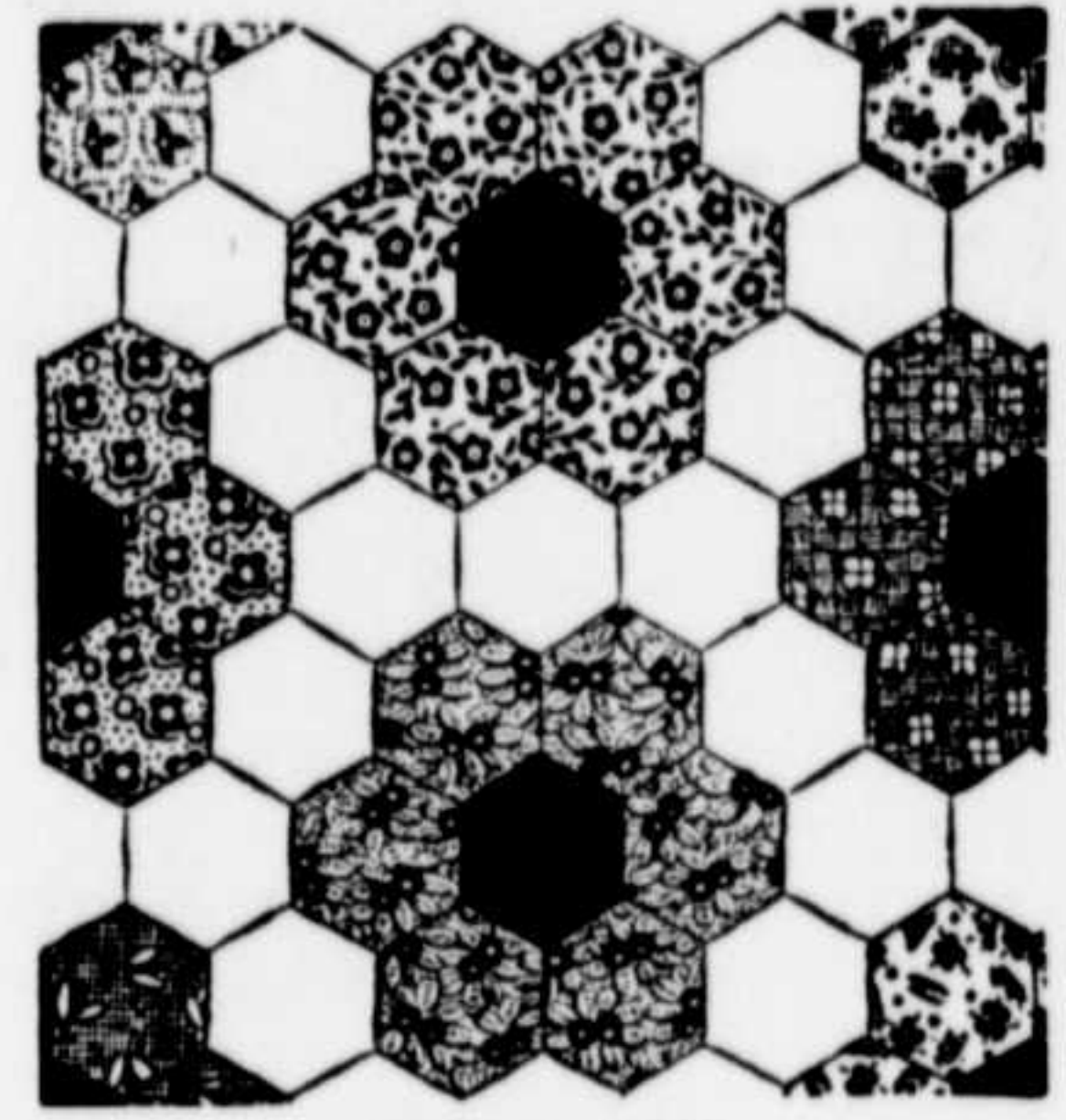


Single Patch Forms a Gay Flower Quilt

The quilt of old-time lives again—the popular "Grandmother's Flower Garden." Made of one patch throughout it's a fascinating and amazingly easy quilt to piece. There's endless chance for color variety for each flower.



