

SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, a vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrendeen, lost his fortune. A gentle, unobtrusive soul, he is now employed as an obscure chemist in San Francisco, at a meager salary. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, fond of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith joins them for the week-end. Magda leaves for a bridge party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway." Later that night Victoria is grief-stricken when she hears her parents quarreling. The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrel frequently. Magda receives flowers and a diamond from Ferdy Manners, a wealthy man from Argentina whom she had met less than a week before. Manners arrives a few hours later. Magda takes Victoria to Nevada to visit a woman friend who has a daughter named Catherine. There she tells her she is going to get a divorce. Victoria soon is in boarding school with her friend Catherine. Magda marries Manners and they spend two years in Argentina. Victoria has studied in Europe and at eighteen she visits her mother when Ferdy rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdy's drinking and attentions to other women Vic dislikes him, but for her mother's sake is nice to him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America. Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdy's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferdy have separated. Meanwhile Keith has remarried. Victoria is now a student nurse. Magda has fallen in love with Lucius Farmer, a married artist. While she and Vic prepare for a trip to Europe, Ferdy takes a suite

CHAPTER IV-Continued

She was silent, staring into space with narrowed, somber eyes that were reddened with tears.

"Mummy, I have to remind you that Ferdy's coming up today. He has tickets and things, he said."

"Can you talk to him, Vicky dar- marvelously." ling? Do, that's a lamb," Magda felt terribly . . . " Magda was rummaging about in a bureau drawer; gun. she spoke absently. "Today and tosaid. And presently she gave Vicky an absent-minded kiss and was

It was five o'clock when Victoria and was lying flat on her bed-

this morning, you poor chicken, and to touch these," she said. I've been thinking about you all ! cided. We're not children, this isn't | night, Vic." a first affair, and there are a great many other persons to consider. Vic, that you and I sail on Saturday, and that it's all over!"

Magda was a little subdued and robes and plans.

Vic wandered out to the balcony, dren." looked down at the waterfront over which the mist was softly closing. disty every day, Vic?" Through the cold dusk the fog horns were steadily sounding.

"Horrible weather to go through the Gate."

"What makes you say that?" Magda asked, looking up from her letter.

"They'd wait for Ferdy. They may not even sail. What is this, the upper floors. darling-the eighteenth?"

"Tomorrow's the twentieth." "Of course!" Magda reached for the trilling telephone. "Tell Mr. Farmer to come up," she said immediately. And then to Vic, "I'm going out with him for just a little

while." "Call me if I'm asleep when you get back!" Vic answered, going toward her room. She heard Lucius' voice a few moments later; her mother's voice. "One more day of this," she said to herself.

Vic awakened with a start, with a sense of something wrong. The telephone was ringing, and someone was knocking at the door. The room was filled with dusk and fear and confusion.

At the door it was Otto, with the dinner card. On the telephone was Mollie Jervis, saying good-by. Victoria answered both claims; ordered oyster stew and brown toast and meringues; snapped up lights. But erine. she still felt frightened and bewildered; her forehead sticky with perspiration; her throat thick.

"Goodness, what horrible dreams!" She went to her mother's | talk to you!" and emptiness within. "She's late," the little table downstairs an hour that you do want a man!"

Vic yawned, seeing a clock's hands "Maybe she's taking at seven.

bath." The bathroom was empty, too. Perhaps Mother was going to have one last dinner with her Lucius. Perhaps she had left a note somewhere; it might be in her

Victoria went in there, lighted lights. She saw the note on the dressing table, a large square note addressed to "Vic." And even before her eyes reached its first words "My darling darling, you must forgive me . . ." somehow she knew. "I never thought of this!" she

whispered aloud, in the tumbled desolation that seemed now like a deserted battlefield, like an ocean after a wreck.

Her glance went on. She saw the word "Tahiti," the word "Malolo," the words "snatch our few years of heaven . . ."

Victoria went to the balcony and sat down in a green iron chair. Her legs had failed under her; she felt cold, but her face was burning. One trembling hand clung tight to the note; in the empty hotel rooms behind her the lights shone brightly over the packed handsome trunks, with their bands of white and blue.

Coming into the diet kitchen at six o'clock on a summer morning, Florence Flood Dickenson discovered it empty, except for a solitary figure at the end of the long table. The girl raised her head and

showed a weary face that was yet keen with sensitiveness and sympathy and lighted with a tired smile. "Hello, Dicky," she said, in a hoarse sweet voice.

"Oh, is it you, Herrendeen?" Miss Dickenson asked. "Have a nice vacation?" "Marvelous. How's everything

"Oh, beautifully. We missed you,

of course, but everything's gone Two probationers came in with

said gayly. "Tell him I had to go trays. A boy put his head in the down to Burlingame-and that I door, said. "Miss Rockwood?" and vanished. The hospital day had be-

"Vicky, tell me, do you like Dr. morrow are our last days," she Hardisty?" Louise Mary Keating asked interestedly, a few days later. "Very much," Vicky said abstractedly.

"Vicky, I'll bet you're in love got home; Magda had evidently pre- with him! They say every woman ceded her by only a few minutes he meets is in love with him." Miss Keating bit into a chocolate: looked "Vic, we had a very serious talk at its filling thoughtfully. "I oughtn't

"I'll bet Vic hates to give up the day," Magda said, her eyes rounded | Keats kid," Helen Geer observed, over her teacup. "I'll tell you watching her. "You won't see Dr. what's happened, and what we de- Hardisty any more now after to-

"Well, as a matter of fact, I will," Vicky said, beginning to smear her So . . . So-the upshot of it all is, face with cold cream, after tying a towel over her tawny hair. "When little Kate Keats goes home I go with her. I've been there before, pale in the morning, but showed you know, and Mrs. Keats asked me no other signs of her recent emo- yesterday to come back. Her tion; the day was exciting with final mother isn't very well, and if she purchases. much talk of ward- goes away with the doctor she always leaves a nurse with the chil-

"And then will you see Dr. Har-

"Not every day. But they're great friends. A lot of good it will do me to fall in love with Quentin Hardisty," Victoria went on practically. "He doesn't know I exist."

The Keats home stood out on Pacific avenue with the long lines of "Heavy fog. You can't see the the Presidio eucalyptus trees and Konalei. Maybe that's she, going the Golden Gate below the drawing along now. I hope Ferdy made room's northeast windows, and a sweeping view of the bay and the mountains that framed the bay from

the house; she said it reminded her hearth fires have all gone out of of a book.

Victoria, who had gone to them any more!" from the hospital as Kate's nurse. had been kept on after Kate's recovery because of Duna's scarlet tor said. "I didn't think you did!" fever, and after that because of the feeble age of Mrs. Chauncey have wives who are curled and Clements, the children's English grandmother. Gently, agreeably, out at night," Victoria persisted, without any unpleasantness, Granny annoyed in spite of herself by his was dying. Victoria had a small lazy air of complacency, and warmroom next to the old woman's luxurious one on the first bedroom crazy about Violet, because she floor, and the easy task of watching lives for her husband and the chil- mentioned this certainty in a letter her dignified departure from a life dren." in which she had behaved for eighty

years with admirable decorum. ties: her husband perhaps ten years | you're amusing." older. She adored the small, blinking man with his fluffy gray mop "as only an English gentlewoman marriage?" Victoria demanded in Whether the expression was origcan adore a man," Vic told Cath- surprise. "There are plenty of inal with Franklin is unknown but

and I," Mrs. Keats said one day, my work, my friends-everything I tainties. Charles Dickens in his in her crisp, brisk way. ."I want to

door, saw only dusk and confusion | It was when they were seated at | "Because in your heart you know

later that she made a first attack upon Victoria's confidence, "You're face red. so perfectly charming with the children that I shan't feel quite happy | ply his arm was about her and, for until you're in a fair way to have few of your own," she said. "Not I!" Vic smiled, shaking her

"You don't mean that. No girl

means that!" "Most girls don't, I daresay. But I do. I've had a queer education along those lines," Victoria added,

half to herself. "You mean your mother's life?" "Not only Mother. But all her crowd, all women who make love, passion, so important, who persuade you, or almost persuade you, that goes. It's all so artless."

