

'AWAKENED WOMAN'

(Continued from Page Three)

air. Let me move your bed out to the other end of the porch. I won't bother you."

"Oh, there's plenty of fresh air in my room with all those windows open," returned Joyce hastily, "really it's just like being out of doors."

"Let me sleep indoors then," he suggested generously, "and you sleep out here."

"I'm lots more comfortable inside—you're lots more dependent on air than I am," she told him.

Nearly a fortnight later Joyce set off one morning on Rosita for an all-day ramble thru the hills. She carried her lunch and a book with her and told Roxie not to expect her back until late in the afternoon.

Far up in the hills Joyce had found a little group of pines on the edge of a towering redwood grove. When she lay down on her back in the warm sunshine and looked up thru the pines at the blue sky, she felt as if she were floating in space.

She lay thinking of Neil, and with a little thrill of satisfaction she decided that he showed no satisfaction of missing the old Frills.

She had now met practically every one who moved in their circle in Manzanita and found out enough of their history and circumstances so that she could get by safely in most cases.

The month was not yet up but Joyce, summarizing her impression and the knowledge she had gathered felt that she had given her environment a fair study and plan her future course without further research.

First, as to Neil. She had made a number of enlightening and cheering discoveries concerning him. He was devoted to golf, but did not care for dancing; he liked liquor but never drank to excess, and he disliked risqué stories more than most of his acquaintances guessed. He believed in taking one's part in the life of the community but he would have been happy to stay at home four evenings out of a week to enjoy the quiet pleasures of private life.

On her return from San Francisco she had once more been forced to face the problem of her relations with Maitland. He had telephoned and called several times the first day while she was out, and on the second morning, just as she was ready for a ride on Rosita, he had appeared and caught her—Joyce let her thoughts dwell dreamily for a moment on Maitland and instinctively she found herself comparing him with scorn to two men—Robert Ainsworth and Neil Packard. Measured by Ainsworth's standards, Maitland had no chance at all—it was almost unfair even to compare them.

Maitland had once or twice attempted to reopen the subject of their love but Joyce had continued to treat him with such unmistakable coldness that he was baffled and finally let her alone.

In her thoughts she now came back, with a quickening of her pulses, to the problem of her relations with Neil. They had gone out together the evening before and cooked a camp supper high up on a hillside overlooking the valley. They lingered until it was dark, watching the stars creep out into their places. Joyce, hugging her knees, sat and breathed in the peace and quiet while Neil stretched out close to her, smoking a pipe and playing gently with Dickie's ears.

Suddenly Neil had rolled over toward Joyce, and putting his arms around her waist, laid his head on her lap. Joyce leaned back resting her weight on her hands behind her and did not touch him. She had lately avoided every slightly demonstration of affection toward him, for she had come to the disconcerting conclusion more than once that Neil was finding it harder and harder to keep his feelings in check.

She could not help realizing that it was both unwise and unkind for her to slip her hand in his; to smooth back his hair, to lean against him when they sat together, to do any one of the dozens of little caressing things which she found herself, in her liking and pity for him, involuntarily and quite innocently inclined to do.

The slightest motion of this sort sent a flame of hope leaping into Neil's eyes. How long could this go on? It was becoming more and more difficult for them both. Joyce trembled a little to recall the tenderness with which Neil had finally released his hold on her—the previous evening.

Joyce had been curious to see Joyce Abbott, the one whom Neil seemed to like, and the meeting with her came two days after her conversation with Ethel about the dinner for Rhoda Maitland. It was nearly five o'clock and Joyce, dressed in riding clothes, was waiting for Neil to come home and take a ride with her before dinner.

She had just left the mirror in the living room when she heard a motor and looking out saw a small, shiny black roadster drive up to the door.

The girl who got out was dressed in white linen with a white felt sport hat and white buckskin moccasins. She was certainly rather pretty, with shining blue eyes and small neat features—Joyce wondered who she was and nervously

to the ordeal of meeting another stranger who was not a stranger.

"Sorry to bother you, Frills, but I'm out on business this afternoon," began the girl, smiling in a half-apologetic, half-defiant fashion, "and your name is on the list I had given me to call on. We want to raise a lot more money this year for the Orphans' Vacation Camp up in the Sierras and so the committee is planning a big fair and entertainment. We want to find out what you'll do for it. Will you enter the horse show and take one of the acts in the evening?"

Joyce listened to this appeal with mixed emotions.

"Of course, I'm—I'm interested in it," began Joyce slowly, feeling her way and smiling pleasantly as she spoke, "but I'm not riding any more in shows and I'd rather not take part in any entertainment, but I'm—I'd like to help in any other way?"

