

UNCLE ANDY'S WAY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"HEAVEN," quoted Uncle Andy thoughtfully, "is for him that overcometh—not him that is pushed there in a wheel-chair."

"I'm afraid then," his niece Mary said (ugubriously), "that I'll never get there! Want me to plump your pillow up for you again?"

"Who's wheelin' you to heaven, Mary?" inquired the sick man.

"Nobody—it's the overcoming part of it Uncle Andy. If you can't overcome little things, how are you to overcome as big a thing as Satan?"

"Satan, at his deadliest is sometimes in the form of little things, Mary."

"I'd as soon fight Satan as some of them I've met up with," said Mary. "Take this notion I've always had to fix up my beds—you know what nice beds my mother had, Uncle Andy. But since I've been a married woman I've not had a decent sheet—nor pair of blankets—not even a spread that I wasn't ashamed of—to say nothing of the bedsteads and the old cheap mattresses that won't hold their shape. Henry says nobody sees them back in the bedrooms, so why should I worry? But I tell him we spend one-third of our lives lying in them—"

"Henry spends a good deal more'n a third—"

"But Henry's not lazy, Uncle Andy!"

"No? Who said he was?"

"Of course, I know that I wouldn't want linen sheets and all-wool blankets—and everything like that. Poor people like us don't expect them. But it's that longing for them—to feel them, to iron the sheets; to fold the lovely, soft, woolen plaid blankets; to look at the snowy spreads—I remember how mother would turn her head to one side in pride and satisfaction when she made her beds! Mother came to see me once and went back home and sold the last lot she had left in Grandview and sent me money to fix up my beds with, but Henry took it—I mean we got a good second-hand car with it."

"The one you never would ride in?"

"I guess I did act hateful about it—but I hated for mother to know we'd do such a thing. And once I remember Henry told me that I could have the egg money to buy my clothes with, so he'd never have to hear me complaining when we started to go somewhere of not having anything to wear. Well, I stayed at home for two years and saved that money to buy blankets with. There was a big August blanket sale going on in Bradley and on the very day I'd planned to go, Henry's brother came in from one of his wild-goose chases and he was broke. They had three children to get ready for school in less than a month—so I had to get busy and buy up their clothes with the egg money."

"I suppose you were good—and discouraged by then?" snorted Uncle Andy, jerking the covers angrily.

"Yes, I was discouraged; but I didn't give up, I had to save the egg money again for my clothes—for after doing without two or three years I was sorely in need of them. But I struck upon another plan. I started in sewing for people. And in one winter I saved up a surprising little sum. But when spring came the Thompsons, who live there by us, painted their house. Henry said it made ours look worse than mud and if I'd take my sewing machine and paint ours it would save the surface, you know. Does your head ache worse, Uncle Andy? Maybe I'm talking too much—"

"No? Well, as I was saying Henry always told me I was lucky—and maybe I am. Anyway, the fair association offered a prize of \$250 for the best collection of farm products and canned, preserved and pickled stuff, you know. Well, Henry decided we'd try for it. He didn't have time to help, though, for his pa was feeble that year and he had to stay down there a lot. But I thought of all that \$250 would buy for those beds—and I got up the collection. I was mighty nigh tuckered out afterward. But we got that prize!"

"But the beds—did you get the beds?" demanded Uncle Andy peevishly.

"No, I didn't. Henry decided that as the money had been produced by the farm it was nothing but right that it should be used on the farm. He needed new sets of harness for the teams—he got the nicest looking ones with stars and tassels—and the barn needed painting that year, and the pump had to be repaired for the barn well. Hadn't you better take one of those quieting tablets, Uncle Andy?"

"Did you try again?" asked Uncle Andy unkindly of Mary's query.

"Oh, yes! Almost the hardest I ever worked was when the daily newspaper there in Bradley put on a six weeks' subscription campaign. I got a lovely string of pearls for my work. But just as I was going to sell them to Old Man Briggs for Etta Mae's graduating present—he offered me a fine price for them—Henry decided that Christine, his sister, you know, would feel hurt, knowing I had them, if I didn't give them to her—she graduated, too, that year."

