

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Cleaning Dust Mops.—Use your vacuum cleaner to clean the dust mops with.

Care of Woodenware.—Woodenware used in mixing foods should be scalded often.

Mildew on Leather.—Petroleum ointment will remove mildew from leather furniture.

Soak Dried Fruits.—Raisins, dates, currants and figs blend better with other ingredients if they are soaked for five minutes in a little boiling water.

The Stowaway

Little romance or adventure awaits the average stowaway. Generally he is clapped in the ship brig as soon as discovered, sees only what passes outside its tiny porthole. Never is he allowed ashore in a foreign country. He gets food, water, no luxuries, usually is regarded a nuisance by officers and crew.

Stowing away is risky, too. Anyone hiding in the hold of a ship on a long voyage may be shut up for weeks, may even starve. In case of fire or shipwreck, he would be trapped and probably lose his life.—Washington Post.

CALOMEL NIGHT NOW A PLEASURE

The old time calomel was the doctor's favorite remedy for biliousness or so-called "Torpid Liver," so prevalent in hot weather, but it had some serious drawbacks from the standpoint of the patient. The nauseating and sickening after-effects and the necessity to follow it with a dose of Epsom salts made many of us hate to take it. Now you can really enjoy your calomel, for Calotabs make calomel-taking a pleasure. They give you the combined effects of calomel and salts, helping Nature to expel the sour, stagnant bile and washing it out of the system.

One or two Calotabs at bedtime with a glass of water or sweet milk,—that's all. Next morning your system feels clean and refreshed, your head is clear, your spirit bright, and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you wish and go about your work or pleasure.

Genuine Calotabs are sold only in checker-board (black and white) packages bearing the trade mark "Calotabs." Refuse imitations. Family package only twenty-five cents; trial package ten cents, at your dealer's. (Adv.)

Without Modes

Architecture aims at eternity; and therefore is the only thing incapable of modes and fashions in its principles. — Sir Christopher Wren.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Done in Silence

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

SOOTHE MINOR BURNS
MOROLINE 5¢ AND 10¢
SNOW-WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Tomorrow's Precedent

The acts of today become the precedents of tomorrow.—F. Her-schell.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

MODERNIZE

Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should follow the advertisements... to learn what's new... and cheaper... and better. And the place to find out about new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Gray Fanged Terror"

HELLO EVERYBODY: Dorothy Dublin of Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the place of honor today with the story of a terrible experience that once happened to her dad. That makes her dad, Jacob Dublin, the club's newest Distinguished Adventurer.

It happened in Russia, in the town of Ubtchark, near the city of Minsk, close by what is now the Polish border, and it happened forty-eight years ago, in the late fall of 1888, when Jacob Dublin was just a little nine-year-old boy. If a grown man had gone through the adventure that little Jake Dublin encountered on a lonely country road that chilly fall evening in 1888, it would still be a wow of a story. But when an adventure of that sort happens to a nine-year-old kid—well—then you have a new definition of the true meaning of the word "terror."

They had wolves in West Russia in those days. For that matter, you'll still find wolves in certain parts of Russia today. Then, there were plenty of them—and more than a few lurked in the forests around Ubtchark. Those wolves gave little Jake Dublin plenty to worry about, too. For it was his duty to drive his father's horses to the feeding ground every day, and that feeding ground was on the edge of the forest.

Wolves Harmless During Morning Hours.

It wasn't driving the horses TO the pasture so much as driving them home again in the evening that worried little Jake. In the mornings, the wolves never bothered anyone. But in the evening, emboldened by the darkness, they had been known to attack grown men. The result was that little Jake had to be mighty sure to bring those horses back from pasture while it was still light. And if it ever happened he was delayed until dusk began to fall—well—then his dad took over the job of bringing those horses home.

But one day things went wrong out at the pasture—and little Jake Dublin almost didn't get back.

He started early enough. If he had come back as promptly there wouldn't have been any danger. But trouble started when he reached the feeding ground and tried to bring the horses home. There was a beautiful filly in the herd, called Tara, which was as yet unbroken. A couple of times before she had been hard to manage, but this afternoon Jake couldn't do anything with her. For almost an hour he chased her about the pasture trying to get her under control.

It was almost dark by the time he got her quieted, and still he had the other horses to round up. It took him another 10 or 15 minutes to



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get all the beasts tethered together, one behind the other, the way his dad had taught him to bring them in, and by that time it was night.

Little Jake Has Choice of Two Paths.

The forest, to one side of him, was ominously still. Dark treetops loomed over him, silent against an almost pitch black sky. Little Jake knew it was no hour for a nine-year-old boy to be out alone. He knew that the quicker he got home, the better. There were two paths he could take on his way home. One path turned into a road that ran along the edge of the forest. It was a roundabout way, but it was a little safer than the other.

The other ran part way through the forest. It was more dangerous than the first route, but it was shorter and it went straight toward his home. Faced with a choice between these two paths, little Jake chose the one that went through the forest. On either path there was danger from wolves. Jake picked the shorter way because—well—he wanted to get home just as fast as he could.

He started down the path leading his long string of horses. He hadn't gone very far when suddenly Tara, who was the second horse in the line, began to get unruly again. She bucked and reared. The rest of the horses became nervous and fidgety. Wondering what was the matter with Tara now, Jake moved down the line and tried to calm her. But the horse wouldn't be calmed. Something was frightening her—and frightening her mighty badly, too.

Little Jake wasn't long in finding out what was frightening Tara. Suddenly, a lithe, gray form shot out of the brush alongside of the path and sank its teeth into the neck of the first horse! A wolf!

Forest Turns Into a Shrieking Bedlam.

