THE ALAMANCE GLEANER, GRAHAM, N. C.

THE DOWN-AND-OUTER 88

By JOAN SLOCUM (McClure Syndicate-WNU Service.)

F DOUGLAS WALTON had

I F DOUGLAS WALTON had asked Kay Bergen to marry him the afternoon she had told him she was going to New York to make good, Kay would have set-tied down happily with him at For-est Station. She'd more than half expected he would-and a good deal more than half hoped he would. But he didn't. On a business trip from New York to the city where he lived he had stopped off at the small town where Kay lived to see her. "Oh, I see," said Douglas, at first a bit banteringly, then more and more seriously. "The small town cramps your style. Well, if that's the way you feel-only-I thought last summer."

ast summer-

"What did you think last sum-mer, Douglas?" asked Kay softly. "Oh—" Douglas' voice was a lit-tle hard—"just that you weren't the kind of girl who'd think that kind of thing necessary to hemimer. kind of girl who'd think that kind of thing necessary to happiness. I thought you'd like—oh. last sum-mer in the mountains I thought you'd like different things. But if you like New York and think you'll make good there, why that's that and there's nothing more to do about it. I don't think you're right." He was irritatingly practical now, accepting her, not as a woman, but as a co-worker, another struggler in the fight to make a living. "I think I have a better chance of success right home in Forest Station than right home in Forest Station than you have in New York."

He left a little later, after talking trivialities, and there was no approach to anything like sentim

between them. So, decided Kay, if that was the way he felt about it, she would show him. She'd be as good a business woman as she could. She'd beat him at his own game.

at his own game. Weeks passed. An occasional let-ter from Douglas. He was getting along slowly but surely, he wrote, in the law office where he held a junior partnership. Not big money in these times in a small town--but not bad, either, when you com-pared expenses and income. He was glad to hear of her success. She seemed to have struck a great piece of luck, working her way right up to the top. Hard work, of course, but if you like that kind of thing, of course it was great. course it was great.

This sparkling August morning her father had rowed across to the mainland for supplies, and just after he had gone Billy Bowen had come to see her. He looked so handsome with his thick black hair, bronzed face and white teeth, as he pas-sionately urged her to marry him! Kay had, indeed, done unexpect-Kay had, indeed, done unexpect-edly well, though she hated to have Douglas give luck all the credit. In spite of depression, she had got into one of the big stores. And, because of a real genius for using words vividly, she had obtained a place in the advertising department, and had been promised a speedy rise to a really good job.

sionately urged her to marry him! "I've waited for you two years, Mary Ann, and I need you!" he de-clared, and when she replied that her father needed her still, he lost his temper, and bitterly asserted that he did not believe she loved him at all. He vowed that unless she would promise to marry him soon he would take the boat for New York that night and she would never see him again. But when the first novelty of suc-But when the first novelty of suc-cess and accomplishment had worn off, Kay found other visions min-gling with those of her progress to fame. And, being an honest sort of a girl, she faced the facts and ad-mitted to herself, after six months in New York, that she would give up everything she had gained or could look forward to for the sake of life beside Douglas in mist liftle never see him again. "When the boat goes by the light tonight, I'll be on it," he said, his boyish voice rough with feeling; "and I'll be thinking, "There's where the girl lives who doesn't love me!" life beside Douglas in quiet little Forest Station. She liked her work. She found her new friends interest-And poor Mary Ann, loyal to her dead mother's trust, could only watch his lithe figure striding away without one backward look, and cry ing. She thrilled to New York, with its vivid life and fast tempo. She enjoyed the few gay parties she found time for. But her heart was and cry and cry. Then she must bathe her face and brush her hair to hide her sorrow, for father must with Douglas.

 His letters lately had been few and far between. Perhaps he didn't not know of her sacrifice. She heard the sound of her fa-ther's oars, and soon he entered the care for her as much as she had once hoped he did. Perhaps he cared for someone else. She knew nothing, really, of his friends and Station, and in the mountains where she had met him at a resort hotel the summer before they were both, of course, among strangers. She She'd never been in Fores kept reminding herself that he had never told her anything to make her know he really cared. Perhaps her know he really cared. Perhaps her belief that he did was only the natural reaction to what, she now ac-knowledged, was her love for him. So Kay worked out a scheme to find out if Douglas cared. "Dear Douglas"—she wrote. "This isn't a very cheerful letter, for I think I'm going to lose my job. Isn't that too awful? After I've had such fun and done so well. But the cruel, big city seems to be too big and cruel for me." She waited for a sympathetic an-swer. None came. She wrote: "The blow has fallen. I'm just

interest he might have had in her last summer; was married, for all she knew. Her stupid letters must seem to him the most blatant bids for sympathy. Oh, well, she'd go with Mr. Brown and have a good time and when she'd made good in her job she'd forget all about Doug-las.

