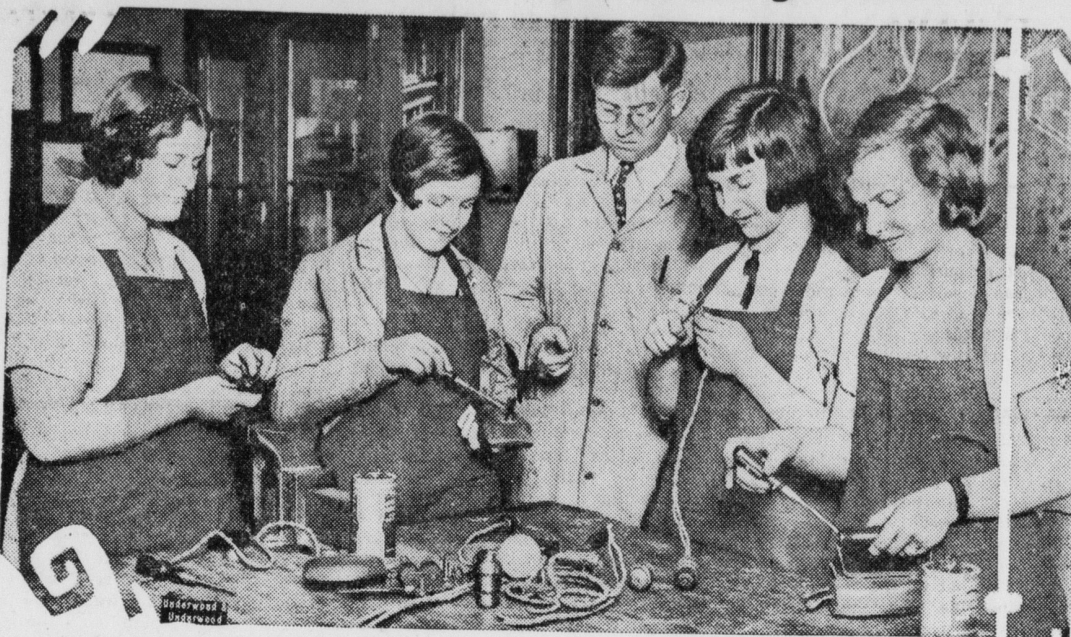


Home Mechanics Taught in Chicago School



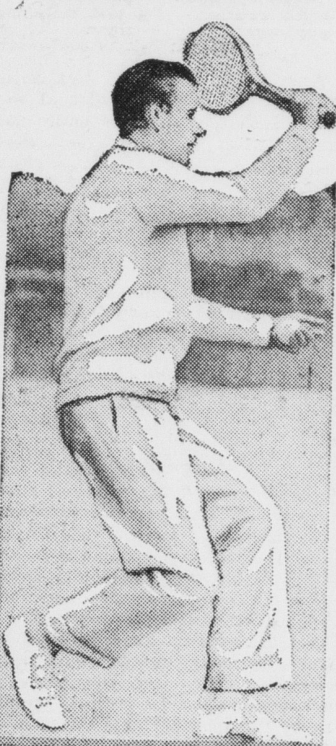
Chicago has one school which is unique in the type of work that is taught. It is the South Division Continuation school. Here the young ladies are taught to do the things that are ordinarily the work of their big brothers.

Newest Antiaircraft Guns for Motorized Army



A new type of antiaircraft gun has been developed to protect the army's recently motorized force from aerial attack while on the road. The gun is drawn by a fast four-wheel drive truck and is capable of being fired while in motion.

TILDEN IS AMATEUR



William T. Tilden, captain of the American Davis cup team, who has been barred from participating in the international tennis matches, has not been disqualified as an amateur, it is announced by the United States Lawn Tennis association through Edward B. Moss, executive secretary.

