

A "DIFFERENT" MAN

By R. H. WILKINSON
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

"THE man I marry," said Sabina Van Nuy, "is going to be different."

She flung her arms in a gesture that included the whole of the western horizon, as if she half-expected the person, to whom she referred, to come galloping out of the sunset on a fiery steed.

"He's going to be different," she went on, "from any one I've ever known. Strange, mysterious, romantic."

"That," said young Gilbert Butler, looking at her whimsically, "is somewhat of a surprise."

"Surprise, Gil? Why?"

Gilbert scratched his chin.

"Well, for one thing, I've considered myself sort of engaged to you for about twenty years. I—I rather took it for granted. And I'm inclined to think that most of the people in our crowd will be a little alarmed when they learn we haven't been engaged at all, that you're planning on marrying some one else. Still," he paused, squinting at the lowering sun, "I suppose you know what you're up to."

Sabina laughed, squeezing his arm.

"Dear old Gil. If I didn't know you so well I'd think you were serious. Isn't it funny, though, to think of you and me getting married? Why, we've known each other for years and years. There's absolutely nothing about either of us that the other doesn't know. It would be silly to think of us marrying, wouldn't it?"

"I'm afraid our folks won't think so," Gilbert said doubtfully.

"They'll get used to it. After all, we have our own lives to live. We can't be prejudiced by our folks. It wouldn't be fair." She stopped suddenly and turned to face him. "But whatever happens, Gil, you'll always be the same to me. Always the best friend I've ever had."

"Thanks," said Gil.

It was two weeks later at a ball which the elder Van Nuy's were holding in honor of a visiting guest that Sabina met the man who was "different."

He was no less a person than Ivan Kremovitch, retired officer of the Russian Cossacks, week-end guest at the Van Nuy country estate.

Ivan was tall and dark and mysterious.

He talked broken English and looked at her with smouldering fires in his eyes.

He danced divinely and held her in his arms with a strength that thrilled her.

Yes, after a half-hour with Ivan, Sabina was sure he was the man.

It was exactly as if he had stepped out of a story book, as if he had come riding to claim her out of the sunset, astride a fiery charger.

They were dancing a dreamy waltz. The lights were dimmed.

The music was soft and far-away sounding.

All about them were moving, gliding bodies; the dim shuffle of feet.

Her head rested on Ivan's shoulder.

It was as if they were in another world, floating through space.

They danced on, Ivan guiding her into a little cleared space in an alcove.

There was only one other couple there. Sabina looked at them in faint annoyance.

The other couple was Gilbert and Floy Young.

Sabina frowned.

She knew Floy, mostly by reputation. A silvery blond, beautiful, exotic, a trifle mysterious.

No one knew a great deal about her past.

She was rather a strange creature. It had been rumored that she had risen from the ranks, so to speak. That she had no background.

Ivan kept circling in the alcove, plainly indicating that he expected the other couple to leave.

But Gilbert and Floy apparently had no intention of doing so.

Their attitude was that of being intruded upon.

It annoyed Sabina to see how closely Gilbert held his blond partner.

She hoped he wouldn't get mixed up in any sort of mess with the girl.

She hated to think of Gil becoming involved in a scandal.

Sabina looked up and saw a flash of anger in Ivan's eyes.

The presence of the other couple angered him.

She knew he wanted to be alone with her. And she wondered how she'd act if he attempted to kiss her.

A moment ago she would have been thrilled.

She stared at him.

He was breathing heavily; his eyes smouldering now with something more than mere mystery and romance in them.

She saw for the first time that his skin was swarthy, that the little beads of perspiration which had appeared on his forehead produced a greasy look.

At their elbow danced Gil and Floy.

Gil, cool as always, seeming not to labor at all despite the closeness of the alcove.

And in his arms—Floy, beautiful and alluring, looking up at him, smiling.

Gilbert hadn't even seen her and Ivan. He was aware only of the fresh young beauty in his arms.

Their feet scarcely moved.

Gil was bending over, bringing his face close to the full red lips that waited to receive his kiss.

Sabina suddenly screamed.

