

Inexpensive Buffet Set That's Done in a Jiffy
This—the newest in crochet—inexpensive—quickly made in one or two colors (the leaf border contrasting) adds beauty to your home. Make luncheon or buffet sets—scarfs or just dollies—use



Pattern 1532
peric cotton or just string. Pattern 1532 contains detailed directions for making the design shown; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; photograph of section of work; suggestions for varied uses.

Beneficence
There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment flows on reflection; and our money is most truly ours when it ceases to be in our possession.—Mackenzie.

Still Coughing?
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH
Thousands who suffer miserable backaches, pains in shoulders or hips, now put on Allcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains, all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away.

GET RID OF PIMPLES
New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin, Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.
Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy, Denton's Facial Magnesia, works miracles in clearing up a spotted, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia
SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.
4462—23rd Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
Enclosed find 60c (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

UNDER PRESSURE

By George Agnew Chamberlain WNU Service

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.

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 being 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.

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."

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 department 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.

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 any ever drew breath, but he was on the way to being spoiled, poisoned by the bite of the diplomatic bee.

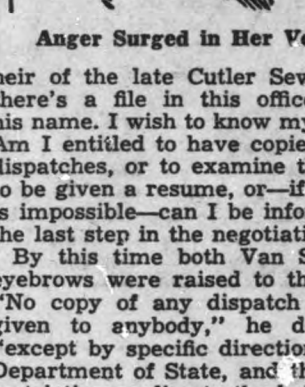
He was engaged in testing the spring of a polo mallet when the reception clerk entered, laid Joyce's slip on the desk and lingered to smoke a cigarette. Dirk read the paper over his shoulder. "What does she want?" "Same old thing. She'd like to walk in on the chief."

"Hardly. I'm the second secretary." "I wanted to see the ambassador." "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?"

Joyce sat down without taking her eyes off him. She was puzzled. Here was a young man, the very antithesis 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 man 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.

"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



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?"

half daze he was telling himself that 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 late, the polished shell he wore had led out too long.

"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 canary in his gilded cage earns his keep with song, but a popinjay can't even sing."

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

"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."

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.

"A lawyer," said Joyce. "What for? What about?" "May I sit down?" "No! What about?" "An estate."

"Mine. I have the documents here proving absolute title if you'll only take the trouble to look at them." "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 nothing."

Model Hayloft Is Placed in U. S. Farm Building; Seek to Standardize Crops
The most modern farm laboratory in the world has been opened by the 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.

Margarida Fonseca swung around in her swivel chair, planted her elbows on the desk, her fists in her cheeks, and stared. "Cara! Hablas Castellano, gringuita! So, we talk Spanish! Who are you?"

"My name is Joyce Sewell. I'm the daughter of Cutler Sewell who owned—"

"Oh, but I can prove it," 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 head."

"I thought you were out to make a play on the tender female heart but I've changed my mind. Have you any money?" "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 sky. "You didn't give me a chance," said Joyce.

Margarida turned. "I think I've found a way. It has nothing whatever to do with the courts. Come back in a week." "That won't do," said Joyce, "it won't do at all!" "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 war.

"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?"

"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 hacienda La Barranca."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Interpreters of the Mode



SO LONG as you Sew-Your-Own, Milady, just so long will Yours Truly strive to interpret the mode for you. Today the trio brings you frocks for every size (from four years to size 52) for almost any occasion. Each has been designed to bring you the ultimate in style in its particular class and all claim a new high in simplicity and comfort.

inch material, plus 1 3/4 yards of machine-made pleating to trim, as pictured. Pattern 1396 is designed for sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 1 3/4 yards of 39-inch material for the blouse, 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material for the skirt.

'Tis Said Arithmetic Is a Science of Truth
"Figures can't lie," said the professor earnestly. "For instance, if one can build a house in twelve days, twelve men can build it in one."

RELIEF FOR WATER HEAD COLIC
TRY THIS 2 DROP TREATMENT
25¢ A BOTTLE
PENETRO NOSE DROPS
CONTAIN EPHEDRINE

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

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE
The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resist.—Tacitus.

COMPARE with photo finishing at...
Black Leaf 40...
KILLS LICE...
DASH IN FEATHERS...
OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS