Be Practical in Furnishing New Sewing Corner

By BETTY WELLS

"EVER since my doll dressing days, I've loved to sew," writes Evelyn A., "and I'm pretty good if I may be so bold. I make most of the family clothes. I've always dreamed of a really well-equipped sewing room but so far I've had to be content with using a make-shift corner of any room that could be spared. Now we've just added an addition to our house, and my husband has a den for his carpenter bench and I have a sewing room. Both of us are thrilled.

"But all of a sudden I've got stage-fright because I want this room to look attractive and be useful and I'm not quite sure just how to achieve that. Can you help? I'll need some kind of a big cutting table but the room is really too small to have this out on the floor all the time. Besides I'd rather like to have this room as a sort of a little sitting room to use between sewing sprees and a big cutting table would rather spoil that effect. What would you suggest in the way of furnishing and decoration, keeping in mind that this must be first of all a utility room. I want it cheery and pleasant to work in."

First off, why not inveigle your husband into building in a set of cabinets and shelves across one wall of the room. You know you can't

"I'm fixing a sewing room for myself."

have enough for sewing oddments. Then in one section of this he can have a cutting table that will drop down out of the wall when needed, or swing up out of the way between times. You might like to have an ironing board swing down out of your cabinet too because you'll certainly need one.

How would the idea of pink walls and woodwork strike you? Yes, I mean a definite pink, though not too deep. Then curtains and slip covers of navy calico with a tiny white sprig in it . . . finished with white ric-rac, perhaps. By all means have at least one comfortable chair here, preferably two if you expect to use it as a sitting room on "beau" nights when your daughter wants the living room. And if you have room for a studio couch, what a good solution of the extra guestroom space! For the walls, collect botany painted frames. For working, you know how much easier sewing is—or rather the clean-up—if the floor is either bare or covered in linoleum. So have your floor plain, then add some flowered hooked rugs, scatter size, that can easily be swooped up out of the way when you're going to sew.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

THRIFTY TRAVELER

Sergt. James "Jock" Scott has walked 31,300 miles in the past five years on doctor's orders. He started from London, England, and recently arrived in Seattle, Wash. His doctor told him he needed plenty of fresh air after getting his lungs filled with gas in the war.

Quoits Record Set

MELBOURNE, VIC.—A new Australian quoits record was established here when 19-year-old Fred Stapeton pitched 1,691 "ringers" in one hour and twenty minutes.

IN THE 1939 MANNER

About the only place straps are used for support today are on street cars. Not, at least, on milady's bathing suit. Strapless swim garments made their advent in Los Angeles during market week recently.

Norse Investigator Finds Traces of 'Lost Colony'

Unearthed Evidence Shows That Norwegians Settled In New York in 986.

PENN YAN, N. Y.—Traces of the Norwegian "lost colony," which nearly six centuries ago left 280 homesteads mysteriously deserted on the west coast of Greenland, have been found in America, according to Gil Brewer, early Norse investigator of Canandaigua, N. Y.

Evidence of the "lost colony," which he believes numbered between 3,000 and 4,000 men, women and children, is "plainly discernible" throughout the length of the St. Lawrence river, Lake Ontario, northern and western New York.

"In our early search for traces of the Greenlanders in America," Brewer said, "we have been misled through our expectation of finding Fourteenth century Scandinavian examples of metal and ceramic work rather than the cruder Eskimo-like culture."

Founding Set as 986.

Brewer said the Norse colony was founded on the west coast of Greenland by Eric the Red in 986 and was visited by ships from Iceland and Scandinavian ports for a considerable period thereafter.

"At first Greenland was an independent country," he said, "but was taken over by Norway in 1261. At that time the king of Norway promised to send a vessel to Greenland each year. This practice, however, soon lapsed and many years passed through which the colony was entirely neglected.

