

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. What Revolutionary leader was known as the "swamp fox"?
2. What is meant by "high German"?
3. To what do "great primer" and "long primer" refer?
4. In what state was Abraham Lincoln born?
5. In geography, what is meant by a march?
6. What two great mountain systems traverse the United States?
7. By what church official is a mitre worn?
8. What mountains separate Europe from Asia?
9. What is meant by a "modicum"?
10. In what ocean is the island of St. Helena?
11. What is a "capper"?
12. What are the Vedas?

Answers

1. Francis Marion.
2. The language of Germany as distinguished from that of the Netherlands, etc.
3. Sizes of type.
4. Kentucky.
5. A boundary or the territory adjacent.
6. The Appalachian in the East and the Rocky in the West.
7. A bishop.
8. The Ural mountains.
9. A small account.
10. The Atlantic.
11. A decoy at gambling games.
12. Sacred writings of the Hindus.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

Noble Thoughts

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir P. Sidney.

Don't Sleep on Left Side, Crowds Heart

GAS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE DISCOMFORT. RIGHT SIDE BEST.

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, try Adierika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly. Adierika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out foul matter you would never believe was in your system. This old matter may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, sour stomach, headache or nervousness.

Dr. H. E. Shook, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli." Mrs. Jas. Filler: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adierika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."

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Trifles Make Perfection
Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—Michelangelo.

Miss

REE LEEF says:

'CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved'

Inspired Accomplishment
Art makes a rock garden; an uninspired taste, a pile of rocks.

A Case of "Nerves"

Mrs. S. C. Boykins of 201 W. Davis St., Raleigh, N. C., said: "I was 'all nerves'. I couldn't stand any noise or excitement, had lost my appetite and weighed only 70 pounds. I couldn't sleep well at night and felt weak and exhausted. I decided to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and soon noticed a decided change, my appetite was increased and then I could feel myself gaining daily. Buy now! New size, tablets 50c., liquid \$1.00 & \$1.25.

That's Greatness
Grand ideas grandly realized constitute greatness.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

Hugh, on his way out, planned that he would have his mother invite Ellen for dinner very soon. Or he would issue the invitation, call up and coax her a bit if she seemed unwilling. Not tonight—he had to work late tonight. And tomorrow Mother had invited the John Renshaws for dinner, and the next night he had to go to the Wellers' . . . well, some time soon! Perhaps next week.

But the Renshaws could not come the next night and Fluvanna went to a concert with Margery and Will. Hugh read the paper, looked at a trade journal, and at nine o'clock, feeling restless, decided on a long ramble. He took Rowdy, Kezia's dog, with him, a wire-haired terrier, which she could not keep in the apartment.

Hugh circled the boulevard and the park twice, a walk of two or three miles, drawing in deep breaths of the early March air which was keen and cold, yet with a difference.

He walked with a swinging step, submerged in his own reflections. Rowdy investigated lawns where lighted windows drained away into the shrubbery, then returned to him. Hugh did not know when he became conscious that a woman was walking half a block ahead of him. She must have turned out unnoticed from a side street. She walked rapidly, for it was a lonely place for a woman to be, the dark woods on her right, and on her left the houses set far back from the street. Young, slight, and faintly familiar.

Suddenly she turned abruptly to her right and plunged into the wood. She walked swiftly and without uncertainty until she disappeared.

Hugh stood still. He had recognized her by a forward movement of her shoulders—or thought he had. Why was she going into the



She Was Up to Her Knees in the Water and Wading Out When He Reached Her.

park at this time of night?—timid, sheltered Ellen. The perspiration broke out on his forehead as he remembered the small artificial lake . . .

She was up to her knees in the water and wading out when he reached her.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her to a seat near the bank.

"It's Hugh? . . . Hugh?" Then in a low murmur: "Why did you come?"

"Fate sent me, Ellen," he answered simply. He drew her head to his shoulder. "Because you were never meant to do that thing."

She gave a long sighing breath that was more poignant than any sob, it held so much of tears unshed, of misery. "Hugh," she whispered, "it aches so here." She laid her hand on her heart.

"I know."

A pause, then her voice again on that tremulous, respiratory note: "Yes, you know." She drooped against him shivering.

