

And all of this was due to the vision of one man-Joseph G. McCoy, the Father of the Cattle Trail

pathize with the baby." Cold Criticism

4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 11/2 36 inch materia ards of Pattern 1212 is designed ir sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/4 yard contrasting for the collar.

Food wastes after digestion should be eliminated every day. When you get constipated, take a dose or two of purely vegetable Black-Draught for prompt, refreshing relief. Thousands and thousands of men and women like Black-Draught and keep, it always on hand, for use at the first sign of constipation. Have you tried it?

BLACK-DRAUGHT

A GOOD LAXATIVE

Pattern 1403 comes in sizes 2,

ual. Insurance organizations come close to a good table that will apply in a general way to the "avertry he passes as authentic the

week's reminder that the war's over. As one of the most authoritative and highly respected art critics of the

Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives THEY gave Americans of their day the equivalent of the news reels of today. They were the pictorial historians of contemporary American life a century ago when newspapers contained little or no picture materia, except an occasional fashion print.

. When a steamboat blew up, a great fire swept a city or some other disaster occurred, Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives immediately put out a colored picture of the event with plenty of action in it. When the United States was at war, they issued splendid battle pictures with plumed generals on prancing horses (and plenty of gory detail as to dead and wounded soldiers). There were pictures of horse races and other sporting events, there were pictures of swift clipper ships and pictures of the first transcontinental trains running amidst Indians and buffalo. There were highly moral pictures there were even "comic strips" -caricatures of life among the negroes, called "Darktown Comics."

It all started back in 1830 when young Nathaniel Currier, working as an apprentice to John Pendleton, who had returned from Europe with the new art of lithography, began thinking of setting up his own business. So he went to New York and started as a lithographer in partnership with a young man named Stoddard. This partnership lasted only a year but in 1835 Currier began again. He soon built up a profitable business but it wasn't until 1850 when James A. Ives became his partner that fame and fortune came to them.

For 30 years Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives were "printmakers to the American people" and Currier and Ives prints of one sort or another were to be found on the walls of virtually every American home. In 1880 Currier retired with a fortune but the firm continued with a son of the founder in his place. In 1888 machine color printing was aplied to their product and even reater numbers of their pictures looded the country.

In recent years Currier and Ives prints have become "Americana." Where once these prints sold from six cents to \$3, they are now sell-ing for anywhere from \$20 to \$500. And one of them recently brought \$3,0001

age" individual but there really isn't any average individual.

In trying to arrive at the proper weight for one of a certain height and age there are so many points to consider. Thus in children it is their nearness to, or farness from, the age of puberty when they attain manhood and womanhood. In young men and women it is the age at which they seem to "fill out," when they get an extra padding of muscle and fat.

After thirty, for some reason, it has been believed that it is quite the proper thing for them to fill out even more and attain "the middle-age spread." There is no "real" reason for putting on this extra weight at this time.

Then there are the three types of build: (a) long legs, short body; (b) short legs, long body; (c) medium length of legs and medium length of body. In addition to this there is the difference in bony structure; short and tall individuals with thin bones; short and tall individuals with heavy bones; and short and tall individuals with bones of medium weight.

Now there are the few individuals who have a thyroid gland in the neck or the pituitary gland lying on the floor of the skull, which are not manufacturing enough juice for the needs of the body. In the case of the thyroid gland it means that there is a little less of the burning up or the use of all kinds of foods and in the case of the pituitary gland the starch foods are not completely used, thus allowing storage of fat. However, the number of these individuals would be less than 5 per cent of the total number of overweights.

There is also a number of individuals who are said to come from a "fat family"; they consider it only natural to be fat because their parents, uncles and aunts, or even their grandparents were quite fat. Most physicians are of the opinion that their parents, grandparents or other relatives were fat because they had the same diet habits-ate too much of the starch and fat foods for the amount of work that they

did. However, the great majority of overweights are overweight because despite the fact that some may not be big eaters, every one of them is eating more than he or she needs to supply heat and energy to the body.

lost Rembrandt "Juno" portrait,

which arrived in New York recently. Seventeen years ago, there was considerable public concern as to whether Dr. Valentiner should be allowed to return to this country. This writer dredged up a most intemperate editorial on that subject -yellow with age and strangely unreal in the world of today.

