

Russia Builds Strong Force

Younger Men Conscripted but Nation Apparently Is Aiming at Peace

MOSCOW, Nov. 13.—(P)—Soviet officers are drilling discipline into some half-million raw conscripts for defense of the socialist fatherland against the armies of what it calls its fascist enemies.

Military statistics are the most closely guarded of Soviet secrets, but foreign military attaches estimate the red army at about 1,460,000 men, of whom possibly 550,000 are the fresh conscripts of 1937, ranging in age from 20 to 22.

The figures for the 1937 class, composed of young men born in 1915, 1916 and 1917, are based on an estimate that about one-half of approximately a million men examined were accepted for service.

Contrary to the common supposition that the Soviet Union is swelling its army by indiscriminate drafting of whole new blocks of fighters, military experts say the selection of conscripts is made with the country's peacetime requirements in view.

Carefully Chosen

Aside from the physically unfit, who gradually are becoming fewer, thousands are excused from service to continue technical training for industrial or professional careers, or because their work in factories, shops and fields is considered essential to the country's industrial and economic development.

Alarmists see preparations for an attack on Japan or Germany in what they consider unduly large classes of conscripts. Apologists take another view, that the calling of youths of different ages is intended to fill out the lean ranks of recruits who were born in the famine years of the World War, revolution and civil war, when the birth rate was low and infant mortality high.

Soviet officials, however, give an entirely different explanation. Before the new system of drafting was introduced last year, compulsory military service began at the age of 22. Authorities said experience showed that was too far along in life to begin carrying a gun in enforced military service for one's country.

Two to four years of training for civilian life was lost at the very beginning of the adult careers of most men. When they left the army at the age of 24 or 26, to enter farms, factories, offices or laboratories, the acquisition of skill in their peaceful pursuits had been unduly delayed.

Progressive youthening of the army, therefore, was begun so that by calling younger men to service under the red flag each year, the draft age will be established at 19 years by 1940.

Since service is for two years in the infantry and three to four years in the technical branches, the Russian soldier eventually will be no older than 23 when he returns to civilian life.

The estimate of 550,000 men conscripted this year is about the same as estimates for last year and higher than those for 1935, when approximately 400,000 men were drafted.

Foreign military experts in Moscow agree with other observers that Soviet Russia seems intent on avoiding war with anybody. They point to the soviet failure to make warlike moves over the sinking of soviet ships in the Mediterranean, the clash with the Japanese of the Amur river and the soviet Russian attack on the soviet consulate at Tientsin, which Moscow says was inspired by the Japanese.

Yet the soviet press resounds with threats that the red army "will know how to defend the fatherland's frontiers against the fascist aggressors." That this might be no idle threat is indicated by reports of army authorities that the physical fitness of the military classes called up each year is better than in the preceding years.

Teacher Reception Tuesday at Dallas

DALLAS—Invitations are now out for the teachers' reception given each year by the Dallas Woman's club. The affair will be held Tuesday night, November 15 in the club room in the library hall.

An interesting program is being arranged by Mrs. Ivan E. Warner, Mrs. R. R. Turner and Mrs. Sidney Whitworth will be in charge of the decorations and Mrs. Harvey Cargenter, chairman, Mrs. J. D. Peterson, Mrs. Oscar Haxtor, Mrs. Paul Collins, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Cecil Dunn will make up the refreshment committee.

Mrs. Porter Is Hostess to Club

SILVERTON HILLS—Twenty-five members and friends of the Silverton Hills Sewing club met Friday with Mrs. John H. Porter as home hostess. The meeting was an all day affair and a no-hostess luncheon was served at noon. The day was spent in quilting and working on tea towels for Mrs. Porter.

During the afternoon, officers were elected with Mrs. Pearl Porter, the new president; vice president, Josie Mires; secretary-treasurer, Ethel Loring.

The next meeting will be held December 9 at the Silverton Hills community hall.

Move to Lamb Farm

MISSION BOTTOM—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shively and a small daughter moved recently from Woodburn to the A. L. Lamb farm at Gervais. The Shiveleys formerly lived at Eldridge.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

S A P S
Many and fond are the plans we've made
For the welfare of us and ours;
Many said the prices were paid
For the tares that we thought were flowers.

We have seemed to fail, but why the groan?
We all make errors, why, who can say?
A waste of time to our faults condone.
We'll do things better another day.

Many a fall the triumphant knew,
Each giving strength to purpose firm;
They had what it takes to fight things through,
Praise to him who conceived the term!

