

Kitten Twins Pose For Your Pleasure

The Kitten Twins, as much alike as peas in a pod, pose obligingly for your needle. Embroider this plump, cuddlesome pair and you'll have the gayest wall panel ever—a panel that will be a delight in any room! Just single and outline stitch, in silk, cotton or angora



Pattern 5766

wool and it's ready to be lined and hung! In pattern 5766 you will find a transfer pattern of a wall hanging 14 1/2 by 18 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; directions for finishing wall hanging.

To obtain this pattern send 12 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

A One-Way Ticket

"I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now, and not defer nor neglect it, as I shall not pass this way again."—William Penn.

Symbol of Medicine

In Greek religion the winged staff with two snakes winding about it was carried by a herald, especially by Hermes, herald of the gods. His patronage of doctors made the caduceus an appropriate symbol of medicine. It is thus used by the Medical Corps, U. S. A.

The "Buckaroo"

The word "Buckaroo" is a western or southwestern term for "cowboy" or "broncho-buster," and is derived from the Spanish word "vaquero." There are a number of variations in spelling, "buckaree," "buckeroo," "bucarroo," etc.

Famous Caves in Europe

The names of some of the famous caves in Europe are: Fingal's cave, Scotland; Eye of Dionysius, Syracuse, Sicily; Grotto of Antiparos, Greece; Peak cavern, Derbyshire, England; Gallenruth, Germany; St. Michael's cave, Gibraltar.

Space Between R. R. Rails

A space is left between railroad rails in order to allow for changes in the lengths of the rails, due to extremes of cold in winter and of heat in summer. This is what is known as expansion opening.

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Bright Star

By Mary Schumann

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SYNOPSIS

Kezia Marsh, pretty, selfish and twenty, arrives home in Corinth from school and is met by her older brother, Hugh. He drives her to the Marsh home where her widowed mother, Fluvanna, a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing and understanding soul, welcomes her. Kezia's sister, Margery, plump and matronly with the care of three children, is at lunch with them.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Margery's dainty figure had grown plump, but there were contented lines about her eyes and mouth. She wasn't sorry for herself tied down with three children under six. She didn't mind her vanishing prettiness. This was the life she had dreamed of ever since she had been a little girl and played with her family of dolls—a home, an adoring husband, and children to tend and scrub and dress attractively.

"Margery—precious!" Kezia came through the screen door, and ran toward her sister. Mrs. Marsh surveyed them all from the head of the table, her gentle shining eyes resting on them one by one. "Do you realize this is the first time we have sat down together for years?"

She had never said anything like that before. With utmost tact she had made Dorrie and Will Platt, Margery's husband, welcome, but Hugh felt that it added to her pleasure today to have just them. It bridged the interlude since they had left her roof and become absorbingly interested in other pursuits, other persons.

Margery forgot her role of dignified young matron, Hugh, his position as assistant to the president of the Brower Steel Works, Kezia, the sophisticated teachings of Lolly Masters, an older girl at school, and her desire to model herself on the lines of that seductive and fascinating person.

"What are the headlines about the Cornithians, Marge? The births, the weddings, the deaths, the scandals—particularly the scandals! . . . I love knowing the dirt about people! It makes you feel you're not so bad yourself!" cried Kezia over the coffee.

"You would," said Hugh. He tweaked her ear as he rose. One o'clock. He must get back to the office. "Put them on the spot—use machine guns!"

Fluvanna followed Hugh to the door. "Give my love to Dorrie! She's a thoughtful child—she brought me a new book yesterday, a novel on China. Dear of her." "She did?" Hugh's face brightened as it always did when Dorrie was praised. Dorrie hadn't mentioned the gift, but she had a queer respect and affection for his mother, a revealing admission.

He spent the afternoon going over the cost sheets, and had a talk with Sloan, the president, over the price cutting of the Arrow Steel, which kept him until after five.

He took his car from the parking shed under the bridge and slowly wove his way through the impatient late-afternoon traffic. He ran into a gas station to fill up his tank. A boyhood friend, Doc Hiller, waved to him as he passed. He waved back. He had a shamed feeling of ingratitude at the sight of Doc. They should go to see the Hillers, have them for dinner. They had called, made so many friendly advances—and Doc was such a darn good fellow! But Dorrie had a cool way of ignoring debts she did not intend to pay.

his to return to at night. The pith of his heart . . . "Dorrie." She started a little as if recalled from distant visions, then rose and came toward him. Her sea-green eyes had an excited luminosity in their depths as if her thoughts had been pleasant ones.

