

Handsome Cloth Is Quickly Crocheted



Pattern 5193

Here's Fun for you—and Beauty for your dinner or tea table—in a lacy pattern which you can crochet so easily of string. It won't take you any time at all to learn the "sample" square design, on which all the others are based, and to crochet a goodly number of squares. When you've enough, join them to make a beautiful table cloth, bedspread, dresser scarf or pillow cover. Then sit back and wait for compliments!

In pattern 5193 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it, of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To the Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Hard Game

Cracked skulls and broken arms are not unusual among players of Jai Alai, the Spanish game. Players have to handle a ball half the size of a baseball and almost as hard as a golf ball at terrific speed. A "softer" game was needed for less reckless athletes. So American "soft ball" is being introduced.

PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick RELIEF By Rubbing



Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

A Set-Back Experience is likely to teach timidity as much as anything.

MY BANKER ADVISED ME TO Carry TUMS



QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION... SOUR STOMACH... HEARTBURN

MILLIONS of busy men and women have found it a wise to carry Tums always... carrying Tums means from several minutes to an hour of more quicker relief. When smoking, hasty eating, rich foods, or "big nights" bring on gas or heartburn... a few Tums will quickly bring scientific, thorough relief. No harsh alkalies. Non-habit forming. And, they're so pleasant to eat... just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. Buy Tums at any drug store. Only 10c... or 3 rolls for 25c in the handy ECONOMY PACK. Carry Tums!

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

Self-Proclaiming Don't forget that an honest man never has to proclaim the fact.

Miss REE LEEF says Capudine relieves NEURALGIC PAIN quicker because it's liquid... ALREADY DISSOLVED

Bright Star

By Mary Schumann

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SYNOPSIS

Kezia Marsh, pretty, selfish and twenty, arrives home in Corinth from school and is met by her older brother, Hugh. He drives her to the Marsh home where her widowed mother, Fluvanna, a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing and understanding soul, welcomes her. Kezia's sister, Margery, plump and matronly with the care of three children, is at lunch with them. Hugh's wife, Dorrie, has pleaded a previous engagement. On the way back to his job at the steel plant founded by one of his forebears, Hugh passes Doc Hiller, a boyhood friend whom he no longer sees frequently because of Dorrie's antipathy. Fluvanna Marsh awakens the next morning from a dream about her late husband, Jim, whose unstable character she fears Kezia has inherited. Soon Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an aristocratically inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna's and a favorite of Hugh's. She happily tells Fluvanna she has become engaged to Jerry Purdue. Ellen fears that her father and mother, Gavin and Lizzie, will not approve the match. Hugh and Dorrie go out to the Freeland Farms to dance with their friends, Cui and Joan Whitney. Whitney, who has been out of work, announces that he has landed a new position. They see Ellen Pendleton and Jerry Purdue. Cui and Dorrie dance together and then disappear for a while. Dancing with Joan, Hugh is amazed to find her in his arms. Apparently she has some secret worry over her husband, Cui. Hugh sees Kezia accompanied by a young man.

CHAPTER III—Continued

They rose and floated away to the rhythm of the sentimental music. Ellen felt closer to Jerry when they danced than at any other time. They seemed so completely attuned then, step seeking step, turning instinctively in each graceful movement. He was just enough taller; he gave himself to the spirit of the underlying sensuousness of the air, communicated it to her.

The music ended with an increased tempo and a final bang. They walked to their table where the waiter had placed their dessert.

The place was filling up. There had been only eight or ten for dinner, but now almost every place was occupied. Across the room Ellen caught the eye of Hugh Marsh, gave him a laughing salute. Dorrie and Joan nodded to her, and Cui Whitney too. She had never met Cui, but supposed it was a pleasant informality evoked by the friendship of the others.

She turned to Jerry. "That's Hugh Marsh—you remember we called at Cousin Fluvanna's one night? The one in green with the stunning hair is Dorrie, his wife."

Jerry put sugar in his coffee. "Your cousin, Hugh, is a good picker. What a profile!"

"Isn't it? Like a cameo." "What kind of person is she?"

"I never feel I know her very well. She's not very friendly. You have the sensation she is passing judgment on you, finding you odd or amusing. It may be imagination on my part, or—"

"What?" "I think a person so beautiful creates a wall around themselves. Such a picture that you're a little in awe of them, wondering over the effect. Your fault, really, for you make them conscious of the admiration you feel, and they're amused by it."

Jerry nodded. "She sounds high-nosed to me," he pronounced briefly, cutting through Ellen's struggling analysis. "Is Kezia like her?"

"You'll meet her soon. She wants me to take you over some night."