las. She pulled a black velvet dress over her shoulders and let it settle actily to the slender curves of her body, patted her hair in shape, and sat down to wait for Courtney Brown. When, in answer to the bell, she opened the door of her small apartment and found, not Courtney, but Douglas, standing there, the only thing she could think of to say was: "Oh!" But Douglas said enough for two.

But Douglas said enough for two. "I've come to take you back to Forest City," he began. And that started things. Half an hour later, said Kay: "Oh

-I forgot. Where's Courtney Brown? He's my boss-and I was going to dinner with him. And, Douglas, I'll have to explain, I'm not really down and out-I just wrote that so I could find out how

for signs of disapproval.

He beamed. "I know. Courtney Brown is an old friend of the family —he's taking my sister to dinner and the show in your place. You don't think I didn't know how you were getting on, do you? Courtney kept me posted. And I realized that if I didn't come to rescue you soon you'd get away from me for ever-poor little Down-and-Outer."

FIRST-AID to the **AILING HOUSE** By ROGER &. WHETMAN

(@ Roger B. Whitman-WNU Service.) Cooling a House in Summer.

Cooling a House in Summer. W INDOWS on the sunny side of the house should be protected against the heat of the sun. Awm-ings do not always help, for some kinds confine heated air against the windows. Air under an awning will be heated and should be permitted to escape before the heat can pass through to the room. Outside vene-tion blinds are an advantage over canvas awnings in this regard, for while they cut off the direct heat of the sun, they permit the free escape of air from underneath.

For ventilation in a room, win-dows should be opened both at the top and at the bottom. Heated air under the ceiling of a room can then pass out through the upper part of the window opening and will be re-placed by outdoor air drawn in through the lower part. Neither opening should be covered by cur-tains or shades, for these impede the flow of air.

the flow of air. Still air is more stifling and is more difficult to stand than air at the same temperature that is in mo-tion. For comfort, air should be in elementatic circulation.

An electric fan arranged to blow out through the open upper part of a window will draw in outdoor air through the lower part. The circula-tion that is thus established will add greatly to comfort.

greatly to comfort. Slippery Floors. Question: We have an old farm-house with oak flooring. When we wax it, the floor is too slippery, as we use hooked rugs. Can you tell us how to treat it, so that it will not be too olly or slippery? Answer: Too many coats of wax and heavy applications of wax most frequently cause extreme slipperi-ness. Wax should be applied in thin coats, each coat being very well pol-ished. Waxing of floors two or three times a year should be sufficient. Frequent rubbings with a soft cloth will keep the floors well polished. Excessive wax can be removed by wiping with turpentine. As a pre-caution against slipping of rugs, you can get a powder to be sprinkled on the backs of rugs. This is sold in department stores. department stores.

Whitewashed Stone. Question: The old cellar stone walls in our house have been white-washed. We should like to cement the cellar walls, but are told that the cement will not stick to the whitewashed walls. Is this true? What can be done to remove the whitewash?

Answer: Whitewash is apt to peel taking the cement off with it. I move the whitewash by scrubb with a strong solution of household ammonia and water. Rinse the surface with clear water. For good results, be sure the surface of the stone is well roughened before put-ting on the new cement. Raking out the mortar points will give the new cement a better bond on the

Book Bindings.

wall.

Question: What can be done to preserve book bindings of leather and cloth? The books are about 50 years old, and suffer from the effects of time, drying and disintegra-tion rather than wear and tear. Answer: For the leather bindings

Answer: For the leather bindings you can get preservatives especially made for the job. Any public li-brary will tell you of them. This can also be used on leather backs and corners of cloth bindings. Cloth bindings can usually be cleaned by wiping with a cloth dampened with soapy water, after going over them with a stiff brush. Some bindings will not stand moisture; you should make a test on each one before go-

Making a Frame For Rug Hooking

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS TWO of the nicest hook rugs I have were made without a frame. Many rug makers like to work this way so that they may turn the work as they do different parts of the design. Then, too, whenever rug hookors meet there is sure to be an exchange of treas-ured bits of colored fabrics. In no time at all a rug making group is meeting and it is difficult to carry a frame when one goes visit-



ing. It is often difficult to find

ing. It is often difficult to find space to put a frame away in a small house or apartment, too. You can see by this that I rather favor working without a frame though I know perfectly well that it is more efficient to work with one. Almost all professionals have frames that rest on a permanent base. I have sketched here the type of frame that most amateurs use. You can buy the corner type of frame that most amateurs use. You can buy the corner clamps at the hardware store and put the frame together quickly. It may be the size of your rug or smaller. If it is smaller, just part of the rug is stretched on the frame at one time.

