LADIES PREFER STRAW HATS (FOR MEN) THIS SEASON

Fashions aren't exclusively for women. This summer the smartly dressed male will blossom forth in one of these new hats. Illustrated above is a rough straw hard-brimmed number worn by Dennis O'Keefe, screen player.

A soft crushable Panama with narrow band is the choice of John Beal, above. Men's style authorities say the old hatless summer days may have been comfortable but it's wiser to protect yourself against the sun.

Here's another current favorite, worn by Alan Curtis. It's a soft, turned-down brim hat of fine manila straw with high dented crown. A narrow maroon band adds a note of color demanded by the men's current fashions.

CAESAR *Cools Off*

"My name's Caesar and I live at the Quebec zoological park, but I don't like the looks of that cameraman. Guess he wants me to try that old polar bear diving trick. Well, I feel like a swim—

"Here we go! Hope that guy with the camera takes his picture pretty soon. I can't stay suspended in the air all day. This is fun, but nothing like diving off an iceberg. Well, here we hit the water with a—

"SPLASH! Guess maybe I don't look so graceful right now but you can't say I didn't co-operate with the cameraman."

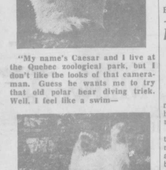
TONIGHT'S BURGESS BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

OLD MR. TOAD was so puffed out with pride as he started for the Green Forest to dine with Buster Bear that those who saw him wondered if he wouldn't burst before he got there. Everybody knew where he was going, and this made Old Mr. Toad feel more important and proud than ever. He might not have felt quite so puffed up if he had known just how it had come about that he received this second invitation to dine with Buster Bear. Jimmy Skunk had brought it to him, but Jimmy didn't tell him Buster had been asked to send the invitation and that it was all part of a plan on the part of some of Old Mr. Toad's old friends and neighbors to teach him a lesson.

"What very good taste Buster Bear has," thought he, "and how very fortunate it is that he found out that I also am fond of ants."

He was so busy with these pleasant thoughts of his own importance and the good dinner that he expected to have that he took no notice of what was going on about him. He didn't see his old friends and neighbors peeping out at him and laughing.



He didn't see his old friends and neighbors peeping out at him and laughing.

He was beginning to get pretty tired by the time he reached the Green Forest and came in sight of the rotten old chestnut stump, where he was to meet Buster Bear. Buster was waiting for him.

"How do you do this fine day? You look a little tired and rather warm, Mr. Toad," said he.

"I am a little warm," replied Mr. Toad in his most polite manner, although he couldn't help panting for breath as he said it. "I hope you are feeling well."

Buster Bear laughed a great grumbly-rumbly laugh. "I always feel fine when there is a dinner of fat ants ready for me," said he. "It is very fine of you to honor me by coming to dine." Here Mr. Toad put one hand on his stomach and tried to make a very grand bow. Peter Rabbit, hiding behind a nearby tree, almost giggled aloud.

"I have ventured to invite another to enjoy the dinner with us," continued Buster Bear. Mr. Toad's face fell. You see, he was selfish. He wanted to be the only one to have the honor of dining with Buster Bear. "He's a little late," went on Buster, "but I think he will be here soon, and I hope you will be glad to meet him. Ah, here he comes now."

Old Mr. Toad looked in the direction in which Buster Bear was looking. He gave a little gasp, and turned quite pale. All his puffiness disappeared. He didn't look like the same toad at all. The newcomer was Mr. Blacksnake. "Oh!" cried Old Mr. Toad, and then without even asking to be excused, he turned his back on Buster Bear and started back the way he had come.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Peter Rabbit, jumping out from behind a tree.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Jimmy Skunk from behind another.

"Hee, hee, hee!" shouted Johnny Chuck from behind a third.

Then Old Mr. Toad knew that his old friends and neighbors had planned this to teach him a lesson.

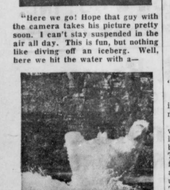
© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service

Red-Headed Bride Furnishes House In Suitable Colors

By BETTY WELLS

"I'm as vain as a peacock," announced Gertrude. "About my red hair, I mean. It's my crowning glory so why shouldn't I?"