"Hello, Hugh." "Didn't you hear me come in?" She smiled slowly up at him as his arms went around her. "No, didn't hear you." "What were you thinking about?" She shook her head. "Don't know . . . day-dreaming, I guess." He kissed her. Her hand curled in his; a flush rose on her delicate cheek.

"Have a good game?" "So-so. Joan and Orinda—Lesley Gates for a fourth." She moved toward the table and put the decks of cards in their pasteboard covers. "Lesley is a poor loser."

Fluvanna awakened from a dream of Jim Marsh, her husband. She had the illusion he was bending over, trying to tell her something, and all the sick, unruly associations that his memory brought unfurled themselves and waved exciting banners. Presently, lying with her eyes wide open and seeing the reassuring light of day, the sensation ebbed.

Kezia was home—was right across the hall, sleeping in the green and gold bedroom. Kezia was probably the reason she had dreamed of Jim. The child didn't look like him . . . no, Hugh resembled his father in stature and feature, but Kezia's whole personality carried a haunting reminder. The expressions she had, the tricky way she raised her eyes and made them aspiring and wistful, her cajoling manner which concealed her purposes, the will to have her own way, all hinted at the feminine counterpart of Jim.

She rose and drew up the shades. The perfume of lilacs came up from a bush beneath the window and brought back the spring of long ago—lilacs, the murmur of growth, and two people under an umbrella . . . Just a week after she met him.

That had been a momentous night, a kind of prescience about it from the second the Clements had presented him. Fate did that sometimes. Usually it worked soundlessly, but once in a great while it spoke a single word to you—"Now."

Ella Clement had said: "This is our cousin, James Marsh, from Philadelphia. He is opening an insurance agency here . . ." and Ella had gone on chattering in her tangential way about the Marshes living near some park, and her visit to them once when she had met some Senator—what was his name?—and the really very nice people who lived in Philadelphia.

Later when they were alone for a moment, Jim had smiled with his enigmatic eyes—strange the pull of some eyes—and said: "They've told me about you. I've been wondering how you got your name, Fluvanna. I never heard it before, but it has a nice sound, like deep water flowing under a bridge."

She had gone home that night with a disturbance in her heart—such as she had never known before, and said to herself: "If he asks me, I shall marry him." . . . Yes, it had been like that.

She found a note under the knocker on Kezia's door. "Wake me at eight. I'm playing tennis." It was five minutes to eight now. She rattled the knocker and heard a sleepy response from Kezia.

In the kitchen, Anna, a chunky girl of Roumanian parentage, turned from the stove with a liquid shine of welcome in her long dark eyes. "Good-morning, Mis' Marsh." "Good-morning, Anna. Breakfast almost ready?" "Ready in ten minutes or so. I haven't squeezed the oranges. Miss Kezia be down?"

"Yes, she's getting up. She is going to play tennis with some friends. I'll go out to cut some flowers for the table." She went out to the garden. Eric Olsen, a young man who took care of the yard and the car, was cutting the tender lush grass. The mingled fragrance of the lilacs, the shorn grass, the wild crab, sent a tingling response through her being. She gathered a bouquet of dark blue iris, then clipped an armful of fragile nodding columbine. She wiped the garden mould from her feet before the side door.

"Hello, Cousin Fluvanna," called a youthful voice from inside. "I just walked in—been wandering about." She held the screen open for Fluvanna. "Ellen! . . . Been painting?" "I had to—this morning! Lovely flowers—let me take them." Fluvanna thought: "If you could paint yourself among those flowers, Ellen!" Aloud she said: "Just in time for breakfast—you must stay. Kezia will be down in a minute. I'll call her—tell her you're here."

Ellen put out a detaining hand. "Not yet—not just yet. I have something to tell you." Fluvanna smiled. "Nice?" "Very nice . . . I'm engaged." "No!" "Yes, I am," returned Ellen ecstatically. "It happened last night! . . . To Jerry!" "Dear—dear!" murmured Fluvanna. "You told me quite a bit about him, brought him here . . . still I didn't think . . . so soon . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for March 28 JOHN'S RECOLLECTION OF THE RISEN LORD. LESSON TEXT—John 20:19-29; 21:30-34. GOLDEN TEXT—And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen: and have the keys of hell and of death. Rev. 1:17,18. PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Living Lord. JUNIOR TOPIC—Eating Breakfast With Jesus. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Who Saw Jesus After His Resurrection? YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ's Resurrection a Glorious Fact.

"The best authenticated fact in all history"—that is what competent historians have called the resurrection of Christ. One of America's greatest legal authorities used it as an illustration of how properly to prove a fact in court. If anyone comes to this lesson with doubts about the bodily resurrection of our Lord, let him give himself to a study of the evidence. He will find it overwhelmingly satisfying and complete.

