



A Mean Eye
Little Joan was learning to sew, and had been trying for several minutes to thread her needle. At length, losing patience, she said crossly: "I do believe the nasty eye isn't looking for the cotton." Windsor Star.

Resourceful: The man who promised his wife a circular tour—and took her on a merry-go-round.

Wrong Darling
"Is that you, darling? M-may I bring three friends home to supper?"
"Why, certainly, dear."
"I say, did you hear what I said?"
"Of course, dear: you asked if you could bring home three friends!"
"Then I'm sorry, madam, I've got the wrong number!"

LEADING MAN
"Has that would-be actor ever gone before an audience?"
"Yes—at a 2:40 gait."

"Wooden-headed drivers are best," says a golf expert. Not on the road.



"No, dear," was the reply. "I lost all my teeth years ago."
"Then, please," said the youngster, producing a handful of nuts, "would you hold these while I go out for more?"

Safe
"Can you crack nuts?" inquired a small boy of his grandmother as she sat mending his clothes at the window.

"No, dear," was the reply. "I lost all my teeth years ago."
"Then, please," said the youngster, producing a handful of nuts, "would you hold these while I go out for more?"

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UNDER PRESSURE

George Agnew Chamberlain

By George Agnew Chamberlain

WNW Service

CHAPTER I

Joyce sat on a leather puff beside her small-paned window looking out and down at the turning maple leaves. She was nineteen—tomorrow she would be twenty. Nobody living knew it but herself—nobody. She had lied about her true birthday since she was eight and owing to a single overwhelming catastrophe it had been easy enough to confuse her father. Twelve years—twelve years in Elsinboro, six of them without him, terribly alone with her stepmother. Yes, you could be alone with somebody else—far lonelier than if you were by yourself. She was alive—tremendously alive inside. That was the trouble; it had to stay inside. She palpitated with dreams of what might be—the secret dreams of a young girl who longs to believe in life as something warm, something you can hold in your arms. But when she looked outside herself she stared at a wall.

Elsinboro has its counterpart in Clean or Elmira but not in Wilkes-Barre, Scranton or Pottsville. Forty thousand strong, it has known no overpowering foreign infiltration and presents a cross-section of the American scene, old style, from a miniature Tammany to an elite who read French, talk liberalism and discriminate between one dollar and another. There are plenty of dollars, gathered by adventurous sons from the four corners of the earth, but there were no fabulous fortunes until Bolivar Smith got an idea 15 years ago. Six roughnecks believed in it and became multimillionaires almost overnight. They took over the section now known as Platinum Hill and built their incongruous chateaux in a huge circle.

But Joyce Sewell was not of them; in fact she had no part or parcel of Elsinboro, new or old. She was pure North Shore, descended from generations of the Sewells who christened more clipper ships when the American merchant marine overtopped the fleets of the world than any other tribe. Her presence in the town was an accident—one of those tragic accidents that leave their mark for the whole of life. The scene—so far away, so long ago—lived in her eyes, shut or open. She would listen too, her ears trembling lest they hear. But memory is silent, part of its terror lies in silence.

No crash of guns reached her now, only the remembered flash. No thud of bullets on stone, wood and flesh, no choking scream—only the indelible, the unforgettable scene. Her mother unexpectably murdered. A pause—the eternal pause that had lasted but a second. Her father snatching her up under one arm, a petaca under the other, to rush along interminable corridors, followed by shots and the derisive jeers of the marauders who believed he could not possibly escape. Stairs—wooden stairs, stone steps, the secret door and the garden, black beneath towering cypress and spreading ash. Hurry! Hurry! The postern, unlocked, then locked. The starlit open night, immersion in the icy lake, a dugout and finally refuge in a humble peon hut. No—not finally. Followed days in a pannier on the back of a mule, hours in a crowded train, a week on a refugee ship bound for New Orleans and on that ship Mrs. Irma Thorne, of Elsinboro, New York.

