Frisky Scotties for Your Tea Towel Set

Pattern 1228

No need for Scottie to teach her puppy new tricks—he's up to them already! And what a joyous set of motifs with which to cheer the towels that serve for heaviest kitchen duty. There are seven of them, and see what simple cross stitch 'tis, with crosses an easy 8 to the inch! Done all in one color, they'll make smart silhouettes 'gainst the whiteness of your tea towels. Send for the pattern! Pattern 1228 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs (one for each day of the week) averaging about 5 by 8 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

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

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

One Tongue for All

Though more than 500,000,000 people today acknowledge English as their natural language, there are still no fewer than 1,500 different languages written and spoken in the world. With wireless, the movies, and airplane welding civilization together, it is vital for world peace and goodwill that all nations should have a common international language of communication.

This, in brief, is the contention of the Orthological Institute, pioneers of Basic English. Only 850 words are used, but these do the work of 20,000. The list can be mastered by a foreign student in 30 hours, while in 50 hours' study he may grasp the meaning of a book.

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You can now get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN for virtually 1¢ a tablet at any drug store in the U. S.

Two full dozen now, in a flat pocket tin, for 25¢! Try this new package. Enjoy the quick action and known quality of the real Bayer article now without thought of price.

Do this especially if you want the means of quick relief from a bad headache, neuritis or neuralgia pains. Remember, BAYER ASPIRIN works fast. (Note illustration above.)

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15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN 25c
Virtually 1c a tablet

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

Bribery Is Marked

No sin has a deeper dye of wickedness than bribery, and none is more clearly marked for awful punishment.—Magoon.

AT LAST A COUGH RELIEF—THAT ALSO SPEEDS RECOVERY

Remember the name! It's FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR! Double-acting. One set of ingredients quickly soothes, relieves tickling, hacking coughing . . . coats irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set reaches the bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up a cough due to a cold *and speeds recovery.* For quick relief and *speeded-up recovery,* ask your druggist for double-acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. Ideal for children, too. Get a bottle today.

WNU—4 44—36

EATING HEAVY FOODS

brings on highly acid stomach condition—"morning after" distress. Milnesia, original milk of magnesia in wafer form, quickly relieves distress. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Crunchy, delicious flavor. 20c, 35c & 60c at druggists.

A Matter of Preference

By DOROTHY N. RILEY

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JOHN OLCOTT'S parents had his wife all selected for him when Johnny was eighteen. Her name was Franceska, and she was a blonde.

Johnny was a gentleman but he didn't prefer her.

Franceska had money—a gold symphony of it—which explains everything. Johnny's parents had a name that meant something; the kind you put a "the" before, and can say best if you affect lorgnettes.

Franceska's people, whose name was Blake, wanted to mix the soft, resonant sound of the name of Olcott with the pleasant golden jingle of the Blake mint.

Johnny, at nineteen, was just a regular kid, a little above the average as to looks, very normal as to intelligence, and a firm believer in that Hollywood-originated slogan, "Be yourself or stay at home!"

Franceska, more or less away to school, had been in the background considerably until her eighteenth birthday. Then, she and Johnny became as inseparable as the Fourth of July and fireworks, simply because it was expected of them. If they found the affair a trifle flat as to romantic interest, they said nothing. They were Twentieth century sports.

Johnny thought she was terrible, but his parents were good scouts and had always stood by him, and he knew that they had educated him and taught him to be charming for Franceska Blake only. He felt he'd better play the game a little while for their sakes, and let them down easy. Then, too, of course, he didn't want to hurt Franceska's feelings. She was, he felt sure, greatly enamoured of him. Johnny figured this out reluctantly, banking wholly on the expression in her eyes. (Not for nothing had Franceska doled out 50 cent pieces to the cinema industry.)

Franceska thought Johnny too childish for her technique. She wanted a he-man from the famous "great open spaces," wherever they were. Not in Boston, anyway, she decided. She had a good car and had tried to park it. She was getting old, Franceska reflected bitterly, and Johnny was the best material on hand. Then, too, she didn't want to hurt him too much. There was no ignoring the fact that he had been simply bowled over with her blonde loveliness from the start. He deserved, decided Franceska, some credit for that.

In a short while the inevitable happened. Johnny saw a brunette he wanted to meet. Franceska's pale, honeycolored sweetness was getting on his nerves. She was so nice! (Say it with your teeth together.) He decided his parents had an awful nerve to ask him to marry for money anyway and he told them so.

