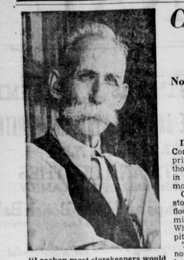
Customers Can't Enter This Store But This 'Merchant Prince' Thrives



"I reckon most storekeepers would make fun of my place," says Charles R. Corbett, the merchant prince of Ivanhoe, "but my system suits me and my customers." Corbett prefers to sit on his front porch and talk.

North Carolinian Runs a Department Store Although He'd Sooner Gossip With His Neighbors

IVANHOE, N. C.—Charles R. Corbett, Ivanhoe's "merchant prince," is getting along all right though he hasn't had a customer in his store for five years. What's more, they can't get in!

Corbett's store is a department store without departments. From floor to ceiling is stacked a mass of miscellany in wildest disarray. Whenever new goods arrive they are pitched in on top.

The stock has so increased that now there is only a narrow lane between stacks—just enough to permit passage of the lean storekeeper. So customers give their order outside and Corbett, armed with a flashlight, goes in and digs out the wanted articles. He can find anything, immediately.

Thirty years ago Corbett opened his little store in this village of a half-dozen houses, off the main highway. His stock steadily increased in helter-skelter fashion, until one day a young boy assistant pulled something from the bottom of the pile. Down tumbled a bewildering stack of merchandise.

"Gosh," he said, "how'll we ever get it back?"

"Don't bother," said Corbett. "We've got too much stuff in here anyway."

So he rented a nearby structure and opened a new store, his present one. He still uses the old store as an annex and has a third building for a warehouse. But the new building has gone the way of the old because Corbett, though scorning modern ideas of efficiency, is anxious to stock new things.

Sixty-five years old, he is usually to be found on his front porch awaiting trade. Since there is no space inside, he has his office in the right pocket of his coat. In the pocket are perhaps 40 or 50 letters, and Corbett explains that he answers correspondence when the notion strikes him. New letters are stuck on the inside of the batch in his pocket and he gradually works them out.

"I reckon a lot of storekeepers would make fun of my place," he philosophizes, "but my system suits me and my customers. Folks have got sort of used to my way of doing things, and I believe a change would worry 'em almost as much as 'twould worry me. What's the use of wasting a lot of time arranging stock and keeping things in order when you can set out on the porch and talk to your neighbors?"

You can put your finger on any item in Corbett's department store, though it may not be the item you want. Here's an interior view of the strangest store on earth.

Winifred's Kitchen Is Cheerful Place For Work or Rest

By BETTY WELLS

Winifred's kitchen is the cheeriest place. It has all the conveniences, that's true, but some way it manages to seem so much more friendly and hospitable than the usual starkly glaring kitchens.

That green and white checked linoleum is one reason. And the light crisp green walls do their share, too. But we think the yellow curtains have the most to do with it. There are two wide tiers of windows, (the kitchen is on the corner of the house) and Winifred has made yellow percale curtains tied back crisply. Then across the top she has valances of the brightest red printed cotton in a Tyrolean peasant pattern finished with rows of bias tape in yellow and green, like a peasant petticoat.

The kitchen chairs have their backs and seats slip-covered with this same red printed cotton with five-inch pleated skirts all around. Yellow oil cloth covers table and cupboard work surfaces and the shelves are all painted yellow. The canisters and kitchen dishes are in light green.

It's a big kitchen with room in one corner for a rocker and a round braided rug. "Just for old time's sake," laughed Winifred, "though I must say it's a nice place to sit and sew, read or meditate I'm waiting for something to cook that I really know."

We liked Ethel's kitchen, too. It's quite different from Winifred's—no bigger than a minute for one thing, with white walls and a plain red linoleum. Ethel cut out stencils of stars in different sizes and painted them bright blue bit or miss over the ceiling with some odd ones on the side walls. White canisters got blue stars painted on them, too. And even the white swiss curtains had bright blue stars appliqued over them. So Ethel sees a lot of stars in the course of her daily duties! Only she calls them "blue birds" in her crown.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

A DOLLAR DOWN FOR NELLIE

By LOUISE H. WELD

© M Clure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

IN THE kitchen of their California bungalow, the Simpson family were preparing for the last struggle for existence. Margaret was adjusting a fresh morning supply of makeup before a little mirror, which still bore the crack received when it fell out of the car coming over the Rocky mountains, when the Simpsons migrated from Iowa; Allie was fussing with the coffeepot; Ellen, sleepy and cross, stood at the sink, munching a piece of dry toast and surveying the others through large gray eyes fringed with heavy lashes.

