

MILDRED FEARS GREAT DANGER FOR HER MOTHER

Frank Anderson Hints at Mystery But Says He Cannot Explain—All Night Hike Taken

What Has Happened

The Elliot family move to Eugene, Mr. Elliot planning to join them there later. They go at first by mistake to a house supposed to be haunted, but, after a scare, are rescued by their Aunt Alice. Eighteen-year-old Mildred meets a stranger whose actions are mysterious. She is introduced to him later as the fiancé of her new friend, Betty King. Mr. Elliot returns and tells his wife of receiving threats in anonymous letters. Mildred gives a birthday party to which the stranger, Frank Anderson, comes as an uninvited guest and warns her that she and her family had better leave town. Betty tells Mildred that she is engaged to Frank unwillingly, and asks Mildred to avoid him. Frank apparently makes an attempt to kidnap three-year-old Janice, but is prevented. Fifteen-year-old Clark starts out to spend the night at the haunted house, determined to solve the mystery.

"Clark, did you do it? What happened? Tell me about it quick," cried Mildred when she saw her brother the next morning. She had heard him slip into his room about five o'clock, before the rest of the family was stirring and had been unable to go back to sleep, she was so excited.

"Sh-h," cautioned Clark, looking around to see if anyone was listening. "I didn't get near the house. I was headed that way when I met that queer guy, Frank Anderson. He asked me where I was going, and I didn't want to tell him so I said I was out for a hike and he said he was too so he'd just go along if I didn't mind. Then I didn't, so Mr. Anderson marched right along with me. He looks like sort of a softy so I went out towards Spencer's, over a lot of rough ground, etc., thinking I could shake him. Well, not much could I! Wherever I went he came right along, talking all the time. I sure have to admit he's interesting. But we walked until early this morning, until I got so tired I had to say I'd had enough hiking. Then we came home."

"Good for Frank!" cried Mildred, then blushed at what she had said. "I believe you like the fellow," reproved Clark, "well you better not have him around here much. I don't think he's a bit of good on earth, myself. Well, by golly, I'm going to spend the night in that house or get shot doing it!"

Something New for Freddy

Fortunately Clark's younger brother, Freddy, 10 years old, was very much engrossed in something else, or he would have been very apt to catch on to the situation and reveal his brother's plans to their parents. Freddy had plenty of curiosity about Clark's affairs, but just now he was interested in the purchase of a new suit.

"Hurry up, Mother," he exclaimed as they got up from the breakfast table. "I can't tell you about them, I want you to see them. But I'm going to have a striped one, I think."

"All right, sonny, you get to pick out your summer suit all by yourself this year," his mother promised.

When they reached town he led her to McMorran and Washburn's. There she looked at the very latest thing in suits for little boys. There were novelty jackets in dark and light blue, green, brown, and stripes, jauntily made, with brass buttons. Sold separately, but combining very nicely as a suit were knickerbockers of white plaid linen and regular wool golf knickerbockers. They came in sizes five to fourteen.

"Now I guess I look like the big fellows," Freddy commented when he was finally dressed in wool knickerbockers and striped jacket.

"You surely do," agreed his mother, wondering why she had never noticed what a handsome little chap Freddy was before. "I'll let you pick out all your clothes from now on since you do such a good job of it."

Something New and Different

Freddy had seen something perfectly wonderful at school, which he insisted on taking his mother to see next.

"No, Freddy," she demurred. "You'll be wanting me to buy it for you and I simply won't do it. You've got enough useless things as it is."

"But this is different, just come see it," Freddy pleaded.

At last she assented, and the little boy escorted her to H. D. Smart's Jewelry and Gift Shop, 795 Willamette. Here she was shown the very latest thing in writing equipment, the Twin Point. There was a fountain pen on one end and an automatic pencil with an eraser and extra leads on the other. Thus either a pencil or pen was ready for use when needed. Mrs. Elliot liked the new invention so well she not only delighted Freddy by getting him one, but secured one for her own use also.

