MARY AND HER SIXTH SENSE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARY BRENT stood at her kitchen table looking thoughtfully down at the slight array before her. It was baking morning. She lacked everything—eggs, raisins, fine sugar. Any other women would have either wept or called up the grocer. Mary never wept. As for ordering the needed supplies, that was not to be considered. If one could not pay, one went without. Whistling a determined little tune, Mary tok up her mixing spoon.

Half an hour later when Mrs. Bixby ran in for a friendly chat she was greeted with the fragrance of cake, cookies and hot bread.

"How nice your baking looks!" the older woman exclaimed. She accepted a cooky. "Fine! How many eggs did you use, Mary?"

Mary laughed. "None. I made up a recipe."

"You are a wonder, Mary," Mrs. Bixby said. "I don't see how you manage on so little."

"It's all owing to my sixth sense." Mary stooped to look into the oven.

Will and Junior appreciated the fruits of her labor when they came home at noon, the one from work, the other from school. Will was downcast and Mary saw at once that something was troubling him. Not a word of it before Junior, however. Junior must never know how they had to plan and skimp to keep him in the ranks of other boys of his age. Will, therefore, waited until Junior had torn away to school.

"What is it, dear?" Mary put her arm about her tall husband and lifted her sweet, wholesome face to his clouded one.

"The mill closes next week for an indefinite period," Will answered.

Mary turned white. Her throat went dry.

"Of course, we've been afraid it was coming," he said. "Only it's a little sooner than we expected."

"Don't worry, dear. You'll find something. And in the meantime you'll draw another week's pay. Besides, there's what you always call our greatest asset—my sixth sense." She laughed softly.

Will Brent took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You hearten me—you hearten me," he said and went away with his head high.

After he had gone Mary sat down, covered her face with her hands and thought everything over. The mill was about to close and no more work in sight—winter, too, and a severe winter at that. House rent to be paid, new shoes for Junior, food and insurance, and only a small savings account. Will had never been a big earner.

"He will be desperate if he gets out of work. I must think of something," Mary decided.

What could Will do? Work in the mill at a stated task, that was what he had been doing for years. He was not particularly strong, a dreamy gentle type of man who loved to stay in his home when he was not at work. Upstairs he had a room with an old stove in it where he tinkered. Usually all he evolved was a lot of noise and a few shavings, but he persisted at some idea which clamored for expression.

She went upstairs to this room now and stood looking at its contents as she had that morning looked at the contents of her kitchen table. Nothing of promise—a shelf for her plants half planed, a chair in process of mending, a box Junior wanted and a half-finished toy. That was the trouble with Will's tinkering, he never finished anything. This toy, for instance; it was an odd little thing and with a bit more ingenuity might amount to something. She took it in her hand curiously, wondering what it lacked.

"I can't see," she said aloud, puzzled. "But I am going to find out."

She sat on Will's stool with the half-finished toy in her hand for two hours. Now she frowned, now she shook her head. But the idea she sought as unsuccessfully as had her husband did not come.

That night she had a fine, hot supper—scalloped potatoes, cake, hot biscuit. Junior ate with boyish appetite, but Will scarcely touched the food. Mary pretended not to notice.

Afterward when Junior settled down with a book Mary whispered to Will.

"Come on upstairs to your shop, dear. I found something up there today that I'm interested in—that little red box with the marble in it."

"That isn't any good," Will said, gloomily, yet he permitted her to lead him upstairs. Once he had taken up a tool Mary knew that he would happily forget all else.

She lit the lamp, put shavings and a stick in the little stove. The room grew bright and warm. With a sigh of relief she saw Will sink down upon the stool before his work bench. Taking up the little round box with the marble she examined it again.

"I never saw anything like this, dear. Did you?"

"No. The idea has been in my head a long time. I've got that far, but I can't get any farther."

"Let's see." She appeared to consider it seriously for the first time. No need to tell Will about those two hours of silent contemplation. "Now if my sixth sense would only come to my aid I might find a way to finish this." She laughed. "There is something wrong in here—the marble ought to go into this slot—like this, see?"

There was a shout. Will was on his feet, snatching the thing from her hand. His face glowed.

"I've got it!" he shouted.

In a short time the toy was a completed thing, an amazing thing, a salable thing, maybe.

"Well, say! Mary!" Ah, it was good to see that boyish light in Will's dear eyes again!

They ran downstairs to show the toy to Junior. Junior caught the idea at once, was struck by it.

"This beats all the puzzles I ever saw," the boy cried. "What you going to do with it, dad?"

"I've been thinking about that." It was Mary who answered. "You had better have it patented, Will, first thing."

"Sure! Have it patented, dad!" said Junior.

It was the happiest evening of their lives.

