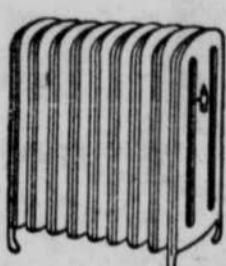


# Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay Heating Expert

Keep Air Out of Steam and Hot Water Radiators So Heat Can Circulate Freely

FREQUENTLY I get complaints from home-owners about failure of steam or hot water heating systems to keep radiators completely hot.



This condition is often due to air being in the coils of the radiator. This air must be released before the coils can fill with steam. This usually is simple, being remedied by automatic air valves. If your radiator has such valves and the radiators remain air-bound, unscrew the little plug at the top of the valve, tightening the plug again when all the air escapes from the valves. Putting the vent valves for a few hours in a container of kerosene also helps to eliminate the air.

However, if neither of these operations corrects the trouble—or, should the coils fill with water—it would be a good policy to have an expert check the valves and remedy the difficulty.

It is possible also for hot water radiators to become air-choked. To overcome this, open the air valves once in awhile with a valve key and leave them open until water starts flowing from them. Be sure to have something handy in which to catch the water when the valves are opened.

WNU Service.

Say "LUDEN'S" when you have a cold...

**LUDEN'S** MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

5¢

**A Resolution**  
Shall we make a new rule of life from tonight; always to try to be a little kinder than is necessary?—James M. Barrie.

**666** checks COLDS and FEVER first day

LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, Headache, 30 minutes.

Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

**Perfect Virtues**  
Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartette of virtues that will never be improved upon.—James Oliver.

## How One Woman Lost 20 lbs of Fat

### Lost Her Prominent Hips—Double Chin—Sluggishness

#### Gained Physical Vigor—A Shapely Figure.

If you're fat—first remove the cause! Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh then get a 4 oz. bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you 4 weeks.

Take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning—modify your diet and get a little regular gentle exercise—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

But be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first. You can get Kruschen Salts from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 weeks) and the cost is but little. If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, SAFEST and surest way to help you lose ugly fat—your money gladly returned.

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

My temperament's such a burden  
I'm sensitive to a degree  
My nerves are a little  
When I'm angry I bite  
It's fierce to be clever  
like me!



# Mistress of Monterey

## Virginia Stivers Bartlett

© Virginia Stivers Bartlett WNU Service

### REVEILLE

In one of the annals of California history, there are these paragraphs:

"Turn now to the Northern coasts, to the Bay of San Diego, whose waters had lain for more than a century and a half undisturbed by European keel, whose shores had known no tread of iron heel since Sebastian Vizcaino was there. The native inhabitants yet preserved a traditional remembrance of white and bearded visitors, kept alive perhaps by an occasional rumor wafted overland from the southeast, and by distant glimpses of the white winged galleon which year after year bore its oriental treasure down past this port, which, so far as can be known, was never entered. And now the aboriginal solitude is to be forever broken."

"... On the 29th day of April, 1769, the San Carlos, otherwise called the Golden Fleece, comes in sight."

"On board were Lieutenant Pedro Fages, with twenty-five Catalan volunteers..."

\*Pronounced Fah'yahs.

### CHAPTER I

It was autumn of the year 1783. Civil Governor of the Californias, Upper and Lower, drank a toast to his Most Catholic Majesty, King Carlos III of Spain, then filled his cup and raised it to the priest in Franciscan robe and cowl sitting opposite him across the hand-bewn table.

"To your Reverence!" he said. "To Fray Junipero Serra, pious priest, intrepid missionary, tireless traveler, and if I may, good soldier!" He drained the cup, and wiped his short mustaches and beard with a brown hand.

Junipero Serra smiled slowly. "A thousand thanks, Senor el Gobernador," he began ceremoniously. But Fages stopped him with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, no, Padre! None of that when we are here alone. You and I have enjoyed too many privations together, have gone thirsty and hungry, have eaten mule meat or worse, too many times for us to stand on ceremony when we are by ourselves, even though you are Padre Presidente of the Missions in California, and I..."

"Governor of all the Californias," finished the priest. "But I had believed... that is, it had come to my attention, that his Excellency believed there were times when he was not greeted with the proper respect when he deigned to visit the Mission San Carlos at Carmel."

Fages laughed. "Oh, that! That complaint was simply necessary to show some of these priests that a healthier respect for the Crown was a desirable trait in them. That never applied to you, Padre."

"We are in a country where we are unable to demonstrate the recognition due your worthy person. The King himself would understand the lack of these ceremonies. He would not be displeased, however, but edified, I believe, and he would rejoice to witness that what is possible to do is done."

Fages still smiled, though the other's tone implied a rebuke.

"Scold me, Padre, if you will. I deserve it, I suppose. But I have been thinking of something... deciding something. And today I have sent messengers with the results of my decisions to the Viceroy in Mexico. And what do you suppose the message is?"

The priest caught his breath and moved his fingers uneasily toward his beads. Although he seemed to be studying a corner of the brush ceiling over the Governor's head, he was reading Fages, and Fages knew it. Years of a wary comradship had taught Serra to read every expression in the other's face.

He had seen it light with a strange inner fire when some vista of this new California unrolled itself before Fages; seen it grow lean and tense through long days of starvation and burning heat, or gray and drawn when the Governor's small company of Catalan soldiers fell, one by one, prey to the scurvy. But he could never quite tell whether the lines that branched from the twinkling brown eyes came from squinting against the blazing sun, or from sudden rolicking laughter.

Now he realized he had never seen quite this expression before. He felt a little excitement communicated to himself from Fages' feverish eyes. A little excitement, and quite a little fear. This message—had it to do with him? Were some of his cherished plans for furthering the Church in California to be frustrated? He breathed heavily.

"I dare not suppose. You will have to tell me."

Fages pushed back his chair and began pacing back and forth down the dirt floor of the long room. "I have been thinking, and I have decided that it is not well for man to live alone. That is natural, isn't it, Padre, and a teaching of the Church? Ah, yes. So I have this day sent word to the Viceroy that I wish to have my wife join me here."

Serra also rose to his feet. He remembered now that he had seen before the expression that smoldered in the Governor's eyes, but in the eyes of other men.

"Ah!" he said softly. "Ah! Your wife. I see. So you want her in California with you. Naturally."

He walked to the low door and stared thoughtfully at a group of Indian children, playing some absorbing game with a hoop and a dart while a circle of elders watched them lazily in the afternoon sunshine.

"Strange, Pedro Fages. I always think of you as a man among men; a soldier, an explorer. A man's man entirely. But of course you are married. It must be a long time since you have seen your wife, yes?"

"A long time," he answered in a low voice. "A long, long time. Eight years. I have a son, too, Padre. And the last time I saw him he was a few days old."

"Now that I feel I am going to stay here, somehow the need for that son and his mother has become more than I can bear. And needing them so I must talk to you about



"There Are Still Thousands—Wandering in Benighted Darkness in This California."

them. I think they can be happy here. I am. The living quarters at the presidio are not so bad, and oh, Padre, what a garden I have planted! Hundreds of peach trees, and figs, and pears. And I have a vineyard that is doing well in the sandy soil around the presidio. Yes, it is home to me, and must be to them."

"God grant that it may. And your wife—she is not used to pioneering?"

Fages frowned and began plucking his beard.

"That's the rub. She isn't. But I have written Viceroy Mayorga, and Felipe de Neve, to persuade her to come. She can not withstand them. The Dona Eulalia, my wife, is years younger than I, and when we married in Barcelona, she was a reigning belle. I never could understand why she married a rough old soldier like I am. But she did, and here she must come."

"Of course she must. And she will. Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands. Ah, Senor el Gobernador! How easily your plans go forward! You have but to command, and lo, the deed you have commanded is done, while I..."

The Governor took the priest's arm, and the two walked out into the little garden in front of the priest's quarters. There was great

activity all around the mission establishment. Indian neophytes were going and coming on various errands. Up from the orchard came a troupe of children, los pajarreros, whose miniature bows and arrows had kept the predatory birds from the fruit. In the vegetable garden a few strutting Indian girls still dug weeds, while others, who had finished their stints, ran to join the hoop-and-dart game with their fellows.

Fages drew a deep breath as he looked about him and remained quiet. But the priest's eyes were upon him with an unspoken entreaty which he could not ignore.

"What worries you now, my good Father?" he asked affectionately.

The missionary folded his hands in the sleeves of his robe, and began speaking.

"It is this. The fall of the year is upon us. What crops we have will soon be gathered, the fruit will be dried, the corn stored. And the mountains shall drop down new wine. A busy happy time. But to me, a sad and thoughtful time. It is autumn, and nature prepares for sleep. And I am recalled to my long sleep, and my body's mortality. Al, my poor old body!"

Don Pedro looked at him quickly. "You are not well? How is your ulcered leg?"

"That is nothing. Since the young mule driver put some of the ointment upon it that he uses on his beasts I have not thought much about it. But you must know I do not regret my miserable carcass its due infirmities. It is only that I fear I shall be called to my undeserved reward before I have finished the tasks I have set myself to do for the glory of God in California."

"Padre mio, if you should be taken from us this night, which God forbid, you have accomplished more than seems humanly possible for one man to do. You have performed miracles, wonders."

The other groaned.

"Nothing! Nothing! A few handful of souls brought to salvation when there are still thousands wandering in benighted darkness in this California! It is not enough. Stronger and stronger every day, every hour, I hear the command to bring in more souls. I seem to see whole armies of dark unsaved spirits, their arms lifted, begging, pleading, praying for the Church to rescue them from never-ending damnation!" He raised his clasped hands toward heaven, and gazed upward.

The Governor stared at the missionary, then averted his eyes as though embarrassed.

"Ah, my son," the father contin-

ued, "you love California. Why do you stand in the way of her further development? Why do you impede the progress of Mother Church? Why, oh, why, do you not lend your assistance, your influence to the founding of that mission on the Santa Barbara Channel which is so dear to my heart?"

He took a step toward the Governor, with outflung hands; impassioned, eloquent.

Fages avoided the missionary's eyes, which met his only at moments like this, and which burned with fanaticism unfathomable to the soldier's understanding. He felt miserable, small; a shriveled, cringing monster groveling in the path of a flaming archangel.

He rolled his eyes helplessly for another point on which to rest them than upon the fervid missionary. A good, round soldier's oath would have helped him. He hesitated to mouth it, but whispered it to himself, gaining strength from its pungency.

"I can not promise you that mission," he replied shortly. "There is already a presidio established at Santa Barbara, and more soldiers can not be spared for a mission."

"And why not? Two soldiers out of a whole garrison! Only two, to establish a mission! What could be more important!"

Fages' patience fled.

"Good Father, you attend to your affairs of the Church, and I will attend to mine of the State! I need two soldiers, you say. Only every soldier I regret my miserable carcass its due infirmities, and more besides to protect California."

The priest turned on his heel, and walked into his house. The Governor followed him firmly.

Pio, an Indian boy, was lighting the candles.

"Begone," ordered the priest.

The boy cast a frightened look at the angry faces distorted by the candlelight, and scuttled out. Priest and soldier faced each other across the table.

"You know well I am a good churchman," continued the Governor. "I am not a pious man by nature, but in my lenience with you Franciscans in California I have almost overstepped my authority. Why, in Mexico, they call me a frailer, a priest lover!"

"They do misjudge you," murmured Serra with a touch of sarcasm.

"No more than you do. I have done what I could for the Church, and for these worthless Indians, who, in my mind, seem better off in their native savagery than living under the yoke of slavery which the Church has laid upon them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Odd Fish Wear No Glasses, but They Are Equipped With Bifocal Seeing Ability

The Shedd aquarium, Chicago, has no fish that wear glasses. But recently it did the next best thing. It got a shipment of fish with four eyes and bifocal seeing ability.

"These fish are only six inches long," said Director W. H. Chute, "but they are of unusual interest because of their remarkable eyes. Each eye is divided horizontally into two sections. The upper section, projecting above the fish's head like the eyes of a frog, is adapted for vision in the air."

This makes it almost impossible for the fish to get a fit in hats, but is handy for seeing birds of prey.

Then there is another set of eyes, the lower ones. They are quite different in appearance, and are short sighted for vision in the water, or looking at other fish.

What it's like to have four eyes, no one pretends to know, but Mr. Chute ventures a guess. "The ef-

fect," he says, "probably is like a pair of bifocal glasses, except that the fish uses both near and distant vision at the same time."

There is one drawback: The "four-eyed fish," as these specimens are called, swims exactly on the water line, with one pair of eyes looking up and one pair peering down. The result is that the fish gets his upper eyes dry, and this, said Mr. Chute, "interferes with clear vision." There is only one way out, and the fish thought of that years ago. He ducks himself.

Even scientists think it is pretty strange, these four-view fish who look at the sky and the water all at once. But in their new tanks at the Shedd aquarium the fish can feast their four eyes on the name scene has given them. The card reads "anableps anableps," and it does two things. It distinguishes them at once from other anableps.

## The critics say it's GREAT!

"Historical novels about early California are usually quite soft; this one violates the rules."—Des Moines Register.

"The drama that Mrs. Bartlett works out of known historical facts is pleasant and entertaining. The details are on the whole as convincing as they are lively."—Boston Transcript.

"Mistress of Monterey is a good story."—N.Y. Times.

"Mrs. Bartlett lives in California, knows all its history and legends, and writes of it both lovingly and with descriptive skill. Her romance is full of life and color."—Washington Sunday Star.

"Virginia Stivers Bartlett writes historical tales with such obvious authenticity... that Mistress of Monterey's subjects literary merit with informative value. The author's background of early California gleams through without retarding narrative interest. The story would appeal equally to men and women as an exciting saga of a picturesque era."—Portland (Ore.) Sunday Journal.

"Mrs. Bartlett succeeds admirably... she shows an understanding."—Buffalo Evening News.

"The atmosphere of the time and place is believable, the narrative readable."—Baltimore Sun.

### MISTRESS OF MONTEREY • In this paper



## Christmas In The New Home

By BLANCHE TANNER DILLIN

"THE first Christmas in our new home," Janice Wray announced joyously as she stepped across the threshold of Stewart's and her new home.

"Christmas in our new home," Stewart echoed, switching on the light.

"Oh, isn't it just grand!" exclaimed Janice.

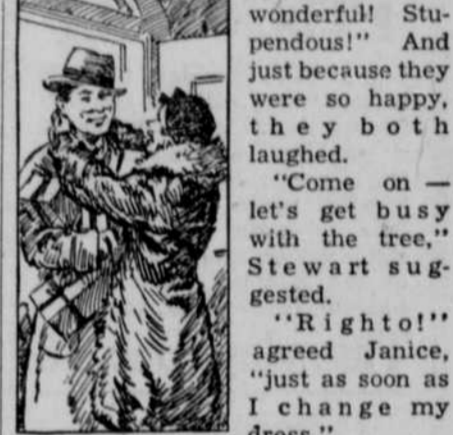
"I'll say it is—but slow up—slow up, Janny! I've got about all my arms will hold, without taking you aboard," Stewart warned her as Janice attempted to throw her arms about him.

"Oh, keep quiet! You're just as excited as I am—so why pretend?" Janice answered with a toss of her head.

Stewart put his packages down and then with his arms around her he assured her, "You bet I am, Honey, I think it is wonderful! Stupendous!" And just because they were so happy, they both laughed.

"Come on—let's get busy with the tree," Stewart suggested.

"Right!" agreed Janice, "just as soon as I change my dress."