Suddenly she sat up. The water dripped from her sodden clothes.

She faced him, her wistful blue eyes startled and examining. She shook her head. "You are braver than I—stronger. I can't go on."

She began to cry, shuddering dry sobs, that licked his heart like flaming faggots. He drew her to her feet. "Let us walk. No good sitting here in wet clothes after that ducking. We'll walk very fast—see, like this."

He led her out of the woods, unresisting.

"Can you run? . . . Come, Ellen, run with me as far as the next corner."

They ran for a long block, then slowed down to a walk.

"Tell you what we'll do. You come over to my house and get off your wet clothes, put on something of Mother's. I'll fix you a nice hot drink—then you'll raid the ice-

box—get us a lunch! We'll have a nice clubby evening—come!"

She put her hand over her eyes. "Whatever you say—I'm so bewildered."

His mother was not home when they arrived. He took her directly upstairs, turned on the hot water in the bath. "Get in there, young lady, and be quick about it. 'I'll have changed and be pounding at your door in five minutes."

He changed his clothes quickly, then ran down to the telephone and called the Pendletons. Gavin's nervous, irritated voice answered.

"Ellen is here with us."

"Yes, yes," Gavin stuttered. "She's all right. We'll keep her until tomorrow if you don't mind."

"Wait—wait!"

Gavin had a colloquy with Lizzie, then muttered, "Mother wants you to bring her home."

"If I do I won't answer for the consequences!" replied Hugh.

There was a pause while Hugh heard Lizzie's strident voice in opposition. She evidently wanted to talk to him. "Keep her," said Gavin suddenly. "See you tomorrow."

He foraged for everything he could find in the way of food, cheese and ham, olives, white and rye bread, fruit and cake. When Ellen appeared she shook her head. "All this to eat? . . ."

She nibbled, then began eating. Presently at something he said the dimples came out and she laughed in soft merriment.

Her own laughter startled her, and a puzzled look came over her face. "It's beginning to seem ridiculous—like a joke . . . how could I?"

"Some people think life is a joke."

"Playing tricks—yes?"

"It looks like that sometimes when we have set our hearts on something we don't get. Then we think that there is a malicious Being who enjoys our scrapes, a leering, cruel, practical joker."

"It must be true." Her head drooped, her tone was muffled. "He blocks each exit as you hurry from one to another. He says, laughing horribly: 'Stay in your prison!' . . . it seems that way to me."

"And there's another way to look at it. He may be a great wise Force that foresees more than we can—has a plan for us. He lays on each one the burden of destiny . . . and says: 'Take this, carry it—it is my plan for you. Bear it the best you can; grow under it; and I shall lead you out and beyond.'"

"The burden of destiny," Ellen repeated in a dazed tone, "or a practical joker? . . . Which is right?"

"The one which gives us courage," said Hugh with sudden conviction.

"You believe that?"

"I believe that," he answered in a low voice. In his effort to help Ellen, he had suddenly clarified his own vague gropings—was conscious of the uplift of spirit which accompanies an illumination of thought.

So absorbed were they, that they did not hear Fluvanna enter. She stood at the door in her velvet evening wrap, surveying them with wonder and surprise. "Ellen—Ellen!" Ellen ran to her and hid her face on her shoulder.

"So glad you've come, darling," murmured Fluvanna, caressing her.

"She's going to stay all night—perhaps a week or two," said Hugh.

"Nothing would make me happier—Ellen knows I would like to have her forever."

CHAPTER XIII

Gavin took off his glasses and rubbed the place behind his ear where they had rested, then put them on again and blinked at Hugh.

"Lizzie will raise a fuss," at length came his pronouncement.

"I've not talked to Mother yet, but she is so devoted to Ellen that I think she can be persuaded to go," said Hugh.

Six months in France and Italy would restore Ellen, Hugh had pleaded. His mother would accompany her, he thought. It would be well for his mother to have the change; the family difficulties—he had paused—had been hard on her.

Gavin frowned. "But Lizzie—"

"You mean she'll disapprove? You must make her see how important it is. It means more for me I've been telling you, Gavin . . ."

He leaned forward and rapidly told him of the incident down by the park lake.