Dr. Valentiner, frock-coated and dignified curator of decorative arts at the Metropolitan museum, had been in Germany when the war started. He remained to fight for Germany.

He wrote happily to his confreres at the museum that his elevation to the rank of vice-sergeant major relieved him from currying his own horse. He resigned from the museum when we entered the war. Before coming to America, he had attained distinction as a curator at The Hague and at the Royal museums of Berlin. He became one of the world authorities on Rembrandt. He contends that, of the 175 supposed Rembrandts in the United States and Canada, only forty-eight are genuine — incidentally, worth \$50,000,000, as "time and the river"

roll on for 350 years. . . .

Campos the Conqueror. A NOTHER Harvard man in the news-also in jail. The incarcerated Pedro Albizu Campos has been the spark plug, or main irritant, of the incipient revolution in Puerto Rico, flaring up again at San Juan with seven killed and fifty injured.

A wavy-haired mulatto with Valentino sideburns, pearl-button shoes and a Harvard degree, he has aspired to become the Henri Christophe of Latin America, spilling sesquipedalian words over eleven countries. His father was a Basque and his mother Spanish, Negroid and Indian. He is frail in physique, of cafe con leche coloring, passionately intense and racked with patriotic fervor.

Last month, the nationalist party, leading the present agitation for independence, again elected him president. Several years ago, he started his movement with a black shirt army with wooden guns. His arrest and trial for sedition, with seven others last July, has kept Puerto Bico boiling ever since.

Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

An hour later. Big Jim rushed to a hospital with his little son in his arms.

were moving faster than he ever

remembered moving before.

Little Jim found himself in a clean, white room, where his aching little body was put into a soft bed. He heard a dim sound of voices, then drifted into a land where suffering and home were strangely mixed.

There were times after that when

he came back to the white room and found Dad beside him, and he tried to tell him of the little house and the dog and chickens; but, somehow, it only seemed to make him feel bad, so at last he just lay there and looked at Dad as though

he could never look enough. Then came a day when he was back in the white room to stay and the pain and the homes both were gone. Dad couldn't stay with him so much now, for he told Little Jim that the farmers' wives would want

new dishes to use and that he and Little Jim needed their money. Although he missed Dad terribly he thought of the time when he would have only the car for a home again, and often the tears slid softly down on the pillow.

At last they said he could go away from the hospital. Dad came for him early and the doctors and nurses patted him and kissed him good-by and Dad carried him to the car. Somehow the car looked different, but he didn't have much time to look at it, for Dad lifted him to the seat and made so many jokes he laughed until his sides ached. They drove quite a distance out of the town and up a long hill, and right on the top of the hill was a little white house and Dad drove in the yard and lifted him down. Then Dad unlocked the door and led him in and asked him how he liked it because that was where they were going to live. There was even a brown dog who leaped about him and licked his hands.

For a long moment Little Jim looked at Dad and Dad looked back, so pleased and happy, though tears were thick in his eyes; then Little Jim said very softly, in an awe-struck voice, "Why, Dad, it's a home!"

Mirth That Glitters

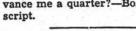
Mirth is like a flash of lightning. that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

"Do you consider him a great

orator?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum "he is one of those men who get reputations as orators simply because they happen to have a few easy audiences."

Borrowing on Capital

Junior-Say, mother, how much am I worth? Mother-Why, you're worth a million dollars to me, dear. Junior-Well, then, could you advance me a quarter?-Boston Tran-



Didn't Miss Much

"Mr. Chairman." complained the speaker. "there are so many ribald interruptions I can scarcely hear myself speaking." "Cheer up, Senator," said a voice

from the rear. "You ain't missin' field. much."



Mrs. B .-- I simply cannot balance my checkbook. Mr. B.-No; you'd need a juggler

for that.

Prescription

"What do you take for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine at regular inter vals."

"Does that make you sleep?" "No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."-Telephone Topics.

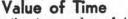
Fortunate

Senior-My brother fell against the piano and hit his head. Junior-Hurt him much? Senior-No, he hit the soft pedal

Telling His Teacher Teacher-Now Robert, what are you doing-learning something? Robert-No, sir; I'm listening to you.-The Rail.

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