

THEIR WAYSIDE FRIENDS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"SOME one has taken the little white house, Ted. I could hardly pass this morning for the moving van in front of it, and the children! There must be a dozen, or else they are the here-and-there kind that multiply themselves! And there was a dog that tried to chase my car off the street. Oh, Chester street will be lively enough now, I'm glad they don't live next door. Two blocks off is as close as I want that dog."

Lora Minton added an extra spoon of whipped cream to Ted's lump-o'-joy pudding. She saw a teasing laugh threatening from the twinkle of his eye. He knew her criticisms of old and she knew his delight in them. "But I don't care, Ted," she went on. "That is the dearest little house and arranged so wonderfully inside. To have a family of harum-scarum youngsters tear it up, and after my dearest friend lived there, and was so happy so short a while, I wish some one lovable had come."

"Lovable? Aren't children that? I noticed as I came home tonight that they adore their father, at least. About five were meeting him at the corner and hanging on him wherever they could, all the way into the house." "Healthy youngsters, but somehow a bit taggy-looking. Reminded me of what our bunch were like when mother had been away somewhere for a week. Maybe—"

Lora grew thoughtful. She hadn't seen anyone who could be identified as "mother" in the three or four times she had passed the house that day on marketing or shopping bent. Her interest in the place itself could be excused, too, since her nearest friend, Anne Saxton, had too briefly known the house as home before an untimely death. Lora had hoped that some one would come there who might in a measure replace Anne. But this wild brood! And only a stout woman with "mald" stamped all over her was in evidence to rule the young mob. Perhaps there wasn't anyone else? Anyone but a father—helpless things, fathers!

Next morning when Lora drove her little car down the street as she went marketing she made a point of carefully surveying the "little white house."

A boy and girl of eight or so were swinging on the gate. The girl's brown hair was pulled back until her eyes seemed drawn upward, but her face was clean. Too clean to be natural. The boy's blouse lacked a button and he had on one brown and one black shoe. Another child of indeterminate sex came whooping around the house followed by the offending dog of the day before. A last fleeting glance at the dwelling showed no two blinds raised to the same height—sure proof to Lora's mind that a hired hand was in charge.

"Even the day after one moves the shades are evened, if nothing else. And those poor children!"

"I wonder who they are, anyway? Maybe some of us can do something."

But no one seemed able to find out anything about the newcomers, except what the children volunteered in their excursions about the neighborhood. These were enough. Lora would say, after the new dog had chased her pet cat "Mistah" so far up the porch that it took a ladder and long coaxing to persuade kiddy that earth was safe for felines.

"Ted! Can't you speak to that gentleman about those awful children? The twins—Milly and Billy—broke the cellar window with their ball yesterday. And that little one, Bunny, call her, came in with Mrs. Adams when she called here this afternoon, and Mrs. Adams thought she was some child I had adopted. She told Mrs. Adams she was going to live here, if you please. And I don't think Mrs. Adams altogether believed me when I said the little imp just played around our gate as if it were her own, although she lived two blocks down the street. I think Mrs. Adams thought I was ashamed of the child—some poor relation or something."

"Ted! Isn't there anything to do? And that housekeeper they have is so simple! Milly says 'daddy has to take what the agency sends 'cause nobody

stays long at their kitchen.' I believe that!"

Lora looked hopefully at her husband. He could, sometimes, think of perfectly wonderful ways out of difficulties. And he just must do so now. The family in the "little white house" bade fair to disrupt the neighborhood. Mrs. Neville mourned the loss of her best ferns, trampled by Milly and Billy and their older and younger brothers and sister.

Mr. Parsons, who raised choice roses, vowed he would tan the hides of the little devils who destroyed a whole row of his best peas. Everybody had some grievance. And oddly enough, the worst day of the week for the "Terrors" was Sunday. Lora giggled that it was because their name was Holliday. But Ted walked home from the station with Mr. Holliday a time or two, and after that always had a word of pity for the man.

"His wife's been dead two years, Lora. And he hasn't a relative to help him out. And hired maids—what are they? He says the kids are worse with him anyway, because he hates to make them think him a bear—when they've nobody else."

