

6/44

ARTHUR
EDS 'EM!



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THE DURATION!

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to be ideal for fast inter-
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CONGRESSIONAL REPORT

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Terminal Island, California

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quality is the same



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simply to look at lambs, the housekeeper de-
cided that the time had come to give her a
thorough dressing down. This was something
Mrs. Maile did particularly well: Generations
of Basiles had been reduced to tears in an
average of five minutes, and to penitence in
an average of ten. Mrs. Maile rather grimly
allotted Cluny a quarter of an hour, and
there is little doubt that Cluny, too, would
have succumbed, but for one unforeseeable
incident.

"Who do you think you are?" de-
manded Mrs. Maile coldly; and this ques-
tion, awaking such familiar echoes, effect-
ually distracted Cluny's thoughts. The rest of
the scolding was lost on her; she was far
away, back in String Street with Mr. Por-
ritt. Passionately she wondered how he was
managing without her.

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Maile impa-
tiently. "Have you anything to say for
yourself?"

"I do wish Uncle Arn was here," sighed
Cluny.

The housekeeper's face relaxed. She had,
as it happened, actually been speaking of
Mr. Porritt, drawing a most harrowing pic-
ture of his emotions on learning of Cluny's
wickedness; she thought perhaps Cluny
wished he were there so that she might promise
him to do better.

"And why do you say that, my dear?"
Mrs. Maile asked.

"I'd like him to see the lambs," sighed
Cluny.

LIKE Mr. Ames a month earlier, Mrs.
Maile felt baffled. The housekeeper was so
put out that she actually waited for Cluny
to resume the conversation.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you were
saying. Have you sacked me?" asked Cluny
hopefully.

Mrs. Maile would willingly have given a
month's wages to be able to answer, "Yes,
I have."

It was on one of her legitimate excursions,
however, on a Wednesday afternoon, that
Cluny, having upset Mrs. Maile, upset An-
drew Carmel. Andrew was tramping the
lanes at a steady four miles an hour, trying
not to observe the beauties of nature. Sudden-
ly, at a point where Colonel Duff-
Graham's boundary marched with the road,
there leaped through a gate a golden dog,
followed by a tall dark girl in a mackintosh.

A mackintosh, especially in the country,
has peculiar properties. Worn with heavy
shoes and a battered hat, or no hat at all, it
is for several months of the year the uniform
of the country gentleman. A dog goes
with it. Andrew, therefore, did not recognize
Cluny for at least five seconds, or four sec-
onds after he had recognized Roderick.

"Hello," he said. "Where are you going?"

"It's my afternoon off," said Cluny.

"You've got the colonel's Roddy."

"I've just fetched him. Isn't he beauti-
ful?"

"Grand," agreed Andrew.

Cluny grinned, twisting her hand in the
animal's collar. "It's all right," she assured
Andrew; "the colonel knows. And Mrs.
Maile knows. I'm let."

"Well, I didn't think you were stealing
him."

"I take him out every week, and he's mine,
for the afternoon. He's going to have pup-
pies—I mean his wife is." All at once
Cluny's friendly look changed; she stared at
Andrew inimically. "Mr. Syrett," she stated,
"says that you're ever so worried about
Europe."

This sudden change of subject took An-
drew aback. "How on earth does he know
that?"

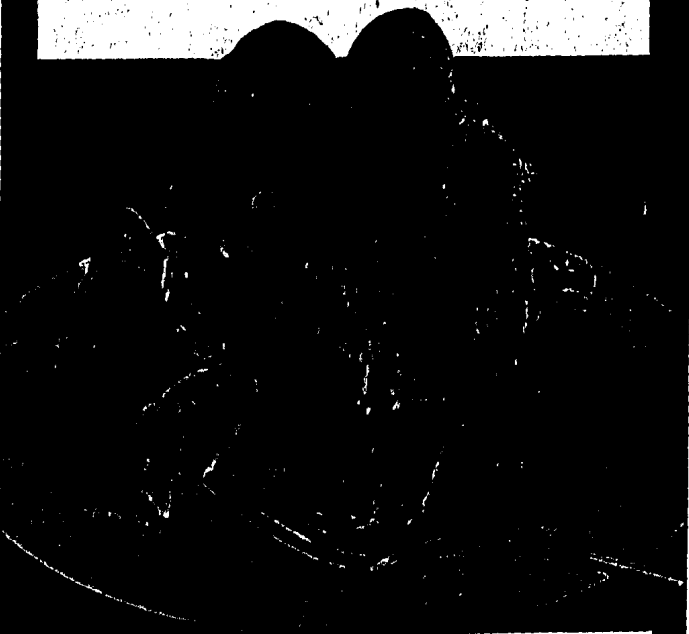
"There's nothing much goes on he doesn't
know," said Cluny darkly. "He says you
think it's just awful."

"So it is."

"Well, here," said Cluny. "I'm not al-
lowed to keep a dog." She turned and made
rapidly off, Roderick following.

Andrew was so struck by this encounter
that as soon as he got home he went straight
to his mother and asked if there was any
reason why the maids shouldn't keep dogs.

At Ease!



by Betty Crocker

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of shrimp, white sauce, and grated
American cheese. Top with pars-
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gests this:

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- Fresh Green Peas
- Salad Bowl of Watercress or Lettuce,
Cauliflowerettes, Pineapple Cubes
and French Dressing
- Crusty Enriched Rolls
- Strawberry Shortcake

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