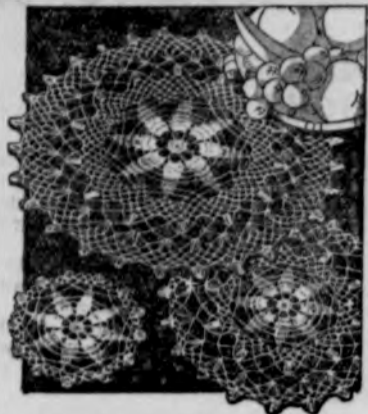


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Pattern 5768

pattern. You'll be astonished at the ease with which these charming "dainties" are crocheted. Use mercerized cotton or string. In pattern 5768 you will find complete instructions for making the doilies shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 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.

Finding Pearls

The Bureau of Fisheries says that a saleable pearl has never been found in an edible oyster. The bureau points out that pearls are formed either by an injury to the oyster or the introduction of some foreign matter through the shell where a pearl develops by a process of irritation. Pearls of value are found usually in warm Pacific waters, but the oysters from which they are taken are not edible.—Pathfinder Magazine.



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First a Student

He who proposes to be an author, should first be a student.—Dryden.

Palm Tree Leaves Used

for Raincoat and Cape
Women of French Indo-China have a use for the palm tree. They strip and overlap its leaves, thus forming an absolutely waterproof raincoat or cape.

The coconut palm tree, most widely known of the 1,100 species, has been called Nature's most generous gift to mankind. The palm, incidentally, gets its name because its leaves possess a striking resemblance to a fan.

WNU-13 18-37

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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. Hugh's wife, Dorrie, has pleaded a previous engagement. On the way back to his job at the steel plant founded by one of his forebears, Hugh passes Doc Miller, a boyhood friend whom he no longer sees frequently because of Dorrie's antipathy. Fluvanna Marsh wakens the next morning from a dream about her late husband, Jim, whose unstable character she fears Kezia has inherited. Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an artificially inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna's and a favorite of Hugh's. She happily tells Fluvanna she has become engaged to Jerry Purdue. Ellen fears that her father and mother, Gavin and Lizzie, will not approve the match. Hugh and Dorrie go out to the Freeland Farms to dance with their friends, Gus and Joan Whitney. Whitney, who has been out of work, announces that he has a new position. Gus and Dorrie dance together and then disappear for a while. Dancing with Joan, Hugh is amazed to find her in tears. Apparently she has some secret worry over her husband, Gus. When Ellen and Jerry speak about their engagement to Ellen's parents, Lizzie is disagreeable until Jerry sympathizes with her imagined ailments. The matter is left pending.

CHAPTER III—Continued

It was whispered around that he had been threatened with prison, that he had used company money for his own use. People shook their heads over a wasted life, women discussed it at tea parties for a week, then the world moved on about its own consumingly interesting affairs.

Fluvanna was ill for several weeks. Dry-eyed, white, almost speechless, she lay in bed. Her friends whispered of shock—she had found him that way after she heard the shot. Small wonder she was ill with that, and if she knew half the things that were rumored!

When she grew better, she devoted herself to her children and went out very little. Her friends could not surmise the poignancies that harmless, idle conversation could awaken, could not vision the pain that talk of home and husbands and plans for the future could awaken in a tortured soul, bleeding with memories.

CHAPTER IV

Hugh was intensely annoyed as he buttered his breakfast roll. "You say you wrote to him, and then you got this letter? Why didn't you say something to me first?"

"I thought I might persuade you to change," answered Dorrie.

He shook his head. "It wouldn't do, darling, at all. Insurance is a business I know nothing about. It would take me a year or two to learn—and what would we live on during that time?"

"John thinks you might do very well in a few months. See what he says," she tossed the letter over to him from John Reeper, husband of her sister Beryl.

It was a mild communication, offering little or nothing; if Hugh wanted to take up the insurance business in New York, he would put him in touch with the right parties. Hugh groaned to himself that Dorrie should regard this as a business opportunity!

The lace on the flowing sleeve of Dorrie's negligee fell away as she lifted her arm to pour a cup of coffee. "Your father was in the insurance business—you should have some talent for it," she said idly.

Hugh disregarded that. "We'd have to move away."

"Exactly."

"You want to? Leave this little place, our place? The arbor-vitae hedge is coming along so nicely, and the peach and plum trees we planted—"

"Sentimental as a woman!" "I'd hate to leave Corinth—even if this were a real opportunity—and it isn't! The place where you were born sort of gets into your blood. You know everyone . . . and Mother—she's here."

"All the foolish objections first and the real one last!"

Hugh looked at her reproachfully. "And you like the steel business? I've heard considerable complaint about how hard that is!" She was using the curling tone he disliked, very soft, edged with malice.

"I've spent eight years in it. My grandfather was in it; most of my relatives are. At least I know what it's about."

When she did not answer he went on pleadingly. "I haven't done so badly here, Dorrie. And it hasn't been my name or connections. Those don't count with competition keen as it is. I started at the bottom and they advanced me. I might get a good salary some day—yes, a really good one."