The mill closed as was expected, but Will was too busy to be greatly troubled by it. He was in the little upper room making toys like the one he had perfected. Already he had sold two dozen and it looked as if he would have to have help in order to supply the demand. Mr. Finch, who had given up a store window to the toy, was urging him for more. Downstairs Mary sang at her kitchen table. She was making a celebration cake with eggs.

"You're as happy as a lark, I see," Mrs. Bixby said, coming in at the door. "I expected you'd be terribly blue, now that the mill has closed, and with this cold wave trying to freeze us all, too. By the way, what is there about this invention of Will's? Is it going to amount to anything?"

"Of course it is," replied Mary. "It is going to amount to a great deal. My husband," her voice thrilled, "has become a successful inventor. My sixth sense tells me so."

"I'd like to know what you call your sixth sense, Mary?" asked Mrs. Bixby.

Mary laughed merrily.

"Common sense," she answered with a twinkle in her eyes.

Electric Cash Counter

Money flows like water in the Bank of England, in London, where a novel electric machine sorts and counts silver coins and discharges them into bags hung beneath. Amounts of from £5 to £100 sterling are automatically allotted to the proper receptacles, says Popular Science Monthly. Far more rapid and infallible than a human hand, the device measures out the equivalent of $7,500 in an hour.

Combination More Than Fifty Per Cent Good

In a sketch of John Hay by Charles F. Thwing, president emeritus of Western Reserve university, included in his book, "Guides, Philosophers and Friends," is this Lincoln story told to Doctor Thwing by Hay:

"I know that most of the anecdotes told about Lincoln are apocryphal," said Mr. Hay, "but this one is true. In the campaign which led, as it proved, to his election, I was out with Mr. Lincoln on the 'stump.'

"We had a reception given to us in one of the cities of our campaign. In the line there came up a man who, getting close to Mr. Lincoln, said:

"'Mr. Lincoln, down our way, in Buffalo, we kind o' think if we can have you and God we can pull the old thing through.'

"Getting close, himself, to the man, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"'I kind o' think you are more than half right!'"—Kansas City Star.

FRIESLAND HOME OF WONDERFUL CATTLE

Netherland Province Celebrated Dairy Center.

Washington.—"The province of Friesland, in the Netherlands, which recently held an agricultural fair at the provincial capital, Leeuwarden, is one of the most important dairying regions of Europe," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. "Black and white Friesian cattle, a breed known in America as Holstein-Friesian, have found their way into most of the milk and butter countries of the world.

"Friesian cattle were mentioned by the Roman historian Tacitus as being of importance as early as the year 28 A. D. Perhaps because of this early start, or by reason of the favorable location of the province in regard to industrial cities of northern Europe, Friesland farmers have grown prosperous through many years of furnishing their neighbors with butter and cheese.

Grazing Land Below Sea Level.

"This northern province of the Netherlands lies between that arm of the ocean known as the Zuyder Zee and the North sea. It is bordered by a rim of dikes and high sand dunes behind which the country is so low that were these dikes to break the entire province would be submerged. During the summer months the climate of this low, flat plain is mild and pleasant. Canal-bordered fields are filled with black and white grazing cattle.

"In winter, however, weather conditions are often severe. Storms of wind and rain may lash over the land for days. The necessity for feeding and warming milk cows during such periods has developed a style of domestic farm architecture peculiar to Friesland. Barn and dwelling are under one roof, which rises high into the sky in order to provide loft space for the immense amount of hay needed as cattle feed during the long winter. The whole gives the appearance of a one-story cottage pushed low into the earth by weight of an immense pointed roof, which reaches above the tops of the tall trees lining the roadway.

"A hall separates the living quarters of the farmer's family from space set aside for cows, which, as a rule, is the larger portion of the house. Visitors testify that these barns are spotless and odorless. Each stall is sanded and has a window of its own, inevitably decorated with a fresh white window curtain. Every cow has a bath daily and many of their tails are tied up with ribbon.

"There is always a milk room or dairy, equally spotless, with scrubbed tables and benches and shining brass utensils. Such immaculate cleanliness is obtained by much wielding of the scrub brush on the part of female members of the household.

"Friesian woman are noted for robustness of stature and freshness of complexion. The provincial costume is still almost universally worn in the country. This dress of many petticoats and tight bodice is surmounted by a head covering of unique splendor. A gold casque with spiral ornaments over either temple is covered with a cap of finest lace, bordered with a frill across the back of the neck. The gold portion of this headdress is one of the most valued treasures of every provincial maiden, being often a present of father or fiance, or else a result of the savings of years. Less fortunate maidens have to content themselves with casques of gold plate or of silver. Even the threat of baldness from so tight a head covering has not sufficed to deter Friesland belles from wearing their native millinery. It is said that some go so far as to cut off their tresses in order to produce the fashionable round shape to the head.

