was the only man who had ever warmed the cockles of her heart or treated her like a lady. She told him he'd better get out of town within the next hour or the vultures would descend and perhaps do him serious bodily harm. Then she put his hat on his head, kissed him tenderly and told him to go home and mind the chickens.

Mrs. Buckner paused in the telling of her tale, and I asked, deeply amused, "And so it was the impression Clark gives folks that got him out of that mess—by the skin of his teeth?"

"No," said Mrs. Buckner, "it wasn't. When Clark realized what might happen to Sari if he left her there alone—what the vultures might do, he decided to stay. Which he did. The vultures arrived with their bogus stock and Clark bought a lot of it. In payment he deeded them a mine, a whole mine, and they went away happy." Mrs. Buckner paused and laughed at the memory. "I've often wondered," she said, "how those vultures felt when they tried to dispossess of the property which didn't even exist."

"But what about Sari?" I asked, a little impatiently. "What happened to her?"

Mrs. Buckner looked up at me and there was faint surprise in her eyes. "Why," she said, "couldn't you guess? Clark married Sari, of course." And she smiled even more brightly, and looked down happily into Madeline's upturned face.

### Immunize Dogs Against Rabies, Doctors Advise

Most of us like animals. It is natural for children to like dogs, cats, birds and rabbits. In cities, especially, the child who has a pet gets, in a small way, the contact with animal life which the country child enjoys as part of his life. So if children are to have pets, parents must know just how to prevent these pets from possibly communicating any diseases or parasites to the members of the family.

To be safe, every dog and cat should be immunized against rabies. Rabies—or hydrophobia, as it is more commonly known—is caused by a germ which is transmitted from one animal to another, or to a human, by a bite of the infected animal. Your pet can be immunized so that the bite of a "mad" dog will not communicate the disease to him. This, then, is a protection for your child and his pet. Each year have a veterinarian inject the animal with immunizing vaccine against rabies.

Fleas, lice, mites, ticks are tiny parasites which attack pets and may attack their owners. Such infestations are nuisances rather than dangers, although one of the most fearful diseases of mankind is the bubonic plague, carried by fleas which naturally live on rats and other animals, and thus spread the disease. Various preparations are available to help keep the family pet free of fleas and lice. If a pet is to be part of a household, it should be someone's responsibility to keep the animal free from parasites.

There are several types of human skin diseases called "ringworm." These skin troubles are caused by a form of mold, a tiny vegetable growth which gets into the skin and grows there.

## Scientific Gadgeteer



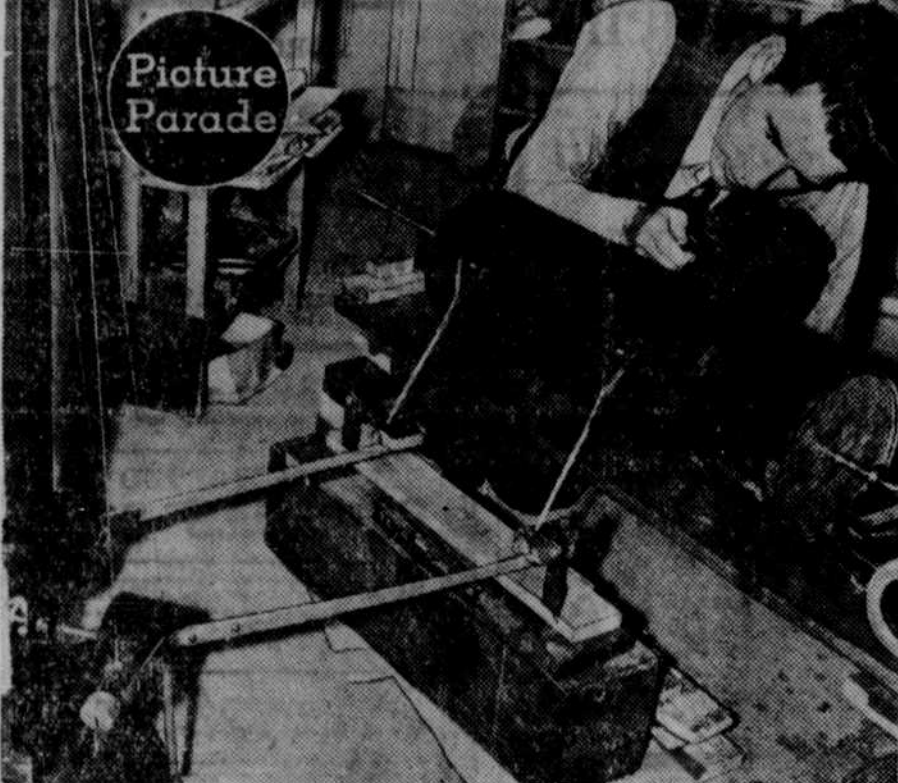
Keeping track of earthquakes and checking up on the weather are a few of the things that make life worth living for Martin G. Murray, assistant postmaster at Huntington Beach, Calif. Mr. Murray makes all his own scientific instruments out of pieces of junk. These photos take you for a call.