She threw out her hands; a small,

wise smile curved her lips. "At least I've asked you! But it has turned out exactly the way I expected it to! . . . I'll write to Beryl today."

At the plant that morning, he visited the different departments, checking with the foremen on the progress of the work.

A little after ten a long distance call came in from Congress City about some steel mesh they had delivered for road building. Potter, the contractor, complained that it was not of the specified thickness, and was much annoyed. Hugh promised to send a man to look at it at once. Potter was a good customer; it wouldn't do to offend him.

He sent for the records, talked with the foreman and decided to make the trip to Congress City himself, a drive of 50 miles.

A fine day—and if he drove, why not take Dorrie? They could go over the New Portland highway, which wound along a ridge of the hills. Fine scenery. He tried to telephone her but the line was busy. She had told him she wasn't going out today—he would have some sandwiches packed at the club, drive up and get her. She would probably be glad to have the outing.

With his basket of lunch which the chef at the club had put up for him, and driving toward home, he felt an expanding glow within himself at this unexpected break in the daily order. A day with Dorrie, out under the sky and sun, would work its magic, would smooth out misunderstanding, draw them closer in harmony.

He saw Tillie, the maid, moving a dust cloth over an upstairs window sill as he went up the walk. Dorrie was telephoning at the hall table in a low almost inaudible voice as he entered the front door. She turned at the sound of his footsteps, and the look which came over her face, startled, almost angry, gave him a feeling of shock.

She hung up the receiver quickly without saying good-by.

"What brings you home? Forget something?" she inquired lightly. A flush colored her cheeks.

"No. I came to see if you would like to go jaunting."

"Where?"

"Congress City. The contractor there is kicking about the road mesh we sent. Want to go?"

She hesitated. "No, you go along alone. I'm not dressed and there are things I want to do."

The telephone pealed sharply. Dorrie whirled abruptly for it, but Hugh had already lifted the receiver to his ear. "Hello . . . hello . . . hello."

He hung up. "No one on the line apparently! . . . You don't want to go? What's the reason? Haven't made a date, have you? We could drive over the Portland highway—they say it is beautiful scenery."

The flush on her face had faded; she looked rather pale. "It does sound nice, reconsidering. I'll go."

"I had a lunch packed and thought we would eat along Lonesome River."

She smiled faintly in approval. "I'll slip into that green dress you like and be with you in a minute."

In the country Dorrie sang softly, a snatch of this, a bit of that, a rhythmical accompaniment to the purring of the engine. They chose the less frequented narrow roads which led past rich farms, gentry-rolling hill farms, brooks dividing the pastures where cattle grazed, ponds which reflected the blue sky and its cottony wisps of cloud.

It was July when the season pauses in stillness. The sparkling, capricious spring was past; there was no hint of autumn.

The new highway crested the hills. They drove higher and higher until a panorama of countryside, the sweep of field, the darkness of wood, the stubble of cut grain and shimmer of piled wheat, extended in great rolling distances to right and left of them, so far that a blue haze met the horizon.

Dorrie touched his arm. "Let's stop here, Hugh. Like a view from an airplane, isn't it?"

The deep valley beside them wound sinuously. Far down they caught the gleam of a small river, silvery over some rapids, escaping the fringe of hemlock and willow which leaned caressingly over it.

"Lonesome River," said Hugh. "See that flat rock down by the stream? We'll be eating lunch there in ten minutes."

They descended the mountain and came to a settlement of a dozen very old somnolent houses called Norwich. A lane to the right of the bridge led for a short distance along the river bed. They parked the car under some sycamores, and taking the picnic basket, started along the little-used trail by the water.

"Hungry?" asked Hugh, when they came to a ledge close to the water.

"Ravenous! What did you bring?" She knelt over the basket and drew out some chicken sandwiches wrapped in oil paper, piled them on a napkin between them. "And fruit! Ginger-ale—and glasses! You thought of everything!"

"It won't be very cold. It's been over an hour since they took it off the ice."

"Never mind. It will be wet anyhow. Have you an opener?"

Lunch over they sat side by side for a few minutes, his arm around her.

"You've been nicer to me today than you've been for ages," said Hugh softly.

"Have I, old funny?"
(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 May 9

ABRAHAM A MAN OF PRAYER

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 18:17-32.
GOLDEN TEXT—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5:16.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Abraham Praying for His Neighbors.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Great Man's Prayer.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Praying for Others.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Ministry of Intercession.

Prayer—how many are the books that have been written on that subject and the sermons preached, and yet how little it is actually practiced. One can attract an audience to hear it discussed, but only a handful will come to pray. We as Christians agree that it is God's appointed way of blessing. We put up mottoes such as "Prayer changes things," or "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and then (may God forgive us!) we try to change things ourselves. We struggle with problems when we ought to pray.

The lesson of today, from the life of that great hero of faith, Abraham, stresses the importance of intercessory prayer, that is, the giving of ourselves to pray for the temporal and spiritual welfare of others. In an age characterized by a grasping spirit of acquisition for personal advantage it is like a breath from heaven to read of this man's prayer for others.