"So, naturally now that I'm going to get married and have a home of my own, I want decorations that are becoming to my hair. I'd like blue for the main color partly because it's nice on me and also because I have a blue footstool, blue vases and good blue scatter rugs to begin with. But beyond that I'm stuck. I think I'll concentrate spending on the living room, and really make that complete and handsome. The other rooms I'll only furnish enough now to get along. But what about rug, wall color, furniture and curtains for the living room? The room is light and good sized but the floors are bad. My family are giving me a new spinet piano in blonde mahogany."



"I'm Vain as a Peacock About My Hair," She Writes.

Could you take the idea of dark walls? Because rather a deep brilliant blue for the walls would be becoming to you and awfully smart. Then why not white rubber tiling for the floor? That would be new and not too expensive and you could use the scatter rugs interestingly. Then have your new sofa in a yellow linen slip cover and slip-cover two easy chairs in flowered linen on a white ground. (Buy your upholstered pieces "in the muslin"). Make a pair of flowered cushions to match to go on the yellow sofa and at the windows hang billowy white embroidered organdy curtains made very full and to sweep down to the floor.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

Jane Withers, child actress, knows what the proverbial hundred strokes with a brush will do for your hair. Specialists recommend it as an essential daily routine for the woman who would have beautiful hair.

BEAUTY HINT

Hundred Strokes Each Day

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses

CALCIUM

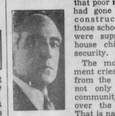
The Captain of the Minerals

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains How to Include This Vital Food Element in the Daily Diet

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th Street, New York City.

A FEW years ago there was an earthquake in the Far West. When the tremors were over, the frightened people looked in dismay upon the damage that had been done. In some places they were saddened by the loss of a great number of their buildings, and in one community, mingled with their sorrow and crowding it out of their emotions—was indignant ANGER. For they observed that their schools had suffered greater damage than any other group of buildings in the city.

On every side, the cry of indignation arose. It was all too plain that poor materials had gone into the construction of these schools which were supposed to house children in security.



The most vehement cries went up from the mothers; not only in that community, but all over the country. That is natural, for all mothers believe they have the children's welfare at heart. Unwittingly, however, they may be doing them irreparable harm by failing to feed them the foods that will construct sound bodies, able to withstand the stress and strain of life.

★

Calcium Starvation

The mineral calcium is to the human body what steel and stone are to a building. It is necessary to construct the bony framework. The mother who fails to consume adequate calcium before her baby is born, or fails to give the child adequate calcium throughout the growing years, is as guilty as the contractor who constructs a school building of poor materials.

Without sufficient calcium, the bones become soft and porous. They break easily and knit slowly after they are broken. They may bend and twist during growth, so that the child who is a victim of calcium deficiency may become a bow-legged and deformed, with a malformed chest or enlarged forehead. Rickets—that horrible deficiency disease which causes stunted mis-shapen bodies—may develop. And so may tetany—another scourge of childhood.

★

Crooked Defective Teeth

The teeth, too, depend upon calcium for the soundness of their structure. When this precious mineral is inadequately provided, the baby teeth may soon decay; the permanent teeth may come in crowded and unsightly—and quickly develop cavities.

There are also many other ways that calcium deficiency may handicap your children. For this mineral is intimately concerned with all the body processes. It increases the strength and pulsations of the heart; helps the blood to coagulate in case of injury, thus effectively aiding in preventing hemorrhage. It strengthens the resistance of the body in fever and other diseases. It tones up the nervous system, lessening nervous tension.

★

Adults Require Calcium

Adults have a vital need for calcium. A lack of this mineral not only results in defective teeth, but may also be responsible for nervousness, quivering and twitching of the muscles and defective heart action.

To be normal, the full-grown human body must contain more calcium than any other mineral element. Yet, every individual is, of necessity, born calcium-poor. For if the bones were as rigid as they must eventually become, the ordeal of birth would be too difficult for both mother and child.

★

Easily Lost From Body

The homemaker's task of providing adequate calcium is complicated by the fact that the body loses large amounts of calcium every day, and this loss is greater on occasions of sickness, especially in fever or when one is worried, overworked or has taken too strenuous exercise.

