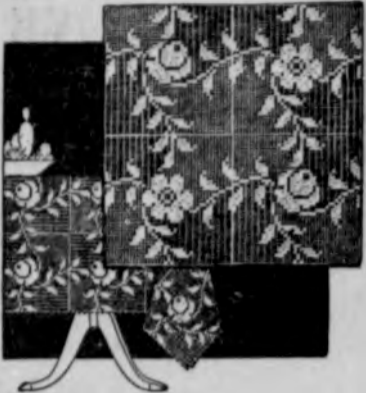


Dinner Cloth of Crocheted Lace

Dress up your table, when company's expected, with this stunning lace cloth. Crochet either identical squares, or companion squares—they're easy fun, and either way makes a handsome de-



Pattern 1410.

sign as shown. Crochet them of string and they'll measure 10 inches; in cotton, they are 6 1/2 inches. Join together, for tea or dinner cloth, spread or scarf. Pattern 1410 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Never a Full House

The House of Representatives of the United States has never had an opening session in any of the 74 congresses with every member present. The closest approach to a 100 per cent attendance was at the opening of the Seventy-second congress on December 7, 1931, when 433 of its 435 members answered the roll call.—Collier's Weekly.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-saunting bacteria.

Simple Truth The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakespeare.

FOR COLDS Salicon Tablets

Nature can most quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit. HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT. WNU-13 20-37

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the night so soft and deep, I love the cheerful day. I almost hate to go to sleep And miss some time that way.

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

Copyright by Macrae Smith Co. WNU Service

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 Hiller, a boyhood friend whom he no longer sees frequently because of Dorrie's animosity. Fluvanna Marsh awakens 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 artistically 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, Cun and Joan Whitney. Whitney, who has been out of work, announces that he has a new position. Cun 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, Cun. 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. Unexpectedly Hugh has to visit a neighboring city on business. Returning home to ask Dorrie to accompany him he finds her telephoning. In confusion she quickly hangs up without saying good-by. After hesitating about Hugh's invitation, she finally agrees to accompany him. They spend a delightful day and Hugh is happy. At a family party, Kezia encounters Jerry. Ellen is disturbed when Jerry is absorbed by Kezia. Kezia goes out of her way to charm Jerry.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Of course, dear. Eric is polishing the car but I think he'll have it finished soon."

"Oh, he's working on it?" Margery hesitated. "Could they play around the yard if the car isn't available? . . . I hate to ask you—they were there so much last week."

"Of course. Bring them on your way to Millie's."

Kezia, coming down the stairs, said, "Margery want the car? What's the matter with her own?" "She wants to see Millie Jennings and has asked me to take the boys out."

"Do we have to have those little devils again today? The baby is better, isn't she? They were here yesterday and all last week. Margery imposes on you!"

"They can play around the yard if Eric isn't ready. It's not much to do for Margery. She's worn out, and it will be good for her to get away for a couple of hours. And they're not little devils—just a couple of healthy normal boys."

"Other people are worn out too," muttered Kezia under her breath. Fluvanna smiled. "You, my dear?"

"Last night I was trying to come in quietly so I wouldn't waken you and I stumbled over a scooter in the hall. Barked my shin—look at it!"

"Last night? Kezzie, whom did you go out with last night? I don't believe you mentioned it—and I didn't recognize the car."

Kezia's face became bland and innocent. "Didn't I tell you? A crowd of us went to Emmy Markham's. Bees Snyder is as funny as a clown! You should hear him take off Lem Potter and Mrs. Lem Potter! And we had a swell supper. Went to the kitchen about twelve-thirty and cooked bacon and eggs, ate watermelon. No mail for me? . . . I think I'll go up and write some letters. I owe everyone I know."

She was disappearing up the stairs when Fluvanna said: "Was Ellen Pendleton at Emmie's?" "No," Kezia answered, carelessly.