I. The Nature of Intercessory Prayer.

1. It is a Privilege. Abraham had been honored by a visit from God. The covenant had been renewed, a son had been promised. The three visitors looked out toward Sodom. God who had thus appeared to Abraham in visible form and had shared the hospitality of his home now extends to him the privilege of sharing in God's purpose. How glorious to be on such terms of confidence with God, to know him and to know his will and purpose!

2. It is a Responsibility. "Abraham stood yet before the Lord"—why? To pray for Sodom and Gomorrah. Privilege and responsibility go together. Those who have audience with the King of kings are there to carry the blessed burden of prayer for others. Are we praying for our children, our families, our church, our nation? If not, who will pray?

3. It is Objective, not Subjective. Some modern "religious" leaders would devitalize prayer by making it a sort of spiritual exercise which has only the value of developing our own soul. The prayer room is to them a sort of spiritual gymnasium where the soul develops its strength and a spiritual sense of well-being floods the soul.

Undoubtedly the very fellowship with God which is inherent in prayer is spiritually beneficial, but prayer actually deals with such things as cities, men, sin, sorrow. It concerns men's physical well-being, their material prosperity, as well as their spiritual welfare. It is the means designated by God for the release of his power on behalf of the object for which we pray.

II. Characteristics of Intercessory Prayer.

1. Unselfish. Abraham already had his promise and his blessing. The cities of the plain were wicked, yet he prayed for them. Those who know the spirit of God are not selfish in prayer.

2. Courageous. Note the reverent boldness with which Abraham pleaded the cause of the condemned cities. The Bible reveals that God honored men who had a holy courage. History tells the same story. We celebrate this year the centenary of one who prayed boldly—and believed, and labored—Dwight L. Moody.

3. Persistent. No one likes a "quitter." Christ spoke of a man who was heard for his importunity (Luke 11:8). See also Luke 18:1-8. Some one has said that when we pray we are all too often like the mischievous boy who rings the doorbell and runs away without waiting for an answer.

III. Results of Intercessory Prayer.

The cities were destroyed, but the righteous were saved. God hears and answers prayer. This is the testimony of His Word, of countless Christian men and women of all ages, yes, of the men and women of our day. We know by experience that it is true—"I cried; he answered." He says to you and to me, "Call unto Me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jer. 33:3).

No Reason for Anxiety
Anxiety is the poison of life; the parent of many sins and of more miseries. Why, then, allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand!—Blair.

A Long Life
He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller.

They Also Serve
They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Date Pie—Two cups milk, half pound dates, two eggs, one-quarter teaspoon salt, nutmeg. Cook dates with milk twenty minutes in top of double boiler. Strain and rub through sieve, then add eggs and salt. Line pie plate with paste, pour in filling and bake in quick oven at first to set rim, decrease heat afterwards.

Cleaning Reed Furniture—A stiff brush dipped in furniture polish is good for cleaning reed and rattan furniture.

Oiling Household Machinery—A little oil applied when needed will keep household machinery working longer and always ready for work. You can use cooking or salad oil to lubricate small cooking equipment.

When Washing Paint—Add a little turpentine to the hot soapy water. It greatly simplifies the job and makes much less "elbow grease" necessary, especially when the paint has that rather greasy film caused by the fumes from fires or gas stoves.

Garbage as a Compost—Garbage and vegetable matter of all sorts buried underground will in time rot into excellent compost for use on lawn, garden or field.

Angel Cake—One cupful of white of eggs, one and one-quarter cupfuls of granulated sugar. One cupful of flour. One-half teaspoon cream of tartar. A pinch of salt added to whites before whipping;

Foreign Words and Phrases

Aequo animo. (L.) With equanimity.

J'ai parle. (F.) I have spoken.

Arbiter elegantiarum. (L.) An authority on matters of good taste.

Zum Beispiel. (Z. B.) (Ger.) For example.

Sans facon. (F.) Without ceremony.

In puris naturalibus. (L.) In a state of nudity.

Quet-a-pens. (F.) An ambush.

Fiacre. (F.) A public hack.

Exeunt, exeunt omnes. (L.) They go out, they all go out.

Amende honorable. (F.) A satisfactory apology; reparation.

Ancien regime. (F.) The old order of things; the rulers of the ante-Revolution period.

Et id genus omne. (L.) And everything of the sort.

Egalite. (F.) Equality.

Vale. (L.) Farewell.

Average Wedding Age

In the United States today the average age at marriage is 21.7 years for women and 24.8 years for men. Today, women marry four months earlier and men seven months earlier than they did 25 years ago.—Collier's Weekly.

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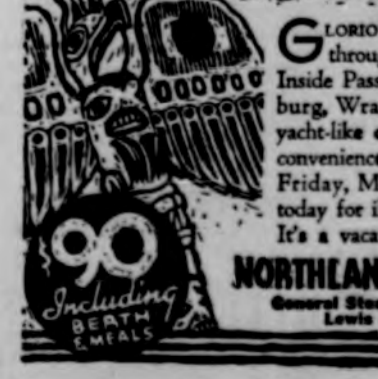
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