Just as they were leaving, Kezia came in with Arthur Williams and they met on the steps. Kezia turned cordial, radiant eyes on Jerry as she extended her hand. "Nice to know you. I've heard so much about you."

Ellen could see that Jerry looked pleased and impressed.

"El, you're not leaving, are you?" came Kezia's sweet aggrieved complaint. "Do stay with us and dance—we'd have a foursome!"

Arthur seconded the invitation. "Sure—a foursome. What's the idea of leaving now?"

But Ellen pleaded another engagement and they took their departure.

Jerry helped her ceremoniously into the car. His manners were much better than most of the men she knew, she thought with pride. If he hadn't learned them at home, he had picked them up from observation of others. They would pass muster with her mother, Kezia—anyone. She hugged the reflection to herself with pleased content. One more point in the sum total of the graces which endeared Jerry.

They drove down the winding drive to the main road. "I wish we had stayed," said Jerry, regretfully. "Kezia—she's charming, isn't she? I wouldn't have minded meeting Hugh and what's-her-name, too. We could have had a good time."

Ellen was conscious of a pang.

The knowledge that she was dragging him away from the gay company for an awkward interview with her family, made her feel guilty. "We'll go out again sometime," she said quickly.

As they spun along the concrete road toward town, edged with suburban bungalows and an occasional farmhouse, she wondered what would Mother say? Any of the terrible things she had voiced before she left? She wouldn't hear Jerry insulted! She would be firm on that. But how protect him from the iniquitous insult of the look Lizzie could wear upon occasion? She had watched Fanny Plance shrink and wither under its disdain and disapproval the time Caleb had brought her to the house. Her mother had asked Fanny icy questions designed to disconcert her. She hadn't come a second time, and presently Caleb had married Ena Mills. Mother shouldn't do that to her and Jerry! She must not. Ellen's delicate face looked almost steely in its valor as she decided that nothing would shake her determination to marry Jerry.

Mrs. Pendleton was evidently waiting for them, for she sat very erect in a torturingly stiff carved, high-backed chair. The living-room was in the full blaze of all the chandeliers. "Like a queen," crossed Ellen's mind in a nervous snickering instant. Mrs. Pendleton was a blond, big-boned woman, with distrustful, cold gray eyes and lips pressed close together. She hesitated about taking Jerry's hand, then withdrew hers quickly. Gavin Pendleton greeted them, gave short hard pulls at his mustache, then rushed out of the room, only to reappear in a moment.

"Ellen's father and I were very much surprised—very," began Mrs. Pendleton accusingly.

"But knowing Ellen," said Jerry, striving for lightness and ease, "knowing Ellen—you couldn't be, could you?"

"Just—what do you mean—by that?" she spaced her words and fixed him with a glittering eye.

"This is awful, thought Ellen. Mother giving him the third degree and Father waiting for his cue to play the heavy parent. . . ."

"I mean that anyone should be forgiven for loving Ellen."

"Loving Ellen? . . . Mm-mm." Gavin rushed out of the room, snapped on the lights in the dining-room, put them out, returned.

"You see," said Gavin, brusquely, "we don't know much about you." He turned, got as far as the French doors, came back. He stood with feet apart; his hand reached for his upper lip. "Haven't paid much attention to whom Ellen was seeing . . . gave us quite a shock tonight . . . Mother not strong . . . very bad for her . . . shock. Girls—mm—thoughtless—mm—parents—mm—consideration."

Lizzie raised her platinum-framed eye-glasses, held them at the corner. "Do I know your parents?" she asked insolently.

Jerry colored at her tone. Ellen rushed in with: "Mother, they are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Purdue and they've lived here all their lives."

"I've never met them." It was slogging hopelessly. But Jerry braced himself and came through smoothly with: "Extremely nice parents—mine. Awfully fond of me and all that. I know it has come suddenly. I'm sorry that you're not well, Mrs. Pendleton, and that it has shocked you."

"I was feeling better, hoping, ever so faintly, that I might be able to enjoy the pleasures of life again . . . and then this comes!"

"But, Mother, it is nice. Something to be happy about! Why do you take that dismal tone?" cried Ellen exasperated.

Lizzie glared at her and drew a deep sighing breath. "I have been a martyr for years. No one knows what I have endured. Some days better—some days worse. I can never make plans like other people, never do the pleasant things I want to do. A sudden shock like this—"

Gavin disappeared from the room and came back with a cigar wrapped in cellophane which he offered to Jerry.

Jerry took a chair nearest Lizzie, shook his head gravely. "It must be terrible," he murmured. "I have an aunt who is an invalid."

