

YOU NEVER KNOW

By AMY CAMPBELL
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WNU Service.

LOIS moving in and out among the homegoing crowds was suddenly filled with expectancy. It was not quite sensible to be so stirred by the mental reiteration of a certain phrase.

Not a spoken one caught in the conversations of the street.

Not one from business slogans traced in electric signs.

Merely a small group of words that just flashed across her ordinary thinking.

Oddly and like a flash, something within her was saying right in the middle of her arithmetic—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

As she walked cautiously through the wet streets, trying to avoid spattering her stockings, this new phrase kept coming between everything she was thinking until, with a certain quality of impatience, she paused mentally to charge back at the inner voice—

"And what happened if she did turn the corner?"

Her mind was an instant blank.

This annoyed her into further challenging—

"Who turned the corner, and what for—and all the rest—go on—"

But there was "emerging a helplessness within her for further suggested adventure.

Her feet growing hot and tired in rubbers, she stopped to have coffee at a small shop. She opened her evening newspaper and at once in the daily verse, there leaped to greet her eyes:

"You never know what's waiting just around the bend—
You'll maybe find a dollar or a brand new friend."

Lois knew that the little lost phrase had significance and solution.

Just as you turned the corner you found something.

She almost sparkled as she stepped again into the night.

Rain still came in steady showers but she was not hungry or tired now so why go home?

She turned to the nearest talkie, and did not realize that she was really turning a corner.

Her parasol tangled instantly with another and when she peered under and around to see what she was doing, there was Jerry Karn from whom she took dictation every day of her life.

He was getting ready a courtly apology, having seen only the really lovely, tapering feet and slender ankles that belonged to Lois.

At that moment the phrase returned to her mind, fairly singing to her—

"Just as she turned the corner—"

It persisted with lifting inflection, giving her honest eyes, peering beneath her green parasol under the rim of her small green hat, a charming and waiting excitement.

Jerry's words were heady with adventure—"Well, of all luck."

Lois smiled bewilderingly. It was all too wonderful.

Jerry, with eyes that had never particularly lighted for her, smiling as if they had a date and had met a little sooner to his big delight.

"Going somewhere?" he asked foolishly.

"No place in particular. Just thought I might get out of the rain in the Palace."

"Come on," he said, taking charge of her.

Desperately proud of his tall rightness, of herself, she waited to be claimed after he bought the tickets.

He huddled low in the seat to look directly into her eyes, hunching one shoulder lower for the smallness of her, saying:

"Do you know, I've always wanted to talk to you."

She listened to the inner voice—prodding to breathlessness—and believed him.

Well, this was what happened when at last the phrase was complete—just as you turned the corner you found yourself running into Jerry this gorgeous way and his eyes fairly asking where'd you keep yourself up till now.

No other man in the world could teach any girl how to talk to Jerry.

Lois could only smile, thinking many things back of her answering eyes—saying Oh yes—and I know—and did you really?

And they whispered because the ushers were vigilant for silence.

Afterward she recaptured everything he had said, counting the words like jewels, touching them with tremulous dissection—"Never noticed you'd play before. Saw you working as if you were a machine. Am I keeping you from watching the picture?" a steady wonder of words from Jerry who until tonight had only uttered little courtesies and business phrases.

As they went out he hummed the theme-song, guiding her back towards the busy streets, and just in a moment, they turned the corner around which they had met.

She felt a sudden vigor in Jerry's arm, as his hand tightened around hers to halt them both.

"Well, of all the luck," he was saying to a couple of girls.

Margaret and Phyllis he called them. Very great friends apparently.

He introduced Lois and the girls looked her over ominously.

She felt them holding her guilty of something and then Jerry was hailing a taxi.

"We'll just drive Lois home," he was saying

And all the way home the two girls talked to him and Jerry talked back to them and Lois listened only vaguely because now she was lost again and shy.

"Oh, here we are so soon!" Jerry announced as the car stopped and he slipped out to take Lois to her door.

"Some other night, Lois," he murmured carelessly and disappeared so quickly she stood on the step a moment wondering, under her flat green parasol if he had only been part of a dream.

