THE BLUE MOON
A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

By DAVID ANDERSON

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Parting the bushes with the utmost caution, he crept up to the edge of the pool and peered forth. A woman—a girl—sat on a flat rock jutting out from the opposite bank, her bare feet swinging in the water. . . . With the mass of color close to her face, it was hard to tell the one from the other—the flowers from the face; where the roses left off and the face began. Her hair hung loose, soft and wavy—the kind of hair a roguish shaft of morning sun can change to spun gold; lips like the semp a moment ago upon them, eyes like the little patch of sky at the bottom of the pools—eyes that opened wide, that had nothing to conceal.

This is Pearlhunter's first glimpse of the Wild Rose. He calls himself Pearlhunter because he does not know his father. Wild Rose is the daughter of Wild Man, a mysterious recluse. Pearlhunter finds the $5,000 Blue Moon—a "great pearl that looks like a full moon in a cold sky." And then the most exciting things happen in quick succession.

his hand on the rumpled curtain over the doorway, about to return to his task of sharpening the fish spear.

"It looks cool—and calm—up there."

He paused; glanced back over his shoulder at her, and waited for her to go on.

"Is that a log house I see up there under the cliffs?"

The floor of the houseboat creaked under the weight of him as he came to the window. He had to stoop low to bring his eyes level with the opening.

"A log house; old and empty."

The Iron-Gray Woman sat musing a moment, her eyes astray among the trees nodding languidly in the serene June afternoon.

"I wish I might live again upon the shore. The sun beats down so hot upon the houseboat, and I grow weary of the eternal throb of the river. If I could only live a little while up there I should grow strong."

"And why not? It's empty, and nobody would care. In these deep woods there's nobody to care."

A flicker of light crossed her face.

"I'd get well up there, under the strong cliffs, with the cool spring so near. And I've lived so long since you were a child in arms, on the river—the Ohio; the White; the Wabash."

"Always, mother. Always the houseboat—drifting, drifting—and you so frail, so beautiful!"

The man left the window and knelt by the rocking chair. The Iron-Gray Woman saw the question in his eyes . . .

he deliberately planned to win my cousin's heart—and hand."

The cough threatened to come back. She held her hands tight upon her breast till she had mastered it, and then hurried on as if afraid her strength might not hold to say all that had to be said.

"The very boldness of him fascinated my cousin. Day by day his power over her grew greater. I never realized how great till one night, without taking even me into her confidence, she utterly astonished us all by eloping with him. I will never forget the day that followed. My uncle disowned her, and sent after her a message that she was never again to set foot inside his door. He raved and swore; drank himself into drunken madness; and finally ended by driving me away also.

"Your father had already declared himself. My uncle's cruelty hastened our marriage. That same day he took me to his home as his bride—to the beautiful gray mansion overlooking the river. We've sometimes passed it in our wanderings"—there came a wistful pause—"but I never allowed you to know.

"There followed a year of such happiness as I never knew could come to this world—a year that has left her ... all the years that followed ... beggared all that went before. One evening almost a year to a day after ... as I sat rocking you, a baby in the cradle, and waiting for your father to come in, thinking, strangely enough, of my cousin, whom I had never seen . . .

er. There I loosed a skiff, whose, I never knew, lay down in the stern and set it adrift. There was not a star. Only the moon looked down out of the dull sky, pale and sickly and rimmed with red; the gray sky my bosom; the sickly moon my heart. I rose and tried to row, but a faintness came over me and I lay down again in the skiff.

"The next I knew I was on a rude bed in a houseboat miles down the river, with a kindly family of pearl fishers. They told me I had been sick for a long time. When I grew strong, I sold my jewelry, all but my wedding ring—that I saved for your sake—bought this houseboat, and became a pearl fisher. You know the rest."

The Iron-Gray-Woman fell silent; rocked softly back and forth a time or two, allowed the chair to settle still. The man reached an arm around her shoulders and drew her head over upon his breast. The little act of tenderness seemed to touch her deeply. For a long time the tears flowed on while the young man knelt and marveled.

"Mother," he said very gently at last, stroking her hair, "we must go back to him."

He felt her quiver at the word. She sat for a long time staring down at the floor.

"For your sake—we must," she answered at length. "But not until you are twenty-one or—we find the pearl—the pearl!"

"But I am twenty-one in June—this June, the twentieth, and this is the . . ."

"I Never Knew a Man Could Look . . ."