The tree must be neither too large nor too small. Some time had been consumed deciding just the proper size for a Christmas tree for two. They were to be alone this Christmas—the first Christmas in their new home; there was no doubt about that, for they had definitely decided that when they purchased the house, and now here they were ready to trim the much-discussed tree.

"Isn't that star lovely?" Janice said as Stewart placed it at the top of the tree.

"Yes. But I thought you had planned on something else," Stewart replied.

"I changed my mind," was all Janice said. She didn't tell him she couldn't think of a Christmas tree without a star at the top. They always had one on the tree "at home."

"Thought you weren't going to get any red balls," she reminded Stewart.

"I changed my mind." Both laughed at Stewart's echo of Janice's answer of a moment before.

"Mother would love this silver ball," Janice hung the ball where it caught the most light.

"Wouldn't Bess love this blue ball?" Stewart picked up the large blue globe.

"Our dads would enjoy that open fire—and Bill those spruce boughs over the mantel"—Bill, the older brother of Stewart, loved anything from the woods.

And so each thing reminded them of someone's fondness for it, or of some of the happy times of former holidays.

"Well, I guess that's all for now," Stewart said when the decoration of the tree was finished and he and Janice stood admiring it. Janice made no reply to her husband's remark at first.

"All but the presents," she said hesitatingly.

"Oh, we can put those out later," Stewart suggested.

"But I mean the ones for the family," she explained.

"Didn't you distribute those today?" Stewart asked in surprise.

"I thought it would be more fun to take them together."

Stewart stopped and kissed her. "I think so, too, honey—so let's go."

"Wait until I get my hat and coat."

"And I'll bring the car up to the door."

When Stewart returned to the room Janice was placing packages under the tree.

"Janice, doesn't it seem to you there is something wrong with the tree?" Stewart asked suddenly.

"No," Janice walked all around the tree looking at it critically.

"No," she said the second time—then suddenly—"Yes, Stewart, there is something wrong—something missing—the loving sharing of decorating the tree. Our families would so have enjoyed it. We trimmed it just for ourselves. It does seem selfish."

Then after a moment's silence she cried: "I have it! Suppose we leave the presents here and invite our families here for a good old-fashioned Christmas eve celebration. What do you say?"

"I say—great! Here goes," and Stewart hurried toward the telephone.

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## HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Brighter Glass.—All glass bowls and tumblers should be washed in warm soapy water and then in clear water to which a little vinegar has been added.

Pudding From Stale Bread.—Rub the stale bread into crumbs and then soak a breakfast cupful of them in half a pint of milk. Mix in one ounce of sugar, one ounce of cocoa powder, a beaten egg and a few drops of vanilla. Bake in a buttered dish until set.

Pianos and Lamps.—Keep your piano keys white by giving them an occasional rub with a paste made from powdered chalk and benzine. Silk lampshades may be made like new by a little brushing with a toothbrush dipped in soap suds, followed by clear, warm water. For parchment shades, use an ordinary rubber eraser.

Removing Tar Stains.—Tar stains can be removed from carpets by spreading a thick paste of turpentine and fullers' earth over the affected spot. Leave on for several hours, then brush off.

Convenient Table.—A knee-high small kitchen working table, preferably one that washes off easily is a treasure to the housewife. Such a table encourages her to sit down to peel potatoes, scrape carrots or do any of the little things that she usually does standing by the kitchen table.

Knitting Hint.—What a nuisance it is when knitting a sleeve to have to go back to the beginning and count decreases. Try putting a snap fastener through every decrease row you knit, then decreases can be seen at a glance.

## "Quotations"

We see things not as they are, but as we are.—H. M. Tomlinson.

A poor life is full of care, we have no time to stand and stare.—William H. Davies.

Being happily married is merely the development of the art of living to its superlative degree.—William Lyon Phelps.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternally!—Max Muller.

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends; plenty as well as want, can separate friends.—A. Cowley.

## CONSTIPATED?

To keep food waste soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol—because of its gentle, lubricating action.

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