

Charm of Yester- Year in Crochet

There's the charm of Grandmother's time in this lacy panel-inset, a luxurious bit of dress-up for your "best" bedspread! In string it measures 24 by 35 inches, but goes quickly, for the background is in lace stitch. It would also be effective as a door panel.



Pattern 5790.

The stunning panel running lengthwise of the bolster may also serve as a scarf. Crochet this beautiful design of humble, durable string or in finer cotton for smaller panels. In pattern 5790 you will find detailed instructions and charts for making the panels shown; illustrations of the panel 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.



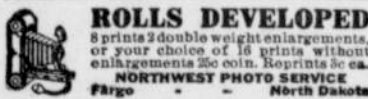
Needed at Times

A little bit of dynamite is an elevating thing.



CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHY



WNU-13

24-37

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

The Monster of Coppers

By

Martha Sampson

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WNU Service.

IT MUST have been at least a quarter of a century ago, that an old man came into the little New England village of Brownville and quietly settled down on the outskirts, in a little shack surrounded by an acre or so of land.

He was a tall, straight man with a wind-burned face. His head was bare, but covered with a long sweep of steel-gray hair, falling in a heavy roll on the back of his neck.

He did not know anyone in town and did not care to know anyone. He never spoke, he never smiled, he never laughed. His presence made one shudder. It was a sensation similar to that given by the touch of dry dust.

He lived alone in his shack. There were no neighbors for miles. He was not an idle man; indeed, he labored from morning till night, winter and summer, tilling this soil, planting the ground, weeding, harvesting, sawing his wood, and repairing his shack. A few times during the summer he came to the village with produce. This he sold and took his few dollars. But he did not buy food, clothing, or luxuries with the money. He traveled from shop to shop, changing it to coppers. From this he got his name, "Coppers."

Phil, the barber, would say, when he saw "Coppers" coming up the street, "Here comes that queer fellow again, looking for coppers. I suppose. I don't object to giving them to him; indeed, I'm glad to get rid of them. But it kinda makes a feller itchy to know what he's doin' with 'em."

About 15 years ago he died. The doctors said that it was a natural death and that his body had been in a very clean and orderly condition. This could well be expected, because of his ascetic living. His death meant but little sorrow to the people of the town; but it did mean that now their curiosity about the copper would be satisfied. After the funeral a number of men went to the shack to search it.

They sought high and low; through the two bare rooms they picked their way, lifting boards, poking at loose stones in the fireplace and feeling for hidden springs. There was nothing there.

It was not long before the place had become one of aversion to the people of the town. Because of its loneliness and because of the man who had lived in it, combined with his queer habits, the place, to the children of the village, had become a haunted house.

The boys of the village were the ones who solved the mystery and who uncovered for Brownville one of the greatest monuments of moral teaching that the village has.

On a beautiful spring day, after school, a number of boys were standing by Fardin's brook, wondering what to do. Johnny, a tall, dreamy lad in camping blue overalls, shuffled his foot in the old leaves and said:

"I got it, fellows; let's go up to Coppers' shack and look around. You fellers mus' be kind a' suspicious of these stories that're goin' 'round. So'm I, and I'd like tuh look aroun' for m'self. What d'yuh say?"

"Sure!" exclaimed "Bull." "Anything a bit 'riskew,' as the Frenchman would say."

The whole troupe, confident in their unity, walked to the shack. It was showing signs of wear. The boards were weatherbeaten and warped. Near the ground and under the gutters was green moss, sign of age. The sill was water-soaked and rotten, shredded by boring beetles. The old door hung wearily by one hinge. They stopped at the door and looked in. It was dark and moldy. Somebody pushed "Bull" inside. He stopped in the middle of the room, frightened, yet silent lest he be called a "fraideat." Nothing happened, so the others followed him. But they found nothing inside. They went out; and by means of

an old rain barrel they climbed the roof. Immediately they saw that the roof was slanted. Inside the ceiling had been level. "Bull" ran up the roof with the others following. "Bull" struck what seemed to be a weak spot in the roof and fell through. There was silence; the others waited—stunned. A wild shriek broke out from under the roof and two frantically waving arms appeared. The others ran to aid him. They pulled him out, trembling and white, his eyes wide; they all jumped from the roof and ran.

On the way "Bull" told them what happened. "I fell through that tarpaper—that's all it was, rolled down over the hole. When I fell down I couldn't see, 'twas so dark. Then when the light got in, up against the front was this big, coiled serpent. Boy! Was he hideous! I think he was moving for me when you fellers pulled me out."

