

**TO LOVE!
TO LIVE!**

By R. K. WILKINSON
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EVER since she could remember, Edna May had loved Henry Appleton.

Of course at first it wasn't really love. Not the way sophisticated people thought about love.

It had all started with a girlish admiration, a sort of worship.

For Henry was truly a hero to be worshipped.

Even in grammar school he was an outstanding figure in boyish sports.

And later in high school when he began to feel his maturity he was elected captain of the football team, and was prominent in all social activities.

A tall, handsome figure, decidedly masculine, yet finding time to bask in the warmth of the worship Edna May and other girls bestowed upon him.

Afterward, Edna May entered Smith and Henry went to Harvard.

She could only see him occasionally then.

But the newspapers played him up big, predicted he would be the coming gridiron star.

And though it all Edna May's regard wavered not at all.

The girlish feeling of admiration ripened and grew into what must be love.

No other word could explain the thrill she felt when Henry asked her to a sophomore hop.

Edna May remembered that hop vividly.

She went over big, and this seemed to please Henry a lot.

Like all college men he had been afraid of being stuck with a flat tire on his hands. She'd only danced with him twice during the evening.

And after it was over four couples of them went home together in the same automobile, and Henry had left her at the door of the dormitory where she was staying with a hurried good-night and the merest trace of a hand squeeze.

But he must like her, she told herself.

He must, or he wouldn't have asked her to a big event like the sophomore hop, with dozens of other girls willing and eager to go.

On three other occasions during the four years of college she had gone to Cambridge and attended Harvard functions with Henry.

And during her junior year he had been her guest at the prom.

But their relations had never got beyond the brother and sister stage.

That was the trouble.

Henry had always acted more like a brother to her. That sickening "big brother" stuff.

Just because their families were friends and they had been brought up together in the same town, had attended the same public schools, played in the same sand pile.

Henry probably thought, she reflected bitterly, he had a duty to perform. That's why he took her around some—out of respect to the families.

After college Henry came home and went to work in his father's bank, and Edna May lived with her folks and said she'd like to stay home for a while rather than travel in Europe for a year at her mother's suggestion.

But the real reason for it was because she wanted to be near Henry.

Surer than ever she was now that she loved him.

That feeling that had grown and ripened and turned from adoration to admiration and then to respect couldn't be explained any other way.

They saw each other frequently.

They played tennis together and swam and danced at the Country club. But Henry's attitude remained the same—a sort of casual indifference, a brotherly regard.

If he saw that she had developed from a gawky girl into full and appealing maturity, the change failed to interest him.

He talked to her freely about other girls, called her attention to any attractive females who appeared from time to time at the club dances, infuriated her by paying court to the young Mrs. Morgan, whose husband had died of pneumonia two weeks after their marriage.

It angered her to feel this way.

She knew it was useless, hopeless. And because of this knowledge she maintained a careless indifference toward him.

It was only when she seemingly became interested in Bob Somerville that Henry's attitude changed.

"Keep away from him, kid," he advised.

"Bob's a good scout, but he's not for you. He has a trick of getting girls all haired up about him and then leaving 'em flat."

Edna May's head began to whirl. Was this why Henry had never paid any attention to her before? Was it because she had acted goofy about him, never appeared interested in anyone else? Was this the key to his affections?

Thereafter Edna May became more attentive to Bob than ever.

She spent four or five nights a week with him. And when Henry asked her to accompany him to a club dance she informed him sweetly that she had already promised Bob.

And it worked!

Henry grew alarmed.

He cautioned her about Somerville

again, and received a cold retort to the effect that Edna was now old enough to take care of herself.

The effect upon Henry made her deliriously happy.

He became angry.

At last she was making some impression; at last Henry was beginning to realize she was something besides a kid sister.

She consented once to go out with him, and Henry spent the evening handling her brotherly advice, to all of which she smiled sweetly and looked wise. Henry raged and took her home in sullen silence.

Edna May found difficulty in controlling her emotions.

Henry was waking up.

He was, she was sure, beginning to fail. She could tell.

Every girl can tell when she is making an impression on a man. And the thought made her deliciously happy. Her happiness couldn't be any more complete than on that morning, two days later, when she came to the breakfast table and picked up the early edition of the Reporter that was lying there. She glanced casually at the headlines and flipped the pages to the society section.

Right then her heart stopped beating and the breakfast table and the room and everything began to swim and sway crazily.

