The Lucky Lawrences

By Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER XII—Continued

—26—

Gail turned and looked at her, sleeping. Even in her sleep Ariel's face wore a faintly discontented look, and she sighed impatiently, scornfully—Arie! to the end.

Then it was morning, and there was no more time for dreams. The house was astir in the foggy dawn. Gail appeared in the kitchen, rosy and tousled, just before Phil went.

"You'll be back early, Phil dearest?"

"Oh, Lord, I'll be here by ten!"

"Mrs. Bates wants to know if you'd rather have chicken or lettuce sandwiches, Gail!"

"The boy for the trunks is here, Gail."

"There's someone we forgot, after all!" This was Phil, departing.

"Oh, good heavens, Phil, who? Maybe I could telephone."

"The Formaldehyes!" Phil called over his shoulder.

"Gail—look at the roses."

"Gail—Miss Wells wants to bring her mother upstairs to see you in your wedding dress. She says her mother might have a stroke if she—"

"Listen, all the food goes here, see? —in this closet. Just stack it there, and while we're at church Mrs. Wiggin and Betsey are going to sort everything out."

"Wiff-waff, if you would eat it, and let me wash the bowl!"

"Here are the cakes from Lou. Will you look at the ten-layer cake!"

"Well, she wanted to come downstairs, too, the darling, and see what was going on, and help get her Aunt Gail married."

"Oh, look, fruit punch, two pails of it. Oh, that's marvelous! Look—two pails of it. Two pails of fruit punch, Lily, so that's all right!"

"Give me the baby," Ariel said. She sat holding the soft little drowsy armful.

"You look real cute with a baby, Mis' Murchison!" said Lily's mother.

"Mamma, will you lay off?" Lily demanded patiently. But Ariel only laughed. She was her sweetest, her gentlest self, on this busy morning. She had seemed to keep rather near Gail, and when the clock had raced as far as eleven o'clock, and Gail outwardly calm, inwardly madly agitated, went upstairs for the actual donning of the wedding dress, Ariel went, too, still carrying the sleeping baby.

The bedroom was a scene of mad confusion; Mary Keats was on her knees, finishing the packing, and holding everything up for Gail's approval before she laid it away.

The white silk gown slipped over her head; she was all in white. They who loved her thought they had never seen Gail look so lovely as she did now. Square-shouldered, straight, steady-eyed, she looked at herself in the old dim mirror that had reflected all the moods of her girlhood, and laughed contentedly.

"Somehow I can't feel that I'm getting married!"

The others straggled away, Lily taking her baby. Ariel was alone with her sister. Suddenly she came close, and encircled the sweetness and whiteness and glory that were Gail with her slender arms.

"Just one thing, Gail. I'm going on to Chicago tomorrow to meet Van, and I'm going—I'm going to be different, Gail. I'm going to—to make a go of it, do you understand? I'll be the nicest woman in the country club, I'll have a little girl baby that Van will adore, I'll study French and keep house—honest I will, Gail!"

It was complete surrender. Gail caught her little sister to her in the first real embrace they had known since Ariel had come back. Both their faces were wet.

Then Gail had to wipe her cheeks carefully and powder them again, and go downstairs to join the others, and to walk around the corner and across the tree-shaded street to Saint Mark's.

There were persons on the sidewalk—kindly persons who said, "Good luck, Miss Lawrence!" There were more clustered on the church steps, and she walked between them at her brother's side.

They were all there: old friends, old neighbors, library acquaintances. She felt their love about her like a protecting great wall as she went slowly up the aisle and saw Dick waiting.

The boys had been shepherded into a pew, and Lily, flushed and weary, was sitting there with little Gail restless and hot in her arms; Sam looked oddly grown-up in his new suit, standing beside Dick. And Dick looked—just Dick, big and lean and homely and kind, stooping down a little beside the shorter Sam, watching Gail, catching her eye as she looked at him. And at the sight of him Gail forgot everything else except that after this packed and flurried and extraordinarily emotional morning she was really getting married.

They smiled at each other. Gail's cold right hand caught at his left, and during the little ceremony their fingers were linked.

Afterward, when they were home again and the congratulatory crowds were surging about them, Dick went to the foot of the stairs to meet her as she came down hatted and coated for the trip. Tears and laughter had been so mingled on her wedding day that he thought she looked more like a blue-eyed child than ever: bewildered, grateful, touched, happy.

"When we used to play 'round the old ranch together, twenty years ago, we didn't see this coming at the end, did we, Gail?" Dick said, as he caught her hand for he run to the waiting motor car.

"At the end!" she echoed, with a swift, shocked, laughing glance. "Dick, Dick, this is only the beginning! Don't forget that I'm one of the Lucky Lawrences!"

