

A Seamless Knit on Round Needle

All eyes on this knitted two-piece! So summery, in white or pastels, it's done mainly in stockinette stitch, with a lace stitch defining its "sunburst" yoke. Use a round needle and there'll be nary a seam to sew or show. You'll



Pattern 5601.

love it in either nubby cotton yarn, a combination of wool and rayon, or in Shetland floss. And of course you'll want to wear it both with and without its matching skirt! In pattern 5601 you will find instructions for making the blouse and skirt in sizes 16-18 and 38-40; an illustration of the blouse and 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. 14th Street, New York.

Art of Meditation

The art of meditation may be exercised at all hours, and in all places; and men of genius, in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inward, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, calm amidst distraction and wise amidst folly.—Isaac D'Israeli.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dances and parties. BUT, if you are cross, lifeless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus insuring the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today. **WITZ-OUT FAIL** from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefits. Why not by **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?**

A Truth Is Obscured

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—John Ruskin.

The crying of children is sometimes an indication of WORMS in the system. The cheapest and quickest medicine for ridding children or adults of these parasites is Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" Vermifuge. 50c a bottle at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., New York, N.Y.

Following Intellect

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.—Michelangelo.

Constipated?



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

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WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—It is often the trick of political spokesmen to let their real feelings become known by a statement that makes no definite reference to the broader policies in which they are interested. Such a statement was that made lately by Sen. Pat Harrison, Mississippi Democrat, with reference to what the senate will do on the pending tax bill. At least, nearly all of the observers here who know the lovable Pat Harrison were quite convinced that, when he said the senate would grant business relief from unfair taxes, he actually was proclaiming congressional independence of President Roosevelt.

This question of taxation is one with which the New Dealers are gravely concerned; they are just as much concerned as is business and the country as a whole. But they are concerned for a different reason. Some minds throughout the country long ago began to beg congress and the administration to make changes in the tax laws to permit business to go forward with employment and production. New Dealers attacked anyone who said that as an "economic royalist" or "tory" or some other one of the various things that the New Dealers profess to hate. After so long a time, however, the New Dealers conceded some changes were necessary—and then began the greatest face-saving maneuvers yet to be tried by the wishful thinkers.

When word went to the house ways and means committee that it could make modifications in the two pet New Deal tax laws, the ageing Chairman Doughton, of that committee, followed instructions. Of course, there were seventeen Democrats and seven Republicans on the committee and that enabled the New Deal to carry out its plans for "modification" of tax laws—and to save faces. Regular Democrats and Republicans in the committee membership still were in the minority in the house of representatives, and the New Dealers had their way. The tax bill debate in the house nevertheless told of more slaps at the administration that lay ahead.

At this point in the developments, Senator Harrison enters upon the stage. He is chairman of the senate committee on finance. His statement, therefore, that the 1938 tax bill is going to give some basis upon which business can break even, at least, can be taken as indicative of the final form of that law when it emerges from congress. The house, under the lash of White House lobbyists, managed to hold part of the ways and means committee draft in its original shape while losing other parts of it. Thus, when the senate has acted and the bill is sent to conference committees for adjustment of the differences, it is rather plain to see how Democrats and Republicans are certain to override New Deal face-saving.

I have written much in these columns about present tax policies heretofore. There is little need to repeat the facts which continue to be important factors in the development of the Roosevelt depression.

Harrison Speaks Out

The assinine tax on undistributed earnings, fathered by the radical Prof. Herman Oliphant of the Treasury staff, has not allowed any corporation to build up a reserve. It took all of the earnings of last year, a period in which some corporations did make money in a limited way. Now that the depression is on us again, corporations obviously are scared stiff. Wage cuts are cropping up here, there and everywhere, and every time there is a wage cut the nation's buying power is reduced to that extent. But what is an employer going to do? Go broke, in order to keep his payrolls up? That is hardly human, it seems to me, since everyone desires to protect whatever funds he may have, be it a dollar or a million.

So, when Senator Harrison spoke out boldly that something was going to be done to eliminate some of the obstacles which wishful thinking New Dealers have built up in their experimentation, it means, I believe, that Senator Harrison proposes to do just that.

The politics of the situation is another matter. That phase is equally important and significant. Senator Harrison would not have spoken out a few years ago, or even a year ago, as he has done lately. The house a year ago would never have rejected what has been called the "third basket" of taxation. (The so-called third basket was a new type of tax that would have made the rates sky-high on corporations held by only a few stockholders, family-owned corporations like thousands of small companies usually are.) No, the house would not have killed that a year ago, but it did this year. And, when Senator Harrison dared to say congress will do thus and so, Senator Harrison was simply voicing a fact. He was saying, in effect, "Whether you like it or not, Mr. President, we will write the tax law in the interest of the country as we see it."