Secret Mission

While Mrs. Elliot went to look at groceries Freddy slipped off on a mission of his own. In honor of Mother's Day Clark had had an especially good snapshot of his mother enlarged and intended to present it to her. He had entrusted Freddy the important mission of going after the finished picture, as the next day was Mother's Day.

The work had been done at the Baker-Button Kodak Shop, 7 West 7th street, where Clark had secured his kodak and where he had all his printing and developing as well as enlarging done. He had found that this shop gave better and quicker service than any place else, and had become quite a kodak fan since discovering it.

Accident Is Remedied

Freddy found his mother at Jim, the Shoe Doctor's, 955 Willamette. She had caught her heel on the edge of a step and torn it off.

"That's too bad, Mother," he said sympathizingly.

"That's all right," she assured him. "I wanted to rest anyway, and there isn't any better place than

Jim's comfortable waiting room. It won't take but a minute. I'm having a new sole put on one of them, too, because I know they'll do it quickly here, and it will be as flexible and comfortable as it ever was."

Bigger and Better

"Mother," Freddy suggested when they were once more on the street, "let's go see the big Frigidaire. I want to see if it's like ours or not."

"What big Frigidaire?" his mother asked.

"Like the one Daddy was telling about. Don't you remember, he said they'd just put in a great big one at the Anchorage, so that now you'd know everything was as good as it looked. He said they were putting one in at the new restaurant on Willamette street, too."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Elliot, "we'll go to the Williams Electric Co., 25 Eighth avenue, east, and take a look at it."

Freddy found that it was very much like the handsome gray and white enamel one his mother owned, only much larger.

Treat for Lunch

When they reached home Mildred had lunch ready. Mildred was not a particularly good cook; in fact most of her effort in getting a meal consisted of opening cans.

"Oh, shucks," remarked Freddy,

who could be quite brutally frank on occasion, "I'm hungry. Wish we had something good for lunch."

"We have," answered Mildred coolly. "I called the Eugene Fruit Growers, 1480, for a brick of ice cream. Just wait and see if it isn't good."

Freddy's face brightened immediately, and he was more than cheerful when the dessert appeared. For the week beginning May 13 the special brick was fruit pudding, strawberry sherbet, and bi-que tortoni. Bulk special was bi-que tortoni.

Surprise for Father
"Mother, I'm tired of being a parasite," was the startling announcement Mildred made after lunch.

"What?" gasped her mother in amazement.

"Yes, just that. Father supports me and even gives me spending money. I'm going to earn a little something, myself."

"But what can you do, Mildred?" her mother asked.

"I'm going to take a secretarial course at the Eugene Business College summer session. There are going to be two six weeks periods. Registration days are the 4th, the 7th, and the 18th. Sessions will be from eight in the morning until one. They're going to have the regular teachers, and I've heard a

lot about the good course they give."

"Well, that ought to please your father," Mrs. Elliot agreed.

A Little Relaxation

The next day Mrs. Elliot planned a thorough house-cleaning, in which everyone would be expected to pitch in and help. So, in order to be in the proper frame of mind for the event, the entire family went to the Colonial theatre that night.

"Good thing tickets are only ten and twenty-five cents," remarked Mr. Elliot as he looked at the size of his flock when they were all assembled.

They discovered that Monday and Tuesday, May 14 and 15, Olive Borden was coming in the fascinating comedy, "Pajamas." As they all enjoyed a laugh and were equally fond of Olive Borden they decided that they must not miss it. Wednesday and Thursday Billie Dove and Loyd Hughes would appear in "The American Beauty," a picture that they had heard a great deal about and looked forward to seeing.

Friday and Saturday they planned to see George O'Brien and Virginia Valli in their famous picture, "East Side West Side."

Spring Cleaning
Work began bright and early the next morning. In the first place all the rugs, blankets, and heavy winter quilts must be taken up.

"We aren't going to have to heat them, are we?" inquired Freddy, looking apprehensively at the growing pile.

"No indeed," replied his mother. "We're going to send them to the New Service Laundry, phone 825, where we send all our clothes. They do such good work it really isn't worth while to try to do it yourself. And they're so responsible, too. I could trust them with my finest things just as I do with these."