Outstanding nutritionists unanimously agree that the American diet is more deficient in calcium than in any other element. And it is squarely up to the mothers and homemakers to correct this tragic state of affairs, which is undermining their own efficiency and threatening the present health and future happiness of their children.

★

How to Obtain Calcium

Milk is an outstanding source of calcium. That is why it should form the cornerstone of every balanced diet. Cheese, which is milk in concentrated form, is likewise notable in this respect, and one and one-fourth ounces of American Cheddar cheese are the approximate equivalent of an eight-ounce glass of milk. Leaf and stem vegetables are richer in calcium than other vegetables or fruits, but while their calcium has been found to be well-absorbed by adults, it is not so readily available to children.

Among the vegetables, however, there is a wide variation, turnip tops and dandelion greens providing unusually large amounts.

★

List of Calcium-Rich Foods

I have prepared a list of foods rich in calcium which I shall gladly send to homemakers upon request. I urge every woman to write for this list and use it in planning the daily diet of herself, her husband and children.

You really need such a list in order to avoid the grave consequences of calcium deficiency, for no more of our common foods are calcium poor that it is possible for a diet to be abundant and varied, and still be inadequate in respect to calcium.

The list of calcium-containing foods will help you do a perfect job of building strong, fine bodies for your children.

There is no joy like the joy of creating perfect, healthy children. The architect and the sculptor stand in awe before the realization of their dreams. But you, the mothers of children, the builders of their bodies, you are the mightiest of all. A diet adequate in calcium, for you and your children, will help you build beautifully, wisely and well. Your reward will be the joy, the pride, the heart-warming satisfaction of having accomplished a worthwhile purpose.

You Need This *Free List of* **FOODS RICH IN CALCIUM**

Write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his list of calcium-rich foods. Use it daily as a guide in planning family menus.

Questions Answered

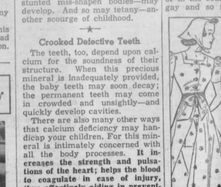
Miss D. A. E.—Broccoli may be used interchangeably with spinach, provided the leaves are eaten with the flower buds. Careful analysis indicates that the leaves are twice as rich as the flower buds in vitamins A and G.

C. J. K.—It is a fallacy to assume that garlic is a blood purifier. Garlic improves the taste of food for those who like it, but it cannot be considered to possess special health properties.

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—17

Charming Midsummer Styles

1484



1532

THE play suit is practically guaranteed to give slim young things a good time at the beach or in the country, because it's gay and so flattering. And the dress are smooth, the hipline being emphasized by a lovely dress, choose voile, chiffon, georgette or handkerchief linen.

The Patterns.

1484 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material for the cape-shirt; 3 yards for the play suit. Head kerchief takes ½ yard.

1532 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4⅞ yards of 39-inch material for short sleeves; 5¼ yards for three-quarter sleeves.

Send your order to: The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price 15 cents per pattern, 15 cents (in coins) each.

graceful afternoon dress will make any woman who wears it look slim, cool and wonderful. Start right in to make whichever one best fits into your plans. You'll be delighted to see how easy it is, and what a saving it means to sew your own by means of these patterns, each with sewing chart included.

The Play Suit.

The suit itself has pleated shorts and a square neckline. The skirt, starred at the top, and tied round the waist, may also be worn as a cape, long enough to cover the play suit. Either way, it looks extremely fetching and flattery. Make this suit of calico, jersey, percale or sharkskin, with the head kerchief to match or contrast.

The Afternoon Dress.

Here's just the type of dress you want for summer afternoons—graceful and soft, with short, full sleeves and deep v-necklines that will be cool on the hottest day. The back is perfectly plain, straight and slenderizing. The jabot ripples at the sides and is plain in front, so that it looks soft without being bulky. The shoulders are quickly relieved with Yager's Liniment. A doctor writes that he uses it for backaches, sprains and rheumatic pains. Buy Yager's Liniment today. Let it help you rub aches and pains away. In use over 50 years. 25c and 50c bottles.

Send for This *Free Chart*

Showing Iodine Content of Various Foods

You are invited to write C. Houston Goudiss for a chart showing the foods rich in iodine and those which are poor in this substance. It will save as a valuable guide in preparing balanced menus.