Her acquiescence was received with gratefully effusive thanks. The girl then rose, hesitated for a moment and said, with a little wistful air which Joyce felt instinctively was not wholly genuine, "I wish we might be friends. I do so like to be friends with every one. If there's anything I can do—I'm so sorry."

Who was this girl anyhow? Wondered Joyce, slightly exasperated by her meek manner. There had evidently been some unpleasantness between Frills and her. But before she had to speak she was saved by the arrival of Neil.

"Well, look who's here! Hello, Joyce, how are you?" he exclaimed, shaking hands cordially with her. Joyce Abbott, of course!

"Well, why not sit down? What's your hurry?" went on Neil in his heartiest manner, "what do you know? How's the new car working?"

"Oh, it's just fine! But I must run along now, I just came to ask Frills if she'd help on the affair for the Orphans' Vacation Camp. Good-bye and thanks ever so much."

"Good-bye," said Joyce. She spoke shortly, more because she could not think of anything to say than because she wished to be disagreeable. Neil accompanied the caller out to the roadster. Joyce, watching surreptitiously, was again amused to see the interest with which Neil listened and the appealing little glances Joyce Abbott threw at him from her expressive blue eyes.

"I've got her number," thought Joyce, "she's the ultrafeminine sort who clings and makes the men feel big and strong and masculine."

Thinking over the past month, Joyce was conscious of a baffled feeling of dissatisfaction when it came to her knowledge of Frills' own past.

In another direction also Joyce felt herself checked. She was no nearer accomplishing her purpose of getting back her baby than she had been when she received the first letter from Sophie. A second letter had arrived that morning—exaggeratingly vague, very short and again minus an address. Joyce, tormented herself trying to solve the problem, but her determination did not weaken.

Her thoughts swung round again to Neil. What was she going to do? To continue indefinitely living in the same house with him as they had been doing was impossible. She had not known what she was undertaking when she made that decision.

"I suppose I should have gone away in the first place," she thought discouragedly; "I can't realize inside of me that I'm married to Neil Packard and I keep having the feeling that there's something all wrong about living with a man so intimately and yet not really intimately, I'll never lose that feeling of uncomfortable shyness and strangeness, I know, until, unless—or, dare I?"

There might be among them a few congenial spirits but she did not feel any too hopeful. Yet after all, what did it matter? She reproved herself sharply for allowing the standards of Robert Ainsworth to influence her. He was nothing to her, she told herself.

As she sat there motionless, she was startled to see a man appear. With a little gasp of amazement Joyce recognized Robert Ainsworth. "Do you remember me?" asked Joyce.

"Oh, Lord, how like a woman! Of course I remember you, worse luck!" he added with such profound gloom that Joyce giggled. "You're my public, you know!" He looked at her quickly and broke into a smile.

"Here—please let me take your horse and turn her out into the corral."

"But—I was just thinking what a nice place this was to eat my lunch," said Joyce doubtfully.

"Oh, but wait till you have tasted my coffee," he protested, starting to lead Rosita away. "I'm just going to eat lunch myself and I really can make good coffee."

He was back in a surprisingly short time and said, "I never eat anything except bread and butter and fruit and coffee for lunch but I can make anything you like. Orders taken until two-thirty."

"Oh, please don't think of getting anything for me except coffee," protested Joyce quickly, "I have my sandwiches which, really must, eat, or Roxie's feelings would be hurt."

"Well the coffee will be done in a few minutes. Sit down or stand up or do whatever you feel like."

Births

Aug. 19.—To Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Wesner of Bolivar, a son.

Aug. 9.—To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Howard of Bolivar, a son.

Aug. 13.—To Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Conklin of Canaseraga, twin boys, Richard Lewis and Robert John.

Marriages

Aug. 26.—Miss Winifred Kohn of Wellsville, to Alan Page Flavelle of Caldwell, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Flavelle left immediately for New York from where they sailed Wednesday for Antwerp, Belgium, going from there to Paris where Mr. Kohn, an artist, will continue his studies in painting.

Aug. 17.—Miss Carrie Woodworth of Hartsville and William F. Parker of Hornell.

Aug. 9.—Mrs. Edna Perry and Clair S. Andrus of Bolivar were married at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Little Genesee, Rev. Harley Sutton officiating.

Aug. 14.—Miss Henrietta McDowell of Shinglehouse, Pa., and Gerald Lee of Wellsville.

