Bag for Crochet SHIFTING SAND "Rose" Knitting

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Any woman who does knitting would be proud to carry her work and materials in this extremely pretty knitting bag. The pocket when finished measures 10 by 13 inches and is crocheted with extra heavy dark Mountain Craft crochet cotton. The design, as illustrated, is the popular Rose design.

Package No. 749 with brown crochet cotton includes illustration, complete instructions, also black and white diagram for easy counting of meshes. These instructions and diagram will be sent postpaid for 10 cents. Complete package with instructions, thread and proper size crochet hook will be sent postpaid for 40 cents. Handles are not included.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. B, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo, Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

## No Second Thought

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A Soft Answer Arguing becomes quarreling when the voice is raised.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can

## THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

face grave and determined, remained with her back to the stairway door, her eyes never leaving Elisha Wins-There was something in her low's. face Sylvia had never seen there-a light of battle; a fierceness as of a mother fighting for her child; a puzzling quality to which no name could

be given. Suddenly, as the girl studied her, recognition of this new characteristic flashed upon her understanding. It was love!

Anger, perhaps terror, had forced Marcia into betraying a secret no other power could have dragged from her. "What proof have you?" Marcia demanded.

Elisha shifted from one foot to the other. "I've seen the jewels," he whispered.

"They're here-in this room, under that brick. I've seen 'em." With finger pointing dramatically toward the hearth, Elisha strode forward.

Sylvia, however, sprang before him, standing 'twixt him and his goal.

"What a ridiculous story, Mr. Winslow!" she cried. "What a fantastic yarn! Do you imagine for one moment there could be anything hidden under those bricks and Marcia' and I not know it? Why, one or the other of us has been in this room every instant since Mr. Heath arrived. When could he get the chance to hide anything? There is nothing here, Mr. Winslow, truly there is nothing. I swear it." "Nevertheless, let him look; Sylvia. Let them both look."

"Please-please, Marcia-!" Sylvia was upon her knees now on the hearth, and the men, hesitating to remove her by force, halted awkward-

Marcia regarded her first with startled incredulity-then with coldness. So Sylvia loved Heath, too! She was fighting for him-fighting

with all her feeble strength. A pang wrenched the older woman's

beart What if Heath had played a double game-made love to Sylvia as he had made love to her? If so-if the man were a mountebank the sooner they both found it out-the sooner the world knew it, the better.

If, on the other hand, he was innocent, he should have his chance. The older woman went to the side

"Get up, Sylvia," she said. "The sheriff must search. He must do his duty. We have no right to prevent it."

The brick was lifted out. A smothered cry escaped Sylvia and

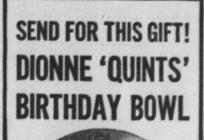
"Why-land alive-there's nothin'

"I told you there was nothing !" Sylvia taunted, beginning to laugh hysterically. "Wal, 'Lish, all I can say is you must

Well, scientists say the cause of all a great many

## **Marriage Is Insurance** Housewife's Idea Box

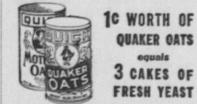
**Against Most Everything** A married man lives longer and is less likely to end up in the workhouse than a bachelor. So says Edwin S. Burdell, professor of economics and social science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The professor is further of the opinion, based on his stories of the subject, that married men commit few crimes and less often go insane. The unmarried man has less at stake in the community because he has a lower status. Marriage is the best insurance in the world - insurance against crime, insanity, poverty and premature death,





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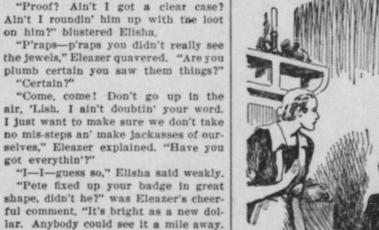
Well, What Else?

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FOR 2 FAN HOUR

WITH A

<u>Coleman</u>



(5)

proach.

rockin' an' eatin' pie!"

tactful way."

straight to it."

he is."

Eleazer.

peated.

he makes plana for arresting Heath. Currier arrives. Marcia overhears Heath describe how he acquired the gems, and is forced to believe him guilty of theft. At Heath's suggestion, out Elisha, feeling very small in-Currier investigates the hiding placedeed, backed into the nearest chair. and finds the gems! He returns to New "You won't mind if I go on with my York with them, but his many refer-ences to "Mrs. Heath" have convinced baking, will you?" Marcia said, bustling toward the stove. "I'm makin' dried apple turnovers. They'll be done Marcia her tender dream has been a in a second and you shall have one. I guess a nice hot apple turnover won't CHAPTER VIII go amiss." In spite of Elisha's indignation

lews."

No answer came.

in' on. I'll show you."

stood upon the sill,

"No. I-we-"

Elisha nodded.

"Isn't he coming in?"

to a funeral?"

ised-"

"Knock, I tell you! That ain't

knockin'. Give the door a good smart

thump so'st folks'll hear it an' be

made aware somethin' important's go-

Eleazer gave the door a spirited bang.

"Law, Eleazer! A rap like that

would wake the dead," Elisha pro-

tested. "I hear somebody. Stand by

me, Eleazer. Where are you goin'?