"You ought to set your cap for Quentin, Vic. He's as completely disillusioned as you are."

"Dr. Hardisty?" "Certainly he is. In his heart he despises women. He thinks-Johnny ready to break up anything or any- other ones. body's life for a little pleasure." "Did he tell Dr. Keats that?"

"That's the impression he always

'That amazes me," Victoria said, because if ever any man had his Hardisty!'

"Yes, but it doesn't mean anything. Vic.' "You knew his first wife?"

rather she'd left me downtown ing." she began. about ten minutes before she was car-she drove like a crazy woman, she had this crash. They got her to the hospital and poor little Gwen | up the mountain on Sunday.' was born an hour later. Quentin's wife was a terrible girl-rich and spoiled and-oh, I don't know, flighty. He's never been very hap- be there. This will be a very simpy poor boy!-There's Johnny at ple party. Just four of us." the door now, Vicky," she broke off to say. "Ah, and Quentin with himcome in both of you-are you froz- nocence?" Victoria smiled. en, have you had anything to eat?"

"We're starving!" Dr. Hardisty, shedding outer garments in the hall, said in his deep voice. "Vicky'll go get us some eggs, won't you, Vicky?"

"Better than that," Victoria said.

She went away and presently, when a maid had preceded her with a card table and silver and glasses, returned with a laden tray.

"You looked very charming with light was shining. that baby in your arms," he said abruptly. Victoria and he were alone now; the men had had their the Cascades and mounted the great supper; the fire had burned down stony flank of the mountain. On a



Vic Awakened With a Start, With a Sense of Something Wrong.

low during the weary, comfortable talk that had followed, and presently doctor to his study, and Mrs. Keats, murmuring something like, "Oh, dear, I must tell him-" had followed him.

He had seen her with Bunty in her arms, had he? The unexpected blood rose to Vic's face.

"Any man would be glad to come home and find such a scene at night," the man said.

"Well, would he?" Vicky countered. "Violet and I have just been | night?" having an argument about it. Victoria liked the atmosphere of say that nurseries and Nanas and fully. fashion. That isn't what men want,

> "Only proving that you don't know anything about men," the doc-"Most men would much rather dressed and painted and read to go ing to her subject. "Men aren't statement that only two things are

on the subject of love and mar-

"Do you think I'm a little bit man I don't want?"

"You think so?" Vic asked, her

"I do." Quite suddenly, quite simthe first time in her life, a man kissed her on the lips. "There!" he said and laughed. In another instant he was gone.

"Seriously, and all this teasing aside, would you come over to the shack for Saturday and Sunday?"

he asked her a few weeks later. Instantly she knew now that she ought to say no. But the temptation to yield was strong. For, after anaemia and other "incura- corn this year, they are advised all, his was the most fascinating and popular figure in San Francisco's it is right to go wherever your heart social circle at the time, and weekend invitations to the shabby little our scientific research physi- in the better strains of hybrid corn, cabin in Mill Valley were eagerly sought.

Mill Valley would be thrilling! After all, Quentin had shown that he regretted his craziness, and when he was in one of his nice, tells me that he thinks that they're simple moods she liked him quite as all alike-weak and selfish and much as she detested him in his

All this flashed through her mind as she hesitated over the invitation,

"You said I would, you know, and I will!" she told him, simply.

"And I think you are a sport!" way with women it is Dr. Quentin he answered, in his pleasantest manner. "It'll be rough, you

know.'