Lizzie looked somewhat mollified. "It started with a sore throat, an infection in the blood stream. A very slow and dangerous disease. Few are ever cured." She actually smiled, although it was the slow, self-pitying smile of the invalid who enjoys her illness. "I've tried every doctor here that I have any confidence in, and I've been to specialists in other cities. Sometimes I am helped for a time—usually it is money thrown away. I manage to get about—just get about."

"Seems to me my aunt tried some kind of drinking water, a special kind."

Lizzie knitted her pale, scraggy brows. "Gavin, what was the name of the one I used so long?" Gavin shook his head gloomily. "Dunno." He, also, took a chair as if of the worst of the tension was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Goat Eats Cactus The cabretta, the half-wild goat of Curacao, practically lives on thorny cactus. The animal pounds the thorns off with its hoofs and then proceeds to feast on the cactus bark.

Now We Can Measure Light

The Sight Meter Shows Whether Light Is Adequate

By Louise Brown
"BE SURE to have enough light," say the light and eyesight specialists. Nor are they talking in terms of idle guesswork. In the last few years an instrument has been developed that measures light in footcandles just as we measure the weight of anything in pounds, temperature in degrees, or distance in miles. This light measuring gadget is called a Sight Meter.

Don't let the term footcandle upset you. It's merely the standard for measuring units of light, and means the intensity of light thrown on a surface by a standard candle held one foot away.

Outdoors, in the noonday sun of a midsummer day, we have from 8,000 to 10,000 of these footcandles to see by. Could you say at a guess how much light we have indoors? Guess, again! Even on a bright day we have only a few footcandles as compared to outdoors. Right at the window we may have about 200 footcandles, while a couple of feet from the window it drops to around 20.

At night when we use our eyes for close work under artificial light we may have less than 5 footcandles, even in a home that seems to be well lighted. Not much compared to 10,000, is it? And yet we often read or sew for hours under such conditions, just letting our eyes make the best of it.

Free Lighting Survey
If you would like to know how much light you actually have at various points in your home, particularly where the children read or study—for young eyes need to be guarded with good light—by all means have a Home Lighting Survey. This is a free service by your local utility. They will be glad to send to your home a trained Lighting Adviser who will measure the light and make suggestions for improving it.

It may be that rearranging the lamps will throw the light at a better angle on your work. It may be necessary to increase the intensity of the lamps to give you light for seeing safely, or your lighting may only need



With a gadget called the Sight Meter the Home Lighting Adviser measures the light on your book to determine whether or not you have enough for safe seeing.

some such simple adjustment as putting a white lining in a dark shade, or converting a regular floor lamp into an indirect type.

You'll find a Home Lighting Survey vastly interesting. You'll have the gratification of know-

ing that your lighting is right, or by making the changes suggested by the Home Lighting Adviser, you will not only improve the appearance of your rooms but add enormously to the seeing comfort of your family.

Cassowary Is Hen-Pecked by Bigger, Better Half

The male cassowary is a husky-looking bird, but he's henpecked, nevertheless, according to W. H. Shippen, Jr., in the Washington Star. His mate is larger and stronger, and she prevails upon him to incubate the eggs she produces.

The cassowary is a sort of cousin to the ostrich and emu, but perhaps his nearest relatives were the giant moas of New Zealand, which disappeared 700 years or so before the coming of the white man.

The moas stood 10 or 12 feet high and laid two-gallon eggs. The biggest hen cassowary sometimes stands six feet, and her hair-like feathers grow as long as 12 inches.

The cassowary's strange feathers and bright-colored neck and bone "helmet" make him a valuable attraction in a circus menagerie. He is sometimes billed as a "hairy monstrosity from the wilds of Australia, half bird and half beast."

The wings of the cassowary are only useful as weapons. They contain five or six sharp, heavy quills as a reinforcement to his kicking, three-toed feet, and his powerful beak. The cassowary's toes are armed with strong claws for scratching.

He gets his food by digging it out of the earth, or running it down in the open. The cassowary in his native Australia lives on insects, larvae and small mammals. He is a swift runner and a vicious fighter when cornered.

The Beisa Antelope

The long, rapier-like horns of the beisa antelope enable him to prevail now and then over the fangs and claws of the king of beasts. Oddly enough, African hunters say the beisa shares this distinction with the giraffe, a creature which seems timid, awkward and harmless, with a vulnerable length of neck, and fragile, still-like legs. Yet the front hoofs of the giraffe are sharp, and his legs muscular. His thrusts have been known to cut a lion to death.

"Wolf at the Door"

The use of the phrase "wolf at the door," to indicate hunger or starvation, dates back at least to the fifteenth century. It is obvious how the wolf (which was still roaming in Great Britain then) came to be a type of destructive or devouring agencies. The Oxford Dictionary quotes from the Harding Chronicle, about the year 1470: "Endow him now with noble sapience, by which he may the wolf beat from the gate;" also another author, in 1555: "This man can little skill to save himself harmless from the perilous accidents of this world, keeping the wolf from the door (as they call it)." Stevenson's Home Book of Quotations gives other examples of the use of this phrase as early as the Sixteenth century.