At first she couldn't believe her eyes. But she read it again, and then a third time. There couldn't be any mistake. It must be true. And there was Henry's picture and the widow Morgan's. And there were the black headlines staring back at her, "Banker's son elopes with young widow."

Edna May got unsteadily to her feet and somehow reached her room without uttering a sound.

Even then she didn't cry.

Her hurt was too great. She just sat before her window and stared out and saw nothing.

She wished she was dead.

How easy it would be to die now. It would simplify matters so much. It would spare her all the years to come, years of torment and misery.

Edna May suddenly stood up and went into her bathroom and took down a bottle of iodine. . . . Later she opened her eyes and became conscious of a burning sensation in her stomach, and decided she wasn't dead.

Her mother was there, bending over her with anxious eyes.

She wondered why Edna May had taken such a large dose of cough medicine, and Edna May shut her eyes and didn't attempt to explain.

She'd have to try again, she told herself. She couldn't go on. She couldn't.

At noon Edna May got up and dressed and went out for a walk. At the corner of Fisher and Spruce she turned and crossed over to detour around a roped-off area where some construction work was going on.

She remembered hearing the warning cry, but her mind was too occupied to give it much heed. Then she saw the heavy crane swinging toward her, and screamed. Death stared her in the face, and she tried to avoid it.

Death! A few hours before she had sought it. And now she screamed and ran and prayed that it would not claim her. . . .

"It's a pity," the doctor was saying, "she'll be scarred for life. . . . such a good-looking girl, too. . . . even though they do get damages, it won't do much good. . . . damages won't remove that scar. . . ."

Edna May opened her eyes and looked at the doctor and her mother and father, and smiled.

There was pity and sorrow in their faces, but Edna May still smiled.

She reached for her mother's hand and drew her toward the bed. "It can't be so bad as that," she said. "It could be so much worse. I—I'm lucky to be alive."

After a while she thought of Henry and wondered if he was happy with the widow Morgan.

She hoped he was. She wanted every one to be happy. There were so many important things to do.

Life meant so much.

It was so good—so good to just be alive. To feel that you had years and years to live. How foolish she'd been to try to crowd it all into so short a space of time, to have had but a single purpose in mind.

Edna May closed her eyes again, but the smile lingered. She shuddered, remembering how near death she had been. She sighed. Life—just to be alive—was so sweet.

It was selfish to waste life away. . . . So many things far more important and necessary than love.

Edna May at last had found herself.

A Weighty Subject

William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, was a man of big proportions, both mentally and physically. He was also blessed with a keen sense of humor. A Washington newspaper correspondent once asked him if he would tell how much he weighed. "No, sir," boomed the President. "Mr. Reed used to say that no gentleman could weigh more than 200 pounds. I have amended that to 300." Mr. Taft actually weighed more than 300 pounds at one time.

Eskimo Children Lucky

The Eskimo child is in some respects the luckiest child in the world. He is never scolded or whipped and is respected and revered by his parents. This is because the superstition-dominated Eskimo believes that in the child the spirit of its dead grandfather or grandmother lives again. For this reason, it is quite common to hear an Eskimo mother address her child as mother or father.

Beauty Secret in Carriage of Head

Woman Who "Slouches" Can Never Really Look Her Best.

With the attention that is being paid to beauty treatments so that a woman may be good to look at, one essential is seldom heeded. That is the proper way to hold the head. So long as it does not set well on the neck and shoulders, there is something notably wrong with the picture, and no amount of powder on the cheeks and rouge on the lips—and cheeks, too—can make the woman handsome. It is useless to say that nature formed us as we are, and we are not responsible for the carriage of the head, while all the time we are using cosmetics and lotions to change the appearance of the faces nature gave us. So, mothers, see that your daughters learn to hold their heads well up, and gracefully, too.

It is not tradition alone which is responsible for the idea that the way the head was held denoted whether one was a plebeian or patrician. It is a fact. Women of high rank were not permitted to slouch. It was part of their upbringing and education to hold their heads high. They must express in their carriage that they held themselves above mean and degrading acts. They must represent a fineness and nobility of birth and character by the posture of their heads. Those of lower rank might slouch, and unfortunately they did, for they were not trained to hold their heads high.

