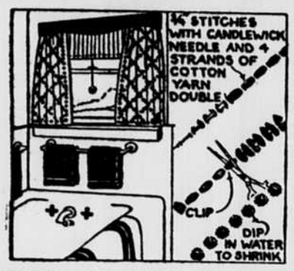
Showing a New Use For Candle Wicking

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

WHEN we last heard of Marty and Bill the curved bottom shelf of that old buffet had not been used. Well, Bill made it into a cornice board for the bathroom window, and painted it blue. Then Marty went into action on curtains to match.

Grandmother is an expert at doing old-fashioned candle wicking, so together they made the tufted



curtains illustrated. They used plain white muslin marked off diagonally in three-inch squares. They found the blue they wanted for the tufting in a soft string type of cotton yarn. The sketch tells you the rest. The dipping is what really turned the clipped stitches into tufts; then the curtains were stretched into shape to dry but were not ironed. All this about curtains has given Gram the most wonderful idea for something for a bride's kitchen shower that is coming off soon. It is pretty clever, we think. Watch for it, next week.

• • •

NOTE: Many other old-time stitches have modern uses. Sewing Book 2 contains directions for 42 of these stitches with suggestions for their use in your home. To get a copy send order to:

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of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

TRAILER GIRL

By VERA BROWN

© Ledger WNU Service

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lynn Morrow, beautiful blonde New York girl, is stranded in Palm Beach in her bathing suit with only 50 cents when her employer, Mrs. Helen Warren, disappears with car and trailer from a camp where she, Buddy, her son, and Lynn had been living. A note from Mrs. Warren advises Lynn to call at her New York attorney's office for her clothes and wages. She is rescued by Terry McNair, whom she met at the beach. She goes to his home, where he has a maid provide her with some of his sister's evening clothes. They then go to a beach club. His sister appears and a quarrel ensues. Lynn accepts the help of a stranger to escape. He takes her to his home where he identifies himself as Raymond (Wild) Austin. He accuses her of trying to blackmail him. Greatly incensed, Lynn flees. Stopping at a coffee shop, she meets a young artist, Rene Bouchier, who is returning to New York by trailer and offers to take her there. They enjoy roughing it along the road. She finds Rene to be a decent sort of a fellow. Lynn tells Rene her story. He knows McNair and Austin as moneyed playboys. The car breaks down. They are forced to stay at the Lovell farmhouse during repairs, the Lovells believing them newlyweds. The Lovells discover they are not married and insist a marriage take place. There being no way out, Lynn and Rene agree. They decide their marriage is to be one in name only, with a divorce to follow. The wedding takes place.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—6—

Rene went out to settle up with the garage man and Mrs. Lovell began bustling about.

"Now, my dear, since you're not staying for dinner, I've got some things together for you to take along. There's pie and plenty of fresh eggs and take along some of this canned fruit, and there's homemade bread."

Mrs. Lovell carried the food down to the trailer, while Rene hitched on the rejuvenated automobile. They said their good-bys, and with deep relief the newlyweds started on up the road north.

Hardly were they on to the road when Rene grabbed her hand, took off the wedding ring and threw it out into the ditch. "Damn them!" He pounded the wheel of the car with his fists. "How could they be such fools!" He kept his eyes straight ahead. "They should have known by looking at you, you're not that kind of person!"

Lynn felt sorry for Rene, for she knew he blamed himself for their difficult position.

"You're a swell kid, Lynn. If I have to steal the money, I'll see you get a divorce. There isn't anybody you want to marry now, is there? It may take a little time for me to get the cash together."

"No, there isn't anybody, Rene."

It was while they were eating their "wedding dinner" that they talked, for the last time in many a day, about the forced marriage.

"I haven't an idea of one word that old parson said, Lynn," Rene said suddenly, his mouth full of Mrs. Lovell's homemade bread. "But I'm making a vow to you right now." He held up his right hand: "Never will I tell anybody about this whole silly thing! It's between you and me. If you find a chap you want to marry, step out and marry him. He'll never know from me that you and I were virtually stood up at the point of a gun and married!"

"I promise the same to you, Rene."

"It might break some boy's heart if he fell in love with you and then learned about all this. How'd you make anybody understand? We do, but nobody else could!"

