

This Started With An Old Car Seat

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS
WE KNOW what becomes of old automobiles for their graveyards are all too obvious. But how about that backseat cushion with springs almost as good as new? The sketch shows what became of one such seat.

It was padded out at the ends to make the back the same length as the front. Extra padding was also used on the top to make it smooth. A simple base with a back and wings was made of one-inch boards, to fit the seat. Next, came the cretonne slip-cover for



the spring seat, with a box pleated ruffle around the front and along the sides up to the wings. A bright peacock blue tone in the cretonne was used for seam cordings and was matched in paint for the wings and back of the seat.

NOTE: Sewing Book 1 contains 32 pages of directions for making slip-covers and curtains; books 2 and 3 give directions for the embroidered pictures over the mantle. The knitted rag rug and pillows in this sketch are in Book 4. Books are 10 cents each; if you enclose 40 cents with your order for four books (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4) you will receive a FREE set of quilt block patterns of Mrs. Spears' Favorite Early American quilt designs. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills, New York
Enclose 10 cents for one book, or 40 cents for four books and set of quilt block patterns.
Name.....
Address.....

Strange Facts

Continuous Growth
Versatile Products
Mail Must Go On!

Although most creatures have a definite growth limit, others continue to increase in size as long as they live, among them being trees, fish, oysters, clams, shrimps, crabs and lobsters.

Products of the farm have more than 400 nonfood uses in industry. For example, corn is used in making adhesives, potatoes in laundry starch, soybeans in plastics, cattle grease in antifreeze mixtures, grape-seed oil in soaps, buttermilk in paints, and eggs in leather-dressing processes.

In many Japanese bedrooms the compass points are painted on the floor. Few Japanese will sleep with the head pointing north, the position in which they are buried.

Although the transatlantic clipper is built to carry 3,000 pounds of mail, they have transported 4,300 pounds, or 140,000 letters and packages. Incidentally, a clipper must carry all mail given to it by the post office department, even if it has to cancel all passenger bookings.—Collier's.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, and Also Pepsin-ize Stomach!

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach comfort, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how Pepsin-izing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the Laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

Wisdom Is Sought
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought.—Young.



Good Merchandise

Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

THE GIFT WIFE...

By RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"But let's not talk Turkish politics. I hear nothing else all day. Let's go to a cafe chantant," suggested Banbury.

"Anything to get my mind off my troubles," replied Jebb.

The admission was only two piastres or ten cents apiece. The price seemed small till the musicians began, then it seemed excessive.

Banbury chose a table and the waiter brought them coffee. Banbury rejected it with horror and ordered Scotch and soda, in which Jebb begged to be excused from joining him.

At a table in front of him, Jebb noticed a fat neck and short, bristly poll of distinctly French extraction. Eventually their owner turned his face, glanced at Jebb, stared, turned away, turned back, looked uneasy, angry, pugnacious, puzzled.

Jebb wondered what ailed the man. He was sure he had never seen him before. At length the stranger rose and left the hall, and Jebb gave his soul to the Miserere from "Il Trovatore."

He was absorbed so deeply in the music that he failed to notice at first the arrival of a police officer who spoke deferentially to Banbury. Banbury was melting sympathetically under the influence of Scotch and Verdi, but he was instant with an Englishman's rage at any invasion of his privacy.

Jebb turned in surprise and found the Turkish officer regarding him with a piercing scrutiny, which Jebb answered with the clear-eyed innocence of ignorance. He caught a word here and there and gleaned that the conversation had to do with a French hotelkeeper named Moosoo Carolet, and an unpaid bill.

Banbury grew more and more furious as he thundered Turkish with a curious British intonation. The officer grew more and more humble and finally withdrew in confusion with much apology and many a salaam.

When he had gone, Banbury said, "This is the most ghastly country in God's world. What do you suppose that jacksass of a policeman wanted? It would be no end funny if it weren't so disgustingly impertinent. It seems that some silly ass of a French hotelkeeper here had a guest who lived very royally for a few days then skipped without stopping to pay the shot. This jacksass sees you and thinks you are Pierpont. He goes to the police and orders your arrest. The officer came to me with apologies for throwing a friend of mine into a dungeon as a common thief, but I sent him about his business."