A fall or two's no cause for despair,
A few small bruises and sore perspiration;
We may at least to ourselves be fair—
Geowhiz and all that! why be saps?

There are times when I suspect myself of being a sap. Frankly, I am rather proud to consider myself entitled to a place in that greenish yellow radiance. There are such nice people who are saps and so many of them. I reckon a person who is proud because he is a sap, would not have a very high rating among those whom old King Solomon had in mind when he said the pride goeth before destruction. Of course, pride in a general sense is one of those things that sometimes bring about a human downfall, and human downfall of a decisive sort squelches pride pretty completely, but still and all there is good pride and bad pride, and there is a pride, so called because there is no other name for it, that is neither the one thing nor the other, and is not worth bothering about, because it is too late to remedy it, anyway. I have known a heap of saps in my time, and still know a few. Mighty fine folks too, most of them. I have never known one to be destroyed because he was thought to be a sap by some of his acquaintances, but I have known a number who were destroyed because they listened to the counsel of people who would be insulted beyond words were they so much as slightly accused of being saps.

Eddie Cantor, in his satire on the New Deal and certain of its offspring—"All Baba Goes to Town," which you have perhaps seen at the Grand theatre during the week—frankly tells the queen of Baghdad that she is a "sourpus" and informs the commander of the Bagdadian army that he considers him a "heel," and both are greatly flattered until they learn what the terms mean in America, and then All Baba is compelled to flee for his life, which he does very entertainingly.

The dividing line between satire and sincerity is a very thin one.

Eddie also suggests in "All Baba" a severe penalty for the infraction of law. He suggests that the guilty person be sentenced to sit through a double feature moving picture program twice.

Gradually we are attaining the higher altitudes of civilization. People are now referred to as saps all over again, perhaps because said to be damphules. But people were mistaken as many times 50 years ago as they are now, only they were not so flighty about it.

An interesting feature of the weekend vaudeville at the State theatre was a demonstration of the latest dance craze, "The Big Apple," by two accomplished performers. I am withholding personal comment. I am of a period in history when the polka was considered violent physical exercise. I hear favorable comment from the youngsters. While this matter is in mind I want to toss a bunch of flowers—not orchids, but—well, pansies—to the Gresham and Blake team, who clowned through 20 minutes of audience hilarity, and would have done it all over again, perhaps twice, could the customers have had their way. Miss Blake led the act with a line of "patter," none of which I remember but which I laughed at heartily, and Mr. Gresham and she danced popular dances thick with burlesque and fell down, and she sang a song, and the team imitated the ventriloquist act of Charlie McCarthy and his father, and altogether it was not so much to read about, but a funny and likable example of what 75 percent of that mysterious something called "personality" can accomplish for a vaudeville act.

The Author of "Trees" Beating upon the request of a reader for information relative to Joyce Kilmer, the poet, printed here several days ago, has come a communication from Joseph M. Foral, Route 3, Salem, which is gratefully acknowledged.

Says Mr. Foral: "Before entering the war, Joyce Kilmer and Alexander Woolcott were fellow-members of the staff of the New York Times. And it was Sergeant Woolcott who brought the news into staff headquarters of the Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the AEF overseas, that Kilmer, an Intelligence sergeant with the 165th Infantry of the Forty-second division, had been killed in action during the Durck fighting. With him Woolcott carried a frayed

manuscript copy, done in pencil, of 'Rouge Bouquet,' one of the most famous verses to come out of the Great War.

"This great poem commemorated 19 fellows of Company E, 165th, who'd been killed by a shell-burst in the Bois de Rouge-Bouquet, Forest de Parroy, Lorraine sector, on March 7, during the Great War. This monumental poem had been read by Chaplain Francis P. Duffy at a service in their memory."

"Later it appeared in the special edition of his (Kilmer's) works put out by Doubleday, Doran & Co. It follows: In wood they call the Rouge Bouquet.

There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.

There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again,
Nor taste the Summertime.

For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dug-out stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Close to clay.

He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And died away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three valleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!"

Slumber wall where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.

Danger's past,
Now at last,
Go to sleep!

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
Salms and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.

On this new-come band
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there.

His starry sword:
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes.
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes rest
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here,
Farewell!"

"At Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on October 31, the only literary monument ever erected in honor of this poet and brave man was dedicated in the presence of an enormous crowd there to do him honor. Of course monuments and small memorials have been, from time to time, erected to his memory throughout the country since his death.

"This bit of information about one of the colorful figures of the last war comes so opportunely that perhaps you'll be glad to relay this information to your many readers. And the poem is so fitting for Armistice day."

