

Ramblings of a Foot Creeper

APTOS, Calif.—Yes, "Lizzie" is gone. Dear old girl, now we loved her! How many delightful rides we had together, and how many times she provoked me sorely! But now she's gone. Farewell, dear girl, farewell!

This is the way it came about. I had thought to breathe my last in Lizzie's arms, but fate decreed otherwise. I had had her limitations. I had often picked up my daughter and eight grandchildren and found room for them in the car along with myself and wife, and it seemed Lizzie was good for anything one might ask. But I hadn't tried climbing. That's different. Every time we stop a few weeks in one spot my wife wants to buy something. In vain I protest. Where will we carry it? She says it. When we start to load again I throw away everything that I dare to, when she isn't looking, but still the load grows bigger and bigger. Lizzie made no protest, she would struggle up the mountains and always make the top, except when I let the oil in her liver run too low. But still she had limitations. And when we made our last move I wish you could have seen our car. If the Tribune was in the habit of using cartoons and ran a true picture with this story you would take it for a cartoon.

But the rainy season is on. We had two good rains the first week of this month. Today, Thanksgiving, I am sitting out of doors in bright sunshine as I write. It is delightfully mild and the hills are getting green after months of brown. But more rain is possible at any time, and it might catch us on the road. Some of our stuff might get wet. Wife issued the mandate, it's got to go inside the car. I went to poor Lizzie and told her of the decree, which like "the laws of the Medes and Persians" uttereth not, and asked if she was equal to it. She shook her head sadly, and I saw a tear glisten in her eye. "But, Lizzie," I said, "the decree uttereth not." Still not a word, she only shook her head, and I saw two big tears fall on the ground with a splash. My heart was throbbing violently. Not daring to stay longer I turned away. We had to have a bigger car. Lizzie did have limitations.

The next time we went to Watsonville we sought a used car shop and took a fine ride in a 6-cylinder Jewett. We had a Dodge or Buick touring in mind. On a later trip we found a Buick which suited our wishes and pocketbook, and made a payment of \$5 to hold the car while we turned some of the needful machinery for the deal, and a week later I knocked off work and we drove in to get our car. It was sold. They thought we had gone back to Oregon and left that \$5 as a trifle not worth consideration. How I wish 5 dollars were as plentiful as that with me! But they just ain't.

I didn't punch the fellow's eye, and I am glad to say I didn't even feel like doing so. I had learned long ago that the philosophy expressed in Rom. 8:28 makes good ballast at such a time. As they had nothing else we wanted we got that very insignificant \$5 and tried the next shop only 50 yards away.

Here we succeeded in making another deal, getting a good looking car and with more room than the car which we did, and did not buy. Just after sunset we started for home with myself at the wheel—my first experience with a gear shift. We were to drive into the filling station adjoining and get gasoline. Lizzie was gone; how would the new lady act? I soon found out.

She came around nicely thru the busy traffic of Main street and up to the tanks. I said Whoo. She paid no attention, but went right on thru the station onto the side street and headed for the Catholic church.

Now I have no objection to Catholics. When I married my wife I knew she was about three-fourths Catholic and I wasn't much surprised awhile back to hear her talk of voting for Al Smith. But a Catholic car was more than I had bargained for. And even so, what sort of a stunt was she trying to pull off? It wasn't the hour for meeting; was she going to confession? Well, before the evening was over I was ready to admit she needed to confess if confession in advance is orthodox.

Fortunately her steering wheel at least was about like Lizzie's, and I gave a hard screw on it. "Come around, old girl, you can't go to church," I said. She saw there was no use fighting so she swung around nicely just as she intended to be good. But don't you believe it; she couldn't go to church she wouldn't go anywhere, and she stopped. The battery was down, but the men were watching, and the mechanic came running, gave the crank a turn, and again we started. We went round the block keeping as far from the Catholic church as we could, and bought gas at the station out of town. Had no trouble here, and on we went feeling quite "swell" in the soft light of the quarter moon—until we reached the Catholic cemetery, about two miles out. Then she began to give hints that she was planning trouble.

We hadn't long to wait for her to start action. She would give a snort and a jump. She reminded me of a bucking mule. When Lizzie had acted like that I knew it meant lack of gas, but I had just put eight gallons into this lady's tank. Was it the influence of the Steele made her act so?

Her jumps got shorter, her snorts feebler, then a gasp and she was dead, dead as a coffin screw, and no "extreme unction," not so much as a priest even in sight. But the cemetery was handy, and if there had been a hole ready, and pallbearers, who knows what might have happened.

tion carried her off the paving except one hind foot, and her fight went out. Several miles from home, my wife under doctor's orders not to be out of sight, and

HOME EDUCATION

'The Child's First School is the Family.'—Froebel

Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing each Sunday in the Mail Tribune.

