

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT"

By R. H. WILKINSON

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GUS WILLIAMS has a habit, when some one is telling a story, of saying, "I don't believe it."

Gus doesn't mean anything by it. He doesn't intend to be rude or contrary.

It is just an expression which, for some unexplainable and forgotten reason, he has adopted and injected into his casual conversations.

Gus says, "I don't believe it," quite in the same tone and manner as other folks exclaim, "Is that so?" or "Oh, really!" or "Do tell!"

But despite the fact that all the above statements are true, Gus' "I don't believe it" is a source of annoyance and exasperation to Lacey Rogers, who is Gus' cousin and with whom he frequently associates in a social way.

Lacey is a great story teller. He prides himself on being a good spinner of yarns.

He loves to talk. And to make things pleasant and inductive to his story-telling inclinations, folks like to hear Lacey tell stories.

Whenever the Rogerses attend a party, Lacey is always called upon to tell a story.

He expounds a great length. He is a much traveled young man and has many interesting tales to tell concerning his own experiences.

He recites these tales in a modest sort of way, thereby dispelling any possibility of boring his listeners.

Gus Williams is as interested a listener to Lacey's stories as the next man.

And because of the fact that Gus and his wife and Lacey and his wife are very close friends, it naturally follows that the two couples are in attendance at many and the same parties, hence most of Lacey's stories have been heard by Gus and his wife on more than one occasion.

In spite of this, however, Gus and Bertha always sit and listen attentively while Lacey unfolds what to them is a twice-told-tale.

In fact, Gus makes it a point to display his appreciation and interest by interrupting the story-teller at intervals with, "I don't believe it."

When this happens Lacey is apt to pause, try hard not to glare or curse, wait until the ripple of laughter dies down, and pick up the thread of his tale at the point of interruption.

But always after Gus' "I don't believe it" has severed the continuity of Lacey's theme, his tone somehow lacks in enthusiasm and interest.

The denouement is inclined to be flat.

Of course, Gus is all unsuspecting of the annoyance he is causing Lacey. No one has ever suggested that he is being rude.

His whole purpose is to be congenial and helpful.

Hence it has never once occurred to him to substitute, "my, my!" or "dear me," for his, "I don't believe it."

Recently Lacey reached a point where he found himself fighting a desire to leap at Gus and plant a well-directed blow across his mouth, to tear his hair and scream curses that would give full expression to the annoyance he felt.

But Lacey is a well-mannered man and travels in correct society, hence convention and propriety forbid such an outburst.

However, convention and propriety cannot prevent Lacey from thinking, from grinding his teeth and muttering foul oaths when in the seclusion of his own bed chamber.

He has, also, taken to brooding about the matter.

Of course, he realizes that the thing has become an obsession with him; that he has allowed it to magnify itself and assume large proportions.

The fact that he alone is disturbed by Gus' "I don't believe it" is the one factor that restrains him from giving full leash to his feelings in the form of a physical assault upon Cousin Gus.

For Gus by no means confines his "I don't believe it" to Lacey.

He encourages every one with the same remark, and nobody but Lacey is bothered by it.

But the thing is settled now once and for all.

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Last week an old friend of Lacey's, Miguel de Gomez, an adventurous young Mexican, with whom Lacey had shared some exciting times during a recent sojourn below the border, terminated a motor trip from Sonora at the Rogers homestead and, being warmly received, succumbed at last to Lacey's urging and decided to remain a week.

Of course, the Rogers were delighted. To begin with Miguel was a direct descendant of a great Spanish family and was considered one of the wealthiest men in Sonora.

He was also extremely handsome, and possessed of charming manners.

Immediately Lacey and his wife began preparations for a series of dinners and parties in honor of their distinguished guest.

The first affair, a formal dinner, was scheduled for the Tuesday evening following the Sunday of Miguel's arrival.

Of course, the Gus Williams were invited and displayed as much delight

and interest in the handsome young Mexican as any one else.

The dinner was a gay affair, and when, following the dessert, the gathering adjourned to the library for coffee, every one was in a gay and congenial mood.

It was summer, but a chill wind blew outside the house and rain lashed against the windows.

Lacey ignited the fire in the library's open grate, and the guests found it cozy and comfortable sitting there sipping their coffee.

It suddenly occurred to some one that here was an ideal and proper setting for the telling of one of Lacey's stories.

At first Lacey, surreptitiously glancing at Cousin Gus, was inclined to refuse, but when Miguel joined the urging, he laughingly condescended to oblige.

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Lacey's story on this night naturally concerned one of the numberless adventures which he had experienced with the guest of honor.

And before the tale was scarcely launched, Miguel's face began to glow with pleasure and deep interest.