STORIES OF Master Painters

by HOWARD SIMON



RAFAEL (SELF PORTRAIT) 1483-1520

To disprove the firmly established theory that genius and madness go hand in hand, there is the calmness and sweet reasonableness of Raphael, who was slow to anger—who was without animosities or jealousies—and who preferred to turn the other cheek. His self-portrait reveals a handsome head with dark, glowing eyes, a true young prince of the Renaissance.

He was born in the year 1483 in Urbino, high in the Appennine mountains where the beautiful country-side rolls away for miles. His father who was an artist of local fame took the boy often to the home of the Duke of Urbino, where they were honored guests.

The palace was at the most beautiful in Italy and the duke, a soldier-scholar, was a devoted patron of art and literature. The child Raphael had access to his fine collection which included some Van Eyck oil paintings, the technique of which was not yet thoroughly understood in Italy.

Before Raphael was 25 he had already painted three masterpieces, the famous La Belle Jardiniere, St. Catherine and St. George and the Dragon.

The most resplendent talents of the age, Bramante and Michelangelo, were in 1508 at work in the service of Pope Julius II, who sought to embellish the Vatican. Leonardo was at Florence, but the young Raphael of whom Pope had heard and whose work he had admired, could undertake the decoration of the unfinished chambers of the Vatican. He summoned him and added him to the painters at court.

For Raphael there was no struggle. He was so attuned that he could learn from his great contemporaries. In Titian he observed soft, glowing color; in Michelangelo, the restless spirit of dynamic action; and in Leonardo the calm approach of the scientist. Slowly and with ever-increasing skill he welded these elements. The frescoes were supremely beautiful.

Hailed in Rome When the great murals for Julius II were completed he was hailed in Rome without rival, except for Michelangelo. And indeed there were two factions. One favored Michelangelo and the other Raphael. The cardinal, Giulio de Medici, was to render the decision, and commissioned Raphael to paint The Transfiguration, and Del Piombo to paint The Raising of Lazarus. Before long, Raphael heard that Michelangelo was helping Sebastiano with the actual drawing of the figures upon the canvas. Sebastiano's weakness, Michelangelo knew, was drawing. The story goes that Raphael with characteristic gentleness said, "Michelangelo compliments me, for he has indicated that I am worthy of competing with him and not with Sebastiano!"

Raphael built himself a fine home, mingled in society and lived in splendor. His school prospered and there was no discord among his pupils who included fresco-painters, sculptors, easel painters, mosaic and marquetry workers, builders, arras-weavers and decorators of ceilings and floors.

Remained a Bachelor The matter of choosing a wife presented a financial as well as a sentimental problem in the 15th century. There is the letter that Raphael wrote to his uncle, Simone Ciara, which mentions among other things, "In the first place as regards taking a wife I reply to you that in respect of her whom elsewhere you were for giving me, I am quite at ease

and thank God continually that I have taken neither her nor another. . . . Up to the present time I find myself in the position of holding property at Rome worth 3000 gold ducats and an income of 50 gold dollars (monthly, since His Holiness our Master has given me a salary of 200 gold ducats for conducting the building of St. Peter's). . . . I find at Rome, a pretty little woman of very good reputation, according to what I have heard, both herself and also her belongings, who will give me 3000 gold ducats as a marriage portion."

But he did not marry "the pretty little woman" nor Cardinal Bibbiena's own niece, even though the cardinal had urged this match. In the midst of a career that had not the shadow of unfulfillment upon it, he was seized with a fever, caught while making subterranean excavations on behalf of the pope. He died in 1520, on his 37th birthday.

Of Raphael's whole of material, John Addington Symonds wrote, "He shunned storm and painful subjects. He painted no martyrdom, no Last Judgment, no Crucifixion, if we except a little early picture. His men and women are either glorious with youth or dignified in hale old age."

His life was the brief and crowded history of a man who was known to be gentle and humble, who achieved success and great fame in his own time, and whose name rings down the centuries as the creator of some of the most beautiful pictures of the Renaissance. Of the whole long series of his Florentine Madonnas, all tenderly wrought, the Sistine and the Madonna of the Chair represent the finest flowering of his genius.

The above painter is among 48 great masters represented whose pictures are offered in reproduction form by this newspaper—48 masters of art in original colors.

They are divided into 12 sets of four, one set a week for only 39c and 6 differently numbered coupons from this newspaper. Each week's set contains a lesson in art appreciation and persons who obtain all 12 weekly sets will get a free collector's portfolio.

