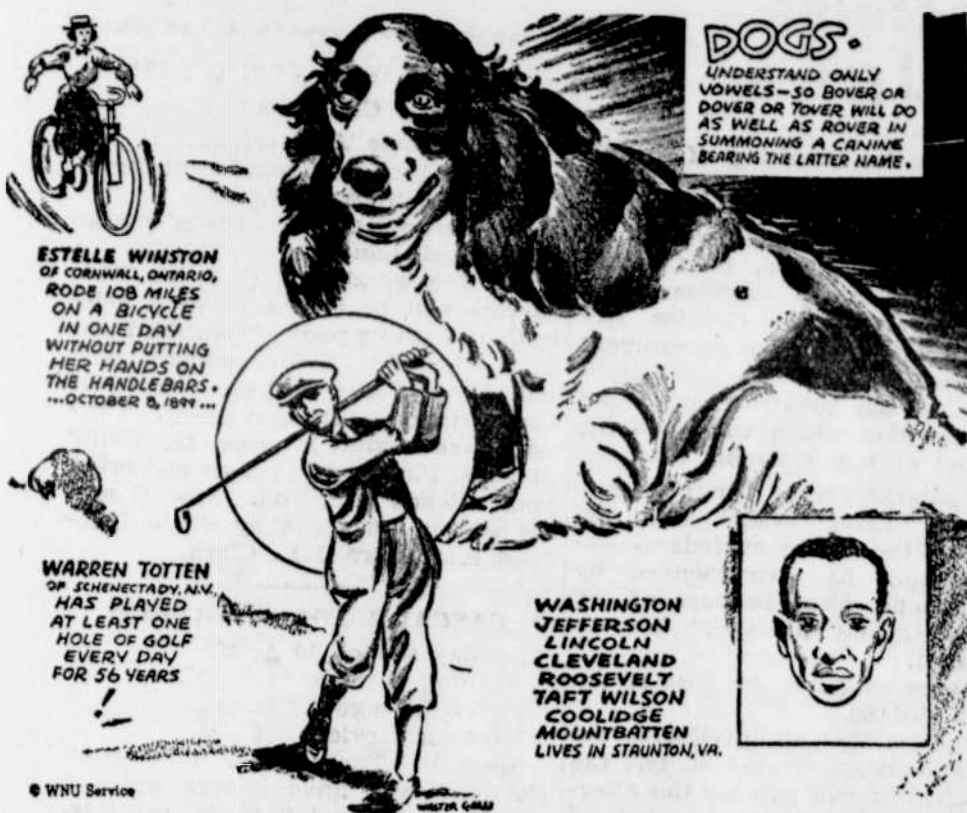


But It's True-----!



Because she has gained 130 pounds since 1899, Miss Winston reports that she probably couldn't duplicate the feat today. She was women's bicycle champion of Cornwall at every distance from 100 yards to one mile for seven years. She retired in 1902.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Judicial .300 Hitter.

NEW YORK.—Some may choose the role of a Judicial Coriolanus. Their retreat farmward after stout labors is honorable, too, for all that it is made under the shadow of a presidential frown. White-bearded George Sutherland, however, will not budge.

He likes his work, and, reading between the lines, you gather that he has yet to know a president fitted to say whether he does it well or ill. For fifty-odd years he has watched presidents come and go, often into oblivion, but his longish, resolute countenance, year in and out, has been picked up by every spotlight reaching after the .300 hitters in his profession.

Nor does he scare easily. As a teen-age agent for Wells Fargo in the Blackfoot country, he learned early that the biggest warwhoop often comes from the littlest Indian.

Nor is he awed by prodigies, political or otherwise. He was a sort of prodigy himself, a graduate of the University of Michigan and a lawyer by every legal measuring rod before he was twenty-one—and a married man to boot.

President Harding sent him into the Supreme court. According to some of Harding's cronies, he could have been Secretary of State if he had not been born in England. That means he missed the cabinet by fifteen months. He was no older when his parents brought him over here.

Now he is seventy-five, and when the court is sitting he gets to work at half-past nine and eats his noon-day snack in his office in order to keep up with those Anti-New Deal decisions which have prompted a rolled administration to offer him a paid-up life membership in a three-hours-for-lunch club and then some.

France's Big Bad Boy.

JACQUES DORIOT has figured out a new salute for the members of his Parti Populaire Français. Picture a short man hanging onto a street-car strap, take away the strap, and you have it, just about. The net effect is a pretty compromise between the Fascism which France's biggest bad boy only half avows and the communism which he bitterly repudiates.

A lot of revolutionary water has spilled over time's dam since Jacques Doriot was a confessed red. Once he defied the worst jails in France to advance the cause of revolution. Then he visited Moscow and saw sights that frightened him

back home to an orthodox family, old-fashioned suspenders and all the philosophical concomitants of these.

Now he is imbedded as the boss of St. Denis. That is a radical suburb of Paris. Jacques Doriot was its mayor until the government threw him out, alleging some questionable business touching upon municipal contracts. The title was taken away, but not much of the authority.

The St. Denisites still shower him with "vives" when he runs plump fingers through his black shock of hair and roars, "Mes amis!" and they read his La Liberte with the devotion of converts. That tells them, chiefly, to throw down the present radical government in France and raise up—Doriot.

Head Man of Finland.

JUSTUS MANNERHEIM'S Hamburg hat rides his grizzled head at a Broadway slant. His barbered mustache lifts perkily at either end. The tops of his gloves are folded back. His vests sport natty white piping. His swarthy cheeks are shaved down to faint blue shadows. This at seventy. He could be a hold-over beau of the Cotillon era.

