

**Winning Points,
Back and Front**

PATTERN 2174



AA
2174

A pleated sleeve and contra-posed pockets give the front of this frock a vital, new appearance—but presto, change! Look at the back! Back buttons are very smart, placed at the side. For indulging in, or watching, the game, or to "live in" at play places, this dress is admirable. The new creamy beige, a pastel, or a gaily checked or candy-striped material of the washable variety would make an excellent choice. And don't be afraid of outspoken fabric patterns this season!

Pattern 2174 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 takes 3 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

EYE ON ECONOMY

An old farmer's rich cousin from the city paid him a visit. When he left he offered to send the farmer a new hat.

The old farmer thought quickly. "What kind would you like, Silas?" he said, "felt or straw?" "Straw," he said at last. "Cos when I've finished with it it will do nicely for a mouthful for the cows."—London Answers.

Shades of Confusion
"I'll have to be more systematic," said Senator Sorghum.
"Bothered by bookkeeping?"
"No. But my secretary has allowed my religious ghost writer to get mixed up with my expert in boss race dialect."

Lots of 'Em
"Does he always keep his word?"
"Yes—no one will take it!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cutting and Slashing
"Why are you reducing?"
"Oh, to cut down expenses."—London Answers.

WNU—4 16—35

**Fine For
Digestion**



**Fine
For Teeth**

**"SLUGGER"
SMITH**

By R. H. WILKINSON
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"NO MAN," said Elmer Stone, "was ever more proud of his sobriquet than David 'Slugger' Smith."

Slugger was a small man, puny, almost emaciated in appearance—a friendly sort of person, the type of man toward whom you instantly warm without knowing why; a man, great of spirit and generous of heart.

"Sam Cook just called David, 'Slugger.' It was toward the end of the annual baseball game between volunteer Hook and Ladder No. 1 of Dexter and Hose 3 of Bartlett. David, an ardent follower of the big leagues, himself an enthusiastic player and a third baseman of whom all Dextertites were proud, stepped up to bat in the last half of the ninth, with the score 2 to 2, and slugged out a home run.

"Sam, who was seated beside me in the bleachers, exclaimed: 'What a slugger that guy turned out to be!' The name seemed to suit David fine. It was sort of catchy and somehow suggestive of the reason for its origin.

"There was, as usual, a celebration that night in the firehouse, and David was the hero of the hour. Sam proposed a toast to 'Slugger' Smith, and everybody cheered and applauded and thought the moniker well bestowed.

"David was ordinarily a modest and reticent type of man, but that name tickled his vanity. He grinned from ear to ear, and you could tell by the look in his eyes that he was mighty proud to be called 'Slugger.'

"That night after the celebration David went home and, emboldened by the flattery of his teammates (a boldness augmented by several generous mugs of Peter Sayles' very best home brew) woke his wife, Dora, from a sound slumber, and apprised her of the great honor that had been bestowed upon himself.

"It was, I suspect, the home brew that freed David's tongue, for Dora Smith approved not at all of her husband's enthusiasm and interest in the national sport. She frowned upon his association with such ordinary people as myself and Sam Cook. And since the day of their wedding, five years before, she had never ceased trying to convince him that baseball was a degrading and vulgar pastime.

"For Dora had social ambitions. She wanted to be somebody, to travel in smart company, to be distinctive and aloof. At that time Dexter had no group of people that could be classed as aristocrats, but Dora had dreams of such a group, with herself in the role of social lion.

"And so when David, with boyish enthusiasm and righteous pride, told her he had earned his sobriquet, his ardor was almost instantly squelched by cold and condemning stares, by harsh and cruel scolding, by unsympathetic and unfair upbraiding. Fortunately, David had fortified himself with enough home brew to dispel any oppressiveness which might have been his reaction to such a rebuff, and, more fortunately still, Dora had that evening received a letter, the contents of which had excited her to a high fever and left little room in her mind for other matters. Hence the tirade was cut unusually short, and David crawled into bed to dream blissful dreams of slugging home runs for Hook and Ladder No. 1.

"Dora woke him early the next morning. Fully clothed she sat on the bed's edge, and held the letter in her hand. Even to David's sleep-drugged brain was borne the knowledge that something important was about to happen. He rubbed his eyes, sat up and prepared to listen. Dora beamed.
"David, it's happened! We're rich."
"David blinked. 'Rich?'
"Richer than I'd ever dreamed. David, just listen to this: Uncle Thomas, my mother's brother, who lived in Boston, died two weeks ago, and bequeathed us his entire fortune. Nearly a million dollars!"
"David looked concerned. 'Say, that's a shame. Tom was a good egg. What ailed him?'
"Dora's glance hardened for an instant, and then she was beaming again. 'Think of it, David, a million dollars! Think of what it means! Travel! Meeting smart people! Mingling with the highest of society! Oh, David, we'll be the envy of everyone in Dexter!"

"David wasn't exactly agog over the idea, and protested at giving up his job and accompanying his wife on a trip abroad. But he was a mild-mannered man, easily persuaded in preference to asserting himself. During the next two weeks, while Dora was packing and making preparations for their tour, he went around town with a doleful look on his face, a look that brightened only when some one addressed him by his newly acquired sobriquet. If some one on the opposite side of the street shouted at him: 'Hi, Slugger!' you'd see a grin appear that would warm the cockles of your heart.
"We hated to see David go. He was a regular fellow, liked by us all, a good mixer, an unselfish friend. He told us they were to be devoted to acquiring culture and a snooty attitude.
"And despite the fact that none of us could ever conceive of David as an aristocrat or anything more superior than the hero of Hook and Ladder No. 1's baseball team, we felt sad the day of his departure. Somehow it seemed he was stepping out of the role in which we had always known him and into another and stranger character.

