

Housewife's Idea Box



A Patching Hint

It is a fine idea to make handkerchiefs out of the leftover pieces from the children's cotton dresses.

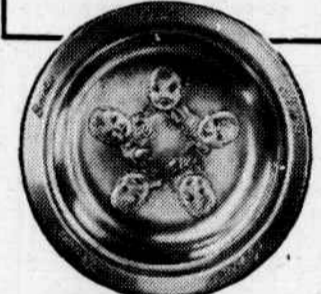
They can use the handkerchiefs to match the dress and later if a patch is needed the handkerchief can be used for patching.

Hotel Guests Save Birds

During a violent hailstorm at Rutli, in Switzerland, 200 birds sought refuge in a giant beech near a hotel.

SEND FOR THIS GIFT! DIONNE 'QUINTS' BIRTHDAY BOWL

Sent to anyone for 2 Quaker or Mother's Oats trademarks and 10c to help cover special postage and handling charges.



This offer is made to celebrate the selection of Quaker Oats as the cereal for the Dionne Quintuplets, even before their first birthday.

IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT...



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Really Bad "How is your insomnia?" "Worse. Now I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

alotabs BILIOUSNESS

CLASSIFIED ADS

FORMULA A—Positively grows hair where there is fuzz. Prepaid \$1.00. Print name and address: J. ADAMS, FRANKLIN HOTEL BLDG., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE CAPUDINE. Includes an image of a woman's face and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

CAUGHT in the WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station.

CHAPTER II—Continued

The plane nosed down so steeply that the pontoons went under. Fortunately the craft was almost foolproof.

Garth stood up to pilot the plane. A clump of spruces stood a few yards in from the water-smoothed ledge on the right bank of the stream mouth.

Uncoupling the line as he went, Garth ran out on the right wing. From the overhang he leaped down on the shelf ledge and bounded along it to the nearest spruce.

The line tautened as Garth whipped it around the tree trunk. To make doubly safe, he used the last foot for a pair of half hitches.

Snubbed fast, the monoplane swung to the near bank and lay with the right-hand float snug against the polished waterline of the ledge.

Garth vaulted upon the wing and walked in along it to the fuselage. The girl leaned from the big rear window of the cabin.

He knelt above her on the cabin roof and reached down. Her lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

"In that case, get out of the way. Your father wishes to see my prospect. I'll not waste time building a needless gangway."

She was the heiress to millions and had been reared in prodigal luxury. Never had she been treated so cavalierly as by this buckskin-clad prospector.

Huxby grasped the wing tip to pull himself up. The girl's father spoke over her shoulder: "Stay where you are, Vivian. We're here to look at Garth's mine. He has agreed to help Lillith and me ashore. If she prefers to remain aboard, she may do so."

He led the limping gentleman out to the far end, near the tip, and lowered him down upon the top of the ledge. Before he could follow, Miss Ramill called out to him: "Come back for me. It should be safe enough. You did not drop Dad."

to a cup. I'm dying to try a drink of this delightful-looking milky water." "The dying would be more apt to follow your drink," Garth replied.

"What an odd-colored stone!" The girl turned to stare resentfully at the desolate grandeur of the mountains across the valley.

"Oh, tune off," she complained. "It's quite enough to've dragged myself out on this God-for-saken dirt pile. Even the berries are sour. I'm going back. There ought to be a dance program on somewhere. Only thing, can Vivian get me up into the cabin?"

He looked expectantly at Garth. The smile she gave him jerked the attention of her fiancé away from the purpose that had brought them ashore.

"If you ask me, I think this little walk to the mine would be good exercise for Miss Ramill. When I left here, last month, there was a she-grizzly with two cubs back along the lake shore. They may have gone off; maybe not. That pistol of yours wouldn't be of much use if you happened to blunder between the old lady and her young ones."

"You saw the beast, yet did not kill her," scoffed Huxby. "Pretty thin!" "Not at all; she was quite fat. It happened, though, I had no need of meat or bear skins. Also, she was as willing as I was to live and let live, just so I kept away from her cubs."

Mr. Ramill started to overtake him. "Lead ahead, Garth. I came here to see your prospect, not to talk about shooting."

Garth went on, up aslant the tundra. When he came to where the smooth slope dropped into a shallow trough, a backward glance showed the girl and Huxby loitering along behind her father. The portly millionaire came panting up beside Garth.