In the course of the tax bill debate in the house, there was a curious disclosure, a rather biting piece of debate. Representative Treadway, who would be chairman of the ways and means committee if Republicans were in the majority instead of being only a handful, told the house that the father of the surplus earnings tax had never come before the committee since the time he laid out the silly scheme which led to its enactment. Professor Oliphant has been so silent about his sponsorship of the plan that it has become almost thunderous. And Mr. Treadway thought it was unusual that a parent should shrink from acknowledgment of parenthood. He obtained no answer or explanation. The surplus earnings tax, in a modified form, was just in the bill as reported to the house, however, and there was sufficient New Deal strength in the house to hold it there. It will be different in the senate, and the speech by Senator Harrison simply is an announcement in advance.

It has been interesting to me to review these facts because I am inclining to the opinion that the situation in congress is more or less a reflection of the opinion in the entire country. The November elections lie ahead. Mail from home is pouring in, and the character of that mail is always closely studied by the politician seeking re-election. That is to say, the average house member or senator is keeping very close tab on what the feeling is back home. They were not put to that necessity during the first four years of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. All that was needed was for a member to say that the President wants this or that, and vote that way.

So clearly has all of this been made apparent that few who so desire are afraid any longer to assert themselves—to say what they think even if that is in administration opposition. It is a healthy sign. It means that congress, while going along with Mr. Roosevelt many times, will put more and more checks on his proposals that have had their birth in the little red house, of Georgetown's section of Washington, where all of the New Dealers congregate. It means further—in the opinion of some of the real Democrats—that the New Deal has played out. They are, therefore, getting back into their harness as Democratic leaders.

And, in this light, there has been another development that should not be overlooked. I refer to the collapse of Robert H. Jackson's candidacy for governor of New York. When Mr. Jackson, who lately was made solicitor general of the United States, was "going to town" as the expression is, left wing press agents had him all but elected in New York. A big banquet was tendered him in New York city. Mr. Roosevelt was quite instrumental in that banquet plan. He lent aid in stirring up attendance. It was notable, however, that the banquet created no excitement. That is, there was no excitement of importance, and just there the candidacy began to sag.

I do not know what the real reason was for Mr. Jackson's subsequent statement that he would not seek the New York governorship. It is just possible, however, that the absence of Postmaster General Farley from the banquet sponsorship had something to do with the flop—for flop the dinner and candidacy surely did. Now, everyone around Washington knows that Mr. Roosevelt no longer takes the postmaster general into the executive confidence, even though Mr. Farley is chairman of the Democratic national committee. Indeed, it was printed in several widely read columns that Mr. Roosevelt actually distrusted Mr. Farley. I would not be able to report on that detail, but I can not overlook the fact that left wingers, especially the long-haired group, have been sniping at Mr. Farley for months. It is just possible, then, that they have persuaded Mr. Roosevelt to the point of conviction. He has listened to that group a very great deal and they may have made him feel that Mr. Farley is undermining the President.

In any event, one may follow the tax pronouncement by Senator Harrison right on through the significant silence of Mr. Farley. One may find how Mr. Farley has had numerous and sundry conferences, or chance meetings, with a good many powerful old-line Democrats. But to examine the thing from a congressional angle again, I am pleased by the defection, the establishment of the line of demarcation between Democrats and New Dealers. Not that I care who runs the government, or is charged with responsibility. My interest lies deeper. I know from having watched the wheels go 'round that too great a majority of one party in congress produces bad laws. It can not be avoided.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Door of Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Well, boys and girls, this is the pay-off. A bird who had an adventure—in church. I've always known that Old Lady Adventure was no respecter of persons. Now it seems that she doesn't respect the cloth either.

Henry B. Willson of New York city is the lad who found adventure down at the end of the old sawdust trail. "As a boy," Henry says, "I had more than my share of particular escapes, but one in particular has left such a scar on my memory as time will never efface. Anything even today, that represents confinement—anything from a small room to a tight collar—throws me into a panic."

Well, there's a curious reaction. The minute I started reading Hank Willson's letter—the minute I hit that opening paragraph of his, I wanted to know what sort of a scare it was that would make a man go nuts over a tight collar. And I guess you boys and girls will want to know, too. So here's the story.

Hank Used Kerosene to Start the Fire.

Hank was raised—as they say down South—in a little village in Georgia that went by the name of Cedartown. And like most kids did in small towns in those days, he worked around at various odd jobs to earn his spending money. Hank's dad was the pastor of a church in town, and one winter Hank had the job of taking care of the church furnace.

Now there are probably a million ways of starting a fire, but Hank's plan was to throw a bunch of paper in the furnace, chuck a lot of wood in on top of that, and then saturate the whole business with kerosene. It's a darned good way to get a blaze going quickly, but some horrible things have happened to people who used kerosene too freely in places where it was never meant to be used.