Pattern 5802

is to be in different scraps. Here's a quilt a beginner can piece, and point to with pride. In pattern 5802 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration of the finished block in actual size, showing contrasting fabrics; accurately drawn pattern pieces; an illustration of the entire quilt; three color schemes; step-by-step directions for making the quilt; and exact yardage 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. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



Smiles

By Experience
The editor called the new reporter into his office. "I have a job for you," he said. "I suppose you're married?"

"No, sir, I am not," the reporter replied.

"Well, get married at once. I want an article on 'How to manage a wife' for tomorrow's paper," commanded the editor.

"Nowadays," says a surgeon, "how legs are few." And just as far between.

So Named
Diner—Call this strawberry shortcake?
Waiter—Yes.
Diner—You only gave me four strawberries.
Waiter—That's what we're short of.

Serious
"And did the doctor say what was the matter with you, Reggie?"
"Something that begins with 'rhew,' sir."
"Ah, yes—room for improvement, no doubt!"

Exaggeration
We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

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DAISY FLY KILLER
HOTEL WORK

WNU-4 26-37

Ma!
I got my name in the paper!

Only Newspapers bring the news of vital interest to you
Headlines may scream of death and disaster without causing you to raise an eyebrow. But if your son gets his name in the paper—that's real news!

It isn't by accident that this paper prints so many stories which vitally interest you and your neighbors. News of remote places is stated briefly and interpreted. Local news is covered fully, because all good editors know that the news which interests the readers most is news about themselves.

Now is a good time to learn more about this newspaper which is made especially for you. Just for fun ask yourself this question: How could we get along without newspapers?

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

MRS. MUELLER'S HOME

By H. ST. BERNARD
© D. J. Walsh.—WNU Service.

IT WAS after considerable discussion that old Mrs. Mueller consented to close her little cottage and take up her abode with her newly married son.

"It is all nonsense keeping two houses, mother," Carl had argued, "and besides you are getting along in years—worked hard always."

"But I want my home, Carl, and my kitchen and my food—after so many years," she had replied plaintively. "Thirty-nine in all."

Carl laughed indulgently. "Oh, come, mother, you won't starve at our house. Adelaide sees to it there is plenty to eat and our new cook is a fine one. Just look at me!" and he strutted before her.

"And you have the east front bedroom, Adelaide says, and the chauffeur will take you to drive every day. It is not right that a lady sixty-four should live by herself alone, especially when she has a son who can do for her."

"It's nice of you and Adelaide to want me—an old lady—Carl, but I would get lonesome for my house yet. Thirty-nine years since I have lived in it," and she looked up at the enlarged crayon-tinted portrait of Carl, Sr., on the wall over the hair-cloth sofa.

"Thirty-nine years since your father and me came to live in this house—"

"She folded her work-scarred hands over her ample waist-line and sighed heavily.

"And, besides, I hardly know Adelaide already. It isn't as if you had married a wife in Cincinnati that I had known always, but she is so pretty and stylish, Carl, and she may be ashamed of me—and such a beautiful house it is my boy has built—you have done so well and started from such a poor boy."

Mrs. Mueller was proud of her son.

"Carl waved his hand disdainfully. "Puff! Without you and your help and father's little factory what could I have done? And I owe so much to you, mother. I remember how you worked—you and father—when you came from Germany with no money—and with the winter coming on."

Mrs. Mueller's broad worried face relaxed into a smile and she rubbed her hands together as she looked across at her portly son in the red upholstered parlor chair.

"Ah-h-h, Carl, I know! For the winter I shall go to your house and live with you and Adelaide and then in the spring I shall come back to the little house here in time to plant my garden. A fine idea, Carl!"

Carl rose to his feet, staid, well-groomed, and nodded at her.

"Fine! And we will come for you on Monday, mother, and Adelaide will take you downtown to buy your some new dresses so you needn't bother to bring much. Save your old clothes for planting the garden next spring," and he bent and kissed her.

"Such a good little mother as you have been. I have told Adelaide many times how you worked and saved all those years."

