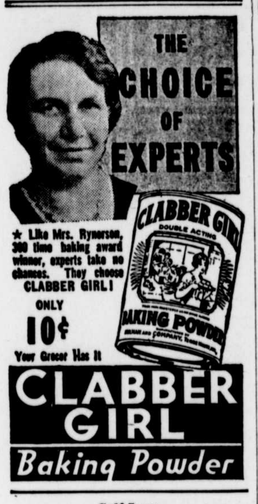
World a Mirror

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it in return will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—Thackeray.



Self-Love

Self-love leads men of narrow minds to measure all mankind by their own capacity.—Jane Porter.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Rather Late

You don't see the cloud's silver lining till after it has passed.

TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal. Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

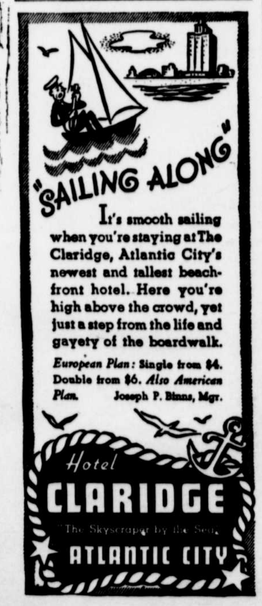
Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again. Available at any drug store. © S.S.S. Co.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OLD AGE HOME

COUNTRY HOME—Maple Farm Home, Akron, Pa. has vacancies. Established 19 years. Entrance fee and principle required. Write H. R. FRANZEN, Akron, Pa.



Background

By SALLY LLOYD

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AS BILL started across the polished floor towards his hostess he could feel himself growing. Especially his feet. Outside the Blaine mansion his feet had been normal size feet encased in conventional, if rather shabby, patent leather pumps. But now that they were headed towards Mrs. Philander Blaine they assumed the dimensions of packing cases. His hands, too, increased in size. They felt like heavy red starfish flapping at his sides.

Within six feet of Mrs. Blaine he saw that she was staring at a spot half way between his knee and ankle. Perhaps his garter! He glanced down hastily. No, it was his trousers. They were too short, much too short to be just what a young man should wear to a formal dance. He had grown several inches since he bought his tuxedo two years ago.

Bill planked his packing boxes in front of Mrs. Blaine and bowed. She was a large, majestic woman who made him feel like some sort of insect whenever she looked at him. Just now he felt like a cross between a doodle-bug and a cut-worm. If Mrs. Blaine had dug a heel into him he would not have been surprised. She had that heel-digger look.

He lifted the heavy red starfish at his side, that in happier moments had been a hand, and his hostess shook it lifelessly. Bill backed away from her with a smile frozen on his face. Like the Cheshire cat in Alice in Wonderland he felt all grin from the neck up.

The blare of Littleton's Jazz Johns beat his ears as he pushed his packing cases towards the shelter of a doorway, where several other black-coated young men lounged. When he had almost reached the threshold he relaxed a trifle and his unruly packing boxes skidded on the highly waxed floor. For one horrible moment he poised like a grotesque scarecrow. Then he regained his equilibrium and rushed to the door.

"Some peppy drag," commented a sophisticated appearing young man at his elbow. "Were you at that wet Reinhert dance last night?"

No, Bill had not been at the wet Reinhert dance and he would not be here had his mother not nagged him into it. He might have known that she would have egged him into this when he told her that Luis Blaine had invited him to her first real grown-up dance, to quote Luis.

"The Philander Blaines," Mrs. Hindal had repeated in a hushed voice. Listening to her one could almost see the brown Blaine mansion sitting like a huge chocolate cake on its green lawns on the very top of Plaisted's Hill. Bill could almost hear the Rolls Right purring on the white gravel driveway and see Mrs. Blaine throwing her cigrettes in the air.

"You must go," his mother insisted, when she found that he had no intention of doing any such thing. "You ought to take advantage of every invitation like that. You're as good as the Blaines, even if your father does work in a store and they own ten factories. Remember, one of your ancestors fell off the Mayflower and into Plymouth harbor."