The next day Jerry was late at the office and Lois did not look up as he passed her desk.

His buzzer sounded and she stole in to take his dictation with a sense of dread.

Of course he would read in her eyes that she had thought about things into the night—remembering him—counting his words like jewels—wishing they had not gone back around the corner and met the others.

Oh, wanting him desperately to tangle his umbrella with her parasol before ever it rained again.

"Good morning," he said abstractedly, not looking up.

"I'm late. We'll have to work fast." She settled herself for rapid copying.

Her small hand flew in cool accuracy while the other hand held her place and turned pages like a swift purposeful wind.

She masked herself with efficiency.

When he had finished she sighed, a little out of breath physically and mentally.

He reached over and caught her fingers—pencil and all. "Lois, did I go too fast?"

She studied him coolly, needing her hand instantly to gather up her pencils.

He did not smile as a certain reproach crept into his voice.

"Well, take your time getting the stuff out," and his tones dismissed her.

The inner voice was speaking. "Just as she turned the corner—Jerry—" It stated adventurously.

She stopped typing and imperceptibly stamped both her small feet.

Tears were blurring her notes.

Of course last night to him was just an incident he had forgotten.

Just before closing time Jerry signaled for her.

"Lois," he said, "What are you doing tonight? Can we go somewhere—dinner and anything we like afterward?"

She smiled with a brilliance she hoped was convincing.

"Aren't you nice? But the week's all dated."

"All of it?"

"Yes—"

"Well, Sunday—" he persisted.

"Out of town for the week-end—"

"Monday following—"

"That's taken—"

"Tuesday?"

"Crossed out, too—"

"Wednesday?"

"That's promised—" she faltered.

"Thursday?"

"Well, Thursday I have a permanent date I can't break."

"Friday?"

Lois was blinking with steady monotony to evade tears. Jerry being persistent like this. Even if he didn't mean it. Even if he'd drop her around the first corner for someone more interesting.

"Friday is for my very best friend."

"I thought so—" he answered dully.

"I wanted my sisters to meet you again soon. They could only half see you last night. But that's my luck."

"Your sisters?"

"They'd love you, Lois. Anyone would." he continued, glaring at his desk.

"Seeing you in your little green outfit, looking up from under that mushroom parasol with big, gorgeous eyes—"

"Just as she turned the corner—" she thought rapturously and completed aloud, "Jerry!"

"Who's the man, Lois—tell me—Tell me!"

Each demand beating upon her was beautiful. She smiled wisely, imaginatively now, as if peering cautiously from beneath a mushroom parasol—

"Just try and find out!"

Five Shillings as Rent for Australia's Big Farm

For five shillings a week rent and a lump payment of about \$620 improvements, the Australian government has leased its "costliest failure," otherwise its \$150,000 demonstration farm at Batchelor. The sale comprises 2,553 acres of land at the farm, all the buildings and the leasehold of forty-eight square miles of territory adjoining. The farm was established in 1912 and was a complete failure in most respects. Costly pedigreed stock was killed by pests or bogged in the wet season; the sheep were killed by grass seeds, and dairy cattle died of heat or were eaten by crocodiles. White ants ate the stables, machinery sheds and barns and the soil proved a disappointment. Pineapples, corn and tropical fruit flourished with irrigation. The purchaser will use the farm to pasture his horses in the wet season.

U. S. Embassies

There are 16 countries that have United States embassies. They are Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Peru, Poland, Spain, Turkey, and Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Origin of Derby Hat

The origin of the derby hat is traceable to the fact that the rather eccentric Lord Derby of England caused a hat to be made for himself from a silk hat, with the brim slightly stiffened and rolled.

Fur, Flowers and Velvet for Winter

By CHÉRIE NICHOLAS



TAKE velvet for the coat, top it with one of the swanky fur capes such as every woman listed in the blue book of fashion is wearing this winter, give it a glamorous touch via a cluster of hot-house orchids—*for the answer see the costume centered in the group of high-style costumes here pictured.* Which goes to show that fashion is indulging in habilliment of the most luxurious type this season. Who said "depression"? Well, anyway, sumptuous furs and magnificent coats (rich cloaking velvet a favorite) with boutonniere or corsage of exotic flowers (preferably orchids) is the new deal which fashion's followers are having dealt to them.