"That's mighty nice of you."

"Don't think any more about it. Have another cigar and a cup of coffee, and let us hope that soprano is really not so unhappy as she sounds."

"By the way, what was the name of the hotel?"

"The Grand Hotel de—something or other. I don't remember. Don't think of it again, I beg you."

But Jebb thought of it without rest. At length Banbury rose impatiently. The Scotch had made him drowsy, but he blamed the Italian music.

"I can't stand any more of this caterwaul, can you? What do you say to our getting out? I'll drop you at your hotel, eh?"

"Thank you, I think I'll see it through."

"Very well, I'll wait if you want to."

"Please don't let me keep you."

It took much delicate management, but Banbury was very, very sleepy and at last permitted Jebb to bid him good-night. As soon as he was out of the building, Jebb rose and searched for the policeman. He was greeted with profound courtesy.

Jebb had been mulling the affair over in his head, and he was able to ask in intelligible if inelegant Turkish:

"Will you please tell me the name of the hotel kept by Musu Carolet?"

"The Grand Hotel de l'Europe, effendim. He is a dog of a fool to have suspected you."

Jebb bowed and murmured: "Good-night," and the official answered, "You are welcome."

Jebb sauntered carelessly out of the cafe and, calling an araba, said: "Grand Hotel de l'Europe."

Arriving there he told the arabaji to wait. He found the office alight and M. Carolet talking excitedly to a lady who was presumably Mme. Carolet.

Jebb had rehearsed his French in the cab, and he began smoothly: "Monsieur, though I had rested at his hotel, is it not?"

"I was sure of it, monsieur. You look most like that miserable pig-dog of a Pierpont. I see now that you are not the man—he was much thinner and not at all like you. I apologize humbly."

"When was Mr. Pierpont here?"

"It was two weeks, monsieur. He arrives in state. He seems to have a little too much of the gin or the

wiskee, but we others always expect that from the English and Americans. He orders the best room in the house, the best food, and he drinks much of the wiskee. Then one day—his room is empty. He does not come back."

"How much was his bill?"

"Five pounds Turkish."

"Is it that he left of the baggage?"

"No, monsieur. He brought nothing with him. He said he expected his yacht to come for him. He bought fresh linen here in the shops and threw the old away."

Jebb smiled sadly. The portrait sounded familiar.

"Did Mr. Pierpont register?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"May I see the signature?"

"But yes, monsieur."

Mme. Carolet whisked the little book from a drawer and Jebb recognized his own writing with a conflict of relief and shame. The name was Vanderbilt Pierpont, but the hand was the hand of Jebb.

"One more question. Is it that Mr. Pierpont had a child with him—a little girl?"

"No, monsieur, not one."

"From what city was he come?"

"That he did not say, monsieur, and he had not of the baggage, mon-

He kept walking and late in the afternoon he reached the southern limits of the city, where houses were few and fields broad. In the distance he saw a splendid palace in a great garden surrounded by a high wall. He skirted the edges and continued on his way till it began to grow dark. Seeing that the sunset was purpling Mt. Olympus and that night would soon be upon him, he turned back.

He was startled by distant cries. He saw people running here and there. Suddenly a little veiled figure came out of the twilight and the shrubbery close to him. Jebb thought that some poor Turkish wife was fleeing from murder or persecution. He determined to offer her his protection. He ran towards her shouting in English. As he came up the little veiled figure drew two revolvers and fired at him.

The bullets whirred past his ears. He would have been glad to retreat but his impetus carried him forward, and it was momentum rather than any foolhardy bravery that led him to leap at the murderous lady and wrestle with her for her revolvers, which continued to spit fire in a very feminine way and fortunately with feminine aim.

In the highly indecorous wrestle for life, the fugitive's thick yashmak was torn loose, and Jebb saw to his infinite amazement that the little lady wore a heavy beard, and was a little old man.