A horn sounded outside.

"There's Bill, Margie," said Allie, "and you haven't had your coffee." He tried hurriedly to pour her a cup, but the percolator top fell off and rolled under the sink.

"Never mind, dad; I gotta go. Good-by." Margaret pulled down her scant black satin dress, shifted a white fox fur from one slim shoulder to the other, and was gone.

"Daddy," said Ellen, "you're darn good to us. We'd lose our jobs without you."

"Aw, Ellen, don't be silly. Eat your breakfast. You haven't eaten a thing."

"Food," said Ellen, yawning, and pulling up her stockings, snapping the garters above her knees, "should be either exotic or nourishing."

The percolator top fell off again, and this time it broke. Allie didn't mind getting breakfast for his daughters, but he was flustered when they said clever things he couldn't understand.

After the girls were gone, Allie washed the dishes and tidied up the little house. Then he burned the trash in the back lot. He took a long time doing that, because he wanted to put off the moment of going in and facing the fact that he had no job to go to and nothing to do. On Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays Allie worked at the gas station. He liked it there; there was life and excitement. All sorts of people came by, and Allie liked people. He didn't earn much, but these days saved his family money and they meant more to him than anyone knew. But this was only Monday, and an empty week stretched out ahead.

At ten o'clock the postman's whistle sounded, and Allie's kindly wrinkled face lit up. Little things pleased him; he made occasions of little things because he had only little things to do.

He took the mail out of the box and sorted it slowly and carefully. Advertisements he tossed into the library for Margie, a fat letter from China for Ellen, a letter for Mrs. Simpson from Allie Simpson. His glasses fell off as he opened it nervously.

"Dear Allie:

"I hope you haven't forgotten me. I am coming to California next week and hope to see you. Will you come to the Ramona Theater Wednesday at three?

"As Ever

"Nellie."

Allie held the note listlessly in his hand and was occupied with asking if he had forgotten her. Nellie, who had said good-by to him 25 years ago!

"I know you'll make good, Allie. You'll be rich some day, but I can't marry you. I'll always love you, though, and remember, I'll expect big things of you."

Big things! Success! What was it, anyway, that shining, successful thing he had never had it? Over and over, night and morning his wife died, Allie had struggled with the problem, questioned himself, blamed himself—and yet he was never sure for what he was blaming himself. He'd been good to the girls; he had tried to earn money. He couldn't. And now Nellie was coming. Nellie would know.

Well, if Nellie was coming, he'd have to meet her. "Go through with it, Allie, get away with it," that's what Ellen would say. But he wouldn't let the girls; he'd go through with this alone, and he'd get away with it, too.

He pulled an old suitcase out from under the cot on the back porch where he slept, took from a worn pocketbook his savings from the gas station. He counted the money slowly, over and over, his head aching dully.

By quarter of three on Wednesday, Mrs. Nellie Anderson had seen enough view from the Ramona hotel to last her, she felt, for some time. She had been waiting for Allie since two. Mrs. Anderson had been a slim, wistful sort of girl; she still thought of herself as of that type, and wore clothes with frilly lacy and tight, despite her 180 pounds.

There was the sound of gears crunching, and Nellie went to the door. A man with a plaid cap and a striped suit was parking a shiny new roadster; he seemed to be having trouble with the gears, and the doorman reluctantly went out to help. Nellie watched him absently; it did not occur to her then that it was Allie. But it was Allie. Allie with five dollars equity in a striped suit; Allie in bright yellow-tan shoes from the Dollar-Down clothing store; Allie with a rented car from the U-Drive-'Er garage.

There was an awkward moment, and Allie wished that he had gotten a plain blue suit, and Nellie wished she had not gotten fat.

"Nellie," said Allie, "it's good to see you. It's sure good to see you."

"And you, Allie. You're just the same. And, my, you look prosperous! What are you doing, Allie?"

Allie coughed. "Automobile business, Nellie. What everybody else is doing these days. Automobile business."

"Allie, you know Frank died?"

"No," said Allie. "No. Yes, I did hear—seems like I did hear. How long ago, Nellie?"

"Five years ago—in Boston. I went back to Iowa, you know." Nellie picked nervously at a bead bag she held in her lap. They were sitting in the foyer of the hotel. Allie felt uncomfortable in the deep cushions of the big davenport, and kept pushing himself up. He coughed again, and spoke slowly.

"You've had everything, I guess, Nellie. I guess you—your husband and kiddies—you've had—"

"Oh, yes," answered Nellie, and Allie did not see that she flushed. "Oh, yes, we traveled all over. You know, I always wanted to travel, Allie."

