

'Reville!'

By GRAHAM SAUNDERS
(Released by Associated Newspapers
WNU Service.)

HE WAS just a private, Drusilla noticed, as he lounged easily into the drug store and draped his tall form against a pillar, waiting attention; but she had to admit reluctantly that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen in all her 28 years. And the daughter of a small-town druggist is likely to see quite a few men in ten years of clerk's subsiding.

With infinite patience Drusilla helped old Mrs. Gordon select a new face powder, some new rouge and several other articles of makeup suitable for a 16-year-old flapper, and when the 60-year-old devotee of the modernists had departed she came quietly up to the tall soldier and asked him what he wanted.

"Gosh, sister," he confided in a tone that would have been fresh in another, "all I want just this minute is to feast my eyes on you. I guess I know, now, why I stayed single so long!" Drusilla laughed merrily and then said: "Our ice-cream sodas are refreshing, uh, to the memory as well as otherwise!" and he lounged over to the fountain.

Later he discovered that he needed a toothbrush, some shaving cream, shampoo, a special face soap and a box of chocolates. The latter was the cause of her better acquaintance, as he selected a rather inferior brand in a very plain wrapper and after a swift glance she said: "These are very fine. I buy them myself, and the box is sure to please even the most fastidious girl! You know," she added naively, "so many of us like to keep the ribbons as reminders!"

"Uh—thanks for the tip. I'm a stick in the mud. Have you a large collection of ribbons?"
"Not too many; none that has any especial sentimental attraction, if that's what you mean," she retorted.

Later—it must have been six in the evening—she looked up as the last customer of a rush crowd cleared from the store, and Drusilla was startled to note the large white-wrapped box on the soda fountain table. With a strange thrill she picked it up and saw lettered neatly in one corner her name, and the strange premonition that it was from the tall soldier proved correct, and she paused an instant to ponder how he could have discovered her name.

Opening the package, Drusilla knew a strange thrill as she read the scrawled note within. If she could overcome her scruples against a common soldier on a common private's pay, would she meet him outside the shop at closing time and go canoeing with him? If she would, and Drusilla's eyes shone and her face glowed all the evening until her father finished putting up prescriptions and came out to relieve her. She walked on air as she ran to powder her nose and she laughed shakily as she removed the ribbon from the chocolate box and pinned it with the tiny crescent diamond pin to the front of her dress at the collar. And tucking the box of chocolates under her arm, she went out to the street.

He stood in the shadows, close to her father's shop, and his curly black head was bare as he came eagerly forward to greet her. Ardent admiration shone in his blue eyes as he took her box and touched her elbow lightly, piloted her across town by the big, dimly lit library and down to the river where the bathhouses and canoes were.

Later, as they drifted along under the sweeping willow branches, he hummed, and then at her urging sang in a fine baritone the exquisite words and music to "Girl of My Dreams," and then fell strangely silent. "Why so silent?" she teased, and he answered honestly, "Afraid your boss wouldn't let you off, Miss Dexter!" and she knew a guilty, glad thrill; he didn't know she was the only daughter and heiress to the Dexter drug store—didn't guess she would one day inherit the fortune made by the famous "Bixell" drugs! And then they talked and talked and talked.

"Do you truly have to wait for some one to die for promotion, Terry?" for they had become Terry and Drusilla in four hours of magic moonlight and canoeing!

"Uh, regular soldiers have to wait in line, advancement—but I'll never hate reveille any more!" he ended eloquently as he beached the craft skillfully.

"Why?" she asked softly as he helped her ashore.

"Because I've heard it for the last time, the real reveille, the awakening to life and love and ambition! From now on I'm a civvie, hustling for regular promotion!"

"You mean you'll quit the army and go into business?" she asked.

"Up," he answered joyously, "got to hustle now if I'm going to win the one girl!"

"What will you do?" she asked faintly.

"Sell bonds and make love to you," he said exultantly.

"Do you have to?" she asked softly against the rough tan of his coat as she burrowed her nose deeper into the cigarry-scented wool.

"You don't answer reveille but once, darling," he said, tipping her face up to kiss her tenderly. "Once you're awake you stay awake."

FIRST-AID
to the
SILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN
(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Canvas Decking.
QUESTION: How can I cover a porch floor with steamboat decking? Twelve-ounce canvas costs 33 cents a yard, and 24-ounce canvas costs 75 cents. Will the difference in cost be justified? How should the canvas be laid?