"Bull's" story got around town. One day they organized a party of men to go up and find out about it. They tore off the roof very carefully. Within they found something worthy of any child's fright—a great, slimy, coiled serpent fashioned from coppers and held together with mortar. With its foreboding, creeping folds so symbolic of things lowly, it was indeed repulsive.

On the base was this inscription: "Fashioned as a Warning of Money as a God."

Musk-Ox Was First Seen Along Hudson Bay Shore

The musk-ox was first seen on the American continent by a French officer along the west shore of Hudson bay, Canada, in 1720. The S-shaped horns are indigenous to the musk-ox in North America and closely resemble the horns of the dangerous African cape buffalo.

At one time, according to scientists, the musk-ox roamed as far south as Philadelphia, but now they are non-migratory. One record tells of a bull that roamed less than a half mile from one spot during a whole summer.

The oxen eat the Arctic grasses, lichens, and moss and in winter they use sharp hooves to break through the snow crust to reach vegetation beneath.

Its odor is the musk-oxen's only defense against the hard-biting flies that thrive in the Arctic circle. The musk-ox has no tail.

SETS PRECEDENT



When pretty Geneva C. Ziegler acts as valedictorian at graduation of her pre-medical school class at Pennsylvania State college, she will set a precedent, for even the oldest faculty member does not recall when a like honor was conferred upon a woman student. Geneva, shown here, is the daughter of Prof. and Mrs. P. T. Ziegler, of State college. Her scholastic average was 2.93, 3 is the highest possible.

AROUND the HOUSE



Items of Interest to the Housewife

Cooking Rhubarb—Rhubarb is disliked by some people because of its acidity. But this can be considerably reduced if the fruit is covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then strained before being stewed in the ordinary way. This method is only recommended to anybody who dislikes ordinary stewed rhubarb, as the healthful salts are lost when the fruit is cooked twice.

Brightening Piano Keys—Discolored piano keys can be brightened by rubbing with a soft cloth dampened with alcohol.

Tinting Milk—When small children refuse to drink their daily milk requirements, try tinting the milk with vegetable coloring.

Custard Sauce—One and one-half cups scalded milk, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, yolks of two eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding gradually the hot milk. Cook in double boiler till mixture thickens, chill and flavor.

Storing Tea and Coffee—Home supplies of tea and coffee will keep their flavor longer if stored in stone jars.

Cabbage Cooked with Milk—Two cups milk, six cups shredded cabbage, one-third cup milk or cream, two tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons flour, half teaspoon salt. Heat milk and cook cabbage in it two minutes. Add

milk or cream, flour blended with butter and salt. Cook for three or four minutes, stirring constantly.

Keeping Flowers Fresh—A couple tablespoons of sulfurous (not sulphuric) acid added to each pint of water encourages buds of cut flowers to continue growing and leaves and stems to remain greener.

Cleaning Rubber Rollers—The rubber wringers on washing machines can be kept clean by washing with kerosene.

For Blacking Stoves—An old shoe polish dauber is an excellent tool for blacking stoves.
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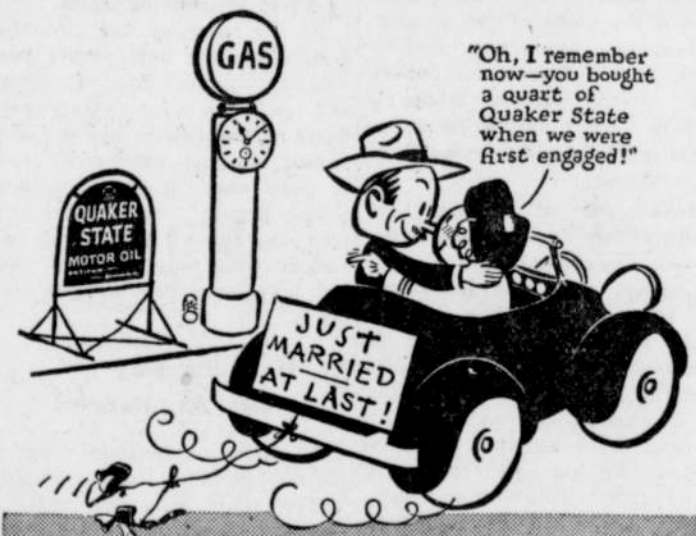
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