Salada Orange Pekoe Blend gives greatest satisfaction

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

751

'Fresh from the gardens'

Denotes New Parisian Smartness

It's the Shirt Waist Two-Piece Sports Dress.

By ANNETTE

It shows French chic in its simple new lines, and has been found so entirely practical for classroom, it is now the favorite with all the smart juniors.

The skirt is rough surfaced tweed in rather vivid blue tones while the blouse chooses blending shade in kashmir wool jersey. The turn-over French collar is completed with bow tie of grosgrain ribbon. The front band of blouse stitched at either side gives tailored-air. A wide lue suede belt placed at normal waistline makes this jaunty outfit one of the smartest ever.

Style No. 224 comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. In the 8-year size, the skirt takes ½ yard of 54-inch tweed and 1⅝ yards of 35-inch wool jersey.

Hunter's green wool jersey used for the entire dress worn with matching leather belt is sportive.

Covert cloth [illegible] new pattern with blouse blue flannel woo[illegible] crepe [illegible] brown sports-weight linen skirt with sheer linen in same shade blouse are most attractive.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

An engineer has invented an automobile which obeys the human voice. We motorists have got to begin to be more careful of our language.—San Diego Union.

WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.

It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.

ISSUE No. 8—'30

Tells of Lindy's Air Circus Days

Details of Famous Flier's Career Revealed by Pal

Only three years before Colonel Lindbergh accomplished his epochal trans-Atlantic fight, the world's premier aviator made a precarious living, in a financial as well as a physical sense, by "barnstorming" and putting on one-plane air-circuses in the small towns of the Middle West and Southwest.

Intimate memories of those carefree and romantic days, both thrilling and humorous, are told by Randy Enslow, now also a famous pilot, who was "Slim's" closest pal and business partner during that period, in the October issue of Popular Science Monthly.

"From Iowa we barnstormed down into Missouri and then over into Illinois," he writes, "spending most of a year (1924) at it. Slim was the cleanest fellow I ever knew. He didn't drink or smoke or swear. He had more nerve in the air and could do more with an old crate than any flier I've seen. The greatest exhibition of nerve in the air I can recall was the time Slim came closest to being killed.

"He was testing a new ship for Ben Bell in St. Louis. I stood in front of one of the hangars watching him. At 3,000 feet he tried to put the 'plane into a right spin so the torque, or twisting force, of the motor would help him get it out. He tried three times, but couldn't get it to spin. So he put it in a left spin, and down it came. For a thousand feet, with the wires screaming so they could be heard a mile away, he struggled to bring the ship out of that spin. Then he crawled out on the fuselage back of his seat, hanging on like a leech, ready to jump with his parachute. But he didn't jump. He pulled himself back into the cockpit again and came down 1,700 feet more, trying to save the ship. He was only 300 feet above the ground when he jumped, but he wasn't hurt a bit.

"Lindebergh and I always flew into a town with one of us walking on the wing to attract attention. Then we would throw out a couple of hundred handbills, printed on yellow paper. We had worked out the wording together. It read: 'Come out and get acquainted. This ship is made of wood and wired together. The wings are not covered with tin. It don't back up.'

"Then we would land in a cow pasture, or baseball park, and invite passengers to go up at five dollars a ride. If nobody went up, we would fly away. Later, we would come back. When the people saw they couldn't keep us unless somebody went up, they got air-minded and climbed into the cockpit.

"We did everything that would bring in dimes. Sometimes we would race automobiles at country fairs. We got $75 for each race. Above those little half-mile dirt-tracks we would have to bank the 'plane almost straight up and down and buzz around like a fly in a bottle. As I remember it, we always won. But we used to throttle down the motor until the last lap to give the spectators a run for their money. On that last lap, we would show the boys what the old ship could do.

"Once we flew into a town with Slim on the wing. When we landed, an old lady came up and asked: 'Which one ow you young men was that out on the fender?'

"At night we would stake the ship down, or tie its tail to a stump and leave it backed into the wind like a Missouri mule. One time, when we left it tied down like that in a field in Illinois, a tornado came through the country and headed right that way. But just before the twister reached the spot it, gave a jump and came down several miles beyond. The ship wasn't even scratched."

