

The HOME CIRCLE

Instructive, Entertaining and Amusing Reading for the Whole Family

Descendants of Evangeline's Clan on Move

Like their ancestral Acadians, more than 150 years ago, most famed of whom was Evangeline, these trappers and their families are gathered, awaiting transportation away from the scenes of their livelihood. The circumstances, however, are quite different. Evangeline's clan were driven out of Canada by the British. The descendants brought from their homes in southwest Louisiana to a 90,000-acre tract of marsh below New Orleans by a fur syndicate, as trappers. Only the intervention of a United States marshal and forty deputies averted a massacre when residents of the marsh, feeling themselves cheated of a livelihood, rose up in arms against the invaders and protested with weapons and fire. The Cajans, as they are now called, were mobilized by marshals and gladly went to their homes 200 miles distant. They are shown preparing to depart.

BEDTIME STORY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

REDDY FOX QUARRELS FOOLISHLY

As REDDY FOX sat glaring up at Terror the Goshawk, whose arrival from the Far North had spoiled Reddy's hunting in the Green Forest, he grew angrier and angrier. He grew so angry that presently he walked over until he was almost under Terror the Goshawk. "What right have you down here in the Green Forest?" he snarled. "It's no such thing," snapped Reddy. "You haven't the same right here I have. You belong up in the sky."

That question was too much for Reddy Fox. If Terror had been a four-legged person like himself there might have been ways to make things most uncomfortable for him. As it was, there wasn't a single thing Reddy could do, and he knew it.

"You're a great, big bully and coward," snarled Reddy. You know it is an easy matter to call people you hate bad names.

Terror merely chuckled. It was a hateful chuckle and made Reddy angrier than ever. "So I'm a coward, am I?" said Terror. "Think again, Reddy; think again. It is you who are a coward, not I. I fear nothing and no one. Just to settle the question I dare you to go up to Farmer Brown's and steal a chicken from his henhouse while he is about."

"That's a silly dare," snarled Reddy. "You are daring me to do something you don't dare do yourself. You know well enough you'll keep away from that henyard as long as Farmer Brown is about."

"Is that so?" snapped Terror, and the feathers on the top of his head began to rise in anger. "I never dare anybody to do what I don't dare do myself."

"Huh!" retorted Reddy Fox. "Talk is cheap." He said this with an unpleasant sneer.

Terror's fierce eyes blazed with rage. "I never boast," he declared. "I dare you to go to Farmer Brown's henyard right now and prove who is the coward."

Reddy Fox couldn't vary well back out. He tried to think of an excuse, but for the life of him he couldn't. "All right," said he, "I'll take your dare."

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The End of the Crooked Trail



QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl twenty-three years old and have lived all my life in the country, and I have just made up my mind to move to the city. I am a pretty good cook and that is why I am writing to you. What I want to know is: Do many city people "keep" cooks?

Truly yours,
MARMA LADE.

Answer: They do not. But most people engage another as soon as one leaves.

Dear Mr. Wynn: It isn't that I am opposed to a person playing cards for money, but I would like you to settle an argument between my wife and me. The question is, "Can an honest man play poker?"

Sincerely,
JACK O'DIAMONDS.

Answer: Of course he can, but he won't win.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I know a man living right here

in New York who is a millionaire yet he has been wearing the same suit for the past seven years and looks as if he is broke. I once asked him why he, with all his money, didn't buy a new suit, and he said everybody in New York knew he could afford a new suit, and as long as everybody knew him he couldn't see what difference it made. Last month a friend of mine saw him in Philadelphia (where he doesn't know a soul) and he had on the same suit. How do you figure that out?

Sincerely,
IZZIE X. ENTRICK.

Answer: He said everybody knows him in New York and they know he can afford better clothes, so it doesn't make any difference how he dresses. He probably figures that when he is in Philadelphia he can dress the same way because nobody knows him, so it doesn't make any difference how he dresses.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I have never traveled on a train. I hear a lot about Pullman porters. What are they?

Yours truly,
CY TSEER.

Answer: A Pullman porter is a colored fellow who won't let you step off the train, but insists on brushing you off.

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Mother's Cook Book

DAINTY DISHES

SOME time when entertaining one's friends at a dinner try this method of serving sweet potato:

Orange Sweet Potato.