Fluvanna thought she had heard Jerry's voice from the drive under her window when Kezia came in. She must have been mistaken. Perhaps it had been Bees Snyder. Certainly not Jerry if Ellen had not been there. . . . She remembered that Kezia hadn't really told her who had called for her. Not that it mattered. It only illustrated the secrecy which was one of her traits, that fierce guarding of unimportant trifles, that resentment of being questioned or called to account—even by implication.

Kezia reminded her of her husband. Her thoughts flew away to him. He had hated questioning so. Yet he could be loquacious on occasion, expansive, humorous, wistful, flattering, a man of many moods. She remembered how well he had dressed. He wore a cut-away coat on Sunday, the silk hat and the winged collar which were the fashion of the time. His bearing had an alien elegance which spelled romance to her. Generous too. Once he gave a cripple the contents of his purse—then borrowed money from Fluvanna to pay for their dinner at the hotel. When he received change from a purchase, he always put it in his pocket without counting it.

That house on Lincoln street in which they went to housekeeping, five old-fashioned rooms and the bath downstairs. . . . the big elm which drooped before the door. . . . the enchantment, laughter, tears of early married life. Jim had loved horses and attended every race meet within a radius of 50 miles. Jovial sometimes when he came home—sometimes discontented. He

also liked cards. Late for dinner, late for engagements; a card game had detained him.

The memories became a moving picture screen reproducing scenes in flashes, scenes impervious to the assault of time. Friends, parties, the birth of Hugh, financial pressure, disagreements and the sweet toll of reconciliation. Jim, gay, hopeful, magnetic; Jim, morose, silent. He always dominated the picture with that positive driving force of his, perverse, ill-considered, but a power, nevertheless. She thought sadly that it was human nature to love those persons best who had a streak of perversity in their make-up. Or perhaps one is only more aware of that love—they test it so.

Several times he had been forced to borrow from her father to meet various demands, but was never able to repay the loans.

After the death of her mother and his losses in the stock market, Jim's habit of drinking increased. He did not use soft words when he drank. Some inner demon spoke in cruel, vindictive phrases. When she saw him after one of those nights when he had come in with stumbling, uncertain steps, his handsome face puffy, his hand trembling so he could scarcely hold the coffee cup, she was amazed at the conflict of love and hate which struggled in her. He reminded her of bleary old Tom Gaveney who took away the rubbish. . . . But it was really Jim, her husband, to whom she was bound for life. Their three children, Margery, Hugh and Kezia were at school and might come home any time. No one must know—no one at all. Draw the blinds. Send the maid to the laundry. Telephone the office that he wasn't well. Head up; smile at friends and strangers. The banner of pride must float bravely while the craft is sinking.

And then that day. The freshly ironed shirts and children's garments lay on the bed. Put this pile in Hugh's room; sew the lace on Margery's dress; socks of varying sizes, colors must be sorted, mended; a stitch here, a button there. . . .

She had never been able to put away freshly-laundered clothes since without a leaden feeling, for suddenly she looked up and saw Jim.

He was standing by the chiffonier, one elbow on it, watching her. "Jim? You home? Have you had your lunch?"

He did not answer at once. His gaze was somber but not unkind. He sat down in a chair and motioned for her to take one.

A foreboding gripped her. She watched his hands, lean, restless, clutching the arm of the chair until they were white at the knuckles. An odd ring on his little finger—a ring which he had inherited from his father—was raised into prominence.

"I'm in a bad way, Fluvanna."

"Sick?" He shook his head. Her glance hardened. "Money again? I—Jim, you know—"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say. You've done a lot. Helped me out a dozen times. But this time—this time"—he struck the arm of the chair with his fist—"you must! Must, I say!"

She rose without a word, went over to the bed, gathered up some of the garments and put them in a drawer. She wouldn't. . . . she wouldn't. Draining away everything she had. She had been too easy. She had to think of her children, their education, future—

"I must have \$15,000." "Fifteen thousand dollars!" The sum startled her. For what? . . . "I haven't it. You know I haven't."