"Well, I ain't traveled much," said Allie. "But I can't complain. I got the girls. But I ain't traveled much, just came out here. Seems like you can't travel much and be successful in business. That is," he corrected himself hastily, "not most businesses."

When Allie left, Nellie waved the bead bag from the hotel doorway. No, she wouldn't see him again. She had murmured something about visiting Frank's people, and it had been nice to see him.

An hour later Allie had returned the rented car, changed into his old clothes at home, and put the new ones away in the suitcase under the bed. He started supper, and then sat down and counted his money. He had less than a dollar left, and there was very little food in the house. Figuring the payments to the Dollar-Down Clothing store didn't help. Five dollars a week—and weeks stretching ahead into eternity. But he'd manage somehow.

It was over, anyway. Nellie had come and gone, and she did not know. She thought he had been successful. She thought his life had been rich and interesting like hers. Nothing mattered, really, as long as she thought that.

The doorbell rang, and he turned the gas down on the rice cooking for supper, and opened the door. A stout woman stood there, a woman in a big face and a

"Nellie, it's not you!" Allie felt conscious of the shabbiness of the little house and of his old clothes. "Nellie, won't you come in?"

He could see that she had been crying. "Oh, Allie," she blurted out. "I lied this afternoon. We weren't rich. Frank wasn't good to me. We had a hard time. Oh, Allie, you don't know what a hard time I've had." Allie stared at her incredulously.

"I wasn't staying at that hotel, Allie. I haven't any money for any hotel. I came out here—Oh, Allie, please take me in. I haven't anybody—

And Allie suddenly understood. He patted the fat face shoulder.

"Why, Nellie," he said, and there was a strange new confidence in his voice. "Why, Nellie, you take off your hat and stay right here. I will be all right." He led her into the girls' room, and went into the kitchen to get supper.

"After all," he said to himself, stirring the scorched rice vigorously, "that new suit now. I'll need a new suit to get married in."

Peter suddenly threw his head up high and strutted past as if he didn't see Old Mr. Toad.

At last Old Mr. Toad gave up and went home, where he sat under a big mullein leaf the rest of the day, feeling very miserable and lonely. He didn't have appetite enough to snap at a single fly. Late that afternoon he heard a little noise and looked up to find all his old friends and neighbors forming a circle around him. Suddenly they began to dance and shout:

"Old Mr. Toad is a jolly good fellow!
His temper is sweet; disposition is mellow!
And now that his bubble of pride is quite broken,
We know that he knows that his friends can be trusted."

Then Old Mr. Toad knew that all was well once more and presently he began to dance, too, the funniest dance that was ever seen.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

BEDTIME STORY

Mr. Toad Learns His Lesson; Won't Be 'High Hat' Anymore

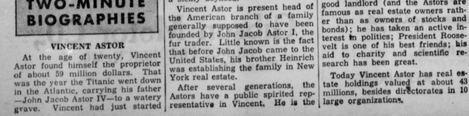
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHEN Old Mr. Toad saw Mr. Blacksnake and turned his back on Buster Bear and the fine dinner to which Buster Bear had invited him, he hurried to his home in his hole in the bank, and that was to get out of sight of Mr. Blacksnake as soon as possible. He forgot to ask Buster Bear to excuse him. He forgot that he was tired and hot. He forgot all the pride with which he had been so puffed up. He forgot everything but the need of getting out of sight of Mr. Blacksnake as soon as ever he could. You see, Mr. Blacksnake has a fondness for toads when there is nothing better to fill his stomach. So away went Old Mr. Toad, hop, hop, hipperty-hop, hop, hop, hipperty-hop!

But he had to stop after a while. You see, his legs were so tired they just wouldn't go any longer. And he was so out of breath that he wheezed. He crawled under a big piece of bark and there he lay flat on the ground and panted and panted for breath. He would stay there until jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills. Then Mr. Blacksnake would go to bed, too, and it would be safe for him to go home. Now, lying there in the dark, for it was dark under that big piece of bark, he had time to think. Little by little he began to understand that his invitation to dine with Buster Bear had been part of a plan by his old friends and neighbors, whom he had so snubbed and looked down on when he had been puffed up with pride, to teach him a lesson. At first he was angry, very angry, indeed. Then he began to see how foolish and silly he had been, and shame took the place of anger. As he remembered the deep, grumbly, rumbly laughter of Buster Bear the feeling of shame grew.

"I deserve it," thought Old Mr. Toad. "Yes, sir, I deserve every bit of it. The only thing that I have to be proud of is that I'm honest and work for my living. Yes, sir, that's all."