"But do you know Uncle Andy, I still have a chance at some money, and if I should happen to get it I'm going to use it myself this time. The Hastings confectionery in Bradley—"

there on the corner by Green's House Furnishing company—has offered a prize for the best name for their new candy and a slogan to use in advertising it. Henry says as I've always been kind of mushy and sentimental, my suggestion ought to win it—my goodness, there's the postman—I didn't know it was that late!

"Here's a letter from Henry—and a check! Surely the check's not from Henry. It's signed by John Hastings—why, Uncle Andy, I did win the candy-store prize! Let's see what Henry says about it—he's sending it to me to endorse—they wouldn't cash it at the bank without my name on it. And he's got a chance to trade his old car in on another with a little to boot—a good one that he'll not have to spend all his time working on. He says it isn't as if I had to work hard for this money (but I did wrack my brain for a week, Uncle Andy!) and he hopes you are better by now so that I can come on home—all the dishes on the place are dirty and he's run out of clean shirts. And if I can't come, be sure to send the endorsed check back by return mail—"

"But Mary, listen here—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say, Uncle Andy! That's why I said I was afraid I'd never get there—to heaven, you know! For if I can't overcome—"

"Listen here, Mary! I'm in need of a little money myself. As you've got this here handy you wouldn't mind lending it to me to help me out, would you? I'll pay you back, Mary, as soon as—"

"Of course, you will, Uncle Andy! But Henry would be mad—what on earth would I tell Henry?"

"Tell him you couldn't refuse your old sick uncle the loan of a few dollars that would probably mean the saving of his life—"

"Why, Uncle Andy! Of course you may have it if it means all that!"

Mary Stephens found herself extremely dependent on her way home. She had grown accustomed to Henry's "borrowing"—but she's not expected it of Uncle Andy! She had felt hopeless enough combating with Henry in this cherished longing of her domestic homemaking heart—but now that Uncle Andy had joined forces with him—tears swam in Mary's eyes, the sting of them suddenly arousing her. Grasping her handkerchief, she sopped her eyes determinedly.

"I won't give up!" she vowed. "I won't! I'll work my fingers off, first! Not that I care so much after all these years—only for the principle of it—for I won't lie in defeat on those old beds the rest of my life! I'll find a way somehow—I will! I will! I will!"

A week later Mary, leaving the telephone, exclaimed excitedly:

"It was Green's House Furnishing company in Bradley, Henry! They said they had just received a large check from Andy Miller, the amount to be taken up by Mary Stephens in beds and bed furnishings only . . . What's that you have Henry? . . . letter from Uncle Andy! Let's see what he has to say—"

"Borrowing your money," Mary read, "saved my life—for if you had turned it over to Henry as you have always done, I would have been to bury. I tried to add enough to it to repay you for nursing me through my sick spell. You know my motto, 'Heaven is for him that overcometh—not him that is pushed there in a wheel chair,'—but I've discovered that some folks have so dura much to overcome that they deserve a little wheeling up the last hill—So I don't begrudge giving you a little lift by helping you to overcome Henry Stephens. Give Henry my regards, and tell him I hope he enjoys sleeping in a real bed—and that he must take his medicine like a good little boy. With love, Uncle Andy."

Satin Is Popular for Sports Wear

Washable Material Fresh in Appearance and Combines With Colors.

The sports costumes are becoming increasingly important as summertime arrives. There is, of course, a similarity in styles year in and year out in the sports mode, as they always stress a simplicity of design and harmoniously detailed effectiveness. Accessories in general achieve the new notes. This year finds the kerchief dominant in creating a different aspect. The neckline in general is varied and round, V, square, crew and oddly cut necks are seen.

One-piece dresses for tennis with box plaits lending variety and fullness, short sleeves and rather deep-cut necks are seen rather prominently. The two-piece dress is always popular and the belted costumes are new versions of the chic sports clothes. Skirts are plaited in the front, generally, and plain in back. Some few possess a plain cut with but a single deep plait to the left side. The cardigan sports suits are as popular as ever. These may include a combination of materials and generally the dress is of silk and the cardigan jacket of a silk and



Stunning Sports Costume of New Lines and New Ideas.

wool, all wool, jersey or heavy silk fabric.