"Well?" he asked. "There's my claim," Garth answered. "My lower stake is down at that cross dyke of gneiss, a thousand feet or so from the lake shore. The upper one stands about three hundred feet below those slide ledges. You could stake a claim above mine, but I doubt if you'd find pay dirt. There is none at all between the lower stake and the lake. The dyke stopped the down-drift of the alloy. I sampled several acres. Beginning at the grass roots and going down to frost, the dirt ran from five to ten dollars a pan. This trough is a placer pocket—a cache filled by the age-long down-drift from those disintegrated veins up the mountain. My claim covers all or nearly all the deposit, and it is worth several hundred thousand dollars, if not a million."

The cool certainty of Garth's statement compelled belief. Mr. Ramill's ruddy face went blank. His daughter looked at Garth with a sudden change from boredom and disdain to an interest that verged on respect. Here was sensation—something new. The despised woody vagabond of the wilds was not a pauper, after all! It was like a play, the wandering beggar boy disclosing himself to be the true prince. He had said, "a million!" Like the older man, Huxby had put on his poker face. He was not so successful, however, in keeping the glint out of his eyes. He had yet to make his fortune.

"So it's a million?" he scoffed. "No wonder you prospectors go crazy. Find a little placer you guess has some gold in it, and you think you've located a mint. Five to ten dollars a pan; why, Jack, your metal wouldn't give you half a dollar a pan, even if your small percentage of gold was alloyed with silver, instead of lead."

Garth smiled. "My mistake bothering you to test that sample. Just chew on this, my friend: A good many sordidnesses might not be able to identify that gray-white metal. But only a chechachoo would be unable to recognize that it is not galena or silver."

This silenced the engineer for the moment. Mr. Ramill favored Garth with his blandest smile. "Technicians like Huxby are too apt to imagine that the rest of us know nothing. Now, admitting for the sake of the argument that your guess regarding the alloy is correct, suppose we sample your prospect."

For reply, Garth led down into the trough to where a moss-bedded spring

trickled down from pool to pool. He stopped beside a shallow dugout, roofed with spruce branches, moss and dirt. Under it lay a small shovel and pickax, a worn gold pan, and a little aluminum cooking pot.

Garth turned to Huxby. "There's the pan. Get your samples and go to it." "How do I know your holes aren't salted?" "You don't know anything. Why not scratch down to gravel yourself? Or perhaps I salted all the trough, before I laid on this blanket of grass and moss."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "Mining engineers have to guard against fraud as well as error, Garth. I was silted once myself, in my calow days. Just to ease his professional conscience, suppose you clear gravel for us midway between here and the staked hole down there."

"That's my discovery stake," Garth replied. "Wasn't looking for gold in this trough. Just happened to notice the gray metal where the spring gush of the rill had torn the moss from the gravel. About my digging, I must beg to be excused. What if I should happen to drop a handful of that galena into the hole, when your expert was not looking?"

Ignoring the irony, Huxby pulled the shovel from the dugout shelter and gouged into a bed of moss. Mr. Ramill stooped his portly body to pick up the gold pan.

Huxby shoveled clear the moss and black humus from a space two feet or more square. He tossed aside a few stones the size of his fist, and took the gold pan from Mr. Ramill to load it with gravel. They went a few steps downslope to the edge of a lower pool.

None too deftly, Huxby dipped water into the pan and began to rotate the contents. After more than twice the time an old prospector would have needed for the operation, the mining engineer worked the pan clear of all except a spoonful of small dull nodules.

Miss Ramill had stretched out to bask in the summer warmth. With the upslant of the sun towards the noon of the nineteen-hour day, the



Garth Vaulted Upon the Wing and Walked in Along it to the Fuselage.

breeze had died down. The calm brought a swarm of mosquitoes upslope from the lake shore. The girl put on her headnet, covered the unbooted part of her legs with caribou moss, and resumed her sun bath.

Out of the tail of his eye Garth watched Huxby and Mr. Ramill. When he saw the two get their net-draped heads together over the gold pan, he rose and went towards them. The tread of his moccasins was noiseless. Before the two noticed his approach, he stood looking down over their shoulders.

"Not half bad for a starter," he said. "At least five dollars in your first pan." "Hardly that value," replied Mr. Ramill. "Admitting there is some platinum in this alloy, I am afraid you're a far too sanguine young man. Call it five per cent platinum and five of gold. That leaves ninety per cent of silver and lead, with of course traces of iridium and osmium."

"Yes, move the decimal point of your million three places to the left, Jack," said Huxby. "It brings your wonderful fortune down to a few thousands. To sluice this placer, freight out the alloy, and pay for separating the metals will leave slim profits. There may be none at all."

"Too bad you've had all your trouble for nothing," Garth replied. "I counted on your finding it a real strike—the first big platinum deposit located in North America." Mr. Ramill rose to lay a consoling hand on his shoulder. "Never mind, my boy. You'll recall what I told you about my encouraging worthy prospectors. I stand by that now. I will give you two thousand dollars for this prospect, and take the chance of getting back my money by large-scale placering."