When darkness came at last and he crawled out to go home he was feeling very humble. Peter Rabbit happened along just then. Old Mr. Toad opened his mouth to speak, but Peter suddenly threw his head up very high and strutted past as if he didn't see Old Mr. Toad at all. Mr. Toad gulped and went on. Pretty soon he met Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy went right on about his business and actually stepped right over Old Mr. Toad as if he had been a stick or a stone. Old Mr. Toad gulped and went on. The next day he went down to see Danny Meadow Mouse. He meant to tell Danny how ashamed he was for the way he had treated Danny and his other friends. But Danny brushed right past without even a glance at him. Old Mr. Toad gulped and started up to see Johnny Chuck. The same thing happened again. So it did when he met Striped Chipmunk.



The latest in outdoor play suits is this ensemble just arrived on the boats from Paris. It features strictly tailored shorts in sand silk color shantung with front pockets. The belt is in green and beige grosgrain and the scarf is green, white and beige. Also note the comfortable beach sandals.

From Parisian Smart Shops

TWO-MINUTE BIOGRAPHIES

VINCENT ASTOR

At the age of twenty, Vincent Astor found himself the proprietor of about 59 million dollars. That was the year the Titanic went down in the Atlantic, and his father —John Jacob Astor IV—to a watery grave. Vincent had just started Harvard, his education delayed by a sickly boyhood.

Vincent Astor is present head of the American branch of a family generally supposed to have been founded by John Jacob Astor I, the fur trader. Little known is the fact that before John Jacob came to the United States, his brother Heinrich was establishing the family in New York real estate.

After several generations, the Astors have a public spirited representative in Vincent. He is the first to show any trace of social consciousness. He is known as a good landlord (and the Astors are famous as real estate owners rather than as owners of stocks and bonds); he has taken an active interest in politics; President Roosevelt is one of his best friends; his aid to charity and scientific research has been great.

Today Vincent Astor has real estate holdings valued at about 43 millions, besides dictorships in 10 large organizations.

Solons Take Oath Of 'Alfalfa Club'

FREDERICK, MD. — A dozen members of congress, Vice President Garner, an admiral and a general are in this group of participants in the annual outing of the Alfalfa club held recently at the estate of John Himes, Washington realtor. Five hundred guests harvested an exclusive quarter-acre of alfalfa.

Pomeranian Breed of Dogs Is Native of Province in Germany

Pomeranians were not always diminutive dogs. These wee bits of fog flesh, however, had sturdy forebears back in the dim past. The historians of the breed would have us understood that Pomeranians were bred down from husky dogs of the northland, namely, Samoyeds, Norwegian Elkhounds, Keeshounds and Schipperkes.

The origin of the Pom, as it is popularly called, is a bit vague, writes George Butz in the Philadelphia Inquirer. A popular belief is they were first whelped in a German province, Pomerania, many years ago, and hence their name. The dogs that resemble our Pomeranians are called Spitz in Germany. They are much larger.

Pomeranians are one of the shining examples of dwarfing in breeding. Years of cross and in-breeding have resulted in a tiny, perky canine that has a fox-like head and is clothed in an abundant coat of two layers.

Despite the fact Poms have been transformed into toy dogs from one that weighed about 9 or 10 pounds, they are still as durable as much larger dogs. Unless they are pampered these little fellows are real frisky and can endure all kinds of weather. Poms have a question-able air but they are very alert and prove to be good house guardians.

The head of the Pom bears a striking resemblance to a fox. Real perky expression is due to brilliant eyes and ears that stand erect at all times. The Pom's face hair is fine, but the body is heavy in coat for such a small animal, especially the standoff frill around its collar. The tail curves gracefully upon its back.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

CHICKS

MARYLAND'S FINEST BLOOD-TESTED CHICKS. Leghorns, $7.00 per hundred. Eight popular breeds and crosses. Started chicks; also Ducks and Poults. Hatches every week. Free catalog. HATCHERY, Milford Road, or Literal Road, Princessville, P. O. Rockdale, Md. Phoenix 30-R.

POTATO PLANTS

PORTO RICO POTATO PLANTS from virus green sign. 50c per thousand, 10,000 lots $4.00. Prepaid. F. F. HARDY LA GRANGE . . . . . N. CAR.

Quick, Easy Stitches For Summer Frocks

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

A BIT of hand embroidery for the collar and sleeves of a little girl's dress is always the smartest trimming. Quickly made stitches and interesting colors may be combined to give unusual effects.

