



AROUND THE HOUSE

Remember Our Feathered Friends.—Birds welcome bread crumbs and suet when winter winds are howling, but don't forget to provide shelter for them so they may eat in comfort. Roosting boxes are easy to make and save the life of many a bird.

Tasty Sandwiches.—To vary the plain peanut butter sandwich, mix peanut butter with chili sauce, spread on slices of hot buttered brown bread, and put together with crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of dill pickle.

When Boiling Suet Pudding.—Put three or four slices of orange rind in the water. These will collect all the grease, and the pudding will be light.

For Home Dressmaking.—Make a small pincushion and sew it to a "bracelet" of elastic. Stick some pins in the cushion, slip the bracelet on your left wrist and the pins are always handy.

Bacon in Stuffing.—Bacon, chopped small, should be added to all stuffing. It gives a delicious flavor.

Haddock With Tomatoes.—Lay a small dried haddock in a pan with a little water and bake for ten minutes. Remove skin and bones, and flake the fish into large flakes. Melt two tablespoonsfuls butter in a saucenpan, fry a little chopped onion lightly in it, add one-half cup canned tomatoes, and cook until soft. Put in the fish and a little chopped parsley, season, stir over low heat until all is thoroughly hot, then serve.



Vast wealth has been created and big profits made from Wyoming's natural resources. Projected developments in Sublette County are expected to produce the next oil sensation and result in even greater profit opportunities. Have you \$100 that you could invest in big profits? It costs nothing to investigate and may lead to fortune. Write today for free information. C. ED LEWIS, Evanston, Wyo.

Life's Best Fruit
Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.—Sir Lewis Morris.

Nation Celebrates 250th Anniversary Swedenborg's Birth

AMAZING as it seems that one mind could encompass so many varied realms of knowledge, nevertheless it is true that Emanuel Swedenborg, the 250th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, made important contributions in many fields of science, theoretical and practical, in statesmanship, philosophy, and religion.

In 1716-1718 he published the first scientific periodical in Sweden, containing records of his mechanical inventions and mathematical discoveries, which included the first airplane design to have fixed wings and moving propeller, the first air-pump to employ mercury, and the description of a method for determining latitude and longitude at sea by observations of the moon among the stars. In the "Principia," a work on physics and cosmology, he arrived at the nebular hypothesis theory before Kant and Laplace. He was 150 years ahead of any other scientist in his works on the functions of the brain and spinal cord, and on the functions of the ductless glands.

Swedenborg served as an active member of the parliament of his country for more than fifty years, introducing fiscal reforms and much general legislation.

At the age of fifty-five Emanuel Swedenborg discontinued his scientific pursuits and began his work as a theologian, publishing the "Arcana Coelestia, Apocalypsis Explained"; "Heaven and Hell"; "Four Doctrines"; "Divine Love and Wisdom"; "Divine Providence"; "Apocalypse Revealed"; "Conjugal Love"; "True Christian Religion"; and other miscellaneous theological works. Information regarding the life and achievements and the works referred to, will be sent without charge by application to the Swedenborg Foundation, 51 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Commemoration Edition

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By George Trobridge

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250th

Anniversary of the birth of

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

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Mistress of Monterey

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1783 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, frail old Fray Junipero Serra, Franciscan friar, and Don Pedro Fages, civil governor. After telling Serra he is sending to Mexico for his wife and son, whom he has not seen for eight years, he refuses his aid toward founding the Santa Barbara Mission. Dona Eulalia agrees to go to California, accompanied by her son, Angelino, and Don Pedro sends for Serra, telling him that two priests are on their way from Mexico with Eulalia and young Pedro and that he is leaving to meet them. Fages engages a young Indian girl, Indiziuela, as maid for Eulalia. Eulalia sails from San Blas, a desolate town of broken pots of Lorrete, a large Cavalcade loaded with Eulalia's party starts out for the long overland trip. Eulalia, accustomed to luxury and comfort, bitterly regrets having been persuaded to come. The two priests, Fray Mariano and Fray Bartolomeo, can on her arrival assure her of the safety of the cavalcade stops at various missions. Eulalia hears rumors of the approach of her husband. While Don Pedro plans a great fiesta to welcome his wife, Eulalia plans her costume. Don Pedro comes his beautiful wife and young son. Eulalia is toasted as the Queen of Monterey, the reunited couple are royally entertained at the Presidio at San Diego. Eulalia disapproves of the democratic relations of Don Pedro and his people. Pleading weariness in the midst of the feast she goes to bed where Angustias tells her she loves Eulalia is again to be with when Santa Barbara Mission is founded. Meanwhile Eulalia finds there is a conflict between Serra and Don Pedro and plans to use the priest as an ally. After a flattering welcome at Monterey, Eulalia is bitterly disappointed in the presidio.

