

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrenden, an odd-looking, vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrenden, lost his fortune. A gentle, unobtrusive soul, he is now employed as an obscure chemist in San Francisco, at a meager salary. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, fond of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith joins them for the week-end. Magda leaves for a bridge party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway."

CHAPTER I—Continued

There was a little boat waiting at the pier just below the lodge; a white little boat gushing blots of white dancing light onto the dark water.

"They're going out to that yacht over there for dinner," Victoria told her father.

"Oh, yes," he said, looking in the direction of the lodge.

"Dad, why don't you like going to the lodge?"

"Well, for one thing I can't afford it, Vic."

"Can Mother?"

"Ah, but they ask her. They don't let it cost her anything."

"They give her dresses, too," Victoria said, thinking.

"Mrs. Lester did—that dark blue dress."

"I thought she bought that at a sale?"

"No; Mrs. Lester's maid, Lotty, brought it over in a box. And another blue dress, too."

They walked along in silence for a while. Presently Victoria said:

"We've had a happy day, haven't we?"

"I'm glad you have," her father said, stopping to bend down and kiss her.

Victoria had to sleep on the porch that night, as she always did when Dad was there.

In the night she awakened, and heard their voices—her father's and her mother's. Her mother's was almost inaudible, and had a "pleasure hush" note in it with which Victoria was entirely familiar. Her father's was not very loud, but clear:

"I'm not saying it's easy for you, Magda. I say it's simply your luck. We had it—lots of it. And God knows I didn't hold out on you then. Now we haven't got it any more, and that's your bad luck."

Silence. And then Mother's voice, very low and gentle:

"Keith, I know how hard it is for you, dear. And if you feel that way I simply won't go. But it does seem a wonderful chance. We happen—we four, the Harwoods and Grace Cuthbertson and I—to play a marvelous foursome of bridge, and Collins—that's the broker—cuts in now and then, so it makes it perfect. They're only to be gone five weeks. I could get Victoria's things straightened out, and ask Hetty to get your dinners . . ."

There was another pause. Presently the man said:

"You have no further affection—no interest in either one of us, I know that."

"Oh, please!" the woman's voice protested mildly. "I suppose this will go on into the forties and the fifties, boarding houses and Pine Street apartments!"

"It won't be forever," Keith Herrenden said.

"It'll be until I'm too old to care!" Victoria heard her mother say. Then there was a long silence, while the little girl lay listening on the porch with her heart hammering like a wild bird's and her ears strained, and her whole little body tensed with fear.

"Go, then," said her father out of the pause. They hadn't gone to sleep then; the quarrel was still on.

"Oh, no; I won't go now," her mother said gently and sweetly, in a normal voice.

"Well, now I tell you to go, that doesn't suit you!"

"It would be impossible for me to go now," Mrs. Herrenden murmured firmly, as if the whole matter were settled.

"Now, why do you want to act like that about it, Magda?" the man demanded, with a faint hint of uneasiness, of change, in his tone.

Silence. Silence. Victoria heard her father's snore, light at first, swiftly deepening. Her heart began to beat more quietly. A night bird cried in the garden; the sea rushed and retreated on the rocks.

A whimpering sob broke through the other sounds; Victoria froze. Her mother was crying; bitterly, brokenly crying, and keeping the noise of it soft, so that no one should hear.

Victoria suffered as if from physical pain. The crying went on for a long time; a clock struck one for

some half-hour; struck four. It was four o'clock!

The world was gray in shadowless light when Victoria slipped noiselessly from bed and stepped to the open window. She looked in. Her father was asleep, no doubt of that, for he was still healthily snoring. It was at the lightly covered form of her mother that she looked steadily; was she sleeping?

No, the beautiful dark eyes were wide open, fixed on Victoria in the window. Mrs. Herrenden beckoned, and Victoria flew to her arms, and they kissed each other, the child hugged down against the tumbled covers and the little lacy pillows.

"You muggins, what waked you up?" the woman demanded in a breath that was less than a whisper.

"Mother, are you all right?"

"Perfectly all right, sweetheart."

"But, Mother, were you crying?"

"I got too tired, and that's why I cried, and I'm a very silly mother."