The captive kept uttering violent things in a violent way; then he began to plead shrilly. But Jebb had lost his Turkish along with his breath and his patience, and he simply held his prisoner fast, till the pursuers arrived. They gazed with awe at the scene, pouring forth horrified sentences in which Jebb caught the word "Padishah!"

He nearly swooned as it came over him that the little old gentleman in the disheveled ferije and veil was no less—and no more—than Abdul Hamid I.

Each of the breathless pursuers laid hold on the royal captive, till he looked as many-limbed as the spider he had been always called. Turning to Jebb, the Turks, with such hands as were free, lifted the imaginary dust of homage to their breasts and brows.

Then in a cloud of real dust a mounted officer thundered up. He insisted that he was the dust under Jebb's feet, and introduced himself as Raouf Bey, a cavalry colonel or Miralay detailed as the guardian of the Sultan.

When the Allatini villa was reached and the Sultan snugly restored to his nest, Raouf invited Jebb to enter the carriage with him, and returned him to his hotel in state.

That night he was the guest at dinner of a group of Young Turkish leaders. The dinner was given in the home, the selamlik, of the wealthy Chekub Selah. It was a stately affair—a procession of luxuries.

At Jebb's request Cranford Banbury was asked to attend as interpreter, though there was little need of him in this respect, since all of the Young Turks spoke French and German and some of them English.

After a long and flowery speech by a white-bearded Young Turk, who had spent part of his years in prison and part in exile, Jebb turned to Banbury with an anxious whisper:

"I didn't quite understand what he said last."

Banbury whispered back: "They want you to name some reward for your wonderful et cetera, et cetera. What would you like most, my boy?—the diamond star of the order of Nishani Osmanee, or a silver medal for saving life?—or will you have it in cash?"

"Yes, effendim, here is the permission for V. Pierpont Effendi to travel from Constantinople into the interior. It carries the visa of Salonica in the writing of my assistant. I was absent that day."

"May I ask the date, and the name of the man who issued the teskere?"

The recorder held it out for him to see, and Jebb wrote down the name of the official and his address in Constantinople. He could hardly control his excitement as he said:

"One more question, effendim, when is the next train to Constantinople? Shall I have time to go back to my hotel before it leaves?"

"I think so, effendim," smiled the Turk, shaking like a vat of jelly: "the train to Constantinople runs three times every week, and the next train leaves tomorrow."

Another twenty-four hours of inaction! It seemed that he could not tolerate the delay. He was finished with Salonica, so impatient to be quit of it that he was tempted to set out for Constantinople on foot. He actually climbed the steep hillside, through the Turkish quarter.

Young girls hung about the fountains filling their jugs, and a dozen times Jebb saw some profile, some little form that suggested Cynthia. But he was all too well assured that she was not in Salonica.

He kept walking and late in the afternoon he reached the southern limits of the city, where houses were few and fields broad. In the distance he saw a splendid palace in a great garden surrounded by a high wall. He skirted the edges and continued on his way till it began to grow dark. Seeing that the sunset was purpling Mt. Olympus and that night would soon be upon him, he turned back.

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Jebb did not hesitate about his answer:

"Tell them about the 'lost child and ask them if they can give me any help." Banbury drew forth a long story, which seemed to touch the guests deeply, for when he finished they all spoke at once, and Cranford explained:

"They promise you the aid of the whole nation, and say that nobody in Turkey shall feel himself too high or too busy to join in the search."

At the station, the next day, the Young Turk leaders gathered to wave him good luck, and as the train pulled out he heard them crying:

"Jebb Effendi, chok yasha! Jebb Effendi chok yasha!" And some who knew he understood French cried: "Vive le Monsieur Jebb."

And so he set forth on his 24-hour journey to Constantinople and puffed at his cigar with his first genuine contentment, for he shuffled in his hands a sheaf of buyuruldus, letters of commendation to some of the chief personages of the empire.