First Adhesive Revenue Stamps

The first use of adhesive revenue stamps by the United States commenced during the civil war. By an act of congress passed on July 1, 1862, and effective Oct. 1, a stamp tax was levied upon practically every document and legal paper, and upon proprietary medicines, plasters, perfumery, cosmetics, and playing cards. Other laws were passed in succeeding years as new taxable items were brought to the attention of those charged with raising money to provide the sinews of war. Under the original law, stamps made for a particular instrument were not to be used for any other, as it was hoped to procure valuable statistics through the medium of the stamps, but to a certain extent they were used interchangeably from the start. A new act passed in June, 1864, provided for the use of any documentary stamps upon any form of document, but still ruled against the use of proprietary stamps upon documents, and vice versa.

Swiftest Bird That Flies

There seems to be no doubt that the Frigate-bird, an inhabitant of the tropical seas, is the swiftest bird that flies, but scientists have not been able to calculate its rate of flight because of the difficulty of confining the flight within fixed limits, says Pearson's Weekly. The pectoral muscles are immensely developed, and weigh nearly one-fourth of the total weight of the bird. Another rapid flyer is the common Black Swift. It has been computed that the greatest speed it attains is about 276 miles an hour, which if maintained would carry the bird from its summer retreat in England, to its winter home in Central Africa in about six hours. The American Canvas-back Duck is commonly supposed to be capable of flying at a speed of 200 miles an hour.

First Ice-Making Machine

The first purely mechanical ice-making apparatus was developed in 1775 by Dr. William Cullen, an Englishman, who perfected a device based upon the vacuum principle. This method was not practicable, and it remained for Jacob Perkins, an American engineer living in London, to invent what was the forerunner of the modern compression machine. For a refrigerant, he used a mixture of ether and brine. His invention was patented in 1834.

Alcohol from Artichokes

Alcohol can be made from the levulose, or sugar, obtained from artichokes which are about three-fourths water. Chemists find that the carbohydrate material in the tubers is more like gum than starch.

Songs the Patriots Sing About Their Native Land

Here is a list of national songs and hymns which include some of the most important in use in various countries:

- Argentine Republic—"Mortals, Hear the Sacred Call." Australia—"There is a Land Where Summer Skies." Austria—"Be Thou Forever Blessed, Our Native Land." Belgium—"La Brabanconne." Bolivia—"Praise Eternal to the Brave Warriors." Brazil—"Hymn of the Proclamation of the Republic." Bulgaria—"Bloody Maritza." Burma—"Sound the Trumpet."
- Canada—"O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old." Chile—"Dear Land." Colombia—"O, Glory Unfading." Czechoslovakia—"Kde Domov Muj?" Deumarl—"King Christian Stood Beside the Mast." Egypt—"March of the Khedive." Estonia—"My Native Land, so Wondrous Fair." Finland—"Our Land." France—"La Marseillaise." Germany—"Germany, Germany, Before All."

- Great Britain and the colonies—"God Save the King." Hungary—"Lord Bless the Hungarian." Irish Free State—"A Soldier's Song." Italy—"Royal March" and "Fascist Hymn." Liberia—"In Joy and Gladness With Our Hearts United." Lithuania—"Lithuania, Land of Heroes." Mexico—"Mexicans, at the Call of War." Netherlands—"Let Him in Whose Veins Flows the Blood of the Netherlands." New Zealand—"God Defend New Zealand."

- Norway—"Yes, We Love This Land of Ours." Poland—"Poland's Glory." Russia—"Young Russia, Hail Victorious." Scotland—"Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled." Sweden—"Thou Ancient, Free and Mountainous North." Switzerland—"Thou Call'st, My Fatherland!" United States—"The Star-Spangled Banner." Wales—"Men of Harlech."

First Army Balloon

Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, twenty-nine, made the first flight for military purposes in the Western World in 1861, rising in a balloon near Washington to make observations for the Union Army of the Potomac, and from it transmitted the first telegraph message from the air to President Lincoln, says the Atlanta Constitution. Military authorities didn't see any value to either the balloon or the aerial telegraph messages, and Lowe quit the Army long before the war was over, to turn his hand to the invention of one of the first mechanical ice boxes. But the Lowe flights served a notable purpose: Count Zeppelin, twenty-four-year-old German Army observer with the Union Army, made his first balloon ascension in a Lowe craft, and got his idea for airships while watching artillery fire being directed from a Lowe blimp.