

MEMORIES

Delirium of 1918's Armistice Remembered in Gloom of 1939



There's irony in this year's observance of Armistice day, the zero hour in 1918 when World war No. 1 ended. For the world is again at war, most of it hoping another armistice will come soon. In 1918 the end of hostilities brought delirium everywhere. At New York soldiers, sailors and their girls joined the celebration. Patriotism, at a Twentieth century peak, shouted from every rooftop.



Above: Fifth avenue in New York was a sea of humanity as Manhattan turned out to celebrate the news.



Left: They danced in New York's streets. Above: A soldier read the terms of armistice.



The word spread swiftly across a land which was ready, because peace had been hinted several days. One correspondent actually "jumped the gun" with the announcement.



Paris turned out to fete Americans and hang the effigy of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. In 1939, America is resolved never to enter Europe's quarrels again. Yet, with Europe, it hopes and prays for another Armistice day like 1918's.



RENO MONEY

By PHYLLIS GALLAGHER
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

JEANNE pulled the dress over her golden curls and began the feminine ritual of primping, not proudly, but from a habit that had begun at sixteen, five years ago, when she had discovered the importance of makeup.

She wondered about that now. It was important before marriage, but what about afterwards?

Makeup or no makeup she was always beautiful to Ned.

"Honey!" Ned would say. "I'd love you if you were bald!"

Ned always expected that to enrapture her. But it didn't. It hurt her.

Why select clothes with discrimination, work over lashes and complexion when Ned wouldn't notice? Jeanne rather slammed her face together now, for Ned wouldn't care and she didn't primp for other men. Not yet!

Then she went over to the twin beds and with a struggle—she was only five feet and none too hefty—brought forth an envelope marked Reno Money which she had hidden from Ned.

It bulged with frugal savings from the housekeeping budget. She hated cutting on Ned's food.

Mrs. Worthington, next door, had done that and for months afterwards told how thin Mr. Worthington got while she "was starving the Reno money out of him!"

Monotonous? That was it! Her life was monotonous! Ned was monotonous! He wasn't like other women's husbands, smoking, burning holes in the furniture, flashing a promiscuous eye—things to inspire arguments. Consequently, they had no blissful nights of reconciliation.

Ned was handsome enough, at least she had once thought so. But was he? If he were handsome other women would flirt with him at parties. True, Ned didn't give them much encouragement. He always cornered some duffer, old as sin, for an economic discussion.

Even if a dozen men rushed Jeanne, Ned wouldn't notice. Jealousy was foreign to him.

After one party she had probed, hopefully, "What do you really think of so many men rushing me, Ned?"

"They've damn good taste!" he answered, yawning. And then, "Gosh! Two a. m.! My head'll be an army blimp at dawn!"

Jeanne thrust the Reno Money in her purse, slammed a pillow hat over one determined blue eye and banged the door behind her.

Walking rapidly in the clear gold noon, her rebellion rose.

She didn't know quite what she wanted; not other men.

There were wives trying that pancea but Jeanne Evans would use her Reno Money before she'd sink to that!

She wanted only to feel on tip-toe again . . . thrilled with today . . . uncertain of tomorrow!

Suddenly, she found herself in Washington park near a bench that she and Ned had sat on one spring afternoon, two years ago.

She stopped and stared at it, an aching lump in her throat.

She was remembering a party where Ned had escorted ebony-haired Eunice Walters, a visitor from Paris. Ned had acted with Eunice that night very much as he acted with the economic duffers. Jeanne had left early, and for five days she had nursed her wound and refused to see him. They had met, accidentally, at this very bench. She could imagine Ned beside her on it . . .

"Jeanne! Eunice Walters means nothing to me!"

His eyes had implored her to understand.

She hadn't been sure of Ned then. "I just wouldn't marry a two-timer, Ned!"

It was silly remembering all that now. Ned Evans, two-timing! . . . Jeanne started off hurriedly. She couldn't bear to think of that vanished Ned.

On State street Jeanne paused before Marker cafeteria's pastry display. Ned loved French brioche and when she started in to buy some, she stopped suddenly, her eyes dilated . . .

Ned was at a lacquered table with the most ravishing brunette that Jeanne had ever beheld! In the brief second she stood doubting her eyes, she saw the woman reach over and touch Ned's arm, possessively! And Ned chuckled!

In a poignant revelation, Jeanne realized that she hadn't tried for a long while to make Ned chuckle! Jeanne backed out and leaned inertly against the window-pane.

Emotions conflicted.

She wanted to rescue Ned from that insolently beautiful hussy; she wanted to march off to Reno and never, never see him again!