Answer: Get heavy canvas, and buy a kind that is intended for the purpose. The best qualities will not shrink, and they have a water-proofing treatment. You should start with a flat deck of closely fitted boards, with no uneven places. On this put a fairly thick bed of white lead made into a soft paste by adding linseed oil. Stretch the first strip of canvas at the edge of the roof, rolling it into the paste and securing it with long copper tacks put in an inch apart all around. Lay the second strip with its edge overlapping the edge of the first one by two inches. Put paste under the overlap and secure by tacks. Continue in this way. When the roof is covered, put on a priming coat of deck paint, and when it is dry, two more coats of the same, used as it comes in the can.

Silverfish and Crickets.
Question: How can I get rid of silverfish and crickets?

Answer: For both of these insects use pyrethrum powder, which is the common yellow insect powder. Put it in a powder puffer and for the silverfish blow it into cracks in the woodwork, such as the crack between flooring and baseboard; blow it on shelves behind books, and in similar places. For crickets blow it into the air behind pieces of furniture, boxes and radiators, and other places where crickets conceal themselves. Pyrethrum powder loses its strength on exposure to the air. It should be bought in sealed packages, and blowing should be repeated every three days.

Building a Cottage.
Question: Being handy with tools, I am undertaking to build a summer cottage. What book that is fairly up-to-date will give me details and explanations of small house construction?

Answer: The National Lumber Manufacturers association, Washington, D. C., issues pamphlets on construction details, which would be well worth sending for. You will also find several pamphlets in Price List 72, "Publications of Interest to Suburbanites and Home Owners," to be had for the asking from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington.

Problem of Dampness.
Question: We live on the street level in an apartment house built on a slight rise, and 100 yards or so from tidewater. Parquet floors show no sign of warping or unevenness, except in one spot where boards creak and sink a little. Do you think the apartment may be too damp in spring and summer?

Answer: With the ventilation that you describe, I see no reason why the apartment should be especially damp. The creaking boards should be investigated, however, to learn if the support underneath have rotted or otherwise given way.

Plywood Walls.
Question: The kitchen walls of my new country cottage are finished with plywood. Can I use a spar varnish on the walls? Is it advisable to first coat the walls with linseed oil?

Answer: Spar varnish will be all right. I would advise two coats. Dull the gloss of the first coat of varnish by rubbing down with fine sandpaper, then wipe off the dust before applying the second coat. Linseed oil is not necessary.

Refinishing Station Wagon.
Question: The woodwork of my station wagon has weathered dull. Would like your advice on refinishing.

Answer: If the varnished finish is not peeling, wash the surface with soap and warm water, rinse with clear water; then wipe dry. Allow the moisture to dry out for a few hours. Refinish with one or two coats of a top quality spar varnish. Be sure the surface is dull before applying the varnish.

White Paint on Screens.
Question: My house is somewhat shaded by trees, but when I put on the screens the house is noticeably darker. Would white paint on the screen wire help? Would it make the house look crazy? It is now painted cream.

Answer: It would not be objectionable, and would help brighten the interior. Make sure the paint is thin enough so it will not clog the openings in the screen.

Cleaning Reed Chairs.
Question: Is there a good way to clean chairs made of bamboo peel cane? They are decorated with a small black design.

Answer: Those chairs can be scrubbed. Use any cleaning powder in a weak solution, applied with a scrubbing brush and cloth. Follow by rinsing with clear water and wiping dry. If refinishing is needed, use quick-drying varnish.

Bright Electric Light.
Question: Is a 200-watt electric bulb O. K. for reading when used in an inverted lamp?

Answer: It is perfectly safe provided the eyes are protected from the direct glare of the light. The light from a lamp of such size is usually thrown against the ceiling for indirect lighting.

Italy Educates Nomads.
The efforts made by the Italian government to abolish nomad life in the Libyan colony and to transform the wandering tribes into agricultur-

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Remember when the bad boys in school used to give the teacher a nervous shock by producing a spine-shriveling screech with fingernail or chalk on the blackboard? That noise is going the way of the hickory switch as a forgotten horror.

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Workers in Steel Mills Speak Own 'Language'
"The keeper says to turn the water off at the jumbo and open up that bleeder," suggests the kind of order that might be heard around the elephant run of a zoo, but actually it is the language of a steel mill.

Unwelcome Guests.
By MARCIA DINSMORE. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

SHORT STORY.
Two more weeks of rest before the peaches will be ripe." She peered down the road. "Bout time for Homer." The words died in her throat, as a rickety little car came into view around the bend. "People! Homer's brought visitors again!"

Yale University Started By Harvard Graduates.
The first movement leading to the establishment of what is now Yale university was a meeting of 10 ministers at Branford, Conn. Nine of these ministers were graduates of Harvard and therefore it may be said with some truth that Yale was founded by Harvard men.