CHAPTER VIII

The train was only six hours late, so that instead of arriving in the early morning light Jebb came in the full glow of the afternoon.

What chiefly overwhelmed Jebb as he rode through the streets in an araba, was the hugeness of the city—as large as ten Salonicas or fifty Uskubs—as large as if Boston, San Francisco, and St. Louis faced each other in one mass.

There were European hats enough in the crowd, but they were worn by foreigners. Some of the hats were so American that Jebb looked under them, counting on finding a face he knew. It seemed impossible that such a melee should not include some acquaintance of his.

A derby hat unmistakably American caught his eye and he turned to stare at it. At the same instant he heard a voice behind him, almost at his elbow.

"Hello, old man!—how's electricity?"

Jebb whirled so quickly that he nearly sprained his neck. He caught an over-the-shoulder grin and heard a Yankee chuckle. He could not recall the face or the voice, but the race was plainly his own.

The fellow-countryman moved on through the crowd. Jebb stood up to identify him, but saw only a glimpse of red hair. He was tempted to leap out and go in search. But a hamal carrying two huge barrels on his shoulders drifted between, and hid the wayfarer from sight. Jebb sank back in the araba, cudgeling his memory.

Why did he mention electricity? The next morning Jebb visited the American Consulate. But when he reached the consulate it was deserted. He was tempted to forswear his allegiance and become another Man Without a Country. But there was a gorgeous kavass at the door, who explained that the whole staff was away for a holiday.

With splendid condescension, the kavass observed:

"Thees afternoon comes back one of the officers, Meester Rosen Effendi. He has some work to be did. If you are here again three-four o'clock you find him I theenk."

To kill time Jebb went on along the Grande Rue de Pera to Janni's restaurant, dawdled through his luncheon, and strolled about its gardens.

Dismounting before the consulate at three o'clock, Jebb was greeted by the kavass with the deference of expectancy and with palm open for baksheesh. Mr. Rosen was at his desk, preparing some trade reports, but he consented to see Jebb.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Britain's Little Owl Is Not in Criminal Class

About 40 years ago a number of little owls were liberated in this country, writes Oliver G. Pike, F. Z. S., in London Tit-Bits Magazine. Before this the bird had been rare, but those introduced thrived and spread to almost every English county.

The little owl is now so well established that it would be difficult to get rid of it, but for years a controversy has raged around this bird, some saying it is harmful, others that it does more good than harm.

The British Trust for Ornithology undertook the task of discovering the actual food on which the birds feed. Specimens were obtained from all over the country and their gizzards were examined, as well as cast-up pellets, and nest and larder remains. It is fairly easy to tell the kind of food birds of prey are collecting by examining the pellets of the undigested portions which are cast up through the beak.

It was uncertain if the remains of very small chicks would show in the pellets, so several little owls in captivity were given chicks, and it was found that the beaks and down were very conspicuous.

Problems to be solved were: Is the little owl a menace to our useful insect-eating birds; is it a danger to game and poultry; does it kill birds and leave them to decay to attract carrion beetles?

If the body of a bird or mammal is left on the ground in summer, the burying beetles soon discover it. All owls are fond of beetles and it has been suggested that these cunning small owls kill and hide animals to attract the beetles, but there is no evidence to support the theory. Among all the material collected there were only the remains of 75 burying beetles.

The inquiry showed that the birds eaten consisted of starlings, house sparrows, blackbirds and song-thrushes; all the material collected yielded only one pheasant chick, and although there were poultry chicks, all were taken from one farm where dead chickens had been placed on the tops of poultry houses. Of 51 gizzards examined, 44 contained insects, 16 rodents, and only seven had traces of birds.

Five species of insects were found in enormous quantities, including the daddy longlegs, earwig and cockchafer.

FARM TOPICS

GOOD DAIRY COW PAYS ITS 'BOARD'

High Producing Animals Prove More Profitable.

By ELMER J. MEADOWS

One dairy cow that produces 545 pounds of butterfat a year will return as much money above feed cost as two cows that produce 350 pounds, or more than 13 cows that average 152 pounds of butterfat annually. That's what experiments at the Colorado State college indicate, says Elmer J. Meadows.