There was no stopping his mother when she got started on this subject. Throughout the next week she brought the subject up continually, urging him to go, assuring him that he was as good as the Blaines.

"Hang it, ma, I know I am!" burst out Bill. "I just don't want to go to Lu's old party. That high-hat crowd make me tired."

"You're afraid of them," snapped his mother. "You, whose ancestor fell off the Mayflower into Plymouth harbor—"

"I'm not afraid of anything that walks on two feet," shouted Bill. But down deep he knew he was lying. There was something about Mrs. Philander Blaine that made him want to run. She gave him the "heebee jeebees."

He looked at his right hand, expecting to see an icicle dripping from the fingers that she had touched.

Luis passed, hopping the Charleston with Andy Hascomb. She looked at Bill expectantly over Andy's shoulder. The fat Barrett girl clumped past and smiled kittenishly. He'd have to dance with that blight, Bill thought moodily. This living up to an ancestor who had fallen into Plymouth harbor wasn't all it was cracked up to be!

"Got to dance with Elsa Barrett," he muttered to the chap at his elbow, as he reluctantly left the sanctum of the doorway.

"That portable house," sympathized the other. "Tough luck!"

Once out on the smooth floor with the strains of the syncopating Jazz Johnnies in his ear, Bill's packing boxes became feet once more. He could dance marvellously. He had won the record non-stop fox-trot contest at Mechanics' hall, much to his mother's disgust.

After he had danced with Elsa Barrett, Bill went in search of Luis Blaine. Not that he really wanted to dance with her. There was enough of her mother about Luis to make him ill at ease. She had a cool way of looking at him from under her black brows that was particularly disconcerting.

"Hello, Atlas," she said as they swung off, "is the world awfully heavy tonight?"

Bill knew that line was not original, and wondered where she had picked it up. He racked his brain for something light and witty to retort, but nothing came. To make matters worse, his ears had begun to grow again, and his hands felt like starfish. Hang these Blaine women, anyway!

"How's your father?" he said after a pause that threatened to become desperate. "I haven't seen him here tonight."

"No, and you won't. He pleads ill when mother has a party—anything from housemaid's knee to the hoof and mouth disease. You'll find him in the library drinking ginger ale."

As he retraced his steps towards the hall, after someone had relieved him of Luis, Bill wondered about old man Blaine. Poor old dub! Doomed to spend his life with a dreadnaught like Mrs. Philander. With nothing definite in mind Bill turned towards the library door. He felt a sense of kinship to Philander Blaine as the door yielded silently.

Under the soft yellow glow of a silk-shaded lamp a small gray-haired man snuggled defensively in a deep leather armchair. Standing over him like the leaning Tower of Pisa was the stately Mrs. Philander.

"I'm ashamed of you," Bill heard her say sternly. "Crawling off by yourself like a ferret. Come out. You ought to dance with Mrs. Black and Mrs. Chadwick."

"They're taller than I am," answered Philander, stubbornly.

"That's just an excuse, and you know it. You're afraid of them. You know you are. You're as good as any of them. Didn't your grandfather trace his ancestry back to William the Conqueror? Haven't you ten glue factories?

"Look at me," she continued, "what have I for a background? A hennery on the Berwick blueberry flats! But do you see me cringe and crawl when I meet people? Have you ever known me to be embarrassed? And you with your blood . . ."

Bill backed out softly. So that's the way of it! A hennery! The cat's pajamas! One of his ancestors had fallen into Plymouth harbor. He had never thought much about the old duffer one way or another, but now!

Bill straightened his shoulders and walked across the shining floor to where Luis was standing, the center of a small group. As he neared them he caught the cold aristocratic eye of Mrs. Blaine fixed somewhere between his knee and ankle. Sure, his trousers were too short and they shone at the seams from much pressing, but what of it, Mrs. Blaine, what of it?

He looked her squarely in the eye as her glance travelled up to his face.

"You have ten glue factories," he said to himself, "but I have an ancestor who fell into Plymouth harbor. I'm as good as you are. You're as good as I am. That is absotively that."