And so there was only a small satchel and the enlarged crayon-tinted portrait of Carl Mueller, Sr., for the chauffeur to deposit in the back of the Mueller limousine the next Monday morning. He tucked the beaver robe snugly about the broad-toed shoes of his employer's mother and pretended not to see the tears that streamed down her rosy face as she drove away from the little cottage in which she had lived for 39 years.

Adelaide, very blond and stout and stylish, met her mother-in-law at the door.

"I couldn't come to get you, mother, for I have been to the chiropodist and he told me not to walk. A fallen arch—can you imagine it—at my age! But tomorrow we shall go shopping. Some pretty dresses for you—now you are to be a lady after all those years of hard work for Carl—and a fat, bediamonded hand patting Mrs. Mueller's hard one in the cotton gloves.

The weeks dragged by.

Many times she sought refuge in the front bedroom, the room done in orchid and ivory, in which the crayon-tinted portrait of Carl's father was a discordant note.

She wept homesick tears.

"It isn't as if they weren't good to me," she mourned. "Adelaide is so sweet—just like little Mathilde would have been if she had lived. I want my little kitchen. I want to go to Adolph's meat shop and get some beef and cook it my way. I can't eat her lamb chops and their salads! To think that my Carl, after all those years of German cooking—all the good food I learned to make in the fatherland could eat that stuff and—get fat on it. I'm hungry! Ah-h-h-h, I want some sauer brad-

Strikes Were Known in Days of Old Romans; Walkout Idea of Bold Warrior

"We will not feed your stomach, and we will not work," was a motto in strikes known to the old Romans. That slogan was used when strikers went on a hill and lay down.

It was an incident in the struggle of the plebeians, the common people of Rome, for equality with the patricians, their rulers. It is supposed to have taken place about 494 B. C.

According to the story, the walkout was the idea of Scinius Dentatus, a warrior and champion of the people who is said to have taken part in 120 battles and to have decided victory in many of them. On his advice the armed citizen-soldiers quit Rome at a time when it was surrounded by enemies; marched beyond the River Anio, and occupied a hill, which was later called, in memory of the event, the Sacred Mount.

They took nothing with them except what was necessary to support life, and they remained there for many days, in a state of passive rebellion. Although they had fortified their encampment, they made no warlike gestures toward the city, nor were they attacked from it. But Rome could not afford to lose.

Menenius Agrippa was sent to arrange terms. He is said to have won over the strikers by telling them the fable of the rebellion of the other parts of the body against the stomach; these parts refused to supply the lazy stomach with food—but living sons was crowned as king. He was crowned again at Winchester. He was crowned again at Winchester. He was crowned again at Winchester.

en. And here it is December and I must wait until spring—January, February, March, April—four months before I can get in my garden; four long months, and I am so lonesome for my house, and so hungry for my food."

She submitted to the hands of the hairdresser and manicurist. She sat quietly by through the afternoons when Adelaide's friends gathered for bridge. She waited at the window for Carl. She was pleased with the soft black fur coat they gave her for Christmas. She was pleased with all their attentions, with the unaccustomed luxuries, but only Jacob, the chauffeur, seemed to understand, and each afternoon on their return from the drive he would manage to drive down Stuttgart avenue—slowly—past the little cottage with the drawn shades.

Adelaide generally instructed Jacob where to take Mrs. Mueller; to some park particularly gorgeous right now in its covering of snow, or over certain winding boulevards into the hills, or to the Kentucky bridge, but on one particular Thursday afternoon he had received no orders. Adelaide was out for bridge and Carl was to join her later.

Elizabeth was off for the afternoon, but Adelaide had issued instructions regarding Mrs. Mueller's dinner, which was prepared and waiting for her at 7 o'clock.

Jacob looked up at Mrs. Mueller as he tucked the robe about her.

"Stuttgart Avenue," she instructed. "And drive slowly, very slowly, Jacob. I can see the sign on the street. The street sign on the corner. The one that says 'Adolph Schmitt—Meats,' and wait for me."

Adolph welcomed her with outstretched hands.