But she didn't do either.

Instead, she spent her Reno Money, spent it all quickly for a finger-wave, dresses, a Bruges lace negligee that trailed over impudent satin mules.

When Ned came home that evening he stared at Jeanne with such Jark eyes that her heart trembled beneath the new magenta dress.

He had stared like that once long ago . . . Did he look like that because he was remembering someone dark and lovely? She had to know

about that woman . . . this minute! They were in the living room and Ned slouched to the divan.

Jeanne cuddled near, a nervous finger tucking in his breast pocket. "Have a trying day, angel?"

"Sort of," Ned sighed. And then: "I hope dinner's on time. I'm starved."

"Gracious! You sound as if you hadn't had lunch!" she said promptly. That opening! From heaven itself!

Ned looked up quickly. When he kept staring, she wanted to cry out, panic-stricken, "Ned! Tell me about that woman!"

"I had a rotten lunch," Ned said, calmly. "Jim Walker and his wife were in Marker's and that darned woman gabbed so much she forgot her milk and butter and . . . well, she kept Jim and me hopping back to the counter every minute for something. By the time she was all set, I was late for a client. Ever seen her, Jeanne?"

Jeanne's lids drooped with relief. She believed Ned.

No matter if she had heard that chuckle, if she hadn't seen Jim Walker at all! She was thinking fast now. Even if what Ned had explained were true, and it probably was—or was it?—there were stenographers in Ned's office just as lovely as Mrs. Walker, and unattached. Funny she hadn't thought of that part of Ned's life, his temptations.

Jeanne's jaw set.

From now on life was full.

Ned wouldn't keep on loving her, if she were bald. Not in a world full of Mrs. Walkers! Why hadn't she realized before that holding a man was as thrilling as catching him!

She sighed warily.

"No-o-o-o. I've never seen her, dearest. Is she pretty?"

"Pretty?" Ned chuckled. "Gosh, no!"

Ned wasn't chuckling over Mrs. Walker not being pretty. He was chuckling because he was having one great time listening to Jeanne's "dearests" and "angels" . . . names she hadn't called him for one heck of a long time. When he drew her into his arm, her cheeks flushing bright at the contact, he thought he must be dreaming!

And he wondered and puzzled over this change in Jeanne, he struck on a happy, irrelevant thought: "Guess it'll be safe now to buy a new car with that dough I've been saving up to add to Jeanne's Reno Money that she's been hiding for months under the mattress."

Rabbit Fur Is Popular With American Women

In touch with the times, rabbits—not the kind that run wild, but those that provide half the fur coats, neck-pieces and muffs for American women—are becoming streamlined.

The American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders' association believes the most attractive animal fur is the long, sleek "Havana Satin," which featured a new and important development—a glossy coat.

Free of the rough guard hairs of the common domestic strain, this new type offered to furriers a pelt short, soft, uniform in texture, possessed of an unusual, natural sheen.

Rabbit breeders are considered almost as important to furriers of this country as those men who provide sable, ermine and exotic brands. Although foreign furs are more expensive, the rabbit, simulating other animal pelts, is offered to the fur-conscious public in great quantities. Nubian seal is one type rabbit fur. There are 21 other legal trade names.

Annual shows are held to exhibit improvements and developments of old strains, and the origin of new ones, to commercial breeders. The fanciers, those who breed rabbits as a hobby, are "laboratory technicians" of the rabbit fur industry. With time for experiment and without too many animals to occupy their attention, they are constantly introducing new fur or changing old style pelts.

Regulations of the association require a new breed to be exhibited three successive years before gaining recognition as a genuine "new model." Then, the breeder must show proof of some characteristic to justify this breeding innovation independent of other types.

Most breeds can be traced to Europe, and the bulk of the show rabbits are descendants of rabbits prevalent as far away as Patagonia and India hundreds of years ago.

A new line starts when a breeder sees a mutation, an unpredictable freak, in a litter. Always weak, the freak requires introduction of vitality, then over a six-year period the strain is strengthened. A likely offspring is mated back to the parent. This is repeated for five generations, when a cross is made with another branch of the now very large family. The six years, 12 generations, produces a true breed, a literal thoroughbred.

Shocking Fish Story

Catching and weighing a 12-pound carp was a shocking, to say nothing of electrifying experience for Harold Alexander of Indiana. After landing the fish, Alexander decided to weigh it. He hung the scales on electric line conduit. The scales, fish and his hands were wet, and what is likely to happen under those circumstances is common knowledge. Alexander's brother, Frank, tore his brother loose from the scales and the fish. In doing so, the scale hook caught in Harold's finger, inflicting a deep wound. The fish appeared uninjured.

