

Fifth Avenue Fashions

A lacy stitch in delicate mercerized crochet cotton fashions this wide petal collar for your spring dress. It seems to suggest bangs, of the face hats and all those things that typify that gay and careless young modern.



Address The Crochet Bureau, Dallas Post For FREE instructions to crochet this collar.



CHAPTER 2

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Jean Valjean, sentenced to five years in the galleys for the theft of a loaf of bread, serves his term of horrible torture and privation. Paroled, he is shunned by everyone and hounded by the authorities. He seeks refuge in the home of kindly old Bishop Bienvenu who treats him like a long lost brother. Jean is suspicious of such kindness; revenge for the wrongs done him is foremost in his muddled mind.

The Bishop's Candlesticks

The only dish on the table is a large tureen of ragout. The bishop and Mlle. Baptiseme are at opposite ends. Magloire sits opposite Jean, who keeps his eyes on his plate and eats as though he were famished.

"I seem to miss something—the table looks bare," says the bishop. "When we have visitors we use the silver plates, but—" She eyes Jean suspiciously and seems to say "not when these kind of people are about." She looks at the bishop and then rises and gets the silver plates from the sideboard.

After the meal has been cleared away, Jean and the bishop are standing at the open door of the latter's bedroom. The bishop is holding two silver candlesticks, both with candles lighted. Magloire passes and goes into the room carrying the silver

unconcerned. "Well, well, well, what are plates, after all? We can just as well eat off tin."

"How can we? Tin tastes." "Well, then, iron plates." "Iron's as bad." "Well, then, wood—" "Who ever heard of a bishop eating off wooden plates?"

With a twinkle in his eye: "They'd probably be all the better if they did."

There is a heavy knocking at the door. Magloire immediately registers apprehension.

The door is already half-open when the bishop, unperturbed, again calls in his usual easy manner: "Come in!"

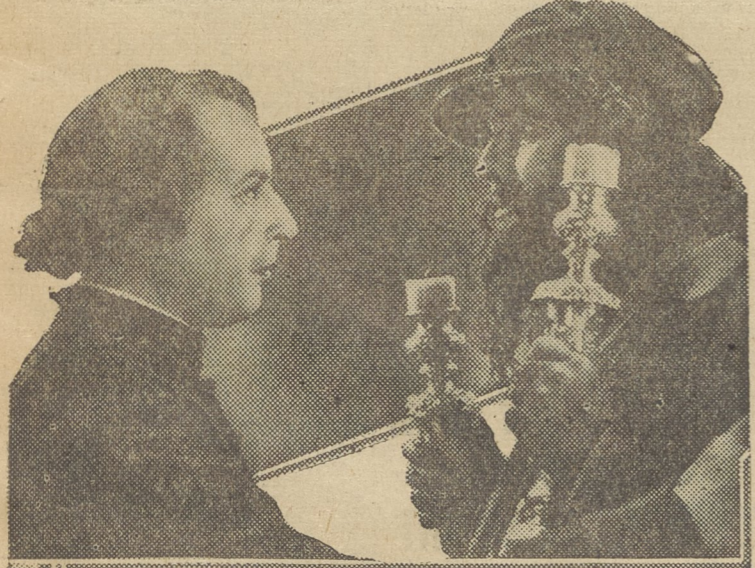
Three gendarmes are there and between them is Jean, utterly dejected. "This man, Jean Valjean—we saw him running away. We stopped him and found he had this silver with your crest on it."

"Now, what is all this? I'm very glad to see you again, Jean—" The gendarmes look astonished. Jean glares at the bishop. Is this some new trick?

"Yes, because I gave you the two silver candlesticks, as well, and they're worth perhaps two hundred francs. How did you come to leave them behind?"

Jean is too astonished to reply. The bishop turns to the police: "Didn't he tell you that the good priest with whom he passed the night gave him this silver?"

"He said so, but naturally we thought—" "That was very clever of you. You do your work well. But it's quite a



"When your turn comes, promise me you too will give!"

plates in a basket. She gives a furtive look at Jean as she passes. The bishop indicates the door opposite.

"This is your room—the best we can do—hope you'll be comfortable enough—take this!" He gives Jean one of the silver candlesticks.

But during this Jean's attention has been riveted on Magloire, who is putting the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bishop's bed. She sees him and comes to the door, shutting it.

"She's afraid of me! And no wonder!" He looks at the bishop. "How do you know I won't murder you in the night?"

"Well, how do you know I won't murder you?" is the soft-spoken reply. Jean's expression plainly says, "That's absurd!"