"You're too generous," Garth protested. "I couldn't think of taking your money. In fact, I'll have to own up I had a little testing acid with me when I happened upon this gray alloy. So, as I do not believe in cheating, suppose we head back for the Mackenzie."

The millionaire mine buyer chuckled and clapped him on the back. "Boy, you're a whole lot less a fool than you look." Huxby stared hard. Then, pocketing the alloy, he went for the shovel.

"Good idea," Garth said. "A pan from above Discovery, one below, and the same from three or four hundred feet out each side—they'll tell you whether or not it's merely a small pocket."

Without replying, Huxby set off up the trough. Mr. Ramill limped slowly after him. Miss Ramill appeared to have fallen asleep. She lay still, protected by her net from the mosquitoes that tinged about her head.

Relieved from the company of his unpleasant travel mates, Garth stretched out like the girl. He thought of the vast length of time that had been required to erode the side of the mountain above him. Nature had spent ages in collecting these hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious alloy upon which he now lay basking. And he had chanced to stumble upon the treasure near the end of a trip of which exploration and adventure had been the prime motive and prospecting only a side issue. Now, by law, he was sole owner of all this wealth.

He thought of the two men upslope whom he had brought to share in his good fortune. They had thanked him by seeking to lie and cheat him out of it all. But that was the nature of far too many men. There was no reason to be surprised or angered. They had failed to outplay him with their stacked cards. He looked at a clump of alpine blossoms close beside his elbow, and smiled.

Upslope he heard the swirl of gravel in the gold pan. After a time the sound died out. His keen ear caught the dull tread of heavy feet on the turf. Mr. Ramill turned toward Garth. "We will go back to the plane for lunch while considering the matter."

"Only for a short time," Huxby qualified. "I intend to return here for more sampling. No need of your troubling to join us." Garth saw that his company was not wanted. "Thanks. I'm not hungry. Come to think, I'll go down to the lake and make sure my old lady grizzly isn't lurking in the bush."

"Your phantom bear," mocked Miss Ramill. "Watch out she doesn't make a ghost of you." Under cover of his smile at the gibe, Garth caught the glance that passed between her father and Huxby. The girl had said it. "Watch out" was the word.

He swung down the trough with no sign of hurry. The length of his gliding stride made his movements appear leisurely. Without looking back, he slanted in among the scrubby spruces. A mass of the dense evergreens put him out of sight of the three chechachos up on the open tundra. He turned sharp to the right. Midway down the brush-fringed lake shore, the tall spruces stood well spaced. He broke into a run.

A vista between the trees offered him a view upslope. He halted behind a screen of young aspens to look. The three had already reached the side of the trough. They started to hurry on aslant the mountainside. Lillith Ramill and Huxby had the girl's heavy-bodied father between them. They were helping him along twice as fast as he could have made it without their aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Alcohol in Body Cannot Ignite, Chemists Assert

According to popular belief, the body of a person soaked with alcohol is combustible. Cases of the spontaneous combustion of the body have been reported, especially in France, when the first instance of this kind is said to have happened in 1725.

The spontaneous burning of an alcohol-soaked body is a popular belief in Rumania, according to a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Prof. A. Eifer of Cluj, in a lecture before the Hygienic society, is reported by the Bucharest correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association as saying that "in past centuries it was earnestly deemed possible that the alcohol laden breath of a tippler may catch fire from the glow of an oven or even from his own pipe."

In 1847, the Countess Gorlitz was said to have become ignited spontaneously in Darmstadt, Germany, and burned to death. A commission whose members included the greatest chemical experts of the age, Leibig and Bischoff, studied this case and completely refuted the theory of spontaneous combustion.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

PROBABLY one of the most dramatic things that has ever happened in connection with the making of motion pictures was the confession in New York of those six young gangsters recently.

Accused of murdering a collector for the subway, they had been grilled all night without result. A motion picture executive was in the office of District Attorney Geoghan the next day on business. Geoghan happened to mention the case, and added "Want to meet one of them?"

The one they called Duke was brought in—sleek, composed, determinedly innocent. The movie man questioned him about himself and finally asked "How'd you like to pose for a news reel?"

Duke was delighted; he promptly took out a comb and fixed his hair. A news reel crew from the movie man's own organization was on hand, unknown to him; it had been sent down just on a hunch.

So—the six young bandits were called in, and the first thing anybody knew they were confessing the crime. The excitement of breaking into the movies was too much for them!