CHAPTER XIII

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Fog crept in from the sea, smothering the Royal Presidio of San Carlos de Monterey, and the Mision San Carlos Borromeo in a damp clinging blanket. It hung in wisps from the pines and cypresses, and muffled the sounds of the horses' hoofs as the Governor and his party traveled the two leagues of the Via Crucis from the presidio to the mission.

La Gobernadora, riding in a litter, watched the gray tatters lift for a revealing moment, showing odd tortured shapes of charred cypress. Then a breeze from the sea would blow, hiding everything again in gray veils. She could hear the ocean, whispering, sighing, breaking into crashing cries as the waves met frustration against rocky crags where the cypress hung precariously.

Shivering, she pulled her velvet mantle around her, burying her chin in the robe of supple otter skins. Her Indian bearers trotted along the narrow road with an even lop, half-naked, glistening with moisture. At one side of her rode the Governor in such gravity as became the Governor of the Californias on his way to mass.

At the other side of La Gobernadora rode Pedro the Younger, his small face serious. Following the Governor's party came the entire population of the presidio, riding in order of their rank: the officers, their wives, children and servants; the soldiers, their women, children; the storekeeper, the blacksmith and other artisans.

It was Eulalia's first visit to the Mision San Carlos. She was curious about the place, eager to hear Padre Junipero; he who spoke words of flame with a tongue of gold. She had not seen the Padre Presidente since her arrival at Monterey, but had pondered deeply upon the strange man of God, and sought to discuss him with the Governor.

To him she had expressed herself with an admiration for the monk which, in its heartiness, was foreign to her usual expressions of regard for others. Silently in her own mind, she was building great hopes.

Serra was strong, the strongest man in California except her husband, and sometimes she wondered if he were not stronger than the Governor himself.

But he was the man she needed. And her need was greater than the guilty fear of him which assailed her at times. Then there was Capitan Nicolas Soler. He was an ally of a different caliber. But with the two of them on her side—Serra, bringing his fanatic belief and strength in his holy convictions to bear on the Governor, and Soler, with his personal ambitions and desires to worry and harry Don Pedro—her own hopes of leaving the province she hated might be realized.

She stirred impatiently in the litter.

The Governor leaned over her with a smile.

"Are you comfortable, my soul?" he asked tenderly. She nodded indefinitely, and he spoke again.

"I am sorry for your sake that it is foggy for your first trip to the mission. For myself, I like the fog as well as the sun. It is all one to me, whether the air be hot and dry, or cold and damp, just so it is the air of California."

The bell sounded suddenly closer, and then Eulalia saw the white-washed walls of the mission. Through a great gate in a palisad-

wall, the people from the presidio passed, by low buildings and conical Indian huts—jacals—to the door of the little church.

At the entrance a priest, in his ceremonial vestments, met them, swinging an aspersorium that sprinkled holy water on them, while two little Indian neophytes—acolytes—swung censers that smoked with burning copal.

As they bowed their heads for the priest's blessing, Pio, the yellow umbrella, now in spotless white trousers and shirt, his head encircled in a red handkerchief, spoke to the Governor. Don Pedro excused himself and followed Pio, as La Gobernadora entered the church.

The Governor followed Pio into the sacristy. Standing upright in the center of the small apartment that was almost filled by a great chest of drawers sent from Spain to hold the priestly vestments, Fray Junipero was in his sacerdotal robes.

He spoke abruptly without any ceremonious preamble.

"I have been awaiting you, Don Pedro Fages. You have not been to see me. And I have not been to the presidio. The time that has passed since my return has been spent on my hands and knees, day and night, in close communion with Our Sera-

aphic Father."

Serra's eyes gleamed large in his wrinkled face. The pupils seemed to spread over the entire iris, and they gleamed feverishly. Deep lines made furrows from nose to twitching gray lips. Fages noticed that his hands clasped and unclasped nervously, and that tremors shook his frame constantly.

"Father," said the Governor. "I will forgive the lack of ceremony with which you greet the representative of your King, for I see you are ill."

"Ill?" said Fray Junipero hoarsely. "Ill in body? Not I. But my soul suffers agonies untold. I have

seen the cross from the presidio to the mission.

He tore open the breast of his robe. Eulalia, through a mist of agonized emotions, saw the thin chest encrusted with half-healed sores and ancient scars.

The Indians moaned. A sigh ran through the congregation. Serra raised a cross, its lower end sharpened into a point, in one hand. In the other he balanced a stone.

Lifting both with a wide gesture he brought the cross against his lacerated chest, and pounded the cruel point again and again into his flesh with the heavy stone.

He staggered down the steps and mounted the altar. Seizing one of the branched candelabra he held it aloft a moment.