His eyes swept the room, came back to her. "Sell something. Put a mortgage on the house." "I won't. Nothing can make me." "Won't, eh?" His lips curled in a hateful smile. "You'd rather see your husband go to the penitentiary, I suppose."

The penitentiary? His words resounded like the echo of waves, and the blood seemed to slip quietly away from her body, leaving only flesh and nerves. The penitentiary! "I don't believe you," she said faintly.

He did not reply. Then scarcely knowing what she was doing, she went into the adjoining room where Kezia slept. Kezia had left a legless doll on the floor. Mechanically she picked it up and put it into the closet.

Then Jim was in the doorway. He was holding a revolver idly in his hand. Horror froze in her. Was he going to kill himself—before her?

But he pointed it at her. "Jim you wouldn't. Don't—try to be funny," she gasped. "I must have it before four o'clock."

"She smelled the odor of whiskey. "Stop waving that revolver around! You know it's loaded."

"So it is." She backed away from him, out into the hall. She wanted to call him a coward and a bully, but she was too terrified. There was something brooding and insane in his look.

"You say you won't?" "I can't. How can you threaten me this way? What if the children should see you?" "You could borrow it on your steel stock."

(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 23

THE WEAKNESS OF ESAU

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 25:27-34; 27:41-45.

GOLDEN TEXT—And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. I Corinthians 9:25.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Twin Brothers. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Winning by Self-Control. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Conquering Appetite and Greed.

One of the difficult and at the same time challenging things about teaching the Word of God is that its divine precepts are diametrically opposed to the current philosophy of men. In our lesson of last week we saw that meekness and forbearance are strong and commendable qualities in a world which magnifies brute force. Today we are to study a portion of Scripture which shows the folly of living in a world where the flesh and its appetites are given full sway.

Professors in many colleges are openly advocating the free exercise of every fleshly appetite as a normal expression of life. Morality is cast off; the flesh rules. Many of the nations of the earth look upon boys and girls as merely so many physical units useful in a future war. Motherhood has been degraded into an animal-like function, solely for the breeding of more manpower. One nation recently advocated as great an increase as possible in the birth of illegitimate children to be cared for by the state as a measure of national security. One shudders to mention such unspeakable wickedness, but even so we have only touched the surface.

Is it true that man is but a beast? Is there no spirit in man capable of fellowship with God? Has the moral law of God been abrogated? The story of Esau and Jacob is most pointed and instructive in its answer to such questions. Two New Testament quotations have been chosen to express the truth of an Old Testament lesson; namely, Galatians 5:17, and 6:7.

I. "The Flesh Lusteth Against the Spirit" (Gen. 25:27-34).

Esau is a type of the man of the flesh. He was "a cunning hunter, a man of the field." Evidently he was an athletic, outdoor man of attractive personality, of free and easy-going spirit. He was a hail-fellow-well-met. Had he lived in our day he would have been featured in the rotogravure, would probably have been in the movies, would possibly have been a great athlete, and the good-looking boy who set hearts a-flutter at the country club dance.

He came from the hunt, and he had found nothing. He was hungry. What a type this is of the folly of seeking satisfaction in the world. It never satisfies. For all its glitter and glamour, it is empty and shallow. He had a birthright—a valuable possession in any case, but doubly so as a son of Abraham. But he was hungry, he would simply die if he did not eat. His brother Jacob, inspired by his scheming mother who was not willing to abide God's time for the fulfillment of his promise, had the savory pottage ready to tempt him and he sold his birthright for a "gulp of that red stuff," for so might v. 30 be translated.

One is reminded of a clergyman who attended the Keswick Conference in England. He sent a request for prayer to the platform and asked this question: "I have a habit which is dishonoring to Christ. If I give it up I will die. What shall I do?" The wise and complete answer was one word—"Die." Rather should we lose our body and its desires than to lose our soul.

