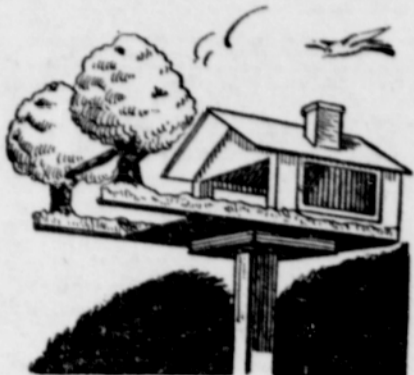


Easily Built Bird House And Feeding Station

If you want to turn your spare time into a useful and productive hobby, make up this birdhouse and feeding station. You'll have fun building these attractive houses and will be agreeably surprised to see what a professional job you can do using only hand tools.



Since each component part of the house is reproduced full size on the printed paper pattern, all the mystery usually associated with woodwork is dispelled. You merely cut each piece of wood according to the shape and size of the pattern, then fasten each part together in exact position indicated. Decorating the finished house is further simplified by merely tracing the full size decorating guides directly on the house. The outlines are then painted the colors pattern specifies.

If your youngster is interested in developing a part-time business, get him to make up one or two of these houses or feeding stations. Almost every homeowner is interested in attracting birds and they will be delighted to buy these two houses.

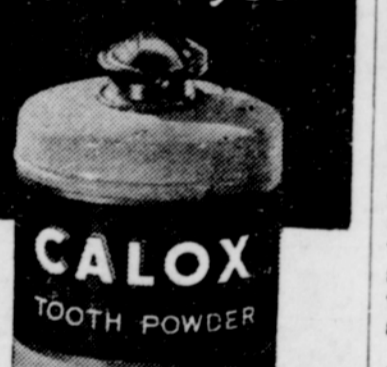
The Pattern specifies exact size and amount of materials needed. Much of the wood can be salvaged from grocery boxes, crates, etc. Send 25c each for Bird House Pattern No. 19 and Feeding Station Pattern No. 2 to East-Bird Pattern Company, Department W, Pleasantville, N. Y.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

When Your Back Hurts - And Your Strength and Energy is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS

The FICTION Corner

MERRY MERRY MERMAID

By MARY LOUISE CHEATHAM

It was still early and the beach was deserted except for a few lone bathers far around the shoreline. Merry finished her splashing in the chilly waters and climbed on a rock by the lakeside, the only rock in view anywhere on the sandy beach. It made a nice spot to sit and dry as the morning sun grew warmer. Spreading her beach robe over the rock to protect her new green bathing suit she rubbed her arms and legs briskly with a towel, then cast it aside and rummaged in the canvas beach bag for her brush and comb, and a hand mirror. She had just finished shaking the water from her long, blonde hair and was brushing it to a golden sheen when a masculine voice beside her told her she was no longer alone.

"Ah, a mermaid!" said the voice, and there stood a bronzed young man in bathing trunks. He was tall and dark and broad-shouldered, and just the sort of young man a girl dreamed of meeting on her vacation, only he had appeared much too soon. She blushed and groped for an answer. She shivered and sneezed.

"Well," commented the young man. "I don't know mermaid language but kerchoo, yourself."

Without waiting to be asked, he had seated himself on the sand beside the rock and not knowing what else to do Merry went on awkwardly brushing her hair.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Mine's Terry Thornton. Staying with some cousins at that cottage down the line."

"Merry," she admitted unhappily. "Not Merry; Merry, like in Merry Christmas. Only my last name's Day. My mother had original ideas."

"Hmm," Terry mused. "Well, on you it turned out all right, though she took a chance. Supposing you were one of those grave, sober people who go around frowning all the time? But with those dimples and that smile it suits you."

Merry blushed again. It was disconcerting to have a strange young man studying her face so closely, but it was funny, too. She laughed.

"Merry," he repeated. "I like that. Merry and Terry. Makes a good combination. Hey! Where you going? Don't jump back in the water, mermaid. I'll only swim right after you!"

"Breakfast," said Merry, gathering up her belongings. "We haven't eaten yet. They're expecting me at the cottage."

"Well," said Terry reluctantly. "Bye, then, for now. See you again." He walked over to the deep end of the pier, waved, dived cleanly and, as Merry left the beach, she saw him swimming with long, sure strokes out to the raft. If only, she thought, he hadn't come along quite so soon! Now she would have to go to the beach even earlier.

"Terry Thornton?" said Mrs. White, with whom Merry was boarding during her vacation. "Why, yes. He comes up here summers to visit relatives in one of these cottages down the row. One of the best swimmers around here. Regular fish."

Merry's heart sank but she ate heartily of the blueberry muffins and decided nothing was going to spoil this vacation of hers. She had planned too long and worked too hard for it, and now she was going to enjoy every minute.

It was not much fun, going in the water so terribly early, but she splashed determinedly the next morning, then spread her beach robe on the sand and lay there on her stomach, soaking up what sunshine there was. Head cradled on elbow, she gazed dreamily at the lake. It was always changing color, like the stone in a ring she used to have—

green, blue, silver or gray, according to the light. The office, with its irritations, seemed far away.

"Hello, there!" It was Terry. She sensed his presence before he spoke. "Care for a swim?"

She shook her head. "I've already been in," she said.

"Well," he persisted, "You can go in again."

"No," said Merry. "I like it here on the beach."

"Okay," Terry shrugged. "Suit yourself, I'm going to take a swim, then I've got to go to the village. Be gone all day. You ought to come along."