By the way this vogue for flower adornment is increasingly apparent. For tailored daytime clothes, one lady-slipper orchid in a gold and silver tube pin on the lapel of one's coat (see thumb-nail sketch in the left lower corner) is in excellent form. Jewels and orchids form a regal alliance for evening. With the new low-front necklines it is smart to wear a necklace, with orchids in the center instead of on the shoulder, as sketched in the right hand corner below. Recently at a debutante party a dress of white billywax tulle with nose-gays of wax-white camellias snuggled here and there was the loveliest sight evening lights ere shone upon. The flower vogue also extends to dinner gowns, the flowers in this instance are usually hand made to match or contrast the color of the velvet or other material which fashions the dress.

Returning to a style analysis of the handsome models in the picture, it is plain to be seen, judging from the perfectly stunning outfit shown to the right, that fashion has recognized Russia in no uncertain manner. Cassack turban, high collar, belted waistline, deep cuffs and an abundance of fur, each speaks eloquently in terms a la Russe. It is a stunning ensemble. To our way of thinking you couldn't find

anything smarter in the way of a winter outfit. The fur is nutria, which is of outstanding favor this season. The cloth, which combines with the fur, is a diagonal ribbed beige wool. This model would be very effective in black suede cloth made up with seal or black caracul, or in gray or brown-dyed kidskin with a color-matched velvet wool weave.

The black seal bolero to the left might easily be taken for one of the new separate fur pieces which are so smartly in fashion this winter. In reality it is made as an actual part of the coat. The fur merely tops the cloth sleeves. It would, however, be a most practical idea and thoroughly in keeping with present style trends if this bolero had been one of the detachable sort.

This idea of separate fur capes and stole collars and gilets which look almost like sleeveless jackets with their two long stole ends belted in at the waistline, has much to commend it. With accessory fur novelties including perhaps a high-turban hat and a muff-bag to match, any cloth suit or coat takes on an air of distinction. Many women of a practical turn of mind are taking advantage of this new vogue in that they are having their out-of-style fur coats of past seasons remodeled into stylish boleros or capes or gilets which impart any amount of chic to their appearance without an extravagant outlay of money. However, unless the fur you have is of real value, it is almost as thrifty to invest in ready-mades, for the shops and departments are showing intriguing fur pieces of voguish peltry which are not at all beyond the average budget.

The vogue for big flat fur pockets on cloth coats is also worthy of note. Just to give their cloth coats a "new" look quite a few women are ordering their fur cuffs made into huge pockets which are ornamental as well as useful.

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SHINING BLOUSE

By CHÉRIE NICHOLAS



For restaurant or theater wear, this shining blouse in pale gold with a dropped shoulder treatment is ideal. The full sleeves are styled according to the latest. The tie-collar is, new, too, and very flattering. It is worn with a floor-length skirt of black crepe. For evening with glittering blouse or tunic floor length, the slightly trailing black crepe skirts are latest.

FINE FURS USED AS LINING FOR COATS

Some of the finest furs this winter have taken to cover. Time was when the cheapest, ugliest furs were underneath cloth coats for linings. It made them cost less, of course, even though we were a bit ashamed to let the hems flap out so that the lining could be seen.

All that is past now and we are proud now if the fur lining of a coat displays itself to the most critical gaze. Instead of rabbit under a nice broadcloth coat, there is real ermine, mink, even sable. Some of these fur-lined coats are reversible.

Practically all lavish fur collars are detachable. This permits a change of effect that seems to meet with the approval of smart society, as well as of the thrifty minded.

Evening Gown Has Pockets

Like Miniature Panniers
The evening gown with pockets! It was Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli who first concocted this idea. Now, however, Mme. Georgette Renal has elaborated on the pocket situation for evening and produced a most remarkable and practical result.