"I can be very rough. Only I don't go in for cocktails and staying "Very well. I'd left her-or up dancing to the radio until morn-

"Nothing like that. 'Rough' means killed. She was driving her own that I have only one Chinese boy there and he doesn't know much everything she did was wild, and about cooking, and that the chief entertainment will be a long climb

"And can the beautiful Mrs. Pool go in for all that?" "The beautiful Mrs. Pool will not

"It sounds good. Who's going along to protect my youth and in-

"Do you think Chase and Dora Upham might manage it?" "They might."

"I'll pick you up at four o'clock on Saturday, then. Bring comfortable shoes.'

At four o'clock Saturday they 'We've put it aside-we expected drove to the ferry and were carried, motorcar and all, across the flowing gray waters of the bay. There was fog on the bay, and Tamalpais was wreathed in fog; but down in the valley a misty sun-

Up through a shady tunnel of redwoods the winding road rose above spur of land pushing boldly westward toward the far glitter of the sea the plain little brown cabin stood. The ground all about it was deep in pine needles; the air was scent. Descending from the car, the girl admitted that her first impulse was to give a long, loud scream of pure delight.

CHAPTER V

A lean Chinese boy in a coolie coat of blue, with dingy white trousers and padded rope shoes, was carrying the provisions out of sight. Vic and the man went into the big, main room that constituted almost the entire cabin.

wide alcoves with windows; thick blue canvas curtains could shut of these contained three beds, chests, chairs; opening from each was a large shower bath casually dle as did the blood in those of redwood fronds pushing their way in between the walls and the roof.

In the main room were rugs, big chairs, tables from which books and magazines cascaded, an enormous fireplace smoked high from many a deep davenport; all of the coma ringing telephone had taken the fortable, informal litter dear to the bachelor heart. Window doors opened on a flagged terrace behind which the magnificent crest of the mountain reared against the softly encroaching fog.

"We have our meals out here on the terrace all summer," the doctor said. "But it's going to be too cold tonight. Mock Suey!" he shouted suddenly. The Chinese silently padded into sight. "Eat by fire to-

"Eat tellis?" the boy asked hope-

"No. Too muchee catchem cole tellis. Eat fire.' "Fi-ah," the Oriental conceded in

a sad, liquid voice. The boy melted away. Victoria began to wonder when

the Uphams would arrive. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Two Things Certain Benjamin Franklin is credited

with being the first to make the certain-death and taxes, Franklin to his friend, M. Leroy of the "You may be a little bit cracked French Academy of Sciences, in 1789. He stated: "Our Constitu-Violet Keats was in her early for- riage," Dr. Hardisty said. "But tion is in actual operation. Everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing cracked on the subject of love and is certain but death and taxes." bachelors about. Is it so extraordi- it was natural for him to contrast nary that now and then a woman the uncertainties of the newly adopt-"We're dining alone, Victoria, you likes to play a lone hand? I have ed Constitution with these two cerwant. Why should I add to it all a "David Copperfield," written 60 ing's truer than them."

Is Overweight a Disease?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON @ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

UST as yellow fever, malaria, diabetes, pernicious ble" diseases have been conquered in recent years by cians, so also will obesity- the good hybrids are more adapted overweight - be conquered and better equipped to produce high within the next few years.

For, after all, obesity is really a disease - some deficiency some-

where in the bodyjust as with diabetes and pernicious anaemia.

Time after time metabolism have been made of overweights (that is the rate at which the body processes work) and except in a very few thyroid or gland cases-perhaps 2 or 3 in every

Dr. Barton

100-the body processes in overweights were not working any slower than in those of normal weight

Dr. G. Hetenyi, in German Archives of Clinical Medicine, thinks that there is something wrong with the collection and distribution of fat in the bodies of those who are overweight. He investigated the mobilization or gathering together of the fat at the depots or storage places in overweights and in normal individuals, when both types were eating insufficient food for their needs. He found that there was something wrong or different with the way fat was gathered and stored in the

bodies of overweights. Then he studied the way the fat and the normal individuals handled the blood rich in fat from food, and observed that the tissues of overweights have a great avidityeagerness or desire-for fats that enter the blood stream. In other words as the blood rich in fat passed through the tissues of fat individuals, these tissues were "hungry" the blood and stored in the fat tissues. On the other hand in those of normal weight, their tissues so the fat laden blood passed

What an Investigator Learned.