Improvements for House
"I have some things here that are going to look well in a spick-and-span house," said Mrs. Elliot, coming out of her room with something in her hand.

"Oh, mother, aren't they lovely!" exclaimed Mildred joyfully.

They turned out to be book ends of cut steel, enameled in bright colors, with gay designs. There was a pair of red ones for the library table and some blue ones that would look their best on Mrs. Elliot's desk. There was also a pair of book ends for children's books, fancifully decorated with nursery rhyme designs for both Janet and Freddy.

"Where did you get such perfectly charming things?" Mildred wanted to know. "At the Aladdin Gift Shop, 1075 Willamette, I suppose," she added.

"You're right," her mother agreed, and they have dozens of other attractive new ones, too."

Aunt Alice Appears
"My word, what a warm day it's going to be," exclaimed Aunt Alice, fanning herself as she came into the room.

"You shouldn't be warm," replied Mildred, "in that lovely, cool-looking organdy dress you're wearing."

Aunt Alice looked at it complacently.

"No, I shouldn't," she agreed, "and I'm not really. I like it myself it's just the thing for summer. Why don't you get one on this order."

"I've been wanting to," Mildred replied, "but I'm sort of hard up just at present. Do you mind—"

"Not at all," interrupted Alice. "I got it at the French Shop, Miner building. All my dresses and coats come from there. They have a lot of good looking new summer dresses and you'd be surprised at the low prices."

"Then that's just exactly where I'm going," Mildred rejoiced.

Another New Coat
"You have a new coat, too, haven't you?" Mrs. Elliot asked.

"It was so pretty even my husband noticed it. He said 'Jim must be making a lot of money these days.'"

Aunt Alice laughed. "That's where I fooled him," she said. "I fooled Jim, too. I had a spring coat that I discarded three years ago, dyed, and then I took it to Mrs. M. M. Coldren, Miner building. She remodeled it for me in this year's latest fashion, and I liked it even better than when it was new. I have her relines my coats every season, too. This fall I'm going to have that one made into a winter dress. If you really want to economize Mrs. Coldren can surely help you to do it."

Time to Cool Off
"If you're really warm, how about a little lemonade," suggested Mildred, starting toward the kitchen. No one seemed inclined to refuse; in fact Mrs. Elliot applauded the motion heartily as it would give her a chance to show her sister-in-law the new iced tea and lemonade set she had just purchased. It was in crackle glass, cool and green in color. She had had a hard time deciding for there was a great variety of such sets at Quackenbush's Hardware company, 160 East Broadway. They came in crackle, imitation crackle, and plain glass in pink, green, or white. There were twelve types of goblet to choose from and a matching pitcher.

Clark Leaves House
Mildred did not know what to say; she only knew that, in spite of the dark cloud that hid the future her heart was singing. In the gloom she saw Clark slip out of the house, down the street, and knew that he was going to make another attempt to visit the haunted house. He made a sign at her that she interpreted as a request to keep Frank diverted until he got away.

"Did someone go out?" asked Frank, holding her hand tightly. "I had a great time trying to keep your young brother away from the haunted house that night. For heaven's sake don't let him go near it. It's more dangerous than you can imagine."

A sudden, appalling sense of fear came over Mildred. She knew, without knowing how she knew, that Clark was in danger at that moment.

"He's there now," she cried.

Frank started to his feet, hurried down the street, and although he told Mildred sternly to stay behind she ran beside him, the fast eating of her heart almost choking her.

(Continued next Sunday)
(Paid adv.)

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WOMAN'S NAME IS MOTHER



Mother's Day 1928

By DR. DANIEL A. FOLING

(Minister, Methodist Episcopal church, New York, and president International Society of Christian Endeavor)

Woman, thy holiest name is Mother! Mother, not by the number of children you bear, but by the deepest instinct of your nature, by the master passion of your soul.

Mother is the name of woman, whether she bears and mothers her own children or mothers the children of another, or the waifs of a city or the refugees of a desolation.