"It was not until 1341 that Ivar Bardson, a capable Norwegian priest, was sent westward to learn the condition of the Greenlanders. He found the eastern Greenland settlement flourishing under the direction of Bishop Arne," Brewer went on to say, "but a year later he found the great western settlement completely deserted. Here he reported finding cattle and sheep in the fields which could not have wintered in the open, giving rise to the assumption that the Norse-Greenlander had vanished shortly before his arrival."

The key to the mystery, which Brewer said has been one of the most baffling encountered by historians, was discovered through his study of the ancient national emblem of the Iroquois nation.

The Mohawk emblem, he pointed out, is in the form of a firesteel, which is used to strike sparks from flint, and is of a type which experts agree is not only Scandinavian in design, but typically Norwegian of the Viking age.

Fewer Hoppers Predicted For Corn Belt in 1939

WASHINGTON.—The agriculture department predicts that grasshopper infestations in states west of the Mississippi will be less severe next summer than in the last growing season.

A survey by the bureau of entomology and plant quarantine showed that grasshopper eggs in Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma are from one-third to two-thirds fewer than at this time last year.

In southern states, however, conditions have been such as to offer a "potential infestation which may rival that of the last years," the bureau said. Although from 70 to 90 per cent of the adults of a particular migratory species were poisoned last year, weather conditions have been favorable for laying eggs. About 36,471 tons of poison bait will be needed to control the pest in eastern Colorado, parts of the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma and in northeastern New Mexico, the department said.

Farmer Brown's Boy Promises To Help Nanny Meadow Mouse

By THORNTON BURGESS

OF COURSE when Farmer Brown's boy lifted off the upper half of the pile of old cornstalks in the middle of which Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had built their home he had no idea that anyone was living there. It is a question if Danny and Nanny were any more surprised than he was. Of course they ran—ran as fast as ever they could. They did it to save their lives. At least that is what they thought. You see it was all so sudden that they were just terribly

"Ha!" said he. "You will have to build a house somewhere else, Danny Meadow Mouse."

frightened and when people are terribly frightened they run away from the thing that has frightened them. At least that is what most people do.

With frightened squeaks they ran along the secret little galleries Danny had made for just such a need. And then quite suddenly Nanny stopped. She had thought of the four babies left in that dear little house. She had remembered Teeny, Weeny, Midget, and Mite left to the mercy of Farmer Brown's boy. She couldn't run another step.

"Hurry!" squeaked Danny, scampering on ahead. But Nanny didn't. Instead she began to go back. Danny looked back over his shoulder and saw her. "What are—" he began, and then he, too, remembered the helpless babies and a feeling of great shame swept over him at the thought of how he was running away and leaving those babies with no one to even try to protect them. He turned back and hurried to catch up with Nanny.

He was stooping over looking at the little house they had been so proud of when they had built it. "Ha!" said he, "I'm afraid you will have to build a new house somewhere else, Danny Meadow Mouse, for I have got to clean up around here and take away all the old cornstalks. I wonder what the inside of your house is like."

With that he picked up the house in his great hands and began to tear it open to see what it was like inside. Poor Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse! It was more than they could stand. Danny shut his eyes so as not to see what was going to happen, but Nanny, because her mother love was so great, actually ran out in plain sight. She didn't dare go quite to her babies, but she went just as near as she did dare to.

When Farmer Brown's boy had torn open the roof of the little house so that he could see inside he gave a long whistle of surprise. Then very gently he lifted out Teeny and Weeny and Midget and Mite and held them in the hollow of one hand while he looked at them closely. Of course they were too little to be much afraid, but they didn't like the bright light, for you know that ever since they were born they had been in the dark and now the light hurt their eyes.

Just then Farmer Brown's boy happened to look down straight into the terribly anxious eyes of Nanny. Slowly a smile lighted up his freckled face. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Meadow Mouse," said he. "I wouldn't hurt your babies for the world. I guess I've spoiled your house and I'm sorry. I wouldn't have done it if I thought there might be babies there."

