

MRS. FISH STAGING PHOENIX OPERETTA ON FRIDAY NIGHT

Plans are complete for presentation of the operetta "Pocahontas," at the school gymnasium, Friday night, December 5th.

MISS MORRIS WRITING COPCO RADIO DRAMA

The local radio public will be pleased to hear that Miss Helen Norris, young playwright of southern Oregon has resumed her writing and will have one of her radio dramas on the air at an early date.

SISTERS CAN FIGS IN THEIR PORCH FACTORY

MONROVIA, Cal. (AP)—Three backyard fig trees furnish the raw products for a home business here of two sisters, Mrs. Cora Patterson and Mrs. Nina Hirschhorn.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MAKE POPULAR GIFTS

The giving of practical Christmas gifts promises to gain this year more favor than when many people will choose articles of utilitarian value.

WAGE FUND TO FIGHT LIQUOR SMUGGLERS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—(AP)—So highly organized is liquor running on the borders that the coast guard will require more than \$15,000,000 to conduct its anti-smuggling operations next fiscal year.

PORTLAND PLANNING WORK FOR HUSBANDS

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 4.—(AP)—Three public organizations, the coast commission, the county and the school board, announced to the Portland unemployment committee last night they would make available at once certain reserve maintenance funds, amounting to \$25,000 at present for the purpose of providing employment for heads of families, particularly those in need. The plan calls for rotation of work to as many breadwinners as possible.

WILD BEAUTY by MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM

SYNOPSIS: When David Frost runs away and marries Fanny Freilberg, vivacious daughter of a poor German music teacher, David's mother is furious. The elder Mrs. Frost is leader of the proud Frost-Bronckbeck clan, aristocrats of the little town of Cloughbarre, Pennsylvania.

Chapter 8 THE ENEMY STRIKES

CLARK SMITH was the son of a Washington patent lawyer of national reputation and of greater social importance (outside of Cloughbarre) than the Frosts and the Bronckbecks.

But because Clark's parents were living apart, Mrs. Frost vigorously opposed the marriage, and felt that she had been stabbed in the back when her brother and David, after mature deliberation, set her objection aside.

Now that Amelia had left her, Mrs. Frost decided David and Fanny must come back! Now she could never bear that big house, ghostly with memories. David looked white and drawn—with Fanny's cooking, no wonder—he would be far better off in his old home; Sheila would be better off. And as for Fanny—well, Fanny knew that David had certain definite obligations when she married him.

The first blow fell about three weeks after Amelia's wedding. Things had been going better in the little cottage. David had had another small raise. He came home late one hot afternoon in early July to find an expectant wife and daughter in fresh white dresses, a flower-decked table set under the arbor, his favorite dishes for dinner.

"But he said little, ate almost nothing. After the table was cleared and Sheila put to bed Fanny asked David timidly anything was wrong.

"I'm afraid there is. Do you know anything about these?" "Why, those are the bills for my bridesmaid's outfit."

"Well?" "But why have they come to you? Amelia gave me the dress, hat, everything."

"Mother doesn't seem to think so—at least she said they were your bills."

"David, Amelia certainly gave the things to me. She picked them out herself—even the slippers. I wanted gold ones but she chose blonde satin so I could wear them both afternoon and evening."

"Did she say she gave them to you? Exactly what did she say?" "I don't remember the actual words, but she told me I was to be her only bridesmaid and was to wear yellow chiffon—that she'd see about my dress."

"Then she didn't say she'd pay for it?" "That was understood. Amelia knew I couldn't afford an expensive dress. I thought the hat was too much, twenty-seven dollars, but Amelia said it was so becoming I had to have it."

"Fanny might have added that Amelia had also said that it was high time she had old decent outfit."

"Did Amelia charge the things or what?" "Amelia had accounts all over town. She was buying a lot of things and she'd just say, 'Send this to Mrs. David,' or 'Send this to me.' She must have forgotten to tell your mother about it. I'll write her tomorrow."

"I'd rather you wouldn't." "But we'll have to—we haven't got it."

"Mother was very certain they were your bills. She told me today she was overdrawn at the bank. She said she would never have had the house repaired and ordered that new bathroom put in if she'd known Amelia was going to be married."

I can't have her stinting herself to pay for your clothes—or let Amelia ask Clark to pay."

Fanny winked back her tears, glad of the growing twilight. She suspected that David did not altogether believe her story, but did not dare make sure.

It wasn't fair of David—it was frightfully unfair—to think that she would tell lies about big things, or about things that really mattered. Just because, once or twice, she had kept a few little fibs about bills to keep David from worrying. Or had she fibbed to David because she was afraid of him?