Victoria lugged the shadow of her own rich affectionate little laugh, and there were more kisses. Then she went back to her cold tumbled porch bed, and snuggled down inside it, and was asleep before the morning's first chill blanket of fog dimmed to creep in across the level dim floor of the ocean.

When they were at home in the city, Magda Herrenden never got up for breakfast. She always said that she loved getting up in the morning when there was anything to do. But in the five-room apartment on Pine Street there was not much to do.

Keith got himself a cup of coffee and boiled two-minute oats for Victoria, or scrambled eggs for them both. The rest was just bread and butter, and milk poured from the bottle.

Magda sometimes got up and got herself some orange juice, or even a cup of tea. She would come back with the mail, the newspaper carried with a smoking cup or the glass. Settling down again, she would yawn wearily; what horrible things were in the house for dinner, and what should be ordered?

At eleven the telephone would ring, and then there would be a change. A change in her, and a change in the general atmosphere.

"My dear, I don't think I can today," she would say. "But it sounds too divine! How late would we be? . . . I see. Let me think . . . What are you wearing, Ethyl? . . . Yes, I have; I could wear the blue that Eleanor brought me from Paris . . . Yes, I know. But let me think about it and call you again!"

Victoria knew how this went; she had heard it many times, for after all she had not been long in school, and there were always long Saturday mornings at home. Her mother would hang up the telephone only to seize it once more. She would be all vitality, all energy now. Her beautiful eyes would be dancing, her manner absent-minded but sweet and happy again.

"Vic, could you go down to Florence's—or wait over at school until nine? Daddy'll be here early, you know; I'll leave a message for him to call for you . . ."

And while she talked, Magda would be packing things in her handsome suitcase, laughing, glancing at the clock, snatching the telephone again. Perhaps she would talk to a man this time.

"Rudy, this is Magda. Ethyl and all of them are going to Jane's tonight; are you? . . . Oh, wonderful! When are you going down? For the polo? . . . Oh, fine! Could you take me along? . . . Well, you're a darling . . . I know, but anyway you're a darling . . . In about an hour? In about an hour."

But after her eleventh birthday, after that visit to the beach house, there was a change between her parents, and Victoria saw it, or perhaps felt it rather than saw it. Her mother was gentler, sweeter, more affectionate than ever when she was with them, but she was with them much less.

On the other hand Victoria's father grew silent, and gray, and disagreeable, as the months went by and were years. He rarely spoke at all at home, and in the evenings he almost always went out.

"When I'm asked to stay dinner, or the opera, or to stay down in Hillsborough for some special party, am I to hang my head and say, 'Oh, thank you, but Mr. Herrenden likes me to be at home nights?'"

"I don't think he'd mind if it was only now and then," she suggested uncertainly.

"Ah, but that's the trouble, Vic. You can't play fast and loose. In three months they'd all have forgotten me. Their lives go too fast. They go abroad, or to New York or Hawaii; there are always marriages—people coming and going—changes—"

"Divorces," Victoria supplied simply, as her mother paused. Magda laughed, with a little touch of color in her face.

"Well, yes, divorces. Everything is whirling all the while—visitors from the East, the polo teams, the golf people. You can't let go. To get out of it for two months—to decline five invitations in a row, Vic—would mean you were out forever."

Again Victoria looked at her thoughtfully, puzzledly.

"And would Dad like you to do that, Mother?"

"Why, he's been so glum and silent these last months I hardly know. Ever since you and I went down to Santa Barbara last summer he's seemed to feel he has the grievance. Again the beautiful affectionate eyes filled with tears."

Victoria's heart ached for her with a fierce wrench of pain and sympathy. She knew of these hot days; she was thinking of her friends at Tahoe, and up on the Klamath river, and down on the cool shores of Pebble beach and Santa Barbara.

Presently Magda came back to the question:

"You do see that it's hard for me, Victoria? What would you do?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," Victoria agreed. "It's—it's hard on us all!"

"Hard on you, too, dear?" Her mother asked quickly, in a tone that shrank away from pain.

"Hard to see you unhappy and see him unhappy," Victoria said, her eyes watering.

There was a ring at the door. Victoria was glad to go to answer it; the conversation had gotten completely out of hand. She came in with a great box of flowers; there were often boxes of flowers, but not often as large as this.

