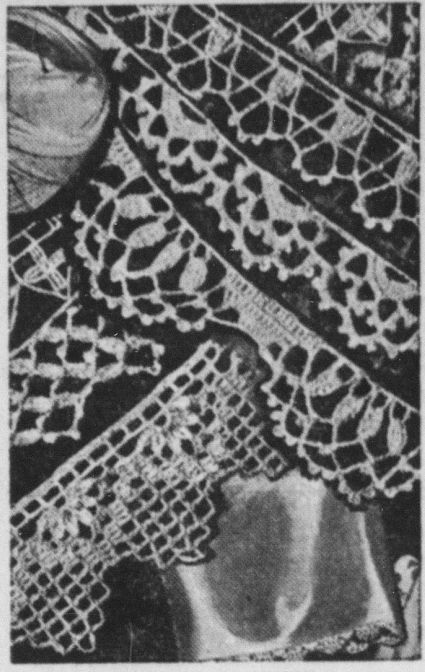


Crocheted Edgings  
For Every Purpose



Pattern No. 2002.

You'll want to crochet these edgings—they're all different widths—since they lend themselves to so many uses. Some are suitable for round doilies. Pattern 2002 contains directions for making edgings; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

QUICK QUOTES



CRUTCHES

"THERE are too many Americans advocating the construction of crutches to put under the arms of individuals and too few expounding the ideals which made America great."—U. S. Senator William H. King.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Two Tasks

It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of truth.—Locke.

There's a Good Reason You're Constipated!

When there's something wrong with you, the first rule is: get at the cause. If you are constipated, don't endure it first and cure it afterward. Find out what's giving you the trouble.

Chances are it's simple if you eat the super-refined foods most people do: meat, white bread, potatoes. It's likely you don't get enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean a lot of food. It's a kind of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a bowel movement.

If this is your trouble, you should eat a natural "bulk" producing food—such as one as the crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran is the ounce of prevention that's worth a pound of emergency relief. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars." All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Fragments of Joy

The pathway of life for nearly everyone is strewn with fragments of joy.

FOR BOILS

A wonderful aid for boils where a drawing agent is indicated. Soothing and comforting. Fine for children and grown-ups. Practical. Economical.

GRAY'S OINTMENT 25¢

WATCH

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.

THE SPECIALS

There COMES a MOMENT  
By ELINOR MAXWELL

ARCADIA HOUSE PUBLICATIONS—WVU SERVICE

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Lelia took the yellow slip from Mary's hand, and read Balanci's farewell to arms. "It's just what I expected would happen," she commented, "after the little talk he and I had last night."

"Little talk? When? Where?" Lelia told Mary of the previous night's conversation.

Mary was silent for a second; then in a low voice, "I was terribly depressed last night, Lelia. Jerome Taylor had just asked me to go to Florida with him, and I was so shocked, so stunned by it all, that when I came home and found Balanci here . . ."

"Oh, Mary! I tried to tell you about Taylor, too! He's been nothing but a roue all of his life!"

Mary leaned back against her pillow, her eyes closed. "I've been an awful fool, Lelia," she confessed.

"Yes, darling, you have," Lelia agreed unflatteringly. "I wouldn't mention any of this to Linnie. We're sailing day after tomorrow. There's no need for her to be told. And now you'll be able to settle down to writing."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of telling Aunt Linnie—ever! But, Lelia, I'm afraid my writing's gone on the rocks. I'm just no good at it, that's all."

"Don't say that, Mary. Nobody could write under the conditions that have been smothering you for the past two months. Wait till Linnie and I sail. You'll have the apartment to yourself then, darling; and you won't be seeing any more of Balanci and Jerome Taylor."

"Maybe you're right, Lelia. Maybe this is my chance to—to do my stuff! In fact, I was working up a plot while lying here waiting for you to wake up."

Within an hour after she and Lelia had finished breakfast, Mary had written her father a letter, secured a money-order, and posted them together to Hawkinsville.

Judge and Mrs. Byfield were giving a farewell lunch for Aunt Linnie at one, but there were several hours to spend between now and then, and Mary decided to walk to Central Park, sit on a bench, and make a mental outline of the plot which had conceived itself in her mind earlier that morning.