. . .

SEWING Book 5 tells you exactly how prepare the burlap for a howing lif the one in this sketch and gives mus other valuable information one rug hos ing. There is still another howied rug d sign in Book 67-also a braided and a en cheted rug. Send order to:

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Address	

Ship's Tonnage

The term tonnage may mean one of several things. In using it to designate the size of a warship it means the total weight of water displaced by the vessel. As ap-plied to American merchant ships, it may be gross, net, or dead-weight tonnage. Gross tonnage is he space—on the basis of 100 cm-bic feet to a ton—available within the hull and the closed-in spaces above the deck for the carrying of cargoes, stores, etc. Net, or regis-tered, tonnage, the most fre-quent designation, is the space that remains after room for machinery, crew quarters, etc., has been de-ducted. Dead-weight tonnage is weight of cargo and supplies that will depress the boat from its light water line to the load line, or, in other words, the weight of the total cargo that the vessel can car-ry safely. ry safely.

Person COLDS person COLDS particle with 6666 Microsoft

my eye. "Beer," she said with authority, "is a mass beverage, David. Its virtue lies in volume. People who sip their beer also like afternoon tea or Wagner on a fiddle. No beer, The girl sat close beside her brother. He peered into his tankard. One of her hands lay on his bowed shoul-"No," she said and smiled, "I'm "Always," Miss Agatha told me, nodding toward her niece, "the soul of courtesy. How much of that ma-terial did you get through?" "All of it," I said. "Excellent," she exclaimed, with a tiny click of her teeth. "Then tomorrow we can get to work, burn-ing the scandal at both ends." "Isn't it nice," the girl asked, and I thought her jauntiness was forced, "that after all the family skeletons, Mr. Mallory will drink with you, Agatha?"

Hidden Ways

SYNOPSIS

David Mallory, in search of newspaper ork in New York, is forced to accept a job a switch-beard operator in a swank apart search operator in a swank apart period of the search of the search aget, a crippled old lady, and her charm an stee, allegra. One day, talking with (ggins in the lobby, Tavid is alarmed by a forcing scream. David finds the scream ance from the Ferriter spartment, not fa on the Fagets'. The Ferriters includy on and Everett, and their sister. Ione verett, a genealogist, is helping Agains aget write a book about her bits-blooder neestors. Inside the apartment they find a lack-heardid man-dead. No weapon can a found. The police arrive. Highin, who

ex-searched main-dead. No weapon i found. The police arrive. Higgins, a vely dislikes Divid, informs him that ired. David is valled to the Paget apa t. Agatha Paget offers him a job he write her family history-which will to a few family history-which will to

ing write her family intery-which will in earth a few family skeletons. He accept the offer. Meanwhile, police suspect Lyos Perriter of the murder. Jerry Cochrase of the Bress offers David a job helping solve the murder. David accepts. He is to keep no working for Miss Paget. Later David meets Grossyenor Paget, Alegra's brother. Then, that night, David sees Grosvenor yow! through the Ferriter apartment, Da-id confronts Grosvenor with the story. He is told to mind his own business.

CHAPTER VI-Continued

Grosvenor watched me as I took my tankard. I thought he expected me to reach a foot for a brass rail or blow froth on the floor. Perhaps it was another doubt that bothered him. I forgot to wonder about it in admiration of Miss Agatha.

She plunged her patrician nose into the foam and, after a brief in-stant, set down the vessel empty with a contented sigh. She caught

my eye.

Allegra?

too sleepy."

elevator world."

It pleased her.

"Bah!" said Miss Agatha and

"Just," I said as she paused, "an

The wrinkles came about her eye-

"That isn't what I was going

say. Since you are in New York and your people are in Nebraska, you may have more use for fami-lies as institutions than I have. Dis-

tance makes relations more endura-ble to one another. Of course the republic is founded on the American

"There she goes," Allegra said in a loud aside to her brother.