White washable satin is proving exceptionally popular in sports costumes. It is very fresh in appearance and also is delightfully combined with colors in kerchiefs, sash effects, collars or belts.

Doris Dawson, featured motion picture player, very youthful and charming in "The Little Shepherd in Kingdom Come," is shown wearing a stunning sports costume of new lines and new ideas. It is of white washable satin showing detachable collar and cuffs of cherry-red velvet for contrast, as well as the same shade of red felt hat to complete a smart appearance.

Coat Frocks of Crepe Are Offered by Paris

Coat frocks are again shown by Paton for his latest offering in the crepe de chine Vogue, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times. One of his designs is a one-piece frock of black crepe figured with small flowers of yellow, red and pink. The top is plain, having a yoke finished with points covering plaits in which the crepe is laid, back and front. Deep revers of black satin taper to a point at the waistline, where they overlap, the satin continuing as a finishing edge to the bottom of the frock. Pocket flaps and narrow cuff bands are also made of the satin and the belt is of varnished black leather.

A novel sports suit of printed crepe, which is really an ensemble, has been designed by Nicole Groult. It has a simple frock of plain marine blue crepe de chine, which is worn with a three-quarter-length coat of blue crepe figured with small pink and purple flowers. The coat has a small turnover collar and a long rever of the same crepe ending at the waist, where it is fastened with one large button. A very narrow cravat strap of the crepe is tied separately about the throat, with a bow at one side.

Lace Frocks, Tailored Lines, Paris Fashion

A new type of lace dress appears in the Paris summer style collections. It is made along lines as tailored as those of a serge business dress, although the material may be filmy chantilly and chiffon.

Black lace is the favorite, but some beige, much dark blue and some gold lace still are worn.

An all-over braid design on tulle is a form of lace much used for afternoon dresses. Cre lace lend itself well to simple tailored lines. It is usually bound with cre satin.

Basque Dress for Girls Is Youthful and Simple



A party dress—that's the important wardrobe item which quickens a young girl's heartbeats as she contemplates vacation days, says the Woman's Home Companion. And because of its importance considerable thought has been spent on the designing of the Priscilla basque dress. It is piquantly youthful, and while simple, simulates the sophisticated mode in its two uneven hemlines. Rose-colored organdie would be charming for this frock trimmed with a net bertha dyed the dress color and scalloped ruffefacings of rose in a deeper tone. Or it would be equally good in taffeta if a more formal frock is desired.

On Rearing Children from CRIB TO COLLEGE

A well-rounded child needs to have a zest for life. Your attitude will assist him to deal with his world un-sentimentally and with wisdom.

The well-run summer camp is an ally for parents of adolescent children. The adolescent is too restless, to exploitative for a summer of undirected activity at home. Thanks to social organizations, the joys of camp life are not reserved for the well-to-do. It is now possible to send a child to camp for a small sum, and many times opportunities are given him to earn money to pay his own way. But among camps, parents must choose carefully. They should ask many questions about a camp before selecting it. Is it run by an organization of standing or by an individual who is interested in the health and welfare of boys and girls? What kind of food is provided? What about the water supply and the sewage disposal?

If your milk supply is dubious or you cannot possibly afford Grade A pasteurized milk, then turn to the next most natural, unaltered forms of milk we have: the dried milk powder and the evaporated canned milk. Both of these have safety and uniformity to recommend them; they travel well; they are the same everywhere.

Before antitoxin was discovered and put into general use, the word "diphtheria" sent the kind of shudder through those who heard it that "Black Death" did in the Middle ages. Antitoxin put it in the class of diseases that respond readily to treatment when treatment is administered promptly. Now, since the perfecting of toxin-antitoxin, we know that no child need have this disease.

Always buy three or four pairs of stockings just alike for each child. This is a saving in both time and money. It is easier to sort and put them away, and besides you have a pair as long as two stockings are left.