"You have faith in me, it seems? Then I must do the same by you, mustn't I? Good night." Jean stares at him, amazed.

A Thief in the Night

Jean wakes with a start. His hand instinctively goes to his wallet. He satisfies himself that the 100 francs are there. Then the thought comes to his mind—the bishop's silver. The cunning, crafty look of the criminal comes into his face again.

He gets out of bed quietly, goes to his knapsack—takes out an iron bar, feels it, menacingly. The door to the bishop's room is ajar. It makes him hesitate. It is too easy. He enters, regards the sleeping man with haggard astonishment, not unmixed with fear, then moves to the cupboard to pry it open.

There is no need to use force—the key is already there. Again it seems too easy. He glances suspiciously in the bishop's direction, then begins to pull out the silver, which is piled together in a basket.

The bishop is busy writing in the dining-room. He looks up as he hears a scream from Magloire and the sound of running feet. "The silver is gone! I told you—that man! He went off without a word and he's taken the silver! Now we've no silver plates."

The bishop goes back to his notes,

Thus ended the first phase of the life of Jean Valjean.

TO BE CONTINUED

Steamship Will Lay Pacific Air-Bases

North Haven Will Complete Links in Pan American's Chain to Orient

EARLY in April the steamship North Haven, a good-sized vessel of 15,000 tons, will leave the shores of California to launch a new epoch in transpacific travel. The Literary Digest reports. Carrying a crew of seventy-four trained construction men and forty-four airway technicians, she will lay across the world's widest ocean a series of five air-bases, like giant stepping-stones, from one to another of which liners of the Pan American Airways will soon be fitting, connecting the Continent of North America with China by air.

The North Haven's journey will constitute the last section of a program for conquering the Pacific that began in 1931, when Juan T. Trippe, President of the line, set in motion a four-year régime of research and training that produced the series of "Clipper Ship" flying-boats and trained crews capable of maneuvering them over long ocean-stretches under virtually all conditions of flying weather.

The operating airway will extend from California to Hawaii, 2,100 miles; thence to Midway Island, 1,150 miles; to Wake Island, 1,200 miles; to Guam, 1,450 miles; to Manila, 1,500 miles, thence 700 miles northward to connect with the 3,000-mile system of the Pan American-Chinese air-lines in China, which control strategic routes to the trade-areas of the Far East.

Hilltops Clear

(Continued from Page 6.)

stop to question when the most precious person in one's life was in danger; one did things. She wasn't much good if she couldn't stand between him and trouble.

Someone knocking! Another caller? Why had the neighbors started to be friendly today of all ways when she wanted to devote herself to her brother? She opened the door. Her breath caught in a little gasp as she confronted Len Calloway.

"Good afternoon, Miss Schuyler. May I come in?" He entered the living room without waiting for an answer.

Prudence resented his assurance. "I can't talk business now, Mr. Calloway. My brother has just arrived and I want to be with him."

"I won't detain you but a moment. I came to ask once more if you will give the contract for cutting your timber to me."

"I have already told you that I have arranged with Mr. Gerard to do it."

"Gerard!" Calloway shrugged his scorn. "You make me laugh! In the first place, suppose Gerard should stick to the proposition long enough to begin work—he won't, but we'll let it go for the sake of argument—where would he get a crew to log for him? There isn't a man in this town who would dare work for Gerard if I said 'No!'"

"What's that?" The question rang like a pistol shot. Calloway shifted his eyes from the girl's face to stare insultingly at the man in the doorway.

"I can't seem to take a step without running into you, can I, Gerard? Try to put me out of this house, just try! You won't catch me off my guard again. Perhaps you've appointed yourself Miss Schuyler's guardian, though?"

The sneering tone whitened Rodney Gerard's face. His eyes frightened Prudence. She took a quick step toward him. He shook his head. His smile was strained as he reassured: "Okay. I shan't make a row when your brother is directly over this room. What do you want, Calloway?"

"What business is that of yours?" "It is his business!" Prudence turned to Gerard. "He came to warn me that if he did not cut my timber no one else should."

"Boy! So racketeering has struck this small village!" Calloway's eyes retreated into their caverns. "Call it racketeering, it's all right with me. The fact remains that you'll be unable to hire labor if I say the word. I'll give you and Miss Schuyler one more chance. Think it over. Contract with me to handle your timber and I'll treat you fair. If you don't—" He turned away with a suggestive laugh.

"You've had our answer. I'll cut that timber. Try to stop me. Just try!" "Oh, I'll try."