"The family is the foundation of the nation," the old lady went on, "and I wonder if that isn't the trou-

ble with things. I believe—" The peal of the doorbell cut her short. Grosvenor rose to answer it.

"Damn," said Miss Agatha. "If it's that man Shannon again—"

She chuckled.

man coming up in the

reached for the untouched tankard, "David is-"

der.

bewilderment. I faced about and went back to the Morello. The light was out before the base-ment door and the hallway beyond was dark. I thought that Higgins might be asleep. That stopped me for a moment. Asleep or awake, I decided, there would be a squab-ble and I might as well face it now. ble and I might as well face it now. I closed the door, felt for a match

My fingers touched the white-washed stone, once, twice. They reached out a third time and re-coiled. They had brushed rough cloth and underneath that was a body, pressed tight and still against the wall the wall.

or breathed. Then I lurched forward, arms spread wide. My hands grazed the harsh fabric but found no hold. Something tripped me. I went down. A foot stamped on my knuck-les. I grabbed for it and missed, les. I grabbed for it and missed, but its owner fell too, with a thud

I saw, as I got to my knees, the outer door open and a dim fig-ure that fied.

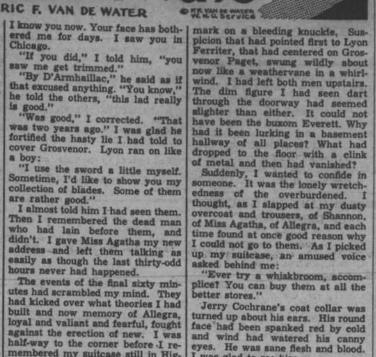


and, finding none, went along the black hall.

For a second, neither of us moved,

It was Lyon Ferriter. I admired fiss Paget's balance. Juilt is owner ten and a flat chime of metal on stone. I leaped up to stumble once more over the thing that first had tripped me. I fell again, this time upon it. An angle smote me in the midriff, driving out my breath. I heard the quick sound of retreating feet. I saw, as I got to my knees, the outer door open and a dim figure that fied. Then I squat-ted, blinking in a blaze of light.





"I use the sword a little myself. Sometime, I'd like to show you my collection of blades. Some of them are rather good." I almost told him I had seen them. Then I remembered the dead man who had lain before them, and didn't. I gave Miss Agatha my new address and left them talking as easily as though the last thirty-odd hours never had happened. The events of the final sixty min-ntes had scrambled my mind. They had kicked over what theories I had built and now memory of Allegra, loyal and valiant and fearful, fought against the erection of new. I was half-way to the corner before I re-membered my suitcase still in Hig-ring' has monthly the suitcase still in Hig-ring' has monthly be the suitcase still in Higmembered my suitcase still in Hig-gins' basement flat. Here was some-thing definite to do, an anodyne to

eyes. He was sane fiesh and blood. I was glad to see him, "What's this?" he asked, nodding at my suitcase. "The body?" He was medicine for the jitters. At my question he gave a ges-ture, half shrug, half shiver. "I trailed Lyon Ferriter from the Babylon," he said. "Your half force wouldn't let me wait in the vesti-bule. I was across the street when I saw you go down the cellar. So when you came out, I--" I grabbed his arm so hard that he stopped and stared. I had trouble getting hold of words. "Who came out ahead of you?" he

"Who came out ahead of you?" he repeated, wide-eyed. "Out of the cellar? Nobody." "I groaned. "If you'd only watched," I began, but he cut me

"Listen," he bade. "I didn't have anything else to do, except freeze. No one came out of the basement except you. What's all the heat--" "Save it," I told him and ran to-ward the Morello. My suitcase bat-tered my legs. I swore at it and myself. If Cochrane were not mis-taken, if the intruder who fied had not gone up to the street, he had lurked in the area by the stairs un-til after I had left. He might still be hiding in that black pit. Beyond the Morello, a taxi swung into the curb. Someone entered it. The door slammed and it slid away. We were too far off to see the li-cense number or even the passenger clearly. "Listen," he bade. "I didn't have

clearly. Sometime," Cochrane asked po-

"Sometime," Cochrane asked po-litely, "when you're not quite so ac-tive, you'll let me in on this?" I told him, as well as I could, for I was winded, what had happened. "Who was it?" Cochrane queried. "I think," I answered, "it was Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle." The wind boomed in the area while we talked in hushed voices. It struck my sweating face like the gush of a cold shower bath. Coch-rane was panting, yet he shivered. "Lyon?" he asked. I wondered why it should have been his first thought, as well as mine.

why it should have been thought, as well as mine. "Lyon Ferriter," I answered, "is upstairs — in Miss Paget's apart-ment. He couldn't have got down

"Unless he took the hidden way the murderer traveled," Cochrane pointed out stubbornly, and his teeth chattered. "I'd like to know where he is this minute." he is, this minute." I turned toward the steps and said:

you felt about me." She watched his face anxiously

las

Cupid's Code By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

(McClure Syndicate-WNU Service.)

