Pattern 2321

THIS crocheted set of hood with scarf and muff delights every little girl. It's in loop stitch, except the scarf which is mainly in single crochet. Pattern 2321 contains directions for making the set in 5 to 12-year sizes; illustrations of it and stitches; materials re-

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.



Gargantua, the 475-pound gorilla of the Barnum & Bailey circus, lives in a glass-enclosed, air-conditioned cage, kept constantly at 74 degrees by watchful engineers. It is feared that if this temperature changes as little as one degree in an hour, the ape, whose physical strength is more than a match for 18 men, will develop pneumonia.

In the state of Morelos, Mexico, where liquors are sold from door to door by donkey cart, the peddler, when applying for his annual license, is required to furnish six photographs for purposes of identification. They include three front and three side views of the donkey.

All mail. sent by or to prisoners of war, except parcel post and C. O. D. packages, is exempt from all postal charges, not only in the countries of origin and destination but also in intermediate neutral nations.-Collier's.

WANTED! WOMEN 38 to 52 yrs. old, who are restless, moody, nervous, fear hot flashes dizzy spells, to take Lydia E. Pink

ham's Vegetable Compound. Fa-mous in helping women go smiling thru "trying times" due to func-tional "irregularities." Try ill

Word of Praise Don't withhold the word of praise, it may spur someone onjust at the moment when they think everything has gone from them.



Wealth in Wisdom The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.-John Boyle O'Reilly.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

O PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XIV-Continued

Jane had been afraid that Frederick would say something about an immediate marriage, and now he was saying it.

"Oh," she told him, earnestly, you promised I might wait until Judy could come on. In June." "I know. But it will be very

hot, and you'll have a whole lifetime in which to see Judy." "But not at my wedding. She's my

only sister.'

"I see," but his voice showed his annoyance; "but it seems as if your family have demanded enough of you. Can't you think a bit about yourself-and me?"

She pressed her point. "Judy is like my mother. I can't be married without her and the babies."

"If the babies come, you'll be looking after them until the last moment, and it will be a great strain on you, sweetheart." "Oh. it won't be. I adore babies."

His quick jealousy flared. "I don't," he said, with a touch of sulkiness. "I'm not fond of chil-

She ate in silence. And presently he said repentantly, "You must think me a great boor, Jane. But you don't know how much I want

He was like a repentant boy. She made herself smile at him. "I think you are very patient, Mr. Towne." "I am not patient. I am most impatient. And when are you going to stop calling me Mr. Towne?"

"When I can call you-husband." "But I don't want to wait until then, dearest."

"But 'Frederick' is so long, and 'Fred' is so short, and 'Ricky' sounds like a highball." She had thrown off her depression and was "Nobody calls me 'Ricky' but Ad-

elaide. I always hated it." "Did you?" She was demure. "I might say 'my love,' like the ladies

in the old-fashioned novels." He laughed delightedly. "Say it." She acquiesced unexpectedly. "My love, we are invited to a week-end with the Delafield Simms, at their new country place, Grass Hills."

"Are we?" Then in a sudden ardent rush of words, "Jane, I'd kiss you if the world wasn't looking on." 'The reporters would be ecstatic.

Headlines." "I am tired of headlines. And what do you mean about going to Delafield Simms?"

"They are asking a lot of his friends. It is his wife's introduction to his old crowd. Much will depend on whether you and Edith will accept. And it was Edith who asked me to-make you come-"

He leaned towards her across the table. "Ask me, prettily, and I'll do it."

"Really?" She laughed, blushed and did it. "Will you go-my love?" "Could I say 'no' to that?" He radiated satisfaction. "Do you know

how charming you are, Jane?" "Am I? But it is nice of you to go. I know how you'll hate it."

"Not if you are there. And now, who else are asked?"

"Oh, Mrs. Laramore and Eloise Harper and a lot of others. Lucy says she'll be like a fish out of water, but Delafield has made up his mind that his friends shan't think that he's ashamed of her."

When their ices came and their coffee, Frederick said, "I've got to spend a half-hour in a committee room. Shall I take you up to the Senate Gallery?"