"Fine piece of beef, Adolph, for sauer braden. The finest cut you have in your shop. Oh, yes, we eat German cooking at Carl's—my, my, yes!"

And through the rest of the afternoon she hovered over the gas range in the big, shining kitchen in the new Mueller home, the savory, delectable odor of that dish dear to the hearts of the German spreading through the house. It was nine o'clock before she sat down to the kitchen table for her delayed meal.

The table was brown bread, too, and strong, clear coffee. She ate in hungry gulps, so intent upon her dinner that she did not hear the door open. Then she looked up under the table, stood in the doorway, very pretty in her squirrel coat, her blond hair bound with a band of silver. Mrs. Mueller half rose from her chair.

"Ah-h-h, Carl, I know! For the winter I shall go to your house and live with you and Adelaide and then in the spring I shall come back to the little house here in time to plant my garden. A fine idea, Carl!"

Adelaide slipped out of the fur coat and let it fall on a sofa mound and her silver-slipped feet. She stepped over that mound and reached in the cupboard for a plate and a cup. She slipped Elizabeth's big gingham apron over her head, and drew up a chair. She was laughing like a child as she filled her plate.

"Sorry! Sorry for what? I'm hungry, and I'm starved for my sauer braden. I lived on it when we were kids at home—because it was cheap! I haven't had any in years, and I've wanted it—only I was afraid Carl would get mad if I asked for it. We'll make it often, won't you, and we'll come out here—just like this—and eat and eat and eat—"

Mrs. Mueller cleaned her plate and rested her chin in her hand. She smiled happily as she drained the last drop of coffee from her cup.

"I feel different already," she said as she leaned against the table and rested her chin in her hand.

"And today we drove by the house on Stuttgart avenue, Adelaide, and it looks so small—and run-down like. I guess I'll stay right on here with you and Adelaide. I'll do some cooking your sauer braten for you—yes?"

In the early days of the Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned at Winchester, the capital of Wessex. King Ethelwulf, however, sent the five-year-old Harold to Rome, where he was consecrated king by Pope Leo. He was crowned again at Winchester. It is not known for certain, says a writer in London Tit-Bits Magazine, where Edward, Alfred's eldest surviving son, was crowned; but some old writers say at Kingston-on-Thames, others at Saynt Poules, London."

Athelstan, the first king to call himself "King of the English" was crowned in 925 at Kingston. King Edgar chose Bath, then known as Achenman's-chester, for his coronation, which took place in 973. Although Edward the Confessor was himself crowned at Winchester, he obtained a rescript from Pope Nicholas II, which said that all future kings of England must be crowned at Westminster Abbey. William the Conqueror and all the succeeding monarchs have, therefore, held their coronation ceremony in London's Abbey.

No Housing Shortage in Days of Cave Men

New Haven, Conn.—There was no housing shortage in the United States in prehistoric times when men were cave men, and went cave hunting instead of house hunting. Many a fine cave was vacant century after century.

In Europe practically all caves and shelters have yielded evidence of occupancy by ancient man, says Dr. George Grant MacCurdy of Yale university, director of the American School of Prehistoric Research. Caves in the United States, including some of the biggest and most beautiful caverns in the world, are, from the viewpoint of importance in study of the cave man, not comparable with Old world caves.

Dr. MacCurdy believes there is evidence indicating that man may have come to America some 40,000 years ago, but that it would have been far easier for man to have reached this country ten or fifteen thousand years ago, so far as the route across Bering Strait is concerned.

The oldest known prehistoric inhabitants of this country, called Folsom and Yuma men after their characteristic weapons of stone, were older than the Basket Makers of the southwest, who in turn were older than the Pueblo Indians in that part of the country. The Folsom and the Yuma weapon makers were widely scattered, judging by their chipped spearpoints which have been found in various states.

Keeping Up With Science By Science Service

Miniature Airplanes Now Fly Freely in New Test Tunnel

Scientists Test Catapult for Launching Transpuls

By WATSON DAVIS
Director, Science Service.