Victoria ran about getting vases for them.

"And what's in the box, Mother, the little box?"

Mrs. Herrenden was smiling superbly, shaking her head. The card, twisted and wired in a wet envelope,

and women have theirs. It isn't my fault that the nicest—actually the nicest—persons in this part of the world have been so extraordinarily generous to me."

"But why don't they invite him?"

"They do, my dear! Of course they do! Daddy could go everywhere that I go, if he would. But he doesn't enjoy it."

Silence. Victoria pondered this awhile in Victoria.

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er answered carelessly. She fitted the bracelet carefully back in its case; replaced the wooden box, the cardboard box, and yawned.

"Don't you like him, Mother?"

"Who? Ferd Manners?"

"Is that his name? It doesn't sound very Spanish."

"It's Ferdinando de Something Manners. I believe his mother was an Argentine heiress. He's lived there a great deal."

"You might know he was Spanish," Victoria said brightly, "or he wouldn't think he could send a married lady jewelry!"

"True for you, Miss Herrenden!" her mother agreed, going into the bedroom with the box. Until she could return it, she would hide it, Victoria knew. Dad must know nothing of this.

The afternoon dragged. After a while Victoria put on her old white serge skirt and a white thin sweater, pulled a small white hat over her bobbed head, and went to the library to get a new book. When she came back at five, her mother was a square, dark-skinned man, sprawled in a low chair, a glass of champagne between his big brown hands.

"This is my little girl, Mr. Manners."

"Come, it was to be Ferdinando!" the man said, his voice and accent instantly betraying the Latin.

"It was not," Magda countered simply, smiling. She was in something soft and cool and pale blue; she had had time to dress, time to draw shades and set the flowers about advantageously.

"Are you going up to Helen's?" he was presently asking. He paid no attention to Victoria. Magda shook her head. "You're not?" the man demanded surprised.

"My little spare tire," Victoria's mother said, her arm about her.

"But good gracious, take her! Connie's girl must be about her age."

"No," Magda said, gently shaking her head. "Not just now, anyway. But it must be lovely up there. I've never been there, you know. Phyllis was telling me of some place—the Braverman place right on the water—"

"But that's just the place I am going to buy!" Ferdinand Manners exclaimed. When Magda presently went out of the room to bring him her Spanish shawl, he asked Victoria if she knew that she had a very beautiful mother. He bent his russet head over the shawl. "Yes, that is a fine shawl," he said. "What does the man offer you?"

Victoria was shocked. Was Mother going to sell the famous old shawl? She saw that her mother hadn't wanted her to know.

"He offers me three hundred—Marsh. It's to be edged with fur for a wrap. They'll take all this off," Magda ran her fine thin hand through creamy silk fringes so stiff that they looked like cotton.

Just a week later Victoria brought in a great box just delivered from Marsh's; the shawl was inside. It had been changed into a sumptuous evening wrap with a border all the way about it of soft white fur. And this gift her mother did not return. She put it away in the great trunk that always stood in her room; there was small closet space in the apartment.

That same week, on another sticky sultry night, Keith Herrenden came in looking tired and pale at six o'clock, apparently more than ordinarily wearied by the burden and heat of the day. He sank into a chair in the sitting room that was also the dining room, where Victoria was already setting the table.

"I brought you a little present, Magda," he said, his face suddenly bright with a smile. "It's so much, my dear."

It was an Emporium box; a white linen jacket, unlined, with a smart dark blue stripe about the collar and cuffs. The tag was still on it; he explained that she was free to exchange it if she liked. Victoria sent a quick apprehensive glance toward her mother. The bracelet that had cost thousands had been sent back, but the remains of the great crate of flowers, and fresh flowers, were everywhere, and deep in her mother's trunk with the beautiful shawl with its new border of pure white ermine.

Mrs. Herrenden stood fingering the linen jacket. The staring "\$3.95" on a tag was in her hand, as the fringe of the shawl had been a few days ago.

"It's very sweet, Keith," she said, holding her tone low. But it was no use; in a minute she was crying convulsively, bitterly, senselessly, standing at the window, with her shaking shoulders to the room. "Don't mind me," she said thickly. "I'm crazy. Don't pay any attention to me!"

