Luxury Spread That Is Yours With Thrift

Pattern 5738

Companion squares in filet crochet make the loveliest household accessories. A square at a time made in spare moments—time you'll never miss—and before you know it you'll be ready to join them for a cloth or scarf. As a bedspread, too, this design will be a winner. Use string—it's easy to work with, inexpensive, lovely when done, and wears like iron. If it's gifts you're thinking of, use a finer cotton and make a pillow top, vanity set or other small articles that take but a few squares. In pattern 5738 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

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.

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Drift of Scotland.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—So high an authority as the Associated Press gives out a dispatch stating that Scotland is drifting toward America at the rate of eight feet a year.

This would be an excuse for the unthought to say that the Scots always had a reputation for being close and now are becoming still closer.

Irvin S. Cobb

To me, though, the main question is whether Scotland is going to bring England along with her. Among themselves, at least, the Scots have always had the reputation of bringing England along through the centuries. And if you don't believe it ask any true Scot. He stands ready to offer supporting dates, names and statistics.

By the way, I've noticed one outstanding difference between the two greatest groups of the Celtic race. To an Irishman's face you can joke about Ireland and he remains calm. But poke fun at an individual Irishman and you are hunting for trouble — and probably will soon be hunting for a doctor. Inversely you may jibe a Scot and get away with it. But just say the least little thing in derision of his native land and you'd better start running.

• • •

Uncle Sam the Spendthrift.

WELL, we were good fellows while we had it, weren't we? We destroyed our forests. Result: Up water courses.

We indulged in an orgy of so-called "reclamation" schemes to drain unneeded swamplands, thereby destroying the breeding grounds and the natural resting places of emigrating wild fowl so that the once vast docks are gone, probably forever.

We wasted our heritage of wild game, formerly a great factor in food supply aside from being a source of healthful joy to gunners. We needlessly polluted our streams.

But we're a resourceful race; give us credit for that. Now, through speed madness and drunken driving, we're preying merrily on human life. It's getting so that the citizen who insists on dying a natural death, instead of waiting for some mad wag of a road-hog to mow him down, can be regarded only as a spoilsport.

• • •

Cruelty to Wild Life.

SOMETIMES women are almost as inconsistent as men—which is a frightful indictment to bring against any sex.

As a boy, I remember being severely lectured by a lady for robbing birds' nests— a lady whose nodding hat was crowned with at least four stuffed meadowlarks.

A few years ago, I saw women prominent in humane movements and good deeds, like that woman of the Scriptures who was called Dorcas—saw these women wearing the smuggled and forbidden aigrettes of the snowy heron, even though they must have known that each pitiable feathered wisp meant a cruel murder and a brood of fledglings left to starve. I still see these aigrettes being worn—against the law of the land and the greater law of common humanity.

And only lately, at a meeting to forward the prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, I saw women swathed to their earlobes in furs of mink and otter. Seemingly they had forgotten that the animals whose pelts they wore had died in steel traps by slow degrees of infinite torture. Or maybe they didn't care.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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HOW IT HAPPENED

By VIRGINIA E. STRONG

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JOE BLAINE sat in the program director's office of the small radio station in Massachusetts.

At the director's first mention of "Twilight Reveries," Joe's mind had automatically flown to those smart friends of his who would, he had groaned, rename the program "Twilight Slush." He writhed, mentally, as he imagined their cynical remarks. "Where's the flowing tie, Omar?" or "Won't your hair grow, Byron-me-boy?"

Worriedly glancing at his boss' profile, Joe's voice belied his attempt at casualness. "For the last time, my revered Chief, I refuse. Not that I don't appreciate the . . . the honor, of course," he hastily added. After all, from ordinary announcer to star in one leap isn't offered a fellow every day. Now, if it were anything but . . . but poetry!" The word glided from his mouth in a flood of contempt.

He rose from his chair preparing to leave the room. "No, no, a thousand times no," he sang, walking to the door.

"Joe!"

Blaine stopped with a suddenness that matched the program director's incisive command. He had heard that tone before.

"Boston has started using poetry," the radio station's czar announced. "So has New York. You know that as well as I do. What you don't know is this." His smooth, deliberate words became tinged with a threat. "'Twilight Reveries' is going on the air, a combination of organ and poetry. You're the only guy in the place whose voice is good enough to put it over."

That is how it happened that Joe Blaine became "Joseph" Blaine, reader on the "Twilight Reveries" hour, in spite of his friends' joshing. That is how it happened that his pleasing, vibrant voice carried homely, sentimental poems to places near and far. And that is why Joe received a good many fan letters from the despised element which goes in for "that stuff."

One of them read like this:

"My dear Mr. Blaine:

"My daughter has been a patient in City Hospital for several months. We despaired of her life because she gave up the battle. Some weeks ago she first heard your program and although she seemed to show no particular interest, the next day she asked to have it tuned in and has listened to you every day since.

"Your inspirational readings have brought my daughter renewed hope and ambition. Her condition has changed for the better and the doctors are now sure she will pull through. We feel you have been instrumental in saving her life. I just wanted you to know.

"Her mother,
"Roberta Jennings."

The Program Director couldn't afford to keep secret a situation so deserving of publicity. That is how it happened that the newspapers first printed stories about Mrs. Jennings' daughter, Carolyn, and of the hard-boiled announcer. And that led to Blaine's visiting Miss Jennings in order to give her a huge bouquet of roses sent by the radio station.

Joe's angry nervousness gave way to an unaccustomed quiet on entering the hospital, for his impression of white—the walls, the uniforms of doctors and nurses—seemed to calm the violence of his mood until his whole being was strangely toned down.

Joe attempted to smile when he was introduced to Mrs. Roberta Jennings and her daughter. Perhaps it was a failure, because Mrs. Jennings, although still grateful, modestly (and ineffectually) objected to any additional publicity. Or perhaps it was because Carolyn, so white herself, lay there in a white gown on a white bed; a frail little thing, awfully quiet as she watched and listened.

Or it might have been her quick, courageous smile as she said, "Oh, how beautiful! Thank you so much," when Joe handed her the roses and the flashlight picture was taken. In any event, the photograph appearing in the newspapers showed a young lady smilingly at ease, receiving flowers from an unsmiling, obviously embarrassed young man.

Fan mail increased after that, of course, for the story was carried in the Boston papers as well. And in order to forestall the offer he had heard was coming from a larger station, the program director again talked with Joe.

"'Twilight slush' has clicked pretty well, hasn't it?" he began, sarcastically.

"I . . . ah . . . it seems so." His humble tone gave the czar quite a shock. When Joe failed in modern repartee, it was the-man-bit-the-dog kind of news.

After a puzzled pause, he continued. "If you want to keep it up there'll be a substantial raise in your next pay."

Well, Joe not only continued to read poems but started to write them, too. The "hope springs eternal" style so that Miss Jennings would hear them and get well quicker.

He also drove to the hospital again—carrying roses he had himself bought.

No Flying Tackles in Mongolia

Glaring at each other like a pair of fighting cocks about to spring, two Mongolian wrestlers are pictured meeting in combat at the recent peoples' holiday of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic. Note the uniforms of the wrestlers.

Over Mt. Everest

Aviators have succeeded in flying over the top of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Rear Admiral P. F. M. Fellowes, D. S. O., rose to a height of 34,000 feet in a temperature ranging down to —76 degrees Fahrenheit in 1934. In his flight over the mountain he cleared the peak by a bare 100 feet. The Houston Mount Everest flight cleared the peak on April 3 and 19, 1933.

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