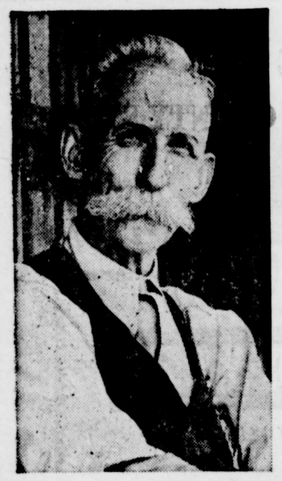


"I reckon most storekeepers would make fun of my place," says Charles R. Corbett, the merchant prince of Ivanhoe, "but my system suits me and my customers." Corbett prefers to sit on his front porch and talk.

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

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.

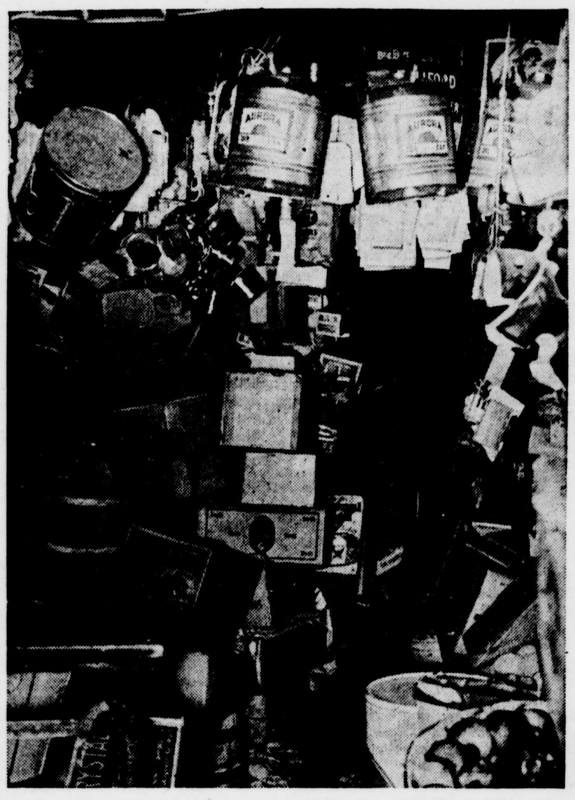
"Gosh," he said, "how'll we ever get it back?"

"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 rest, while I'm waiting for something to cook that I can't really leave."

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 hit 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 the stars in her crown.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

From Parisian Smart Shops

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

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 had but just one idea in his head, 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.

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 busted,
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.

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.

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, carrying 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 directorates in 10 large organizations.

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 tradition 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 a street scene already bright with houses painted yellow, pink, green, and blue.

Hardly a house lacks a balcony, and this, like all the windowsills, is 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 the door, in large letters, is exhibited the name and occupation of the owner, who might well appear to be the proprietor of the entire valley as he complacently walks through 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 breathes the same spirit. The center is not the kitchen whence the healthful, frugal meals come, but the living room with a carved wooden crucifix solemnly hanging in one corner. There is the cradle of family life. There the men and women and children assemble when they come home 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.

Farmhouse and stable are usually in one building. This saves the peasant many a step in bad weather and keeps him always near his beloved cows, which in turn help supply warmth in the long, cold winter.

The arrival of the White King is hailed by everybody, for the thick 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 30 feet. Many visitors come to try their luck on 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, drives 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 at night.

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), dons 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 strains 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 recently built and modernized 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 talent—appear, led 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 set and lavishly mounted pictures, 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, "paintings."

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.

Now 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 staggers up 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.

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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 for the Home Decorator, covers curtains, slipcovers, dressing tables; 48 pages of fascinating directions. Book 2 illustrates 50 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 stitches illustrated, 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), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

WORMS quickly removed from children or adults by using the famous remedy, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" Vermifuge. No castor oil or anything else is needed after taking "Dead Shot." 50c a bottle 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 work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

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 have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

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