That is as it should be, for the resurrection is vital to the completeness of man's redemption. Had Jesus died and remained in the grave, his claims would have been nullified; we should indeed have been "of all men most miserable" (I Cor. 15:19). But Paul goes on in triumphant faith, "Now is Christ risen from the dead." We have a resurrection faith, a living Saviour.

Our lesson brings before us our Lord in his post-resurrection appearance to his disciples, and a subsequent conversation with Peter. These verses fittingly tie up the resurrection of Christ with the life and service of his followers. Those who serve the risen Christ have an inward peace and an outward authority and power. Their convictions are based on the best of evidence and carry them forward to a life of personal responsibility and service.

I. Peace (20:19-21). Peace of Soul is absolutely essential to useful and satisfied living. Only as we are "steadfast, immovable," can we be "abounding in the work of the Lord" (I Cor. 15:58). Steady at the center, active at the circumference.

II. Authority (vv. 21-23). Commissioned and sent by the Son of God, clothed with Holy Spirit power, the Church of God has his authority. While some have read too much into verse 23, others have read out of it the real authority that God has given.

III. Conviction (vv. 24-29). Thomas made the serious error of being absent from the gathering of the disciples when the Lord Jesus stood in their midst. Let those who commonly absent themselves from the place and hour of worship take heed lest they miss a blessing, and coming later add nothing to the spiritual life of the church, but rather become troublers and doubters.

But God graciously turns the doubt of Thomas into a means of blessing to all of us who since then have read of his experience. Thomas was an honest doubter. God is always ready to meet such with satisfactory proof. The trouble is that there are so many in the world who use professed doubts to cover a life of sin.

Doubt may come to any man. In itself it is no sin. But to cherish it and hold to it in unbelief—that is a different matter. One wise spiritual leader rightly counselled his people, "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts. Never make the mistake of doubting your beliefs or believing your doubts."

When Thomas saw the Lord, doubt rapidly changed to strong personal conviction and abandonment of himself to his Lord and Saviour.

IV. Responsibility (21:20-24). This incident took place at a later appearance of Jesus to a smaller group of the disciples. The irrepensible Peter has, as usual, a question to ask, "What shall this man do?" It is a right thing to be concerned about the welfare of others, to see to it that they live right and do right. But there is in our relationship to God a primary personal responsibility, our own lives. The writer of the Song of Solomon (1:6) spoke a profound and deep-cutting word when he said, "They made me keeper of the vineyards; but my own vineyard have I not kept." Perhaps Jesus is saying to me, or to you, the solemn words that he spoke to Peter, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

Personal responsibility should be one of the most resultful factors in the making of manhood, as in the finding of salvation.

Duty and Honor. Despise danger and self-interest where duty and honor are concerned.—Selected.

The Music of Life. All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time.—Ruskin.

Comforters. God does not comfort us to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters.

It's a Party Sure Enough!



AND the girl holding the curtains back, just looking on, might be joining the fun except for her misconception that "party" clothes are hard to sew. She made the neat sweet house model she's wearing with no trouble at all—but—

And Here's the Story. "Marge, did you really make your pretty dress all yourself? It looks so elaborate; I'd be afraid to cut into chiffon like that for fear I'd ruin it."

"Be yourself, Rose. It doesn't take a bit more skill to make my dress than yours. The pattern explains everything. You can't go wrong. I got a double kick out of making a party frock—I feel important sewing it and elegant wearing it. I couldn't begin to have so many party clothes if I didn't belong to The-Sew-Your-Own!"

Mother Made Daughter's Dress. "Joanie, dear, aren't you beginning this party business pretty young?"

"No, Auntie Rose, of course not. I've another one just like it that Grandma made for me. It's red and it has blue bands around it. I'm going to wear it to school tomorrow."

"Well, I see where I've got to get some silks and crepe, pluck up my nerve, and have clothes like other people. I wanted to join the Jolly Twelve but I just felt I didn't have anything to wear. Now I've decided to join The Sewing Circle and make a real fashion debut, come Spring!"

The Patterns. Pattern 1237 is for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus five-eighths of a yard contrasting. Pattern 1241 is cut in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material, and 1 1/2 yards of ribbon

"Quotations"

Truly, if the genius of mankind that has invented the weapons of death cannot discover the means of preserving peace, civilization as we know it lives in an evil day.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Democracy has to learn to use reason in redressing the wrongs of society.—Sir Robert Falconer.

Great music does not pall with repetition. On the contrary, it grows on the ear.—Leopold Stokowski.

for the belt together with 3 yards of machine made trimming. Pattern 1852 comes in sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material. To trim as pictured 6 yards of ribbon are required.

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