

Changing Character Of Outmoded Rocker

IN TODAY'S cramped living quarters there is little space for a rocker that neither harmonizes with antiques nor modern furniture. Yet, with the slight altera-



tions shown here, such a chair may be made to seem at home with either type of furniture.

After the rockers have been removed, it may be made to change character to suit the material used for cushion and back covers.

This idea is from Home-Making Booklet No. 8 which also contains more than 30 pages of illustrated directions for other things to make from things on hand and inexpensive new materials. Readers may get a copy of Book 5 postpaid for 15 cents by writing to:

MRS. BETH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Book 5.
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Waterspouts Vary Greatly In Duration, Action, Size

Although as many as 30 waterspouts have been sighted from a single vessel in one day, most people and even many old seamen have never seen one of these columns of cloud-filled wind which rotate rapidly between a cloud and the surface of a body of water, says Collier's. They vary tremendously in duration, behavior and size.

One seen off New South Wales in 1898 was 10 feet in diameter but 5,000 feet in height; while another seen off California in 1914 was 700 feet in diameter but only 100 feet in height.

Gas on Stomach

Stomach in 5 minutes or double your money back. When stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, your stomach and bowels, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for immediate relief—medicines like those in bottles of Tablets, No. 100. They bring relief in a 15 or 20 or 30 minutes. Double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all drug stores.

OLDER PEOPLE! Many Doctors Advise HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Older people! If you haven't the stamina you should—because your diet lacks the natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oils you need—you'll find good-tasting Scott's Emulsion helps build stamina, energy and resistance to colds. See this wonderful difference now—by Scott's at your drugstore today!

SCOTT'S EMULSION YEAR-ROUND TONIC

KID O'Sullivan Says

"Get O'Sullivan SOLES as well as heels next time you have your shoes repaired. YOU CAN WALK FARTHER WITHOUT TIRING."

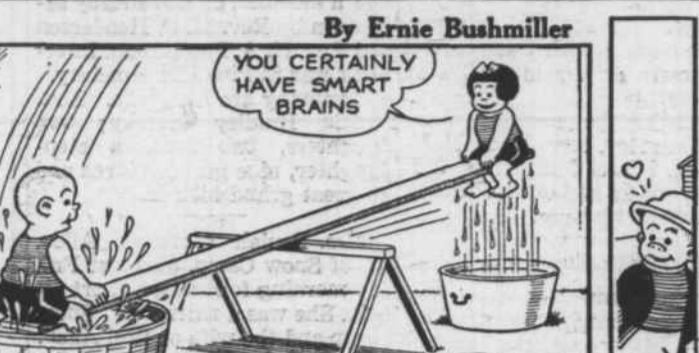


AMERICA'S No. 1 HEEL

NEXT TIME IN BALTIMORE MAKE IT HOTEL MT. ROYAL



PERFECT HOTEL SERVICE
Homelike Atmosphere
Rates begin at \$2.00 per day
You Can Also Enjoy
MUSIC—DANCING
PAN AMERICAN CASINO
NEAR RAILROAD STATION
317 N. BALTIMORE AVENUE AT CALVERT ST.



Heaven Knows

By EULALIE WEEKS

According to reports, Jack Marshall was a very fascinating person. Well, as far as Virginia was concerned, she didn't care a snap about this Jack person in particular. It was the principle of the thing. Virginia thought it unfair, just because she had been transferred from her home town to the Trust company here and consequently knew very few people, that she should be deprived of the opportunity of meeting eligible men like other girls her age.

"Oh, well," Virginia sighed to herself. "What's the difference?"

As she turned away from the window and started to cross the street, lost in thought, she didn't even see the car that rounded the corner. The driver slammed on the brakes but not before Virginia had stepped off the curb and been splashed from head to foot with dirty, slushy water. It was all she needed at the moment!

"I say, I am sorry! I..." Virginia interrupted the pleasant voice with her bitter recriminations. "Well, why don't you look where you're going. Now look at me!"

"I am looking!"

Had the man the nerve to joke? "I'm just a sight and it's your fault!"

"You are—but it's not all my fault." He was laughing at her—Virginia saw red!

"Oh, you—YOU imbecile! You—you..."

"Hey, stop. Now don't get any madder. I'll give you a lift home and then..."



"I'm just a sight and it's your fault."

Virginia knew he was right. Assuming as much dignity as possible she accepted his invitation. In about two minutes she was at her rooming house. "I'm sorry I lost my temper—it was my own fault, really."

His laugh was exciting and Virginia didn't know when she had ever heard such a pleasing voice. "That's better—perhaps another time you'll drive under more pleasant circumstances?"

"Heaven knows; who can say?"

For many days following, Virginia watched for the man who had splashed her but there was no sign of him.