"Who fear!" he cried. "Ye who fear, behold the courage God gives those who are true to Him!" His eyes glared straight at the Governor.

He plunged the burning candles against his breast. The flames sputtered and died, extinguished in his blood.

A shriek rose above the sighs and sobs of the congregation.

On the dirt floor at her husband's feet lay the wife of the Governor in a dead faint.

That evening Don Pedro sat beside Eulalia, watching her anxiously. When at last, to his delight, she smiled wanly and dismissed the alarmed Angustias, he knelt to kiss her listless hand.

"How you frightened me, alma mia, my soul," he murmured tenderly. "Do you feel better now . . . stronger?"

"I suppose I am better, though I feel dreadfully weak, oh, dreadful-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XIV

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"My Lady, he is coming, Padre Serra is coming!" exclaimed Angustias from her lookout at one of the barred windows. "He is walking across the parade-ground toward the palacio."

"Ah!" said Eulalia with an excited flutter. "Quick, Angustias, hand me my sewing. You, Indiziuela, pull up a chair here to the fire for the holy father, and be quick about it. Angustias, is there chocolate made? Escabellito! Where are you, you imp? Here, get where you belong."

The child flopped on the floor facing the fire, and La Gobernadora settled her feet comfortably on his round back.

"All right, Angustias. Open the door for him."

When Junipero Serra, who had trudged across the hills from the Mission Carmelo, limping on his ulcerated leg with Pio beside him, reached the door of the palacio, he paused. Angustias, with a deep bow and murmur, greeting, ushered him within.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ence curses, I would do it, God help me, I would do it!"

He choked, and bent his head in his hands. Tears trickled through the fingers that had woven and sewn raiment for Indians, and built adobe houses to shelter the heathen.

The Governor went quickly from the apartment. Then he walked slowly into the church, knelt a moment, and sat beside his wife. She looked in alarm at his face.

"Pedro," she whispered, "what—" He touched her hand. "Nothing," he said, "hush."

She could hear his heavy breathing. His fingers strayed to his beard. Then Fray Junipero entered the church, and told her of the scene in the sacristy.

"So you see," he concluded, "he believed he had reason to denounce me. But, by Heaven," he said bitterly, rising to his feet and beginning to pace the floor, "I am not to blame for his defeat. If he were in his right mind he could not believe I maliciously and deliberately chose those two rascally Franciscans to found the Mission Santa Barbara. But he does believe it, and there will be endless trouble for me from this affair." He tugged at his beard.

"I must establish the peace with Fray Junipero in some way. Officially, of course, I can overlook everything. But personally, something must be done between us. And God knows what it can be, or how it can be done."

Eulalia's eyes were closed, but her mind was working busily. The Governor paced the floor back and forth, back and forth.

"Pedro mio," said the lady softly, opening her eyes at last, "I think that here is something I can do. Why not let me try to be the peacemaker between you?"

The Governor stopped his pacing. "That would never do," he said after a thoughtful silence. "The Padre Presidente would never come here, unless I ordered him to. And of course I would not do that."

"Your Excellency," said the Governor's wife with a trace of railing, "sometimes you are very stupid. Of course you couldn't order him here. But a poor helpless lady, who has been blessed by the Holy Virgin, and is unable to make the long pilgrimage to Carmelo, might send for a spiritual adviser, a father confessor . . . might she not?" she questioned softly.

The Governor stared at her a moment, then smiled broadly.

"She might. And then . . . ?"

"If your Excellency will leave that to me," answered the lady with a demure smile.

The Governor laughed aloud. "I will then!" he cried, and knelt to kiss her hand.

Over his bowed head, La Gobernadora smiled at some inner thought and nodded her head thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XV

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Doctor, With Long-Handed Brush, Can Make Lions Perform a Series of Tricks

Before an evening dress audience of members of the British Medical Association and their wives and daughters, Dr. R. H. Hunter, lecturer in anatomy at Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland, entered the lion's den at the Belfast Zoo, armed only with a long-handled brush, and made the animals perform a series of tricks, writes a correspondent in the New York Times.

Lions and lionesses circled, stood on their hind legs and lay down at the bidding of the doctor, who is used to training wild animals. In addition to being a lecturer of the university, he is a curator of the zoo.

"I draw the line at polar bears," said Doctor Hunter to reporters after the performance. "I would run for my life from one of them. They are so uncertain. They appear to be perfectly gentle and then have a sudden lapse. A lion may leap and bite you once and hold on, but a polar bear goes on biting you all the time."

"My worst experience was in this zoo with a fully grown leopard. He had escaped just as I was entering the zoo and I tried to capture him by catching hold of his tail."

"Leave me, infidel, unbeliever!"