Won a Victory for the Indians



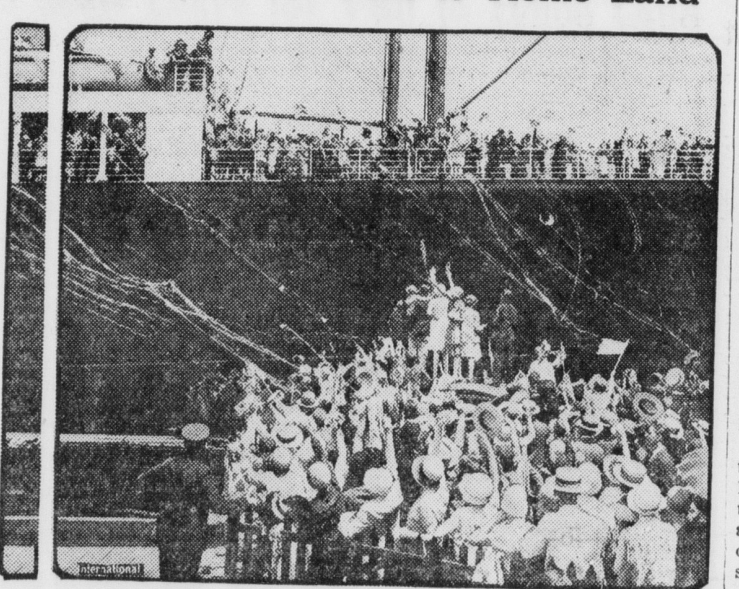
Chief Clinton Rickard of the Tuscarora reservation, near Sanborn, N. Y., whose untiring efforts brought the Indians of both Canada and the United States their victory over the immigration law of 1924. They are now permitted to cross the international border at will without interference by immigration officials. The quaint placard the chief is carrying shows a red man pointing bow and arrow at the immigration regulations of 1917 under which an Indian may yet be barred at the border under grounds of illiteracy. In his left hand the chief holds a wampum belt.

AL AND HIS DONKEY



Gov. Alfred E. Smith, Democratic nominee for President, with his Democratic donkey "Sam Houston" at the executive mansion in Albany.

Scots Leave for Visit to Home Land



Two thousand five hundred Scots, comprising the largest excursion ever to leave an American port, starting on the steamship Caledonia from New York on a visit to Scotland.

MARTHA'S MENDING BASKET

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MARTHA WELLS thrust her hand into a sock, scrutinized the holes revealed and resolutely set to work upon them with her darning needle. Mrs. Fancher, her next-door neighbor, watched Martha thoughtfully. "I don't believe in all the years I have known you I ever saw your hands idle—except when they had to be in church," she said. "Well, I've had something to do to bring up my family," Martha replied. "I used to think of a Saturday night when I sat down with my mending basket it was as hopeless as Baudelaire's pitcher. You remember that old story we used to love when we went to school? Many a Sunday came near catching me with a needle in my hand." She laughed softly. "But now it is different. Jack has a wife to darn his stockings, Lelia dars her own, and Lloyd won't wear darned stockings, anyway. Complains his feet are tender. So I have only my Warren's and my own."

"I hate to darn stockings," said Mrs. Fancher. Martha clipped off a thread expertly. "Well, I've hated a good many things I have had to do. Still, hating doesn't give you an excuse for not doing them." She proceeded to put a beautiful darn in her youngest son's sock. After Mrs. Fancher had returned home Martha sat thinking about the past as she emptied her work-basket. She had married at seventeen to escape from her father's new wife, a harsh, coarse woman, who, in addition to her newly acquired family, had three children of her own. Warren Wells had loved her and though he had been poor he gave her a peaceful shelter and protection. In time she had learned to love him dearly. He had died when her oldest son was twelve. There had been four children and little enough to support them on. Until Jack was eighteen she had known great poverty, but because she had the wit that turns even a cheap soupbone into a porthouse and mushroom meal her children had not suffered nor her neighbors suspected. Her children had that same wit inherited from her, and soon Jack and Lelia and Lloyd were doing for themselves and helping her a bit with Warren, the youngest. Now she and Warren were alone and they were both living comfortably on Warren's salary. A slender woman, with white threads in her black hair, direct-gazing dark eyes and thin red lips was Martha. Life had faded her, repressed her, numbed her impulses and cooled her ambitions.

"May be I would do better if I had it all to do over again—and may be I wouldn't do so well," she summed up. She was stirring up biscuit for supper when Warren came home a bit earlier than usual. Warren was twenty-two, a fine, handsome young fellow. He leaned against the kitchen cabinet and watched his mother reflectively. Martha looked up at him, reading his face with her keen mother eyes. "What is it, son? Out with it." Warren flushed. "I'm engaged to Helen Dodge," he said. For an instant Martha's motions were arrested. The biscuit-cutter dropped from her capable fingers. Warren engaged! Her baby boy! Well, it was natural, and Helen was a nice girl. Jack had married at the same age. Lelia and Lloyd, the twins, had been gone a long time in the city, where they lived single lives in the business world, Lelia as private secretary, Lloyd as a business manager. She did not need her. But Warren did; that is, he had. She smiled to hide the quiver of her lips. "I congratulate you, son. When shall you bring her home?" "We're going to be married soon. I can't wait long for Helen. You don't mind, mother? It will be just the same for you after she comes, you know, except that we'll be happier."