Just ask for the Iodine Chart, addressing C. Houston Goudiss at 6 East 39th Street, New York City. A post card is sufficient to carry your request.

Pattern 6091

Distinctive — this easily crocheted set, its picturesque motif and initial set off by lacy filletstitch. Excellent for scarf-ends, too! Pattern 6091 contains charts and directions for making the set and 2¼ by 5 inch alphabet; illustration of stitches; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

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Friendship is not friendship at its best, till circumstances put it to the test.—Wilcox.

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1—Clip the news items of each week's News Items from your paper or magazine.
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3—Ask your grocer to display your 5c package of Flavor-Aid. Ask him to give you a Flavor-Aid Display Card.
4—Write your name and Address of Grocer where you bought Flavor-Aid.
5—Sign your Name and Address plainly.
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TWO-MINUTE BIOGRAPHIES

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

Like the wealthy duPonts, the house of Morgan has carried on with consistent financial power to the fifth generation, starting with old Joseph Morgan, a Connecticut stage-coach operator, and reaching now to Junius Spencer II and Henry S., sons of the current family head, John Pierpont Morgan II.

"J. P." strongly resembles his father in all but fierce belligerence. As head of the New York banking house at 23 Wall street he resents publicity, has definite ideas about government interference with business.

His favorite annual pastime is reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol" to the grandchildren each Christmas eve from the original manuscript. Like his father, "J. P." is a great collector of art works but will not die like his father with three-fifths of his estate invested in such treasures.

A sound banker, he is opposed to change. Probably sharing his attitude are such eminent firm partners as Thomas W. Lamont, Charles Steele, S. Parker Gilbert and Thomas Cochran. One Morgan son, Junius Spencer II, is already in the firm. The other, Henry S., will carry on with the new corporation, Morgan, Stanley & Co.

When Matinee Idol Takes a Mud Bath

HOLLYWOOD.—There was only one way to make this scene from a forthcoming motion picture so the gentleman in the center—a famous matinee idol—consented. Here he comes up for air, greeted by two fellow screen workers. To keep you in suspense no longer, we'll explain that the gentleman covered with gumbo is Clark Gable.

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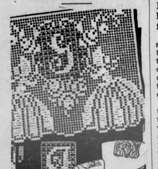
Chair or Buffet Set In Filet Crochet



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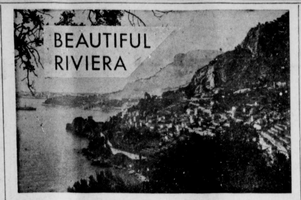


Roquebrune and Monte Carlo.

Beautiful Scenery, Gaiety, Sports And Quiet Life on the Famed Riviera

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

VACATION cruises to the Mediterranean bring numerous visitors to the Italian Riviera, continuation of the French Riviera section which has become Europe's synonym for vacationland.

The Riviera stretches toward the sunrise and the sunset. Genoa is the dividing point. To the east is the Riviera di Levante—"the coast of the rising sun." To the west and on across the French border extends the Riviera di Ponente—"the coast of the setting sun."

Two distinct designs for living are traced along the beautiful coast of the Italian Riviera. One is splashed with gaiety and sport; the other is as normal as life in any of the other provinces of Italy. Whoever neglects to penetrate the vicissitudes, hopes, and trials of the life of the native for the sake of that more obvious life of the casinos and luxury places misses the true soul of the region.

To find this life of the people, one must flee hotels and villas and nest in a tiny house clinging to the cliffs, not too far from the sea to run down for an early morning splash.

There is a problem that one is never able to settle: whether the Mediterranean is more beautiful when it is viewed from the height of a villa or when it is explored along the shore. Gazing down at the points of rock and at the sea that slips between them to make blue bays with an edge of waves in fluffy ruffles, one may prefer the heights.

Portofino is an unbelievable sort of place. It gives no intimation of its existence until it lies before you, below you. It is reached by leaving Santa Margherita and the sea and wandering over a road in the hills.

Portofino a Lovely Picture.