Gilbert whirled around, saw her, saw Ivan looking at her in astonishment, strode across to where she stood on one foot, gripping her ankle with a hand.

"Bina! What's happened? . . . Didn't know you were here . . ."

Sabina groaned.

"It's my ankle. I—I must have twisted it. Oh!" She reached out, grasped Gilbert's arm, swayed against him.

Ivan looked on dumbly, an expression of mingled anger and bewilderment on his swarthy visage. Floy had not moved from her position in the corner.

There was a slightly contemptuous smile about her lips.

"(G)—help me—to a chair. The pain is awful!"

Gilbert slipped an arm about her waist, half led, half carried her through the French doors on to the moon-flooded veranda.

They passed one vacant settee after another, at length found one secluded by deep shadows. Sabina sat down, emitting a faint groan.

"Hurt badly, Bina? Shall I get a doctor?"

"No!" Sabina laid a restraining hand upon his arm. "No, just stay here with me."

For a moment she was silent, watching his face in the dim light. Then:

"Gil—I—I'm rather glad it happened. My ankle, I mean. I—hated to see you carrying on with—Floy."

"Bina! In heaven's name, why? Floy's a good kid. What difference does it make to you, anyhow?"

Sabina bit her lip and flushed in the darkness, glad that Gil couldn't see.

"After all, it does make a difference. I—that is, you're my best friend."

Gilbert was silent and after a moment Sabina said:

"I wanted to tell you I was sorry about what I said that day we watched the sunset."

"You mean about marrying a 'different man'?"

"No. About us knowing everything about each other."

Gilbert laughed.

"That doesn't mean much now." He paused. "I see you've found your romantic lover."

"Yes, Gil."

He stood up.

"Well, I must go back and apologize to Floy. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

His tone was cold.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"After you apologize to Floy, find Ivan and tell him I won't be back tonight. Then come back here and ask me again to marry you."

Gilbert muttered something under his breath and sat down.

"Suppose," he said, drawing her close to him, "we let Floy and Ivan figure it out for themselves."

Sabina nodded.

"And you and I can practice finding out things about each other we don't already know."

Texas Man Makes Violin Smaller Than Smallest

A concert for humming birds could be played on the tiny violin made by E. C. Gibson of Sabinal, Texas. It is one and three-fourths inches long and weighs eight grains.

Gibson carved the miniature from scraps of hard maple, pecan wood and ebony. The ebony, used in the fingerboard, keys, nuts and button, was secured from a violin made in 1633 which he once repaired.

Everything about the small instrument is in proportion. The strings were made from a regular violin string which was softened, picked apart and spun into the threadlike strands.

Gibson has two other eight-inch miniature violins. He carved and assembled a small wagon truck inside a bottle. An ornamental fan and a wood chain carved from a single piece of wood are other articles of his handcraft.

The Refractive Index

All transparent objects bend light in greater degree and this amount of bending is called the refractive index. The more light is bent, the greater the sparkle. The index of a diamond is 2.42, quite high, while the best lead glass has an index of 2.00. So we cannot manufacture the diamond, although we imitate it closely.

Salt in Dead Sea

Dead sea water contains five times as much salt as the waters of the ocean. Because of this and because this strange sea has no outlet, no living thing can exist in it. Those who try to swim in its waters rise to the surface like corks. At the bottom of the Dead sea, it is said, the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah lie.

CZECH OLYMPIC



Macedonians in Praha for Czechoslovakian Olympic.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

EVERY six years Czechoslovakia stages its own "Olympic." Praha (Prague) the capital city, dons party dress, puts out its welcome mat and moves to a heightened tempo. Hotel rooms are reserved weeks ahead; a chair in a restaurant puts a visitor in a privileged class. Special trains, trailing one another into Wilson station, disgorge colorful crowds from rural districts. Air planes drop off visitors from the four winds of heaven.

The enormous stadium on Strahov hill, bleakly barren between meetings, bustles with barelegged athletes of both sexes with the fire of enthusiasm in their eyes, and eager youngsters imitating their elders in athletic prowess.

