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Pattern 1532

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ture to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

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UNDER PRESSURE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

SYNOPSIS

Joyce Sewell, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, rebels at her lot, dependent on her detested stepmother, Irma, and full of tragic memories of her mother's murder twelve years before and her father's death six months ago. Irma calls in Helm Blackadder, an admirer, to help her persuade Joyce to marry rich, young Michael Kirkpatrick. Mike, sent up to Joyce by Irma and Blackadder, demands a showdown on his proposal and is rejected. Reading her father's papers, Joyce realizes that La Barranca, a Mexican hacienda which her father had owned, legally belongs to her. Later, she receives a letter enclosing a warrant on the United States Treasury for \$10,000 compensation for her mother's murder at La Barranca. She confires with Mr. Bradley, a banker and only remaining friend of her father's. She confides that she wants to make a secret journey to Mexico.

CHAPTER II—Continued

She sat staring at the floor, not answering at once. "I know what you mean," she said finally, "and I'll try to explain. I remember everything, but I've found out that be-ing far away from a thing like that doesn't help you to forget—it makes it into a picture on the wall. Then there's something else. Places go by contrasts, don't they? I won't say anything about Elsinboro; all I can tell you is that when I've been unhappy, when I'm most miserable, I look back and dream of happiness and La Barranca." She swept her eyes to his face. "My mother isn't here, Mr. Bradley. I mean she couldn't possibly come to Elsinboro -not even in my thoughts. Does that sound foolish to you?"

"Not foolish, my dear," he mur-mured, "not at all foolish."

Touched by his understanding she reached out one hand impulsively and laid it on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Bradley, please be my friend. You can help me so much! My passport, a letter of credit, but that's not all. You know my stepmother. Father used to keep telling me she's a good woman. Well, she is, but if she finds out what I'm doing or where I am I'll have two fights on my hands instead of one."

"How are you going to work it? How will you get away?" "I've thought it all out. I can

say I'm going to Frances Holder's for a visit."

"H'm. But they'll trace you. Nowadays a deliberate disappearance is one of the hardest things on earth to stage.'

"I've thought of that too." She gave him a look so composed it set his blood to tingling. "If I go by air, where will I be by the time they begin their tracing?'

He blinked at her admiringly. "Joyce, I've made up my mind. I'll do everything I can to help you and I promise I'll keep my mouth tight shut till you say the word." On the same impulse they rose

to their feet and stood with right hands half extended, not quite touching. "You're awfully young, Joyce, and most people would say I ought to be jailed for letting you go. But you've got heart as well as head, and as for youth-what's it for? To spend while it's strong."

He proved as good as his word and better, for he could see a lot further ahead than Joyce. Within ten days not only did he arrange that her passport for travel abroad should come direct from the State department rather than through the local county clerk, but he coached her on her deportment in the meantime toward her stepmother, provided her with a certified copy of her father's will, warned her about excessive baggage and bought her tickets by air in a fictitious name.

Later, without detection, she boarded a plane at Elsinboro's almost deserted airport that connected at Newark with a night plane south.

CHAPTER III

Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of embassy, would have showed to greater advantage in any other setting. The traditions of an ancient name were behind him, he had more than his share of good looks, a reasonable amount of money and a merry eye. Away from his job he was as clean-cut a young American as ever drew breath, but he was on the way to being spoiled. poisoned by the bite of the diplomatic bee.

He was engaged in testing the spring of a polo mallet when the reception clerk entered, laid Joyce's slip on the desk and lingered to smoke a cigarette. Dirk read the paper over his shoulder.

"What does she want?"

"Same old thing. She'd like to walk in on the chief." Dirk finished testing the stick, put it away in a clothes closet, went to his padded chair and rummaged for a dispatch. "All set. You can show her in." Presently Joyce stood before him. He perused the dispatch frowningly for a moment longer, then motioned her to a chair beside the desk.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Sew-

Joyce hesitated. "You're not the

ambassador, are you?"

"Hardly. I'm the second secre- | half daze he was telling himself that wanted to see the ambassa "Are you an American?" "Yes; born of American parents residing abroad. I arrived from the

States last night. Do you wish to see my passport?" "That's not necessary at present I suggest you state your business. If it's something I can't handle—or

if it's important enough—an appointment will be made for you with his excellency."