"No-there's nothing interesting, is there? I'll wait in Statuary Hall." Jane loved the marble figures that circled the Hall. Years ago there had not been so many. They had been, then, perhaps, more distinctive. As a child, she had chosen as her favorites the picturesque Colonials, the frontiersmen in leather tunics and coonskin caps. She had never liked the statesmen in stiff shirts and frock coats, although she had admitted their virtues. Even the incongruous classic draperies were more in keeping with the glamour which the past flung over the men who had given their best to

But it was Fulton who had captured her imagination, with his little ship, and Pere Marquette with his cross, the peace-loving Quaker who had conquered; adventurer, pioneer, priest and prophet-builders all of

the structure of the new world. She wondered what future generations would add to this glorious com-Would the Anglo-Saxon give way to the Semite? Would the Huguenot yield to the Slav? And would these newcomers hold high the banner of national idealism? What would they give? And what would

they take away? There were groups of sightseers gathered about the great room-a guide placing them here and there on the marble blocks. The trick was to put someone behind a mottled pillar far away, and let him speak. Owing to some strange acoustical be just going up and down great

phoned to the person who stood on stately butler, riding on puffy cushthe whispering stone.

Years ago Jane had listened while a voice had come echoing across the hollow spaces of the great Hall, "My country-right or wrong-my

Another ghost! The ghost of a boy, patriotic, passionately devoted to the great old gods. "Of course they were only men, Jane. Human. Faulty. But they blazed a path of freedom for those who followed . .

When Frederick came, he found her standing before the prim statue of Frances Willard.

"Tired, sweetheart?"

"I stayed longer than I expected." "It didn't seem long. I have had plenty of company.' He was puzzled. "What do you

"All these." Her hand indicated the marble men and women. He laughed. "Great old freaks,

aren't they?" Freaks! Gods! Well, of course, it all depended

absolutely on the point of view.
"I like them all," she said, sturdily, "even the ones in the hideous frock coats."

"Surely not, my dear." "Yes, I do. They may be bad art, but they're good Americans."



live for.

His laugh was indulgent. "After you've been abroad a few times, you won't be so provincial."

"If being provincial means loving my own, I'll stay provincial.' "Travel broadens the mind,

changes the point of view." "But why should I love my country less? I know her faults. And I

know Baldy's. But I love him just the same." As they walked on, he fell into step with her. "We won't argue. You are probably right, and if not,

you're too pretty for me to contra-His gallantry was faultless, but she wanted more than gallantry. There had been the vivid give and take of her arguments with Evans. They had had royal battles, youth had crossed swords with youth. And

convictions. She had once more the illusion of Frederick as a feather cushion! He would perhaps agree with her al-

And her soul would be-smoth-

It was the morning of the day that she was going to the Delafield Simms, and Jane was packing her bag: She felt unaccountably depressed. During this week-end her engagement would be announced. And when Judy came they would be married in the Sherwood church.

And that would be the end of it! Her lover had planned the honeymoon with enthusiasm, "Dieppe, Jane, Avignon-the North Sea. Such sunsets."

Jane felt that she didn't care in the least for sunsets or trips abroad. She was almost frightened at her indifference to the wonders of a world of which Frederick talked continually. Oh, what were mountains and sea at a time like this? Her heart should beat high-the dawns should be rosy, the nights full of stars. But they were not. Her heart was like a stone in her breast. The mornings broke gray and blank. The nights were dark. Her dreams were troubled.

She knew now what had happened to her. She had let herself be blinded by a light which she had thought was the sun. And it was not even the moon! It was a big round artificial brilliance which warmed no

Life with Frederick Towne would quality the sound would be tele- stairs, eating under the eye of a fierce glare of nationalistic fervor feet.

ions behind a stately chauffeur, sitting beside a man who was everlastingly and punctiliously polite.

Oh, half the fun in the world was in the tussle with hard things. She knew that now. Life in the little house had been at times desperately difficult. But it had been like facing a stiff breeze, and coming out of it thrilled with the battle against the elements.