Very gently he put the four babies back in their bed of grass and as well as he could, which, of course was not very well, he pulled the broken roof together over them. Then he put the house back where he had found it and stepped back a few steps.

"You brave little mother," said Farmer Brown's boy softly, and began to put back the cornstalks he had taken from the pile. When at last the little house was once more in the middle of the pile he started on. "I'll wait until you have that family off your hands before I clean up here," said he softly as he saw Nanny's bright eyes anxiously peeping at him.

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135 on Half Shell? A Mere Appetizer!

CLEVELAND, OHIO. — Sansome, who repairs shoes for a living and eats oysters prodigiously, swallowed 135 of the mollusks for the Cleveland title.

"Shoemakers often win oyster-eating contests where I was born, in Termine, Italy," he said, finishing off the last of the oysters and his second bottle of chili sauce, "and I hold numerous titles there."

Sansome's nearest rival was Marino Grico, who quit at 118 oysters.

Easier for Blind Man to Find His Way in a Town

PARIS.—Professors at an institute for blind boys and girls have been telling the public how the blind get about.

It is easy for the blind man to find his way in town, but he is wholly at a loss in the country, for there is nothing to guide him.

In town he can hear the shoemaker's hammer, a butcher at his chopping block, the tap of a typewriter, an automobile with the engine left running, a horse pawing the pavement, or the call of a newsboy. He knows his bearings by the smell of a bakery, a drug store or perhaps by the perfumes of a hairdressing parlor.

He never wears gloves, for they take away from his keenness of touch. He touches someone and says "Pardon, Madame," to her surprise. He has felt her fur and judged accordingly.

Navigation Students Shoot the Sun

These three are students in the navigation class at the University of Southern California. They are shooting the sun with sextants aboard the 90-foot schooner Ethel Mae, used by the class for practical instruction.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Iron Serpent"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

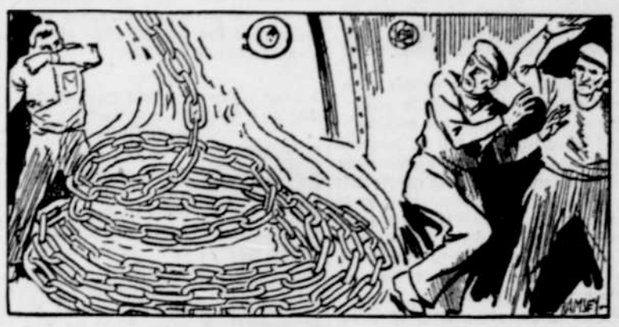
Well sir, we've had two or three yarns in this column about strong men who have been in danger of being crushed to death by huge snakes twenty or thirty feet long, but Jim Evrard of Brooklyn, N. Y., went up against the great-granddaddy of all the reptiles. Jim's snake was three hundred and sixty feet long. It was made of solid steel links ten and a half inches long and five inches wide. It was the great anchor chain of an ocean-going steamer—and when you get one of those babies wrapped around your neck, they're worse than any python or boa constrictor that ever lived.

It was on February 5, 1918, on the army cargo transport U. S. S. Hatteras that it happened. Jim Evrard had joined the navy as a radio operator in 1917, and here he was on the Hatteras, somewhere out in the Atlantic ocean.

The Hatteras had sailed a week or so before, from Hampton Roads, Va. A few days out of port she had run into a bad storm that had wrecked her steering gear and left her wallowing helplessly in mid-ocean. The captain had dropped both of the ship's three-ton anchors. They helped very little—but that's beside the point. The point is that those anchors were down. If they hadn't been, Jim would have had no adventure. He'd have won no ten-dollar bill. And we'd have had no story.

When Morning Came the Storm Subsided.

Once the anchors were down, they had to stay down until the storm was over. While the gale was raging, the ship pitched and rolled so violently that it would have been dangerous to try to pull them up. But



To our horror the chain was running wild.

on the morning that the storm subsided, the crew rigged an emergency gear and began to hoist them aboard.