Then, in an instant the stillness of the forest was rent by a shrieking bedlam. The other horses screamed and struggled while the first horse, blood gushing from his throat, was pulled down by the wolf. So far the wolf had paid no attention to little Jake. He was too intent on making his kill. But now, other wolves were coming, attracted by the noise and the scent of blood. Jake could hear their weird howling coming nearer and nearer. When the rest of the pack arrived—well—then he'd be in for it. Then there would be a general slaughter of his poor animals, and he, too, would find how it felt to have a wolf's fangs tearing at his throat.

He stood in the midst of his rearing, plunging horses, too stiff with fright to move a step. What good would it do him to run anyway? Those wolves could pick up a scent and follow it faster than he could run.

And then little Jake saw it—a light. Far down the path, half obscured by trees, a torch was flaring. Then he saw another—and another! He could hear voices now—men's voices, shouting to him to stay where he was. The wolf heard those voices, too. He slunk off into the forest and the howls of the advancing pack were stilled. In a few moments a band of villagers came running up the trail. They had started combing the forest when little Jake didn't get home by nightfall—and they had arrived just in time to insure his getting home at all.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for September 24

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ISAIAH: FORETELLING THE BIRTH OF THE MESSIANIC KING

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 7:14; 9:1-7; 11:1-5. GOLDEN TEXT—His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

Christ is coming! Christ has come! Christ is coming again! All three of these great truths are declared by Holy Scripture. In our lesson for today we study the prophecy of His birth which was given by Isaiah about 750 years before the event took place. It is entirely appropriate that the lesson should be taken from the Old Testament and relate to the prophecy of the coming of the Messianic King, thus binding together the Old and the New Testaments. Isaiah's prophecy prepares us to study His life in the Gospel of Matthew, beginning next week.

I. The Coming of the King (7:14; 9:1-6).

To us it is entirely understandable that the Son of God was to become flesh and dwell among us and that all the grace and power of God should be upon Him, for we know that He did come in perfect fulfillment of the Scriptures. But let us not fail to note the marvel of this revelation made centuries in advance through God's prophet.

1. Born of a Virgin (7:14; 9:6).

He was to be born. Christ did not come as a fully matured divine being after the fashion of the so-called gods of mythology, but He entered our needy world as the Babe of Bethlehem's manger. What infinite condescension!

He was to be born of a virgin, and so He was. There are those who would minimize the importance of this, or try to explain it away by interpreting the word "virgin" to mean a young married woman. The late Robert Dick Wilson, an outstanding authority, says, "The great and only difficulty lies in disbelief in predictive prophecy and in the almighty power of God, or in the desire to throw discredit on the divine Sonship."

2. God with Us (7:14).

"Immanuel" means "God with us." Isaiah had a foregleam of the incarnation which brought the eternal Son of God into that God-man relationship which was absolutely indispensable if there was to be redemption. Sin had made a barrier between God and man which man could not pass, and only as the God-man, Christ Jesus, came through that barrier to be "God with us" could there be any hope of our salvation.

3. A Great Light (9:2).

The Messiah was to break through the dense darkness of sin and sorrow to bring light and joy. How gloriously that prophecy has been fulfilled!

II. The Character of the King (9:6, 7; 11:1-5).

The prophet foretold not only the meaningful names of the coming Messiah, but pictured in glowing beauty the mighty things which He was to accomplish.

1. Revealed by His Names (9:6).

"Wonderful"—that word has been so misused that it means comparatively little to us. It really fulfills its true meaning in Christ. He is unique, remarkable, yes, truly wonderful. "Counsellor"—in every detail of life, great or small, an infallible guide. "Mighty God"—not just like God, or representing God; Christ is God. "Everlasting Father"—the tender and loving, un-failing One to whom time does not bring any change, for He is the "Father of eternity." "Prince of Peace"—He is not yet the ruler of the nations of the world, hence we hear not only of wars but of rumors of wars. Mark it well that there will be no enduring peace until He comes to reign whose right it is to reign, the divine Prince of Peace.

2. Revealed by His Deeds (9:7; 11:1-5).

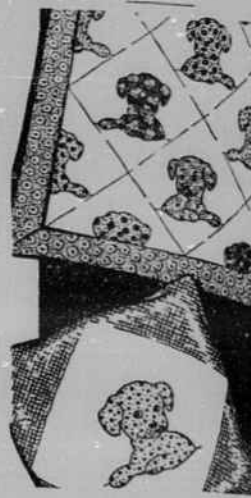
Eternal justice and righteousness, peace, wisdom, understanding, counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of God, un-failing equity—all these glorious accomplishments are to characterize the Messiah according to Isaiah's prophecy.

Has the prophecy been fulfilled? We know that all of these qualities were in Christ when He came to earth the first time, but the complete fulfillment of this prophecy awaits that day toward which the child of God looks with joy and hope when Christ shall come again.

The Success Family

The father of Success is—Work.
The mother of Success is—Ambition.
The oldest son is—Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are—Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Entusias-m, Co-operation.
The oldest daughter is—Character.
Some of the sisters are—Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity.
Get acquainted with the father and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

Simple Scrap Quilt Is Colorful and Gay



Pattern 221C

Out of your scrap bag, like magic, come all these colorful dog patches so simple to cut and apply! Make a gay quilt, pillow or scarf or all three to add charm to your room. Pattern 221C contains accurate pattern pieces; diagram of block; instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing; yardage chart; diagram of quilt.

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Voltaire Born Arouet

The great French poet, dramatist and philosopher known to the world as Voltaire, was Francois Marie Arouet, born in 1694, the son of Francois and Marie Marguerite Daumart Arouet. At the age of 24 he was imprisoned in the Bastille for writing verses that displeased the regent of France. During this imprisonment he changed his name to Arouet de Voltaire. But as time passed the "Arouet" was dropped and he became known simply as Voltaire.

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Public Life

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