



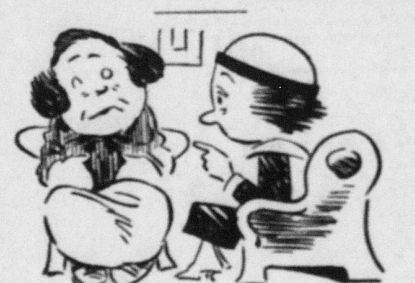
On the Funny Side

Courteous Nature
"Whenever I set out, my collar open, my pack on my back, my pipe in my mouth, my hair uncovered to the breeze, Dame Nature smiles."
"It's a wonder she doesn't laugh outright."

Chameleon-Like
"I've a bookkeeper in my office who has gone gray in my service."
"That's nothing. I've a typist in my office who has gone black, brown, blond, platinum, and Tintin red in my service."

Till Next Week
Hap—The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years.
Sap—Gosh! I lent one ten dollars last night.

IN HER FOOTSTEPS



"What beautiful hands your daughters have."
"Yes. They're just like mine used to be when I had a mother to wash the dishes for me."

At the Count of Ten
"That letter don't seem to have pleased you any," said the trainer to the heavyweight champion.
"It ain't," said the boxer. "It's from a firm what wants to place an advertisement on the soles of my shoes."

False Alarm
"I hear you barely escaped from the fire last night."
"That's not true: I had py-jamas on."

Light Conversation
"Mausier is a man who always weighs his words, isn't he?"
"Yes, but it takes a deuce of a lot of 'em to weigh anything."

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up

YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

LUDEX'S DO ALL THREE!

From Abuse
One's conscience may never become really impaired; but it may suffer spells of fatigue.

DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE? I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINELY FOR INSTANCE, LOVE, IF HEARTBURN COMES... I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUMS!

YOU'LL LOVE THIS FAST RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums... like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting... only 10c... yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released... remainder passing unaltered from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

Crossroads of the WORLD TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

A pleasant, quiet, refined hotel home, spacious rooms, good food

ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 SINGLE \$3.50 DOUBLE

Hotel WOODSTOCK

43rd St. East of Times Square Under Knott Management

Bright Star

By **Mary Schumann**
Copyright by Macrae Smith Co. WNU Service

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 wakes the next morning from a dream about her late husband, Jim, whose unstable character she fears Kezia has inherited. Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an artistically inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna's. She happily tells Fluvanna she has become engaged to Jerry Purdie. 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, Cun and Joan Whitney. Whitney, who has been out of work, has a new position. Cun and Dorrie dance together and then disappear for a while. Dancing with Joan, Hugh is amazed to find her in tears. Apparently she has some secret worry over her husband, Cun. When Ellen and Jerry speak about their engagements to Ellen's parents, Lizzie is disagreeable until Jerry sympathizes with her imagined ailments. The matter is left pending. Unexpectedly Hugh has to visit a neighboring city on business. Returning home to ask Dorrie to accompany him he finds her telephoning. In confusion she quickly hangs up without saying good-by. She finally agrees to accompany him. They spend a delightful day and Hugh is happy. At a family party, Kezia encounters Jerry. Ellen is disturbed when Jerry is absorbed by Kezia. Kezia goes out of her way to charm Jerry. Fluvanna is concerned about Kezia, who is creative about dates she has been having at night. She muses over the resemblance of Kezia to her late husband, recalling how temperamental, moody and improvident he had been. She recalls the tragic picture of his death—how after drinking and gambling to excess he is faced with financial ruin, how he tries to force her to mortgage her resources to pay his debts and threatens her with a gun.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I borrowed the last on that."
"Will you telephone Kimball? He's waiting."
Her thoughts raced. If she could get away from him until he came to his senses! "I won't do anything until you lay that revolver down!"

He looked at her and then at the weapon sullenly. "I'll keep it until you go through with it."
"Escape? . . . Escape? . . . Behind her was the attic door. Why hadn't she run downstairs—out into the yard? It was in her mind to gain the maid's room and lock the door. She whirled and ran up the stairs.
He caught up with her as she was closing the door, grasped her by the shoulders. "Give me time to think! . . . You are frightening me to death!" she moaned.
He placed the revolver at her breast. His face was savage. "You'll do as I tell you—now!"
She had caught the weapon in her hands, struggled with a strength she had never known she possessed. It had gone off with a terrible report.

