

Watertight Sand

How it happens that highway M-48 which approaches to within 40 feet of the east shore of Muskellonge lake and is three feet below lake level is not flooded with water is part of a mystery that has puzzled geologists for a long time and is now proving a source of interest to CCC workers at Camp Lake Superior. Further the north shore of Muskellonge lake is elevated between 50 and 60 feet above Lake Superior although the distance between the two bodies of water at one point is only 200 feet.

Some explanation of these phenomena may be had in the fact that when sand from the shore of Muskellonge lake is placed in a water glass and covered with water it will not allow the water to penetrate it. But why this should be true when the sand from Lake Superior, only a short distance away, is readily penetrated by water is another mystery.—Detroit News.

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SOAP AND OINTMENT

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THE NEW HEATHMAN BROADWAY AT SALMON
THE HEATHMAN BROADWAY AT SALMON
HARRY E. HEATHMAN MANAGER

PORTLAND OREGON

ITCHY PALM

By BARBARA BENEDICT
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WNU Service.

MISS ABBY FORBES was not superstitious. That is, not very. Of course, she would never walk under a ladder when she could walk around it, and if a black cat crossed her path it gave her the horrors, and when she spilled salt she always tossed a pinch of it over her shoulder on to the stove.

No, Miss Abby was not really superstitious, but when even non-superstitious people have an itchy right palm and it continues to itch for no apparent reason despite your best efforts to ignore it—well, you just can't ignore it. Miss Abby knew that an itchy right palm meant you were going to meet some one new.

Today Miss Abby sat in her rocking chair near the dining room window scratching her itchy right palm and staring out at her flower bed and wondering. It was spring, and the flower bed was a glorious riot of color. Miss Abby was proud of that flower bed; just yesterday she had left off putting around in it, planning to spend the remainder of the week spring house-cleaning. And now this business of the itchy right palm had come up and so she had decided to postpone the house cleaning for at least a day. That morning she had spent an extra half hour primping. She had gownned herself in a spic-and-span dress of blue print and curled the unruly locks of her brown hair into little ringlets.

You see, Miss Abby was forty and she'd missed something in life. Romance. Once, to be sure, years ago, she'd kept company for awhile with Orion Pratt, but Orion had gone away and Miss Abby had stayed at home and dreamed and hoped and wished, until suddenly she found herself at forty, with an emptiness in her heart that even bright flower beds couldn't fill.

And right then a knock sounded on Miss Abby's front door. She gave a little start, even though she had expected the knock, and sat very still for a minute, conscious of the fluttering of her heart. But presently she stood up and made her way through the living room and opened the door. The person standing there was a man, a very tall and handsome and clean-looking man, with gray eyes and graying hair, and a wide, humorous mouth.

"Good morning," said the man, and stepped, uninvited, inside. Abby didn't answer him, and he regarded her queerly, and then went along

the hall and through the living room door. Miss Abby didn't know what to do. It was all so strange and queer and unreal. But after a moment she mustered her courage and followed him through the door. And right then her heart seemed to stop beating. A terrible coldness came over her. For, looking through the dining room into the kitchen, she could see the man gazing up at the gas meter on the wall and writing something down in a book.

A tear welled up in Miss Abby's eye, and she quickly brushed it away. She felt suddenly older than her years and very tired. She wanted to sit down and rest—and cry. Folk couldn't understand how she felt, because no one could possibly know.

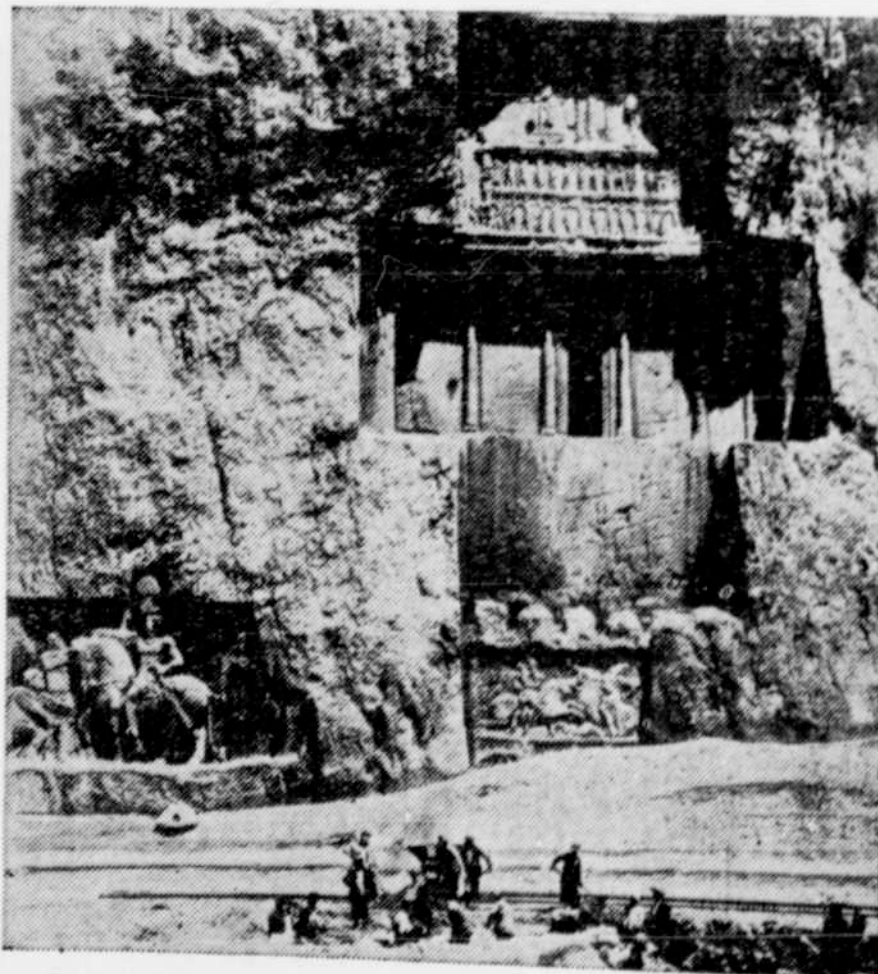
The gas man came back through the dining room and stood over Abby and stared at her and there was a strange light in his eyes. Unexpectedly he said: "Aren't you Abby Forbes?" And Abby looked up at him and caught her breath, because there was something about him that fanned into flame a dying ember of memory.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's who I am." And the gas man threw back his head and laughed.