"I'll be damned if I understand you sometimes, Magda," Keith said wearily.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bird's Skeleton Most Rigid

The skeleton of all the birds is the most rigid of all the animals. Bones fuse together and overlap. The familiar "wish bone" is simply the two collar bones grown together to give greater strength to the attachment of wings. The breastbone is not flat as in most animals, but has an enormous ridge down the middle for the attachment of flight muscles. These muscles are relatively hundreds of times more powerful than similar muscles in man. In some birds they are so highly developed that they represent half the bird's entire weight.

Brooklyn Bridge Jumper

BACK in the eighties the Brooklyn bridge was one of the wonders of the modern world. Its dedication on May 24, 1883 was an event of nation-wide interest but three years later it was even more in the news because of a man with whose name that great span has been linked in popular memory ever since.

He was Steve Brodie, bootblack, street car conductor, sailor and worker around the docks who became a professional walker as a means of earning some easy money. But he was never better than a second-rater and none of his walking matches ever benefited him greatly. In the summer of 1886 he was one day in July he heard some of his friends talking about the latest casualty among the men who had tried for fame and fortune by diving from the Brooklyn bridge to the river, 135 feet below. Seven of them had tried it and all of them had been killed.

"Huh, I bet you I could do it and not be killed," boasted Brodie. "Bet you \$100 you can't!" replied a friend. "You're on!" was Brodie's answer. But he was evidently none too confident that he could make good on his boast for he took out a life insurance policy for \$1,000 as a protection for his wife, just in case . . .

On July 23, 1886 Brodie jumped on the bridge and came up without a scratch. Officials of the life insurance company were furious because he had risked \$1,000 of their money to win \$100. They returned his premium and cancelled his policy—which was foolish, for he lived to a ripe old age!

His successful jump was widely publicized. It won him an engagement in a melodrama called "Blackmail" in which he had to dive off a great height into a net—a feat which, he declared, was even more dangerous than his jump from the bridge—and his performance in this (at \$100 a week) made "Brodie, the Brooklyn Bridge-Jumper" famous all over the country. His achievement encouraged imitators and during the next few years no less than 11 others tackled the nation's most spectacular high dive. Although the first seven had perished in their attempts, Brodie seemed to have broken the jinx, for every one of the 11 survived. By that time the novelty of such a feat had somewhat worn off. But Brodie's fame as the first to make a successful jump was secure. Moreover, he contributed another picturesque phrase to the American language, for "doing a Brodie" is still a synonym for a spectacular or plunging from a height.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Novus homo. (L.) A new man; an upstart; parvenu.

Summum bonum. (L.) The supreme good; the chief good.

Tout-a-l'heure. (F.) Presently.

Pater noster. (L.) Our father; the Lord's prayer.

Suum cuique. (L.) To each one his own.

Sic passim. (L.) Thus everywhere.

Piece de resistance. (F.) The chief meat dish of a dinner.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

Bear On With Joy

Set your shoulder joyously to the world's wheel.—Havelock Ellis.

FOR EARLY MORNING HEADACHES

15c FOR 12 FOR FULL DOZEN FOR 25c

Bayer Aspirin

Demand and Get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

WNU-U 14-37

Boomerang

His own misdeeds often return to the author of them.—Seneca.

DEFOUR DOGS

"BLACK LEAF 40"

Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc.

Use 1 1/4 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

A lady comes to clean our house Who bothers me a lot, So scornfully she bangs around What little things I've got.

got. RT. CAMP

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

Christmas Flower

WHEN you buy one of those scarlet-petaled flowers called the poinsettia to add to the festive appearance of your home at Christmas time, you are helping perpetuate the fame of an American who little realized that his name would become associated with one of the symbols of the Yuletide. For Joel R. Poinsett had so many other claims to distinction that it seems curious he is best remembered because a flower bears his name!

Born in South Carolina in 1779, he studied both medicine and military science abroad but his father induced him to abandon his intention of entering the army and to become a student of law. Poor health forced him to give that up and he asked President Madison for a commission in the army.

Instead he was sent on a diplomatic mission to South America where he mixed in the politics of Chile, and fomented revolution until he became known as "the scourge of the American continent" and was recalled. Next he was sent to Mexico. Always interested in botany, he brought back from that country the flower which was given the scientific name of "Poinsettia Pulcherina."

