



Young Nazi Soldier Spanked By Briton

The newspaper Limerburg Dagblad reported recently that a lone German soldier who attacked a British tank armed only with a rifle was spanked by one of the tank crew when the Briton discovered that the German was a 16-year-old boy. Then the tank crew led the prisoner to headquarters and ordered him to stand in a corner. This was too much for the young Nazi who demanded he be executed. Instead, he went to a prison camp.

521



The Jade God

By MARY ILMAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER VI

The lawyer nodded curtly, but he turned to his chair and followed the young man with his eyes. For the first time a doubt had stirred in him. Plenty of innocent people suffered—but, phew! This boy had been fairly tried. It was a plain murder for money. He was hard up at the time, and he was his uncle's heir. Fodick pursed his lips. He had not tried to claim the fortune yet; it was coming up, he would of course. He would! He nodded to himself and went back to his work. He had always believed Mark guilty.

Mark had set his face westward. It seemed the natural destiny of men such as he.

He went steadily about it; he had long ago half-shed his probable course. Now he looked up at the lawyer, recalled the advice that his friend, the vicar, had given him, and even went so far as to inquire the price of railway fares. Yet he did not go. Days had passed, and he had held to his resolution. He had never returned to the Burdison house. Better that Pam should think him mad, unwell, crazed, than that he should transgress again. The thought of his reckless entrance there, his violation of all the amenities of social life, made his cheeks burn. He loved the girl; it was no romance of a day, and because it was real, because it was a thing above and apart from the rest of his life, he would see her no more. The suffering and annoyance might be hers, but she would soon forget. To go away from the city where she dwelt would be exile. There was always a chance here of a glimpse of her, himself unseen. Once he saw Pam on horseback in the park, screened by the trees he watched her the most beautiful thing in the world. That day he nearly broke his resolution. It seemed as if he must speak to her. That night he summoned himself to the bar of his own judgment and condemned himself. No honest man would have gone into another's house under a false name and made love to an innocent girl. He would go West in the morning.

He was on his way to buy his ticket when he came suddenly upon her. It was fate, he thought, that she should be out at the time. She was not angry, only surprised. She blushed furiously.

"Where have you been? We've wondered!" she held out her hand, smiling, her soft eyes kind. "You've treated us shabbily," she chided him lightly.

Mark did not go to buy his ticket. He walked at her side. The city street became an enchanted path. All his resolutions melted; his heart sang in his breast. He had seen joy flash into her face when she saw him. That was a long way to go; but what was said did not matter—their eyes spoke. Then they came to a corner where there was a clock and she looked up at it. Caught by the admonishing hand of the clock, she turned to him.

"Good gracious; it's quarter to two," she gasped. "What am I thinking of? I was to meet Aunt Lynn at one sharp, for lunch!" Pam laughed nervously. "The must be raving! I'll have to get there—"

"I've got to go West," she said. "I've got to take up a new life out there. I wanted to tell you about my coming to your uncle's house; it was—"

He broke off for she interrupted him softly.

"Oh, Mr. Fodick!" she said, looking around at the old man beside her chair.

Mark was taken aback. The lawyer had risen from a table in the farthest corner. It was evident that he had been watching them.

"I come here for tea; it's the only place where I can get the kind I like," Mark heard him explaining to Pam, as if he knew his presence in a room was amazing. As he spoke he looked at Mark—looked through him and did not see him.

Pam thought they were not acquainted, and Mark heard her protesting him as "Mr. Byram."

Fodick stared hard at him, seeing him now. "Byram?" he repeated dryly—

(To Be Continued)

PALS AT FIRST SIGHT



The fearsome face of 'Mr. Propwash,' English bulldog, didn't

scare 3-year-old John (Pepper) Fusesman, who immediately be-

came play-mate with the dog when it landed at Hamilton Field,

Calif., with a bomber crew. Pepper is son of S. Sgt. Harry G. Fu-

selman, Army photographer.

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TABLE TALKS

Vegetable Cooking Methods Important

Vegetables can and do suffer more than any other group of foods in the hands of the cook. Nature packs them with health-giving vitamins and minerals, adds, too, bright color for good measure. We come along, boil out most of the minerals, kill the vitamins, destroy the lovely fresh color and present the degraded looking result to our families with the words—

"Eat them now. Vegetables are good for you!" It doesn't make sense does it? And if some families are "difficult" about vegetables, we wouldn't blame them.

Overlooking and "Drowning"

When vegetables are limp, flavorless and a poor color after cooking, it is safe to say we have lost a large part of their food value. Overcooking and "drowning" are the two most frequently committed sins against vegetables.

Until just now, the vegetable method and the use of only enough boiling salted water, with a dash of vinegar, to keep them from becoming limp, never occurred to me. I don't know, but it looks good to me.

"Oh, but I must go," said Mark, firmly. "You're going to lunch with me. I've always known it, only we've delayed, but you can't break that engagement with me!"

Her face was glowing above her fur, she shook her head, but her eyes laughed. "I can't!" she protested. "Not today!"

"Yes, today!" He was determined. He was piloting her through a crowd and she could not escape easily. "There are never any more morrows—it's today with me. What's this place? I'm a stranger, I don't know, but it looks good to me."

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