A FOOL PLUS

By LUCIE A. O'BRIEN

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BURTON TRAVERS dangled the solitaire from a finger tip.

"So I get the gate—and one engagement ring on account I won't carry a dinner-pail. Go on. I was the spendthrift clown at Harvard—"

"You write well. You specialized in journalism—" Peggy Howe strove to keep her voice level—"but you'd rather drink, dance, dice—"

"Excellent alliteration. I should earn by-lines by the sweat of my brow when—"

"There's your father. Money's made you—"

"Don't tell me," scoffed Burton. "An idler, a lounge lizard and all synonyms roundabout."

Peggy's lips hardened.

Well, she'd wipe that mocking expression from his mouth. She spoke deliberately:

"You were kicked out of Aviation Service for acting like a fool."

Travers winced, stiffened.

Then he smiled crookedly.

She had recalled the one worth while phase of his otherwise aimless existence, a part of his life he tried hard to forget—that of his brief aviation career.

Fresh from Harvard and two weeks after being admitted to the San Diego training station, Travers took off on a solo flight.

Twenty minutes later he and the plane were shattered wrecks.

The elder Travers replaced the ruined machine.

Burton's bones mended in time.

He would have welcomed being benched; of appearing before a special board.

These desirable humilations were denied him, due to the medical discharge issued him by the first surgeon.

Travers strode from the room, caught up his overcoat.

Muffled sounds of distress overtook him.

He returned to the library.

Peggy sobbed into unresponsive pillows: "I've lost Burton. And he's lost to himself."

He knelt beside Peggy, slipped the ring on her finger.

Holding her closely, he said huskily, "I've found myself, honey. I'll make good even if I am a doggone fool. Wait for me?"

Peg's eyes were sufficient answer.

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At 7:45 the next morning Travers crashed the editor's office bearing a letter from the Record's owner.

The recommendation ended: "Give this cub your toughest assignment."

"I'm—" began Burton.

"All here," the editor waved. "Here's an assignment. Revolution. Tanamo, South America. One Record man dead. Another dying—tropical fever. Tompkins of the Morning Mail got stuff through. Fruit steamer leaves in two hours for nearest step-off. I'm telling you, only a fool'd go."

"That's me," beamed Travers.

"Over there for instructions," motioned the chief.

"Remember you're not writing comics for dear old Lampy. Furthermore, a paper must get its story. Sometimes scoops bring fortune and reputation."

"I have a reputation—to lose," grinned Travers. "So long, Boss."

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A roadster screeched to the pier where the steamer Alvado was belching its imminent departure.

Travers leaped from the car dragging a loudly-dressed, camera-laden individual.

Burton admonished the chauffeur: "Got it all? Tell Miss Howe to look for my articles in the Record. Roadster's yours. S'long."

"Young fool," choked the chauffeur.

As the ship glided by the Statue of Liberty, Travers murmured, "'Bye, old dear."

"'Bye is right," burst forth Condon whose fondness for merry waters produced pictures which made him a free lance photographer.

"Gang said I was cuckoo to go. Said you was acting like a fool."

Condon's last words recalled a girl with shining, trustful eyes. The buildings on the receding shore zigzagged crazily. Travers blinked. "It's great to be a fool," laughed Travers.

"You oughta know," muttered Condon.

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The fruit steamer rested on quiet waters surrounded by native barks.

Travers glimpsed crude habitations through the dense vegetation.

An American flag flew from the partially hidden consulate.

"Tanamo," repeated the captain. "One hundred miles inland. Hellhole. Jungle swamps. Rats—either faction. To save a bullet, they'll rip you open with a rusty bayonet, then chuck you into quicklime. Don't be a fool."

"I failed that flag once—because I acted like a fool. And I failed a girl and myself. I've got to prove I'm not all fool."

The captain said: "Good luck, son."

One sweltering night a week later, both men were awakened by the crack of bullets, an agonized gasp, a thud, then silence.

"Gawd! What a rotten hole!"

Condon chattered through Burton's warning fingers.

Travers' torchlight revealed a dead man.

Further examination brought forth grim and gruesome recordings.

There were rolls of undeveloped films. And a page of startling revelations involving great nations.

"Scoop!" Condon cried deliriously.

"Will I thumb my nose—and how!"

"Tompkins of the Mail," mused Travers. "Had a heluva time. Well, fellow, your paper gets your stuff."

"You big fool," shrieked Condon, springing at Travers' throat.

Burton struck the maddened man. Condon fell, an inert heap.

Travers splashed the contents of his canteen on the photographer's wizened features, then made off.

On the eighth day he stumbled into the Associated Press office gasping, "Tompkins account—Morning Mail. He's dead. I'm Travers—Record . . . " without a moan he sank to the floor, the bulging wallet beside him.