Deaths

Aug. 16.—Mrs. Hattie Billings, widow of Dr. W. Billings, at her home in Friendship. Born 72 years ago in the town of Wirt. She leaves a son and two daughters.

Aug. 20.—Merritt D. Hall, born in Ward, March 30, 1855, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Hall, died at the home of his son, Earl Hall in Belmont. Surviving are six sons and three daughters.

Aug. 19.—Howard F. New of Wellsville, died at Jones Memorial hospital, following three weeks illness with typhoid fever, aged 33 years. Surviving are his parents, two sisters and a brother. Burial was in Canaseraga.

Aug. 17.—Harlan, 8 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hinman of Wellsville, from injuries received while riding his bicycle on Maple avenue that village. He was struck by an automobile causing his death an hour later. Funeral services and burial were at Scio.

Agrigraphs

Uncle Ab says that doing things brings more satisfaction than merely knowing things.

The typical New York state farm consists of about 65 per cent. of grassland.

A man who is ingenious enough to hang a gate or to get three posts in line can install a hot water system in the kitchen.—A. M. Goodman.

Cows reach maturity at about five years of age and their best production at seven years, yet, on the average, most cows are eliminated from New York state herds when 6.7 years old.

The short honey crop in New York State may tempt many bee keepers to remove too much honey and leave the bees too little food for winter, and for the spring brood rearing.

A new high-yielding hybrid white wheat which is resistant to loose smut has been developed at the Cornell University experiment station. If it is satisfactory in milling tests it may replace Honor.

The new Cornell bulletin E-255, on making cottage cheese at home, tells how to make three types of cottage cheese and cheeses of the Neufchatel group. Ask the office of publication of the New York State college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., for a free copy.

ing. Just let me present you with the keys to the city."

He put the coffee pot on as he spoke and Joyce asked, "Do the keys of the city include permission to ask questions?"

"On all free admission days, yes. Except, of course, when Claud Alfred is around. He's just a little bit queer that way. Ever since he threw the mother of five children into the brook because she asked him whether he thought a man's necktie should match his socks. I've had to warn casual visitors not to ask him questions."

"Well, I'm glad he isn't around because I want to ask—"

"Oh I know. You want to ask how I happen to be here. You want to say how extraordinary it is that we should meet here, after meeting in an equally extraordinary manner in San Francisco. You want to get personal. You're perfectly charming, Joyce Ashton, and I'm terrified of you. If I seem to be talking a lot and at random you've only yourself to blame. My well-known voice is shattered—"

He broke off abruptly, and Joyce dropped limply into a chair. Nothing could have surprised her more than to hear Robert Ainsworth talking to her in this manner.

"Well, go ahead and tighten the clamps," he continued. "You've heaped coals of fire on my head by your sunny acceptance of everything—haul me over them!" He smiled, but Joyce knew he was in deadly earnest.

"Sentence suspended!" she gravely returned. Their eyes met with mutual approval for a moment and then Joyce lightly turned the conversation to the world of books.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Food Market Advice

By ANN PAGE

Very little picking and choosing is necessary in the selection of meats these days, for the various cuts of beef, lamb and pork are all selling at remarkably low prices. This is also true of poultry, broilers, fryers, fowl and in some localities, ducking and squabs.

Fish of both fresh and salt water varieties are in excellent variety. The fall lobster season is opening and the jive boiled lobster is a treat within the range of most food budgets.

Of all the fruits, the Bartlett pear is perhaps the most satisfactory to eat out-of-hand, and it is now at the height of its season. It is an important member of the fruit bowl, either at breakfast or dessert. Its shape and color are in pleasing contrast to other fruits. Peeled and halved it is also a favorite for salads.

The nectarine, a cross between the peach and the plum, is beginning its brief season. Fine Elberta peaches are plentiful as are also fresh plums and prunes. Nature is being a bit hard on the banana with storms and hurricanes in the Caribbean and drought in Central America. This situation is not so important as bananas are less in demand at this season because of the large variety of other fruits available. Thompson seedless grapes are plentiful and the first red Malaga

4-H GROUPS PLAN STATE FAIR MEET

To Use Candle Lighted from Rays of the Star Arcturus in Final Night's Ceremony.

Nearly 300 New York State boys and girls plan to attend the 1933 New York State fair for the whole fair period, according to W. J. Wright, state leader of 4-H Clubs of the New York State college of agriculture. The 30 counties which have county club agents each send two girls and two boys as delegates to Camp Pycke, and nearly 240 more boys and girls have entered livestock exhibits and plan to show their entries in the junior classes.