The gun fell to the floor. Jim stared at her, his arms, his shoulders relaxed. She watched a red stain appear on his shirt-spread. He staggered. Chilling from head to foot, she put her arm around him, eased his fall.
All the beastliness was wiped out of Jim's face. He looked faintly surprised and puzzled. "I wasn't any good," he whispered with a half mocking smile. "Just as well I did it."
Downstairs she heard running footsteps.
He was still conscious when Dr. Carey came. "I did it, Doc—business losses," said Jim. He closed his eyes.

The universe did not cease its swaying and a remote and cloudy veil closed down upon her. The doctor kept her in bed; she couldn't have risen if she had tried. In her condition of shock she was beyond anything that required decision.
"I'm sending a nurse for a day or so," Dr. Carey had said.
In her sick fancy she seemed to see a pilgrimage of people, laughing, singing people, passing along a road, the women wreathing themselves with flowers picked by the roadside, bound together by the unity of happiness—their troubles only inconveniences—while she stood on an isolated crumbling precipice, alone.

Presently she knew comfort. But not of earth. The phrases of those on earth who longed to comfort, were kindly intentioned, but inadequate. Comfort came from interstellar spaces; through a million million light years it traveled to her, from higher, finer realms of ether. It radiated along the vast and delicate spider-web of thought in whose center dwells Divinity.
Warm and soft the comfort enveloped her. Understanding of every aching nerve and shattered illusion, understanding of loneliness,

sorrow, and disgrace; understanding even of the overwrought soul who slays a fellow-being. Precious, pure vibrations, healing and up-building, like white fire that glowed, that warmed, but did not burn.

It came after weeks. She found herself able to rise from her bed and make her way downstairs. The rooms were half dusted, and had an air of neglect and disorder. The bird had not been fed regularly or his cage cleaned. The geraniums in the window boxes were dry and yellow. The sound of altercation came from the basement and a slap. Kezia's voice rose in a wail of abused misery.

Katie, the maid, came up dragging Kezia by the hand. "Never was such a mean little brat! Into everything!" She stopped, stared to see Fluvanna on the first floor.

Kezia, seven, but her baby, a mean little brat? Only a mischievous, lovable darling! She took a swift step forward and Kezia ran sobbing to her. She heard the story of Kezia's blowing out a fuse while Katie was ironing her dress for a picnic; she sent Katie back to her work. She sat in a big chair comforting Kezia, knowing the delicious sweetness of the child's fragile arms around her neck.

Hugh came in presently, his lean boyish face too grave for his years, leggy and awkward in his first long trousers. She saw the look of incredulous joy in his eyes. Hugh . . . Hugh. Always one child who is closer to the heart. Hugh was sensitive, had a grave inarticulate idealism—he was shouldering a burden too great for sixteen.

He kissed her fondly. Margery was bicycling on the speedway. She shouldn't, should she, Mother? It was black with cars going forty miles an hour, and if her bike wobbled . . . But she wouldn't come for him. He would go back and tell her Mother wanted her. That



"You'll Do as I Tell You—Now!"

would bring her. He departed. In a few minutes Margery, usually so dainty, came in shrill and blowsy, her dress on backward and two buttons missing.
Fluvanna began to laugh. They stared at her round-eyed. Then they all joined in with sheer relief. It had been so long since there had been any laughter in that house.

Life was kinder now. All seemed going well. Faintly she heard Kezia moving about upstairs; Eric was cutting the lawn now—evidently had finished his work on the car. The sound of the mower came in with steady rhythm, the swish of the grass as it fell. The sunlight was so bright that it had a quality of phantasm.

She heard wheels on the drive, the click of a brake, then voices. Small pattering footsteps ran over the porch. She moved forward to welcome Margery's children.
"Billy and Mike has come to play," a childish voice announced.

CHAPTER VI

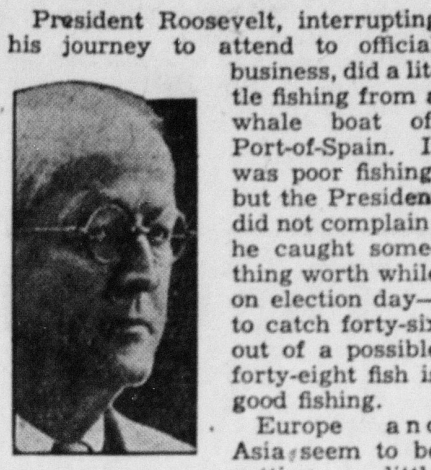
Hugh's office was a corner room on the twelfth floor of a midtown building, and three great windows gave him a panoramic view of the city.