THE lighthouse stands on the point where the great ships steam past to enter the canal, and there lived Mary Ann and her father, who was the keeper of the light. Mary Ann had kept house for her

Mary Ann had kept house for her father for the five years since her mother died, in spite of the constant urging of Billy Bowen that she marry him. It was hard, hard for both of them. Billy wanted Mary Ann, and Mary Ann loved Billy, and wat she could not forget the promise yet she could not forget the promise she had made to her mother that she would look after her father for

This sparkling August morning

Miss Paget's balance.

"Well!" she said warmly, as though a wish had been answered. "Come in and revel. Grove, an-other tankard."

Lyon checked the lad and smiled. His eyes, moving easily from face to face, rested on mine an instant and once more seemed puzzled.

"Thanks," he said and bowed to Miss Agatha. "I shouldn't have in-truded but they said downstairs that you had just returned. I came, with you had just returned. I came, with Captain Shannon's permission, to get some things from my flat and I wanted to thank you-all of you-for your neighborliness. There's an odd word to use in New York, but I can think of no better. You were very good to my sister, Miss Pag-et," he added more softly; "I shan't forget it. You'ye kent your head forget it. You've kept your head better than any of us, during this-

"My dear man," Miss Agatha said crisply, "When you've lived as long as I have, a mere murder can't terrify you. And Ione?". "Better," Lyon replied in the ten-

better, Lyon repued in the ten-der tone that always accompanied his mention of her. "We're coming back tomorrow. The Babylon is hardly a refuge. Newspaper men have found out where we were hid-ing. A policed man's life is not a happy one."

He stood in the doorway, a brown, worn and pleasant figure, and spread his hands.

I said to Miss Agatha:

"It's time I went-or several hours after time."

fencing or any exercise, stay longer.

As I turned toward the door, Ly-

CHAPTER VII

I could see nothing but that glare. It hurt my eyes. I knew dimly that my knees and my trampled hand ached. I squatted, half up, half down, for a long instant. The daz-zling haze thinned and Higgins' red

face came through. "What," he asked and I thought he gloated, "is all this, hey?" "I fell. I was tripped," I said

Higgins chuckled.

"So ge was tripped," he jeered. "Now ain't that too bad? The someone that tripped ye lays beside ye, me lad '

I looked down. The obstacle over which I had twice fallen was my own suitcase. Higgins, in a last flare of spite, had left it in the hall. I got up slowly and brushed dust from my sore knees. 'Who else," I asked, "was in

here?" The superintendent chuck-led and anger helped me get hold of myself. "Who else?" he echoed. "Nobody,

ye fool, but yourself and your clumsy feet.'

Higgins locked the door behind me. I stumbled up the steps. The wind stung my face. Its blast seemed to scatter my mind. Some-one had been in that basement hallway when I had entered-someone who feared to be found there, who

had fought off my clumsy effort at capture. I had touched, I had heard he intruder. He had left his heel-

"I can go back and find out if he's still upstairs."

"I'd like to know," Cochrane re-peated in a cold-shaken voice, as he followed me upward. "If I'm going to live to understand all this, I've got to get a taxi and a drink fast. Find out if Ferriter is still upstairs and then-

But we had no need for search. As I came out of the area, a lean figure left the Morello vestibule. Shoulders hunched against the wind, Lyon Ferriter strode past us. I thought he recognized me, for he looked hard and seemed about to check his pace and then pressed on. We watched him to the corner.

