

Household Questions

A stick of wax and a brush of oil will do much to ease the scrape of furniture scratches. The wax will fill and the oil will make the wax will mark the wax.

When buying sheets always allow at least 19 inches on each side and top and bottom, as the new ironing board will rest with sheets that are too short.

Cheerful blazer, skirt and some-thing with limited frills makes a happy outfit.

Varnish Applied by Hand

Hand-applied varnish is the best known method. It is the best known method. It is the best known method.

"I was run-down—"

"... looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... felt tired... was underweight."

"What did I do?"

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Doubt and Fear
He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure.—James Allen.

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Honeymoon Mountain...

... By ...
Frances Shelley Wees

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"My dear, you are more than welcome," Grandmother said warmly. "Any friends of Bryn's are our friends, too, and our home is always open to them. And I am pleased to hear you discussing details of modern society. I am sure your talk will be a lively one for Deborah, and help her to understand herself more fully when she goes out into Bryn's world again."

Pilar's eyes were rested momentarily on Deborah, who was quite expressive. "There will be no difficulties for Deborah," she said tenderly. "She is a wonderful girl who won't need to make the slightest effort. Every one will fall in love with her at first sight."

"Just as Bryn did," Sally said and looked fleetingly at Pilar.

"Just as Bryn did?" Pilar repeated, but her mouth tightened a little. Deborah saw, at the corners.

"How long are you planning to stay, Pilar?" Madeline said evenly. "Are you going home for the night, too?"

"I really hadn't considered it—I wasn't sure I'd be invited to stay, you see."

Grandmother gave a little sigh. "I am so thankful that when Deborah goes over into society she will have dear Bryn to take care of her. He understands her and what her life has been, and he is so thoughtful and loving. It takes a great load off my mind to have him so."

"Bryn has always been a dear," Pilar agreed at once. "I don't know what I should ever have done without Bryn," she went on. "For years, now, he has been my staunchest comrade. No matter in what difficulty I found myself, there was always Bryn, and he brought me all his troubles and joys as well. It delights my heart to know that he is happy."

Deborah did not move. Grandmother lifted her eyes and looked at Pilar frankly. "You modern girls are so honest and open," she said. "In my day a girl would never have dared to make such a statement about a man. She would have been afraid of being misunderstood."

"Misunderstood?" Pilar murmured, flicking open the lighter.

"In my day," Grandmother explained, "there were few young men such as our dear Bryn, so handsome, so eligible in every way, so fine. If a girl had been his friend always, as you have been, my child, then she would have been expected to marry him, and, indeed, she would herself have expected to marry him. I do not quite understand the new camaraderie which allows of such close friendships without any thought of marriage or romantic love. In my day, so queerly uncontrolled was human nature then, the sort of friendship you mention would have been potentially dangerous if either the girl or the man—particularly the man—married elsewhere."

Pilar's eyes narrowed the faintest trifle against the light as she looked at Grandmother. Grandmother was sitting up a little straighter than Deborah had seen her sit for some time, and there was a little pink in her cheeks. But her eyes as they met Pilar's were calm and kind, and Deborah pushed away the thought that Grandmother suspected something and was taking her own way to combat the hint of danger.

Pilar rose and stood for a moment, tall and lissome and full of grace, beside the door. She was smiling. "Customs are very different now," she murmured, and begged to be excused, and went out through the door.

There was a little silence when Pilar was gone. Deborah looked up from the puppy to find Grandmother slithering away placidly again, her eyes on her material, and Sally and Madeline looking at each other with steady meaning. Sally and Madeline didn't understand. They didn't know what it must have been like for Pilar to love Bryn, to have loved him for years, and then to have him suddenly marry another girl. They didn't know what it meant to love Bryn. Simon and Tubby were all right, of course, and perfect darlings, but they weren't Bryn. Deborah's eyes burned, and the bad lump came back in her throat.

There was a knock at the door. It was one of the maids, wanting Deborah. The cook would like her orders, the maid said respectfully. Deborah went out and shut the door behind her. Deborah stumbled down the hall toward the kitchen. In her mind's eye she could see herself sitting on the wall the other night, with Bryn leaning close beside her. She remembered what she had wanted to do. Bryn's

face was so close, and he was such a dear; she had wanted to take his face between her own two palms and hold it in and put her cheek against his forehead. She had almost done it when he said "... Deborah, do you like me ... at all?" But now she was glad she hadn't done it, because he wouldn't have wanted her to. It was Pilar he loved. He had said so. He had told her how dearly he loved this other girl, ... and if she hadn't been so blind she would have seen instantly that his telling her of the other girl was sure proof that he didn't love her, Deborah.

And if he did love Pilar so dearly, then Pilar was a very lovely person. Madeline and Sally didn't like her, but they didn't understand. And Bryn's heart must ache now, to think that he was shut away from Pilar for so long; and Pilar must be suffering dreadfully.

When she was finished in the kitchen, Deborah went up the back stairs swiftly and along the hall to her room. Someone came lightly along the hall, and she caught her breath lest it should be Bryn. But it was, instead, Pilar; and she was in search of Deborah, for her own room was down in the other wing with Grandmother's. She glanced in through the open door.

"Ah, there you are, sweetie," she said. "I wondered if you'd run away. Where've you been?"

"I was down in the kitchen," Deborah explained, praying that her voice sounded as usual. "Then I came up to get some embroidery. I find myself with no work at all to do these days."

Pilar was watching her. "You are refreshing," she sighed. "But really, Deborah, you must begin to make some changes in your life, or you will be completely bewildered by Bryn's gay world. Bryn travels pretty fast, dear."

Deborah sat down slowly, with the Italian embroidery in her hand. She lingered it absently. "Hasn't Bryn explained it all to you, Pilar?" she asked at last, lifting her dark eyes.