"Sure," Martha reached up her face. He kissed her, fondled her a bit. "Now run away. You're holding up the process of supper-getting." Helen was coming soon! Warren did not know what that would mean to his mother. Helen would be mistress of the house. She would simply have to step down and out. She glanced about the neat kitchen. Of course, Warren had supplied the house and everything in it. She really was only his housekeeper until Helen arrived. She whistled all the time the biscuits were baking and the steak boiling. She was a good cook, none better. But she knew that Helen had been particularly well trained. Helen wouldn't need to learn from her. Oh, well! She could always go visiting. Wasn't that what old women always did when they were no longer useful at home—go visiting? "But I am not an old woman yet," her heart shrieked fiercely. After supper Warren went to spend the evening with his fiancée and Mrs. Fancher came in for her second visit that day. Being an old friend as well as a next-door neighbor, Mrs. Fancher came whenever she pleased, always sure of hearty welcome. "I hear Warren and Helen are engaged," she said. "Helen's mother just hinted it to me over the telephone. She is very much pleased. She looked at Martha closely.

"I'm pleased, too," Martha returned, diving into her mending basket, still full of Warren's socks. Naturally Helen would want to darn his socks herself. Without doubt Warren would no longer need her tender mothering. "I suppose you'll live together?" Mrs. Fancher queried. "Oh, yes! Of course it will give me a chance to do some visiting. I shall go to see Jack and my twins—" "Oh, visiting!" said Mrs. Fancher. "I know what that is. I tried it after my husband died—visiting round on my children. But I was mighty glad I had kept my old home for myself." Martha smiled. Mrs. Fancher had money. She had none. Again Mrs. Fancher returned home and Martha was left alone with her mending basket. Tears began to roll down her face. She wiped them away with Warren's sock. Suddenly she hid her face in the thing. "I'm afraid I am started on a regular boo-hoo!" she told herself. She heard somebody fumbling at the doorknob and started erect. She wiped her eyes hastily and was ready with her smile when the door opened and her visitor entered. It was Lelia, her daughter! Lelia, slim and chic, in black and white, carrying a smart over-night bag. "I ran away," Lelia said. "I just had to get down here to see you. Besides, Lloyd wanted me to come. Mother, we've made up our minds that we need you just as much as Warren does. It isn't fair for him to have you all the while. You ought to be ours part of the time."

"What do you mean?" Martha asked. They hadn't heard then that Warren was going to be married. "Lloyd is sick of boarding and I am tired of the room-bath-and-kitchenette experiment. And, anyway, the girl I have been sharing with is going to be married. So Lloyd and I think we'd like a real home—a nice apartment of about four rooms. That is, if we can get you to keep house for us. Let Warren board for a while; it won't hurt him to learn to appreciate you as much as we have."

She stepped. For Martha's face was working horribly as she tried to control her surprise, her joy, her gratitude. She held out her arms and Lelia went into them just as if she were a little girl kneeling beside her mother's chair. Clinging thus to each other they talked everything over. "And, mother," Lelia said earnestly in conclusion, "don't fail to bring this old mending basket. I've got a whole drawerful of ragged hose that are simply shouting for your darning needle."

Getting Her Education From Electric Signs The child lived on the tenth floor of a downtown apartment building. She had so few playmates, and so few opportunities for playing, that she made what she could see through the tenth-story window her companions. Birds, with big black wings, swooping across the sky; occasionally an airplane, which, for many months, she thought was a giant bird; the tops of trees away down below; the fairy clouds of pink and gold, and, as the twilight hour drew on, the bright electric signs.

She learned her letters on the signs that flashed out with the setting of the sun. She could spell rubber, the water and a brand of chewing gum before she could spell cat or dog. Not all the letters of the alphabet are flashed on the sky at night, so that she is growing up with an alphabet which is much restricted. She is beginning her education in a manner not possible for a child in many cities.—New York Sun.