One 545-pound cow will return \$108 above feed cost during a year, according to figures Meadows has compiled from actual experience. This figure is based on butterfat selling at 40 cents a pound.

Two cows each producing 350 pounds of butterfat a year will return only \$4 a year more above the feed cost than the 545-pound cow and will cost \$168 to feed, compared to \$110, the feed cost of the large producer. Thirteen 152-pound cows will return \$101.40 above feed cost during a year, and it will cost \$689 to feed them.

If the extra labor required to milk and care for 13 cows producing 152 pounds of butterfat each compared to 2 producing 350 pounds each, is figured, it would further emphasize the necessity of keeping and breeding only cows with the ability to produce large amounts of milk and butterfat.

And so the question evolves—"Why not take a few cows that produce at least 350 pounds of fat a year rather than a whole corralful of the 152-pound group that produces only about 20 pounds less than the average dairy cow in the United States?"

Skim Milk Used in Making 'Wool'

It has long been a wonder to many that when a black cow at green grass it gave yellow milk, but it's even more of a wonder nowadays when a chemist takes the skim milk and makes wool out of it. The chemists extract the casein, soften it in water, and dissolve the resultant compound in a solution of caustic alkali. It becomes a thick, sticky mass.

After working into the proper consistency by aging and adding other liquids the mixture is forced through a spinneret, hardened, and it is ready to be spun.

The cost of the finished product will be about 50 cents a pound when put on a commercial basis. It may be used in preparing garments for persons allergic to natural wool and for other uses in which natural products have been undesirable.

Population Is Shifting From Cities to Farms

It has been apparent for some time that the population trend is away from the cities and toward the farm. Now the fact seems to be officially proved by the advance try-out in the 1940 federal census. Two counties in Indiana were selected by the government for the preliminary count. The first figures have been released, showing that while St. Joseph county has gained somewhat in its rural areas, the two principal cities, South Bend and Mishawaka, have decreased by a few thousand. The difference was slighter in the case of Marshall county and its county seat, Plymouth. The town gained a little, but the county gained more. These are only two small straws, of course, but they show which way the wind is blowing and the fact is significant after a long period when the "drift to the cities" was regarded as a serious social problem.

Farm Notes

In blocking a gate against hogs, swinging the foot back and forth is more effective in keeping the animals back than waving the arms.

Corn and sorghum silage may both be successfully fed to sheep, but the quality must be good. Moldy or spoiled silage will often cause colic, scours and other digestive ailments.

Whitewashing the walls in poultry houses where artificial light is being used will aid much in spreading the light over the roosts, as well as on the floor and feed hoppers.

Bots in horses may be controlled by washing the horse's legs with a 2 per cent cresol solution when the weather is freezing, and having the veterinarian give carbon disulphide capsules a month later.

The place to fight a gully is at the top of the slope. Ever notice how a gully forms at the foot of the slope and eats its way upward? Ever try to "doctor" a gully at the foot of the slope by filling it with trash or a brush dam? It washes out with each hard rain.

Cheery Scrap Quilt, 'Friendship Garden'



IN THIS scrap quilt, Friendship Garden, you can combine varied materials to your heart's content. Pattern 2451 contains accurate pattern pieces; diagram of block; yardages; instructions; diagram of quilt. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT DEPARTMENT
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.....
Name.....
Address.....



Smiles
The Patriot
Vocalist—Oh, doctor, I've lost my voice. Do you think you could get it back for me?
Doctor—Yes I could—but my country comes first.

"Skating is the ideal exercise for the girl who wants to slim," says a writer. It will certainly get her weight down.

The Diplomat
"Why is that woman so nice to the hotel clerk?"
"He's written 'Suite Seventeen' opposite her name in the hotel register."

Signals Mixed
First Scrubwoman—She wants me to have a finger in the pie, but I smelt a rat an' nipped it in the bud.
Second—My, Mrs. Harris, how you mix your semaphores