Gavin rose, paced the room, muttering unintelligibly under his breath. He came back. "You go to see her . . . tell her . . . Oh, my God . . . Ellen!" He slumped down in his chair.

Hugh rose. "You want me to talk to Lizzie?"

"Yes, I'll drop around there this afternoon." He did not fear the interview with Lizzie a fractional part as much as her husband did.

Gavin wrung his hand at parting. "I'll pay expenses for both," he burst.

Lizzie received Hugh to the square expensive ugliness of the Pendleton living-room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE MAN WHO KNEW

The court was silent except for the clear-cut tones of defending counsel. Everyone hung on his words, and many thought that he would win his case.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I ask you—where could the prisoner have hidden the watch? Not in his pocket. The constable has already told you that the man was searched. Not in his shoes—the watch was too large. Then where was it hidden?"

He paused for dramatic effect, and during the pause the prisoner ventured:—

"Please, sir, I put it under me at."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

ARITHMETIC



Jones—Does your wife call you down for every little thing?
Brown—First she makes a big thing out of it.

It Makes a Difference
Teacher sought to impress upon her class the principle of "turn the other cheek." Then she asked a test question:

"I'm supposing, Tommy," she said, "that a boy hit you. What are you going to do?"

Tommy didn't hesitate. "How big a boy are you supposing?" he demanded promptly.

No Need for Hurry
For years he had been terribly henpecked. One morning at breakfast he said to his wife: "My dear, I had a queer dream last night. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

"Indeed!" said his wife. "And what did you say to him?"

"I asked him why he was running."

True Hospitality
A spinster encountered some boys in the old swimming-hole, minus everything but nature's garb, and was horrified.

"Isn't it against the law to bathe without suits on, little boys?"

"Yes'm," announced freckled Johnny, "but Jimmy's father is a policeman, so you can come on in."

True to Life
"Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

"My friend, I can make it so lifelike that you'll jump every time you see it."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Optical Error
"That old bird has been making eyes for years."

"An incurable flirt, eh?"

"No, he's a glass-eye manufacturer."—Garland News.

SHIP AHOY

Mr. Tardy—Will you go sailing down the stream of life with me?
Miss Bliss—You're too late, Tom Bright made me promise to go aviating through life's air with him.

Recalcitrant
Bill (viciously attacking a piece of chicken)—This must be an incubator chicken.

Joe—Why?
Bill—No chicken with a mother could be so tough.

That Explains It
Luttrell—I'll have you know my friend Helen is getting a man's wages.

Owen—Well, well—I didn't know she was married.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Out of Whack!
Grocer—You mustn't buy any meat from the butcher across the road, dear.

Wife—Why not? He's quite a good man.

Yes, but he's bought our scales.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Delay Explained
"Your coffee, sir," said the waiter. "Special from South America."

"So that's where you've been!" yawned the diner. — Stray Stories Magazine.

Household Questions

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Chocolate stains may be removed by washing in cold water or by soaking in boiling water to which borax or a little glycerin has been added.

To make lace look new, squeeze in hot, soapy water, then in cold water, and then in milk to stiffen it. Press on the wrong side with a fairly hot iron.

One gallon of coffee will serve 25 medium sized cups. The size that would accompany a dessert after a dinner.

When cream will not whip, add the white of one egg and thoroughly chill before whipping.

Rayons should be pressed with a warm, but not hot iron. A hot iron will melt some synthetic materials.

Dishes that have contained sugar or greasy articles should be soaked in hot water before washing.

A couple tablespoons of molasses will make beans brown nicely.

When blankets are to be washed for the first time they should be soaked over night in cold water.

A Touch of Spring Upon Your Linens

Could you ask for a daintier, more Springlike wreath? Here's a bit of embroidery that's unforgettably lovely, and always easy to do!—Pattern 5570, which will give an old or new bedspread a quick beauty treatment. You can use gayly colored floss both for the lilac clusters and their dainty



Pattern 5570

bow, and just the easiest of stitches—blanket, single, outline, lazy daisy and French knots.

In Pattern 5570 you will find a transfer pattern of one large spray 15 by 20 1/2 inches; one bow-knot 4 1/2 by 12 1/2 inches; two sprays 3 by 5 1/2 inches and two sprays 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used; 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 your name, address and pattern number.

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