Come back here, can't you? You prom-

"I didn't promise to go in first. You

was to do that," Eleazer called from

his vantage ground round the corner.

The door swung open and Marcia

"Why, Elisha !" she exclaimed. "How

you startled me. Come in. You're all

dressed up, aren't you? Have you been

"Eleazer? Did he come with you?"

"Yes-yes. He's comin' presently."

"Well, sit down and tell me the

His dignity, his pomposity put to

The sheriff cleared his throat.

"Me an' Eleazer-" he began.

"But-but-" Elisha whimpered.

With deftness she whisked a triangle of flaky pastry onto a plate and toward Stanley Heath, and his resolve extended it toward her guest. to go to the Homestead with the break He sat down with the plate in his of dawn, it was noon before he and

lap. He had taken only an introductory In the first place, the two men disagreed as to the proper method of mouthful, however, when the door parted a crack and Eleazer crept cautiously through the opening. "You can't take him on no warrant,

For a moment he stood transfixed

then he burst out in a torrent of re-

I was just leadin' up to it in a sorter

when you're arrestin' folks. You've

got the thing to do an' you have to go

"Arresting folks?" Marcia repeated,

"Yes. Since 'Lish is so spineless at

"You better look out, Eleazer Crock-

word more an' I'll hall you into court."

She must gain time-worm out of them

"Of what are you accusing Mr.

"Of the Long Island robbery," Elea-

you beheld the loot with your own

"Then why on earth don't you stand

The door opened and Sylvia entered,

then stopped, arrested on the threshold

Inquiringly she looked from Marcia

Marcia, with whitened lips but with

arrest," Eleazer announced.

how much they knew.

Heath?" she demanded.

zer answered.

Elisha does."

figger I have."

Elisha nodded.

up in your boots an' say so?"

by the sound of angry voices.

to the men, and back again.

thief?"

eyes?"

looking from one man to the other.

"There ain't no way of bein' tactful

"'Lish Winslow, what on earth are

12.2

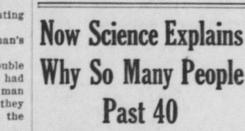
of the pleading figure.

Her face was pale, her lips tightly set.

was echoed.

here!" gasped the sheriff.

her 'a' been wool gatherin' or



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cloths as dish cloths. This is not

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be useful to us. Another is from

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There are various sorts of curlos-

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Read the offer made by the Postum

THE HOUSEWIFE.

takes to hem the cloths.

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ness, stomach upsets.

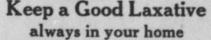
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The End Counts

Never mind what a good beginning makes.

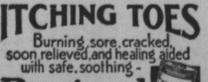


Among the necessities of home is a good, reliable laxative. Don't be without one! Do your best to prewithout onstipation. Don't neglect it when you feel any of its disagreeable symptoms coming on. . "We have used Thedford's Black-Draught for 21 years and have found it a very useful medicine that every family ought to have in their home," writes Mrs. Perry Hicks, of Belton, Texas. "I take Black-Draught for killeneness constitution for the second Draught for biliousness, constipation and other ills where a good laxative or purgative is needed. I have always found Black-Draught gives good results."

**BLACK-DRAUGHT** 

Ugly If Not A loud horse-laugh is lovely if it's on your side.









handcuffs, too-they look An' grand. Wal, what do you say to our settin' out?"

**By Sara Ware Bassett** 

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SYNOPSIS

The youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe has as her guest her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden. A

stranger, on the verge of exhaustion

finds his way to Marcia's home. Se-cretly, he asks her to hide a package

containing jewelry. She does so. Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery nearby. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath. Syl-

via discovers the jewels, and naturally believes Heath is a robber. She real-

izes that Marcla must have hidden them, and decides to say nothing. Mar-

cla feels she has altogether too deep

an interest in her guest, but is power-less to overcome it. Heath wires "Mrs. S. C. Heath," New York, saying he is

safe. He also orders a man named Cur-rier to come at once. Sylvia, in her room, bedecks herself with the jewels.

At Marcia's approach she hides them there. Heath asks Marcia to bring them to him. They are gone! He kindly makes light of the loss. Sylvia restores

the jewels to their original hiding place. Elisha Winslow, visiting Marcia,

discovers the gems and has no doubt

they are the stolen gems, and that Heath is the thief. Leaving the jewels,

foolish one.

Eleazer got under way.

arresting the alleged criminal.

on him?" blustered Elisha.

"Certain?"

got everythin'?"

'Lish," Eleazer objected, "'cause you

ain't actually got proof he's guilty."

The stroll to Crocker's Cove was not a hilarious one. With each successive step Elisha's spirits dropped lower and lower.

At last they came within sight of the bay.

"Where'd you leave the boat?" Eleazer questioned. "I pulled her up opposite the fish-

shanty." "She ain't here."

"My soul an' body! What's to be

done now?" "I reckon we'll just have to give it all up," the sheriff responded with a sickly grin, "Call it off."

"An' let the thief escape? No sir-ee! We've got to go through with this thing now we've started if it takes a leg. We'll walk round by the shore."