American Rail Mileage The traffic manager of the Pennsylvania railroad says that our railroad mileage—over 250,000 miles—would more than girdle the earth ten times. It is greater than the total mileage of all the railways of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentina, Japan, Australia and South Africa. The balance still remaining is more than twice that of China.

Figured in History Octavia, a common Roman name for females, was borne by two women prominent in history. One was Octavia, wife of Mark Antony, associated for a time with the emperor of the government of the empire. Antony deserted Octavia for Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. The other Octavia was the wife of the villainous Emperor Nero, who murdered her and also his mother. It was before Nero that St. Paul appeared a prisoner in Rome.

World's Biggest Shark Towed 11 miles out to sea by a shark he had foul-hooked from his fishing launch, a man eventually managed to capture the fish with a harpoon, and land it at Whangaroa, New Zealand. It proved to be a world's record thresher shark, weighing 832 pounds. It was 6 feet 1 inch in girth and over 10 feet long. The previous record shark was caught by a resident of Hamilton, New Zealand, his capture weighing 697 pounds.

Aristotle Aristotle is considered as the first—as he remains the greatest—of encyclopedists. He was the first to divide all existing knowledge into the several studies or methods we still pursue—logic, ethics, politics, physics, metaphysics, biology; he invented a terminology, particularly in the field of logic, which we still use.

PEXEL is the last word in jelly making

PEXEL always makes jelly jell. Absolutely colorless, tasteless, odorless. Unlike other products, Pexel is a pure fruit product—100%. Doesn't change taste or color of most delicately flavored fruit. Pexel saves time and fuel. More than repays 30c it costs. More jelly—fruit, sugar and flavor aren't boiled off because, with Pexel, the jelly is ready for glasses as soon as it comes to full boil. It jells by the time it is cool. Get Pexel at your grocer's. Recipe booklet in each package, 30c. The Pexel Company, Chicago, Ill.

Special Duty Placed on Last Homecoming Governor Giles of West Virginia was talking at a Charleston luncheon about old troubles. "Strong measures are needed," he said, "to save our oil reserves. Yes, we must cut to the root of the evil—not just resort to expedients, like the paterfamilias. A paterfamilias with a large family of daughters said to a friend one day: "With all these daughters of mine coming in at all hours my night's rest is naturally much broken up, and for some time the consequence was that I'd oversleep myself every morning and be late for work at the office. Bad business." "The paterfamilias looked gloomy, but he brightened up. "Then I've hit on a splendid expedient now," he said. "I've made it a hard and fast rule that the last girl in calls me on her way to bed."

Her Recipe Some friends were kidding Blanche Mehanffy about her brief marriage, which is almost a record in Los Angeles courts. "Fun," said one sweet young thing, coming to Blanche's defense, "you can talk all you want, but I don't see what protection anyone has against love at first sight!" "I can answer that!" cut in Blanche. "Love at first sight can generally be avoided by taking a second good look."—Los Angeles Times.

Holds Heat and Cold A combination traveling refrigerator and stove has been devised for caring for food for patients in Bolingbroke hospital, London. Insulated compartments, side by side, within the box keep hot foods hot and cold things cold. The device is on three wheels and is propelled by the nurses.

Signs Point That Way "Bob is in love with Miss Youngblood." "Did he tell you?" "No; but he's got her photo hung alongside the picture of his best dog."—Detroit News.

Wild animals are not more healthful than men. If they fall sick, they die promptly and disappear.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you just look at the box:



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To Cool a Burn Use Hanfor's Balsam of Myrrh

New Screen Methods As a substitute for glass stereopticon slides, film strips may now be shown on a screen from a flashlight projector and this method has been made simpler still by a camera which enables the operator to make his own negative rolls, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A length of the film which will give as many pictures as would 30 pounds of glass slides weighs hardly an ounce. The rolls can be printed directly on positive film for use in the projector. With this outfit, travelers may have a convenient record of their trip to show their friends and the apparatus is especially serviceable to lecturers, etc.

Drastic Methods Doctor—the only way for you to regain your figure is to cut out the sweets? Fair Patient—Gracious! Are you going to operate to get that chocolate I ate this morning?—Detroit News.

If you seldom express your opinion, people will ask for it.

Life is the only lottery in which man is compelled to take chances.

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