[THE END]

WE HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED EACH INSTALLMENT OF THIS STORY

•

It is our desire to give our readers several good stories during the year, equal in value to books costing $1.50 to $2.00 each.

•

Watch for the beginning of a new story next week. Don't miss an issue, we know you will enjoy it.

—THE EDITOR

SEEN IN HOLLYWOOD

Adjusting an Artificial Eyelash.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

WHEN Hollywood had only 300 people and not even a "nickelodeon," pioneering actors rented an old barn there and began to film "The Squaw Man." Armed cowboy , dashing through dusty streets to "fight" Indians, alarmed the village.

If the play called for a scene on a front porch, the actors simply got permission to use somebody's porch. No one, at first, built special "sets." Such colossal structures as Babylonian palaces 300 feet high, built later to film "Intolerance," were undreamed of.

Now studios that are walled cities within themselves house this stupendous industry, whose feats smack almost of witchcraft.

To make a "horror" picture, the illusion of prehistoric monsters invading a modern city was achieved with Texas armadillos. Shot at 20 times normal size, while waddling past the toy buildings of a miniature city, the final effect on the screen was realistically hideous.

One studio has a toy shop where boats, airplanes, cities, railroad trains, and automobiles are all made in miniature. In "The Invisible Man," a tiny automobile, loaded with gasoline-soaked cotton and a fuse, was run off a toy cliff, bursting into flames. In the same picture a railroad train (with cars 2 feet long) tumbled down a mountain side. Both "accidents" were strangely convincing.

Coral and marine plants for undersea views are cleverly counterfeited. "When we found ocean stuff wouldn't transplant," said a Universal director, "we dipped cactus and other desert growth in a plaster solution. Dried and painted, this 'bottom of the sea' fooled everybody."

Octopus tentacles and snakes may be merely a jointed tube, strung on piano wire, coated with sponge rubber, and painted.

Human Actors of All Kinds.

But it is human beings and their behavior, as much as tricks with cameras, that make Hollywood, which is only a part of Los Angeles, better known abroad than the big city itself.

Since most of the world's movies are made hereabouts, the millions paid in salaries lure performers, real and would-be, from every other clime. Besides stars and plain five-dollar-a-day "extras," these actors range from real pygmies, as in "Tarzan," to acrobats and bona fide bareback riders in plays like "Polly of the Circus."

Casting offices for years have studied hordes of people for different roles. More than 17,000 are listed on cards for "bit" and "atmosphere" work. Every conceivable type is needed. As one official said, "We could not use the same crowd for an embassy reception as for a clandestine meeting of the Black Hand."

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, experts keep in mind the faces of some 7,000 semi-regulars, and use a filing system for thousands of extras.

Eighty per cent of the types needed fall into such groups as dress men, bellhops, police, collegians, butlers, riders, tall, short, and fat men, stunt men, army and navy men, tough men, judges, etc.; dress women (meaning intelligent, society types who can wear smart clothes), pretty girls, homely girls, stenographers, tall, short, fat, and stunt women, maids, character women, riders, dancers, dowagers, healthy children, peaked children, Hawaiians, Orientals, Latins, Nordic and Slavic types.

An emergency call for "one tough mechanic with a broken nose and two teeth missing" was quickly met.

Trained acrobats who can take rough falls and not get hurt; sailors with one eye; a distinguished-looking man with a continental-like "spade beard" who can work as a count or a diplomat—all these are in the cards!

Some of the Tricks.

"These bottles we break over each other's heads in barroom brawls couldn't hurt anybody," explains an actor made up like Jesse James. "They're not glass; they're made of candy."

Icicles of plaster, oatmeal for snow, and gales made by wind machines, all join to simulate winter. To make it rain over a three-acre field in "Little Women," RKO engineers built scaffolding high above the lot which carried a mile of perforated pipe. By this vast sprinkling system it could "shower" whenever directors yelled, "Start the rain!"

In another scene, horses hauled a sleigh across a "snow field" made of half-baked cornflakes. Being yellow, they photographed white. At the same time a battery of 20 huge motor propellers at one side of the field blew the air thick with cornflakes, making a "blizzard." During a pause in the work one horse got at a big bag of extra cornflakes, overate, was foundered, and a movie veterinarian had to give first aid. Just then an actor, bundled up to face the "cold," got a sunstroke!

Among strange sights here is an Eskimo village with igloos, ice fields, and all. Five hundred men used tons of white plaster to make this set. It saves the cost of sending actors up North.

Realism of "Berlin."

"Berlin" was only about 150 feet from "Mexico" on the Universal lot. "Rain" poured down in a Berlin street where actors in "Little Man, What Now?" walked along in raincoats, carrying umbrellas; cab horses pawed the water, and boys pedaled along on glistening-wet bicycles. From out in the dry a director called his orders.