In high dudgeon the two men plodded through the sand, its grit seeping into their shoes with every step.

It was not until they came within sight of the Homestead that the silence between them was broken.

"Wal, here we are!" Eleazer an nounced more genially.

"Yes-here-here we are!" his comrade panted. "My soul an' body-what a tramp! I'm near dead! Wait a minute, Eleazer. Let's take 'count of stock an' decide how we're goin' to proceed. We've got to make a plan."

"But we've made a plan a'ready. After you've knocked at the door an' gone in-"

"I knocked an' gone in?" "Yes, yes," Elisha repeated. "After

that, you'll sorter state the case to Marcia, 'xplainin' why we've come an' everythin'-"

"An' what'll you be doin' meantime?" Eleazer inquired, wheeling sharply.

"Me? Why, I'll be waitin' outside, kinder loiterin' 'till it's time for me to go in-don't you see?"

"I don't. I think 'twould be better was you to go ahead an' pave the way for me. That's how it's done in plays. Some kinder unimportant person goes first an' afterward the hero comes in."

"So you consider yourself the hero of this show, do you?" commented Eleazer sarcastically.

"Ain't I?" "Wal, you don't 'pear to me to be. Who egged you on an' marched you here-answer me that? If you ain't the most ungrateful cuss alive! I've a big half mind to go back home an'

leave you to do your arrestin' alone." "Don't do that, Eleazer, don't do that !" Elisha begged. "Don't go home an' leave me-now-at the last

minute." "Very well," Eleazer agreed magnificently. "Then I'll remain an' give you my moral support."

Elisha got up and, dragging one foot after the other, moved toward the house.

"Now knock," commanded the dictator.

Tremulously Elisha tapped on the

dreamin' when you conceived this yarn," Eleazer jeered.

"I warn't," hissed Elisha, stung to the quick. "I warn't dreamin'. Them jewels was there. I saw 'em with my own eyes. I swear to heaven I did." He confronted Sylvia. "They was there, young lady, warn't they? You know they was. That's why you was so scairt for me to look, You've seen 'em. Deny

can lie if you want to save the skin of that good-for-nothin' critter upstairs -though what purpose is served by your doin' it I can't see. But Marcla won't. If she says them jewels warn't here I'll believe it. Come now, Marcia. Was there ever diamonds an' things under this brick or warn't there?"

As if the admission was dragged from her, Marcia formed, but did not

hid them for safe keeping."

"A likely story! He stole 'em-that's what he did." "Prove it," challenged Marcia, with

sudden spirit, a spot of crimson burncome for. Pretty kind of a sheriff ing on either cheek, "Prove it?" Elisha was taken aback. "Wal, I can't at the moment do that. I can't prove it. But even if I can't, I can make out a good enough case against him to arrest him on suspicion. That's what I mean to do-that's what

> I can go up an' cross-examine him." "I ask you not to go. I forbid it."

"I forbid it," repeated the woman. "Drop this matter for a day or two, Elisha. Mr. Heath shall not leave the house. I promise you that, Leave him here in peace until he is well again. When he is able to-to-go with you I will telephone. You can trust me. When have I ever been false to my word?"

"You mean to say you think him a "I don't see why the mischief you're "We know he's one-leastways so crazy to stand 'twixt this Heath chap an' justice, Marcia. The feller's "I-yes! I'm tol'able sure. I have a scoundrel. That's what he is-an out evidence," Elisha replied. "At least I an' out scoundrel. Not only is he a thief but he's a married man who's "Shucks, 'Lish !" Eleazer cried. plottin' behind your back to betray "Where's your backbone? You figger you-boastin' openly in telegrams he you have! Don't you know it? Ain't is."

"What do you mean?"

"I wouldn't like to tell you. In fact couldn't. "Twould be repeatin' what was told me in confidence," hedged Elisha, frightened by the expression on the woman's face,

"I have a right to know about the telegrams you mention. Will you tell me or shall I call up the Sawyer Falls operator ?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

an acid condition of the stomach. Nothing more. All you have to do is to neutralize

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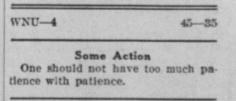
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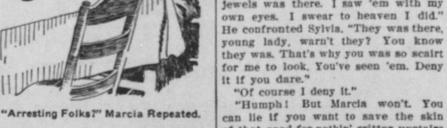
A CONSTIPATED child is so easily straightened out, it's a pity more mothers don't know the remedy. A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be *measured*. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help. This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. Doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospi-tals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. And today, there are fully a million families that will have no other kind in the house.

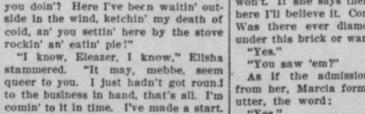
in the house. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a doctor's prescription, now so widely known that you can get it all ready for use at any drugstore.



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"Yes." "There! Then I ain't gone daffy! What I said was true," Elisha acclaimed, rising in triumph and snapping his finger at Eleazer.

"The jewels were Mr. Heath's. He

his job, I may's well tell you what we er, how you insult an officer of the law," Elisha bawled angrily. "Say a

I come for an' what I'll do 'fore I

"Law, Marcia !"