The dress shown here is pale blue chambray. The collar and sleeves are edged with blanket

stitch in a deeper blue as shown at A. Between each blanket stitch a tiny loop stitch is made in white and three larger white loop stitches at the top of every second blanket stitch as shown at B. When used on a fabric of this weight the embroidery should be rather coarse to show up well. All six strands of a six strand embroidery cotton may be used or No. 5 pearl cotton. For a dress of fine sheer material such as dimity or organdie use finer embroidery thread. Other attractive color combinations are pink material with deep rose and French blue embroidery, yellow with brown and orange or green with yellow and white. For a printed fabric, repeat two of the strongest tones in the printed design or use white collar and cuffs embroidered in the background color of the print and one of the brighter tones.

NOTE: If you wish to use these weekly articles for reference paste them in a scrapbook, as they are not included in either Sewing Book No. 1 or 2. Book 1, Sewing Fundamentals, Dressmaking, covers curtains, slipcovers, dressing tables; 48 pages of fascinating craftsmanship. Book 2 illustrates 90 embroidery stitches with numerous applications; doll clothes and gift items. Order by number, enclosing 25 cents for each book desired. If you order both books, leaflet on making crazy quilts, with 36 silk patchwork patterns, will be included free. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52) when she'll lose her appeal to men, who crave youthful women. Take Lydia E. Pinkham's, quick acting, nerve and blood tonic.

"Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good tonic, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," advises Mrs. Ethel Lynch. This tonic has 3 approved ingredients, long lauded by women worldwide to enjoy life and assist relieving fidgety nerves, depression, dizziness, and often accompany changes of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Law of Existence
Compensation is the law of existence the world over.—Emerson.

WORMS quickly removed from children or adults by Dr. Peery's famous remedy. Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" Vermifuge. No castor oil or anything else is needed after taking "Dead Shot." 50c at Druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., New York, N. Y.

Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their duty to do not act as Nature intends. Then poisonous matter remains in the blood, may cause the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, sleeplessness, frequent scanty and too or pass and scanty. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills stimulate the kidneys. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—4 37—38

A Sure Index of Value
. . . is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.
Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

Filet Squares Form Lovely Table Cloth

Pattern 1726.

Crochet these lacy companion squares in cold moments—then combine them into an exquisite cloth or spread! The rhythmic design is set off by easy K-stitch. Pattern 1726 contains charts and directions for making squares; materials required; illustrations of squares and of stitches.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

$500 CASH Each Week
$250 to Customers $250 to Dealers GIVEN—
FREE
YOU CAN WIN $50 THIS WEEK if you act QUICK . . . Everybody can enjoy this simple, easy
FLA-VOR-AID
NEWS ITEM CONTEST
1st Prize $50.00 2nd Prize $10.00 3rd Prize $5.00
5 Prizes, Ea. 2.00 10 Prizes, Ea. 1.00
159 Cash Prizes Given Each Week
Here Are the Simple Rules
1—Clip the newest or most interesting News Item from your paper or magazine.
2—Write a Flavor-Aid Jingle, 25 words or less, "I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT FLA-VOR-AID."
3—Send the clipping and your jingle to packages of Flavor-Aid, Chicago.
4—Add the Name and Address of Grocer who sells you Flavor-Aid.
5—Write a Flavor-Aid Jingle, 25 words or less, "I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT FLA-VOR-AID." Send Clipping and Jingle to FLA-VOR-AID, 1230 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois, and your name and address.
ENTER TODAY You May Win $250.00
FLA-VOR-AID

Black & Decker 40 KILLS & LICE
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS . . . OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS
Use Black & Decker Poultry Powder makes "BLACK LEAF 40" go much further!

BACKACHES
Very quickly relieved with Vager's Liniment. Vager's Liniment rubbed on the back eases pains. Buy Vager's Liniment today. Let it help you rub aches and pains away. In use over 50 years. 25c and 50c bottles.
VAGER'S LINIMENT

Watch your Kidneys
Doan's Pills
Proven Public Favorite

CONVENIENCE
. . . without added cost
Not only is the rate low, but you save transportation costs by being near everything. . . It pays to live at Hotel Vendig when in Philadelphia!
All outside rooms . . . all rooms with tub or shower. Save calling time.
RICHARD R. SHANLEY MANAGER
HOTEL VENDIG
13th & Filbert Sts. PHILADELPHIA
J. Leslie Kincaid Pres.
$2.75

GREAT BOOKS—

Siege of Troy Recounted in Homer's Story

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

THE story of "The Iliad" by Homer takes place during the Trojan war and relates the wrath of Achilles, greatest of warriors.