Stimulate your child's curiosity. When he asks you questions encourage his interest in and wonder at life by reasonable, satisfactory answers.

Natural Straw Hats in Vogue for Summer Wear

Most of the picture hats for the summer are made in the natural color of straw, but there also is much red, green and blue. The various kinds of straw used for them is Bangkok, Bengalee straw, a new shiny Panama called Para, a very thin Japanese straw resembling canvas and called Mikoyama, and the old plot once again. All these straws are extremely supple and can be plaited, curved and tied into knots.

New Taffetas Are Brilliant

Flowered taffetas and the new flowered tussah silk are used for bouffant models. They are mostly in shades of red and green, with other colors intermixed.



The new rule for making jelly jell use PEXEL



PEXEL will surprise you with its speed and economy in making jelly. Does not change the color or flavor of your jams or jellies

USE any fruit you wish—the one that failed before. Add Pexel to the juice and bring to boil. Then add sugar. Bring to full boil again. Skim. It's finished. Pour into glasses. You've made the most delicious jelly in all your experience—and it will jell by the time it is cold.

In addition to making jelly jell, Pexel is economical and saves time. Cuts out the long boil. Makes more jelly because fruit juice, sugar and flavor don't go off into steam. Time and fuel are saved. Countless tests show that Pexel repays the 30c it costs from one to three times.

Pexel is different too! Made entirely from pure fruit. Tasteless, colorless, odorless—absolutely. A powder—not a liquid. Keeps indefinitely. Equally effective with bottled fruit juices or unsweetened canned fruits.

Get Pexel from your grocer. Only 30c. The recipe booklet in every package gives easy-to-follow directions and accurate tables. The Pexel Company, Chicago, Ill.

▼ A few examples of how much jelly Pexel makes:

- 4 1/2 cups strawberry juice, Pexel, 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
- 4 1/2 cups raspberry juice, Pexel, 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
- 6 cups currant juice, Pexel, 10 cups sugar make 14 glasses of jelly.
- 4 1/2 cups grape juice, Pexel, 7 cups sugar make 10 glasses of jelly.

Giant Trees of India Magnificent in Leaf

Some of the mightiest trees in India are to be found near the tiny hamlet of Khenkuranpur, in the United Provinces.

In a shaded valley stand two especially enormous trees. Their respective trunks, three feet above the ground, says a writer in the Times of India, measure respectively, 47 feet 4 inches and 40 feet 3 inches and are of a queer quadrilateral shape, going straight up some 12 feet, before they ramify into great branches, each branch as massive as a thick tree.

They stand stark naked, in the winter, as do English trees, but they are magnificent in full leaf. The leaves are bright green and glossy, and grow in thick bunches, each on a long fine stalk. They are pentaphyllous, and beautifully symmetrical, the center leaflet being about four inches long, and two inches wide across the middle.

The seedpod, which dangles like a large mango from a stalk along with each bunch of leaves, has a hard wooden case, covered with green plush, containing cotton wool as well as seeds. The seeds are taken from the pods, hollowed out and used by the villagers for snuff boxes!

The trees are called Gujerati Imil (the tamarind of Gujara) although neither leaf nor seedpod resemble the tamarind at all, but are reminiscent of the leaf and seedpod of the Semal.

The Skin Game

A naturalist says that there are sharks enough in the sea to serve all the world's demand for leather—and it is fine leather at that. Skinning a shark sounds like a meritorious task and we are in favor of using the visible supply of sharks as the scientist suggests. We might save a few calves and wear out more sharks.

Good Reason

He—So you've been in Egypt; did you see the pyramids?
She—Well, I should say I did; I climbed to the top of one and drove a golf ball off.
"You don't say! How far did it go?"
"Why, I don't know."
"How fast did it go?"
"Why, how should I know?"
"Oh, I see; you wanted to find out how long it would take to reach the ground."
"Certainly not—don't be silly."
"But why did you do it, then?"
"What! Didn't you see a picture of me doing it in last Sunday's paper?"

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