THE POISONED POOL

Harriet W. Waters

Some time ago one of our popular magazines published a picture with the title "The Poisoned Pool." There was represented a little pool of greenish opalescent water. The banks near the edge of the water did not show any plants growing. So far the picture did not mean a great deal. This absence of verdure was not especially suggestive, but when one noticed the two men who completed the picture, one knew at once what it meant. One of the men, very evidently hot and thirsty and taking the other man's interference as a joke, was leaning eagerly forward, struggling to reach and drink of the water in the pool. The other man, despairing of making his companion understand, with all his strength was holding him back. It was plain—the pool was poisoned.

There are many poisoned pools of which we must not allow our children to drink. How are we to prevent them?

In spite of our efforts to keep these young people clean, pure-minded, and wholesome, with a taste for good reading, we are not unwittingly allowing them to drink of a poisoned pool if we let them read without discrimination, the

works, sometimes, not always, of course.

Scientists tell us that every thought is indelibly imprinted on our brains. If this is so, everything we read makes its impression, never to be erased, and our children's brains are marked everlastingly with the ugly stories which they read. What a pity! Why must it be when there are thousands of interesting and inspiring articles, besides books—so many of the latter that it seems as if it would need a hundred lifetimes to read even the best of them.

We plan regarding books, too. Of course we encourage the use of the public library. Once in a while a book is selected which is not just what we want the young people to read. Then we try dexterously to interpose some fascinating book, by talking about it at table.

"Mary Roberts told me today about a new book on the Yosemite relating many Indian legends of that region, and explaining customs of the Indians," one of us will say. "I bought a copy as I came home. It looks fascinating."

"I wish we were not going out tonight for I should like to get right at it," another will respond. "Ten to one, the children will get far into it before their bedtime."

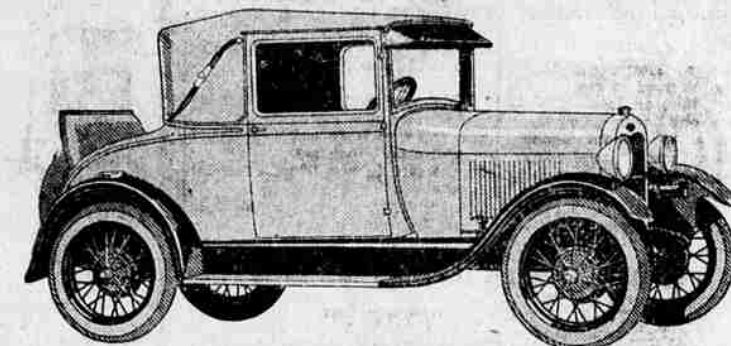
We care for our children's bodies, keeping everything about them clean and wholesome, and their food is watched with the greatest care—the proper vitamins, calories and all other necessities being rigidly adhered to and harmful things prohibited. The mind needs food of the right kind, too, and needs to have harmful things excluded along with things which are perhaps not wholly evil but only

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A BRAND NEW PONTIAC IS COMING!

WELL SATISFIED WITH THE DE SOTO

Some idea of the ownership satisfaction which the Chrysler-built new DeSoto Six is producing can be gained from the following solicited letter written by Anas C. Case, of East Berlin, Conn.

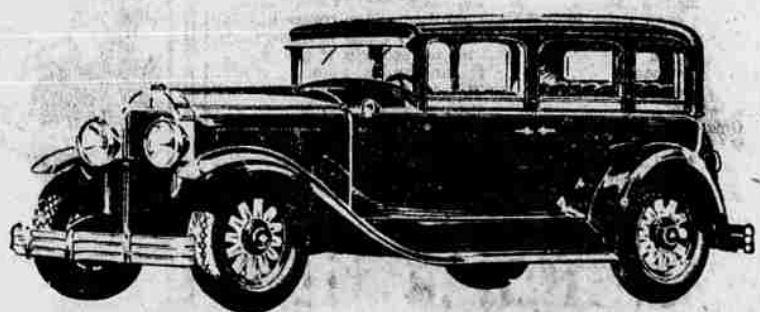
"I have driven 4500 miles at an average of nearly 30 miles to a gallon of gasoline. In all my experience as a car owner, and I have driven many makes, I have never found an automobile which pleases me so much as this DeSoto six coupe. Its riding qualities are wonderful, it is the smoothest car I have ever driven. At 50 miles an hour you can hear only a purring sound from the motor."

"During the last nine days I have visited many cities, and on my last day I completed over 400 miles. When I went to fill up the radiator with water I was more than surprised to find that it took only half a cup full."

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