It is now the ninth year of siege when Homer begins his epic and the Greeks are encamped on the shores of Asia Minor, besieging Troy. They are dejected as the poem begins, for their hero will not fight. The mighty Achilles sulks in his tent.

Agamemnon, commander of Greek forces, had demanded a slave girl who had previously been awarded to Achilles as part of the spoils of battle. Thus unjustly treated by his commander, Achilles sulks in his tent with his followers and refused to fight.

Elizabeth James

During the days of the quarrel, dissatisfaction among the men relative previous happenings.

Helen, most beautiful woman of history, was wooed by every prince of Greece. To protect the fortunate one, all Greek noblemen swore to defend Helen, should the necessity ever arise. She finally chose Menelaus to be her husband. Sometime after this, Paris of Troy, a handsome youth, came to visit at the palace of Menelaus. When he returned, he took Helen back to Troy with him. Thus all Greek chieftains were called upon to fulfill their vows and go to rescue Helen.

Pretends to Be Mad.

Ulysses, happily married, did not wish to go on such a quest. He pretended madness, and plowed the fields, sowing salt.

When the boats were ready to sail for Troy, the winds stopped. An oracle explained that a maiden of royal birth must be sacrificed. So, Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, was made a human propitiation to the god of winds.

Nine years of encampment then followed with neither side gaining much advantage. Meanwhile within the walls of Troy, Helen's great beauty had so completely captured the Trojan men that they fought madly to keep her within their city.

Hector Challenges.

Then occurred the incident of the slave girl and Achilles' wrath. Hector, the greatest warrior of Troy, came forth and issued a challenge for individual combat. But no one answered. Achilles was the only man to fight this Trojan warrior, and Achilles would not fight. Then Patroclus, friend of Achilles, borrowed the armor of Achilles and went forth to uphold the fair name of Greece.

From his tents Achilles saw his friend die. With a sword he rushed into the battle, but he had no armor. He would recover Patroclus' body for burial. The sound of his voice was enough; the Trojans were back inside the walls.

Achilles must have new armor. His goddess mother came and offered to have a suit forged in the fires of Vulcan.

Achilles Fights Hector

Clad in his new armor, Achilles sought Hector for combat. The mighty warriors were evenly matched. Around they circled, each seeking an opening in the other's guard. Time passed, yet they fought furiously, neither gaining advantage over the other. A goddess favoring Achilles flew down from Olympus and clouded the eyes of Hector, so that Achilles succeeded in aiming him a powerful stroke with his sword. Hector lay in the dust, his plumes and fine clothing despoiled. A well wind up from the tops of the walls of Troy as Achilles fastened thongs in the heels of Hector and tied him to his chariot, then drove madly round the walls of Troy.

Late at night there came a visitor to the tents of Achilles, it was Priam, aged king of Troy and father of Hector. Weeping, he pleaded for the body of his son, he recounted the glory of Hector and with tears of love he proved that Hector was too noble to be forced to wander forever through the shades for lack of proper burial. Achilles heard his prayer with compassion and gave to him the body of his son.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Tennis Played for Ages

People all over the world have played a kind of tennis for ages. The balls were made from some stuff that came from a town in Egypt, called Tennis, and they were called tennis balls on that account.

First Military Airplane

In 1908 the United States War department accepted delivery of a Wright biplane, the first military airplane in the world and the first plane to be operated by any government.

TOWN OF THE PASSION PLAY

Judas in Private Life Paints Pictures.

Oberammergau Gives to the World Drama of Christianity Every Decade

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

A CHANGE which emphasizes unchanging traditions has taken place in Oberammergau, Germany, the small Bavarian town where every decade a performance of the Passion Play attracts thousands of visitors. The change came through the death of Anton Lang, for thirty years the former Christus of the Passion Play. Death, however, changes the players but does not stop the presentation of the Passion Play, which for centuries has been performed to fulfill a vow of the villagers in the Seventeenth century.

Until about 150 years ago the sight of the towering mountains filled the people of Oberammergau with awe; in fact, fear; and they were looked upon more as drawbacks than as objects of beauty and inspiration.

The custom of offsetting the depressing effect of the looming rocky background by vivid color still prevails, and besides old but ever fresh fresco paintings depicting scenes from the Bible on the walls of the houses, new ones are beginning to decorate several homes. These show a more modern trend, and generally are done by young Bavarian artists. They lend vivid color to the street scene already bright with houses painted yellow, pink, green, and blue.

Hardly a house lacks a balcony, and this, too, is gaily decorated, lined with a profusion of flowers.

Green shutters and painted frames around the windows put a special stress on the "eyes" of most homes.