"No," said Merry. "Thanks anyway."

She was sorry to see him go, yet happy, too. He would be gone all day! As soon as he was completely out of sight she waded back into the water. Olga, Mrs. White's cook, came wading out but Merry didn't mind. Olga was plump and comfortable and she was eating an apple.

other, she managed to avoid Terry and keep on with her attempts to swim. "I don't know why I don't tell him," she thought. "He probably would teach me himself but he might think I am awfully stupid, the way I don't make any progress. Somehow, I am ashamed to let him know."

She went on practicing strokes and kicks, swallowing water and floundering in despair—and then, one day, one day of days, it happened! She swam! Only a few feet at first, then farther and farther and farther with practice. Bobby, her 10-year-old teacher, jumped up and down and shrieked with joy, and they had a water-fight to celebrate. After that, nothing could stop her. It was just an easy sidestroke but it was swimming!

"Tell you what," said Bobby. "I'll take the rowboat and row alongside in case you need me, and I



She had just finished shaking the water from her long, blonde hair and was brushing it to a golden sheen when a masculine voice beside her told her she was no longer alone.

"Can you swim, Olga?" called Merry.

"No," answered Olga, "but I can float." She lay back, easily, on the surface of the water and continued eating her apple, gazing unconcernedly up at the sky.

"That's wonderful!" said Merry. She tried it but sank immediately, and sat up, gasping and blowing water out of her nose. A peal of laughter rang out and she looked into the face of a 10-year-old boy who was swimming about like a porpoise.

"Here's the way," he said, and floated like Olga. "Gee!" he said. "Don't you know how to swim?"

"No," Merry admitted, sadly. "I've never been around water, much. I've always lived in the city, and I just never did learn."

"It's easy," said the boy. "Watch here."

So the lessons began. Hopeful and hopeless by turn, Merry kicked and splashed. Her freckle-faced tutor was a hard taskmaster and a merciless critic. They kept at it most of the day but Merry still couldn't stay on top of the water.

"Looks like I'll never learn!" she thought, but early the next morning she was at it again. She managed to be lying on the beach when Terry dropped by. She turned down his invitation to go on an all-day boating trip with some friends. "Another day," she thought hopefully. Her young instructor turned up again that afternoon, as enthusiastic as Merry was determined.

Day after day, by some ruse or

think by now you can easily make it as far as the raft."

"All right," Merry agreed bravely. "I'll do it."

She lay on her side, taking slow, easy strokes, watching Bobby in the boat. The water felt wonderful—she felt wonderful herself! Hardly out of breath at all, she reached the raft.

"Hurray!" shouted Bobby. "You made it!"

"Hurray!" echoed another voice. "Three cheers for the merry mermaid!"

And there on the raft, outlined against the sun, was Terry. Eagerly, he pulled her out of the water.

"I crown you queen of the mermaids," he said, adorning her head with a dripping white waterlily he had brought from the lagoon. "So you learned to swim in less than two weeks!"

Merry caught her breath. "How did you know?" she asked.

"Well," said Terry, smiling deeply into her eyes. "That kid brother of mine is a pretty good teacher."

LET'S TALK ABOUT You

BY CHARLES B. ROTH

A Good Conversationalist

That the man I have just spent a week with has mastered one of the most important of all human arts, there is no doubt. Wherever we went he charmed those we met, charmed them by his personality, his graciousness, his poise, but principally by his conversation.

For he seemed to know exactly what to say to everyone to whom we talked. I mentioned it to him.

"Oh, it's simple," he replied, "all I do is talk to them in terms of interests—their interests—their SPECIAL INTERESTS."

Every human being, as you know, has certain subjects in which he is especially interested—his business, his hobby, his family, some outside accomplishment, politics, something that especially interests.

Anything that appeals to a person's special interests, identifies you with him, will get and hold his attention—and if you get and hold anyone's attention he will find you an engaging personality.

If you want your personality to appeal to others, all you have to do is follow the few simple rules which my friend explained to me.

"The first thing you have to do is to find out what your person's interests are," he began. "And that is not hard. Listen to anyone talk. We all talk most about what interests us most. You can also ask others about the interests of the person you are going to meet. It isn't hard to get information."

"Then," he continued, "acquire knowledge on the subject." None of us likes to talk to an ignoramus, but you can read up on any subject and get a passable knowledge of it.

"Then—and this is the last rule—all you have to do is show him you are interested in the subject, too. Then in his eyes you become irresistibly interesting. See how easy it is?"

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Slightly Rounded Top	4/25
Evenly Browned Crust	4/25
Tender Crust	4/25
Velvety Crumb	4/25
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it is wise... to read the advertisements in this newspaper before you set out upon a shopping tour.

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Remember—with the patter of little feet go the smudges made by tiny hands. If you want pleasant, harmonious rooms that wash new again in a jiffy, see your Acme dealer! Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit 11, Michigan.

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This Brave New World

Grace Noll Crowell

DEWEY-EYED and shining-faced the morning starting on its journey of today, Its old wounds healed and seemingly forgotten, Its old scars wiped away.

This brave new world! How staunchly it arises

From out the darkened covers of the night;

How valiently it girds itself to enter The splendid ways of light!

So would I shake the darkness from my eyelids,

So would I don my garments with the dawn,

The old wounds healed, the old scars unremembered,

And thus I would move on

Into the waiting ways of light and splendor,

My heart's bright banner lifted and unfurled,

That I may be a valiant marching comrade

To this, the brave new world.