Outside the distant gateways long lines of performers await the signal to invade the 567-acre field in which the largest "big top" would be but a side show.

Czechoslovakia's own Olympics return to the old stamping ground, and the greatest group drills on earth are fitted together out of hundreds of units, each a mosaic of all classes. This national concourse of gymnasts is not a mere physical culture exhibit. It is the mobilization of a nation's sniew, spirit, and dreams.

When the Czech Yankee Doodle sticks a feather in his cap, that feather marks the wearer as a facon—a Sokol. In Slavic lands, from the Baltic to Turkey, the word evokes familiar heroes of age-old legends.

The Sokol movement affects all classes and all ages. Children of six move in uniformed companies. Mature citizens lift their centers of gravity to military contours. Country women arrive wearing so many bright petticoats that they seem to be smuggling woolen goods into a besieged city.

Scenes of Gaity and Splendor

Native arts, handicrafts, and songs take on new leases of life. The factory girl whose usual "best dress" is plain cotton brings forth old aprons strident with color and balloon sleeves bulging with embroidery. The society lady lays aside her clinging gown for such homespun finery as her mother habitually wore on festival occasions when costume was local rather than international in pattern.

Long before the main performance starts, the Charles bridge resembles an endless belt of ethnographic exhibits issuing from the archway of a fine Gothic tower and losing themselves in the long arcades beyond the Vitava. Costumes from Cechy (Bohemia), Morava (Moravia), Slezsko (Silesia), Slovensko (Slovakia), and Podkarpatska Rus (Ruthenia) make the close-packed streets of the Mala Strana, or "Little Town," look like aisles in a dahlia show.

Czech theaters put on their best artists to supplement the mighty drama of the Pan-Sokol Festival. Art Galleries vie with the living picture of a nation's strength. Concert halls furnish a musical relaxation after hours of suspense and emotional excitement. Dvorak's "New World Symphony" is seldom better played than in the Old Town at Praha.

Czech genius is many-sided and there is a strong current of individualism, but there are no star performers in the mass drills, in which 60,000 arms and legs compose quick-flashing scales of eye music for 155,000 spectators. The home-run, the last-minute touchdown, the final lunge to personal victory, are lacking in the group displays. Much of the drama is psychological, for the precision, the verve, and the magnitude of the spectacle are but visual evidences of a mighty spirit underlying all.

High on the roof of the tribune, hidden from the most-favored spectators, are the group leaders; but the invisible director is the man whose centenary was celebrated in 1932, at the Ninth Pan-Sokol Festival, Dr. Miroslav Tyrš.

Started in 1862.

Doctor Tyrš built his dream on a drill squad of 75 Sokol members, who initiated his system of gymnastics on March 5, 1862. The First Pan-Sokol Festival in 1881, including 696 Sokols

gathered from 76 different units, was considered a great success.

The Seventh Sokol Festival in Praha in 1920, involving the mobilization of 70,000 trained athletes and countless spectators, was a major factor in the consolidation of a new nation in the heart of Europe. Czech consciousness and patriotism, fostered by the Sokol organization for nearly 60 years, had proved its worth.

From the air the great stadium on Strahov hill seems more like a village than an arena.

There were 140,000 participants in the meeting of 1932. From June 5 to July 6 the athletic colony was busy. Preceding the main adult festival, from July 2 to July 6, first the children, then the adolescents, displayed their skill and training. From June 29 to July 6 the streets were a riot of color in informal or formal parades of marchers in local or national dress.

Delegates from neighboring lands added even greater variety to the display, which took on characteristics of a fashion show of peasant handicrafts and needlework. Although membership is limited to Slavs and a few nationals from countries which fought on the side of the Entente during the World war, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, and Bulgars have been allied with the Czechs in the Sokol movement and recent festivals have had an international aspect.

The Stars and Stripes wave over many a colorful procession and July 4 is celebrated as the "Fourth of July."

It is hard to understand how drill teams from 3,144 widely distributed units arrive at such perfection; but the Sokol organization has its own publishing plant and the music to which the movements are set is distributed long before the show.