"Let's pile them into the car next Sunday—all we can, and take them out to Aunt Meda's for the day. She's brought up five boys of her own, and on that big farm they can't hurt much. I think they need a chance to just break loose, if you ask me. The city's no place for a live kid. Gosh! Lora—what would I have done when I was here if I'd had to play up and down a street—no swimming hole, no orchard—"

Lora remembered that about the orchard the next Sunday when they had safely deposited five scrambling Hollidays in Aunt Meda's back yard. That good lady did not seem alarmed at the avalanche, but Lora trembled. She hoped apple trees, peach trees, the barn itself, would be standing when night came. She could not understand the older lady's cheerful acceptance of Billy's falling from his first apple tree and Milly's decoration with a couple of bee stings. And the dinner the children ate would certainly kill them.

Yet night came, and all were well and dirty. Mr. Holliday even had a relieved air and looked rested after a long talk with Aunt Meda in the grape arbor.

"You won't have so many passengers going home," smiled Aunt Meda, as Lora began to hunt for her motor coat.

"The two older boys and the twins will stay with me for a while. It was pitiful, Lora, to see how hungry they were for the things that are everyday here on the farm. Little Milly had a great bunch of weeds gathered to take home; she said they were lonesome, the 'flowers in the fence corner.' That's what she is, Lora. A flower in a fence corner, and she'll turn into a weed if somebody doesn't care for her. "Come to think, the weeds, as we call them, were flowers until they were so neglected—until nobody cared for them."

"Trouble? Mercy! What are we here for, child?"

Lora thought hard about that last speech of Aunt Meda's. Thought all the way home, while the baby "Bunny" slept in her lap. And when Ted stopped at the "little white house" to let Mr. Holliday alight with "Bunny," Lora said with a bit of a catch in her voice: "Teddy, dear—the baby is so sound asleep, we'd better take her on home with us. And—and—I wish you'd let me borrow her a lot, Mr. Holliday. She's too little to have nobody care. We could care a lot for her—Ted and I."

And Ted heartily agreed, with a glow at his heart for the kindness of his Lord for even a stray blossom.

Swallow Has No Peer as Master of Flight

The swallows and swifts may be said to be the only small birds in the gull division; and they have gifts very nearly peculiar to themselves. The body and skeleton have been lightened by an elaborate apparatus of air sacs, as if nature were striving to produce a craft lighter than air, a tiny airship.

This form of adaptation, common in some degree to many birds, has reached its highest development in the swallows, and, accompanied by a wing of considerable length and a tail that is both rudder and plane, it gives them an ease and grace quite their own.

They can glide so low as just to dip their wings in the cool water. They can turn and twist with a smoothness

that hides the sharpness of the angle. The upper air or lower air is all the same to them. They are so conscious of their mastery that, tender though they are in beak and body and claw, they will chase and mob any enemy.

I have many times watched them compel the retreat of a cat by driving at him so close as, you would swear, to touch his ears. The cat did not so much as attempt to strike, and soon retired utterly cowed. We have all seen them mobbing birds of prey and curvetting round them, in repeated arcs, having no trouble to keep pace, though they travel many times the distance.

The point has been made by Oliver Wendell Holmes in a charming, if rather elaborate, metaphor, in which he compared their excursions with the thoughts of a nimble-witted listener to a slow preacher. He could wander pleasantly in this direction and that, yet be sure of keeping the thread of the preacher's journey when he might wish to return.—Sir W. Beach Thomas in the Atlantic Monthly.

Records Earth's Movement

The apparatus in the Academy of Sciences in Washington that illustrates the movement of the earth is a Foucault pendulum. Foucault, a French scientist, explained the fact of the rotation of the earth by hanging a heavy ball by a fine wire from the dome of the Pantheon in Paris. This pendulum was set swinging in a certain direction, but gradually the direction of the swing appeared to change, as indicated by marks made upon the floor. As no force whatever had acted upon the pendulum, it was evident that the whole earth was turning around.

"Inside" Information

There are three points to remember, in preparing a vegetable dinner. First there must be a variety of flavor. So far as flavor is concerned, a good combination is one

mild-flavored vegetable, such as potatoes or lima beans; one vegetable of pronounced flavor, like cauliflower, cabbage, or onions; one which is either sour itself, or may be served with vinegar, spinach, or beets, for instance. Second, there must be variety of texture. Variety in texture is obtained by having one vegetable with a crisp crust, like corn fritters, or scalloped tomatoes; a second vegetable served with sauce; and a third simply cooked in water, as peas, or string beans, are usually cooked. A raw vegetable, such as celery or radishes, lends still further variety. The third point to remember in connection with a vegetable dinner is to include some protein foods in the meal. As a rule, one of the vegetables should be beans, or peas, which are comparatively rich in protein. Or one of the vegetables may be served with a protein food, such as cheese, milk, eggs, or chopped meat. Examples of vegetables combined with protein foods are green peppers or tomatoes stuffed with a meat mixture, cauliflower or potatoes scalloped with cheese, spinach with hard-boiled eggs, and sweet corn pudding made with milk and eggs.