Yet how could she tell these things to Frederick? He was complacent, comfortable. She was young and he liked that. He never dreamed that he might seem to her somewhat staid and stodgy. For a moment, in Chicago, he had been lighted by almost youthful fires. But in these days of daily meetings, she had become aware of his fixed habits, his fixed opinions, the fixed programs which must be carried out at any cost.

She had found, indeed, that she had little voice in any plans that Frederick made for her. When he consulted her on matters of redecorating the big house he brought to the subject a wealth of technical knowledge that appalled her. Jane knew what she liked, but she did not know why she liked it. But Frederick knew. He had the lore of period furniture at his fingers' ends. Rugs and tapestries-paintings and porcelains! He had drawings made and water-color sketches, and brought them out to Jane. She had a feeling that when the house was finished it would be like some exquisitely ordered mausoleum. There would be no chintzes, no pussy-cats

purring, no Philomel singing! As for clothes! Frederick's mind dwelt much on the subject. Jane was told that she must have an ermine wrap, and one of Persian lamb. Most of her things would be made in Paris-there was a man over there who did things in just the right style for her-picturesque but not sophisticated. Frederick was already having certain jewels set appropriately. Gray pearls and emeralds-he had even gone to the point of getting samples of silk and chiffon that she might see the smoke-gray and jade color-scheme he had in mind for her.

Samples! A man's mind shouldn't be on clothes. He should have other things to think of.

There was Evans, for example. He had described the other night the boys' club he was starting in Sherwood. "In the old pavilion, Jane. It will do as it is in summer, and in winter we'll enclose it. And we are to have a baseball team. and play against the surrounding towns. You should see my little lads.

She and Baldy had been much interested. The three of them had put their heads together as they sat on the porch of the little house, with the moon whitening the world, and the whippoorwill mourning far

away in the swamp. They had planned excitedly, and every word they had said had been warm with enthusiasm. They had been flushed, exultant. It would be

a great thing for Sherwood. That was the kind of thing to live for, to live with. Ideas. Effort. She had always known it. Yet for a moment, she had forgotten. Had thought of herself as-Curlylocks.

She flung up her hands in a sort of despair. There was no way out of it. She was bound to Frederick Towne by the favors she had accepted from him. And that settled from their disagreements had come

She went on feverishly with the packing of her shabby suitcase. She least it is mine own, was her attitude of mind.

As she leaned over it, the great | stateliness. ring that Frederick had given her

bon. She tucked it into the neck of her frock but it would not stay. At last she took it off and was aware of a sense of freedom as if she had shed her shackles. It winked and blinked at her on the dresser, so she shut it in a drawer and was still aware of it shining in the darkness, Briggs was not to come for her until four in the afternoon. She de-

swung back and forth on its rib-

cided to go over to Castle Manor and talk to Mrs. Follette. She would take some strawberries as an excuse. The strawberries in the Castle Manor garden were never as perfect as those which Jane had planted. Evans said it was because Jane coaxed things into rosiness and roundness. But Jane had worked hard over the beds, and she had her reward.

Carrying a basket, therefore, of red and luscious fruit. Jane went through the pine grove along the path that led to the Castle Manor. Under the trees was a green light which she breasted as one breasts the cool waters of the sea. Her breath came quickly. In a few short weeks she would be far away from this sweet and silent spot, with its sacred memories.

Leaving the grove, she passed the field where the scarecrow reigned. She leaned on the fence. With the coming of spring, the scarecrow had been decked in gay attire. He wore a pink shirt of Evans' and a pair of white trousers. His hat was of straw, and as he danced in the warm south breeze he had an air of care-free jauntiness.

Jane found herself resenting his jaunty air. She felt that she had liked him better in his days of appealing loneliness. She had resented, in like manner, the change in Evans. He, too, had an air of making a world for himself. She had no part in it, apparently. She was, in effect, the Peri at the gate! And she wanted to be in his world.

be left out. Yet she had chosen. And Evans had accepted her decision. She had not thought it would be so hard to have him-accept. His interests seemed now to include everything but Jane. He was

Evans' world. She didn't want to

doing many things for the boys of Sherwood, there was his work in town, the added responsibility he had assumed in the affairs of the farm. "She's such an old darling, Jane. Doing it with her duchess air. But she's not strong. I'm trying to make

her let things go a bit. But she's so proud of her success. I wish you could see her showing Edith Towne and her fashionable friends about the dairy. With tea on the lawn afterward. You must come over and join in the fun, Jane."