"I don't suppose so. I'm a little vague about it myself," and they went off into gales of laughter.

"If I'd only had sense enough to say that you were my brother!"

Rene laughed. "Yes, we look so much alike!"

They were moving north rapidly and both of them found they were suffering from the sudden cold after weeks of warm sunshine. They dug up all the clothes which the trailer offered and wore most of them, but, even so, they found it cold.

"Well, we've got a little cash left, enough for ground rent for the trailer. I'm going to stay in a new camp at the edge of the Bronx for the time being." Rene explained his whole financial difficulties. "I figure if I have rent paid, I can go and try to peddle some of my pictures. There's a lot of food aboard, thanks to the Lovells. Although that's all we have to thank them for."

"You'll sell your things, I know!" Lynn said positively. "They're fine."

"Wish I had your optimism. But, at least, there'll be a roof over my head—and yours, too—until you get on your feet, if you need it."

"Thanks, Rene. You're kind. I'll see Mr. Mortimer the first thing. Then when I get clothes, I'll go job hunting."

"You've got a place to live as long as I have one," Rene answered.

As they came closer to New York both of them were excited and thrilled. It was "home."

That night they decided to drive on after dark. They were only 100 miles from New York.

"We'll push on. I want to get this over with!" Rene said. "There's no use our both freezing. You go back and lie down. I'll drive through if I can. Then we can pull ourselves together and start going places."

It must have been well on toward midnight when he could see the glare of the sky over Manhattan. Joy filled his heart. This was his town, his life! Deep in his heart he knew he had real talent. If he could ever click. Maybe then he could do something for the sleeping girl inside the trailer.

She should marry some nice guy who'd be kind to her, give her a fine home. It was while Rene so dreamed along that a late comer, hurrying into the city, pushed Rene off on to the icy shoulder of the road. Rene acted quickly. There was a squeak of brakes, a clatter of dishes and away they went. The other driver was far down the road. He did not stop.

The rear end of the trailer was in the ditch and the car at right angles across the road. Rene, swearing softly, struggled out of the car and rushed back to the trailer to rescue Lynn. He found her in a pile of blankets, dishes and loose oranges, struggling to sit up and rubbing a bump on her head.

"Oh! Oh!" Lynn was a bit dazed. "What happened?"

"I don't know. But we're in the ditch. Are you all right?"

"I guess so. I bumped my head."

"Thank the Lord it's no worse!"

Rene tried to see whether any damage had been done to the trailer, but the deep snow hid the rear wheels. Then he heard Lynn call out to him:

"Rene! Rene!"

CHAPTER VIII

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Rene put his head into the trailer door. "All right, Lynn? There's a car coming. I'm going to see if I can get help."

A truck came along, and the driver got out.

Together the two men looked over the situation. Finally the truck driv-

Suddenly Lynn gasped. The check was for $200.

er got out a chain from his tool box, hooked it on to the front of Rene's car. There was much pulling and struggling. Finally, with a big plunge, up came the trailer on to the road.

It was not until then that he stopped and went back to see how Lynn fared in the trailer. He found her sitting on the couch, rubbing her ankle.

"I think I hurt it," she said, sticking out her ankle. It was already puffed up to twice its size.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Rene demanded in dismay.

"I didn't realize I'd hurt it until I tried to stand on it," she said apologetically. She also had a big lump on her forehead.

As they came nearer New York, he stopped at a drug store, bought some two-inch bandage and took it back to Lynn.

Rene, chilled to the bone, his trousers wet with snow to his knees, set his jaws grimly and drove on.

It was a sadly bedragged couple who limped into the almost deserted tourist camp up in the Bronx about 2 o'clock that morning. Rene unhooked the car and took it over to a nearby garage, for he was afraid the car would freeze in the bitter cold.

Lynn managed to get a fire built in the little stove, and the trailer was cozy and warm. But the ankle was painful, and there was no more sleep for her that night.

It must have been 9 o'clock when Rene finally roused. When he opened his eyes his head felt heavy and his throat sore. He was burning up. But he called to Lynn: "How's your ankle?"

"It's pretty sore. But I can hobble around here."

"Then find me some aspirin."

"Are you sick?" she asked in terror.

"I've got a terrible cold."