CHINESE PROVERBS

No needle is sharp at both ends.

Everyone pushes a falling fence.

A maker of idols is never an idolater.

Free sitters grumble most at a play.

He who rides on a tiger can never dismount.

One dog barks at something, the rest bark at him.

Freedom is not obtained by running away from it.

Patient waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails.

Italian bachelors are protesting against regulations imposed on them by Mussolini. But to the married man a Mussolini more or less makes little difference.

Check Falling Hair with Minard's.

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED:

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly chemist, is summoned to the little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, by his young friend Vilak, who is concerned for the safety of his beautiful cousin, Elise Marberry, owner of a coffee plantation.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, and Vilak, who poses at times as a barber and at other times as Attorney Davis, believes Gaylord Prentiss, known to be an enemy of Elise, may have caused the deaths. Vilak and Nunnally set out at night for Prentiss' house. Elise joins them, and Prentiss sets his huge dog on them.

Returning to Elise's plantation, they spend the night. The next morning Vilak, in his barber shop, receives a note from Nunnally saying Elise needs him.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Vilak crumpled the note into his pocket. "No answer," he said.

When the laborer had stepped outside the door, he closed and locked it behind him. Swiftly he wrote a note saying that the shop would not be opened until the next morning, then he took his horse and rode quietly out of the town, fretting constantly because for the sake of appearances he could not urge his horse into a furious gallop.

When he had passed the outskirts, however, and knew he was no longer likely to be observed, he let the powerful animal have its rein. Stopping with a jerk before his house behind trees, he leaped down, hurried inside, in a flash changed his suit, applied a bit of makeup to his face, took his other horse so that his mount as well as his clothes would be different and, once more the well-groomed Attorney Davis, sped up the road.

The tree-girded entrance of his cousin's fazenda loomed before him. He swept into it and down the drive. Elise, who had heard the hoofs of the oncoming horse, came running up to meet him. Her lustrous black eyes had become wan and drawn, the lids swelled with tears; her soft olive skin was pallid, her lips gray.

Vilak vaulted from his saddle. He took both her small hands in his own long thin ones with a depth of emotion evident in his gaunt, mask-like face. "Thank God you're all right," he murmured. "What's the matter?"

She started to speak. Instead her thin lips moved feebly without uttering a sound; tears began streaming down her cheeks.

"Steady. Steady, Elise," he said quietly, gripping her hands tighter. Then, when her repressed sobs had ceased, went on: "Take your time. Whatever it is we'll straighten it out. What's happened?"

With her handkerchief she wiped the tears from the black circles under her eyes. "It's Tinky."

Vilak's massive brows contracted. "The baby? . . . What's wrong with him?"

"He's gone . . . stolen." She began sobbing again. "What will we do? What will we do?"

"Steady. Steady, Elise." His voice was gentle, soothing. "We'll find him. Don't worry."

The chemist came hurrying down the path. His face, too, was drawn; worry was evident in his eyes behind their wide glasses. He looked at Vilak and shook his head. "Er . . . appalling," he said jerkily. "Appalling."

"Tell me about it. Elise is worn out."

"I don't know much . . . er . . . . much. No one does. After breakfast Miss Marberry asked me to stay out here today . . . er . . so that I could look at the mines this afternoon. I . . was very glad to say that I would. . . Er . . . very glad. . . I read most of the morning. Found a book on Brazilian archaeology. Most interesting . . . er . . . interesting. . . Then we had lunch. One o'clock it was, I think. . . . yes, one o'clock. . . We had finished at one-thirty. . . Your cousin put the . . . er . . . baby . . er . . . Tinky . . . out on the porch to get the sun. She and I went out for a few moments to look at her Brazilian roosters. Left the child in charge of the . . er . . . nurse. Saw the roosters . . . very picturesque. In fifteen minutes we were back. . . The baby was gone . . . Disappeared like magic from its . . . er . . . bed. . . Nurse had gone in for a minute to get a glass of water. . . We ourselves . . . ourselves weren't away more than fifteen minutes . . . er . . . minutes. . . . I looked at my watch. Appalling . . er . . . appalling."

Elise's sobs had ceased. Vilak turned to her. "All right now?" he asked.