Changing Styles in Humor

WHAT YOU WILL IN NEGLIGEES

"ANYTHING you will" appears to be the latitude given fair woman this season in the choice of negligees. They are here in supple silks and in transparent fabrics following many paths in the quest of style and drawing inspirations from many lands. One has to look twice at some of them in order to decide whether they are really meant for indoor wear or are colorful extravagances in evening coats. They are made in lines familiar to us in wraps for evening wear. There are others of airy materials—lace, chiffon and georgette—that are suited to the tropical air of steam-heated homes or the lands of perpetual summer and there are many attractive but simpler models in cotton crepe that are destined to give more general satisfaction than their fancier rivals.

The . . . negligee which has been selected for illustration is beautiful and practical. It is made of two colors in satin which forms the lining as well as the wrap and may be interlined if one must depend on it as a protection against chill. It is very handsome in high blue, with rose-colored lining, but there are any number of beautiful color combinations in which it may be made. The satin forms the superposed collar and appears in the turned-back front. Such a negligee is useful on a journey for the sleeping car and in homes and is especially easy to get into as only two fastenings are required to hold it in place. The draping is unusual and the management of the sleeves original and interesting. In these and in the soft and heavily padded cord about the bottom the designer pays tribute to Japan, but otherwise this negligee does not suggest a kimono.

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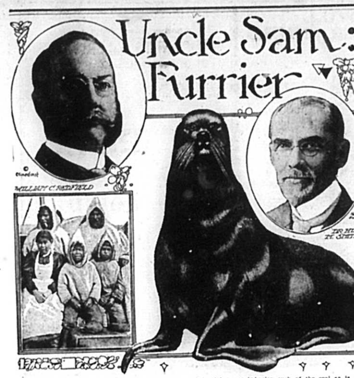
say BAYER Aspirin

Uncle Sam: Furrier



UNCLE Sam is apparently a success as a furrier. This is a pleasing bit of news in these days when the hoi polloi seem to delight in taking a whack at the federal government. Anyway, it was only a few years ago that the conservationists were holding up their hands in horror over the threatened extinction of the once enormous seal herds in Alaska. Now, it appears, the seals are increasing greatly in numbers and probably will become as numerous as ever.

Moreover, a new American industry has been created. There never was any seal fur industry in the United States, though the United States was the greatest fur consumer in the world; now it has the largest and best, conducted under government direction. Along with it the government has been building up a by-products industry of which oil and meat are the chief items, and is making use of the seals on the Pribilof islands to maintain and increase the gray fox herd and enlarge the fox-skin business. Along with that goes the probing of the islands for seal bones for fertilizer, also a profitable industry, and the government has found ways to get a far greater yield of furs than ever before while at the same time greatly increasing the herd.

When one says that the government has found means to increase both the yield and herd it may not strike the reader as so astonishing as it would be if put in another way. If forestry could manage conservation so as to increase the amount of lumber taken out and at the same time increase the number of trees, that would be a match in conservation for what conservation has done in the matter of seals.

had long had a substantial monopoly in these processes. In its original condition the sealskin looks nothing like the fur you see in the market. The skin is a yellowish gray with an outer layer of what are called guard hairs. The actual fur lies within the guard hairs and close to the skin, and on the removal of the guard hairs looks like a rather curly, soft, silky wool, light brown in color. The process consists in removing the hairs without injury to the fur that lies beneath, in the tanning and dressing of the skin, the dyeing of the fur, and finishing it by a machining process. There are 150 separate operations on the skin before it reaches what we know as seal furs, and the process takes about three months.

"In the United States there was nothing adequate of the kind. We arranged for the establishment of a fur-dressing, dyeing and finishing industry which should be the equal of anything in the world. We made this arrangement with a contractor, who established a factory in St. Louis. It employs something over 300 hands, and is the largest establishment of its kind on earth and gives us the finest product in the world. During the last year of the closed season, with the limited amount of furs we were able to obtain from the natives and which we sent to St. Louis, the factory was able to get its hand in for the larger business that was to follow and train its men for handling the processes on a larger scale. A number of experts from Great Britain voluntarily came over and took part in the organization of the factory and the training of the hands.

"Then in 1918 we renewed the commercial killing of seals. The quota was fixed at 35,000 and we took 34,883 seals. In the next year, 1919, the . . .

velop such of the seal as is fit for food, while the offal is used for the fox herd.

"We discovered there what have been nicknamed 'Redfield's Old Bones.' It was a deposit of seal bones which had accumulated for over a century. Some of these deposits were several feet thick and ran for over 100 miles. In 1919 we got 300,000 pounds out and got $3,891. They are excellent fertilizer. Tractors and trailers are at work there. Then we put in use a power lighter to Unalaska, 150 miles away. The government has a property worth $20,000,000 on the two Pribilof islands of St. Paul and St. George.