The following afternoon an unkempt young man burst into the telegraph office, sobbing: "A scoop—and the dam' fool lets it go."

The Morning Mail's representative, homeward-bound on the transport bearing Condon and Travers, said of the latter: "Quixotic young fool."

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When Travers awoke to consciousness, he looked straight into Peggy's tear-dimmed eyes.

He remembered everything clearly.

He had failed.

"I'm still nothing but a no-good fool," he confessed miserably.

"A blessed fool," breathed Peggy. "And are you a hero? The editor says you're a hard-boiled news hound with a scoop to your credit—even if you did turn in the world's scoop to a rival paper. You grand, grand fool."

She kissed him gently.

Burton drifted off into a dreamless, untroubled sleep.

How Soldier Read Bible From His Playing Cards

The story of a soldier reading the Bible from a pack of playing cards follows:

A soldier is said to have gone to church without his Bible. He was observed toying with a deck of cards, and when arrested described each card to the magistrate by allusion to Biblical characters, explaining the cards served as a Bible as follows:

Ace, there is only one God; deuce, Father and Son; trey, Trinity; four, the Evangelists; five, the Wise Virgins; six, heaven and earth made in six days; seven, He rested on the seventh day; eight, the eight righteous persons saved during the flood; nine, the nine lepers cleansed by the Saviour; ten, the Commandments; king, God of Heaven; queen, Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon. "And what is the knave?" asked the magistrate. And the prisoner answered, "The greatest knave I know is the policeman who brought me here."

"He may not be the biggest knave," commented the magistrate, "but he is the biggest fool." "There are 52 cards," continued the soldier, "the number of weeks in the year; there are 12 picture cards, the number of months; four suits for the seasons; 13 cards to the suit, the number of weeks in the quarter: so you see the cards are alike a Bible and an almanac."

Named Town by Tossing Coin

Berea, southwest of Cleveland, Ohio, was named by the tossing of a coin. It was September of 1836. The settlement was there, but the residents hadn't agreed upon a name. At a town meeting the names suggested were eliminated until Tabor and Berea were left. One of the leaders wrote Tabor on one side of a coin and Berea on the other, the residents agreeing that the village would be given the name that turned up. It was Berea.

"Gym" for Apartment Dogs

Apartment-house dogs that don't have all the healthy outdoor exercise they would like should try out the latest for dog gymnasiums. It is a ramp with a moving floor on which the city-dwelling pup can run, walk, sit down or lie down as he pleases, and the dog that wants to run can get plenty of it in a few minutes. The treadmill is mounted in rubber, with brass roller bearings.—Popular Mechanics.

Biological Survey Conducts Careful Check on Migrations of Wildfowl

They call them "flyways detectives" — the four traveling investigators of the Federal Bureau of Biological Survey whose duty it is to follow the migrations of wildfowl to their northern breeding grounds in spring and summer, and in the fall and winter keep them company in the Louisiana and Mexican marshes. Each man works all over a given territory to check the number of nests, young and mature birds over breeding grounds, and in the South to tally as accurately as possible increases and decreases in the various species.

As soon as the birds begin their flights, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News, these men pack up and start North, following the three main flyways as well as they can. En route they gather as much information as possible on local wildfowl conditions, especially over areas where they periodically stop and r[illegible] On reaching the northern breeding grounds, whether it be in the Dakotas, Alberta, Saskatchewan, the Yukon or Hudson's bay district, they desert the main-traveled highways and on foot, by canoe or other primitive means of travel, invade the vast marsh and lake shore breeding grounds to begin their tallies and comparisons. They count nests, eggs, young and old birds over a part of the area worked and apply this proportionately to the remainder.

If drouth or poor breeding conditions are reported from any particular district they immediately search them out and study their effects on the breeding stock.

Their records and tallies are sent to Washington and it is largely upon this information our federal bird administrators depend for framing game laws and protective measures.

In winter these men are concerned with checking the birds

Dark Silk Sheers of Dress-Up Type

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

FASHION is in a decidedly dress-up mood for summer. The call is insistent for clothes daintily feminine, which accounts for the revival of softly styled afternoon dresses that show care in detail, and with which are worn as pretty beflowered hats and alluring accessories as one's budget will allow.

The dress-to-important-occasion spirit is especially reflected in the charming afternoon frocks which designers are turning out, fashioned of either black or navy silk sheer. Invest in an attractively styled sheer such as here pictured and you will be congratulating yourself the summer through upon your keen fashion foresight. No matter how "ritzy" the set in which you move, dressed in a gown of silk marquisette or chiffon as the case may be, in either black or navy and you will find that you are accounted as among the best dressed.

What's more, you will be poiseful and serene regardless the heat of a summer day in a cool silken sheer and to add to your comfort you will know that being dark your gown will carry its well-groomed appearance at all times. The importance of the vogue of the dressy dark sheer costume cannot be overemphasized.