He is, as a matter of fact, the great man of Finland, field marshal and, some say, uncrowned king. It is as little less than king that his countrymen hail his birthday. The old French fireside philosophers had it that clothes do much to make the man, but, rated on his record, Justus Mannerheim would be sizable in any gathering if he wore only salvation army hand-me-downs.

He has bulked large in the Finnish picture since 1918, when his small republic carved off the vast iceberg that had been imperial Russia. His white guards whaled the everlasting daylight out of home-grown reds. Needing extra help when Bolsheviks threatened across the border, he talked Germans into helping, and then talked them back home when a clash with a British expeditionary force seemed imminent.

All the while he was clearing a ditch here, strengthening a fence there, to make plainer the cleavage from Russia. His people made him premier, but he grew too great for any title. Now every title in the land honors him.

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WNU Service.

Use Nail-Keg Drums

In many of their holiday pageants the native Jamaicans sing their songs to the accompaniment of nail-keg drums with goatskin stretched tight across the heads. There are no drumsticks, except for the large bass drum . . . the smaller drums are played entirely by hand. The music is so lilting that many of the bystanders at these celebrations find their feet tapping in time with the throbbing drums, and frequently they, too, join the strutting, swaying procession.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Summer Influenza.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—In this favored land we are now starting to celebrate the customary seasonal rite of having our summer influenza.

Summer influenza is distinguished from winter influenza by the fact that the former does not set in until September, thereby providing intervals for spring and fall to slip in between.

The symptoms remain practically the same. The eyes water copiously, but the nose runs second. The head stops up thoroughly, thus providing proof of the fallacy of the old adage—all sinus fail in dry weather. The patient barks like a trained seal, but the difference here is that the seal stops barking if you toss him a hunk of raw fish.

One could go on at length, but it's difficult to continue a writing job when you're using a nasal inhalant to punctuate with and have a taste in your mouth like moth balls smothered in creosote dressing.

Romance for King Zog.

FOR about the fifth time comes a plaintive plea from Albania, one of those remote little border countries of eastern Europe where every now and then peace threatens to break out. They have a king over there. At least they had a king at the time of going to press with this dispatch. His name is King Zog. This is neither a typographical error nor a vaudeville gag.

For many months he has been paging the world for a wife. The qualifications call for the lady to have \$5,000,000. His majesty would also like for her to turn Mohammedan, but the main requirement is that \$5,000,000 bank roll.

California's Coastline.

WHILE it's quite a roomy coastline, California has at present only one coastline. This is a source of mortification to patriotic native sons, Florida having two such, one on either side, besides a dampish area in the middle known as the Everglades.

Still, in a way, California's silvery strand continues to excel. Within easy speeding distance we have at least one beach resort where, when Palm Springs folds up on account of the heat, many of our artistic colony go to relax. So wholeheartedly do some go in for this that often you may stand off a quarter of a mile and hear them relaxing.

Occasionally a relaxationist relaxes so completely that it takes weeks for him to get over it. His friends leave him at the seaside only to gather at the bedside.

The Changing World.

IT WAS Susan B. Anthony who dedicated her life to the cause of emancipation for her sex. But it was her grandniece who lately attained the headlines by suggesting that, with the addition of a buckle here and a ribbon there, a nightie would make a suitable evening gown for almost any occasion.

Thus do we see how from one generation on to another is handed down the flame of genius and service to womankind.

But, although the inspired suggestion is already weeks old, there still are no signs that it is finding advocates among the queen bees of the cultural hive. Maybe the reason is that a belle of the Hollywood artistic group would feel so ostentatiously overdressed if she wore a full-fashioned nightie to a social function.

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service.

Filet Crocheted Squares

Elegance without extravagance! It's yours in this filet lace spread, which requires only humble string for the making. See how beautifully the 10 inch companion



Pattern 5815

squares are made to contrast? If you prefer, but one square may be used and repeated throughout. You'll be overjoyed to find both squares so easy! In pattern 5815 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares 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. Please write pattern number, your name and address plainly.

"Quotations"

Next to the suffering of them who have not stands the want of joy of them who have.—Owen D. Young.

I have solved all the world's problems time and time again, and still they go on being insoluble.—George Bernard Shaw.

Vitality is the life force which makes the immense difference between living and existing.—Fannie Hurst.

America is full of organizations, but not of organization, in the sense of order.—G. K. Chesterton.

Sometimes one pays most for the things one gets for nothing.—Albert Einstein.

Science has left man behind and man is losing his breath trying to keep up to it.—Joseph Caillaux.



OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Barbecued Ham.—Fry the required number of thin ham slices from a left-over boiled ham. Arrange them in a serving dish, and pour the following sauce over them; add to the ham fat in the frying pan a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls vinegar and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Warm all the ingredients up together, sprinkle with paprika (optional) and pour over the ham.

Clearing the Atmosphere.—Burn a few drops of vinegar on a hot shovel for a quick way of clearing the smell of stale smoke out of a room.

Washing Linoleum.—Oilcloth and linoleum will dry with a brighter finish if a lump of sugar is dissolved in the scrubbing water.

Washing Woolens.—Rinse woolens in warm water to which a little olive oil has been added. This helps to keep them soft.

Removing Spots From Tile.—Spots can be removed from the tile bathroom floor by rubbing with a cloth moistened with kerosene and then polishing with one moistened with paraffin.

Rice, Scrambled Eggs, Cheese.—Have ready a border of rice (boiled) in a dish. Make some scrambled eggs to which cheese has been added. Place the mixture in the center of the dish and sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top. Serve piping hot.
WNU Service.



Reflection

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; but revelry is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.—Tupper.

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.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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