Cottage cheese is high in food value. It contains all the constituents of milk, excepting cream. Like milk, cottage cheese is a source of protein, which is used to build and repair body tissue. There are many dishes which can be made with cottage cheese. Cottage cheese served plain is especially pleasing in summer. Many people like it with rich cream, and a little salt, or with cream and sugar. Sour cream, or melted butter, improves the flavor of cottage cheese, and increases the food value. Cottage cheese

makes a delicious sandwich filling, especially for the picnic season of the year. For sandwiches, moisten the cheese with sweet cream, and flavor it with a little chopped parsley, chopped or sliced olives, sliced celery, pimientos, horseradish, Spanish onions, pickles, or nuts. Some people like the flavor of caraway seeds in cottage cheese. This spread is equally good on white bread, rye bread, nut bread, or brown bread.

The bureau of Dairy Industry of the United States department of agriculture estimates that the cow-testing association costs the members less than one cent per day per cow on the average.

Hampers and barrels for shipping cabbage are rapidly being replaced by crates. Crates are sturdier, easier to load, they allow better ventilation, and permit the cabbage to be displayed more effectively.

THE NEW Ford Hot Plate Vaporizer Will Give You More Miles per Gallon More Power—Smoother Operation Less Carbon—Easier Starting Less Crankcase Dilution Bring in your Ford today and let us put one on. \$9.00 Installation Extra. Crawford Motor Co.

Trying to Get Anywhere Without a Savings Account Is a Long, Hard Job Might just as well start out to row across the ocean as to try to get along without a savings account in this present day and age. Let us show you how easy it is to start saving and keep saving. BANK OF VERNONIA

Comic strip panels with various scenes and dialogue. Includes characters like Mr. Hood, a man in a boat, and a man on a horse. Dialogue includes: 'NEVER AGAIN', 'COULDN'T HIRE ME TO MISS IT', 'I WISH I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING COULD BE SO GOOD', 'AMERICAN LEAGUE CAMPGROUNDS', 'SWEET ESSENCE OF FRIED BACON', 'MAIL, MAIL, THE GANGS ALL HERE', 'A FEATURE OF THE OUTING', 'LAST YEAR', 'THIS YEAR JULY 16-17', 'SOME VIEW', 'A SHOOTING STAR HASN'T ANYTHING ON US FOR SPEED', 'THIS IS THE LIFE', 'MORE SPEED—THIS CHOO CHOO AIN'T GOT NO BRAKES', 'YE GOOD II SIXTY FIVES FROM HOME AND MY PAINTS IS RAIN', 'AT THE END OF THE SLIDE', 'SLEEPING WITH THE SKY FOR A TENT', 'THEY NEVER LINE THIS', 'AFTER WE GET THIS EY CAN WE HAVE SECONDS?', 'YEP—AND THIRDS AND FOURTHS IF YOU WANT 'EM', 'MOONSHINE SIGHT THIS WAY', 'THIS IS MY THIRD DISH', 'ATAGAIL', 'COMING DOWN', 'ICE CREAM', 'CHOW LINE', 'I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FAR 'UP' IS', 'I'D RATHER GET ON THE GROUND', 'A CRAIG BAY', 'GOING UP', 'AT THE END OF THE SLIDE', 'BAAA!'.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander

Another Hold-up

Comic strip panels with dialogue. Includes characters like a man in a vest and a man in a suit. Dialogue includes: 'OH DAD—I WAS RUNNING THROUGH THAT OLD OLD TRUNK IN THE ATTIC TODAY AND WHAT DO YOU SPOGE I FOUND?', 'FAITH—DUNN—WAS IT A PETTICOAT, PEG?', 'NOPE—FUNNIER THAN THAT EVEN! IT'S A PICTURE OF YOU WHEN YOU WERE TEN YEARS OLD—OH DAD, IT'S A SCREAM!!', 'HEY!—GIMME THAT—WE'LL BE SHOWIN' IT ALL OVER, YE WILL!', 'THERE'S THE SMARTEST LITTLE YELLOW AND GRAY STRIP DOWN AT MILADY'S HAT SHOPPE, DAD!', 'AHHHH!!', 'YOU'RE AN OLD DEAR, DAD!', 'OIM A GOAT—THAT'S SAARTIN!', 'BAAA!'.