Cook the sweet potatoes in their skins, peel, mash and season with butter, salt and white pepper. Prepare the halves of oranges that have been squeezed of their juice, by removing all the white inner lining of the skins. Fill them with the seasoned potato and about twenty minutes before serving time place them in the oven to become hot; a small piece of marshmallow may be placed on top to brown or a sprig of parsley used on top for a garnish when serving.

Ozark Soup.

Cover a fresh soup bone with cold water and simmer until the meat is tender, adding salt toward the end of the cooking. Strain the broth and to one quart of the broth add one medium-sized potato cut into dice, and one-half cupful of washed rice. Let cook until tender, then add one can of tomatoes, bring to the boiling point, add a tablespoonful of flour mixed with one cupful of sweet cream, boil five minutes, add seasoning of salt and pepper and serve. For further flavor add one teaspoonful of sugar, a little chopped celery, a pinch of curry powder and a bit of mace with a few dashes of cayenne pepper.

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Fascinating Tunic Dress



Striking in material and motif is this fascinating new tunic dress. The fabric is navy blue taffeta with white polka dots. The suit is closely fitted at the hip and skirt, and cut with deep raglan sleeves, which are turned back at three-quarter length to form deep cuffs. Really stunning is the wide ruffling which is made of self material, cut on the bias and fringed at the edges. Three rows are used on the tunic, another row forms the Pierrot collar, and the same ruffling is used on the navy blue straw hat. A blue velvet bow is caught in the neck ruff, and a velvet ribbon carelessly knotted forms the belt. Navy blue suede was selected for bag and gloves, and matching kid for the pumps.

TO MY CHILD

BY ANNE CAMPBELL

SOMETIME in years to come, when the strong sea of life is threatening, with you afraid, I hope that courage comes with thoughts of me. And you recall the hope that ever made a green place in the desert of our lives. We have made much of little and been gay. When your own disillusionment arrives, Remember love that sweetened every day. I wish I could build love into a wall so thick and high you never would be caught in life's swift eddies. . . . If you hear a call From a far place, it will express this thought: There was no road too difficult to take; There was no task too hard for your dear sake.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

LIFE AFTER NINETY

AN EMINENT French inventor, interviewed on his ninetieth birthday, commented that life is too short. Life, he felt, should be longer. "There are so many interesting things to be done," he said, "so much to learn."

Don't we find it thrilling, one of our readers wants to know, that a man of ninety should be so untiring as still to feel that life is too short? Since this man is an inventor, perhaps he will have an idea for prolonging our lives—and wouldn't that be great!

Sorry to be so perverse, but not for me. From a detached viewpoint, going on indefinitely after ninety holds few charms for me.

And this panaguarian who is not only willing but eager to go on taking it strikes me as rather exceptional. It may be his luck in what he chose as his life-work. Inventing can make the hours fly, so perhaps it can make ninety years seem as nothing. More usually, men and women who reach that age are not "untired."

As for the things to be learned, I should say that what we cannot learn and do before we reach ninety, we are not very likely to learn afterward.

If such powers are to be given to scientists, I should say try to prolong youth—rather than prolong life after ninety. By youth, I do not mean childhood, but the years of power—power of body and mind.

Snow Plows Liberate Stalled Trains



FOUR rotary snow plows were at work on Cumbres Pass, Colo., 10,015 feet above sea level, clearing the way for three Denver and Rio Grande Western trains barricaded by immense snow drifts. Eighteen passengers were marooned in the cars. High biting winds, icy tracks, steep grades, all made it exceptionally difficult to clear the way. It took 72 hours to liberate the trains.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

A NEED FOR SHOES

IT WAS Napoleon who uttered that aphorism about an army "travelling on its stomach." Gen. Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate commander, knew that, too. But looking at the footsore men in gray with whom he was invading Pennsylvania in the summer of 1863, he knew that they needed something else besides food. They must have shoes!

Lee had selected Cashtown, Pa., as his concentration point. But Gen. Jubal Early, leading a cavalry raid into the Keystone state, sent word back to Maj. Gen. Harry Heth that the little town of Gettysburg abounded with footwear. Heth directed Pettigrew, one of his brigadiers, to look into the shoe situation at Gettysburg.