The Jazz Johnnies swung into the Charleston again as Bill reached Luis.

"Come on," he said coolly, piloting her toward the middle of the floor.

"I adore your dancing," she murmured.

"Yours isn't so bad," said Bill airily.

Elaborate Coiffures

Until recent years, men in the Society islands went in for ornamental hair in a big way. Sometimes they shaved off one-half of their hair, and left the other half long. Sometimes they shaved a path down the middle and gathered the hair on both sides into knots. But the Fijians took first prize for elaborate coiffures. One case is on record where a head of hair measured five feet in circumference. This great growth was dyed in every color of the rainbow.

Camphor Found in Tree

Sometimes camphor is found distributed through the grain of the tree in small white sugar-like crystals, when the method of collection is to fell the tree, split the wood up into splinters and scrape off the crystals; at other times the camphor occurs occupying a single cell like a kidney, about the size of a man's forearm.

Historic Old New Jersey House Is Transformed Into a Public Museum

Marlpit Hall on Kings Highway, Middletown, N. J., which has been opened to the public as a house museum, is one of the oldest examples of domestic architecture in that section of the state, says the American Collector. The story and a half kitchen section dates from 1684. The two - story main part was added about 1710.

The first owner of record was Edward Taylor in 1692. The house descended in turn to his son, John, and then to the latter's son, George. On George's death there came a break in Taylor ownership, since he had no children to inherit the place, and it was sold to Barnabas Ryder, of Long Island. Later, a nephew, Edward Taylor 3d, bought the property and in the Taylor family it remained down to 1935 when it was acquired by Mrs. J. Amory Haskell, of Middletown.

By this time it showed not only signs of age, but of neglect. Fortunately it had escaped the alterations and so-called improvements of latter days so the work of restoration was comparatively easy.

The general outlines of the house with details of roof and gable windows, the two-part doors, are Dutch in feeling, while the detail of interior woodwork bespeaks English influence. The main entrance in addition to its paneled Dutch door has two fine original bull's-eye glasses set in the upper section. Inside is fine paneling in the hall and in the adjoining rooms. In redecorating the house the original colors of walls and woodwork were reproduced.

Each room on the first floor has a nicely paneled fireplace. The parlor has a particularly fine diagonal paneled fireplace as well as a corner cupboard with shell interior and the original red paint. The color decoration in this room, old blue-green paint with white walls, forms a dignified setting for the eighteenth century mahogany and walnut furniture.

It's the Talk of the Quilting Bee

Pattern 5591

It's most certainly the talk of the quilting bee—this quaint Pineapple pattern! And why wouldn't it be? With nearly all the patch pieces the same width, you can cut your fabric into strips and snip off pieces as needed. Easily made, you start from the center and sew round and round till the block is done.

In pattern 5591 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

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

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Inspiring Good Will

Those who aspire to leadership today must realize that conciliation often is wiser than coercion; that it is more important to inspire good will than instill fear, that workers are not cogs in the machinery, but human beings of like flesh and blood and aspirations as themselves. — B. C. Forbes.

DO THIS when you wake up with a Headache

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Bayer Tablets Dissolve Almost Instantly

In 2 seconds by stop watch, a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in this glass . . . happens in your stomach.

When you wake up with a headache, do this: Take two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water.

By the time you've finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered.

Try it this way. But ask for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN; not by the name "aspirin" alone.

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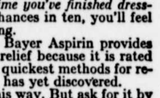

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

Hard to Bear

The cruelest kind of criticism is indifference.

When You Need a Laxative

Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE

WNU—4 43—36

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

Handknit Effect in Machine Knits

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

WHETHER you knit or whether knitting is not one of your accomplishments the fact remains that, to be "in style," you simply must have a goodly collection of smart knitted clothes in your autumn and winter wardrobe.

No wonder the love of knitted outfits grows upon us, for, put to the test there's nothing more practical for general wear, for travel, for sports, for week-end visits, no type of apparel that so retains a well-groomed, unwrinkled appearance under every circumstance as do the handsome high-styled knitted costumes that grow handsomer and smarter down to the last detail with every passing moment.