Joyce sat down without taking her eyes off him. She was puzzled. Here

was a young man, the very anti-thesis of Mike Kirkpatrick in looks, manner and breeding, yet all she felt was bitter disappointment. Why? Suddenly the answer swept over her. She was face to face with the mask that had defeated her father—immature, perhaps, its veneer not yet solidified, but the same unfeeling mask.

"What's your name?" she asked. "Dirk Van Suttart," he replied, betrayed by the suddenness of the question. A glint lit in his eye and color rose to his cheeks, but he quickly controlled his anger and raised one eyebrow. "Really, Miss Sewell, while you requested a personal interview I didn't realize you were contemplating an exchange of confidences.

"I like to know to whom I am talking," said Joyce coolly. "I think you'll find my business is quite personal. I'm the daughter and sole



Anger Surged in Her Veins.

heir of the late Cutler Sewell and there's a file in this office under his name. I wish to know my rights. Am I entitled to have copies of the dispatches, or to examine them, or to be given a resume, or-if all that is impossible-can I be informed of the last step in the negotiation?"

By this time both Van Suttart's eyebrows were raised to the limit. 'No copy of any dispatch can be given to anybody," he declared, 'except by specific direction of the Department of State, and the same restriction applies to the balance of your question. May I ask to what this file refers?"

"To my father's property in this

country. "I thought so. Miss Sewell, Americans abroad suffer from an unfortunate delusion which you seem to share that the foreign service is maintained for their individual convenience. It isn't. It was created for the benefit of the United States as a whole and of the taxpayers at home who foot the bills. Haven't you heard of the Mexican claims commission in Washington?'

"I have." "That, my dear young lady, is where you should file your petition." "I did, through my father, when I was eight years old. I'm not eight now, Mr. Van Suttart, though you seem to think so. The Mexican claims commission has been sitting for a great many years considering claims amounting to \$250,000,000. Has it settled a single case?"

"I'm not at liberty to say." "You mean you don't know? I'll

tell you, it hasn't-not one." "Miss Sewell, this conversation is getting us nowhere. May I say in conclusion that I've given you all the advice—the only advice—to which you are entitled? The embassy can do nothing to help you-noth-

ing whatever." "Help!" exclaimed Joyce. didn't come here for help; I asked for certain information. Are you sure you have the authority to refuse it?"

"Quite sure." Joyce stood up to find her knees were trembling. She had been dis-missed, told to leave! Anger surged in her veins-anger against some implacable force outside herself and Van Suttart. She became a flame and suddenly its beauty cut through to his inner consciousness. In a | and classical work, the physical | to twice their natural height.

if he had met this girl at a cocktail party instead of in the course of official business he would have crashed through to her side and stayed there. But he was too ate, the polished shell he wore had Leld out too

"Mr. Van Suttart," said Joyce, "your imagining I came to you for help has its funny side. Aren't you ever puzzled as to why you're alive -why you draw down pay? A ca-nary in his gilded cage earns his keep with song, but a popinjay can't even sing."

She was gone before he could wipe the look of amazement from his face, much less answer.

She hurried to the hotel where she was living, paid her bill and asked that her baggage be brought down. At sight of the petaca there were supercilious glances from the tourists, the clerk and even the porter, but not from the taxi driver; again the little native trunk served her well. He did not bother to lie about the fare and even understood her quest for the best hotel unfrequented by foreigners. Unhesitatingly he drove her to an establishment in a back street but near the center of town. The proprietor greeted her in soft Castilian and took the trouble to accompany her himself to a top-floor room.

"Can you recommend a woman lawyer?" she asked. "I know of one, but she's a Mexi-

"I prefer a Mexican," said Joyce. 'Will you give me her name and address?

He took out his card, scribbled on it, and handed it to her. "She's a difficult person," he remarked, "but an excellent lawyer."

Joyce decided to waste no time in telephoning for an appointment, but she did stop long enough to un-pack her bag and hang up her clothes. As her rage at Van Sut-tart began to cool she wondered at it and felt a little ashamed. Probably that manner of his had got him his job, perhaps he was paid to make people feel exactly as she had felt. She opened the petaca, sorted out the documents she thought she would need and made her way on foot to the lawyer's address. It foot to the lawyer's address. It was a strange, old-fashioned build-ing with a long dark narrow hall which opened suddenly upon a big square well surrounded by balconies and roofed by the sky. There was an elevator but no attendant. Rather than attempt to work the mechanism herself she walked up two flights and located a door upon which was inscribed: Lic. Margarida Fonseca.