All of a sudden, as the high road turns, a picture lies before you. It is something of the imagination, unreal, but with a charm as thrills a child after the visit of Santa Claus. You want to thrust out a sudden hand and topple over the little doll-town nestled in the water in an outward sweep, for the fun of standing and watching it. And where does the water come from? All around are wooded hills; no sign of a river or lake. But for the little yachts at anchor, it might be thought an inland lake. But not even tipt nor anything else, gives reason for the curving line of high houses which seem to have been transferred en bloc from some crowded town.

Take a climbing footpath up the opposite hill. As you mount, you pass gardens of an occasional fine villa. They seem not to belong at all, but must be tolerated because it is the way of some rich Genoese to build such misfits.

Up at the top of the path is a little church on a terrace. Walk forward beyond the obstruction of verdure, and the sparkling Mediterranean lies spread at your feet. One good jump, a stiff fall of 500 feet, and you would be in its frill of waves under the cliff. Contrast it with the hill-locked harbor of Portofino just behind you. You laugh with delight at the beauties of inconsistencies.

A gate beside the public terrace opens into a path along the top of the cliff and reaches ultimately a well-known villa. It has been used as a setting for novels, as a retreat for distinguished individuals, as a home of reasonable revelry for orderly intellectuals, but the casuals of the road may not penetrate. It is the Castello San Giorgio, a private property, and one stops, longing like the peri outside the gate of paradise.

Rapallo Now Is a Resort.

Rapallo has become rather much of a resort. Nature gave it a harbor curving in from the peninsula of Portofino, but a shallow harbor, just nice for fishermen, not yachts. A promenade follows its pebbly beach, where children played without danger and where groups of maidens walked on Sundays and threw important glances over the shoulder at groups of young men who did the same. All these things go on still, but under the eye of the people of a casino and big new hotels.

Where a mountain stream ran down to join the waters, women are washing. A common sight, but if you think on the details it is a saddening one.

The woman who washes gossips with those near her; sometimes a young one breaks into a gay song. These ameliorations are but trifles against the discomforts. She who washes must do her work kneeling and bending well over the water, which is lower than she herself. What aches and weariness must be hers! And the water itself is as cold as mountain heights can make it.

Mountain cliffs coming down into the bay have split into occasional chasms. In one such chasm the early Italians chose to build a village and called it Zoagli. It is a mere crack in the rock. The railway to La Spezia is fastened on miraculously high above.

Was Zoagli originally a smugglers' nest or a refuge from Saracens? Its appeal is strong; its beauties are unique; even its occupational life deserves both these adjectives. As it has no width, life there is lived on the perpendicular, a sort of Jacob's-ladder life, ever ascending and descending; and all around is the greenery of the superb steeps which give so stingy a space to the little village.

No Privacy at Zoagli.

The beach is a place of entry and departure. It is like a gate in a walled city, for movement and for gossip. No one can go or come without the cognizance of all the village. Can life hold back any secrets when lived on a series of ladders?

A few donkeys do the heavy carrying up steep ways, exclusive donkeys that by sharing the isolated life seem to take their place with the people. Their life may be arduous, but they have the honor of sharing the house as well as the labor of the humans—communistic donkeys, in a word. You can see them all alone, digging their toes into the upward path or turning suddenly into a doorway of this village without wheels.

The innkeeper tells you proudly that the best velvets of Italy have always been made in Zoagli. That was its specialty. Hand-made velvets, "certo." You can see the hand looms and the weavers at work up above now—yes, just as it had always been.

Patiently you climb, although skeptical of a trap to catch a tourist. But it is true. The hand looms are there. The women weavers are at work. Piles of narrow ruby velvet lie about, catching the light like gems, in small, clumsy rooms that smack of the Thirteenth century.

For centuries this little village, hidden in a cleft of the rock, has upheld ideals of the craft of the weaver of hand-made velvet. Even the owner of a factory of a thousand looms is proud of being from Zoagli.

Coast of the Setting Sun.

Leaving the Riviera di Levante, you may experience the joys of motoring to places on the Riviera di Ponente, and in that glad territory that not belongs under the French flag but keeps the Italian soul in the breast of its oldest people.

Everywhere you drive your car you run into the Saracens—their towers, their history, and their evil reputation. They belong to that marvelous Mohammedan civilization that in the Middle ages surpassed in certain things the culture of Europe, much of which was then undeveloped. They began the habit of leaping across the Mediterranean from North Africa when the first detachment of these able pioneers touched Gibraltar and proceeded to possess Spain.