This season's knitted collections bear an especially encouraging message to non-knitters in that the machine knits now showing have taken on a patrician hand-knit look that might baffle even an expert at first glance. One of the outstanding numbers on the fall program is the tweed-knit suit that looks so convincingly hand-knit that unless you tell your friends they will never dream that it is machine done. Just to get an idea of one of these stunning tweedy knit suits we are calling your attention to the model to the left in the group illustrated. Here a multicolored tweed knit wool in handknit effect is trimly fashined in a three-piece costume. The jacket has two set-in pockets edged in green to match the monotone self-striped blouse, and the leather belt and buttons are also in green. Can you imagine anything more fitting for a colorful autumn day?

The two frocks shown also typify the trend toward hand-knit effects as achieved in loom-knit fashions. The lady of fashion seated is wearing a two-piece frock in the new blue-spruce color, simulating in stitch and styling a classic handknit. The tuck-in scarf is velveteen in deep wine color, which goes to show how striking and out-of-the-ordinary are the new color combinations that are being played up so dramatically this season.

To the right in the picture, a high-necked sweater blouse in deep brown has an accompanying brown and white tweedy-knit skirt done in a cross-ribbed stitch.

One among many of the fascinating things in regard to knitted fashions is that they have taken on clever dressmaker details that measure up perfectly to topnotch styling. For instance, there are knit costume suits that have the latest in tunic or swagger coats that are so goodlooking that out comes your checkbook with orders to deliver without delay. On some of the dresses and suits there are bindings and accents of velvet, of suede, of grosgrain ribbon with unique fastenings, that include zippered novelties, huge metal clips and buttons galore.

Pleated skirt effects in knits are very attractive. In some instances the skirt is widened with godets. And have you heard about the new black sweater craze? As a college fashion the black sweater worn with a bright plaid skirt is scoring a big success although every fashion alert woman is yielding to the urge of these sweaters.

The new knit fabrics are introducing such interesting themes as jacquard patternings that are knitted right into the fabric. These are perfectly stunning for the separate blouse or the swanky waistcoats that fashion is so conspicuously spotlighting this season.

© Western Newspaper Union.

KNITTED CULOTTE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Trim and sportsmanlike knitted culottes are what this blond young lady selected for her morning bicycle spin through the parks. Her stylish and at the same time most practical outfit is in the popular dubonnet color, its glorious autumn red tone adding greatly to its chic and charm. The shirtwaist blouse, so perfectly tailored, tucks neatly into the culotte skirt. More and more sportswomen are appreciating the worthwhileness of knitted apparel. It is so dependable, so satisfactory on every count, be it comfort, dependable wearableness or good style. It is easy to be understood why knitted apparel is so outstandingly in the foreground of fashion these days.

ACCESSORIES MAKE ONE CHIC OR DOWDY

It doesn't cost one bit more to select hosiery that matches one's shoes, or harmonizes with them, than it does to pick up shades haphazardly. When buying a hat, keep in mind the color of the coat and do the same with gloves, scarves and purses.

Dress accessories form the ensemble, and it is that which makes a woman chic or dowdy. Nowadays, one must keep in mind the complete picture. Make-up should also be considered. Rouge and lipstick that glorify one outfit will kill another. Half a dozen shades of lipstick are not too many for the girl with the average wardrobe, especially now that gay colors are fashionable.

Pressed Grape Tones Now in Use for Accessories

The "pressed grape" shades in gloves, shoes and purses are featured all along Fifth avenue—burgundy, raisin, claret, muscatel . . . One window is full of aubergine, the new eggplant shade, an ideal accent for black . . . aubergine, claret and muscatel shoes are being made . . . or you can choose malaga purple accessories, and wear them with black, fog blue, spruce green or brown . . .

The smartest outfit on the avenue was an oxford gray tailored suit with a tiny black stripe, worn with a dull crepe man-tailored blouse of black, an antique silver and mother of pearl brooch at the collar, smart because the suit was perfectly tailored.