"Explained what?" Pilar asked, after a moment.

"I know he ... hasn't told the others, Sally, or Madeline. I don't think even Tubby knows. I'm not quite sure why he hasn't. For a while I thought it was on his own account, but now I think he has been doing it for me, so that I wouldn't feel so queer and left out."

"I don't know what you mean."

Deborah looked at her. "You know that Bryn couldn't be in love with me," she said.

Pilar did not move. Not by a flicker did her expression change. Her eyes were black and fathomless.

"Not in love with you?" she repeated.

"Surely you knew, Pilar?"

"Even if I did," Pilar said softly. "you wouldn't expect me to ... mention it, Deborah?"

"No," Deborah said after a moment. At Pilar's words her heart had fallen like lead. So Pilar did know. Bryn had told her.

"Bryn, of course, is a gentleman," Pilar said. "He does not tell any more than is necessary."

"No," Deborah said again. "But I can tell you, Pilar. I can explain to you."

"I was ... hoping you would."

"I don't want to go into details," Deborah said. "I think I can tell you in just a few words. It was like this. I had to be married by my twenty-first birthday, or lose my grandfather's estate. I went down to San Francisco to meet the man I was to marry. He was ... I couldn't possibly marry him. And Bryn came along by accident, and saw that I was frightened, and I told him about it, and he offered to marry me instead. That's all."

Pilar straightened. "I see," she said and then, "The day I came, Tubby dragged me away and threatened me with murder if I called Bryn by anything but Graham. The man you were to marry is named Graham?"

"Yes."

"Your grandmother thinks Bryn is the man?"

"Yes."

"And what happens next?"

There was a queer note in her voice, and Deborah looked up quickly. But Pilar's face had not changed, and Deborah's eyes fell again. "Nothing," she said. "We have to go on until the end of the year, or I do not get the money. The marriage must last for a year. And it must go on for Grandmother's sake, anyway, for that long. After that ... I don't know what we shall do to explain to Grandmother, but there will be something. Bryn will be free, then, of course."

"You cannot get the money within a year?"

"If the marriage is not successful to that extent," Deborah explained carefully. "I do not get it at all."

"Your grandmother seems very fond of Bryn."

"She loves him," Deborah said, with a little catch in her breath. "He is wonderful to her. Even if the estate were not so tied, I don't see how we could be ... divorced ... before that time without breaking Grandmother's heart."

Pilar turned the ivory holder between her long browned fingers. "It seems rather a long time out of Bryn's life," she said. "A year."

"I know."

"I should think there might have been somebody else, Deborah. Somebody you might have paid for his name and his last year."

Deborah looked up again, but did not speak. Pilar was watching her. After a moment she said, "Of course, it's all very romantic, and you are really quite pretty. Any man would like to be the prince who awakens the sleeping beauty."

Deborah's eyes flew to the long oval of Pilar's face. Her own cheeks crimsoned furiously, and her eyes flashed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Questionnaire Reveals Why Germans Live to Be More Than One Hundred

The following is an excerpt from Germany's recent questionnaire, according to a Hamburg correspondent: "Are you more than one hundred years old? If so, why?"

It is not an official inquiry conducted by the Nazi government, however. A retired ship's surgeon, tired of reading conflicting accounts of how to stretch a lifetime, decided to collect his information with German thoroughness.

So he began several years ago sending out a questionnaire to all the really old people of Germany. His list of questions included all that a one hundred-year-old person usually is asked, and some more.

Since then he has received replies from 124 men and women past the 100 mark, and has begun to classify them, with the following result:

Not one out of the whole list turned out to be a vegetarian. Many of the old-timers, however, named among their favorite dishes cucumber salad, sauerkraut, onions, radishes. Most of them also liked smoked meats. All admitted moderate use of alcoholic beverages, and among the men there was only one non-smoker.

Only 43 out of the 124, however, were men; indicating that, at least in Germany, it is three times as easy for a woman to hit the 100 mark as it is for a man. Of the 81 women, all had been married and only two were childless. One of them had had 14 chil-

dren, three had 12, and four boasted they had been "good mothers" to 10.

The great majority of both men and women lived the whole century outside of cities, and usually in the district where they were born.

The Wedding Cake

The wedding cake is an institution, dating back at least as far as ancient Rome. The patrician families of Rome provided especially baked cakes for the marriages of their daughters. In later times in Europe great heaps of small cakes were baked for a wedding feast. A French baker in traveling through England noticed the inconvenience of preparing so many little cakes. He put all the dough in one big pan—thus inventing the wedding cake as it is known today. It is the traditional right of the bride to cut the first slice of the cake. Prosperity and happiness are believed to go with that first piece of the cake.

Only Park of Its Kind

Skansen, the outdoor section of the Nordiska museum in Stockholm, is the only park of its kind in the world. Its 70 acres reproduce in miniature the salient physical features of Sweden, and contain typical flora, fauna and characteristic dwellings inhabited by peasants in the picturesque costumes of the various districts.—Glenn D. McCoy, Washington, D. C. (in Collier's Week)

SMILES

Too Much for Him
"But, constable, I didn't knock him down, I pulled up at the light to let him cross and he just fainted!"

Fit Guaranteed
Drowning Man — Quick, throw me a life belt!
Rescuer (tailor) — Yes, sir. What size round the waist?

Just Forget Me
"No, old boy, I'd rather not lend you anything. Borrowing and lending are the surest ways to break a friendship."
"Lend me a five-dollar man, and I don't care a damn if you never speak to me again."

Our Lessons
When one has learned his lessons he may roam the fields and float on the river at his own sweet will; but so long as he is at his desk he must be deaf to the invitations of the sky and the woods.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

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