Dr. Hetenyi also studied the relation between fever and fat mobili- proven that forage can best be prezation from the deposits of fat, the served by ensiling. About any action of dehydration (cutting down | kind of plant that stock will eat can on liquids) on the fat in the blood, be made into silage and in such a and finally the resorption into the state will keep for several years. blood of fat put under the skin by a Now we need a new slogan for the hypodermic needle or syringe.

He found out that the increase in the blood fat (fat taken from the normal weight. This means then is an increase in the temperature of the body, the tissues of overweights did not give up as much

as did those of normal weight. And finally the blood in overthem off from the main room. Each | weights did not take into itself as | at least 1,000,000 more silos. much of the fat that was placed in the body by the hypodermic neeconstructed of brown planks, with normal weight. It practically left this extra fat stay where it was.

The conclusions drawn from the above experiments are that the mobilization or collection of fat from its storage depots-the skin, the liver, in and about the abdominal ora roaring blaze, lamps, cushions on gans-is reduced in overweights, whereas their absorption of fat from the blood passing through their tissues is greatly increased.

In other words, fat individuals take more fat from the blood when fat is being eaten, and less from eaten than do the tissues of those of normal weight.

Overweight-obesity-is therefore a disease of fat mobilization—the way fat is gathered and distributed. Now while this knowledge that their tissues are "different" in the way fat is handled in the bodywhether the fat is due to eating starch or fat foods-may make overweights feel a little less responsible for their increased bulk, nevertheless there is no reason why they should not reduce their weight.

Gall Bladder Disorders.

It has been definitely proven that two of every three individuals have more or less disturbance in the gall bladder and yet the number of cases that actually require draining or removal of the gall bladder is very small.

Dr. R. F. Carter, New York City, in Annals of Surgery, says that during a period of four years in studying patients having disease of the gall bladder the medical and surgical clinic of the New York Post Graduate Hospital has gradually come to realize the importance of changes in the size and shape of cause death in any species, includthe gall bladder. In patients with ing man. Cattle and sheep are most definite gall bladder symptoms pain in the upper right abdomen, gas on the stomach, nausea, tenderness in abdomen — even when the X-ray showed no stones present and the gall bladder filled and emptied has a broad umbrella-like flower was as true as taxes is. And noth- normally, real disease was found with many small white blossoms on at operation.

Good Hybrid Corn Needs Good Soil

Better Varieties Equipped to Produce on Highly Fertile Land.

A. L. Lang, Assistant Chief, Soil Ex-periment Fields, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

With farmers preparing to plant a record acreage of hybrid seed that good hybrids need good soil. Because of the accumulation of the many desirable characteristics

are the common open-pollinated va-Good hybrids need good soil not because they are unable to produce on poor soil, but because they have the ability to utilize more effectively

yields on highly fertile soils than

the materials found in fertile soil. A corn grower can not expect to grow 90-bushel or 100-bushel corn on 30-bushel land, and he may be wasting high quality seed if he tries it. On the other hand if he has high quality soil capable of producing big crops, he is wasteful if he does not use seed good enough to make full use of the land.

One good feature of corn improvement by hybrid breeding, is that superior hybrids may make it possible to obtain much larger returns from good systems of soil improvement than has been possible in the past. In other words a farmer need no longer fear that he is getting his land too good for his seed.

However, hybrid corn can not be expected to take the backache out of spreading limestone nor to serve as a substitute for crop rotations and applications of manure and fer-

Carry Over Filled Silo

Is a Timely Suggestion Many successful stock farmers have for years made it a practice to carry over a supply of corn or grain for their live stock; especially is this true in sections of the country where crop failures are not uncommon. "Carry over a crib of corn' has been a favorite slogan. The last two widespread and defor fat and so a great amount of structive drouths have proven the the fat in the blood was taken from | wisdom of carrying over feed. For so often in a drouth year, not only the corn and grain crops are short but pastures, hay and forage. Withdid not seem so hungry for fat and out doubt, we will find it a safe and sound policy to carry over through without leaving much if especially from a good year, a supply of grain and forage, says a writ-

> er in the Missouri Farmer. Experiments and experience have stock farmer and "Carry over a filled silo," is suggested.