"I am coming," Jane had told him, "but my days have been so filled."

He had known who had filled them. But he had ignored that, and had gone on with his subject. "The idea I have now is to keep bees and sell honey. The boys and I have some books on bee culture. They are quite crazy about it."

It was always now the boys and himself. His mother and himself. And once it had been himself and

Leaning on the fence, Jane spoke to the scarecrow. "I ought to be glad but I am not."

The scarecrow bowed and danced in the breeze. He had no heart, of course. He was made of two crossed sticks .

Jane found Mrs. Follette on the wide porch. She was snowy and crisp in white linen. She wore a rather glorified in its shabbiness. At | black enamel brooch, and a flat black hat which was so old-fashioned that it took on a mid-Victorian

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Racial Purity? No Such Thing, Scientist Claims

Although European nations may | and political ambition they become go to war for the sake of racial veritable earth-shaking differences." purity, there is no such thing in Europe, Wilton M. Krogman, associate professor of physical anthropology at the University of Chicago, said recently.

"The Europeans are a people so hopelessly intermixed, so mongrelized that claims of uniqueness, of purity, of superiority are as 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," he declared.

Study of more than 1,100 skulls in Asia Minor, covering the last 6,000 years, has shown that Europe has been a network of paths of migration of many racial types so long that only in remote corners, such as northern Scandinavia, can any semblance of racial purity be found. Professor Krogman's study has summarized 10 years' work by the University of Chicago, the Oriental Institute of the university, and the University of Pennsylvania.

"The squareness of a head, the convexity of a nose, the color and texture of hair, the color of eyes and skin are factors of little moment to natural human economy," he said. "But seen beneath the

Racially, Europe may be divided into five types, he continued. Western Europe includes long-headed Mediterraneans and Nordics and round-headed Alpines. Eastern Europe contains round-headed Baltics and Dinaries. "There are many anthropologists

who would split further this fivefold division, but they would split hairs, too," said Professor Krogman, Ancestors of all present Europeans entered Europe by way of

Asia Minor, the speaker asserted, "Modern cranial types were probably definitely established by the time the earliest tribes entered Europe."

Acre Measurements

One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet. If the length and width of any field be known, the required width and length to enclose an acre may be found by dividing the known distance in feet into the number of square feet in an acre. The length of a side of a square acre is 208.71

Lovely Basic Dress Will Slenderize One

IT'S safe to predict that you've never worn a more truly becoming dress than this lovely, basic fashion (1878-B). It is beautifully designed to make your figure look slender and softly rounded. The front panels of the bodice are cut in one with the skirt, accenting height. Gathers at the side of the bodice take care of becoming bust fullness.

The only trimming is a row of buttons down the front. The v-



neckline is a perfect background for your pet jewelry. Those sash ends in the back may be tied in a flat bow, or to simulate a bustle. Velvet, wool broadcloth and flat crepe are materials in which this design makes up particularly well. You'll wear it with pride on important afternoon occasions. A step-by-step sew chart accompanies your pattern.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1878-B is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48, Size 36 requires 4% yards of 39-inch material for three-quarter sleeves; 45% yards for long sleeves; 41/2 yards

for short. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

for refined gold .- W. Secker.

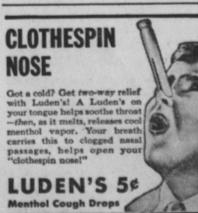
In Place of Gold To store our memories with a sense of injury is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was meant



Choosing a Career We should all choose the brave career in which we can do most and best for mankind.-Stevenson.



Safety in Speed In skating over thin ice our safety is in our speed .- Emerson.



MORE FOR YOUR

• Read the advertisements. They are more than a selling aid for business. They form an educational system which is making Americans the besteducated buyers in the world. The advertisements are part of an economic system which is giving Americans more for their money every day.