Call her Intuition, for she has the sense of future events.

Call her Courage, for she is braver than the bravest of the brave. The lonely path she takes into the primal darkness where no man has ever gone, but where every man has come, is a more fearsome adventure than the questing of continents and the charting of seas.

Call her Comfort, for even God could find no richer figure—"As

one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you."

Call her Sacrifice, for she gives her all—body, mind, and spirit; gives all gladly and weeping only that, having given all, she has nothing left to give.

Call her Patience, for in her this grace has its perfect work.

Call her Forgiveness, Aye, call her Forgiveness, and into forgiveness blend the colors, the fadeless colors, of unchangeableness. She is "the same yesterday, today and forever." Heaven and Earth may pass away for you, Sir, but your mother will never move. She will be waiting for you, waiting for you when, hungry and naked, you come whimpering back. All others may condemn you for your weakness and curse you for your sin, but she will piece together your broken life, call it beautiful, and with her naked hands lift your bleeding heart again to God and claim for you His healing.

And Faith—call her Faith at last

to be on next week, but there's sure to be something good there."

"Freddy will know," Mrs. Elliot told her.

She was right, Freddy did know. He told them that Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 14, 15 and 16 they would see Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson." This picture is taken from the famous play, "Rain," and shows the popular star at her very best. Thursday to Saturday comes Lya de Putti (star of "Variety") in "Buck Privates." This is a post war farce comedy of the adventures of two American doughboys on the Rhine, and is something entirely different in war comedies. Malcolm McGregor is also featured in the picture.

Frank Anderson Again
Mildred was sitting on the steps alone that night. The rest of the family had gone for a ride but she had had a headache and had wanted to stay behind. Suddenly out of the dusk a familiar figure appeared.

"Hello, Mildred," said the man, "may I come talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, Frank," Mildred replied, surprised at the strange delight she felt at his voice. It was almost as though she had been expecting him to come.

They talked of unimportant things for awhile, then Frank said, "You don't like me very well, do you, Mildred?"

"Why, yes, of course. I do, don't be silly," Mildred reproved him.

"No," he said sadly, "you don't, and I don't blame you. I hate being a mystery just as much as you hate to have such a person around. Betty hates me because she doesn't understand. And I can't tell her; I can't tell anyone. You know that with one another, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered Mildred in a low voice.

"I love you, Mildred, if you will forgive me for saying so. It isn't fair for me to tell you or to ask your love in return until I can make things clear and get us all out of this terrible situation."

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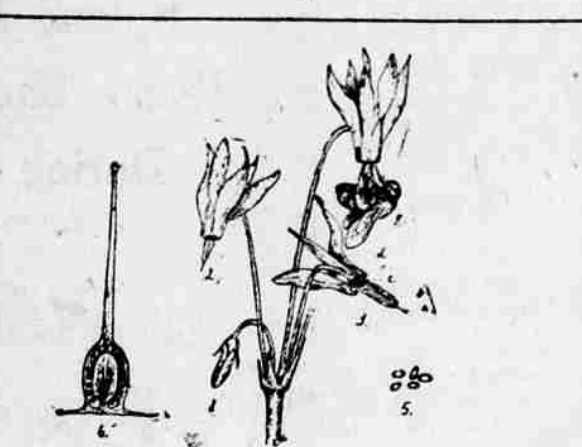
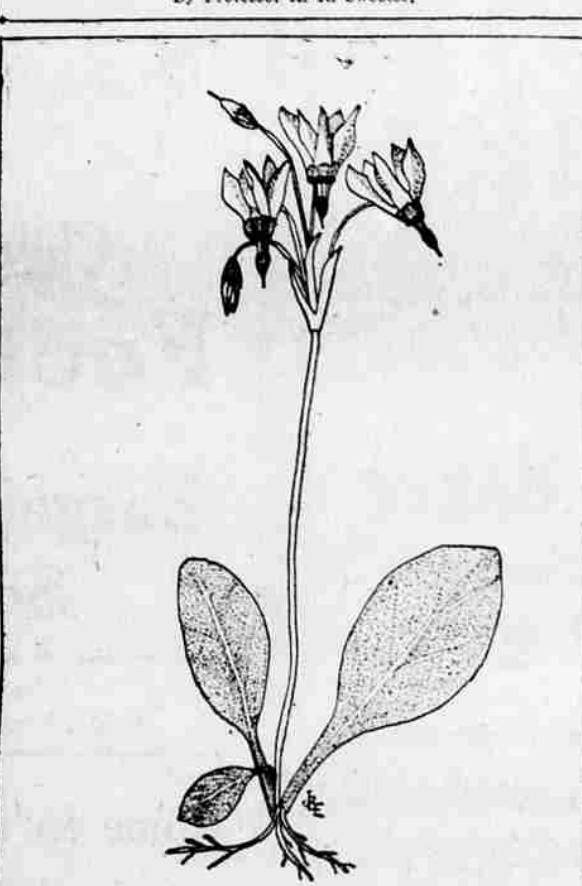
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A FLORAL CALENDAR FOR OREGON