For verisimilitude an exact model of a Berlin street car, all painted with bona fide names and numbers, clattered along under its own power. About a kiosk, or newsstand, draped with illustrated German weeklies, a group of old German types recruited from Los Angeles lodging houses talked in German about German politics.

Barely a stone's throw away, on another "set," a cowboy actor, the idol of small boys the world over, was struggling through Mexican border brush a few jumps ahead of a Texas sheriff.

Any kind of scenery desired, from Alpine to Sahara, can be found or easily manufactured somewhere in southern California.

To film an Australian drama, some rolling plains were wanted like the terrain near Melbourne, where the principal action of the story took place. They were found in Los Angeles county.

Sometimes, however, nature plays a joke. Once rain interrupted the shooting of some scenes where were used big leafless gum trees. Two weeks later, when the actors went back to complete that scene, the trees had leafed out. In order to match the old setting, the trees had to be picked like chickens, which made a two days' job for 20 men.

From snow scenes in mountains back of Hollywood to seaside set-ups is only a three hours' drive. "Covered Wagon" was filmed on a ranch near Burbank, now seldom used because two air lines fly over it and the roar of planes spoils sound effects.

Near Santa Monica is an almost perfect bit of Cuba.

About Oxnard is a made-to-order Sahara. The "Alps" are in San Bernardino county, and the fishermen's village on the Los Angeles harbor has often been pictured as "Southern Italy."

POULTRY FACTS

USE LAYING FEED FOR SUMMER EGGS

Safest Way to Make Profit, Poultry Man Says.

By Leon Todd, Extension Poultryman, Purdue University.—WNU Service.

If the healthy flocks of laying hens receives a balanced laying ration through the summer, they should return a profit. To discontinue the feeding of a laying mash would cause most of the flock to go out of production and then into a molt. The feeding of a laying ration will also make it easier and more practical to select the poor producers.

Since most farm flocks did not lay many eggs last fall or early winter, it is possible that the same flocks will give a slightly heavier production this summer if they are properly fed and have good care. Records from farm flock owners co-operating with the Purdue poultry extension division show that it is possible to make a good profit from summer egg production, provided the flocks get a balanced ration and the poor producers are eliminated.

When the flock is properly fed it is not difficult to select the poor layers. They are the first to go out of production during the summer and will soon be moulting. If some of the birds are to be kept over for the second year, it is wise to make those selections during the summer.

Usually the same ration which was fed during the winter is also used to keep up summer production. The one exception is that the birds will consume less grain during the warm weather. One should not forget to provide oyster shells and plenty of clean fresh water.

Pullets Need Green Crop When Released on Range

Wherever possible a succulent green crop should be available for the pullets when they are released on the range, and the pasture preserved and utilized to the best advantage throughout the summer. The ideal system would be to confine the birds in a fairly small section at a time and move them periodically throughout the summer, keeping the crop cut or grazed by live stock in advance, so that only fresh new growth would be available to the pullets. In practice, a similar result can be achieved by running a two-year crop rotation so that the land is free of poultry every other year. Within the area allotted for the year's use the house may be moved to a new position several times during the summer. If this is not feasible, then the feed hoppers should be moved, say 15 or 20 feet every few days, so as to induce the birds to spread over the entire field, instead of congregating on one spot.

Give Hens Wet Mash

If the poultry flock has a late-summer laying slump, feed a wet mash. If skimmilk is available use it in the regular laying mash, or use semi-solid buttermilk at the rate of two pounds to the hundred of mash. The hens should have only what they will clean up in 20 minutes. It is best to feed the wet crumbly mash late in the afternoon, just before the night feeding of grain. At the New York State college two pounds of tobacco dust is added to each 100 pounds of mash as an aid to control intestinal worms and coccidiosis. Tobacco dust should be guaranteed to contain 1 per cent of nicotine sulphate. When the mash is being fed no change should be made in the regular routine of flock management.

Have Sufficient Nests

A sufficient number of nests in the laying house is necessary to prevent crowding on the nests which may result in broken or soiled eggs, says B. C. Henderson, poultry extension specialist of the Pennsylvania State college. In a recent survey conducted in one of the Pennsylvania counties it was found that most of the producers were providing too few nests for their birds. Forty-four per cent of producers were using 10 to 12 nests for 100 birds, 29 per cent were using 13 to 15 nests, and 12 per cent were using over 20 nests.

With the Poultrymen

Culling hens should begin early.

• • •

It takes from eight to eleven months to properly develop and finish a capon.

• • •

Since young turkeys grow faster than young chickens, their feeds should be higher in protein.

• • •

Limberneck is caused by the birds eating decayed animal or vegetable material which is highly poisonous to them.