Oahu, Tiny Pacific Isle, Has U. S. Military Value.
Modern military history has a strange chapter for the quiet, almost primitive, northwestern shore line of Oahu, now considered the United States' outlying barrier against any attack upon the mainland.

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She watched as the five came toward the house. Four extra people to cook for in this weather. And strangers, too!

Homer's hearty voice boomed in the hall. "Come in folks! Mrs. Morse'll be glad to see you. Kinda lonesome for her out here in the country." Lonesome, with 12 working hours to the day!

He spoke to his wife hurriedly. "Met these folks in town, Hilda. Never been here before. Seemed a shame to send 'em to a hotel, so I brought 'em right along."

With angry, hostile eyes, Hilda surveyed the newcomers. A young man and his wife, quite evidently honeymooning. Her eyes softened as she looked at them, but her lips set grimly at the appearance of the other two. Men, probably on the sunny side of 40, who just escaped being shabby.

Homer's eye kindled. "And a bride and groom, mother! We haven't had a bride and groom here since Dick was married."

Mrs. Morse spoke reluctantly. "They're all right, poor dears. But the other two! They might rob and murder us, for all you know."

Homer shook his head comfortedly. "Oh, no, they're nice people. I know they're nice people."

Supper was not a success. Hilda roused herself to be cheerful, in deference to the bride and groom, but her mind was always on the other two guests.

The men had deposited their bags in the front chamber and Mrs. Morse went up in the evening to be sure that everything was in order. Attracted by a glimmer of something on the floor, she picked it up curiously and her eyes widened.

"Now I don't know what that is," she told herself, honestly, "but it certainly might pass for a burglar's tool." And in that moment her eyes were alight with sudden inspiration. She slipped the metal object into her pocket for future reference. Homer deserved to be taught a lesson.

In pursuance of the idea which had been slowly growing within her since Homer first appeared, she tipped into the front parlor, to the old-fashioned safe. With fingers that trembled, she fumbled the knob and found the combination finally.

Into an improvised bag made of her looped up skirt she swept all the safe's contents, money and securities, and, with little furtive glances behind her, stole upstairs and hid the lot at the very bottom of her trunk.

Secure in the assurance that these visitors would be the last, Mrs. Morse slept soundly and rose at her usual early hour. But, early as she was, Homer, gray-faced, was up before her.

"They're—they're gone, Hilda," he said, avoiding her eye.

Mrs. Morse tied on her apron. "Who are gone?"

"The two men you didn't like. I heard a noise and came down. And—Hilda, they've robbed the safe! The deep hurt in his tone made Hilda wince.

"Gone!" she repeated.

"Oh, you needn't say anything. I've learned my lesson, I guess. I'll never bring anyone here again to pester you."

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She looked at him. She realized all at once how much this meant to him, this betrayal of trust. His face looked gray and old in the half light. She laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"I played a trick on you, Homer," she whispered, "and I'm sorry. Everything is safe upstairs in my trunk." She choked suddenly. "And you know, Homer, I like to have people come. It kinda keeps me from getting lonesome."

Growing Tea in the U. S.
About 1880 the United States Department of Agriculture established a small tea-growing plantation near Summerville, S. C., and various varieties were raised in an experimental way. Later the plan was extended and the Pinehurst Tea Gardens were opened and further experiments were in Colleton county, South Carolina, and at Pierce, Texas.

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Workers in Steel Mills Speak Own 'Language'

The keeper says to turn the water off at the jumbo and open up that bleeder," suggests the kind of order that might be heard around the elephant run of a zoo, but actually it is the language of a steel mill.

Translated into everyday English by the American Iron and Steel institute, the order means "The man in charge of this blast furnace says to shut off the cooling system at the spout through which the molten slag runs, and open up that valve to relieve the pressure within the furnace."

The colorful lingo of steel workers assigns special meanings to many common words, producing phrases unintelligible to most visitors to steel mills. Many of the devices and products of the industry are named after animals.

"Pig" iron, so called because at one time iron was cast into individual blocks by running the molten metal from the blast furnace into large trenches from which extended, like a litter of suckling pigs, dozens of smaller trenches, has become a generally used term for blast furnace iron.

A "sow" is the main trench from the furnace, while "motherless pigs" are blocks of iron cast into individual molds.

"Bears" are sometimes "horses" in the steel industry, both terms being applied to the infusible mass of cinder which forms on the blast furnace hearth. The "bug" or "fly" is the small ball of steel which usually forms on the nozzle of a ladle, interfering with the pouring of a stream of molten steel.

"Goose eggs," sometimes called "snow flakes," are small silvery spots visible when bars of alloy steel are broken. They indicate internal strains and tears. A "cat's eye" is a bubble of gas in molten crucible steel.