You could tell by the expression in his eyes that he was delighted with Lacey's selection, and was following every incident of the adventure quite as much as if he were telling it himself.

The story concerned an incident in which he and Miguel had barely escaped with whole hides after outwitting a half dozen desperadoes during a raid on a remote ranch house in the fastnesses of the Sonora hills.

The two young adventurers had taken it upon themselves to lend a helping hand to the rancher and his family.

Lacey reached the point in his story in which Miguel had successfully and single-handedly put to earth a pair of the blood-thirsty bandits, when Gus Williams interrupted with, "I don't believe it."

Lacey stopped talking. A flutter of laughter went around the circle of listeners.

Miguel's black eyes left the face of the speaker and darted across the room to where sat Gus in a comfortable armchair.

Gus grinned and nodded affably. Lacey gulped, cleared his throat and picked up the thread of his narrative.

Some of the enthusiasm had left his voice, but he did a creditable job of explaining how, after Miguel had successfully disposed of his two assailants, he turned and raced across the courtyard, arriving at the ranch house door just in time to fell a third desperado as that worthy was about to blow Lacey's brains out with a carbine.

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At this juncture in the story Lacey paused for breath, and in the dead silence of that brief interval, Gus Williams said: "I don't believe it."

The dead silence was prolonged. And this time the flutter of laughter was only a whisper. Miguel's eyes once more sought out the man in the comfortable armchair.

And this time those eyes were smoldering with an emotion that seethed and boiled inside the man's breast.

Lacey foresaw what was about to happen and tried to prevent it. But he moved too late.

Miguel leaped out of his chair, crossed the room in two quick strides and before any one knew exactly what was taking place had slapped Gus a stinging blow across the mouth.

After that he stood back, folded his arms, regarded Gus with utter contempt and scorn in his eyes, and said: "So? Zee Senor no believe, eh? Well, my fren, let me tell you eet ees ze truth. Eet cannot be said that Miguel de Gomez ees ze coward. I demand satisfaction, my fren!"

At the conclusion of this little speech there was a great, long, drawn-out sigh. Lacey glanced around the circle of faces, saw the expressions written thereon and suddenly realized that every one present had derived a certain satisfaction from seeing Gus get slapped across the mouth for saying "I don't believe it." Which, itself, was a great relief to Lacey, for Lacey had thought he was the only one who had been bothered by the remark.

Of course, the thing, despite Miguel's puzzlement, was explained and the Mexican retracted his wish for satisfaction and was profuse in his apologies.

However, the incident was not without its benefits.

From that day forward, Gus Williams, after five minutes of deep thought, has never since said "I don't believe it," no matter whether he did or not.

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Mongolia Gets Russian Aid

In far-off Mongolia religious feasts and festivals are of frequent occurrence. The common religion of the country is a corrupt form of the more orthodox Buddhism. Although the National Republic of Mongolia, an independent state set up since the World war, enjoys political autonomy, it actually is a protectorate of Soviet Russia. Long before the war Mongolian princes, fearing aggression by Chinese war lords, sought and received the friendship and support of Russia, and this friendship has resulted in a dependence of the Mongolians upon the Russians for aid.

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Speed of Electrons

In one second there pass through the filament of an ordinary 60-watt electric lamp so many electrons that if all the people in New York were set to counting them and if they counted out two a second without stopping day and night for 10,000 years they would still have a few to count!

Much Admired Windswept Prints

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S smart to be windswept. Hither and thither the winds of fashion do blow until most everything in the spring and summer mode is being made to express a very poetry of motion.

The amusing part about the breezes which waft through fashionland is that they are so well trained, blowing ever forward during the daytime hours while at night they completely reverse the order of things. Of course, it is all due to the artful manipulation of pleats and flares and various other devices which designers position at the front of the coat or dress or hat to be worn during the day until you look as if the wind were carrying you forward, while smartest evening fashions take on airplane draperies at the back or fan-spreading trains or similar details which make it seem as if mildy were winging her way in the very face of the winds.

Even fabrics themselves are yielding to the touch of fashion's elusive breezes. There are the new "windswept prints" for instance, which are certainly a step forward in this current vogue. These perfectly fascinating prints are developed in flower patterns, but with a distinct difference between the new florals and those of previous seasons. In the modern "windswept" versions flowers are shown bending over on slender stalks as if swayed by gentle breezes.

You'll love these swagger windswept prints. In the new chills construction they are as practical as they are good-looking. And do they wear well! There's scarcely any "wear out" to them. Neither will the delicate color

fade or run in washing and they iron smooth and perfect just like magic. Another grand thing about crepes of this type is that they are such a joy to work with. The texture is so firm and dependable—never pulls out at the seams and stays "put," which makes it easy for the home-sewing woman to handle.