"We turned our attention to the big old male seals, which were supposed to be so rough and torn and marked by fighting as to be no use, and we found that these could be made into very fine skins. A single one of these skins is big enough for an automobile coat. They don't sell for anything in London, but at our sales in 1919 they sold high above the prices for the small skins. All that is clear gain, because the skins of these old bulls were supposed to be a dead loss. Furthermore, it helps the herd, because now the number of males is very much larger than is needed for the normal increase of the herd.

"Though in 1918 we killed 35,000 seals, in that year the herd increased 11 per cent. At the present rate it would double in ten years. It is getting to be a magnificent property.

"Look at the results: The establishment of an entirely new industry, the largest and best of its kind in the world; the obtaining thereby of this great product, the largest in the world; putting it entirely under our control from beginning to end, from the birth of the pup down to the making of the sealskin. . . ."

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SAYS ENEMIES ARE TRAITORS

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HELPS CREDIT AT THE BANK

Once the Principles of Bookkeeping Are Understood a Simple System Can Be Developed to Meet the Farmer's Needs.

Farmer Jones desired to negotiate a loan at his local bank.

"Just what is your financial condition?" the banker asked him.

"Why," said Jones, "I own a house and land, and a couple of horses and some cows and live stock, and an orchard and—"

"Have you a detailed inventory showing the value of these things?" the banker interrupted him.

"No—o," the farmer replied. "I haven't time to bother keeping books."

"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the banker, "anyone can keep books. The way the thing's worked out nowadays it doesn't require more than five minutes' work a day. Then when you come here for a loan you could produce a sheet of paper and say, 'Here's what I've got, here's what I owe, and here's what I'd have in cash if I sold out tomorrow.' As it is, I'm afraid I can't let you have the money until I have this information."

This conversation takes place in hundreds of towns every day, according to specialists of the office of farm management and farm economics, United States department of agriculture. Of course farmers are very busy men. They haven't the time to study . . .

Farmer's Wife Proves an Able Assistant in Keeping Farm Accounts.

HOW TO SELECT BEEF CALF AND RAISE IT

Bulletin Written Especially for Young Farmers.

Desirable and Undesirable Types of Calves Are Discussed and Illustrated—Importance of Changing Its Ration.

For the prodigal who has finally turned away from growing inferior, unprofitable, and uninteresting live stock the United States Department of Agriculture has prepared a special farmers' bulletin, No. 1135. Under the title "The Beef Calf: Its Growth and Development," this new publication, written principally for young farmers,

A Good Type of Bull Calf.

tells how to select a beef calf and raise it either for market or for use as a breeding animal.

The bulletin is a response to an unusual demand by members of boys' and girls' clubs for specific information on the principles and practices of raising . . .

PLOW LEVEL SOILS IN FALL

APPLICATION OF PHOSPHATE

SUGAR BEET CROP IS LARGE

FRESH AIR QUITE IMPORTANT

BUYING EWES FOR BREEDING

TIME LOST TO MAKE REPAIRS

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

When right you can afford to keep your temper; when wrong you can't afford to lose it.—Gordon Graham.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A vegetable dish which is well liked and may be prepared with either fresh or canned tomatoes is—

Scalloped Tomato and Green pepper.—Take about half the bulk of tomato in soft, fine bread crumbs. For a cupful of crumbs, melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, put one or two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, mix the rest of the butter through the bread crumbs. To the butter in the saucepan, add a slice of thinly sliced onion and half a small green pepper shredded fine. Stir and cook until softened, then mix through the crumbs. Arrange the tomatoes and prepared crumbs in alternate layers in a baking dish, sprinkling each layer of tomatoes with salt and pepper. Have the last layer of crumbs; bake twenty minutes.

Russian Salad Dressing.—Mix together one-fourth of a cupful of olive oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful each of mustard and salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika and one-fourth cupful of chili sauce; then gradually using the egg beater, add one-half cupful of mayonnaise dressing.

Pot-Roasted Pork Chops.—Choose chops with only a medium amount of fat and somewhat thicker than usual. After browning the chops on each side in a frying pan, add an onion cut fine and pepper and salt. Cover with water . . .

HOW TO PREPARE RICE.

Nellie Maxwell

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A Cleveland man with business interests in Illinois tells of an incident at a railway junction in that state. He was hungry and it was only two min- . . .

WHO CAN ESCAPE CALUMNY?

How Chicago Lawyer's Quick Wit Got Him Out of Somewhat Embarrassing Situation.

"There's a lawyer in my town," says a member of the Chicago bar, "who is sometimes forgetful, but never at a loss to right himself."

Children Should Not Have Coffee

but they enjoy a cheering hot drink at mealtime just like the older folks.

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