Langley Field, Va.—Miniature airplanes take off and maneuver for the sake of science in the world's first "free-flight" wind tunnel just demonstrated for the first time by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at its laboratories here.

Instead of the small counterpart of a full-sized airplane being held conventionally in an experimental blast of air, the artificial breeze is increased until the model takes off by itself and flies freely. Then altitudes and rudder are controlled by magnetic fields acting on small electro-magnets in the model's wings.

The scientists in their maneuvers the test model plane just as a pilot handles a real one.

"We expect that this new method of studying airplane stability and control will give us much information directly that we have hitherto obtained theoretically or by empirical estimation," said Dr. George W. Lewis, N. A. C. director of research.

"Bumps" or gusts of wind are measured and studied by two new devices devised by N. A. C. experts.

Instrument Fits Pocket.
One of these is a bump recorder small enough to fit into the pocket.

About 100 of these instruments are placed in airplanes and seaplanes of different types during actual flight. One of them has been carried by the China Clipper on round trips between San Francisco and Manila.

From the curves traced by the instrument, engineers are able to reconstruct every roughness of the voyage and tell what stresses the craft withstood.

Gusts are made to order in a new tunnel and model airplanes are catapulted into them. As fast as an arrow is shot from a bow, the tiny plane is accelerated to 50 miles per hour in a few feet of travel. Hit by the gust, its action is recorded by a motion picture camera.

The famous N. A. C. cowling which streamlined air-cooled engines so effectively several years ago has been improved and adapted to the 1,500-horsepower engines developed in the past few years. There is an adjustable nose slot in the new cowling design so that the pilot can give the engine more cooling air while it is working hardest.

Reduces Take-Off Distance.
Just by reducing the size of rivets in an airplane wing by one thirty-second of an inch, it is possible to reduce the power necessary by 100 horsepower. This is one result of the experiments on the friction drag on the wings of large modern airplanes. In operating high-performance modern aircraft, the importance of smooth surface in a wing is so great that the N. A. C. experts suggest it may be found economical to have service crews wipe off accumulated dirt and dust on wing surfaces at every stop.

Large air transports leaving our airports in the future may be catapulted in order to assist their take-off and reduce the long run now required for a plane to get started. The N. A. C. A. is adopted. A catapult with half the acceleration of gravity would reduce the take-off distance from 1,000 feet to 1,150 feet.

Streamlined Mines Suggested to Lower Ventilation Losses

Cincinnati.—Streamlined mines, using the discoveries of air flow which have produced the modern, sleek airplane, were suggested here at the annual coal mining convention by Prof. H. Landsberg of the Pennsylvania State college.

Ventilation losses with mine air has to turn an acute angled corner are equivalent to 485 feet of straight, concrete-lined tunnel, he disclosed. A right angle bend in a shaft creates losses equal to 250 feet of the standard reference concrete-lined tunnel. A rounded bend, by contrast, produces losses equal only to about 25 feet of straight, lined tunnel.

While admitting that few mines can achieve the ideal of a smooth concrete lining, Professor Landsberg showed that it was possible to place the timbering so that much loss could be prevented.

Even mine cars achieve some streamlining, Professor Landsberg indicated, although they move relatively slowly in relation to the ground. Actually of course their velocity relative to the ventilating air stream when heading into it is the important point.

Studies showed, disclosed the professor, that when a mine car blocks 20 per cent of a tunnel area a train of 20 such cars causes losses equal to 525 feet of surface in the standard smooth reference tunnel.

"It is true," said Dr. Landsberg in summary, "that one rounded corner in a mine will not reduce the operating costs of a ventilating system appreciably, but the sum total of bends, splits and overcasts along an air course of several miles will show the savings effected by a streamlined ventilation system."

Start Early, Girls, to Find Real Mate, Expert Admonishes

Widen Circle of Friends, Improve Your Personality

New York.—Go out of your way to make friends, improve your personality, get out of a rut, and give real time and thought to finding a husband. These admonitions were given along with much other practical advice on how to win a mate, directed particularly to college girls and other intelligent women by Dr. Paul Popenoe, general director of the Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, Calif.