The three adorable dresses pictured are made of the new windswept prints. Those dainty white accents at neckline and sleeves—well now, we ask you, aren't they frothy, filmy neckwear fashions simply thrilling this season?

The print to the right is that gloriously colorful a mere word picture cannot do it justice, and when one stops to think that this print will wash like new, what more is there to be desired in the way of a perfect print? The filmy white organdie rolled-edge petal collar and cuffs add the climactic touch. The self-fabric stitched belt drawn through a gay colored ring is worth noting.

There is a modest beauty about the spring poses with their delicate tendrils so gracefully windswept in the print to the left which will carry especial appeal to the woman of discriminating taste. In any of its color combinations this print is charming, but in navy with a strain of lighter blue running throughout, together with futuristic white spring poses spotted with fresh light green, it is irresistible.

The ankle-length frock with contrasting fitted jacket admirably solves the problem of what to wear for semi-formal occasions. Worn with its jacket of solid color you have the feeling of being correctly attired most any hour of the day. Remove the jacket and the dress goes just formal enough to tuck in to most any afternoon occasion. It has quaint drop shoulders and cunning eye puff sleeves. The pliant little velvet tie about the throat is reminiscent of the "gay nineties." The windswept print which fashions it carries a very animated patterning.

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DAYTIME EFFECTS ON EVENING DRESS

A new evening frock which August-bernard makes of her blackish green crepe marocain has a daytime neckline and short sleeves that are gathered into the shoulder seam at the edges. The front of the bodice is draped into a full-length panel, caught under a rhinestone buckle at the right side front of the waistline.

Lelong fashions the skirt and jacket of this, an evening suit, of black wool, and the latter has revers of sable and sleeves that are unusually wide between the deep-fitted cuffs and the elbow. The skirt is a simple ankle-length mermaid skirt. The blouse of this suit is made of flowered satin, pinks and greens on a black background.

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Grand New Nighties of Satin in Floral Prints

A visit to the shops will disclose lots of new ideas. A few minutes in one shop showed grand new nighties of heavy satin in floral prints, so well done that the result looks like panties.

Then there are tailored pajamas of heavy crepe de chine with three-quarter length coats of similar fabric. These are done in white or pastel shades and are piped in a contrasting color.

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Modern Jewelry Adds to Attractiveness of Costume

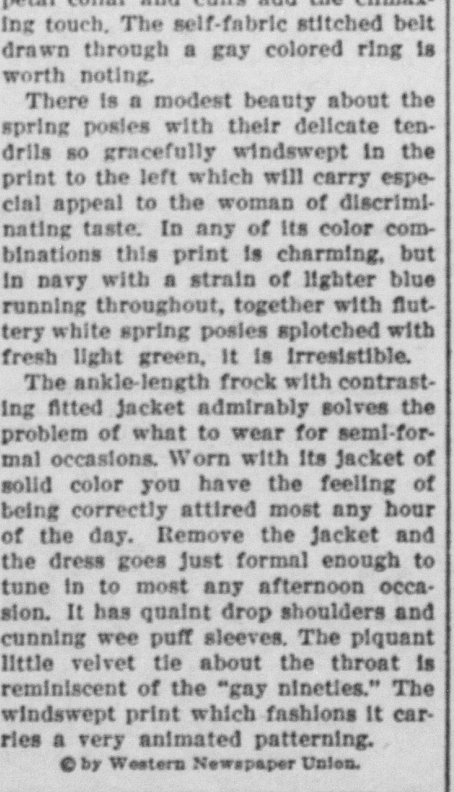
A leading sportswear shop shows costume bracelet and belt sets tricky enough to renew any costume. These come in narrow and spacious widths, one set in coral, natural color, others in either silver or gold mesh.

The silver combination is accented with white metal trim. Another clever ornament here is a dog's head clip—be attached to one's hat, neckline or waist.

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EXQUISITE LACE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



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The summer program heralds a widespread vogue for lace, with special emphasis placed on the gown which is fashioned of the finer sort of lace of delicate cobweb mesh. Molyneux creates this lovely dinner gown of black lace, with its subtle tracery of flowers and leaves on an enchantingly sheer background. The gown gives delightful expression to the new silhouette which calls for crispness and annotated lines (the lace is stiffened with horsehair), knee-length tunic, and fullness which interprets a fan-spreading movement, just now so much admired, toward the back.

That Body of Yours

By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

Making Hair Grow

A COUPLE of years ago Dr. B. N. Bengston in the Journal of the American Medical Association gave a list of a number of people on whose head he had been able to induce a new growth of hair.

Doctor Bengston was careful to say that these were not cases in which the hair had gradually disappeared, but cases due to illness or shock.

Despite this statement he was besieged by thousands of bald-headed people, and by hundreds of others anxious to secure his method and sell it to the world.