Since the early introduction of fat depots) was slight in over- silos, some 45 years ago, much weights, was less than in those of progress has been made and today we have something like 550,000 silos that during an illness when there in use in the United States. When we compare states that have made a large use of the silo with those who have made small use of it, we At both sides of it were raised fat to the blood proportionately find that we are still very short of this equipment. A proper economical use of the silo would require

Prevents Hams Souring

The first precaution to prevent hams from souring is to be sure that the animal is not overheated before killing and to bleed the animal well after killing. All curing vessels should be scalded and the water for the brine or pickle should be boiled before using, says an authority at the North Carolina State college. Rub each ham with salt before packing for cure and, if brine cured, examine brine every few days to see that it covers the entire contents of container. After their depots when no fat is being curing, hang the ham from six to eight feet above fire and smoke to taste. If curing directions are followed and these precautions taken the meat will keep without souring.

Feed for Cow in Milk A common rule for feeding a cow

in milk is from two to three pounds of good quality hay for each 100 pounds live weight, or one pound of hay and three pounds of corn silage for a similar weight unit. A 1,000-pound cow would then require 10 pounds of hay and 30 pounds of silage daily, plus sufficient grain mixture to meet her milk requirements, which are one pound of grain for each three to four pounds of milk produced, according to an authority in the Rural New-Yorker. Any of the standard commercial mixed feeds from 18 to 24 per cent mixtures are generally satisfactory. Fodder may be substituted for some of the hay if desired.

Water Hemlock Poisonous

Water hemlock is one of the most poisonous plants known. It may often affected by it. The plant belongs to the parsnip family. It grows along creek banks, ditches, and in swales and other low, moist areas. It attains a height of 4 to 8 feet and top. Most farmers are familiar with this plant.

Pleasing Types of Needlework to Do

Add lacy crochet to dainty cross stitch, and what have you? A stunning decoration for your most prized scarfs, towels, pillow cases or whatever! However, either cross stitch or crochet may be used alone, if you wish, and both are easy as can be, even for



Pattern 5751

'amateurs." What could be more captivating than graceful sprays of full-blown roses, cross-stitched in color, with the border crocheted! In pattern 5751 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs 434 by 101/2 inches; two motifs 31/4 by 73/4 inches; a chart and directions for a 3 by 151/4 inch crocheted edge; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches

used; color suggestions. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and adress. Not So Bright, Had

Contents Been Chickens The village police chief was severely lecturing the new recruit. "You've been on the force one year and haven't brought in a case. I'm going to give you just one more chance. Someone has been stealing Squire Smith's

chickens. Go up there tonight and catch the thief." About midnight the waiting constable saw a man slinking along with a sack over his shoulder. He pounced on him, opened the sack, and found a quantity of priceless

"H'm," he murmured, surveying the spoils, "my mistake. But you can thank your lucky stars it wasn't chickens."

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

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caused GAS, sour stomach, headache or nervousness.

Dr. H. L. Shoub, New York, reportst "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon becilli."

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science!-Sidney.

3644

O the cowardice of a guilty con-

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"Quotations"

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The universities have a greater responsibility now than they have ever had to bear. A large portion of the world is moving without a compass.--Nicholas Murray Butler.

To be sane is to be neither Bol-shevik nor Fascist nor Nazi, but to try to preserve the freedom every intelligent man and woman should passionately desire.-Lady Rhondda. We have only to trust and do our

best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for ourselves and others.— R. L. Stevenson. Many years ago I learned that the

periods in one's life when one is simply a listener and observer may seem useless, but are in the end very valuable.-Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.