The war was on.

About the same time Franceska met a fellow whom she felt she could love, with a little honest persuasion. She was tired of Johnny. He was too perfect. She told her ma and pa and the war was on in that camp, too.

All this time Johnny and Franceska were going together—trying to be a couple of prize dumbbells, and both feeling like glorified martyrs because they were refraining from hurting each other's feelings.

Goodness knows how it would have ended if the two of them hadn't gone for a drive one lovely day. It happened that Franceska had been up half the night before with that species of toothache best described as gallopin', and Johnny had had a row with his family, only to come out with defeat and a splitting headache. You can see for yourself that they were stripped of pretense, company manners, and good nature. It didn't take long for the fireworks to start. They commenced with Johnny casually calling Franceska "Cesky," and for no good reason.

"Don't you dare call me that!" Franceska turned fierce eyes upon him.

Johnny was surprised at the placid Franceska bursting into flame like that, but he quickly lost his surprise in his grouch.

"What's the matter with it?"

"I hate it, that's all! It's worse than Lizz or Maggie."

"My mother's name is Maggie."

"Oh," said Franceska.

"What do you mean by making fun of my mother's name?" demanded Johnny, all keyed up for an argument.

"I didn't. I just said—"

"Blah! You knew her name was Maggie, all the time. I can't stand girls like you!"

"Why try it any longer?" Franceska asked, in a voice that had an icicle licked to a frazzle, as far as being cold goes.

"Try? Me? Ha-ha! You're the one who's been making all the heavy effort!"

"Me? You don't suppose I'd pick out anything like you, do you? Not while I have my mental health! I suppose you've been sitting around like an Egyptian mummy all these weeks!"

"Speaking of King Tut—you're not my idea of a queen, that's all."

"Oh!"

"Don't squander your words so."

Silence.

Lots more of it, heavy and impenetrable.

"You make me sick!" This from Johnny, and incidentally the end of the silence.

"You make me positively ill!"

They drove on—and on. Johnny was looking at Franceska out of the corner of his eye, and was thinking, "Gee, she has a comeback! Who would have guessed it? Look at that color! Boy—what fun I missed not getting her peeved before this! A little pep to her, at that. Why the dickens didn't she come to life before? Zowie, what a jam!"

He began to feel better and to be surprisingly glad that Franceska was beside him — so little, and flushed and, yes, blonde and cute!

Franceska had her thoughts, too. She felt lost. "The nerve of him!" She tried to concentrate on that and couldn't. He had a line, after all, and she had thougnt him dumb. Good looking kid—sort of sweet. Why hadn't she been bright enough to see through him? Of course he didn't like her. But why hadn't he snapped out of his stupor before, and shown a little spirit? What was the matter with her, anyway? A minute ago she hated him and now she was actually happy sitting beside him listening to his insults.

Despite the fact that she clenched her fists and dug her toes into her shoes, Franceska couldn't keep back a fat tear that trickled down her nose and dropped off into her lap. It didn't splash, but Johnny must have heard it, as he was looking away. He stopped the car.

"Franceska," he said in a new tone, "Say, don't cry—please."

"Who cares?"

"I do—honestly, Franny, all of a sudden. I do."

Johnny spoke emphatically, almost with gusto. Franceska was surprised. So was Johnny. However, ter than to flash an April smile at that stage of the game so she blubbered, "B-but you d-don't like blondes: Y-you l-like brunettes."

"What's your idea in bringing that up, anyway?" said Johnny. "Light or dark I'm sold on you!"

"O Johnny, I like you, too," said Franceska, now staging perfectly her April smile.

"Then," said Johnny, after he kissed her, I guess we're engaged."

Franceska giggled.

"Won't our mammas and papas be pleased."

"Look here," said Johnny, sharply, placing his hands on Franceska's shoulders and turning her to face him. "Our parents don't figure in this racket at all! A good little healthy jam showed me the way to go home, and I get all the credit—see? I prefer you. I run this outfit. See?"

"Yes, dear," cooed Franceska, and Johnny, pacified and feeling as big as a great moment, started the car.

Dueling Dummy Survives to Keep Alive Tradition

An iron man which failed to serve its purpose and has survived to keep alive a tradition may be seen at Camden, S. C., relates a writer in the Washington Star.

The iron man serves also to take some of the romantic glamor out of dueling.

Fiction writers are prone to picture dueling in an exalted light with mere risking their lives to satisfy some breach of honor and the code of dueling was the code of a gentleman.