Fur-Trimmed Hats Seen in Late Paris Collections

Fur is used lavishly in the new collections in Paris. Many hats are either trimmed or made entirely of fur, and a black velvet suit trimmed with a luxurious silver fox collar is matched by a peaked velvet hat trimmed with the head of a silver fox. Bright shoe-button eyes and pointed ears give the hat a very perky look.

Late News From World Centers of Fashion

Look for some sandals in the new fall version.

Skirts will be worn shorter than they have been in years.

Ensembles featuring full-length coats are considered significant.

Rhinestone brooches promise to rival clips for popularity this autumn.

Back fullness is regarded as one of the important phases of the new silhouettes

Dark challis print is first choice for early fall frocks.

Sheer, black wool frocks remain in the fore, being ideal for fall days that cannot yet be termed cool.

Faille for evening dresses as well as lacquered brocades are quoted in illustration of rich fabrics.

Tweed swagger suits, brightened and collared with fur, are being chosen by smart women for fall days.

Puttering Around the House—

Time-Wasting Work of Putting Away Things Others Have Used

WHEN a family is orderly, no one has to do much puttering about. When the members are not particular where they put their things, it becomes the undesirable duty of some person to spend much time in just this very thing, puttering. Hours are wasted daily in such trivialities as gathering up newspapers spread about, picking up and putting away gloves, hats, scissors, thimbles, pencils, etc. Whatever it may be that has been in use, and not put away by the user, or has been put in the wrong place, must be placed where it belongs or the house would reflect poor housekeeping.

Nondescript Tasks.

The time given to these nondescript jobs should be given by those who leave the work to others. Putting things away is part of the job connected with using the things, just as much as getting the things out, is part of it. The work is regular and legitimate and only becomes an annoyance when left for the wrong person to do.

No person wants her time frittered away doing the left-over jobs of others. Nobody enjoys having a person puttering around, either. It is distracting to attention, and disturbing to the nerves. From both the angle of the person who putters about and those who have to endure the annoyance of such activity, there should be some remedy found.

Remedies Suggested.

Mothers can teach their children to put their playthings away when through with them. This is the first step to take. Then she can instruct the little folk to put their outside things away when they come in from outdoors. Children can get into the habit of orderliness by being made to realize that what they don't do, has to be done by mother who is very busy and often too tired to do the extra tasks. Affection will gain the day.

Breaking the Habit.

Adults should consider how to break themselves of the reprehensible habit of leaving work they should do, to be completed by others. If they really determine to stop this bothersome fault, they will decrease the necessity of puttering about by the person who heartily dislikes the work, but who, for the sake of order prefers to do it rather than have disorder around.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Ma foi! (F.) On my faith! Bless me!

Bis dat qui cito dat. (L.) He gives twice who gives quickly.

Con amore. (It.) With love; heartily; zealously.

Dernier ressort. (F.) The last resort.

Ein mann, ein wort. (G.) An honest man's word is his bond.

Festina lente. (L.) Make haste slowly.

Ici on parle francais. (F.) French is spoken here.

Jubilate Deo. (L.) Rejoice in God.

Le beau monde. (F.) The fashionable world.

N'importe. (F.) It does not matter; no significance.

Omnia vincit amor. (L.) Love conquers all things.

Ad finem. (L.) To the end.

Household Questions

To polish a table that has become spoiled by hot dishes, apply a few drops of essence of peppermint with a clean cloth and rub briskly.

• • •

Never allow cold water to run into an aluminum pan while it is hot. If done repeatedly the rapid contraction of metal will cause pan to warp.

• • •

A teaspoonful vinegar beaten into boiled frosting when flavoring is added will keep it from being brittle or breaking when cut.

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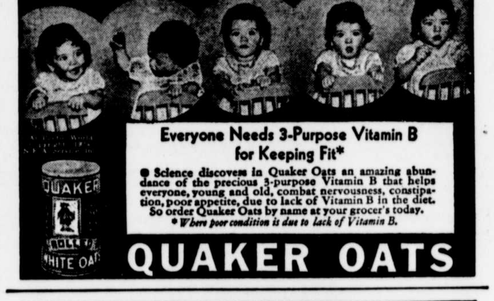

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