"I thought so." He suddenly leaned toward her and the depths of his gray eyes held something that caused Abby's heart to begin its fluttering again. "And you don't remember me. You don't remember Orion Pratt who used to keep company with you?"

Abby felt as though she were going to faint. But she didn't. She recovered and said of course she remembered him and wouldn't he sit down a minute and she'd make some tea and they'd talk of old times. So Orion Pratt sat down in the rocker and looked out at Abby's flower bed, and presently Abby brought him a cup of tea, and they talked of old times. Abby's palm began to itch again and Orion looked at it and told her that she'd better be careful of poison ivy at this time of year. He noticed, he said, that some was growing out in her flower bed. And Abby blushed and said that must be it, because he really wasn't someone new, was he? Which puzzled Orion, but he let it pass and mentioned that Abby was prettier than she'd ever been before, and that he wasn't married and—but, shucks, you can guess how it all turned out.

Treasures Found in Tomb of Darius



A view of the tomb of Darius the Great, carved into a mountainside near Persepolis, Iran, where an expedition from the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago is excavating. One of the expedition's finds was a stack of Sassanian silver coins. Also uncovered was a sculptured wall relief 2,425 years old.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Debunking War's Romance

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

—Mrs. "Bud" Lighton, one of the smartest women on this or any other coast, has started a symposium of suggestions for the promotion of national sanity the next time diplomats or politicians, profiteers or professional sword rattlers, or all of these types combined, try to rush a country into futile and uncalled for war.

Her peace formula includes these ideas:

No brass bands whatsoever. No speech-making by stay-at-home orators. No recruiting except by men who have themselves enlisted for active service. No brass buttons. No shiny buckles, no regalia. Respect for the flag and, if necessary, all proper defense for it, but no cheap waving of it beforehand. No blatant emotional displays being turned off or on like a hydrant.



Irvin S. Cobb

Red Balters' Field Day

A GENTLEMAN in Iowa, who presumably inquired into the matter, asserts that in this country are upwards of 4,000,000 aliens who entered illegally and that the vast majority of these—over 90 per cent, are on relief. While we're fighting corn borers and tobacco worms and boll weevils with government funds, wouldn't it be a grand idea to turn a lot of G-men loose to round up these smuggled-in human parasites and ship them back where they came from?

Locally speaking, I'm told that the average foreign-born agitator, ostensibly seeking to organize the casual workers of this state, is really a red agent spreading communistic doctrines under cover of his seeming activities in the industrial field.

The League's Big Moment

AT LAST here's a chance for the League of Nations to function. For the poor thing it has been an uphill pull to slide down hill so steadily, with each descending step toward the bottom marked by disappointment and failure. It had almost as tough sledding as a smooth-faced, bearded lady would have trying to get a job in a museum.

But now, the league can punish at least one small nation for persistently breaking the otherwise solid front presented by nearly all the important European powers. Surely, ere long, it will hang some sort of penalty on little, simple-minded Finland for regularly paying installments on her debt to us.

This disruptive thing cannot possibly be permitted to go on forever when the sacred principles of dishonor, ingratitude and repudiation are all at stake!

Paging the Black Legion

IT IS passing strange that the Black Legion is so slow about offering Herr Hitler honorary membership in the mother-lodge up in Michigan. Both parties seem to feel alike on the subject of persons of color.

Meanwhile just so long as they didn't try to stop him from shaking those nimble feet over brown-skinned flying squirrel, Jesse Owens, should worry because a dictator refuses to shake his hand.

With Metcalfe and other dark colleagues helping him pile up so commanding a lead for the American team in the Olympic games, it's almost time for the band to play "All Gawd's Chillun Got Wings."

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Household Questions

A mixture of one part vinegar and two parts linseed oil, applied with a soft cloth to suitcases and bags will clean and polish them.

A large piece of blotting paper placed on the closet floor will absorb moisture from wet rubbers that may be placed in closet.

Scorch on cotton or linen may be removed with soap and water. Wet the spot with water and expose to the sun for a day or longer if necessary. The scorch disappears more rapidly if the material is moistened first.

If your garden peas get too hard for serving in the regular way, cook them until tender, press through a sieve and use the pulp in soup.

Minced ham and chopped green pepper makes a tasty filling for deviled eggs.

If you want your glassware to sparkle, add a little lemon juice to the water in which it is rinsed.

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