The entire second floor of Pycke House, on the state fair grounds is made into two large dormitories, where the delegates have steel cots with mattresses and steel lockers. The county club agents' association conducts the dining room and cafeteria this year, for the first time.

Willis Kerns of the state college of agriculture is camp and recreational director. The daytime programs are planned for the county delegates but the delegates and exhibitors gather each evening for a general program. The final night's program includes the candle lighting ceremony and the candles are to be lighted from a candle used in a similar ceremony at farm youth's day at the Century of Progress Exposition. The master candle was lighted by the star, Arcturus, 40 light years away from the earth. The observatory at Elgin, Ill., trained its telescope on this star and the light activated a photo-electric cell. The current from the cell was transmitted by telegraph wires to light the master candle. The candle was presented to Professor Wright by G. L. Noble, managing director of the national committee on boys' and girls' club work.

Use wet scissors to cut marshmallows for salad or dessert.

grapes are expected in market this week. Cantaloupe and honeydews are of good quality and they are abundant enough to meet all demands. The watermelons now in market called Thurman Grays are a much lighter green than the earlier Tom Watson variety. Their texture and flavor, however, are equally delicious.

Home-grown tomatoes continue excellent in quality. Sliced with French dressing, in salads with salad dressing, fried, baked or scalloped they are equally delicious. An unusually satisfactory luncheon dish consists of hollowed-out tomatoes filled with macaroni and cheese and baked.

The Quaker Maid Kitchen gives us the following recipe for the macaroni and cheese mixture:

Macaroni and Cheese.
1 1/2 cups macaroni, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup American cheese; 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and rinse with cold water. Heat milk and water. Add cheese and stir until melted. Mix macaroni with sauce and crumbs. Fill hollowed out tomatoes with mixture, top with buttered crumbs and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, F.

Green peas from the west are excellent in quality and go particularly well with lamb, pork, poultry and fish. Green and wax beans are plentiful and low in price as are also the stew or root vegetables, carrots, beets, turnips and onions. Eggplant from nearby growers is also a good value. Cucumbers will be plentiful until frost. They also are good cooked in various ways. The flavor is somewhat similar to that of summer squash. Try a cream of cucumber soup sometime soon.

CORN EARWORM CONTROL

A record of 95% clean crop of sweet corn

THE "star-boarder" devours the produce of thousands of acres of American corn, and like some of our debtor nations doesn't leave even a token or a "much obliged" in return.

To be more specific, the U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates that the corn earworm, also known as the cotton boll-worm and the false bud-worm of tobacco, inflicts a loss of \$40,000,000 to field corn. Damage to sweet corn is proportionately greater and reaches high into the millions every year.

And the worst of it is that all this waste is unnecessary. declares the National News Service after an investigation covering the Department at Washington and extending into "causes and cures" as shown in several States.

Cause.
The Agricultural Department says of causes: "The first damage to corn is caused by the worm boring into the bud and eating down into the tender leaves as they unfold from then on, the insect proceeds on its journey of destruction laying waste the tender varieties of sweet corn. The earworms sometimes eat completely to the base of the ear and almost destroy it."

Once upon a time there was no "cure" and the public became accustomed to the damaged corn, and even expected to find worms that were revealed when the husks were pushed back in this their expectations are still, too frequently, to do with our great American met. But according to E. B. Alvord, a distinguished authority upon chemistry in agriculture, the poison-arsenic compound of barium-flu-

silicate, which all county agents are familiar with, is an effective control of the corn earworm. He has explained the extensive tests that attracted attention in Indiana, Washington, Florida and elsewhere which he says produced a record in some cases of ninety-five per cent clean crop of sweet corn.

Cure.
Control of the corn earworm is secured by dusting barium fluosilicate lightly on the silks as they first appear. The frequency of application depends upon the recurrence of infestation. Application at the start should be about a week apart. Later on in the season, depending upon conditions, applications can be made at periods of two weeks.

In dusting sweet corn, particular attention should be given to applying the barium fluosilicate to the silks as it is at this place that a large percentage of the eggs are laid. Care must be taken not to apply an overdose to the silks because they are very tender and easily injured. There is no need to attempt to cover the entire stalk.

On sweet corn, there is no real-due problem because the corn is "husked" and such parts as could carry any poison are removed in the preparation of the ears for eating.

There is a lot of discussion going on nowadays concerning what to do with our great American corn crop. Evidently the most sensible step in that direction is: Kill the earworms and save the corn.

(Illustrations are used by courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture. They show the adult corn earworm at work and the moth.)

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The Primadonna Takes Her Bow

By Albert T. Reid