It was not a cold, but a severe attack of influenza that Rene had. The next week was difficult for Lynn. She, herself, could hardly walk, but she had to care for Rene somehow.

The second day he was delirious and she tried to arrange to get him into the city hospital, but the wards were full and they refused him admittance.

The man who operated the trailer camp was kind, and his wife helped Lynn all she could. They ran errands, and together they managed.

"This is homecoming," Lynn thought bitterly as she sat beside Rene the first day he was delirious. Their money was running dangerously low, but Lynn was quite unable to go to Mr. Mortimer's office.

Lynn hunted through Rene's pockets and found all the money she could. He had paid the rent for a month on that first day before he got so ill, but they had only $10 left. There were medicines to buy. Mr. Arthur, the manager of the camp, had got his family doctor for Rene. Lynn paid him for his two visits and the money disappeared.

On the sixth day Rene was much better. Lynn was still hardly able to walk, but they had only 50 cents left.

"I'll go downtown tomorrow. I'll have to," she said as she gave Rene an accounting of how she'd spent the last $10.

"I've got a surprise for you, Lynn. Go get my belt." Lynn brought it to him. "See this?" he said as he opened up a little pocket on the under side. There were two $1 bills. He tossed them to Lynn.

"You've been a brick. Don't try to go until you feel equal to it. Or better yet, take a taxi."

Lynn was horrified at such wild extravagance. "You could drive my car down but you'd have to pay the garage rent to get it out."

The next day Lynn was able to get down to a drug store and she telephoned Mr. Mortimer's office. His secretary made an appointment for the next day.

Lynn came home and began to check over the clothes available. Mrs. Lovell had given her a dark gingham dress, and she decided to wear that, one of Rene's heavy sweaters and a blue beret.

"I look like a ragamuffin," she said as she dressed behind the gingham screen.

"You'd look all right in anything," Rene assured her. "I've got to hurry and get well so I can get down to some of the magazines and peddle some of this stuff."

Rene was still very weak and sick.

The doctor spoke to Lynn about it. "You should take your brother back down South," he told her. To go back to Florida was impossible, Lynn told the doctor. If that was the case, he warned, Rene must be very careful for a long time.

"He should stay in bed for another two weeks," was the ultimatum.

"If I can get that money and my clothes, we won't have to worry," Lynn said as she put the finishing touches on her scant costume.

The whole place smelled of shoe blacking, for Lynn had tried to black the white sandals she wore in Wild Austin's Palm Beach house, what seemed to her, ages ago.

"They look pretty bad," she said in a discouraged voice as she brought them for Rene to see.

"I don't care how they look," Rene remarked, eyeing her handiwork, "but I hope you don't get pneumonia. There's nothing to the things."

When Lynn was finally dressed, she pulled aside the gingham curtain.

"How do I look?" she demanded.

"Fine," said Rene, but his throat contracted as he saw her in the too-large blue sweater, the thin Summer dress and the makeshift shoes.

"Well, anyway, I'm respectable. Now for Mr. Mortimer."

"Be sure and take the bus over from the subway at Thirty-fourth Street. Don't try and walk in those so-called shoes and buy yourself some when you get the money."

There was a long wait for a bus at Thirty-fourth Street, but soon she was being shot up to the fortieth floor of the Empire State Building. When she came into the reception room of Mr. Mortimer's big office, she was almost overcome at its grandeur. A gorgeously dressed woman in silver foxes was sitting there.

Lynn asked for Mr. Mortimer and gave her name to the pretty girl receptionist.

She was ushered into a high ceilinged office with many windows, and deep chairs. A man sat at a mahogany desk.

"Here is Miss Morrow, Mr. Mortimer."

"How do you do?" Mr. Mortimer held out his hand, took in Lynn's shabby, inadequate clothing. His conscience smote him, but there was nothing else he could do.

"Sit down, Miss Morrow. My secretary will bring your suit case. I'm sorry I had to put you to all this inconvenience, but at the time you wired I was not sure Mrs. Warren owed you any money. I had not had her letter."

Lynn nodded. None of this seemed strange to her.

"Where are you living?" he asked.

"In a trailer up at a Bronx tourist camp."

"Will you remain in town?" Mr. Mortimer handed her a check. Lynn did not look at it at first.

"I am giving you this on one condition—that you keep me informed where you live. Mrs. Warren liked you and wants to get in touch with you when she comes back North."