There was one race of people who as an entire group considered themselves worthy, the Romans. Just to be a Roman meant superiority. Even to this very day the Romans hold their heads high. They have a certain majesty of appearance. One instinctively recognized them as noble. Today to be said to carry oneself like a Roman is expressive of praise, and a not unworthy pride.

To raise the chin alone is not sufficient, and it may be awkward if it is protruded. A good way to get the right poise of the head is to lift the crown up. This naturally straightens the neck, and the chin, while raised, will not be thrust forward.

As a woman grows older there is a tendency to let the head and neck settle down. It is difficult to appear young when the head has this attitude. So mothers, while reminding their children to hold their heads high, should follow their own good advice. This is a beauty treatment which costs nothing in dollars and cents, and is invaluable.

Moreover there is a subtle connection between attitudes of mind and body. With the head held high, the thoughts have the tendency to be above littleness. Both the eyes of the head and of the mind look down on the mean things of life, and true beauty results.

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How to Make Your Own Fly Spray

The well known firm of Fleming Brothers, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, offers to dairymen a free formula for a fly spray which can be made from an essence which they provide for about one-half the usual cost. It is endorsed by leading dairy associations and by thousands of enthusiastic users. A post card addressed to them will bring you full details.

—Adv.

News and the Bigness Thereof
"What is your idea of big news?"
"Anything I happen to be interested in," answered Senator Sorghum, "that manages somehow to break into the headlines."

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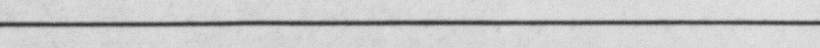
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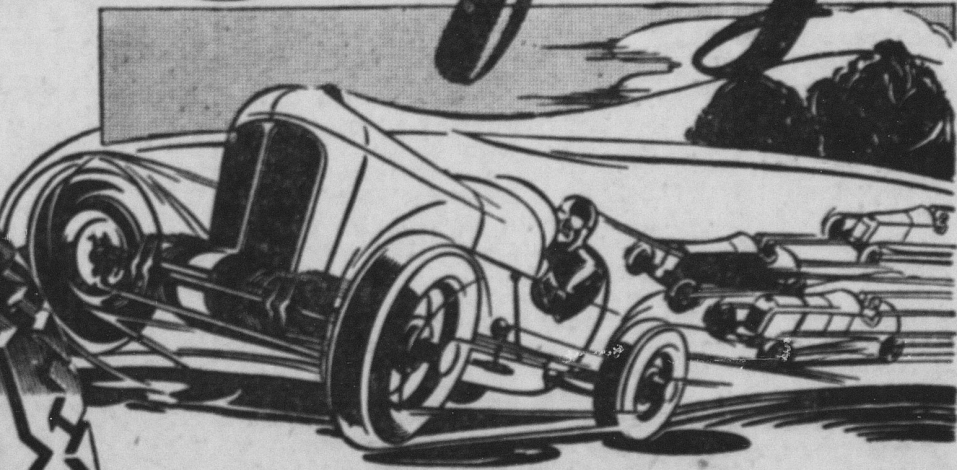
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This new tire has a wider tread of flatter contour, deeper non-skid, more and tougher rubber, giving you more than 50% longer non-skid mileage.

Besides being Safety Protected on the outside it is Safety Protected on the inside. Eight additional pounds of pure rubber are absorbed by every one hundred pounds of cords. This additional rubber surrounds every cotton fiber inside every cord in every ply. This is accomplished by soaking the cords in liquid rubber by Gum-Dipping, a Firestone patented process.

Heat caused by internal friction of cotton fibers destroys tires—causes separation and blowouts.

Gum-Dipping counteracts friction and heat—provides greater adhesion and strength, assuring car owners of the greatest Safety, Protection and Economy that it is possible for human ingenuity to build into a tire.

Every one of the 33 drivers at Indianapolis chose and bought Firestone High Speed Tires. Race drivers KNOW tire construction—they will not risk their lives or chance of victory on any other than Firestone.

At terrific speeds the cars plunge into the treacherous turns—tires are braced against the scorching brick track—so hot the tires fairly smoke at times—they give—yield and stretch—every conceivable force works to tear the tire to pieces, yet Firestone High Speed Tires "come back" on the straightaways. Not once during the entire race did a tire fail.

Surely this is the most amazing proof ever known of Extra Strength, SAFETY and Dependability. Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store nearest you TODAY. Equip your car with new Firestone High Speed Tires for 1934.

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