On the morning of June 30 Pettigrew was just about to enter the sleepy little Pennsylvania Dutch town when far to the south he saw a long dark column. Through his glasses he identified it as a large detachment of northern horsemen and, though reluctant to abandon the chance to get the much-needed shoes, he decided to retire.

When Gen. John Buford, commander of a division of Union cavalry, rode into Gettysburg a little later, the citizens told him of the men in gray who had approached the town and then retreated. He knew they would be back, probably in much larger force, but he decided to stand his ground.

They did come back the next morning—this time General Heth's entire division, to get those all-important shoes. So the battle of Gettysburg, the greatest battle ever fought on this continent, began. And the thing which determined that it would be fought near this little Pennsylvania town and make it forever famous was the need of Robert E. Lee's men for shoes.

A STRAY HORSE

PETER O'RILEY and Patrick McLaughlin were busy at a spring near the head of Six-Mile canyon in Nevada, trying to wash out enough pay dirt to keep them in grub. As they toiled at their job a horseman rode up.

He was another prospector, Henry Thomas Paige Comstock. He had turned his horse out to rustle for itself and the animal had strayed away. Now he had found it.

Comstock glanced down at the contents of the Irishmen's "rocker." "You've struck it, boys!" he exclaimed. "The only trouble is, that you've struck it on my land. You know I bought this spring from old man Caldwell. And I took one hundred and sixty acres here for a ranch."

O'Riley and McLaughlin protested at Comstock's "horning in" this way, but he made his bluff stick. So his name went on the location notice with theirs. Later he was to sell out his share for \$11,000. But his bluff was destined to win him an immortality which he little dreamed of at the time.

For the two Irishmen, panning for gold, had uncovered ore which assayed as high as \$4,701 in silver to the ton. There, later was opened the world famous Ophir mine, and there the greatest mining town this continent has ever known, Virginia City. The source of all these riches bears the name of the owner of the stray horse. It was the famous Comstock lode.

UPPER OR LOWER

THEY were getting ready to hold a dance at one of Ben Holladay's stage stations on the Overland trail. It wasn't a very big building so, to make room for the dancers, employees at the station had fitted their cots with hinges, swung them up against the side walls and strapped them there.

One of the stage passengers at the dance was a young New Yorker named George M. Pullman. Chatting with Henry Carlisle, a freighter, he happened to mention what an uncomfortable night he had spent, sitting up in a day-coach on a Lake Shore train from Buffalo to Chicago.

"Why don't the railroads build sleeping cars with beds in 'em?" asked Carlisle. "They've been trying to," answered Pullman. "Some of them have bunks along one side, but they're awkward and inconvenient."

"They ought to see what Ben Holladay's men have done and fix their bunks in the railroad cars like they do it here," Carlisle said, pointing to the cots strapped up against the walls.

When Pullman went back East he remembered this conversation. He began experiments on the Chicago and Alton railroad that resulted eventually in perfecting the sleeping cars which now bear his name.

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JUST RIGHT FOR WEAR IN KITCHEN

PATTERN 9846



This "kitchen ensemble" would make a delightful present for some member of your family—that is, if you don't decide to keep it yourself, after it is finished. The apron, made especially to fit the frock, is cut amply full for protection, and boasts a convenient patch pocket and slenderizing half-belted waistline. The frock has a disarmingly demure ruffie to emphasize its nice square neckline, and cunning puffed sleeves to set off pretty arms. Vertical tucks at the waistline keep it trim, yet provide comfortable fullness in bodice and skirt. Both the apron and the frock are included in one pattern.

Pattern 9846 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yards contrasting.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighth Street, New York.

Smiles

OLD STUFF

"I see," said Smith, "that a famous man has been saying that four hours sleep is enough for anyone."

"Fool!" said Brown. "That's nothing. I've a two-year-old boy at home who knew that a year ago."—El Paso World-News.

Always Undesirable

Wearly Waggle—Why shouldn't I get a hero medal? Didn't I jump into de water and rescue de child?

Secretary (medal association)—But the water was only three feet deep!

Wearly Waggle—Wot of dat! Water is water.

Helping Father Out

Ping—I hear your son is in a fishing school.

Pong—Yes, but it looks like it's going to be my finish instead of his.

There You Are

"Aren't we fools?"

"Please speak in the singular."

"Aren't you a fool?"

THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

Wrigley's JULY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

Wrigley's JULY FRUIT CHEWING GUM