The iron man, behind his changeless expression, knows otherwise.

It seems that a colonel and a major came to the parting of the ways and in parting, only a duel could leave honor satisfied. The colonel was about six feet tall, his antagonist about five foot six. The duel was to be fought with revolvers, in the use of which both were highly proficient.

However, the colonel decided to have a bit of practice and secured an iron casting of a man about the size of the major and he held daily target practice, attaining great accuracy in his marksmanship.

Came the morning of the duel and the colonel, attired in green silk took his place with green foliage behind him to confuse the major's aim. That gave the colonel an advantage, but the major was undisturbed. Both men fired and neither hit his foe.

"Are you satisfied?" inquired the colonel.

"I'm disgusted," replied the major angered at his poor marksmanship. The duel occurred in 1845.

Geisha Girls Still Are Charming but Competition Is Being Felt

Geisha girls still are charming and beautiful, but competition from other forms of entertainment is causing a steady although gradual decline in the number of geisha establishments, writes a Tokio United Press correspondent.

The popularity of so-called social saloons where pretty hostesses entertain the patrons, has cut into the demand for geisha singing and dancing, while the movies and girl revues have taken away another segment of the diversion - seeking public.

Geisha are paid from 3 to 15 yen an hour ($.90 to $1.50) to entertain in the tea-houses. The rate of pay depends upon the individual training, talents and accomplishments. It is a steep price for the ordinary citizen and he can have delightful feminine company in the resorts at a much more modest figure.

The geisha are among the more prosperous classes in Japan. The latest income tax figures place the annual income of a noted geisha, Katsutaro, at about $5,400.

The newest census of geisha establishments shows that the number of geisha in Japan has declined from 100,000 to 78,500 in the last ten years. The number in Tokio is 9,925, a fairly constant figure since this is the capital and there are many official or semi-official affairs at which geisha are in demand.

A new regulation that girls can not serve as hangyoku, or apprentice geishas, until they are fifteen, has also decreased the number of geisha. Formerly girls were started on this career before reaching their 'teens.

Many geisha live by themselves, in snug little houses, with their profesional "mamas" or managers and the girls have paid off the cost of servants. This is possible only when the girls have paid off the cost of their training. Others are grouped in geisha establishments, like professional troupes.

My Favorite Recipe

By Claudette Colbert

Boeuf Bourgignon

Half dozen slices of bacon are diced and fried in butter and to this is added a dozen little onions. When they are browned, there is added to them about two pounds of beef that has been cut in cubes.

The whole is seasoned and when the meat is brown, two tablespoonfuls of flour are shaken over the pan and mixed in with the rest. After this is cooked for a minute a small bottle of red wine is added a cup of bouillon. A bouquet garni is thrown in and the pan is well covered and allowed to cook slowly by the side of the fire for three hours.

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The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

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The Famous Men Test

In the following test there are ten problems. In each one a man's name is given, followed by the names of four professions, vocations or avocations. Cross out the particular occupation or pursuit in which the man is or was most famous.

1. Arthur Brisbane—capitalist, artist, editor, composer.
2. Vernon Gomez — explorer, baseball player, physician, pianist.
3. Benjamin N. Cardozo—religious teacher, artist, jurist, financier.
4. Sinclair Lewis — composer, socialist, author, lawyer.
5. Nellie Melba—society leader, circus performer, soprano, newspaper woman.
6. Franchot Tone — composer, actor, artist, lawyer.
7. Fritz Kreisler—brewer, football coach, violinist, pianist.
8. Walter Hampden—financier, poet, inventor, actor.
9. Macdonald Smith—diplomat, golfer, football coach, banker.
10. James Whitcomb Riley — statesman, railroad builder, poet, pianist.

Answers

1. Editor.
2. Baseball player.
3. Jurist.
4. Author.
5. Soprano.
6. Actor.
7. Violinist.
8. Actor.
9. Golfer.
10. Poet.

CHEST COLD HAD HIM IN AGONY

Found Amazing RELIEF from PAIN

No need to suffer agony of muscular aches and pains! Thousands report wonderful soothing relief with Hamlins Wizard Oil. Just rub it on—rub it in. Acts quick. Relieves that terrible soreness. Loosens up stiff, achy muscles. Has a pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL
For MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA LUMBAGO CHEST COLDS

Attraction of Civility

Civility is a charm that attracts the love of all men; and too much is better than to show too little.—Horne.