Bright Colors Prevail.

"Like the rest of Holland, woodwork in Friesland is painted in the brightest of reds, yellows, blues and greens, perhaps to compensate for the general grayness of the atmosphere. Walls and floors are tiled in bright colors whenever possible. Heat is obtained by open fires of coal or peat, or, of late, by the more modern gigantic Dutch stove. Before this center of household life the Friesland farmer smokes on long winter evenings and plans for the butter and cheese of another year.

"Friesland cattle raisers are noted for their hospitality, which is especially enjoyed by English or American visitors because of the fact that many words of the two languages are the same. 'Good butter and good cheese, is good English and good Friese,' is an ancient proverb that can be understood by both peoples.

"Friesian dialect is said to have many expressions similar to the highland Scotch. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that there are always Scotch buyers at the Friesian cattle fairs which for many years have furnished blooded dairy stock to the markets of the world."

Magpies Attack Children

Canberra, Australia.—Police of the recently established capital of Australia have been required to add hunting to their ordinary duties because of the invasion by wild magpies.

The savage birds, as if resenting the invasion of their domain, have attacked the children of government officials.

Just because a man has electricity in his hair is no excuse for telling him that his hair is hooked up to dry cells.

Paris has a dog beauty parlor. Maybe some of the dogs will get more for their money than some of the women.

Another and easier method of reducing the waistline is to talk the wife into joining an afternoon bridge club.

Mrs. Holcombe's Technique

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright.)

"IT'S a lie! The wicked don't flee and they aren't punished either!"

Clarice Mackay burst into the room and dug her little fingers into the palms of her hands to keep from screaming.

"Have you lost your mind?" asked Alice Dalmain, calmly looking at her roommate. "For a bachelor girl you certainly lack the poise that is part of our creed."

Clarice merely gave her friend a withering glance, flung her hat on the table and herself into the deep chair by the window.

"But it's the third time this week!" she said after a moment.

"What's the third time this week?" asked Alice, glancing across at the slender little figure so fashionably clad in black georgette. Clarice was a lovely girl, Alice reflected, but terribly lacking in poise and so utterly dependent upon Jack Withers for her happiness, Alice amended more fairly.

"You know that little widow, Mrs. Holcombe?" Clarice went on. "Well, she was at the dance the other night and I like an idiot introduced Jack to her, and the minute she spoke to him I knew it was all up with me. I could see him falling for her right on the spot. She has that pitiful little girl oh-I'm-too-little-and-frightened-to-cross-the-street-alone manner about everything she does. Oh, her technique is perfect. Don't fret, she's got him bound and gagged. I've seen her with him three times this week and I'll bet he's spent more money on her already than he has on me in all the two years he's known me. She's deadly. That's the dreadful part about it. If it were some little lonely girl I could almost resign myself thinking about how happy Jack was making her, but that thing goes after every man in sight. I know her! And when she sees me she's so sweet to me I could kill her; drags me into the drug store and treats me and gushes over me and simply ignores my icy manner. It's impossible to squelch her. Oh, Alice, I'm so wretched I could die! And the worst is she's so attractive and vampish she could marry anybody, and then to go and take Jack away from me, and after I'd introduced him to her. She hasn't a conscience or a heart."

"Never mind, honey," soothed Alice. "Don't you pay any attention to her, and when Jack comes around be just as nice to him as ever. He'll get over it. A girl of that type can't hold a man—that is, not a sensible man—long. They'll all fall for her at first, but they soon find out there's nothing to her. He'll get over it before long."

"Get over it?" sneered Clarice. "You ought to see the adoring way he looks at her. He's head over heels in love with her, and she's just pulling him along for all she's worth."

"I wouldn't be too sure," said Alice, "and I'd let him see me with other men every chance I got. I'd go to dances and movies and anywhere I could."

"What heart have I to do anything?" said Clarice with exasperation. "I only want to die!"

But all the same she did take Alice's advice and a few weeks later found herself one evening at a party, one of a dozen guests, among them Jack and Mrs. Holcombe. Jack's manner was strained and he seemed embarrassed in Clarice's presence, but the little widow was her usual gay, playful self. When she saw Jack talking to Clarice she went over to him and tugged at his arm.

"Naughty boy," she teased. "Come away. You brought little Evelyn to the party and not Miss Mackay. I won't love oo any more, ever, ever again!"

Jack flushed and looked silly. Somehow he felt that she had made a fool of him in the presence of his erstwhile sweetheart.

"Isn't he naughty, naughty, Miss Mackay?" she said, looking mischievously at Clarice.