"Yes, but I hope to get something besides housework to do."

Mortimer's face remained unchanging. "Maybe I can help you to get a job." He was frankly surprised at the girl's apparent beauty, and he had sudden misgivings. Was everything as it seemed?

Then suddenly Lynn gasped. She looked at the check. It was for $200.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 August 18

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GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE

LESSON TEXT—Psalm 23.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Psalm 23:1.

Confidence, contentment, assurance, safety, security—all words expressing the deep desires of the human heart—fittingly characterize the blessed and beautiful Shepherd Psalm which is our lesson next Sunday.

Here the soul meets God in personal, intimate fellowship—in the promise of provision for every need, deliverance from every danger, the assurance of both present and ultimate blessing. It has become the best known of all psalms and perhaps the favorite scripture of most Christians.

Familiarity may cause us to miss the blessing of such a scripture passage. To help us to make a fresh approach to this Twenty-third Psalm, let us follow the suggestion of Dr. W. E. Barnes and think of it as describing the journey of life. We find that we may go forth

I. In the Care of a Sure Guide (vv. 1, 2).

Nothing is more important in traversing an unfamiliar land than to have a competent guide. The journey of life is a pilgrimage through a land unknown to us, with its many pleasant places, but also its howling wildernesses, its pitfalls and its enemies in ambush.

"The Lord is my shepherd." If I am in His flock He will guide me, care for me and give me the joy of green pastures and still waters.

The expression "maketh me to lie down" (v. 2) is worthy of special comment—that all too often we become too busy or too important to take the rest we should have, and the Good Shepherd has to "bend the knee" of the sheep and make him lie down, sometimes even by the force of sickness, or of trying circumstance. Why do we make it necessary for our Shepherd to thus deal with us?

II. With Every Need Provided (vv. 3-5).

We are a needy people, constantly dependent on the loving provision of our God. Dr. J. H. Jowett says that man has three enemies: (1) The sin of yesterday, from which he cannot get away; (2) the temptation of today, made more powerful by the pressure of the clever and insidious seducer, Satan; and (3) the fear of death which awaits him tomorrow. Good Shepherd, wilt Thou meet these mine enemies for me? "Yes," comes His answer through the psalmist.

For the sin of yesterday there is the restoring of the soul. Everywhere the power of God is evident, restoring that which has been destroyed or broken down, healing the wound; but nowhere is it more evident or blessed than in His restorative ministries to the soul. He cleanses from sin, gives peace through His Word, joy through a hymn or a bit of poetry, comfort in the fellowship of a friend.

For today—"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." The world offers many by-paths, and makes them seem to be the right way, but my heavenly Guide will lead me in the way of righteousness. This He does, not because of any merit in me, but for His own dear name's sake—for "the praise of the glory of his grace" (Eph. 1:6). That cares for the need of today.

But tomorrow, or on some tomorrow, I must go the way of all flesh and (unless Jesus comes) I must "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Even there I need "fear no evil." The Good Shepherd is as much with me in the dark and swelling waters of that valley as He was with me "beside the still waters." Little wonder that this psalm has been the comfort of tens of thousands of believers in Christ as they have passed through that valley. Why will anyone do without this Christ, who is the Good Shepherd (John 10:11)?

Every need finds its full satisfaction: enemies are discomfited, the oil of gladness anoints our heads, and our cups run over as we go on

III. To a Destination Certain and Blessed (v. 6).

Not all who set out upon a journey reach their goal, but the Lord has never lost one of those entrusted to His care (John 17:12). Goodness and mercy through all the days of our lives would lead only to ultimate disappointment if they did not bring us to the Father's house.

In that house there are "many mansions" or abiding places (John 14:2) prepared for us by our Lord. We know we shall come to that blessed journey's end with safety, because He will bring us there, to go in and out no more forever.

To study such a lesson is to create the desire in one's heart that all men should know about this Good Shepherd, to be brought into His flock. Reader, do you know Christ as your Saviour and the Shepherd of your soul? If not, will you not come to Him now by faith?

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE'S never a dull moment at Big Bear, Calif., these days. No sooner did 20th Century-Fox's "Brigham Young" troupe finish work on location near there than Monogram's "Queen of the Yukon" moved in.