Above: Sun telescope made from an old auto axle. Murray is focusing the solar image on a paper receiver here. Right: At the eyepiece of this homemade telescope he checks up on a few stars. The instrument is made of old water pipes, wood and pieces of mirror. Note how the wood is bound with wire.



At left Murray has the image of the sun accurately focused on the buff paper behind this blackened tube. The pistol is part of his P. O. job. Below: From an assortment of discards Mr. Murray got this instrument, which accurately measures magnetic dip.

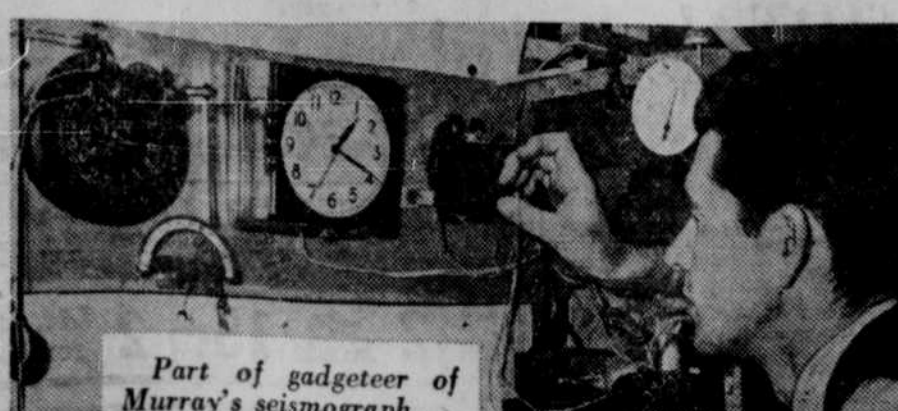


Shiver Record . . . Here is the recording device of Murray's seismograph. Needles mark the lamplighted drum with every shiver of Old Mother Earth. It records about 15 major quakes a year, some as far distant as India. Mr. Murray has no less than six seismographs in his suburban home at Huntington Beach.



The hobbyist preserves his seismograph records by giving the lamplighted chart a bath in shellac and alcohol. This makes his records permanent.

The seismograph timing device tells Murray to the split second when a quake occurs, but he uses this special microscope to dope out where it happened.



Part of gadgeteer of Murray's seismograph.

## Rapid Heart Often Due to Nervousness

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WHEN an individual is sitting quietly and his heart suddenly begins to beat very rapidly—twice as fast as normal—he is naturally going to become worried. Just as suddenly as the rapidity started up, it stops, and the heart rate is back to 72 or 76 again. When the heart beats rapidly, it is called tachycardia—"tachy," meaning fast, and "cardia" the heart. When the rapid beat occurs suddenly, lasts for minutes or hours, and stops suddenly, it is called paroxysmal tachycardia.

While the cause of paroxysmal tachycardia is said to be unknown the cause in some cases is believed to be nervousness, disappointment, worry or some other depressing emotion. I have one case in mind of a teacher who had worked and planned for two years to take a certain trip and at the last moment circumstances prevented his trip.

From that time he began to have attacks of paroxysmal tachycardia which were controlled by the drug quinidine sulphate, now in general use for these attacks. Others state that these attacks occur when they have to do some special work or duty which is unfamiliar or distasteful.

Attacks Not Dangerous. The treatment of this common type of rapid heartbeat is to assure the patient that there is no danger to life. This assurance is often all that is necessary to prevent further attacks. These attacks can sometimes be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the neck running along the "cord" which runs from back of ear to breast bone.

However, in some forms of tachycardia where there is also some disturbance of regularity (rhythm), of the heartbeat, rest in bed is absolutely necessary, in addition to the quinidine sulphate.

The thought then is when the heart suddenly begins to beat rapidly, is not to become frightened, but to send for your physician. If it is the common type, he can prescribe the quinidine sulphate.

## Neurology And Psychiatry

IN MY student days there was not much instruction given on "behavior" problems, or psychiatry.

Today most neurologists combine with neurology (knowledge of nerves) the study of behavior (psychiatry) and are thus qualified to tell us when the symptoms are due to a disturbance of the nerves themselves or whether the emotions, circumstances, surroundings are affecting the individual's judgment and so affecting his behavior.

When there is no real disturbance or change in the structure of the nerves or nerve tissue, yet the individual behaves abnormally, the condition is called a neurosis.

A simple classification of the neuroses is outlined by Dr. A. L. MacKinnon. Homewood sanitarium, Guelph, in the Canadian Medical Association Journal. This classification makes it easy for us to understand such common conditions as neurasthenia, hypochondriasis, hysteria, psychasthenia and anxiety states.

1. Neurasthenia: A condition of mental and physical tiredness.
2. Hypochondriasis: A hypochondriac is a patient who has the fixed idea that he is suffering from organic disease, when no disease is present.
3. Hysteria: Where patient thinks he cannot walk, cannot remember, throws himself about but never hurts himself because he is conscious—not unconscious as in epilepsy.
4. Psychasthenia: "Psych" means mind or nervous system, "a" means not, and "themia" means strength; thus mind or nerves are not strong and there are thus fears, obsessions, a feeling that he "must" do certain things.
5. Anxiety states: A continuous state of anxiety with rapid or hard beating of the heart, breathlessness, nausea and vomiting, and diarrhoea.