In fact, a very horrible thing DID happen—to Hank. Hank built fires in the old church perhaps two dozen times—always



The Fire Blazed Up on the Instant.

in that one particular way of his. And then he built one that brought Old Lady Adventure down on him like a ton of bricks.

Early one Sunday morning, Hank got up, put on an old sweater, and started out to do his job. He tossed in an armful of crumpled newspapers, and followed that with a couple armfuls of wood. He poured the kerosene on, giving the furnace an exceptionally liberal dose. Then, with a box of matches in one hand, he stuck his head and shoulders in through the furnace door to arrange the wood so that it would be sure to take fire quickly.

Caught in a Blazing Trap.

So far, everything was all right. But it was the matches that did the damage. You know, when you've got a box of matches in your hand, it's the most natural thing in the world to light one. You do it automatically—absent-mindedly.

Well—Hank doesn't know what got into him, or where his wits were at the moment, but before he knew what he was doing, he had lit a match and—WITH HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS STILL STICKING HALF-WAY THROUGH THE FURNACE DOOR—applied that match to the kerosene-soaked wood and paper.

The fire blazed up in an instant. Hank's first reaction was to jerk his head and shoulders back out of the furnace door. He tried to do just that—but it didn't work. His sweater had caught on the catch of the furnace door, and though he fought like mad to draw back out of the way of the spreading flames, he couldn't work himself free.

Hank screamed. But his screams were so muffled by the furnace that no one in the street heard him. Meanwhile the fire was getting hotter—and closer. Hank's face was beginning to cook. His sweater caught fire and broke into a blaze. Death was leering at him through the flames that licked and lapped at his body.

"It was the most horrible fate I could imagine," Hank says. "And it was happening to me."

Fox Terrier Gave the Alarm.

About that time, though, Hank became conscious that there was some sort of commotion going on behind him. A little fox terrier had come wandering in through the open cellar door, and the dog seemed to know that something was wrong. He started to yelp and whine, and run back and forth between the furnace and the cellar door.

Early on a Sunday morning, when no one was about, that yelping little dog might easily have gone unnoticed. But fate had decreed otherwise, it seems, and down the street came an old negro. The old fellow was curious to see what strange happenings would make a dog act so at a time when most dogs are asleep, and he stuck his head in the cellar door.

That old fellow got the shock of his life. For what he saw was a furnace burning merrily, and a half portion of an eight-year-old boy sticking out of the door. He grabbed Hank by the legs, yanked him out, and slapped out the fire that was consuming his sweater.

Hank's hair was all burned off, and his face and hands were in a well-cooked condition. Two minutes more, and it wouldn't have been any use bothering with him.

That's why he doesn't like confinement. Even a tight collar reminds him of that furnace door.

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Speed of Birds

The Baltimore oriole makes 26 miles an hour, as does the black duck. The sharp-tailed grouse makes 33 and the robin 36 miles an hour. Pigeon fanciers will be interested to know that an authority puts the speed of the homing pigeon at 45 miles, but the starling makes 51. The eagle flies a mile a minute and so does the mallard and the Canada goose. The pheasant is in the same class, but the canvasback, that prime prize of sportsmen, must be taken at 72 miles on the wing.

Early Prize Fighting Rules

Under the London ring rules a round in prize fighting ended when a man was knocked, fell or was thrown to the ground. Some rounds lasted many minutes, others only a second or two.

Tropacocaine, a Drug

Tropacocaine is a drug having the general anesthetic and mydriatic qualities of cocaine. It is an alkaloid and is extracted from a small-leaved variety of coca growing in Java.

Time Affects Ancient Pyramids

Of the seven wonders of the ancient world, the pyramids of Egypt alone have defied time and the destructiveness of conquering armies. There is probably no other man-made structure in existence that will outlive these sanctuaries of the Pharaohs which were built by master engineers. The largest pyramid, Khufu or Cheops, contains 2,300,000 blocks of stone, each weighing about 2½ tons. Originally it was 481 feet high, but due to age and long exposure to the elements its height has been cut to about 450 feet.

Jud Tunkins' Idea of Fame

Jud Tunkins says fame just naturally comes to some people. George Washington got more credit for chopping a cherry tree, than anybody else could get for breaking up a cord of wood.

Chronometers Corrected at Sea

The eclipses of Jupiter's moons, which occur daily, are computed and recorded in the Nautical Almanac, and it is through observations of them that chronometers are corrected at sea.

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Sambo got a job as a bill collector for a restaurant. By his violent attitude, he forced five timid patrons to pay their debts. Then one day his boss noticed a big colored chap across the street who owed him money. Sambo raced over and grabbed the other man's arm, demanding why the money hadn't been paid. "Cause," replied the man harshly, "Ah been in jail for a murder Ah committed. Now, what was you stoppin' me for?" Sambo gulped. He wet his lips. "De reason Ah stopped you," he returned nervously, "was jes' to tell you not to worry about payin' dat money."

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