Clip the first coupon on page 2 now.

Bridge Club Meets With Mrs. Zeib of Mt. Angel

MT. ANGEL—Mrs. Lawrence Zeib was hostess to her bridge club at her home Wednesday night. A late supper was served after the card playing, at which Mrs. Joseph L. Wichter won the high score prize.

How Does Your Garden Grow? Care of Tuberous Rooted Begonias and Planting of Rockery Chief Questions Now

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

The one question which has come to me more than any other question this fall concerns how to care for tuberous-rooted begonias now that winter is right before us. Almost everyone who has grown these delightful flowers during the summer wants to take them indoors and keep them over the winter. This should not be done.

Wait until after the first light frost. Lift them from their beds, let them dry somewhat and store them in sand in a place where the temperature remains around 50 degrees.

In lifting the tubers, break off the entire stem and foliage about three or four inches above the soil. To dry, lift the tuber with all the soil that will stick to the roots, place in a cool, dry room and allow to remain there until the soil is perfectly dry and the fleshy roots of the tubers have dried. This may take two months. Then shake the soil away, brush the tuber clean and place in dry sand until spring.

Fumigate Before Storing It is best to fumigate the tubers before putting them away. Advised for this is a common washbottle. Place the tubers in the boiler or tub. Place the boiler or tub upside down on a group of dry boards, slip four tablespoons of Cynogas under the boiler. Lightly around the boiler or tub to keep it air-tight. Leave it here for 24 hours and then remove. This should be done out of doors on a quiet sunny day.

Propagation of Begonias To the question of how tuberous-rooted begonias are propagated, the answer is: By cuttings or seeds. Division is seldom practiced. I am told, because the plants reproduce more rapidly from the seeds or cuttings. However, divisions can be made by cutting with a sharp knife when young sprouts show. Care must be taken not to injure the sprouts. The cut part should be left exposed to the air for 48 hours before planting.

Question: When should Abella be pruned? Answer: In the early spring. It is in bloom at this time of the year and if properly cared for, will continue to bloom until severe frost stops it. In early spring it may be cut back almost to the ground if desired.

About New Abella There is a new Abella called floribunda said to have reddish flowers and to be more spreading. Whether or not it is the same as the Willamette valley climate I have not yet heard. I have not seen this shrub but have been told that it is an exceptionally fine one.

"Is it possible," a Salem gardener wants to know, "to have an evergreen rockery. She goes on to say she has heard that the winter time. She reports she has a rather large space for a rockery and wants to know some evergreen plants which do well. Her rockery has a natural setting, she says, and she wishes to know if she can start it this fall.

This gardener is very fortunate in having a natural rockery. Starting New Rock Garden September this year would have been an ideal time, but it can still be done. Much depends upon what type of rock garden one is planning. For small flowers the hepaticas, the native blue violets and the English daisy does well and never give a shabby appearance. They usually settle down almost as soon as they have been there since the winter began.

Heathers, perennial candytufts and the very dwarf shrubs should not be ignored in rockeries large enough for them. Of course almost any rockery is large enough for the heathers and the candytufts. The most important thing is not to plant rapid growing evergreen and can be used quite effectively. Rock daphnes should be used in every rockery. They have nice evergreen foliage and the pink flowers in early spring are delightfully fragrant.

Several of the sedums and saxifrage are good examples of nice rock garden plants. Of the shrubs, Cotoneaster horizontalis is one of the best for the rock garden. It bears pink flowers in early summer and now is covered with bright red fruits.

One of the small spires suitable for the rock garden is the S. Bullata, a little Japanese shrub which grows about a foot high. It bears small light crimson flowers in summer. There is also S. spirea decumbens, which grows but a few inches high. It has small white star like flowers. Small spirea used considerably here in the Hendersons which grows about six inches high. The foliage turns bronzy red in fall. The white flowers appear in summer.

There are also many little bushes which are attractive in the rock garden both when they are in bloom and when they are not in bloom. Among the better of these is the Cytisus Adroinali, a small sprawling plant that comes into bloom in early spring with bright yellow flowers. One that grows about 18 inches tall and gives off a purplish flowers in May is C. Purpureus. The broom, Genista radicans, is a very bushy little plant growing about a foot tall.