Looking toward summer, a "lady of fashion" can make no wiser choice than the stunning afternoon dress pictured to the left in the illustration. It is fashioned of starched silk marquisette with very deep hem of weighted silk taffeta. The rococo bows scattered here and there of matching taffeta interpret the mood of the moment for alluring detail. The jeweled heart adds yet another touch of glamor. It is part of fashion's scheme of things this season to top these lovely sheer gowns with bewitching hats colorful as they can be, to offset the dark tone of the sheer dress. The little straw pillbox with its gay little veil and flower accent which milady wears does just that.

For hot summer afternoons nothing looks cooler and feels cooler than a black chiffon dress with insertions of fine black lace to give it an air of lady-like charm. You will love the dress shown to the right. Its carefully detailed workmanship imparts an air of distinction that is of unmistakable appeal to women of discriminating taste. The lace yoke with its square neckline and cunning lace-embellished sleeves is highly flattering while the slenderizing vertical lines of the lace insert endows this model with special grace. And now comes the piece de resistance—a Watteau hat that is all roses and lilacs and delicate green leaves.

Women who regard the dark afternoon sheer as indispensable in the summer wardrobe have had the task of selection made easy in that through versatile styling there are types for every individuality included in this season's showings.

If you would have an ensemble that is interchangeable, so that it may be tuned to any occasion, add these items—a pleated cape-wrap to match the skirt, a bolero of the same sheer to wear over a bodice top made decollete for formal affairs, and have your dressmaker design a fanciful waist, pintucked and frilly with lace for afternoon. Of course to carry out these manifold combinations it is assumed that the pleated skirt be so fashioned as to be easily detachable.

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WHITE TUSSOR SUIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here is a man's point of view on what a styled-up-to-the-moment woman should wear this summer. The renowned Creed, who is noted for turning out tailleurs de luxe, designed this classic suit of handsome white tussor with red scarf worn with a jaunty sailor from Rose Valois. The advance style program heralds the white suit with high color as a fashion of outstanding importance for summer.

SATIN IS FAVORED FOR SUMMER COATS

The newest use of satin is for summer coats. One slinky navy blue model is worn over a deep pink satin-back crepe formal. Other color combinations include purple, green and yellow; red, blue and orange stripes; lavender, white and black; in fact, hues that would dim the glory of Joseph's coat.

Skirts are shorter than ever in Vera Borea's collection. All of her gowns are molded at the waist and hips in the new corselet line, accentuating the fullness of the skirts. Leading materials shown are shantungs, linens, sackcloths, "fantasy" crepes and wool laces.

The principal trimmings are good-luck insects—grasshoppers, locusts, flies and bees—which appear in droves on the models.

Avoid Daytime Frills on Budget That Is Limited

To achieve planned wardrobe economy women with high style ambitions and low purchasing powers were advised by a New York style expert to forsake daytime frills and to confine their taste for caprice to evening clothes. For daytime wear she recommended a basic color scheme for each season, simple two-piece suits that can be worn either with or without the jacket, casual millinery, and conservative shoes with medium built-up heels. Above all she stressed the need for meticulous grooming, including attention to twisted stocking seams and run-down heels.

Teen Age Hats

Those little sailor hats with the ribbons under the chin have a smattering of followers, especially among the younger girls.

Late Tips From the Studios of Designers

Black and white dominate as colors for evening.

See that your evening slippers contrast with the shade of your frock.

Silk stockings are being worn in yellowish and brown shades this season.

Ostrich tips adorn straw hats and supply one of the millinery oddities of the season.

Chiffon dresses always are in demand in the summer.

More and more sports suits of suede are noticed in Hollywood's inner circle.

Sheer frocks of street length are heralded as important for summer evening wear.

For lounging, the housecoat, with its flowing lines and zipper front remains popular.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for June 19

THE SUFFERING SERVANT

LESSON TEXT—Mark 15:22-39.

GOLDEN TEXT—For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Mark 10:45.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Wonderful Love.

JUNIOR TOPIC—On Calvary.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Self-Sacrifice for Others.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Love's Supreme Sacrifice.

"A Christianity without a dying Christ is a dying Christianity. History shows us that the expansiveness and elevating power of the Gospel depend upon the prominence given to the sacrifice of the Cross. An old fable says that the only thing that melts adamant is the blood of a lamb. The Gospel reveals the precious blood of Jesus Christ, his death for us as a ransom, as the one power that subdues hostility and binds hearts to Him" (Alexander Maclaren).