### QUESTION BOX

- Q.—What causes a bluish-green discoloration under the eyes?
- A.—Blue green discoloration is usually due to small broken blood vessels. May be due to a run-down condition, injury and other causes.
- Q.—Please give me some advice as to the worth of olive oil as a cure for a sore throat and its effect upon some.
- A.—Cause of sore throat should be investigated by your physician. It may or may not be serious.

## Smile Awhile

**Ump's Choice**  
Fan—What we want is more action and not so many words.  
Baseball Ump—I don't exactly agree with you. I would much rather you fans would yell at me than throw pop bottles.

**That's Her Count**  
"Bobby, how old is your sister?"  
"Twenty-five."  
"Twenty-five? She told me she was just twenty."  
"Oh, I expect that's because she was five before she learned to count."



**HURTS WHO?**  
Joyner—That man Finch certainly believes in giving 'till it hurts.  
Rygg—Is he that generous with his money?  
Joyner—No; just with his advice.

**If That's Expression**  
Evelyn—Helen sings with a great deal of expression, doesn't she?  
Joy—Well, she makes awful faces when she does it.

**The man who counts in this world is the cashier.**

**Quite at Home**  
"Did Freda regret leaving the stage when she married?"  
"Not in the least. She feels she's still in the profession."  
"How is that?"  
"One scene after another."

### They Worship Frogs

China is the home of queer customs, but one of the most curious is the Chinese custom of worshipping frogs. The headquarters of the frog-worshippers are at Chekiang, where elaborate temples are specially set aside for the use of the "holy" green frogs.

These creatures are allowed to hop around at will in the beautifully maintained temple gardens, and at the end of the day devotees carry their "gods" back to their quarters in the temples.

To the Chinese the green frog stands for wealth—no doubt they expect to be well rewarded for the hours they spend in worship. Strangely enough, the brown frog, which is more common than the green variety, is treated with scant ceremony. Millions of them are caught and eaten every year, and their legs are regarded as a great delicacy in good-class Chinese circles!

### Our Gold and Silver

Since 1918 the U. S. mints have coined \$1,574,809,146 in silver, and since 1920 they have coined \$4,526,218,478 in gold. The United States stock in gold at the end of the fiscal year in 1940 was \$19,963,090,869 in gold coin and bullion, and \$547,078,371 in silver dollars and \$402,260,615 in subsidiary coins.

**Something About Mim**  
"My dear, I never imagined you would marry the man you did," said Gladys.  
"Neither did I, my dear," replied her friend. "I disliked his ways, but I adored his means."

**Flush—Not Blush**  
Boogy—See how the bride is blushing?  
Woogy—Go on, man. That's not a blush. That's the first flush of victory.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

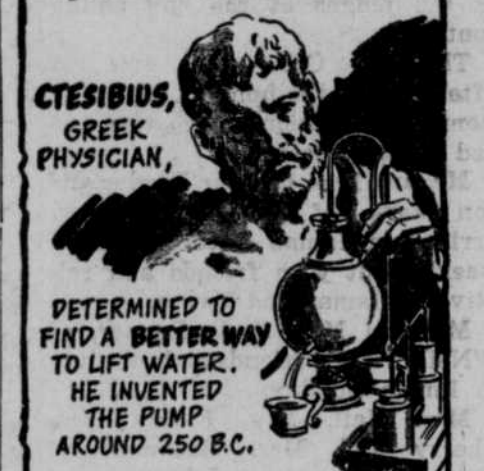
### CREMATION

**FOREST LAWN CEMETERY**  
• OMAHA •  
**CREMATION**  
of the most modern type  
Write to us for booklet

### Effect of Society

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious.

## WE FOUND A BETTER WAY



**CTESIBIUS, GREEK PHYSICIAN,**  
DETERMINED TO FIND A BETTER WAY TO LIFT WATER. HE INVENTED THE PUMP AROUND 250 B.C.  
THE BETTER WAY TO TREAT CONSTIPATION DUE TO LACK OF PROPER "BULK" IN THE DIET IS TO CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WITH A DELICIOUS CEREAL, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN... EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.

**Expectation and Fear**  
We must expect everything and fear everything from time and from men.—Vauvenargues.

**Black Leaf 40**  
KILLS LICE  
"Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER  
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

**From Choices**  
Look out for choices; they run into habits, character, destiny.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

It's A GOOD AMERICAN CUSTOM

READING THE FUNNIES  
Sunday comics had their origin when Jimmy Swinnerton's cartoons first appeared in 1892 in the San Francisco "Examiner."

SMOKING mild, fragrant King Edward Cigars is another American custom in popular favor everywhere. For genuine smoking pleasure, light up a King Edward today.

**KING EDWARD Cigars**  
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER  
2 for 5c

**YOU ARE AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON**

The merchant who advertises must treat you better than the merchant who does not. He must treat you as though you were the most influential person in town.

As a matter of cold fact you are. You hold the destiny of his business in your hands. He knows it. He shows it. And you benefit by good service, by courteous treatment, by good value—and by lower prices.