As a matter of fact Doctor Bengston made no secret of his method. He simply stated that he used the extract from the tiny pituitary gland, no larger than a pea, which is situated in the floor of the skull.

Since the announcement other investigators have been using this pituitary extract on ordinary cases of loss of hair without any real success.

In cases where the loss of hair came in patches and finally all the hair was lost, the use of the pituitary extract has been successful in some cases and a failure in others.

That other glands may have something to do with the growth or loss of hair is quite possible, even probable, but until this has been definitely proven we'll have to use the methods now recommended by skin and hair specialists to preserve the hair and keep it healthy.

The comb and brush should be kept clean and the comb should be such as not to tear the hair or wound the scalp. A good comb has its teeth smooth and wide apart and their tips are blunt.

Hair brushes should have their bristles set wide apart. The brush should be stiff enough to allow one to brush the hair and scalp vigorously without injury.

Prof. William A. Pusey, University of Illinois, says that brushing the hair is of first importance in the toilet of the scalp and hair. It cleans both; it makes the hair smooth and glossy and it stimulates the scalp. The hair should be brushed twice daily; this brushing should be continued for a few minutes, at least—until the hair is smooth and glossy and until there is a pleasant feeling of "life" in the scalp.

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The Sinuses

ALMOST every day the average physician is asked about the sinuses in the face, because sinus trouble is now quite widespread.

As a matter of fact, the average cold in the head is sinus trouble, but fortunately the cold clears up before any pus is formed, and the openings of the sinuses into the nose are therefore not blocked.

What are the sinuses? The sinuses are simply little cavities or caverns in the bones of the face which so adjoin the nose that they form the "sounding box" for the voice.

As you know the air comes up the wind pipe from the lungs, strikes against the vocal cords and noise or voice occurs. The voice however needs "resonance" or sounding box to give it the proper tone or expression, and this is the purpose of the sinuses.

You get an idea of what value the sinuses are to the voice when the sinuses are blocked by the common cold, or if you close your nostrils with your fingers and speak. There is simply a flat sound without any ring or resonance to it.

There are three sets of sinuses on each side of the face adjoining the nose, opposite the cheek, the eye, and the forehead just above the eye.

The main point to remember about these sinuses is that they are all connected with the nose by small openings, and have the same lining or mucous membrane as the nose.

In fact the easiest way to get the idea is to think of the lining of the nose extending into these sinuses, just as the floor of a hall in a home might extend into the rooms adjoining the hall. Now just as water spilled on the floor of this hall will flow along the floor into the rooms, so a cold starting on the lining of the nose extends along this lining into the sinuses, and causes sinusitis.

A change of temperature, change from the outdoors to the indoors, the eating of certain foods, the pollen of plants, and various other instances, inflame the mucous membrane or lining of the nose, and the individual develops a "cold."

Fortunately, in most cases, the cold simply irritates the lining and increases a flow of water. If this water is dammed back, thickens, and organisms increase within it, pus is formed. This is really sinusitis.

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Weight of Ice Cream

The weight of a unit volume of ice cream depends upon the character of the ingredients and the proportion of air incorporated in the product. Fruit and nut ice creams, also chocolate ice cream, will run heavier than vanilla ice cream. Different ice creams may range from 4½ pounds to 5½ pounds per gallon. Ice cream is regularly sold both at wholesale and at retail on the basis of liquid measure. The quart of ice cream sold by the retailer represents 32 fluid ounces.

INQUIRE LATER

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Second Little Girl—I don't know yet; I'm not married!

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"I weighed 190 lbs. when I first started Kruschen. In 3 months I lost 37½ lbs. I was so proud of my results, I've told quite a few of my over-fat friends. They, too, have lost a lot." Mrs. J. S. Sonz, Waco, Texas.

As surely, safely and conveniently as a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning banishes double chin, fat hips, bulging stomachs and restores slim, youthful lines—so will this healthful "little daily dose" help build up glorious health. Indigestion, gas, acidity, headaches, fatigue and shortness of breath cease to annoy—you'll look younger and FEEL IT—so vigorous and full of ambition.

If one inexpensive jar (lasts 4 weeks) doesn't joyfully satisfy money back from any druggist. Make sure you get Kruschen—prescribed by many physicians and recognized the world over as the SAFE way to reduce.

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Cuticura Healed

"For over two years I suffered with itching, burning pimples that broke out over my face and arms. They were very large, red and hard and came to a head. They itched and burned so much that I could not refrain from scratching, and the pimples turned into white scales. At night I would lie awake for hours."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. When the samples gave out the pimples were disappearing so I bought more and two weeks later I was healed." (Signed) Miss Edith Langlitz, 346 Dove St., Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 2, 1933.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

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