Usually near mid September, in large letters, is exhibited the name and occupation of the village will be hanged over the entire valley as he contemplates the scene from the streets and fields, hills and mountains. Born here, he feels himself part of all this.

In the Home and Fields.

The inside of his birthplace bears the same spirit. The center is not the kitchen whence the healthful, frugal meals issue, but the living room with a carved wooden crucifix solemnly hanging in the center. There is the cradle of family life. There the men and women and children come from their work in the fields and from field or shop.

The fields yield just enough grass for the cattle and potatoes for the people, though most of the villagers have their own little gardens.

Pasturage and stable are usually in one building. This saves the peasant much time in the winter and keeps him always near his beloved cows, which in turn help supply warmth in the long, cold winter.

The arrival of the White Ram in the late spring means an end to the black blanket he always spreads over the mountains and the valley does not mean being buried for four or five months.

Oberammergau lies in about the same latitude as Montreal, and masses of snow cover the mountains, at times to a depth of 20 feet. Many visitors come to try their hand on the skis, and skiing becomes an easy accomplishment for the local youngsters.

St. Peter Distributes Milk.

Singing and whistling, Hubert Mayr, the St. Peter of the Passion Play, gives his little pony cart through the town every day, distributing milk among the people. How happy and pleased he is that at last his life's dream has come true and he has become "St. Peter"!

The meek manners of Hugo Rutz, the village blacksmith, would never lead one to guess that on the stage he was the fiery high priest, Caiaphas, inciting the mob against Jesus.

Anton Lechner, teacher of drawing at the local woodcarving school, is just as much of a surprise. To see him sitting behind his glass of beer, enjoying that old pipe of his, is something entirely different from finding him in the play as the high priest, Annas, standing beside Caiaphas and shouting accusations against Jesus, while Melchior Breitsamter, the lovable St. John of 1922, listens to the Roman prefect, Pontius Pilate, a role he has twice enacted most impressively.

Ludwig Lang, fierce looking Barabbas on the stage, is a peaceful cowherd who may be seen walking along the street at 6 o'clock almost any morning, driving a herd of cows into the fields and hills, and not returning until 6 o'clock.

That is the rush hour for the cows, and traffic has to comply with their whims as they slowly trot homeward, never minding the honking of automobiles that might get into their path.

The Play Is Their Life Mission.

Just as the ability to act seems to be in the blood of the majority, the people of Oberammergau hold a deeply inbred feeling of personal responsibility toward their important task, their sacred tradition. They live and die for their play. They do not play to live, but live to play—which may at times appear incomprehensible to the hurried traveler, rushing in and out again without ever penetrating more deeply into the meaning of the villagers' work, habits, and customs.

All amusements, such as dancing, are prohibited during the solid year of preparation for, and concentration upon, the Passion Play. Yet the village, during its six months of rehearsing under Georg Lang's most able direction (there are more than 30 families of the name of Lang in Oberammergau), does festive attire. Houses look more attractive. Gardens, streets, walks, and parks hum with activity. And there is always the strange sight of men walking or riding about with long flowing hair and beards, dressed in the old and ever-practical native costume.

Not until all is over will the Bavarian mountain dances, called "Schuhplattler," be revived by the Oberammergauers. In this sort of terpsichorean wooing, the eager young man rhythmically slaps his hands, knees, and the soles of his shoes, jumping up and down, while in three-quarters time his partner slowly waltzes about him to the music of a zither, a guitar, and a violin.

The year 1940 will display about the same course of things, but there will be more buses and automobiles from May until September. Once again, for a period of five months, the village will be handed over, willy-nilly, to the countless visitors, their prejudices and criticisms, their whims, their admiration and praise of what is but natural to those laboring in the homes and playing on the stage of the mammoth theater before 6,200 spectators, occasionally as often as five times a week.

How the Play Is Presented.

From 8:15 a. m. to 5:25 p. m., with two hours' recess for lunch, the thousands watch the performance with tense interest from beginning to end, never turning their eyes, which are often dimmed with tears, from the scenic outlined and illuminated central stage.

In front of it, flanked by the house of Pilate and the palace of Annas, opens the proscenium, 140 feet wide, on which—rain or sunshine—the mass scenes take place and the 47 members of the chorus—all local peasants—appear, in and out by the majestic figure of the Speaker of the Prologue, whose task is to introduce each act of a tableau. He has more lines than any other member of the cast.

There are 24 of these artistically lighted tableaux, interspersed with irregularly scattered among the 16 acts and representing scenes from the Old Testament, running parallel with the New.