That's where Jim Evrard comes into the story. Jim was a radio operator, but in a pinch, aboard ship, everybody turns to and lends a hand. And Jim was sent down into the chain lockers with a lad named Piercy and another lad named White, to lay anchor chain.

I guess that sort of calls for a word of explanation. The chain lockers on the Hatteras were a couple of rooms eight feet square, just below deck, up at the bow of the ship. They were used, of course, to stow the anchor chains in while they were not in use. Up on the deck, a big winch was hauling in the starboard anchor, and as the chain came in, it was passed through a hole in the deck, down into the chain locker.

Well, sir, if that chain were just allowed to lie in the locker any way it landed, it would tangle and snarl next time the anchor was dropped. It had to be laid in a neat coil as it came down, and that's what Jim, and Piercy, and White were doing down there that fateful February day that Old Lady Adventure had picked out to give three sailors the scare of their lives.

A Choppy Sea Made Footing Insecure.

By that time, all three of them were pretty tired. The chain, with its big ten and a half inch links, was heavy. The sea was still choppy, making their footing none too sure. But they worked away at the port chain until the coil rose high in the locker. Finally the chain stopped coming in. They could tell by the size of their coil that the anchor was up and out of the water and ready to be heaved on deck.

The three lads had stopped work, and leaning, each in a different corner of the cramped locker, bracing themselves against the pitching and tossing of the ship.

"We were waiting for orders to go back up on deck," says Jim, "but the order was slow in coming. Imagine our surprise when we saw the anchor chain begin to pay out again. It moved slowly at first, and then quite rapidly. After several seconds of watching it increased its speed, we realized to our horror that the chain was running wild!"

And those lads had good reason to be horrified. Great loops of heavy chain began whipping in long swings, striking the sides of the locker. Faster and faster it went, and wider and wider were the loops that lashed out on all sides.

"It was swinging with terrific force," says Jim. "If it hit us, it would break our bones like cardboard, or crush our skulls as if they were egg shells. And there we stood, not daring to move out of our corners—wondering when the flying mesh of steel was going to whip in after us—wondering when a chance lurch of the ship was going to throw us off balance out into the path of that whirling mass of metal.

The Noise of the Links Was Like a Death Knell.

"The din was terrific. Our prison was small, and we could feel the wind on our faces as the chain flew by. In wider and wider arcs it swung. The links, as they hit the walls, sounded like the beats of a death knell to all of us. I wanted to faint, but I didn't dare. Powerless to do anything at all, I kept my mind on the one thing that might save me—standing right where I was in the scant protection the corner of the room afforded me."

Loop after loop whipped its way around the little locker and spun on up through the hole in the top. Only a few more of those loops to go now. Then they'd all be safe. Jim watched those last few loops go, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. They WERE safe. Over in their own corners stood White and Piercy, chalky-faced, but unhurt. Then they called to the officers up on deck, who by that time, doubted if any of them were alive.

The cause of the trouble, they had found, had been Old Man Neptune himself. A roll of the ship had thrown over the anchor chock, and another roll had caused the engineer to slip and throw the anchor winch out of gear.

"The anchor had to be raised again," says Jim, "but we weren't sent down to lay the chain. The next three men had better luck than we did."

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A Bit of Embroidery For Small Son's Suit

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

"DEAR MRS. SPEARS: Those pages of embroidery stitches in your Book 2 have interested me greatly. I can never remember from time to time how to do even feather stitching. It is ingenious the way you show how to make each kind of stitch, and I turn to your book often. I have a small son now four and a half years

old, and have always enjoyed making his clothes and trimming them with little touches of embroidery. Do you think he is too old for this? B. H."