Her lips were still trembling. "It's my fault he is gone. Nobody's but mine. I'll never forgive myself. I should have kept watch over him. Then it wouldn't have happened. It wouldn't have happened."

"Don't talk that way, Elise. It's not your fault. It's mine far more than yours. Cheer up now. Like a good fellow. We'll find him. I promise you we'll find him."

He strode toward the house. "Nurse didn't see anyone? No signs of anyone having been about who might have taken him?"

"Some marks in the lawn in front of the veranda where the crib was. I'll show you."

"I'll look at the bed a minute first, if you don't mind."

She led the way inside. On the porch, near the screen from which the protecting blind had been lifted so that the sun could stream down, was an infants crib of finely carved mahogany. On the shining linen pillow and the tiny white mattress was the unmistakable imprint of a child's body. Quickly Vilak's eyes ranged over the bed for a possible finger print. Then he glanced at the floor and in a moment stepped outside. In the soft turf was a series of deep circular marks which led from the doorway of the veranda to a strip of woods a hundred yards away.

"Foot prints,' Vilak announced, studying them closely. "Foot prints of someone walking barefoot on his heels so as not to make any noise or leave more of a mark than he could help."

He began to follow the prints, striding quickly over grass and mud until he reached the strip of trees. Here, too, the prints, though not so prominent, were visible after close examination, and instead of being the prints of heels had become the impressions of a whole foot. By following these or, where they were missing, a crushed leaf or a branch which had been snapped in passing, Vilak at length reached the road, the others close behind him. Here the prints of feet disappeared entirely, to be replaced by the marks of horseshoes.

"There were two horses here," said Vilak, looking down intently at the ground. "There are two entirely different sets of prints. The animals were halted here some time, fifteen minutes at least. The number of prints as the horses stepped around shows that." He knelt. "Hum. That's odd. Look at that, Nunny." He pointed to an imprint clearly marked in the mud. "What does that look like to you?"

The old man stooped with difficulty. "Like an incomplete . . . . er . . . . horse hoof. . . Yes . . . Yes . . . incomplete. I can't see anything else."

"That's all it is. Just that. A shoe which was an inch shorter on one side than on the other. It happens to be the shoe of Prentiss' horse. I noticed it on one of the rare days when he had ridden into town. Part of the left hind hoof was missing. An injury the animal got in an accident on Prentiss' fazenda, Joao told me." He looked up at Elise and smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry any longer. We've got the trail now. We'll have your Tinky back by midnight at the latest."

Their course, two sets of hoof-prints, one that of a horse whose left hind foot had been maimed, led clearly away from Porto Verde to Avilos, thirty kilometers up the river. Vilak mounted his horse again and waited while the others hastily obtained steeds and joined him. They set off as rapidly as the task of watching the prints in the ever-changing road surface would permit.

"But why should . . er . . Prentiss . . . yes Prentiss, steal . . . er . . . . Tinky?" the old man queried, as he awkwardly pulled at the reins of his horse.

Elise shuddered. "I don't know whether it is Prentiss. But it might be. He would do anything he could to hurt me. Anything. Because I am my father's daughter. Because he thinks I want to take his land. I hesistated to say it before. I thought I'd be descending to the level of the natives. But after the day before yesterday when I went out to his house, I'm convinced that everything they say is true. I saw his face when he set the dog on me."

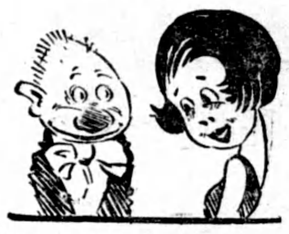
(To be continued.)

"Thank God you're all right," he murmured. "What's the matter?"

Worth and Merit

We pride ourselves, in weighing worth and merit,
Too much in virtues that we but inherit.
Some punctual grandsire makes us hate delay
And we are proud to keep our oath and day.
But our ancestral folies and abuses
We still indulge in and make for them excuses.
Let him be proud, dared man be proud at all,
Who stands where all his fathers used to fall,
Holding their virtues fast and passing on
Still higher good through his own victories won.

—Isaac Ogden Rankin.



"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions?"

"I certainly do, father. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that $2 hat than in the one that cost $20."

Italy has a new Princess, but will continue doing business under the same old management.—Dallas News.

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