The chorus then, accompanied by the local orchestra, musically dwells upon these living, yet still, "painting."

The very beginning of the performance, announced by the boom of a cannon discharged on a distant hill, plunges the audience into deep silence, and absorption. Orchestra, choir, prologue, and tableaux heighten this mood; then the curtains part.

Impressive Climax of the Drama.

New Christ triumphantly enters Jerusalem. The jealous priests begin their work against Him, while Christ bids farewell to His Mother and friends at Bethany before returning to the city of His doom.

There the last Supper unites Him and His twelve disciples once more. Judas hastens away to betray His Master in the Mount of Olives. Christ is seized.

The afternoon sees Him before the high council, slandered, mocked, and jeered, and eventually sent to Pontius Pilate, who passes Him on to King Herod. Peter repents his sin of denial, whereas Judas finds no way out but the rope.

Christ is scourged and crowned with thorns, and presented to a raging mob in a scene of highest dramatic values. Pilate finally hands Him over to His enemies, and, with the Cross on His bleeding shoulders, Christ passes Him on to Golgotha to be fastened to the Cross, to die, pierced by a spear in realistic manner.

We see Him rise again from the tomb, and, in the finest of all tableaux, ascend to Heaven.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Noted Food Authority

Explains What Is Meant by

CORRECT NUTRITION

Describes How to Construct a Balanced Diet, So Essential to Maintain Optimal Health

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
9 East 38th St., New York City.

TO SOME families, a sumptuous to the dinner table means nothing more than a chance to satisfy hunger. To others, it represents an opportunity to gratify the palate, sometimes to the extent of overtaxing the digestive system.

Neither of these extremes fulfills the true function of food, which is to provide adequately but not to excess, for growth, maintenance and repair of the body.

Food May Fail to Feed

You can satisfy hunger without providing correct nutrition. You can partake of delicious-tasting foods to the point of overindulgence — without meeting bodily requirements.

The mere spending of money will not insure good nutrition, for extremely poor diets can be found in households where the income is large and the food budget is ample. What counts is learning to provide the right foods in the correct proportions. The return in health will be more than worth the investment of effort in acquiring this knowledge.

A Balanced Diet

Science has discovered what foods are necessary to help build top health and keep us 100 per cent fit. The amount of food required by a man for a day's work can be accurately determined. We know that a specific disease may be produced by one diet and cured by another; that growth can be influenced through changes in the quality of the dietary; that old age may be deferred by choosing the food with care.

We know that the body is a working machine which never stops but may slow down or get out of order unless the daily diet includes every element, every mineral, every vitamin needed to maintain health and avoid the deficiency diseases.

Seven Essentials

There are seven factors to be considered in planning a balanced diet. Protein for building body tissue and repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily. Carbohydrates to produce quick heat and energy. Fats—a more compact form of fuel, which are also essential in a satisfactory diet. Minerals which serve both as builders and regulators of body processes. The six vitamins, A, B, C, D, E and G, that also act as regulators and prevent a number of deficiency diseases. Water—which serves as a vehicle by which food is carried to the tissues. And cellulose or bulk—required for the normal functioning of the intestinal tract.

Danger in Omitting One Food Substance

The homemaker who fails to take every one of these factors into consideration is depriving her husband of the opportunity to develop his greatest efficiency. Moreover, she may be robbing her children of their birthright. During every day of childhood, the body is being built, and defects in body structure are likely to arise if the child is improperly nourished. It is then that disease and disability make their appearance as a result of faulty nutrition. How tragic to deprive the young body of substances so necessary to its well being.

How to Check the Diet for Balance

Perhaps you are like the homemakers who tell me that they do not know a protein from a carbohydrate. Or it may be that while you understand the difference, you do not know what quantities should be included in the diet each day.

To simplify your task of serving balanced menus at every meal, I have prepared a Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance. In convenient chart form, it shows what foods should be included in the diet every day and gives the standard amount for each food. There are also skeleton menus outlined by food classifications, which enable you to plan the seven food essentials at every meal—to avoid the mistake of serving too much of one type of food and too little of another—should be the worthy aim of every homemaker. You will find the task considerably easier if you send for the Homemaker's Chart. Tack it up in your kitchen or in the room where you plan your menus, and use it to check the balance of your diet for each meal you prepare.

If you faithfully follow the food program outlined in the chart, you will help to assure your family of correct nutrition. This is the most priceless gift you could bestow upon them. For nutrition is the architect that draws the plans of human destiny. In providing the right foods, you lay a firm foundation for health on which to rear a life of happiness and success.

60 Per Cent Carbohydrates

Carbohyd