Two difficulties hamper the girl who would like to marry, but cannot find a suitable partner, Dr. Popenoe says. The first has to do with her marriageability; the second with lack of opportunities for meeting eligible young men.

Here are the elements that go to make up marriageability, as outlined by Dr. Popenoe on his 15 years' experience in the study of married couples at the Institute of Family Relations:

1. The girl must be sexually normal. If she is mannish or engrossed with persons of her own sex, she may be cured provided this is a psychological condition. The happiest marriages are between womanly women and manly men.

Mustn't Be Suspicious.
2. She must be emotionally grown-up. The infantile girl is likely to have a fear of sex that, unconsciously perhaps, prevents her from desiring or attaining a happy marriage.

3. She must not be suspicious or stand-offish by disposition.

4. She must not make the mistake of relying on her diploma to charm desirable potential husbands. When 250 happy, educated married couples were asked what they found most admirable in their respective mates, most of the women stressed intellectual companionship. But the husbands were pleased with something quite different—it was the wife's ability to do her job and be equal to the responsibilities of marriage.

A girl to be attractive as a wife must appeal to the man's emotion, she must be able to enhance his ego, and she must have domestic competence. If she lacks these assets, she can make up for them by putting forward a quality that he does not particularly want—capacity to satisfy him intellectually.

Be Seductive, Alluring.
For the woman who possesses these points marriageability, the importance of the correct technique for winning a mate was stressed by Dr. Popenoe who has many practical hints to offer in this connection.

Don't be misled by thinking that the importance of the correct technique for winning a mate was stressed by Dr. Popenoe who has many practical hints to offer in this connection.

Age tells heavily against the college girl. She probably does not graduate until she is twenty-two. At that age half the women of the United States are already married. Men usually marry younger women; at twenty-five, a man will marry a girl of twenty-two, but at thirty-five he will marry one not of thirty-two but of twenty-eight. If the college girl takes a job for a few years after she graduates, her station in life will be advanced and she will vanish, Dr. Popenoe points out.

Cool, Smart, Comfortable

COOL is the word for Carrie when she wears one of these smart new frocks by Sew-Your-Own. No matter whether she's three or thirty, a June bride or a proud mama, Carrie will find what she needs for summer comfort here.

Left to Right.
The young frock with the interesting middle and sporty inverted pleat is one that's going in for extra credit at summer school. It has that advanced chic which readily distinguishes co-eds' clothes. If you're campus bound (or just bound for an ordinary vacation) be sure to have a couple of versions of this fashion first with you. Then you'll be set for that heavy summer schedule.

Lines for a Princess.
Second to none in the summer is this princess dress. As fit for golf as it is for dancing, you can see at a glance that this is the one dress you can't be even half-way happy without. Fresh in spirit, dainty in detail and becoming to all figures this simple-to-sew frock will introduce countless women to new chic this season. Come on, Milady, shake hands with Chic.

Tot's Tidbit.
Only when very young are we privileged to wear dresses as cute as this one. The most unaccustomed seamstress can make it with its half dozen pieces; use marest remnant will suffice for material. There is more than ordinary intrigue packed in the diminutive skirt that shows a couple of darling dimpled knees so lusciously sun-tanned. Use it as a cool, cool top with panties as the ideal hot weather attire, or slip it on as an apron—either way it will be a fine little companion for mother's pet this summer.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1258 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 39 inch material plus ¼ yard for braiding trimmings as pictured.

Pattern 1323 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5½ yards of 39 inch material plus ¼ yard for collar and facings for collar in contrasting material require ¼ yard of 27 inch material.

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. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Hot Weather is Here—Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calo-labs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pack, twenty-five cents. At drug stores. (Adv.)

Of Good or Evil
What a day may bring a day may take away.

Your Work
Thy hand is never the worse for doing thine own work.

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The only record is the one you now hold in your hand—this newspaper

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Congress is in session. Claims and counter-claims about proposed legislation are being made. What our national legislators say is soon forgotten. Forgotten, but recorded!

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Here is recorded exactly what was said and done by presidents and kings, by senator leaders and congressmen. More important, the newspaper interprets what it all means to you.

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