"Monkeys," both long-tailed and short-tailed, "snakes" and "rat rails" are other queer names for various devices used in steelmaking.

Tree Plantings Provide Low-Cost Windbreaks

The entire cost to the federal government field windbreaks in the Prairie States Forestry project is being kept to about 5% cents a tree or shrub, the forest service reports.

More than 42,000,000 trees in 4,500 miles of windbreaks have been planted at an average of a tree a minute in the planting season. This cost includes investments in and depreciation of equipment, seed collection, rodent control, and planting and care of about 70,000,000 seedlings and transplants now growing in nursery beds.

The government supplies the trees, labor and supervision, and farmers invest an equal amount by furnishing the land, fencing material, and labor in preparing the land and cultivating the young trees during the first few years of growth.

Cost of the prairie tree planting work is carried by WPA funds and all labor is furnished from WPA relief rolls. Technical and administrative supervision is by the forest service.

The trees protect crops and soils for 20 times their height and modify the wind to some extent for a distance of 50 times the height of the trees.

The 1939 plantings brought the total since 1935 to more than 127,000,000 trees over 11,000 miles of field windbreaks on 20,000 farms in eastern countries of the Dakotas, central and western Nebraska, central Kansas and Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle.

Buenos Aires Racket

With the arrest of four men in Buenos Aires, a racket that had for its object a large-scale fleecing of taxpayers has been broken up. The racketeers after establishing offices hired a staff of agents and equipped them with fake official notebooks bearing the national arms of Argentina. Persons behind in their payments of inland revenues were interviewed. After inquiring the amount of capital each business worked with and how much the average monthly receipts amounted to, the agents offered to intervene in the settlement of the obligations, charging fees that ranged from \$5 to \$50. About \$3,000 had been collected before the racket was discovered and stopped.

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Cowboy's 'Dogie'

Dogie is the name given by cowboys to a motherless calf or to any ill-nourished, scrubby calf, and, as a term of contempt, to all cattle. The weak calves naturally lag behind the rest of the herd on a drive and must continually be urged forward. Hence in cowboy songs the chorus frequently has a repetition of "Get along, little dogie," or "Rio! along, little dogie."

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Try "Rub-My-Tism," a wonderful liniment

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Oriental 'Archer' Fish Is Skilled Marksman

In the waters somewhere east of Suez lives a "shooting fish" that can give naval gunners a lesson or two when it comes to marksmanship. This strange creature known as the "archer fish," lives largely on insects which it shoots from overhanging branches with bullets of water.

Even cigarettes have been extinguished by these marine sharpshooters, according to Hugh M. Smith, former Fisheries adviser to the Kingdom of Siam. During his stay in the East Mr. Smith studied these fish in the Philippines, French Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Burma and India.

"Wild fish planted in a large pond in the compound of my residence in Bangkok were under close observation for a number of years," writes Mr. Smith in Natural History. "Of the oriental fresh-water fishes with which I am acquainted in the wild state, none gives such an impression of intelligence and efficiency as does Toxotes (the archer fish). This impression grows on an observer as he notes the purposeful way in which a fish moves about in a stream, canal or pond, the zeal and thoroughness with which it explores aquatic and overhanging land plants for insects, the high development of its sense of sight in both air and water, the skill displayed in dislodging insects and seizing them as they fall into the water, the alertness in avoiding danger and the readiness in adapting itself to life in small ponds and responding to the attentions of persons who provide food.

"A friend of mine, a distinguished scion of the royal family of Siam and an ardent student of fishes, had a residence on the broad Menam, Chao Phya above Bangkok and used to entertain American and European guests with shooting-fish performances. A veranda on which he took many of his meals was directly over the water, and under it Toxotes could be found almost daily, attracted by scraps of fish, meat, chicken and prawn which were regularly thrown from the table.

California Man Claims 'Bubble' Championship

With a seven-foot soap bubble to his credit, Robert F. Warham of Oakland, Calif., who has specialized in soap bubbles for more than 20 years, believes he now holds the world championship for the biggest bubble.

Only one other man in the world, he declared, might possibly have blown a bigger bubble and that was an Australian who became rich at one time in his life by putting on soap bubble entertainments at a Vienna music hall.

The seven-foot bubble, lately blown by Warham, was big enough to have enabled Sally Rand to stage her own bubble dance inside, if it had had the necessary resisting qualities.

Bubble blowing is Warham's hobby and he has developed it to a point where he has perfected a machine, the only one of its kind which has 12 mechanically operated puppets, each dipping its pipe periodically into the suds and blowing bubbles.

"The resulting symphony of bubbles," he said, "is fascinating to the eye as they dance and reflect without coherence the images about them."