Calloway set his hat at a rakish angle. "Think it over! Think it over!" he advised, before he banged the door behind him.

Prue's eyes were bright with indignation. "I felt of as little importance in that contest as a cheer leader without a megaphone, and I am supposed to be your partner. Can he do it? Can he prevent you?"

"Can he! Just watch me, girl, watch me. 'Down with the racketeer!' will be my battle cry. I have made up my mind to get out that timber, and when I decide to do a thing I do it. It will take something bigger than Len Calloway to stop me."

There was a disturbing light in his eyes and a vibrant note in his voice as he added: "That isn't all I've made up my mind to do either, but it is enough to announce for a starter."

SEND YOUR NEWS ITEMS TO THE DALLAS POST

The Story of the Bible Told in Pictures



Delilah and Samson.—Corrupted by the Philistines, Delilah sought the source of Samson's strength. Wearing at last with her questioning, he told her: "If I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man."—Judges 16: 16-17. Delilah then made Samson sleep, and cut off his hair. The Philistines put out his eyes and imprisoned him. Samson's hair began to grow again, however, and one day when the Philistines gathered to make sacrifices to their god, Samson was called in to make sport for them. Samson asked to be led to the pillars which supported the house, and took hold of them. "And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the people therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."—Judges 16: 30. In the right foreground Merian, Seventeenth century engraver, shows Samson being taken by the Philistines, and in the left background he shows the destruction of the house and the death of Samson.

FASHION FLASHES

By MARY LOUISE KENT

BLUE stockings on Broadway—think of that—and they are very smart in the new shades—so sheer, they give one the impression of pale nothing—nice for dress up afternoon wear—

Watch your purse girls—not only because of possible "snatches" but because the boy friend is reading your character—by it and its contents. Spill yours on the table—in private if you are wise—read your own character—don't be surprised if it is not too flattering—

My lady goes out in the rain—in dear old London they battle with it in mackintoshes as drab as the weather itself—Paris almost as unanimously has adopted white—but Madam and Miss New York—run a rainbow round the City—with all the colors of the spectrum—to this they add the gay colored "shoe glove" and my lady of America—slick and shimmering—is gay as usual—and so easy to look at—

Clips, bracelets, rings—are anything but modest of design—and as for size—well your strength to carry them is all that need be considered. The sale of old gold seems to have brought to life a flood of semi-precious stones and massive settings that are quaint and so pretty.

Loud cheers—the shoe comes into its own—begins to look more like a shoe and less like the top of a cranberry pie—I must say I like them—never could quite see beauty in a lot of toes oozing out—cover up your toes and be gay with your heels—

Make up tones down—less color on the cheeks—much less on the lips—and "mucher lesser" on the finger nails—if you listen to the dictates of Dame Fashion.

Real flowers worn in your spring hat together with a corsage to match—is the last word—and a pleasing suggestion—that may be followed without too much effort other than a bit of thoughtful planning.

Speaking of flowers—the New York Flower Show is responsible for a fad that binds together a number of carnations—after trimming the calyx, enough to prevent the green from showing above the top—using all of one color they make a very attractive corsage—which may be varied by encircling a white center with pink or red or visa versa—effectively old fashioned in appearance.

Plaids and checks have taken the spring fancy in no uncertain manner—and they are all so pretty unless you have taken on a little too much weight—but even then you need not deny yourself—if you will confine your selections to the smaller designs that are not too pronounced—

Buckles, slides and buttons, to match, may be had in such great variety of shades, you can adapt them to almost any material—and they add a lot to the swank of your outfit—



3144—Jacket Suit—stylishly-trim, and practical with dark jacket, of basket weave wool or wool crepe, over silk print or rough silk crepe dress—the original model, using a Dusty Pink Pebble Cloth for the jacket over a Tobacco Brown Silk Crepe Dress—Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust measurements. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material for the jacket and 2 3/4 yards and 1 1/2 yards 39-inch for the dress.

3384—Nice for your garden and household tasks—made of cotton print or plain linen with contrasting color, piping—you may be as gay as you please in both design and color—very useful, simple to make and a comfortable all purpose house dress you will enjoy wearing—Size 16, 18 years 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measurement—Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards material, 39 inches wide.

DALLAS POST FASHION SERVICE 21 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed is 15 cents for PATTERN No. Size (Wrap coins carefully).

Print name clearly

Street and number

City and State

Survey For Blind

The first county survey in the sight-saving program of the State Council for the Blind, conducted in co-operation with the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women, which recently endorsed this program, is now being made in Bradford county.

Watt-a-Man!

SEE PAGE 8.