One day Mrs. Baker called and invited Virginia to a cocktail party on the following Friday and the same day she was asked to again fill in at the bridge club. As she expected, the conversation kept reverting to Jack Marshall every time one of the girls was dumpy.

"It's too bad you haven't even met him, Virginia. He's really keen."

"She'll probably meet him at Mrs. Baker's Friday," Bessie said this with such an inflection in her voice that she might as well have added, "but what good will that do?"

Virginia was about the last to arrive at the cocktail party. Mrs. Baker was charming as she led her from group to group, introducing her with many flattering remarks. Suddenly she laughed.

"I want you to meet Jack Marshall but I'm afraid we'll have to use dynamite to break through that defense!" However, as soon as Mrs. Baker approached, Virginia's bridge partners moved to one side with deference.

Jack Marshall!

Mrs. Baker was only half through the introduction when Jack interrupted. "Mrs. Baker, we've met! Believe it or not, I've been looking for Miss Small for two weeks. The girls all gaped."

"Well, you'll take care of Virginia? You know where the punch-bowl is!" Mrs. Baker said. A thrill shot through Virginia as Jack placed his hand on her arm. She knew the girls could hear every word and she was glad that Bessie, especially, was taking it all in.

"Anyone ever splash your evening gown? I'm depending on it being ready for the Charity Ball!"



SO FAR 1946 HAS BEEN AN AMAZING season in two ways—for its brilliancy and its failures. For its Mex-

ico—and the good that Mexico has done for ball players everywhere.

The Red Sox, Joe Louis and Assault have taken charge of the spotlight side. They have been the outstanding champions. Golf has no entry with Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson, the two leading money winners,

trailing Lloyd Mangrum in the U. S. Open. We seem to have the best tennis players but a Frenchman is still the Wimbledon winner.

What has happened in the first year after the war? Except in the way of record attendances and general enthusiasm, the aftermath of World War II hasn't even approached the aftermath of World War I. Not in the way of competitive class.

Can you name competitors today who have anything like the combined class of Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Tommy Hitchcock, Rogers Hornsby, Earl Sande, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Red Grange, Man o' War? We have Joe Louis. But Joe Louis has been the world's heavyweight champion for over nine years.

We have Ted Williams, but Ted Williams hit over 400 before the last war. He was a great ball player, or at least a great hitter, before World War II ever developed a slight fever. Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman go well back before World War II.

The brief postwar period has developed a wild stampede to the box office. But very little beyond that. In baseball the battling stars today include Ted Williams, Dixie Walker, Dom DiMaggio, Vernon, Musial, Hank Greenberg and a few more. But these are veterans—most of them. Hal Newhouser of the Tigers and Rocky Graziano have been the two leading stars since 1941.

Against this list I haven't the heart to give you the names of those who have faded, folded up or slipped badly—who, returning from army and navy assignments, fell far behind. The outstanding performance of 1946—so far—has been the Red Sox, plus Ted Williams. Plus the Dodgers' fine showing against heavy odds, player for player. The second nomination is Joe Louis—who against Billy Conn had almost no opposition.

Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson are the two major money winners in golf—but Lloyd Mangrum is Open champion and Herman Keiser is the Master's winner. And Sammy Snead is British champion. It is all very much confused, very badly tangled up.

Most Class in Football

In my opinion the feature part of 1946 won't belong to baseball, racing, boxing, basketball, track, golf or tennis. It will belong to football. This applies to both the college teams and the pros. This first applies to the quality of competition. There will be far more class to football than any other postwar sport can even approach.

I understand that over 100,000 applications had been made for the Army-Michigan game back in June. There will be over 200,000 ticket applications for this contest at Ann Arbor. Applications for the Army-Notre Dame game will pass the 300,000 mark before September. Army-Notre Dame and Army-Navy together could leave the 500,000 mark behind—if there was only space enough.

The Navy-Georgia Tech game in Atlanta already has two times the seat applications that Atlanta can handle. Notre Dame, Army, Navy and Michigan will be a triple sell-out for almost every contest. The same thing will happen to Southern California and UCLA on the west coast. Also to St. Mary's and others.

But I doubt that Notre Dame will have the team Frank Leahy had in 1943 or that Army will have the team Red Blaik had in 1944 or 1945. The talent hasn't improved, but the crowd interest has. Veterans coming from army and navy service have proved nothing. Some have been better—others have taken a big dip. This has been true in baseball—and it will be just as true in college and pro football.

There will be stars from other years who will shine—and there will be stars from other years who will be flops.

There will be a professional football entanglement that will leave you gasping—and more than a few pocketbooks flatter than a thin plank. In looking ahead you will also see a big revival in tennis interest—and one of the hottest amateur golf championships any galloping member of the Thundering Herd has ever known. Bud Ward—Frank Stranahan—Cary Middlecoff—golfers good enough to beat the Nelsons and the Hogans in major tests, plus young stars moving up. This has been a rather dizzy season so far, up and down.