We consider today that darkest of all days in the history of the world—when wicked men with cruel hearts and hands crucified the loving Son of God. But, thanks be to God, it was also the day when bright hope shone forth for sinful humanity, for in His death Christ bore our sins upon the tree, the veil was rent, the old sacrifices were set aside, and the "new and living way" was opened into the "holiest by the blood of Jesus" (Heb. 10:20).

The cross is not just an ornament to decorate the steeple of a church, or to adorn man. It speaks of the black horror of the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" but it also tells of our God who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" as its Redeemer.

I. Crucified—That We Might Live (vv. 22-28).

The details of and circumstances surrounding the crucifixion are of deep interest to every Christian. We stand with Luther and weep as we see Christ's unspeakable agony, not only of body but of spirit, and we cry as did Luther, "For me, for me!" How any believer can contemplate the cross and withhold anything of self, substance, or service from Christ is difficult to understand.

Equally earnest and heart-searching is the message of the cross to the unbeliever. He knows he is a sinner (Rom. 3:23), he knows that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6:23), and he knows that "neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). Here at the cross he meets that one "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed (I Pet. 2: 24). There were two malefactors who were crucified with Him, and one railed at Him. The other said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom"; and Jesus said to him, "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise" (Luke 23:39-43). Unbeliever, who reads these lines, will you not just now take the eternal life which Jesus died to make possible for you?

II. Forsaken—That We Might Be Accepted (vv. 29-36).

The railing, head wagging, and other abuse that men heaped upon Jesus as He hung on the cross, must have been a grevious thing for His tender loving heart to bear. But it was as nothing compared with that hour when, covered with all the sin and curse of the world, He who knew no sin "was made sin for us" (II Cor. 5:21), and God turned away from Him.

We cannot fathom the full meaning of that hour, we dare not attempt to explain it, we can only accept it and thank God that because He did become sin for us we may be "made the righteousness of God in him" (II Cor. 5:21). He died that we might live. He was forsaken that we might be "accepted in" Him—"the beloved" (Eph. 1: 6).

III. A Veil Rent—That We Might Enter (vv. 37-39).

The death of Jesus was not the pitiful weakening of a human martyr. Here was the Son of God, crying with a loud voice (v. 37), giving up His spirit to the Father (Luke 27:46), declaring that the work of redemption was "finished" (John 19:30).

As a visible indication of that part—and as a declaration that the old dispensation of law had given place to the dispensation of grace, God tore the temple veil in twain. Only He could have done it. No man could have torn this sixty-foot long, twenty-foot wide, and inch-thick curtain from top to bottom. It had hung in the temple to keep all but the High Priest out of the Holy of Holies, and he entered with fear and trembling but once a year as the representative of the people. Now all this is changed. We have now, "brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil." Therefore, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith" (Heb. 10:19-22).

The Greatness of Man

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.—Henry Giles.

Measureless Love

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5:8.

Sincerity

For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour.—Isa. 63:8.

Carefree Cotton Fashions

THESE two designs are particularly good inspirations for summer daytimes—they're cool, simple, becoming and easy to make. More than that, they are styles that adapt themselves to all seasons and many different materials, so that you can use them over and over again. The house dress can be made in a few hours, with a diagram, and the jumper frock includes a detailed sew chart, so it's no trouble at all.

House Dress in Large Sizes.

With darts at the waistline and inside tucks on the shoulders, this dress has an unusually good line—trim and slenderizing. Pleats in the short sleeves make them loose and easy to work in. It buttons down the front, and therefore goes on in a jiffy. Gingham, seersucker, percale and broadcloth are the best materials for this. Trim it with bright ricrac braid.

Girl's Jumper Blouse Frock.

With a jumper frock in dark cotton and several crisp white blouses, it's easy to keep your young daughter looking fresh and smart—and cuts down on the laundry, too. This style, with its flare skirt and puff sleeves, is the most becoming fashion in the world for girls between six and eighteen. For the jumper, choose shantung, pique, gingham or linen. For the blouse, frilly, sheer things like dimity, organdy, mull or dotted Swiss.

The Patterns.

1533 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 35-inch material. 1⅝ yards ricrac braid to trim.

1520 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse; 2 yards of 35-inch material for the jumper.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

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

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Uncle Phil Says:

When the Good Work Begins

There's a good chance for your getting ahead when you get dissatisfied with yourself instead of the job.

Once a father sends his boys to college, every generation of that family has to do it.

If you know how to spend your money you can seem like a magnate on $3,000 a year.

Two of a Kind

We have discovered that the man who talks in a whisper doesn't know any more than the fellow who bellows.

It is a tragedy when a man gets late in life what he thinks he wants and finds he doesn't want it.

In the ambition to do away with large families, too many have succeeded in doing away with any at all.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a *million* women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Dispels Doubt

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

DETOUR DOGS "BLACK LEAF 40" Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc. Use 1½ Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray. Get from your Dealer

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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.

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