The Renal evening pocket is a delight to the woman's heart who always is wishing she had her hands free to wrap her coat closely about her without having to clutch a handbag. The evening pocket also routs the nightmare of a purse clattering to the floor amid a shower of lipstick, powder and small change.

Renal pockets are stitched and cut so they stand out like miniature panniers.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake
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My work-room dictionary contains two definitions of prosperity. One is:

"The state of being prosperous; good fortune in any business or enterprise." The other is: "Success in respect to anything good or desirable." Of the two, I like the second better.

I have known many men who were said to be prosperous. They had abundance of money, good health, and never failed of friends to swarm around them and fatten on their bounty.

But "in respect to anything good or desirable," with all their money, they were bankrupts.

It seems to me that a man with a clear conscience, enough money to live on, and with friends who are his friends because they like him, and not because of what he can do for them, is the truly prosperous man.

In recent times a great many people who believed they were prosperous have fallen on what they called evil days.

Their money has dwindled, their health has been impaired by worry over their changed estate, and they feel that they are ruined men.

Naturally, the kind of friends that they have acquired in the days of good fortune, have not remained their friends.

Rats are no keener to leave a stinking ship than are human parasites to leave people who can no longer entertain them or get them good jobs, or come around to borrow a few hundred dollars when the wolf is hard on their heels.

Lucky is the man who has no friends of that sort, but whose friends are of the kind who do not base their affection on favors to come, but upon a genuine liking.

Among my acquaintances is a man who three years ago lived in a vast house, owned three or four cars, went to Europe every year, and belonged to half a dozen golf clubs.

A turn in affairs swept all these away.

Not long ago I visited him in a small house which he had rented. His wife and his children were with him. There was enough in the house to provide them with food. But all the old glamorous days were gone. Yet he was serene and smiling.

"I have learned a great deal," he said. "I know now who are my friends, and who were merely parasites."

"I expect soon to have a job which will support me. My wife and children are here. What more could I want?"

He really meant what he said. He is still under fifty, and with his brains and energy may make another fortune.

In the meantime he is not worried. And if you would suggest to him that the old prosperous days will come back he would smile and say: "They never left me."

I have known a good many men who have had to quit their jobs now and then because they were overworked.

Work Rarely Fatal In many cases these men were overworked, but not overworked.

If you have and keep your health, you can do a great deal more work than you think you are capable of.

But once you begin to fret and fuss about it, it is time you changed to something else.

Either your health needs attending to, or you have undertaken some kind of a job for which you are not fitted.

Work is rarely fatal. If you really try, then you imagine you can.

When I was actively engaged in the newspaper business I knew many men who worked sometimes eleven or twelve hours at a stretch when they had important tasks.

I meet many of them now and then. Most of them are still at their desks and working long hours.

Others have gone farther up the ladder, and have more time to themselves, but they are all of them capable of turning out a surprising amount of production.

When you think that your job is slowly killing you, you had better go to a doctor, who will look you over and find out that it is something else that is at the root of the trouble—ill health—quite possibly taking a little more stimulant than you need to keep the machine going.

Eat enough, but not too much. Drink alcoholic liquors sparingly, and never drink while you are working. Get out of the shop when your job is done and keep out till the next day.

Cultivate the acquaintance of cheerful and kindly people, who do not get excited and peevish when they have an occasion to pack a two-day job into one day and get away with it.

Every now and then let a doctor have a look at you—even if you do not feel that you really need his services.

Above all, be calm and philosophical, keep control of your temper and don't lose your head or your patience.

You ought to be a better man at sixty than you were at forty if you have behaved yourself and kept your serenity.

I know many men of sixty who are even more capable today than they were forty years ago, and at that time they were stars at their job.

Good Seed Curing Means Good Crops

Proper Care Is Important During Winter; Will Increase Income.

By R. H. Reed, Agricultural Engineer, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

Providing good curing and storage conditions for their seed corn this winter, rather than poor or even average conditions, will be worth \$40,000,000 on next year's Illinois corn crop, should 1935 be a normal year and corn prices remain favorable.