"This fear was substantiated when, from one source or another, we began to hear news of the Smiths' social climb. Due mostly to Dora's determination and initiative they had advanced far and succeeded in making an impression on some of Europe's high society.

"This news was further supported when it became known that Dora had invested several thousands of dollars with a genealogy expert and acquired among other things, a coat of arms, and a large book containing details of the Smith family as far back as Capt. John Smith. A little later we were advised that mail addressed to Mr. or Mrs. David Smith would be ignored; if we wanted to communicate with Slugger we must address the envelope to D. Richard Smythe, which was, Dora discovered, the correct way of spelling and pronouncing the good old name.

"This latter information was disturbing. It forced us to admit that our conjectures regarding 'Slugger' Smith were wrong. He had succumbed at last, gone high hat, become an aristocrat, would undoubtedly look down with scorn and contempt upon his one-time cronies.

"Our last remaining hope was dashed asunder when one day the train from Boston deposited Slugger and Dora at Dexter's depot. Those of us who, as usual, were gathered on the platform to check up on the train's arrival, were saddened by what we saw. There was Slugger in a cut-away coat and striped trousers, carrying a little snow-white Pomeranian dog under his arm. He followed Dora across the station platform and looked right through us as if we had been so much thin air.

"It was sad. None of us addressed him. We would have felt uneasy doing so. He seemed strange and unreal; he wasn't the man upon whom we had bestowed the sobriquet of 'Slugger' and who had been proud of the honor.

"Several times we met this strange being about town during the next few days. And always he looked through us or failed to turn his face in our direction at all. We did not attempt to renew old friendship; we were too fearful of being humiliated and scorned.

"The thing might have gone on indefinitely had not Bob Terri, who had secured a position in Boston shortly after the Smiths departed from Europe, returned to town one day and confronted David in the post office that evening. Bob of course had no news of David, was not aware of the great transformation that had taken place in the one-time crony to us all, and at sight of him he let out a whoop and came across the floor. 'Slugger! I'm a son of an ox! By all that's holy, what is this, a masquerade!' he ejaculated again, and reached out and whacked David between the shoulder blades.

"And then something very surprising happened. Instead of spurning Bob's greeting with a look of scorn and contempt, an expression of serene happiness appeared on his face. He grinned from ear to ear and thrust out his hand.

"Thanks, Bob,' he said, his tone husky, 'thanks. I—I was afraid every one had forgotten about that name of mine. I was afraid to speak to anyone; afraid they wouldn't call me 'Slugger.'"

**Frozen Grasshoppers in
Glacier for Many Years**

Probably one of the most curious sights of the world is a glacier full of frozen grasshoppers. This is known as Grasshopper glacier, and is to be seen in Montana, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald. The huge mass of ice, under the crush of which the grasshoppers are buried, is under the shadow of Granite peak, a 13,000-foot mountain. Millions of grasshoppers are embedded in the ice of the glacier, and no one knows how many thousands of years they have been there. Those near the surface are plainly seen through the clear ice.

Just how the grasshoppers came to be in the ice is a matter which has long perplexed scientists. One idea is that the insects were suddenly killed by a cold blast of air when crossing the mountains on one of their periodic flights southward. Falling, they became buried in ice and snow.

Electric-Magnet Finds Tools

Among the most successful ways of fishing for tools lost at the bottom of an oil well a mife and a half deep is a powerful electric magnet which is lowered into the hole. When contact can be made, the magnet lifts them quickly to the surface. Broken bits, tubing catchers, spearheads, slips, ball-er bottoms, and various other metal parts are lost in drilling or later operations and must be recovered or the hole deviated around them. The bigger the hole the larger the magnet that can be used with a consequent greater lifting power. Magnets are constructed from 3 1/2 to 24 inches in diameter. A 9-inch magnet has a lifting power of 1,500 pounds plate stock. The apparatus is installed in a truck on which is mounted the cable drum.

Buried in Mortar

Probably the principal point of interest in Algiers is the tomb of St. Geronimo, a Christian martyr of the Sixteenth century, who was killed by being smothered in a block of mortar. The cast may be seen in the museum of Mustapha Superieur, in the suburbs.

Meaning of Word "Hooverize"

The word "Hooverize" was coined from the name of Herbert Hoover when he was United States food administrator during the World war. It means to economize in the use of food; to use certain foods sparingly or not at all and substitute others.

**First Step in Child's
School Life Important**

"To all educators who have come in contact with young children, kindergarten is a vital unit of school organization. It bridges the gap between the home and the school, changing the child from a self-centered individual into an altruistic social being. He realizes that there are many other boys and girls whose rights must be respected and privileges preserved.

"The kindergarten child is trained to use his hands properly, given what is called a reading readiness, taught to speak distinctly, and to make the best use of his power of concentration. More important, perhaps, than any other value, he adjusts himself to school life with its novelty and formality."—Arthur J. Breen, Dean, Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa.

The National Kindergarten association, 8 West Fortieth street, New York, will provide literature and lend colored charts to organizations desiring to work for public school kindergartens.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Page Papa

Teacher—Willie, what is an adult? Willie—One that has stopped growing except in the middle.

INDIGESTION, GAS

Mrs. Kathryn Nutter of 25 E. Washington St., Gratton, W. Va., said: "I had a poor appetite and my digestion was bad—certain foods I could not eat without distress. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a short time I could eat anything I liked without being up, and I have since been in the best of health." Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.



MERELY CLASSIFICATION

The letter designations of radio stations are classification letters adopted by the federal government following the plan as originated when all transmission and station licensing was limited to wireless telegraphy.



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