His stenographer, Miss Ruskin, came in. She was a thin girl with an engaging, pleasant manner, a scrubbed-looking freckled face. She was supporting her mother, who lived on the edge of town.
"Next week I want you to get together all the correspondence we have with the Dayton people on that contract. Have it ready by Monday noon. They are talking of a lawsuit and I want to go over it."

Her face looked a little brickly with the flush which spread over it. She bent over her pad. "I'll have Miss Jones do it—or I'll work late tonight. Next week—have you forgotten?—I'm to take my vacation."
"I had forgotten. You asked for the first two weeks in September, didn't you? And what are you doing during your vacation?"
Her face lighted. "Four of us—girls—are taking a cabin on Rocky Creek. We'll cook our own meals, go swimming, fishing, just be generally lazy."
"And forget all about the steel business?"
She smiled. "Yes."
"It sounds like a nice vacation."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

One Big Catch War Comes Closer More Houses Needed Would Not Eat Ladies



Arthur Brisbane

President Roosevelt, interrupting his journey to attend to official business, did a little fishing from a whale boat off Port-of-Spain. It was poor fishing, but the President did not complain; he caught something worth while on election day—to catch forty-six out of a possible forty-eight fish is good fishing.
Europe and Asia seem to be getting a little closer to war, although many wise ones think it still far off.

Germany admits willingness to side with Japan in a fight against bolshevism. Practical Stalin, man of few words, tells Japan what he thinks of her pact with Germany by refusing to renew a treaty that permits Japan to fish in Russian waters off the coast of eastern Siberia.
That fishing privilege is vitally important to the feeding of Japan's surplus millions, increasing at the rate of one million new Japanese every year.

Langdon Post, New York's commissioner of housing, tells the American Federation of Labor that a great national shortage of houses exists, because there has been no building, New York City, especially, is in a bad way, according to Mr. Post; there the shortage in housing "may have tragic consequences."
That is good news for the building trades, and temporarily good news for landlords; they will not overbuild. As usual, politicians will seize the opportunity to raise taxes, and presently money lenders will be once more selling real estate under foreclosures.

Life is a brief game of seesaw—now up, that is prosperity; then down, that is depression. The budget is not the only thing that needs balancing.

Our neighbor, Nicaragua, well advanced in modern intelligence, establishes a military flying school, orders fighting planes from the United States, hires a first-class instructor. There is progress everywhere, and you realize it when you read in chapter 26 of Westminster's "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas":

In ancient Nicaragua women were held unworthy to perform any duty in connection with the temples, and were immolated outside the temple ground of the large sanctuaries, and even their flesh was unclean food for the high priest, who accordingly ate only the flesh of males.

What a jump from a civilization in which the high priest would not eat ladies that had been slaughtered to a modern air school in which young Nicaraguan women, once excluded from the temples, will be allowed to fly planes and learn how to release bombs!

Schumann - Heink, artist of the operatic stage, and a fine example to all women, is dead at seventy-five.
Young ladies who say "I can't have children because I must have a career," and sometimes have neither, please observe that Mme. Schumann - Heink had a magnificent artistic career and many children also, including two boys killed in the big war, and one on a submarine, who survived.

Winston Churchill, able Englishman, thinks Great Britain, France and the United States should remain "one in support of democracy," and calls the United States "a child of our blood and ideals." This country is the child of many different kinds of blood and ideals. Greater New York includes the biggest Italian city in the world, bigger than Rome or Milan; more than a million of Italian birth or descent. The same New York contains two million Jews, many more than ever were in Palestine.

Colombia has written a new constitution, authorizing its government, among other things, to confiscate private property without paying the owners. Conservative citizens of Colombia call that "communist," which seems hardly an exaggeration.

More pay increases, more bonuses, more distribution of accumulated surplus by big corporations. Sixty - five thousand workers in textile and shoe industries learn that they are to have Christmas bonuses and better wages.