The town has just one important street, and it's jammed nightly with bearded extras (whose beards earn a living for them) and members of the cast. Irene Rich, Charles Bickford, Melvin Lang, Dave O'Brien, and June Carlson are in the lineup.

Melvin Lang and Dave O'Brien had to stage a fight the other day; in preparation, Bickford spent several days teaching O'Brien how to avoid injuries. But—when Director Phil Rosen called "Cut!" O'Brien fell to the ground, and the company doctor found that he had a broken rib. He'd been too much excited to remember Bickford's instructions.

—*—

When young players in Hollywood get discouraged they remind themselves—and anyone who'll listen—that it takes just one good picture to make a star.

"Look at Pat O'Brien in 'Front Page'," they'll say. "Look at Cary Grant in 'Topper'—Shirley Temple

IDA LUPINO

in 'Little Miss Marker'—Errol Flynn in 'Captain Blood'—May Robson in 'Lady for a Day.'"

Another name has been added to the "Look" list—it's that of Ida Lupino, who did a nice job in "The Light That Failed" and has won her spurs as a result of her "mad" scenes in Warner Brothers' "They Drive By Night." She'll co-star with John Garfield in "East of the River."

—*—

We may have another Rogers-Astaire picture, if RKO can find the right story for it. Fred Astaire is free-lancing at present, and Ginger is booked for three pictures, one of them being a picturization of the very popular novel, "Kitty Foyle." But some time next year they may be dancing together again.

—*—

Herbert Moulton has a new idea for screen entertainment, and he hopes you're going to like it. After six months of hard work he has finished an abridged version of "Love Me Tonight," starring Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald and Myrna Loy, and originally released in 1932. It will run just 45 minutes.

Other old-time successes being considered for streamlining are "Design for Living," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Night After Night," and "One Hour With You."

—*—

Betty Field left the stage for Hollywood a year ago; in that time she's played four big parts, so different from each other that she's the envy of all the other young actresses. In "What a Life!" she was the nice high school girl who was Jackie Cooper's sweetheart; in "Of Mice and Men" she was the sultry, amorous young woman who attracted Lon Chaney Jr. In "Seventeen" she was a giddy young siren, and in "Victory," her latest picture, she's warm, tender, understanding.

—*—

Three years ago Ralph Edwards hitch-hiked from his home in Oakland, Calif., to New York for a job. A couple of weeks ago he returned to his home in a plane. These days he's so busy that, when he decided to take a six-week vacation, five other announcers had to be called in to sub for him.

Six months ago he turned up as creator, director and master of ceremonies of his own program, the hilarious "Truth or Consequences." It was tried out on four eastern stations, and soon will be launched on WEAF in New York.

—*—

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald returns to the screen to co-star with George Raft in "South of Suez" . . . Looks as if Charlie Chaplin's "The Dictator" would be released about the middle of September . . . Susanna Foster has a gold powder box which, when opened, plays "Fight on for U. S. C."—given her by the boys of the University of Southern California's band, who worked with her in "There's Magic in Music" . . . Tyrone Power will do a series of pictures based on tales about Zorro, the California bandit—his current one, "The Californian," is a re-make of the old Douglas Fairbanks "The Mark of Zorro."

Things to make

BESIDES being a most attractive addition to lawn or garden in herself, this cute little sunbonnet girl has practical features too. The parasol trellis she holds is ideal for climbing flowers and vines. Cut the girl from plywood or other thin lumber with jig, coping or keyhole saw, add the trellis, then paint according to the directions given on pattern Z9112, 15 cents. General cutout instructions accompany this pattern. Send order to:

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Centenarian Must Have Grieved Over Wasted Life

It was a great day for the village when the oldest inhabitant celebrated his hundredth birthday. And the excitement grew intense when it was learned that a newspaper reporter had come in search of an interview.

After various questions, the answers to which were prompted by fond and anxious relatives, the press representative asked:

"And now, tell me what you would do if you could have your time over again?"

There was a long silence while the old man thought. Then he said slowly:

"I think I would part my hair in the middle!"

Free Mind

I've been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do. —George Eliot.

SOOTHES CHAFED SKIN MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 5¢

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If lying were a capital crime, hangman would have to work overtime.

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● It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.

● When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.