By Professor A. R. Sweetser



Crow-bill (*Dodecatheon Hendersonii*)

The flower illustrated here is the bird bill, crow bill, or shooting star. The upper drawing shows the general appearance of the whole plant. The lower one makes clear the details. 1—An unopened bud. 2—Flower well open, petals and sepals reflexed, stamens bending down, a pistil protruding. 3—A section cut lengthwise of the flower. 4—The clumsy bee after his honey. 5—Tiny grains of pollen. 6—An enlarged view of the pistil with front of egg case removed, showing the little eggs on a central axis and ready for fertilization.

This is the third of a series of articles on Oregon flowers by Professor Sweetser, all of them so accurately illustrated that the flowers may be easily recognized. Teachers should urge their pupils to cut out these articles and save them as they will be of the greatest assistance in the study of Oregon flowers.

There is no one but what admires the high-bred, gloriously-colored cyclamens displayed in the florist's windows. But this beauty has been attained only after long and careful breeding and selection. The grasses of the field companionate with the lowly cousin of these proud thoroughbreds, our bird bill or shooting star. Both belong to the primrose family and are alike in form, reflexed sepals and petals, stamens bending down, pollen inside, pollen receptive stigma slightly protruding. At the base is a rosette of leaves from which arise flower stalks which in cyclamen bear but a single flower while in shooting star there are several on each stalk. One species found in the east is known as American cowslip and in the very old botanical it was called snow bread.

Its scientific name is dodecatheon, meaning twelve gods, referring perhaps to the number of flowers in a cluster which is often 12. The species common in the western part of the state is dodecatheon hendersonii after Mr. Henderson, one of the pioneer botanists of the state, and at present curator

of the herbarium of the University of Oregon.

The impelling urge, the driving force in all things, toward which all vital forces compel, is the reproduction of the individuals and the perpetuation of the species. For this the plant and the animal lives and moves and has its being. This key may unlock some of the mysteries of form, color and odor. The essential parts of a flower are pollen in the stamens, eggs in the pistil, and the problem is how to unite the contents of the pollen with that of the egg, which will then ripen into the seed.

When the thirsty bee comes to the dodecatheon, attracted by color and odor, he must needs find a landing place. He clumsily lights on a flower and holds on to the tube of the stamens, and as the picture shows, the receptive portion of the pistil or stigma extends beyond the tube; thus it will be dusted with the pollen from a previous flower. As he pushes his proboscis down for his sip of honey, he will spread the pollen tube and the pollen will sift down onto his belly and be carried to another flower. This is cross pollination.

But Nature abhors chance. She is determined plant life shall not disappear from the earth. So, if the shooting star fails to attract any insect, then after a time the pollen tube will open and pollen fall onto the stigma, and self pollination takes place.

and to the last—faith when all else fails and all others flee. Intuition, courage, comfort, sacrifice, patience, forgiveness, and faith—these are the seven perfect parts of mother love, mother love, which, next to the love of Christ, is most sublime.

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