Two young female geniuses, Misses Fanny Hurst and Agnes Replier, disagree about book writing. Agnes Replier says it is "perilously easy"; Fanny Hurst says no, it is hard.
Publishers say all depends on the kind of books you write and the brain you have.
© King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Simple But Smart Models



MATRON, maid, or tiny miss— your attention please. For assembled here are three lovely frocks to brighten your wardrobe. All are designed to be made at home, quickly and inexpensively, and each is accompanied by a step-by-step instruction chart which makes sewing a real pleasure and recreation.

The lovely and graceful daytime or afternoon frock, Pattern 1949, features a novel yet simple yoke and collar treatment, a clever swing skirt, and youthful sleeves, long or short. Chic and stylish, yet as simple as can be, it will make up beautifully in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 (30 to 38 bust measure), and size 14, with short sleeves, requires just 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.
The comely morning frock which steals the center, Pattern 1973, is available in a wide range of sizes and takes top honors for comfort and versatility. Requiring just five simple pieces including the belt, it goes together like a charm, to fit perfectly and make your morning chores so much lighter. The pointed yoke is slimming, the set-in sleeves are free and open, and the skirt is dart fitted at the waist. As easy to make as to wear, this pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52. Send for it today. Size 38 requires just 3 3/4

yards of 35 inch fabric, dimity or percale or gingham or seersucker.
The tempting model for tiny tots, Pattern 1944, is likewise utterly simple to make, yet as cunning as can be. Good for party or for play, it is a pattern you can cut twice and save for future use in any of a wide range of fabrics. The tiny puff sleeves are cut in one with the shoulder with just two simple pieces for the front and back of the dress. The size range—six months, one, two and three years. The one year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, and if you wish you can make the pockets, cuffs and facings in contrast.
Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

WHAT THE DIONNE QUINS EAT

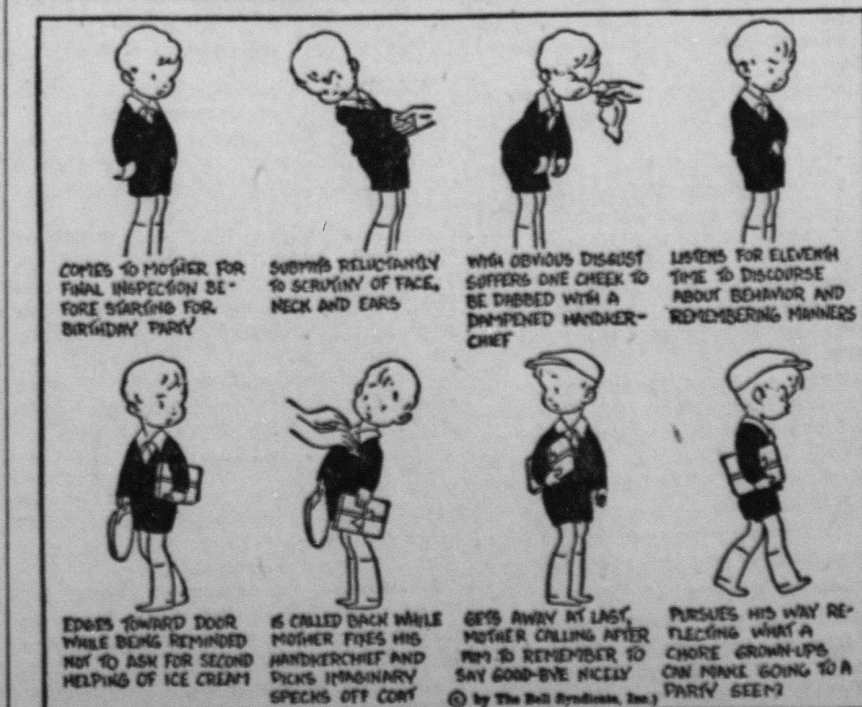
Quaker Oats Daily Is Hard and Fast Rule

Everyone Needs Vitamin B for Keeping Fit.* Stored so Richly in Quaker Oats

• No matter what your age, or your work, you can profit from the case of the Dionne Quins.
For doctors say that nervousness, constipation, poor appetite, which strike at young and old, alike, often result when diets lack a sufficient amount of the precious Vitamin B.
Quaker Oats contains an abundance of this great protective food element. That's why a daily breakfast of Quaker Oats does us all a world of good.
So order by name from your grocer today.
*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.

QUAKER OATS

STARTING FOR A PARTY



Interesting Ads for Interesting People