She knocked; there was no answer. She opened the door, stepped into an empty anteroom and coughed. The door into a room beyond was open. She passed through it and stopped short. On the farther side of a littered desk, leaning back and apparently absorbed in staring through the thick wall at some vision far away, sat a woman whose appearance could be described only as leonine. One glance was enough to make her speak in English.

"What do you want?"
"A lawyer," said Joyce. "What for? What about?" "May I sit down?"

"No! What about?" "An estate." "Whose?"

"Mine. I have the documents here proving absolute title if you'll only take the trouble to look at

"No use. You're wasting my time. Don't waste yours or your money by going to any other lawyer. I give you that advice for noth-

"What is your time worth?" asked Joyce, switching into Spanish. "I like you. How much would you charge to let me sit and look at cienda La Barranca.'
you for half an hour?"
(TO BE CONTI

Margarida Fonseca swung around in her swivel chair, planted her eibows on the desk, her fists in her cheeks, and stared. "Cara'o! Hablas Castillano, gringuita! So, we talk Spanish! Who are you?" "My name is Joyce Sewell. I'm the daughter of Cutler Sewell who

"Tst! Tst! Nobody owns anything.

You possess, you don't own.'

"Oh, but I ey," protested Joyce, "I can prove it." She advanced, sat down on the edge of a chair and laid her documents on the desk. "Please let me show you."

"It's no use, my child. I've told you the truth and the whole truth.

Incidentally I don't like Americans, but let me give you something else for nothing. Get out. Go back to your own country before somebody makes one bite of your pretty

Joyce stood up and buried her grave blue eyes in Margarida's black ones. "I'll get out, but I won't go back. I was wrong about you. I may not find a lawyer with more brains, but I'll get one who isn't a coward." She snatched up her precious documents, turned quickly and started toward the door.

"Stop!" yelled Margarida. "Nobody can say that to me! Come back and sit down. Give me the papers." She took them, spread them out but kept her puzzled eyes fixed on Joyce. Abruptly she smiled. "I thought you were out to make a play on the tender female heart but I've changed my mind. Have you any money?"

"How much?" "Ten thousand dollars."

"Really! You're loose in Mexico at your age with \$10,000! We'll see the papers." She glanced over them swiftly

with odd jerks of her nose as if she were a parrot tearing the meat out of one nut after another. "Why didn't you tell me it was La

Barranca?" she asked of the blue "You didn't give me a chance,"

said Joyce. Margarida turned. "I think I've found a way. It has nothing what-ever to do with the courts. Come

"That won't do," said Joyce, "it won't do at all!" "Why not?"

"Because a week is too long!" "You have courage, little one. Since you don't do your fighting with tears we'll go hunting together. Fortunately I care nothing what happens to you—nothing at all. Is that clearly understood?"

"Don't worry," said Joyce. "Show me the road and I'll look out for myself."

Margarida scooped up the papers, crammed a hat on her head, showed the way out and slammed the door behind them. A moment later they were in a taxi which scurried along interminable back streets to draw up in exactly 15 minutes at the residence of Gen. Zacharias Onelia, right-hand man to the minister of

"General, it is very good of you to receive us," said Margarida. "Do you mind taking a look at this young lady before she goes out to walk around the patio while you and I have a talk? She has a peculiar value, General."

"To me?" "Especially to you," said Margarida and turned to Joyce. "Suppose you go out, chica, and stay out till you're called!" As soon as Joyce had gone Margarida leaned toward Onelia and continued in a low voice. "General, this is a momentous business, far deeper than may appear at first glance. The young lady, Miss Joyce Sewell, is undoubtedly the lawful owner of ha-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Model Hayloft Is Placed in U. S. Farm Building; Seek to Standardize Crops

in the world has been opened by the fibers, lint and seed will be studied, Department of Agriculture in Washington in an effort to raise the standards of American farm products, writes a Washington United Press correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune.

In the new standardization building are located the bureaus directing regulatory and marketing agencies dealing with the principal farm products. Technological and economic research scientists 350 are housed in the air-cooled struc-

It also houses a modern havlofta combination standardization research laboratory and warehousewith glass north front and scientific devices for analyzing quality and factors in hay. Cotton experts prepare standards

for use in domestic and foreign trade. The appeal board of review examiners, the final authority in the classing rooms in the building.

Along with cotton standardization

The most modern farm laboratory | and chemical properties of cotton as a part of the expanded federalstate cotton research programs.