"I don't think so," the girl answered in her most cheerful manner. "I think he's nice."

"Thanks, Clarice, you always were a trump!" said Jack warmly.

For the first time in Mrs. Holcombe's shallow little life she felt defeated. With a toss of her golden head she turned away from the two and joined another group across the room. Clarice was happier than she had been in weeks. She put a gentle hand on Jack's arm.

"You'd better go back to her, dear," she said kindly. "After all, you are her escort tonight."

"Yes, but darned if I'll ever be again. That is, if you'll take me back—for keeps this time," he said, turning away and going toward the widow.

The next day he called Clarice Mackay for a date, and now certain that she had won him back she told Alice all about the little incident of the night before.

"It seems to me the wicked generally punish themselves," said Alice thoughtfully. "She cooked her own goose that time by making him appear ridiculous in public."

"Maybe so," sighed Clarice, "but now I've got him back I don't care about anything."

The Slandered Wife

"My wife's as virtuous as a cloud-bank full o' angels," sez ol' Lem Lentil, "but she's got the 'gimme's' and that's why I call her a wantin' woman"—Farm and Fireside.

Quite often the steps that a married man takes toward getting a divorce are on the dance floor.

Unhappiness comes from not knowing what we want and killing ourselves in an attempt to get it.

"Papa," cried little Willy, who had discovered a large stuffed lizard in the museum, "where's his lounge?"

It is said that the original of Little Fauntleroy now is fat and bald. In any event he got rid of those curls.

Gulf Stream's Width Put at Fifty Miles

The Gulf stream flows out of the Gulf of Mexico between the coast of Florida and the Bahamas, and then northeastwardly along the American coast. Its width, in the narrowest portion, is about fifty miles, and its depth some 2,000 feet. After it has passed between the Bermudas and the coast of Carolina it is divided into several streams, about 100 fathoms deep and altogether 150 miles wide. Its temperature up to this point is several degrees warmer than that of the surrounding ocean.

Beyond the 40th parallel of north latitude and the meridian 60 degrees west, the Gulf stream can no longer be distinguished from the rest of the ocean drift by temperature, motion, color, saltiness or otherwise. It has no further separate existence, but is lost in the general drift of warm water from the southwestern Atlantic toward Europe—a general phenomenon having little or nothing to do with the Gulf stream proper.

When it comes to a question of vaccination or vacation, leave it to the school child to have a well-established opinion.

We need not fear the possibility of this becoming a land of pessimists so long as people go to picnics without their raincoats.

When the word "dude" was in flippant use, the term "lady killer" had a somewhat debonair significance. Now it means only another case for the grand jury.

An English plumber has been made a Knight of the Bath"—item. What we invariably wonder is whether a Knight of the Bath is ever called "Saturday" for short.

Everybody in Italy is expected by Mussolini to have regular working hours. He has not gone quite so far, however, as to require the king to punch a time clock.

It may yet come to the point where a successful aviator will have to keep a wheelbarrow by him in which to move his decorations.

Then there is the type of dear thing who thinks it is a very lovely frock indeed and would buy it if it cost $25 more than it does.

"My wife and I had such a splendid time in Paris," confessed the returned traveler, "that neither of us remembered to get a divorce."

Archeologists have discovered that the ladies of ancient Rome had corns on their feet. So, they must have walked back from chariot rides.

A city without a proper landing field for aircraft is as far behind the times as the town that used to struggle along without a freight yard.

Who can remember when Sunday was a day of rest?

A fishing worm in the hand is worth 5 cents at a summer fishing resort.

The next men to break into the millionaire class will be those selling airplane stock.

One fly can carry 6,000,000 germs, but he doesn't always take the trouble to do it.

With shorter days almost around the corner it's time to begin getting ready for winter.

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Federal Power Commission

In compliance with the Federal water power act (41 Stat., 1063) notice is hereby given that the Deschutes Falls Power Company, Carson City, Nevada, has filed an application for a preliminary permit for a power development at Sherar Falls, Deschutes river, in Sherman and Wasco Counties, Oregon. Any objection to such application or request for a hearing thereon, together with any briefs, reports, or other data for which consideration is desired should be submitted to the Executive Secretary, Federal Power Commission, Washington, D. C. 8t-d9j27

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

In the matter of the Estate of William Schlias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the above entitled court his final report and account of his administration of said estate and that Monday, the 13th day of February, 1928, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day has been by order of the court appointed as the time and the county court room in the court house at Moro, Oregon, as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated and first published at Moro, Oregon, this 13th day of January, A. D. 1928.

ROY KESSINGER
Administrator of said estate.
W. C. Bryant, Attorney.
Last publication February 10, 1928.

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