You still have a year or so if you keep the suits smart and boyish. I am sketching an embroidered trimming idea for you here. The thread should match the color of the trousers. Mark an outline for the embroidery with pencil as at A. Work over this with tiny chain stitches as at B; then make larger chain or loop stitches as at C and D.

Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 2, Gifts, Novelties and Embroideries, contains 48 pages of step-by-step directions which have helped thousands of women. If your home is your hobby you will also want Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Order by number, enclosing 25 cents for each book. If you order both, a crazy-quilt leaflet with 36 authentic patchwork stitches will be included free. Address Mrs. Spears, 216 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Phil Says:

Democracy Scores

Anybody in America who would swell his chest and strut around as dictators do in Europe would be laughed into oblivion.

Children with grandpas and grandmas learn that there are two views of what their parents regard as misbehavior.

Why is all the pottery found by archeologists broken? The men must have wiped the dishes.

We do not want to be pessimistic, yet it does save a lot of heartbreaks.

Like Bearing Arms in Defense

Even a man who doesn't vote is glad the voters decided in a way that meets his approval; but voting should be compulsory!

If one is blue, one should get busy. Never let the blues induce you to sit down idly.

Some of the unwritten laws are too fantastic to be framed into a statute.

How much more romantic an airplane would be, floating in a moonlit sky if it did not make a sound; but, no, it must reveal that it is machinery.

YOU BET!

"Luden's, like hot lemonade, contain a factor that helps contribute to your alkaline reserve." ARTHUR BARTELS, Athletic Director, New York

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

Good or Evil

All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own.—Edwin Markham.

OUT OF SORTS?
Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy NR TABLETS
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.
Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today.
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALL RIGHT
ALWAYS CARRY TUMS QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MERCHANDISE
Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

CRIPPLE CREEK STILL YIELDS UNTOLD GOLD WEALTH

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.—Cripple Creek's gold "diggin's"—the site of one of the first gold strikes in Colorado's mining history—still is one of the state and nation's richest gold producing areas.

Rumors that the ore veins of the pioneer mining region's hundreds of mines were fading out were disproved with the estimate that nearly $5,500,000 in gold ore was taken from the veins in 1938. Production estimates of 1938 coincided almost exactly with the 1937 production, showing no decrease in activity and no sign of a slowup in 1939.

New developments during the last year indicate a strong possibility that the region will increase rather than decrease production this year. New shafts are being dug and improvements carried on in the old mines, giving the entire region the appearance of the "boom days" of the eighties, when Colorado came into its own as a gold-mining state.

The average depth of the major Cripple Creek shafts is between 2,000 and 2,600 feet into the rocky sides of the mountains. Most important of the 1938 improvements was the sinking of the main shaft of the Ajax mine to the 2,600-foot mark. Officials of the Golden Cycle corporation, operators of the mine, said a promising series of small veins had been opened in the lower diggings, indicating a long working period for the shaft.

In addition to the large enterprises now under way, many smaller mines have undertaken improvements which are designed to increase their capacity. "Watered" or flooded mines are being pumped out and reconditioned. Several shafts, long abandoned because of a slump in metal prices, are being cleared.

Bees Will Overeat

There's a good reason why bees do not sting while swarming. Before leaving the hive they gorge themselves with honey. Like a human who has overeaten, they're too stuffed and sleepy to mind disturbances. Bees swarm, or leave the old hive, when crowded out by bees hatched that spring. In each swarming, worker bees cluster around the queen bee to protect her each time she lights. Thus, by cornering the queen, the whole hive can be captured.

Meaning of Name Gratia

The name Gratia is a contraction of the Latin Gratiana, meaning "of exceeding grace." The Latin root of the word may mean not only "grace" but "divine favor," "esteem," "kindness" or "thankfulness." The Italian forms Graziosa, "gracious," and Graziella, "thankful," come from the same root, and Gracienne means "little graceful one." It will be observed that "grace" may have both a physical and spiritual interpretation. St. Gratia was an early virgin martyr.