Irma Thorne, then three years a widow, believed it was her mission to do people good whether they liked it or not. She was not a refugee but a returning traveler with a well-filled pocketbook. She had soft to bacco-colored eyes, but there the softness ended; though the truth would have surprised and wounded her, her chin, her stocky body, her will and her conscience were as tough as rawhide. The mere sight of Cutler Sewell's lackluster eyes, gone dead in his head, staring at his little daughter but eternally seeing something else, was a supreme challenge to her peculiar aptitude for service and abnegation. She took charge. She gave Joyce her first bath in ten days and made her a frock out of her own best skirt. She rushed father and daughter to her home in Elsinboro. She was undoubtedly a good woman and by every rule in the copybook Joyce should have loved her. Gently admonished by her father, she tried pitifully to do so and failed. It was no use. She was too young to think things out; all she knew was that a barrier of ice stood between her heart and her benefactress.

"Daddy, let's go away."
"We can't, Joyce; not just now. At present I haven't a cent."
"Please, papacito. I don't like her."
"You mustn't say that. She's a good woman—a very good woman."
"I know," quavered Joyce, bewildered by her own detestation but face to face with a fact. "Oh, please, papacito, please!"
He compromised, yielding to the enduring pet diminutive that had never yet failed her. On the excuse she ought to keep up her Span-

ish as a possible asset for the future he took her into his study for an hour every afternoon. That hour had been sacred, proof against any form of interruption from the day when a knock on the door had thrown Joyce into a paroxysm of screams followed by prolonged sobbing. Yet she was no cry-baby; that one convulsive protest was her last, but it had been enough. She and her father talked Spanish in peace, not always for the full hour. Sometimes, quite content to be at his side, she watched him write letters—long painstaking letters—always to one of two addresses.

When the answers came he filed them away, ever more and more sadly, in the petaca. It was a funny little trunk covered with rawhide stretched on the frame while still wet. The hair was mostly worn off but there were still arabesques of brass-headed tacks to which he had added a card bearing the following signed inscription: "Upon my death



"What's the Matter With Joyce?"

this box and contents become the property of Joyce Sewell, my daughter and sole heir." With each addition to the dossier he weakened, became less the man of property and more the chastened sacrificial goat. The day came when Irma Thorne married what was left of him for appearances' sake and for his and for Joyce's—not for her own. Perhaps he knew the surrender would kill him, but at least his orphaned child would have a roof over her head. She was sixteen when he died.

Helm Blackadder was a rock of a man, forty-nine and virile, with bushy brows, steely eyes and crisp gray hair. He was a native son, a product of Elsinboro so interwoven in the town's pattern it had never occurred to him to consider any other place as a base. Yet in his capacity as an excellent engineer and a daring promoter he had hurried in South Africa, combed Korea and lived in Chile with varying degrees of profit. In the intervals he had known Irma Bostwick, Irma Thorne and finally Irma Sewell. Part of him frankly admired part of her; she had a bulldog quality and so had he. Now she had sent for him and as he entered her very comfortable living room he wondered why.

"Well, Irma, what's on your mind?"
"It's Joyce, Helm; but do sit down. Take that big chair. It looks as if it had been made for you."
"What's the matter with Joyce?"
Mrs. Sewell frowned and then substituted a look of patient resignation. "You know all I've done for

her. Don't think I mean I begrudge it since it was my duty and there's no greater satisfaction in life than seeing one's duty and doing it. But can you believe in spite of everything she actually dislikes me? She does, though; I think she always has." She waited, but since Blackadder refrained from comment she continued. "But that's not the worst of it; she's harming herself, deliberately destroying her great chance."
"How?" he asked bluntly.
"Oh, all this extra-curriculum studying she's been doing. She's kept up her Spanish so you'd think she could teach it anywhere but now she wants to take a business course."
"Secretarial?"
"No; she doesn't give it any fancy name—just plain stenography and typing."

"What's wrong with that?" demanded Blackadder. "It's the way several of the highest paid women in the world got their start and I can name half a dozen cases where it's been a royal road to marriage. So I don't see how it could hurt Joyce."
"You don't?" said Mrs. Sewell. She edged forward on her chair.
"Listen, Helm; I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you. Howard Sempster, Emil Schaaf and Michael Kirkpatrick have all proposed to her over and over again."
"Half of Platinum Hill!" said Blackadder, scowling. "Well, she's no business woman and never will be."
"Why? Why do you say that?"
"Because if she were she'd marry them all, one after the other, and retire."
"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Sewell, truly shocked.