Rose is Fine Addition Of course most of you, who follow my articles at all, will remember that I have written frequently of Rosa Rouletti as a delightful little rock garden rose. It was found some years ago in a Swiss mountain village and has been a great favorite since. The little Texas rose, Rosa foliolosa alba, grows about ten inches high and

bears creamy, fragrant flowers all summer long. It should be used more plentiful than it is here. Some of you may have seen the little Rosa sphamea which is native of our own Southern Oregon. It spreads by means of underground roots and forms wide colonies.

Trailing Arbutus also should be grown more extensively in rock gardens. It will soon establish itself in our gardens. It seems to prefer an acid soil and semi-shade. The Box Huckleberry (Gaylussacia brachycera) is also very good in the rock garden. It grows only a few inches high and has white and pale pink bells on—I was going to say in May. That is the time it is supposed to be in bloom. But mine has developed a trickish trait and is blooming again this fall. I am told it also fruits. But while I have grown mine several years it has flowered but never fruited. Perhaps someday.

There are also small rhododendrons suitable for the rock garden. But as my space is taken and as I have had request for cultural directions for these I'll leave them for another week.

Orchard Heights Women's Club Is Entertained at Mrs. C. H. Fisher Home

ORCHARD HEIGHTS—Mrs. C. H. Fisher was hostess Wednesday to members of the Orchard Heights Women's club. Mrs. Grace Bliss and Miss Helen Bliss will entertain December 16 when the annual Christmas celebration will be observed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Kennedy and family left Thursday for Chehalis where they will visit relatives over the weekend. Returning with them to his home was Kennedy's father who has been a guest here for a fortnight.

Assembly Is Held At Keizer School

Students There Rank High in County Spelling Tests, Revealed

KEIZER—Keizer school's first student assembly for the year was held Wednesday morning.

A short business session was held with election of officers: President, Nellie Pearmine; vice president, Chester Emmert; secretary, Armond Carrow.

Rosa Shannon, as Keizer's outstanding track participant, presented the 1937 Marion county track plaque to the student body.

Returns concerning the county spelling test have been received from the superintendent's office. Keizer's standing among the large schools of the county is as follows: Grade 4 ranked second place, grades 4 and 5, first place; grades 6, 7 and 8 third place.

Election Is Held By 'College Club

BRUSH COLLEGE—A social afternoon and election of officers was held by Brush College Helpers at the home of Mrs. Olive Whitney, Thursday.

Mrs. Carl Harritt was retained as president; Mrs. Charles Glaze, vice-president; and Mrs. Leland Wendt, secretary. Mrs. Fred Ewing was in charge of devotions.

The group made plans for Federated Rural Women's club meeting for November for which they will be hostesses with Spring Valley Home Missionary society, West Salem, Sweet Briar and Orchard Heights clubs. Lunch was served by the Misses Irene Cutler, Margaret Ewing and Ruth Whitney.

Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes
By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

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Death by Invitation. By Gail Stockwell. MacMillan. \$2.00. 1937.

"I asked you here so I could persuade you to bring my murdered to justice," is the extraordinary statement Miss Agatha Wellington uses to introduce Kingsley Toplit to the strange happenings which ensue in this detective during a mad weekend at the Wellington estate 17 miles from everywhere.

Miss Wellington, who has been bed-ridden for a period of 20 years, has many delightful ideas, such as inviting a group of relatives whom she hates, to the place for a weekend party, having her lawyer read her will in front of all of them and telling them she is going to be murdered.

Her room is found empty the next morning and blood stains are on her pillow and night clothing. This evidence does a disappearing act. The detective is of the opinion that the playful old lady was murdered, but is in hiding watching the effects of her seeming murder. He is soon furnished with three corpses, secret closets, secret liquor supplies and plenty of motives.

There is no question that Miss Wellington deserved to die. But it is evident that she had not intended to do so at the time she did die.

The mystery makes quite nice reading for those who enjoy good and bloody fictitious murders.

"How Clean Is Your House" by J. C. Geiger and P. S. Barrett in November Hygiene, is just the right sort of article to read on top of a messy murder story. It brings us down to the pleasant, safe and sane things of normal living—such as washing dishes, dust, refrigeration and ventilation. After reading this article we had a strong desire to grab a lot of hot water and disinfectants and go thoroughly over everything we cleaned an hour ago.

The article is filled with such encouraging information as this: "The average housewife would be insulted if she were told that her home was not clean; but experiments carried out on dishes and clothing washed in the home bring out undeniable evidence that the commonly employed methods are antiquated and ineffectual."

In the words of the author, "housekeeping brought up to modern standards is not the simple thing of grandmother's day."

Likely some of us want to answer with the question, "Why not? Grandmother seemed to get along."

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