"Anyone," Cochrane gasped through his rattling teeth, "who can

go without an overcoat on a night like this is a murderer or a sui-cide. Hi, taxi!"

cide. Hi, taxi!" As we bounced along toward the address he gave, his questions prod-ded me once again through the story of my struggle in the basement. "It doesn't make sense," he com-plained. "Maybe it, was someone plained.

colder than me, even-some Forgot-ten Man ducking in out of the wind." "He wasn't too numb to move fast," I reminded him. "And why should he hang out in the area after I'd flushed him, unless there still was something in the basement that he needed?"

was something in the basement that he needed?" "True," Cochrane said. "Perhaps he wanted to get his watch, or what-ever you heard drop," I told him, "but if wasn't there. I looked." "It was, but it wasn't," he said bitterly. "And there you have the case in a few words, accomplice. I'm sorry we hired you. You keep messing up the puzzle. I owe you one, though, for your tip on the Babylon. I don't know who was sorer-Shannon or the Ferriters-when I ran 'em down." (TO BE CONTINUED)

not a big-city sort of person. I've lost my job. And in this unfriendly place I don't know where to turn for another." No answer. In her next letter:

"New York is pretty dreary when you're down and out. I've been walking the streets today looking for work. And there isn't any. Of course, I'm all right, for my father will be only too glad to have me back home again. But I'm ready to admit that New York's too much for

me-too big, too impersonal, too cruel." "And if that doesn't bring some sort of answer," thought Kay, "I'll give up, and stick to my work and try to enloy it."

give up, and start to my water try to enjoy it." No letter came, and as she dressed for a party one evening a week lat-er — she had been really thrilled er — she had been really thrhed when Courtney Brown, brilliant young advertising manager for the store, had asked her to go to dinner and the theater with him—she de-cided that her tactics with Douglas had been all wrong. He's lost what

little kitchen. "Mary Ann," he said happily, "you've been a good daughter to me, and it has been hard on you here all alone with an old fellow like me . . . but it's over now. Jane Hatch said today that she'd marry me, and I guess I know what you'll do next! I've been watching that Billy Bowen making eyes at

you. Maybe we can have a double wedding, girl!" After supper she crept into her own little room to sob her heart out in the twilight of the summer eve-ning. Zoom-m-m-m! sounded the ning. Zoom-m-m-int whistle of the New York boatly's boat. He was standing on the k, looking at the light.

Mary Ann sprang from the bed, slipped off her shoes, and softly, breathlessly climbed the iron stairs to the light. She could see across the water the lights of the great ship like a string of jewels on a square of black velvet, and she knew

square of black velvet, and she knew that Billy Bowen's eyes must be turned towards the light. She placed her little brown hand firmly on the black-handled copper knife switch that controlled the light, and the great beacon's rays, playing across the water like sum-mer lightning, took on a strange sig-nificance.

Dot, dash, dot, dot, dash, In International code she flashed her mes-sage into the dark. "B-I-L-L-Y Y-E-S!" Over and over she spelled it out

But Billy Bowen, once a sailor in the navy, read it only once as he stood on the deck of the New York boat. Then hastily stripping off his coat and shoes, he climbed upon the rail and dived far out into the warm waters.

'Where'n thunder are you going?" shouted a deck hand as Billy came up, shook the water out of his eyes and struck out for the point where winked the light. He turned his head long enough to shout back: "Going to get married!"

make a test on each one before go ing ahead.

ing ahead. Painting a Metal Bed. Question: We have a metal bed, mahogany color, from which the paint has become rubbed off in vari-ous parts, and I would appreciate it if you would advise me what kind of paint to use to repaint it. It has a fine grain running through it. Answer: Any good brand of quick drying enamel can be used, but the wood graining, if desired, will have

wood graining, if desired, will have to be done by a professional. Befor applying the enamel make sure the surfaces are free of any grease or dust. The old finish is made dull by rubbing lightly with fine sandpaper.

Desilvering a Mirror. Question: How can I remove the silvering from a mirror? The mirror is to be resilvered.

Answer: Remove the protective coating with a paint remover. The mirror is then placed horizontally, covered with a layer of salt and moistened with a naver of sait and moistened with a mixture of 1 part water and 3 parts cider vinegar. After several hours, the silvering can usually be wiped off clean. The shop doing the resilvering can re-move the old silvering for very little evtra cost extra cost.

Whitewash for Bricks.

Whitewash for Bricks. Question: Please tell me how to whitewash my brick house. I want to be sure to use something that will not peel or flake off in any way. I understand the government uses some special mixture on light-houses, and am wondering if you could give me the formula. Answer: The government white-wash formula is rather messy and complicated to make up. A cement composition paint or outside casein paint will make a more satisfactory finish for the brick wall, and will be much easier to apply.

much easier to apply.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual ch her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, taigne.



represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow-follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has-

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included