And what did they there? They built at Cordoba a mosque, now a cathedral, which is still the glory of the city; they built at Granada a palace which still makes poets and artists of all who have the happiness to linger in its recesses; but they were routed by the people already living in Europe, and ever since have been branded as criminals and savages.

The people who drove them out were even less numerly than they. This you learn at the marvelous village of Eze near that point of the Moyenne Corniche (as the middle road from Nice to Menton is called) where the rock rises like a monument above it and seems to dominate sea and penetrate sky.

All the world is on wheels nowadays; but no wheels of any size enter Eze—only those of hand cart, perhaps, and the feet of men and donkeys.

Toiling up the slope with delight at every step, you pass through an archway. It is the city gate. No city opens before you; only a paved path, narrow and steep. There is not a yard of level walk in the entire maze of ways. Of real streets there are none.

Wonderful View From Eze.

Extended arms touch both side walls at once. One might be in a crypt, so frequent are the arched spaces through which one gropes. Yet from tiny windows above are bright eyes peeping and taking in every movement of the strangers.

The castle at last, or rather its site, for the walls are nearly gone. Not so bad after all, for now nothing stops the eye; the view is from the mountains of the Esterel to those near Bordighera.

From here the Saracens could look across the sea almost as far as their Africa and on every side could see the approach of friend or enemy.

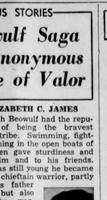
One can feel the presence of those bold, skilled men, trying to make strongholds and keep them, that they might bring the land into the culture of those who held to the True Faith of the Prophet. "There is no God but God," they cried for the benefit of the heathen beyond these gray mountains.

FAMOUS STORIES

Beowulf Saga Is Anonymous Tale of Valor

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

AS A youth Beowulf had the reputation of being the bravest among his tribe. Swimming, fighting, and fishing in the open boats of the northmen gave sturdiness and valor to him and to his friends. When he was still young he became known as a chieftain warrior, partly because his father was king, but also because the warriors liked to follow him in battle.



Elizabeth James

There came a message one day from Hrothgar, Beowulf's uncle, whose kingdom lay just across the waters, in the land known today as Denmark. The message begged that Beowulf and his warriors would come over and help rid the land of a fearful dragon, named Grendel.

At once Beowulf and a chosen group of his best men launched their boats and set out for the land of their kinsmen. On their arrival, Hrothgar gave a feast in the long mead hall. While this feasting and joy reigned, there sounded a roar. It was Grendel!

Battle to Death.

The monster seized a warrior with each hand, knocked the two together, and began to eat them for his supper. But the dragon was safely away before anything was done.

The next night Beowulf was ready. When Grendel approached, Beowulf met him and there ensued a terrible fight between the man and the dragon. Using his powerful and trusted sword Beowulf defended himself. Seizing the dragon's arm he pulled with all his strength and tore it from its socket. Howling with pain, Grendel fled.

Knowing that the monster would likely die from so dreadful a wound, there was great rejoicing in the mead hall. Until another roar resounded through the night. Grendel's mother, a fierce dragon, now came in fury to avenge the death of her son. She did not fight that night, so the next day Beowulf tracked her to her lair by the blood stains of Grendel. The trail led to the edge of a black tarn.

A whole day it took him to reach the bottom of the waters. There he saw a vast cavern, in which he knew the dragons made their abode. Holding his sword ready, he called. Grendel's mother came forth, eager for battle. Long they fought, and Beowulf found that his mortal-made sword was impotent against this supernatural being. Looking around he saw a sword hanging on the wall of the cavern. Seizing it, he stabbed and killed the dragon.

Beowulf Triumphs.

Having killed the mother dragon he went into the cavern and found the body of Grendel, from which he cut the head to use as a trophy. Carrying this, he began his ascent to the surface of the lake, where he found his warriors mournful for their leader whom they feared dead.

When the king had become an old man, he heard of a vast horde of treasure which a fire drake had discovered; the treasure had been buried three centuries before by an earl. Coveting this treasure for his people, Beowulf determined to have it. Only one warrior out of the entire kingdom dared to follow his lord into such a battle.