David loved her; he was impatient at times, but he was always sorry afterward, and he was never cutting or sarcastic except in fun. It was his silences, his habit of withdrawing into himself that frightened her.

For own angers were quick but soon cooled—an occasional boiling over and letting off steam that cleared the atmosphere and left no dregs. David took his angers hard, as he took life hard. When he was offended it was as if a changeling came and dwelt in his place.

A stranger in David's dark image sat opposite her at table, talked to her, kissed her goodby; a stranger who was devastatingly polite, devastatingly considerate. He might stay for hours or days—and then some morning Fanny would wake forlornly to find she had been forgiven—the hated changeling was gone and her darling David back.

Fanny was guiltless in the matter of the bridesmaid's dress and knew she ought to hide it out with her husband. But she loved him too entirely to be able to punish him.

The second blow fell long before the bridesmaid's dress was paid for. Fanny awakened one week day morning to find the sunshine pouring in and the clock striking eight.

"David darling, we've slept right through the alarm. It's eight—we must rush."

"No hurry—I didn't set the alarm."

"You didn't? But why?" "If you must know I lost my job three days ago."

"And you didn't tell me?" "I didn't want you to worry. I thought I'd land another, perhaps a better one, before I told you."

Fanny laid her cheek against David's, kissed him over and over. David returned the caress but did not return it.

"A fine man you married," he said bitterly.

"Darling, don't be silly. Just because that wretch Jim Tuttle is jealous of you."

"I'm certain Jim hadn't a thing to do with it—he was too surprised. It was Mr. Tuttle."

"The hypocrite! What excuse did he give?"

"None at all. He wrote me a formal note enclosing a month's salary in lieu of notice, and then went out of town."

When Fanny had given Sheila her breakfast and started the coffee she came back and sat on the edge of the bed. David had not moved.

"Darling, has it occurred to you that your uncle may be back of this?"

"Yes. At least he got the town sewed up so that I'll have to go back to the bank or starve."

"Nonsense. It's terribly flattering of course, the trouble your uncle takes to force you to come back, but because his horizon is limited is no reason why ours should be. There are thousands of towns outside of Cloughbarre where they're looking for men of your ability."

"My ability? After four years I worked up to about the wage a day laborer starts with. Plasterers and plumbers and painters make double—and have no trouble holding down their jobs."

"Poor lamb, you're morbid. You know as well as I do that you've been discriminated against here. Mr. Tuttle never paid you what you were worth because he knew there wasn't any other place in town open to you. With a wife and baby on your hands, naturally you haven't felt free to strike out and try some place else. That's what your uncle's counting on. Now it's up to us to show him what's in us."

The PEOPLES ELECTRIC STORE Holiday Offer \$40.00 A credit of \$40 will be given on any obsolete Radio or Phonograph regardless of type or style This Offer Will Apply on Any New Model WESTINGHOUSE GENERAL ELECTRIC or ATWATER KENT RADIO Limited Stock



1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon each celery, salt and onion salt 1/2 cup each one pepp. Few drops lemon juice Mix all together thoroughly and spread on white bread lightly buttered. Place a thin slice of small fresh tomato on top and a dab of mayonnaise in center. Makes 50 sandwiches.—By Abbie Throop Butler in McCall's for December.

Mince Meat Drop Cookies 1/4 cup shortening 1/2 cup sugar 1 egg 1 cup mince meat 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder 1 1/4 cups flour Cream shortening, add sugar, beaten egg, mince meat and flour and beat together. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for 10 minutes. This makes about 30 cookies.—McCall's magazine for December.

Molasses Jumbles 2-3 cup shortening 1/2 cup molasses 3 cups flour 1 teaspoon ginger 1 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 teaspoons soda Cream shortening, add molasses and mix until smooth. Sift and sift flour, ginger, salt and soda together. Add to the first mixture and mix well. Chill for several hours. Roll out thin on a slightly floured board and cut with a doughnut cutter. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 10 minutes.—McCall's magazine for December.

Butterscotch Stars 1/2 cup butter 2-3 cup brown sugar 1/2 cup flour 1 teaspoon vanilla 1 egg yolk, beaten Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add flour and vanilla and mix until smooth. Chill. Roll out thin on a slightly floured board, cut with a star cutter. Brush with egg yolk and place a small star, cut out of citron, in the center of each star. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 10 minutes.—McCall's magazine for December.

An employment rationing system is being adopted in Australia during the present business depression. The individual working week is reduced and work distributed among a maximum number of employees.

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