Just as he had been a stormy petrel in international politics, so he was a disturbing element in the politics of his native land. During the Nullification controversy in South Carolina he organized and led the Unionist forces. By doing that he won the esteem of the national government and President Van Buren made him secretary of war.

Poinsett improved and enlarged the army, organized a general staff, built up the artillery, directed the Seminole war and managed the removal of some 40,000 Indians to Indian Territory. In the midst of this activity his scientific interests were not neglected. He experimented with scientific agriculture, sent out the Wilkes expedition into the Antarctic and was largely instrumental in founding the National Institute for the Promotion of Science and the Useful Arts which later was merged with the Smithsonian Institution. His busy career came to an end in 1851 while he was living in retirement as a plantation owner in his native state.

Spruce and Fir Among Best Windbreak Trees

Norway spruce and Douglas fir are the most satisfactory trees to use as windbreak plantings, according to J. E. Davis, extension forester, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

A good windbreak is easy to have, its success depending upon location, soil preparation, choice of trees, spacing, protection and care.

A windbreak will be effective on the leeward for a distance eight times its height. Since the trees average 40 feet in height, it is best not to have the buildings nearer than 50 feet nor farther than 320 feet from the trees. If closer than 50 feet, snow drifts may form on buildings, and dead-air pockets may cause excessive heat in summer.

The windbreak affords best protection if built in the form of an inverted "L" on the west and north of the farmstead. Plowed preferably in the fall, the land may be fertilized in the spring. At least 4-year-old transplanted trees are recommended and even larger trees will assure more success.

Many Cash Crops Found in Forests

Many Woodlot Produces Many Trees, Bushes, Berries of Value.

By Robert B. Parmenter, Extension Forester, Massachusetts State College, WNU Service.

"God in the hills," a favorite line in by-gone melodramas, might well apply to today's farm woodlot. Besides saw timber and cordwood, the farm woodlot offers many other cash crops to the enterprising owner.

Many farmers are getting annual incomes from Christmas trees. They also sell "press brush," or tip ends of spruce and balsam which are clipped off and baled for manufacturers of Christmas greens and decorations. Some men have sold fern-picking rights on their land, the buyers using them as decorations.

There is always a market for tree seeds. Acorns, walnuts, butternuts, black walnuts, and cones from spruce, pine, or balsam may be gathered and sold in the fall. Bean poles and pea brush are always in demand, and poles and stakes for propping up heavy branches of apple trees often find a sale. Much of this material can be gathered while making thinnings in the woodlot.

Fence posts and rails are always useful on the farm, and taking them from the woodlot means quite a saving over a period of time.

Novelties made from gray or white birch, twig baskets filled with white pine sprays and cones, red berries, and dried grasses also add to the income. Decorative buttons made from walnuts or butternuts can generally be sold to novelty shops.

Maple syrup and sap need only be mentioned. Everyone knows the value of a good sugar bush. Cattle bedding made from trash wood by means of a new machine, pine cones treated chemically to produce colored flames in the fireplace, and white birch for fancy fireplace wood are some of the other forest by-products.

A little scouting around for a market will often lead to new uses for old forest products, and every new outlet means more money from the farm woodlot.

Enchanting Gifts of Lacy Crochet

A chance at rare beauty—gentle luxury—is yours in this lovely crocheted lace cloth! Just a 6 inch medallion crocheted in string forms it—you'll have a quantity of them together in no time. And what lovely gifts you can make of them—chair sets, scarfs, pil-

My Favorite Recipe

By Irene Rich Flinn Acres

Chicken Stew

Divide a chicken, stew until tender, and remove to hot platter. To the stock add one-half cupful of rice and dumplings made as follows:

Beat one egg, add one-half cupful of water, pinch of salt, and sufficient flour to make a thin batter; drop by spoonfuls in the stock and cook about ten minutes. If rice is uncooked it should be boiled twenty minutes before dumplings are added.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Enchanting Gifts of Lacy Crochet

Pattern 1345

lows, buffet sets are but a few suggestions. They cost you next to nothing and are something that will last and be cherished indefinitely. Pattern 1345 contains directions for making the medallion and joining it to make various articles; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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