The air was brisk, and a mid-March sun shone valiantly through the clouds. Invigorated by her walk, happy beyond words to have sent her father a money-order of such substantial proportions, relieved though humiliated by the outcome of last night's happenings, she soon found a bench on a quiet path in the park, and sat down to think. "Imitation of an author creating a plot," she told herself sarcastically; but, nevertheless, found that a story was actually brewing in her mind. Finally, so enthralled by its intricacies, and wishing to set down its situations in black and white, she extracted a pencil from her purse, and began making notes on the covering of a package of face powder she had just bought.

When Mary hastily glanced at her watch it was a quarter past twelve! The morning had flown by as if on wings. She leapt from the bench, and started swiftly towards Aunt Linnie's apartment, eight blocks away. She must dress and be at the Colony by one.

The luncheon lasted, as might have been expected, until half past three. Mary sat grudgingly through it all. She was impatient to be off, to get to work; but she, Aunt Linnie's niece, of all people, could not be the first to make a move. Finally, by mutual consent, the party came to an end.

Mary, having made her proper adieux all around, started toward the apartment on foot. She felt dulled from having eaten so much food in the middle of the day, and she wanted exercise in the fresh air to put her mind back on a working basis.

Once home, she took a shower, and slipped into her woolly bathrobe. "I believe I'll call up Mr. Buchanan," she said to herself as the icy water from the shower poured over her body. "He's willing to see me again and talk over my so-called literary work, and now that a plot is actually percolating through my mind, it might be best to accept that luncheon invitation for Saturday."

Ten minutes later, she was on the telephone, Miss Hickenlooper at the other end. "Miss Hickenlooper," she began, that feeling of inferiority which the woman's voice always inspired in her now flooding through her mind, "this is Mary Loring. May I—would it be possible—for me to talk to Mr. Buchanan for a moment?"

It was, apparently, not so difficult, after all, for within a very brief moment, Phil Buchanan's voice said, "Hello, Mary Loring! How are you?"

"I'm all right," Mary replied, her self-possession having returned. "How's Oscar?"

"Oscar's swell now. All his heaves

have left him. Did you get my note? Are you lurching with me Saturday?"

"Yes, I . . ."

"All right. That's fine. I'll be waiting for you at the Brevoort at one."

And without the formality of a good-by, he hung up.

Mary regarded, for an instant, the telephone instrument still clutched in her hand; then, with a smile, placed it slowly on its hook. "Well," she told herself, "he certainly doesn't waste words! Maybe that's because he has to pay five cents a piece for them when he buys them!"

Aunt Linnie and Lelia were being speeded on their way. A noisy crowd had come to the boat to see them off, and cocktails were being drunk; hasty kisses exchanged. Their stateroom, with the double beds, and yel-



Aunt Linnie and Lelia were being speeded on their way.

low silk curtains bedecking the port-holes, was filled to capacity with flowers and books, boxes of candy and baskets of fruit.

Lelia, looking swank in a jaunty hat of dark blue and suit of blue to match, pulled Mary to one side. Three incomparable orchids perched gaily on one lapel of her jacket. "Mary," she whispered, "I simply must tell someone! Jim sent these orchids to me!" She was dew-eyed with excitement; lovelier than Mary had ever seen her.

Aunt Linnie caught Mary in her embrace. "Good-by, Mary, my dear little girl. Have a good time, darling, and write your silly little head completely off, if you like. But remember, my dear, Aunt Linnie still thinks you're far, far too pretty to get yourself in a dither about plots."

Phil Buchanan was sitting at a table near a glass door in the Brevoort cafe when Mary arrived.

He saw her, looking very spring-like and smart in her green wool suit, as she approached his table. "Hello there," he said, rising from his chair as if the action were something of an effort. "You're late. I thought you'd stood me up, or whatever the expression is. Sit down. And what'll you have to drink? I've just meandered through three highballs."

"Nothing, thank you," Mary returned, sitting down. "I had to gloop up an 'old fashioned' while bidding my aunt and Lelia bon voyage. They sailed for the West Indies at noon, and, naturally, quite a party was held in honor of their departure. Then, everybody seemed to think we ought to wave to them till they'd practically disappeared from view. That's why I'm late."