II. "Whatsoever a Man Soweth That Shall He Also Reap" (Gen. 27:41-45).

Jacob and his mother found that one lie called for another, and ultimately their deceit led (as deceit always does) to the place of reckoning. The law of sowing and reaping is inexorable. Jacob fled from his angry brother. Rebekah thought it would be for "a few days" (v. 44), but it proved to be twenty years, and she never saw her favorite son again.

Let us make no mistake about it. Our sins will always find us out. Even God's people must learn to walk uprightly before Him if they are to walk in peace.

The Season of Hope

Youth is the season of hope, enterprise, and energy, to a nation as well as an individual.—W. R. Williams.

Part of His Plan

I find most help in trying to look on all interruptions and hindrances to work that one has planned out for one's self as discipline, trials, sent by God to help one against getting selfish over one's work.—Annie Keary.

Bountiful Blessings

Forever from the hand that takes one blessing from us, others fall; and soon or late, our Father makes his perfect recompense to all.—Whittier.

For Dress and Utility

1268



"WHY Mollie R., are you going out again? My own mother has become a gadabout and all because she made herself such a pretty new dress. Really, Ma, those soft graceful lines make you look lots slimmer. I think the long rippling collar has a good deal to do with it. Or maybe it's because the skirt fits where it should and has plenty of room at the bottom."

"Yes, My Darling Daughter." "Daughter, dear, how you do run on! Imitate Sis; put your apron on and have the dusting done when I get back from the Civic Improvement League meeting. And speaking of aprons, that is the cleverest one Sis ever had. I love the way it crosses in the back."

"So do I, Mom, and see how it covers up my dress all over. Good-by, Mom, have a good time."

Sisterly Chit Chat.

"Sis, run upstairs for my apron, won't you? I wouldn't have a spot on this, my beloved model, for all the world. It's my idea of smooth: all these buttons; no belt; these here new puffed sleeves; and this flare that's a flare." "Just you wait, Miss, till I grow up! Your clothes won't have a look in because I've already begun to Sew-My-Own. All right, I'm going." And so on well into the afternoon!

The Patterns.

Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2 inch bias binding for trimming.

Pattern 1292 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1255 is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size

Foreign Words and Phrases

Toute medaille a son revers. (F.) Everything has its good and its bad side.

Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous. (F.) Everybody for himself and God for all of us.

Laissez ces vains scrupules. (F.) Discard or lay aside those vain scruples.

Je suis. (F.) I am. Ad nauseam. (L.) To the point of disgust.

Argumentum ad absurdum. (L.) An argument intended to prove the absurdity of an opponent's argument.

Bon marche. (F.) A bargain. Empressment. (F.) Eagerness. Pater patriae. (L.) The father of his country.

Chronique scandaleuse. (F.) A scandalous story. Embarras de richesse. (F.) Oversupply of material.

Entr'acte. (F.) Between the acts.

Voyage of Life

Today, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time, stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole star, and be safe.—Martin F. Tupper.

8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material for the blouse and 1 1/2 yards for the apron.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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My Favorite Recipe

By Ann Harding Actress

Chicken Salad.

1 quart cold chicken 1 pint finely cut celery 3 hard-boiled eggs 2 cups mayonnaise Small bottle of olives Salt to taste Paprika

Joint the dressed chicken and boil until tender. Allow it to cool, then cut into small pieces until the required amount is obtained. Use only the whitest celery, and none with coarse strings. Cut two of the eggs, not too fine. Mix chicken, celery, eggs and seasoning. Allow the mixture to stand with a little French dressing for an hour or more in a cool place. To serve, the mayonnaise may be mixed with the chicken or served as a top dressing, according to taste.

Serve on fresh lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of the third egg and stuffed olives. Sprinkle with paprika.

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Advertisement for O-Cedar Floor Wax. Includes a photo of a man and a can of wax. Text: "HERE'S A REALLY MARVELOUS BARGAIN IN SELF-POLISHING FLOOR WAX—A FULL QUART FOR 85¢ NO RUBBING—NO BUFFING WITH THIS AMAZING NEW O-CEDAR WAX".

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