Pity Adrienne Ames, who thought she was seriously ill and found that her trouble was just hunger, caused by the need of dieting in order to go on making pictures! Seems funny that girls with plenty of money can't eat, when so many people can't do it because they can't buy food.

That need for dieting has a lot to do with the retirement of screen stars. When Phyllis Haver left the movies, just as her career was at its height, (she'd been asked to do "Anna Christie"—remember?—and didn't, and Garbo got the part), she said to me "Just think! Now I can eat all the baked beans I want to!"

And she can—she married a man who's head of a big canned goods business. One star's meat is another star's poison. Paramount bought the popular book, "National Velvet," so that Claudette Colbert could play the heroine, a part not very well suited to her, and she knew it. Katherine Hepburn is crazy to play it. So maybe Paramount will borrow her for it, or perhaps RKO will buy the story from them for her.

You can be sure of one thing—Hepburn will play it. She gets what she wants.

Put the name of Jimmie Savo down in your notebooks; it looks as if he'd be one of our biggest stars before long. Known as one of our greatest masters of pantomime, quite as great as Chaplin, he long ago made a name for himself on the stage. But the movies didn't seem to take to him. He made a picture for Hecht and MacArthur, "Once in a Blue Moon," which was so bad that he tried to buy it from them so that it wouldn't be released. He was fine but the picture was awful. Finally it was shown in a few places, advertised as "The Worst Picture in the World."

You can imagine how Savo liked that. But now Hal Roach has signed him up and promised that he can select his own stories. Maybe he'll get a break, and then he'll land on top. Maybe he won't, and you'll never see him on the screen after one picture. He deserves the best of luck.

He's a delightful person, very good looking, rather naive, which is odd in a man who has been on Broadway for years. Ruth Chatterton's career may take another twist. She left the stage ten years ago, went into pictures two years later, and now may return to the stage again.

She owes her start in pictures to Lubitsch, who gave her a part when nobody else wanted her. She went straight to the top, as you know. Now pictures don't seem to be quite the right field for her, and the theatrical managers are urging her to come back. Nice to have two strings to your bow, isn't it?

Think way, way back, you old-timers, and remember Carol Dempster, who used to make pictures for D. W. Griffith. I saw her on the street in Westport, Conn., one day not long ago, and never did anyone look less like a movie star, or more beautiful. She's happily married and the movies nowadays just mean something to go to evenings.

James Melton, that sweet singer of the air waves, is in Hollywood to do a picture. And the first thing that happened to him after he arrived was an encounter with a hold-up man. He arrived at his destination—a party at Pat O'Brien's—thrilled to death over it.

ODDS AND ENDS... Jimmie Cagney is drinking tea afternoons—just happens to like it... Jean Harlow will be a brunette in "Riff Raff"... Ford Bond, Kelvin Keech and James Wallington are resigning as radio announcers. They're free lance artists now, thank you... Take all your handkerchiefs to "The Dark Angel"... Fredric March almost missed the boat when he sailed for Europe the other day.

Billings Child Knew Just Where That Clam Went

The Billings child on her Sunday visit to the beach picked up a clam-shell and regarded it meditatively. "Now I wonder where that clam has gone to?" she inquired.

Neither parent responded. Four-year-olds are always wondering something, and Billings was busy resting in the hot sand, while Mrs. Billings was busy rubbing sunburn oil on her person.

"I wonder where that clam has gone to?" repeated the Billings child. No answer being forthcoming she demanded loudly: "Mommie, do you want to know where that clam has gone to? Daddy, do you want to know where that clam has gone to?"

Both parents averred absently that they did.

The Billings child tossed aside the empty shell, picked up her pail and shovel and started for the water. In departing she remarked: "It's crawled into an oyster shell and is going around fooling people." —New York Sun.

Find Out From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches, or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains... and safe for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

ASTHMA NOW QUICKLY RELIEVED. From Europe now comes a great medical discovery. Used there by famous physicians and hospitals. Its wonderful effects in relieving thousands of sufferers have been described in medical journals. Doctors state when a Perasthaman tablet is given for hay-fever or asthma, breathing becomes easier and the misery is over almost immediately. Coughing spasms become less frequent and less severe. Patients discard inhalators and other old-fashioned remedies and are able to sleep peacefully through the night.

Nervous, Weak Woman Soon All Right. "I had regular shaking spells from nervousness," writes Mrs. Cora Sanders, of Paragould, Ark. "I was all run-down and cramped at my time until I would have to go to bed. After my first bottle of Cardui, I was better. I kept taking Cardui and soon I was all right. The shaking quit and I did not cramp. I felt worlds better. I gave Cardui to my daughter who was in about the same condition and she was soon all right."

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