Miss REE LEEF says:

"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved"

Repercussion of Revenge

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

When HEADACHE Is Due To Constipation

Often one of the first-felt effects of constipation is a headache. Take a dose or two of purely vegetable Black-Draught!

That's the sensible way—relieve the constipation. Enjoy the refreshing relief which thousands of people have reported from the use of Black-Draught. Sold in 25 cent packages.

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE

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Highest Prices—Absolute Responsibility
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R. E. FUNSTEN COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Satin--Clad Brides Go Victorian

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THE importance of period fashions for evening this year means that they will be reflected in the gowns worn at many smart autumn and winter weddings. There is a quaintness about the early Victorian fashions that especially offers alluring possibilities to brides who would have a "picture" wedding scene.

Young brides with slender figures can wear becomingly these demure gowns of Victorian inspiration in silk taffeta or heavy slipper satin.

The lovely gown pictured creates romance and poetry for the modern wedding scene. This 1936 version of a Victorian wedding gown is interpreted in traditional ermine-white pure silk satin. The basque buttons quaintly down the back. The full sleeves give the broad shoulder effect that accents, by way of contrast, the slender girlish waistline. The bride carries a prayer book with gardenias.

Of course one's bridal party must carry out the idea so the flower girl has a period look in a Victorian cream silk taffeta princess dress that is gored to fit at the waistline with a widely spreading skirt which, by the way, stresses the new length for little girls party dresses this season. This wee maiden ties a lavender silk ribbon in her hair and carries a bouquet of purple asters and cream colored gladioli with a silk tulle frill.

The bridesmaid befittingly wears a cream silk satin Victorian gown. The full sleeve, slender line and back fullness are important style details that present-day designers are definitely introducing in their newest creations. A demure little brown silk net bonnet adds to the quaintness of the costume. The flowers she carries are purple and cream asters.

If one prefer that the attendants dress colorfully rather than keep strictly to cream satin, they may wear pert gowns in autumn hues of peau de soie or silk taffeta with puff sleeves and full skirts. As quaint and as "period" looking as if she had stepped from the fashion pages of a Godey appears a bridesmaid who is gowned in a frock of lavender silk taffeta with a tiny wine-colored silk velvet hat surmounted with three hyacinth blue ostrich tips. An armful of purple, rich red and cream asters adds to the color glory of the picture.

One thing is certain, whether she is a classic bride in traditional satin or in soft clinging fabrics, or a bride in quaint frock of Victorian or directoire inspiration, she will be dressed in silk of one type or another.

This year it is good style to have one's attendants wear the same style and the same fabric as one's own gown, only in different colors. If desired, the bridesmaids may all wear the same color, or that which is novel and new, different shades of a basic color, giving somewhat of an ombre effect to the group as a whole.

For the important evening ensemble, smart trousseaux will include a black velvet evening gown which will make the bride look like a re-incarnation of Sargent's famous "Madame X." Top it off with a matching hip - length silk velvet jacket and it can be worn on the honeymoon for dinner and formal wear.

© Western Newspaper Union.

SILVER LAME GOWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Never have gleaming metal weaves been more fashionable than they are at this very moment. The interesting note about these glamorous fabrics is the fact of their importance for dressy daytime wear as well as for formal evening. Of course their styling tunes them to afternoon as does that of the charming dress pictured. Fine allover pleating distinguishes this silver silk lame cocktail gown. This very beautiful silk silver lame comes in beguiling color tones, which makes it particularly adaptable for the making of the costume blouse or the tunic that completes color harmony for the ensembled costume.

SILHOUETTES BACK TO FORMER TRENDS

Just when we're getting used to high, broad shoulders, flares, perky short tunics and important long ones, along come Paris dispatches with the news that styles which immediately followed the war are beginning to make their influence felt. That means a neat, plain, slim silhouette.

It isn't only news from Paris that indicates the trend. A London designer sends over street frocks in the newest of woolens made on straight lines with only discreet, expertly tailored encrustations of the fabric as trimming, at belt, sleeves and occasionally on the skirt above a short, V-shaped slit in the center front to making walking easy. Even tunics are sometimes made on straight lines.

Rich Fabrics Mark Styles for Autumn and Winter Wear

Rich fabrics always signalize the advent of the fashions of autumn and winter. Rich lames and fur for evening things will be used, and hats will be correspondingly resplendent. Bright flowers and feathers on velvet comprise the theme of the new millinery. Flowers on black velvet are especially good for a hat that is good to perk up a late summer costume or point a new autumn dress.

There is a shallow, little black velvet pillbox with dangling, stemmed pink geraniums that is our favorite, but we would settle for a tall witch's crown hat of black velvet, topped by perky red and white cellophane flowers.

Shining Furs

Fur capes of shining black caracul, nutria and Persian, from waist to three-quarter length, with squared shoulders will be a favorite choice of well-dressed women. Fur stole collars trim the coats of many three-piece ensembles, gray wolf on green wool, brown lapin on plaid and leopard with rust.

What Women Want to Know About Fashions

Designers accent borders of fur and inset bands of contrasting fabric.

Molten gold and other gleaming metal shades are used extensively by Paris designers of formal evening gowns.

Sam Brown belts, known to every World war veteran, are being worn by women of France as the latest style for hiking.

Gay velvet scarf and belt enlivens the new suits of nubby tweed.

There is no denying it—muffs are very smart. The newest are large and flat.

Golden ermine fashions one of the season's most luxurious evening wraps.

Huge rhinestone pins lend brilliance to many an otherwise unadorned frock.

The Bored Are Boring—

People of Outstanding Personality Are Interested, and Never Blase

"YOUNG people of today," a mother writes, "seem to regard it as a sign of immaturity or weakness to be thrilled with anything. Their idea of sophistication is to appear bored with everything, the having-done-all-seen-all attitude that finds it very difficult to be impressed with anything. It is most annoying to find that anything you can offer them for a good time seems to be inadequate, that the thrills of your own youth cannot be repeated for them. It seems to me they miss a great deal."

I would point out to this mother, says a woman writer of international note, that naturally we cannot expect that the thrills of our youth will equally impress the young people of this day. So much that came to us gradually as colorful experiences are a part of their daily background. But there is something definitely true in what she says of a pose, of a deliberate care never to seem impressed, of a pretense at being bored.

It may interest such young people to know that that supersophisticate, G. K. Chesterton, said "there are no bores, only people who are bored." In other words there can be nothing interesting about a person who is bored!

That takes us right down to a bedrock fact that can be observed if we will note people of outstanding personality, people whom everybody finds interesting. Without exception they will be people who are vitally interested. They are never bored, never blase. They are able to give out what interests others, because through their interest in things and people about them they are constantly taking in. Their main charm is a certain aliveness, a vitality which has absolutely no relationship with being bored.

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Uncle Phil Says:

A Man in Trouble

No matter how uncouth a man may be, if his character is firm and he faces trouble like a man, your heart warms to him.

Give a newly met man a chance to show his good qualities before rejecting him as a friend.

Great fault of daydreaming about the great achievements one contemplates is that one is likely to go to sleep.

Oft a man doesn't wish to be asked, "What do you want for dinner?" He likes to be surprised—agreeably, of course.

Enjoying You

How restful to feel that you have only to sit and look pleasant to make your friend enjoy your presence.

Almost all ignorance is due to the ignorant not wanting knowledge. It is free.

Life is something much bigger than human consciousness.

Country people are surprised when a city man complains of crowds. They enjoy them.

Innocence, like an icicle, once melted is gone forever.

Society's Gain

Solitude is not to be considered solely from a selfish standpoint. Society may profit much through the frequent individual adoption of it.

Nice people are people who are polite and pleasant to you; and it is next to impossible to make you believe otherwise.

To get a big job done, begin working at it gradually and go on ceaselessly.

Cultured people are those who are informed on intellectual values; highbrows are those who are ostentatious of their information.

In youth, credulity is enormous, and skepticism is enormous; there is no middleground; and both are amusing.

Smiles

At 70 Per?

"Mah bredren," said a colored preacher, "when yo' hears Gabriel sound his horn, yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Mah goodness!" excitedly exclaimed one of the congregation, "am he acomin' in an automobile?"

SQUEEZED IN

Sue—And you had only a minute in which to bid him good-by?

May—Yes, I was hard pressed for time.

A Start

Her Mother — Now that you're married, you should help Ferdinand to save something.

Mrs. Newbride—I do. I've already helped him to save something on his income tax.

Named It

Little Joan was staying with an aunt who held strong views on how children should behave. She was obviously unhappy.

"You're home-sick," said her aunt.

"No, I'm not," replied Joan. "I'm here-sick."

Choice of Colors?

Outside a fashionable New York church.

"Where's Marietta?"

"She waited to speak to the rector. If he'll agree to have the walls done over and the chancel redecorated, she's going to be married here."

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