These studies and tests will be related to practical problems in the principal branches of the cotton enterprise from the production of raw cotton through to the finished products of cotton manufacture. The building contains a fireproof

cotton warehouse in which can be stored more than 1,000 bales of cotton to be used chiefly in preparation of copies of the official standards. It is the new headquarters for the Bureau of Agricultural Economics' South-wide cotton market news service.

Croagh Patrick

Croagh Patrick, the holy moun tain in County Mayo, Ireland, is not as huge as it appears to be, although it is a monarch of a mountain. It gives the impression of interpretation of standards, has its great altitude because of the moist atmosphere. The Irish hills, under atmospheric influences, seem to rise

Interpreters of the Mode



brings you frocks for every size (from four years to size 52) inch material, plus 1¾ yards of for almost any occasion. Each machine-made pleating to trim, as for almost any occasion. Each has been designed to bring you Pattern 1396 is designed for sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 1% yards of 39-inch material for the the ultimate in style in its par-ticular class and all claim a new high in simplicity and comfort.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, select ing designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make pat

Typical of Youth. The surest way to be a big little body is to wear dresses that are as expertly planned as the grown ups'. The little number above center, has the smart styling of a sub-deb's frock. It is typical of youth's freshness and activity. and is one model that gets little girls' complete endorsement. It is the number one dress for the er one sweetheart in any-

Ultra-Smart Dress.

look at even if the occasion is only

another breakfast session. That's

why the ultra-smart dress at the

left is so handy to have. Note the clever detail all the way

through even to the inverted skirt

sleeves set-in—you just know at a glance how simple it is to put to-gether. Cotton, of course, is the

See how beautifully the

It's nice to know you're easy to

body's family.

An Orchid to You. phere and plenty of style when you look at the handsome new two-piecer above, right? Would you like it made in one color and material, or, perhaps with a top-per in gold lame or satin com-bined with a skirt of a rich dull self to suit your own fancy and the truth in arithmetic?" step into a swell little world of nour crowded with fans and fun and festivity?

Pattern 1401 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material. Pattern 1366 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2% yards of 39-

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

1. What is the origin of the

acre? 2. What is the difference be tween a Zeppelin and a dirigible? 3. What queen of a foreign country married an American citizen? 4. What is the length of the Great Wall of China?

5. What is the shortest verse in 6. Have ships ever sailed through a northwest passage above Canada?

7. How large a navy has the Irish Free State? 8. Who is the best-known wom

an inventor? Answers

1. Originally it was the area yoke of oxen could plow in a day 2. A dirigible is any aircraft lifted by gas which may be guided and propelled by mechanical means. A Zeppelin is a rigid dirigible of the type invented by

Count von Zeppelin.
3. Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii married John O. Dominis, a native of Boston

4. The length of the Great Wall of China, including all spurs and loops, is estimated at 2,500 miles. 5. "Jesus wept," John 11:35. 6. Two ships recently met in Bellot strait, one from the east

and one from the west, thus ef-

fecting intercommunication, which

has been the object of navigators for four hundred gears. 7. It has no navy. The name of this country has lately been changed by act of parliament to

Eire, pronounced Air uh. 8. Miss Beulah Louise Henry of North Carolina is the most prolific inventor, with 52 patents regis-

blouse, 1% yards of 54-inch material for the skirt.

coins) each.

terns.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Tis Said Arithmetic Is a Science of Truth

"Figures can't lie," said the professor earnestly. "For in-stance, if one can build a house in twelve days, twelve men can build

"Yes," interrupted a quick-brained student. "Then 288 will Do you think of a charming build it in one hour, 17,280 in sorority tea with lots of atmost one minute, and 1,036,800 in one second. And I don't believe they could lay one brick in that time.

While the professor was still gasping, the smart one went on: "Again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, six ships can cross it in one day. I don't fabric? Why not make it your- believe that either; so where's



Hold Secrets The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but him-self.—Guizot.

Lazy, bored, grouchy

You may feel this way as a result of constipa Constipation is an enemy of pleasure. It dulls your enjoyment of the best entertainment and the best

To neglect constipation is to invite serious crouble. For your health's sake, take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. You'll soon feel better. Here's a laxative that is purely vegetable, prompt, reliable.

BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

Love of Fame

weakness which even the wise re-

sign.—Tacitus.

The love of fame is the last



COMPARE with photo finishing at ful clear Never-Fade Velox Pictur Rabbit gives you. Any size roll film developed, EIGHT Never-Fade Prints for only Thousands of Kodakers get Better Pictures for Less from Jack Rabbit Co.