"Which one of the three do you think she'd find it easiest to fall for and to handle?"
"That's what I wanted to ask you. It's got to be one pretty soon or none."
"Why? What's the hurry?"
"Can't you think it out for yourself? If Platinum Hill goes after a girl with no money it's largely because she isn't a stenographer."
Blackadder's scowl deepened. "I hate to argue with you but I guess you're right. It's a shame one town should be saddled with three of that brand of snob, but if she's so attractive, what about a boy or two of the good old stock? Aren't any of them hanging around?"
"They would if they could afford it, but they know they can't. The nice boys she knows are all in college with years to go before they'll begin looking for a job. They're too young. I have enough income to manage on and wait, but I know Joyce—she won't stay with me much longer and she hasn't a penny."

"What about her father? I remember hearing he owned one of the show places in Mexico. Do you know what that means? A hacienda that doesn't run over 20,000 acres would be at the foot of the class."
"He lost it—everything he had. He wasn't even compensated for the murder of his wife though his lawyer assured him he would be. Cutler used to speak of it as blood money and wouldn't have thought of taking it except for Joyce. And it's she that matters now. She's got to be saved from herself and you must help."

"If why me?"
"Because you're real, Helm, and the only man I know well enough to turn to. There's something in her frightens me. Sometimes she's a burning bush and the next instant she's quicksilver. Please, Helm. This child was put in my charge by a direct act of God. Whether she loves me or not it's my duty to guide her life along the lines of common sense. Which do you want her to do—go around looking for a job at \$15 a week or be the first to bring a little culture to Platinum Hill? Which gives her the best chance for a full life?"
"A missionary, eh?" said Blackadder, his lips quirked oddly. He lifted his heavy shoulders and let them fall. "Well, Mike oughtn't to be so bad. I remember his father as a ditch-gang foreman with a laugh and plenty of punch besides."
Mrs. Sewell sighed resignedly. "I would have chosen Howard Sempster, but trust a man to pick a man is a good rule though we women seldom follow it. So it's to be Mrs. Michael—not Mike—Kirkpatrick. Anyway it sounds a lot better than Mrs. Schaaf." At that moment there was a sound of somebody entering the hall. "Joyce, is that you?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"She's never once called me mother," whispered Mrs. Sewell to Blackadder, a hurt and bewildered look in her liquid brown eyes. Then she raised her voice. "Come here, dear; we want to talk to you."

Blackadder disliked being rushed and felt he was being drafted without his consent, but immediately Joyce entered he was conscious of an odd reaction as though all his gears had gone suddenly into reverse. The girl was more than handsome. There was ardor in her bearing, her eyes and her half-parted lips that not only aroused his combative nature, but promptly convinced him that Irma was right—the sooner this potential dynamo was married off, the better for all concerned.

She nodded to him and turned to her stepmother. "Well?"
"Oh, do sit down, Joyce. Can't you sit down and talk reasonably for once in your life?"
(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Nobleman's Will Provided Body Be Seated in Room to Face Angry Sea

The Marquis d'Urre d'Aubais was a curious man when alive, but when his will was read after his death the court was astounded. It was surprising enough for a marquis to leave \$80,000 to the French postoffice, but the conditions accompanying this gift were a little too much for the court, writes a Paris United Press correspondent.

First the marquis demanded that his body be embalmed. That was simple enough and the undertakers had done so before the will was unsealed.

Then the marquis demanded that a small house be constructed on the shore of the Mediterranean, placed on a high point, with the walls of glass facing toward the sea. The body should be placed in this room with a radio set and family portraits to keep him company.

Authorities decided that the mar-

quis must have liked the sea. They constructed the little house at the little port of Carto and equipped it with a special radio set which gives signals to passing ships to avoid the dangerous rocks that endangered the coast at this point.

The lifeboat at the Rogues de Carro was named after the marquis. But the final request was too much for officials, for the marquis asked that his body be placed seated in the room from where it could look out on the angry sea. Perhaps the men who executed this will were suspicious and feared the baleful effects of the dead man's eyes.

Anyway, the marquis' body reclines now, with only a glass window in the coffin above his face. Seamen in the tiny port are thankful for the marquis' gift to them, but they feel better knowing he is asleep and not sitting watching them.

GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST

World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette © Emily Post

Cutting Wedding Cake Calls for Real Skill

DEAR Mrs. Post: I was at a very miniature wedding reception recently. In fact, there were only ten persons present. But it was one of the loveliest after-wedding parties I have ever known. It was late afternoon and almost dark, the dining table was set with a lace cloth and candelabra, there was a small bride's cake ornamented with the wedding couple's first names and a bride and groom figurine set on top, and there was champagne to drink the traditional toasts. Unlike all other weddings at which I have been at this one I sat close enough so that I could watch the wedding cake being cut, and I never before realized that this could be such a task. The bride pierced the cake with the point of the blade but when she tried to bring the side of the blade down through the cake, the slice broke into many pieces. One of the guests took the knife then but her luck was just about the same. I have wondered since the wedding whether there was any right way to cut a wedding cake, or is it, as in this case, just a matter of chance?

Answer: Of course you don't tell me whether the cake was not very fresh, or perhaps the knife very dull. In any case, the best way to cut wedding cake is to spear it first and with the knife in this same point down position, continue to stab the slice all the way across. If after the first stab is made, the knife blade is brought down as though it were a lever, the piece invariably crumbles, even though the blade is very sharp.

Write Note of Thanks to Sympathetic Friends

DEAR Mrs. Post: Is it proper to acknowledge notes sent in sympathy with a thank you card? I believe that friends and acquaintances should eventually be thanked by note no matter what the extent of their expressions of sympathy, but my daughter feels that for slighter expressions a printed form could be used. In fact, she thinks that these times, and birthday and anniversary occasions are the only ones when printed cards of thanks would be suitable. Will you give us your opinion.

Answer: In return for a card another card is suitable. But thanks for a present or a real favor or anything as serious as a letter of condolence must be answered by a note or at least a handwritten message. Sympathy shown to a family in deep mourning can be answered with fewest handwritten words on a visiting card. This limited answer is obviously permitted because of the effort that any longer reply would be to one in sorrow. Moreover, less near members of the family may write in the places of those most nearly concerned.

Mourning Husband's Death

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have lost my husband and will shortly leave to make my home with a sister on the West Coast. (1) I would like to send a written note of resignation to a local club of which I have always been a member and wish you would suggest what I write. (2) Also, will you tell me whether it would be incorrect to wear black satin slippers with a black dinner dress while I am wearing mourning? I find it impossible to get suede ones that are comfortable.

Answer: (1) You write to the secretary of the club, wording your note more or less like the following: "Dear Mrs. Green: Owing to the changed circumstances in my life and the uncertainty of my ever returning to XX-town to live, it is with very deep regret that I must ask you to present my resignation at the next meeting of the board of governors. Sincerely, Mary K. Blank." (2) Black satin is not suitable for mourning but any dull silk would take the place of suede.

Birthday Gift Puzzle

DEAR Mrs. Post: My sister and I are invited to the birthday party of a neighbor's son. Mother and this neighbor are dear friends but we hardly know the son. Are we each supposed to take birthday presents to the party? We always take presents to other birthday parties but in those cases we knew the toasts or host very well. And yet we would hate to arrive at the party the only ones to be empty-handed. What do you suggest that we do? Answer: If I were you I would take a trifling present from both of you together—not because it is necessary, or even customary to take a present to one whom you scarcely know, but because he is the son of your mother's friend.

Teacher on Telephone

DEAR Mrs. Post: When a teacher announces herself on the telephone, to a student I mean, what is the proper form? Answer: "This is Miss Green" or "This is Mr. Blakely." WNW Service.

Gay Hostess Apron With Poppy Motif

Fitted from pantry to parlor in this "hostess" apron, so gayly appliqued with poppies, and guests are sure to ask how it's made! Choose bright contrast for yoke, border, poppies. One poppy forms

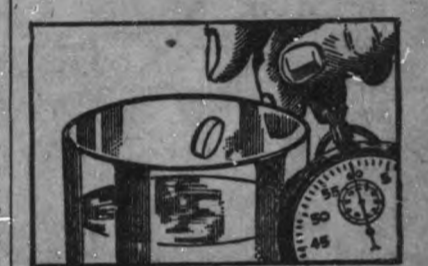


Pattern 1495.

the pocket. Pattern 1495 contains a transfer pattern of the apron and a motif $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches; a motif $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches and the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

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15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
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Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get clogged with acid and waste, you must remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

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