Special gramophone records are made and sent to all parts of the country, and on Sunday mornings the Praha broadcasting station is used by Sokol instructors, who give directions and the words of command which are employed in the final exhibitions. Nothing is left to chance. That is contrary to the entire Sokol spirit.

Great Allegorical Pageant.

The festivals are distinguished not only by mass drills and colorful parades, but also by an allegorical pageant. In 1932 this allegory related this radio-directed spectacle with the original Olympic festivals which inspired Doctor Tyrš.

From the central stage a figure impersonating the Sokol founder expressed his aspirations for a healthy state composed of healthy beings. Time turned back to Olympia, where such ideals were so notably exemplified. Greek champions, warriors, priests, and poets engaged in spirited contests, and ancient Greece lived again.

These representatives of antique glories then turned into lifeless statues. There was a pause, during which one could sense the loss the world suffered when the glory that was Greece became a memory. Then the statues came to life, cast aside the drapings of an outworn past, and appeared in the Sokol uniforms which had won new glory during the mass drills of the earlier days of the festival. The Olympic ideal, resurrected, took a place in practical, modern living.

All classes unite in this great exhibition of individual health and group efficiency. Visitors here see a unified nation in concerted action.

Many a Czechoslovak is getting an even greater thrill. Splendid as is the spectacle from the side lines, a part in the big game is even more moving. Every six years a hundred thousand players, trained away from awkwardness and self-consciousness to grace and group-consciousness during months or years of practice, win a rich reward for their efforts. Small teams of athletes cannot attain this nation-wide spirit of co-ordination. The Sokol Festival is the flower of an entire nation's growth.

During these golden days in Praha a highly industrialized and modern nation lives in the fairyland of beauty and dreams. Where has a dream proved more practical than that of Tyrš, who, behind trained muscles, glimpsed clear, clean, thinking minds and the free state they were to build and serve?

CHARMING QUILT IS "SUN BONNET"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Many mothers and grandmothers would get busy and make the "Sun Bonnet" quilt for a home darling if they could see just how cunning it looks when finished. One of the six poses of the baby is shown here. The 18 inch blocks are stamped on white material. The applique patches are stamped for cutting and sewing on many colored beautiful prints. The embroidery is in simple outline stitch.

Send 15c to our quilt department and we will mail you one complete block like the above picture, also picture of quilt showing the six different blocks. Make this one block up and see how it looks when finished. Six blocks, each different, will be mailed for 75c postpaid.

This is another of our good-looking quilts and, like the others, must be worked up to be appreciated.

Address—Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

Forest Fire Dangers

Dead branches both in insect-killed trees and on the ground provide plenty of fuel for any chance spark or flame. Furthermore, defoliated trees offer little resistance to the sun and the litter on the forest floor is more readily dried out. Some insect outbreak, such as those of the mountain-pine beetle in logdepole pine, kill from 50 to 90 per cent of the timber in the stand where they occur. Even a 50 per cent kill opens the forest canopy enough to keep the material on the ground highly inflammable, and, in addition, supplies numerous dead stems which aid in starting lightning fires, in supplying fuel for the flames, and in throwing burning twigs or pieces of bark across fire lines.

Expensive Rats' Nest

When Andrew C. Jimos, Appleton, Wis., found a glass jar which had contained 15 paper dollars and some silver overturned, he suspected it was an inside job. The silver was strewn about his store. Behind a counter he found several newly born rats in a nest lined with the dollar bills.

COMMON COLDS

Relieve the distressing symptoms by applying Mentholatum in nostrils and rubbing on chest.

MENTHOLATUM

Gives COMFORT Daily

One of Life's Ironies
One may reach the top and then find it is a shelf.

CREOMULSION

Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund you money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion.

BRONCHIAL TROUBLES

WNT-7 52-84

Do you lack PEP?
Are you all in, tired and run down?

WINTERSMITH'S TONIC

WHI rid you of **MALARIA**

and build you up. Used for 65 years for Chills, Fever, Malaria and **A General Tonic**

50c and \$1.00 At All Druggists