Long and arduously Beowulf fought with this monster. The dragon charged once, and a second time, but Beowulf guarded himself. A third time the dragon hurled himself at his enemy and this time he fastened his fangs in the throat of the king. Rushing to the aid of his king, the faithful warrior thrust his sword into the side of the dragon and forced him to loosen his grip on Beowulf. Although the warrior's arm was burned, he stayed with the king. Beowulf recovered himself and plunged his knife into the coils of the fire drake, cutting him through.

Soon after the death of the dragon, the wound in the king's throat grew worse, with swelling and pain. There was a fever which grew hotter and hotter until the king knew that he was to die. He rewarded his faithful warrior by making him his successor, and he divided the treasure among his subjects. Reminding his people of the glory of their race, the hero died.

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RECORDED BY MONKS

No one knows who wrote the stories concerning the hero Beowulf. The poem as we have it today was recorded about the Eighth century, but the events which underlie the epic occurred about five centuries before that. By memory the legends came down through the generations. Perhaps the story tellers vied with each other in relating the most entertaining account of their hero; perhaps some of the stories were sung to dancing around camp fires.

Farm Champions on the Air

AMONG the Champion Farmers of America who are being featured on Firestone's series of 26 "Voice of the Farm" programs, is this representative group of leading crop growers and stock raisers. Each program in the series presents a farm champion in an interview with Everett Mitchell, popular farm commentator who has been heard on the National Farm and Home Hour for the last eight years. Each champion tells the fact story of his climb to championship rating in his particular branch of farm operation.

Top from left—Albert Schroeder, pioneer user of rubber tractor tires; Sarah-Ann and John Tolan, champion Aberdeen-Angus breeders; Darwin Neal, champion poultry raiser; Paul Fisher, champion hog producer. Lower row—L. E. Mathers, champion Shorthorn breeder; Harry L. Chadwick, potato champion; Adolph Pirani, champion cotton grower; Ralph L. Heilman, champion corn grower; Paul Stiefbold, plowing champion.

Man's Noblest Friend

Out from the past—the dim, bloody, shifting past—came this noble equine, this noble animal, the horse; side by side with man, fighting with him the battles of progress, bearing with him the burdens of the centuries. Down the long hard road, through flint and mire, through swamp and sand, wherever there has been a footprint, there also will be seen a hoofprint.—John Trotwood Moore.

Reporter Got Hint—Not a Thing Fit to Print

The reporter limped in.

"Well," growled the news editor, "did you get the interview?"

The newsman pointed to a pair of black eyes.

"We can't print a pair of black eyes. Where's the story?"

The reporter lifted his hat and displayed a huge bump on his head.

"Look," he repeated.

The editor went wild.

"What good is that?" he howled. "We can't print things like that. Didn't you get the chap to say a few words?"

"Sure," was the reply, "but you can't print those either!"

Wise and Otherwise

NO DOUBT the tailor who asked for cash in advance had taken his customer's measure.

Quite small things may keep you from sleeping at night, says a doctor. Never mind—they'll grow up presently.

Little Buddy wants to know how far it is 'tween to and fro.

Girls who play with fire don't always strike a match.

Many a man has the wolf at his door because his wife will have a silver-fox round her neck!

When you're in a jam, it's soon spread all over the place.

Paradox: It's only when a man comes clean that he spills the dirt.

The employees of a subway are constantly in a hole.

Perfect Balance

The demands of science grow more exacting every day. Almost unbelievable accuracy is required. The latest marvel concerns the huge propellers of the Pan-American airplanes.

These propellers are 11½ feet in diameter, and weigh over three hundredweight—yet they must be so perfectly balanced that the weight of a cigarette paper will start them rotating on the test stand.

During these tests special care is taken to keep flies and other insects from the delicately poised blades. Mechanics must not even breathe against the machinery.

Tolerance

The following story, one that the late President Wilson used to tell, is related in the Montreal Star. The professors of a certain college met to consider an act of misconduct on the part of one of the students. One professor insisted upon punishment, saying: "God has given us eyes."

"Yes," said one of his colleagues, with a kinder nature, "and eyelids."

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