Phil grinned at her. "All right, Miss Mary Loring. All is forgiven. Now let's order some food. I haven't had nourishment for hours."

Their order given, Phil got out his usual crushed package of cigarettes, and offered Mary one.

"No," she replied. "I can't smoke and think right now; and I gathered from your letter that you wanted to give me a proper call-down today."

Buchanan regarded her with amused eyes. "Yes, I do."

"Well, go ahead! I'm prepared for the worst! The stuff I've been handing in is tripe. You're disappointed in me and . . ."

"Yes, I'm disappointed in you, but I still have enough faith in your ability to want you to keep on trying. Listen—those last two stories were—trash! You've fallen down terribly since you did 'At Sea.' In fact, it's hard to believe the same person wrote 'Their Son' and 'Concerning Anne.' What's the matter, Mary? Been too busy running around New York? You know, you can't be a socialite and an author at the same time."

work now. I'm to have Aunt Linnie's apartment while she and Lelia are on the cruise, and I shan't be going out at all."

"Well, that ought to help," Buchanan replied dryly. "Have you written anything since I last saw you?"

She raised her eyes to him. "I haven't exactly written anything," she finally said, "but I've formed an idea for a new story, and I've typed the outline."

"Got it with you? . . . Here's Ben with our shrimps."

"Yes, I have it here in my purse. I thought perhaps you—that you might . . ."

Mary took the two typed pages from her purse, and silently handed them to him. He unfolded the sheets, and with a shrimp poised in mid-air, hurriedly began to scan them.

Several minutes of silence followed; then Phil Buchanan looked across the table at her. "You have something there, Mary," he said quietly. "You've really found yourself. That's an excellent plot—human, realistic, different enough to be fairly new."

"You really think it'll make a good story?"

"Not a good short story. Not a story for The National Weekly. But material for a novel."

"Oh," Mary replied, crestfallen. "I supposed it was too involved for a short, but I'd hoped it'd please you sufficiently to . . ."

"It pleases me enormously," Buchanan broke in. "It's great stuff, but we never publish serials—and that's what this should develop into. After that, book production, perhaps. You know, Mary, there are far bigger opportunities for this tale than mere publication in The National Weekly. Now, if your style of writing just measures up to the grand plot you've conceived, you'll have a sure-fire hit on your hands."

"But won't it take me ages to write a full-length novel?" Mary asked, thinking of the all-important matter of working against time—of making money in a hurry.

"Not necessarily," Buchanan replied. "Your outline having been created will facilitate matters; and you say your aunt and Lelia Ormsby have flitted to the South, and you'll have the apartment to yourself for several weeks."

Mary nodded. "At least four. Maybe longer. They're thinking of leaving the ship at Jamaica, if they find they like it awfully well, and staying there a while."

"Well, even four weeks is a lot of time, if you'll only make the best of it," Phil said, looking ridiculously serious, businesslike and boyish all at once. "Make up your mind to cut out the frivolity. Go to bed early. Get up early. Stick to your typewriter at least six hours a day, and forget New York's a swell town in which to have a good time."

"Maybe I can do it!" Mary exclaimed, too excited to eat. "Maybe I really can do it!"

"And maybe Aunt Linnie'll decide to lengthen her stay in the West Indies!" Buchanan offered lazily. "If she does, well—so much the better! You haven't touched your food, Mary. Go on and eat! Don't ever, no matter what happens, let genius spoil your appetite!"

"I am rather excited," Mary confessed, and cut into her steak.

"So am I."

"You?"

Phil grinned at her. "Because my first glowing opinion of your ability hasn't had to be thrown into

Dogs Learn Easily to Solve Problems  
Of Great Variety of Would-Be Masters

This may sound very strange, but it's true, none the less, and you can stop off at the little place on St. Clair street and rent a dog for any possible purpose, relates Jerry Greene in the Chicago Daily News.

You can rent a dog, and a fancy one, for a stroll along the avenue on a nice Sunday afternoon. You can hire a bird dog for a day's hunting and you can name your breed. You can get a dog to keep around the house for a couple of weeks to impress somebody—one Chicago business man rents dogs to show his friends how well he can handle animals. You can rent a dog to watch a car, a baby or a wife if necessary.