This is revealed in eight years of records kept by farmers enrolled in the farm management service conducted by the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, in co-operation with county farm bureaus. In these records, involving the growing of approximately 70,000 acres of corn, the difference between good and poor seed corn curing and storage amounted to 2.3 bushels an acre in the resulting crop. Even average curing and storing conditions cut the resulting crop two bushels an acre below what it was from good curing and storage of the seed.

Two bushels an acre on the average annual Illinois crop of nine million acres, with corn worth 90 cents a bushel, would amount to more than \$10,000,000 in corn returns.

By good curing and storage is meant that the seed corn is dried rapidly and protected from freezing until the excess moisture has been removed. These conditions are not met where the corn is hung on the back porch or in the driveway of the corncrib as is practiced on many farms.

Rapid drying of seed corn requires the use of some artificial heat, unless the weather is unusually favorable. For small quantities, the ears can be hung in the kitchen, or in an upstairs room around the chimney, or over an open hot air register. Large quantities of seed corn may be dried in the farm shop, garage or other buildings where a fire can be maintained. Care, however, should be taken to see that none of the corn is exposed to a temperature above 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Ventilation is also an important factor in obtaining high quality seed corn. Unless the air immediately around the ears is constantly changed, the atmosphere becomes laden with moisture, the drying will be much slower and an ideal condition is established for the development of molds.

Need More Horses, Mules, to Meet Greater Demand

Demand for horses and mules is expected to increase materially for the next few years. Although coat production has been increasing for two or three years, the number now being produced is hardly enough to meet 70 per cent of the expected demand for work stock.

A large proportion of the work animals now on farms are in the old age group, and even if production of colts continues to increase, by the end of 1936 the low point in horse and mule population will be reached, in the opinion of Ohio State University farm economists.

Higher feed prices this year may encourage greater use of mechanical power and may check the anticipated increase in breeding plans, even in the face of an expected rise in the price of work stock.

Feeding Work Horses

Wintering work horses will be a troublesome problem in view of the feed shortage. To maintain a fair condition, work horses need a daily ration of from ten to fifteen pounds of clean roughage such as hay, corn fodder, or straw. Even idle horses, in addition to the roughage, should have a little grain, especially if the roughage consists of prairie hay, straw, or corn fodder. On five to six pounds of grain per day a horse will hold its weight, the amount of grain, of course, depending somewhat on size of the animal. Horses at work need from ten to fifteen pounds of grain per head a day if they are to hold up in weight. Barley can be substituted very well for corn or oats, but it should be ground or rolled.—Missouri Farmer.

Agricultural Notes

The tomato is classified by the Encyclopedia of Food as a fruit.

Unless in a sealed package, honey should be kept in a dry, warm place.

Two-thirds of a pound of dried beet pulp takes the place of one pound of hay.

Canadian western sheep ranges produce from 150,000 to 200,000 lambs each year suitable for fattening purposes.

Every 3½ feet from the barn to the milk house means a mile of walking for the farmer for each cow in one year.

Fluorine compounds with which many fruits are sprayed have been found to be very injurious to the teeth.

Twelve to fourteen per cent of protein in the grain mixture is enough for typical cows fed plenty of good alfalfa hay and corn silage.

Hundreds of acres of vegetable crops were plowed under by produce farmers near St. Louis, Mo., as they found their products more valuable as fertilizer.

World Has Long Known Dates as Staple Food

"Americans who eat dates chiefly as sweets, dessert, or as components of puddings and cakes, seldom realize that dates have been raised and prized from antiquity as one of the most nourishing, satisfying foods in the world," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. "Over 4,000 years ago, dates were raised on the banks of the Euphrates. Inhabitants of China, Spain, and Greece, supplement their diet with dates.

"Persians, Arabians, and North Africans eat them as we eat potatoes. They are the chief source of wealth and the staple article of food in Arabia. Give a desert nomad a few boiled beans, a little olive oil, milk, and some dates, and he considers it a Thanksgiving dinner. In the dry parts of North Africa, dates constitute not only the main meal of the inhabitants, but are consumed by dogs, horses and camels."

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Boat That Made History

The