This all began five years ago, and today the man whose grandfather established the training kennels, where the dogs are rented, claims to be the only person in the United States who does a commercial business in dog-leasing.

The commercial photographers began it. They demanded dogs to pose for advertising photographs. Now a dog draws from \$25 to \$100 for posing for a portrait. Then the kidnaping scare came along, and people began to want to rent watch dogs.

the heap of lost hopes. When your first story came in, I went about telling everybody in the office I'd made a find; but, later, when I read 'Their Son' and 'Concerning Anne,' I was a little stymied, as you would say. I thought I'd fallen down as a hunting dog in search of rare game. Now, I believe I'm about to be vindicated."

Mary smiled at him. "Your liking my outline's made me forget everything else in the world! I'm going to get busy on it the minute I reach home."

CHAPTER XIII

Mary wrote all that evening, and far into the morning. Now freed of the loathsome complex that she must marry somebody, now spurred on to new literary ambitions by Philip Buchanan's approval of her outline, and temporarily relieved of financial worries, she had started her novel with a light heart and a clear head. Phil Buchanan had given her any number of valuable suggestions; she remembered them all, and put them into execution.

Situation after situation presented itself, and satisfactorily worked out. Word after word. Page after page. "Storm on the Mountain" was coming to life!

Physically exhausted, yet mentally elated to an almost abnormal degree, Mary glanced at the chromium and blue timepiece on the mantel. It was three o'clock in the morning. "Perhaps I'd better stop," she told herself. "Mr. Buchanan said not to write too long at a stretch in the beginning, or my thoughts would go sluggish on me. And I've been at it since eight o'clock last night!"

She piled her typed sheets together in numerical succession, covered her typewriter, and turned out the lights. Everything could be left just as it was, ready for work on the coming day.

The next few days flew swiftly by, undisturbed by outside interests, the apartment devoid, hour after hour, of all sound except for the tap-tap of Mary's typewriter. Then, on Wednesday morning, came a telephone call from Philip Buchanan.

"Thought I'd call up and see how you're getting on with 'Storm on the Mountain,'" he said without preamble.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Buchanan," Mary returned. "Why, I believe it's going along fairly well. I've finished four chapters."

"What? Really? Well, I'd call that swell! I'd like to read them."

"Would you—honestly?"

"Yes, I want to see if you've introduced your characters properly, and if you're bringing out the high spots of those opening chapters with the force that you should. Are you doing anything tonight? Will you have dinner with me, and go over the chapters afterwards?"

Mary hesitated. "Go over the chapters?" But where? She couldn't read them to him in a restaurant! Did he mean Aunt Linnie's apartment or his own? And would her mother approve? Yet, this was New York, not Hawkinsville, and it would be silly and provincial to go "prissy" on this man who usually acted as if he positively disliked her.

"Yes," she finally replied, "I'd like to have dinner with you tonight, and it's generous of you to want to help me with the novel."

"All right," Buchanan replied. "I'll tell Spike to scare up something for us to eat, and I'll drop around for you at seven."

And as usual, he hung up without the formality of a good-by.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Uncle Phil Says:



With Taxes What They Are: The meek do not ask to, and we wonder if they want to, inherit the earth.

Dominating personalities are those who started out to have their own way and kept it up.

Dying in poverty is no harder than dying in riches; it's living in poverty that's hard on a man.

One has won a great battle when he has learned not to be unhappy when alone.

No Longer One of Us

Those who get a holiday whenever they like, generally dislike the legal ones.

Enlightened public opinion is the greatest means for securing clear politics.

If one is great enough he does not need to speak of it; but what if he is in the lower brackets?

A Blanket Government

In a government of, by and for the people, we have to remember the enormous variety of people.

Far too many thought-provoking discussions turn out to be merely provoking.

COUNT THE EXTRA  
SMOKES IN  
CAMELS



By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK



TODAY'S big news in cigarettes means real smoking pleasure and more of it for SMOKERS! Read the results of scientific laboratory tests on 16 of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average for the other brands.

Camels smoke cooler! Costlier tobaccos, delicate in taste and fragrance. That's smoking pleasure at its best. Camel's added bonus. America likes a shrewd buy—America favors Camels!

CAMELS  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS  
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR  
BEST CIGARETTE BUY!