Tonsillitis May Have Harmful Heart Effects

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

IT IS often a number of weeks after an attack of tonsillitis that rheumatic pains and perhaps heart symptoms appear so that the tonsils are not blamed for the rheumatism and heart disease. As so many attacks of tonsillitis are not followed by rheumatism, there may be many, including physicians, who doubt the statement that tonsillitis can affect the heart. It is interesting, therefore, to get some reliable information from the medical clinic of the University of Zurich, Switzerland.

Dr. H. W. Hotz, Basel, in the Swiss Medical Journal, states that during the first part of 1938 there was an epidemic of tonsillitis and many of the nursing staff contracted it. There were many with symptoms of rheumatism and disturbed hearts. It was decided to make electrocardiograph tests on all patients who had inflammatory disorders of the tonsils, and abnormalities were observed in a surprisingly large number. The severity of the tonsil symptoms did not always cause the same degree of disturbance of the heart rate and rhythm, as severe tonsillitis sometimes caused very little heart disturbance and slight tonsillitis sometimes caused a great amount of heart disturbance. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a slight sore throat is seldom suspected of being the cause of heart trouble.



Dr. Barton

Effect of Tonsil Removal.

The investigations of Dr. Hotz and others showed that these changes of the rate and rhythm of the heart disappeared after the tonsils were removed. These disturbances of the heart occurred in about half the cases of tonsillitis due to poisoning of the heart muscle and the nerves controlling the heart action.

While it is not recommended that every patient with tonsillitis should undergo the electrocardiograph tests, it is emphasized that physical exertion should be avoided during the first few days after the disappearance of tonsillitis.

Dr. Hotz recommends that cases of chronic tonsillitis—persistent sore throat—should, if possible, have electrocardiograph tests and if the tests show heart disturbances, the tonsils should be removed.

Thyroid Gland Affects Personality

A strong, middle-aged foreman in a factory who had always been alert about his work, a good mixer, and very exacting and particular about the work done by the employees, began to get a little heavy in body, slower on his feet, and not quite so careful or exacting about the work done. Then he began to forget things, miss appointments, and a vacant expression of face became noticeable. The superintendent finally found it necessary to acquaint the general manager with the conditions in this particular shop.

After talking and reasoning with this foreman, the general manager came to the conclusion that perhaps he was overworked and suggested some holidays. The foreman simply spent the holidays sitting around home; he wasn't interested in going away or in doing anything different.

Up to this time the family physician had not been called in because there were no symptoms of illness—no pain, indigestion or other symptom. However, when he saw the man, the great amount of weight he had put on, and the slowness or sluggishness of mind and body, he suspected an inactive thyroid gland as being the trouble and a metabolism test showed that the thyroid gland in the neck was not manufacturing enough juice. It is this juice that speeds up mental and physical activity.

Thyroid Tablets Used.

By giving the man some thyroid tablets to take every day, almost immediately a great change occurred. He became interested in his work, clear in his mind, mixed with the other men as in the old days, and began to lose the surplus fat.

This condition is called hypothyroidism as "hypo" means "less," just as the overactive thyroid condition is called hyperthyroidism, "hyper" meaning more!

Just as the hypothyroid patient with his sluggishness of mind and body must be given some thyroid extract to speed up his processes, so must the hyperthyroid patient with overactivity of mind and body have part or all of his thyroid gland removed so that there will be little or no thyroid juice manufactured. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Patterns SEWING CIRCLE



make her feel very happy and look very cute, by means of No. 1825. It's an excellent style for the classroom, too. Has a very full skirt, a nipped-in jacket blouse, and it's finished with cuffs and becoming little collar. Velvet, wool plaid, corduroy and blanket wool are good fabrics for this.

The Patterns.
No. 1848 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36 or 39-inch fabric, with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 4 1/2 yards; 1/2 yard contrasting for collar.

No. 1825 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material for jacket-blouse with long sleeves; 1 1/2 yards for skirt; 1/2 yard for contrasting collar and cuffs; 1 1/2 yards 39-inch material to line jacket-blouse; 2 yards to line skirt.

New Fall Pattern Book.

Special extra! Send today for your new Fall Pattern Book with a stunning selection of a hundred perfect patterns for all shapes and sizes. Save money and know the keen satisfaction of personally planned, perfectly fitted garments by making your own frocks with these smart, carefully cut designs. You can't go wrong—every pattern includes a step-by-step sew chart to guide beginners. Price of Pattern Book, 15 cents.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

AN EXTREMELY new and very becoming dress fashion is yours in pattern No. 1848.

It has the smart double swing skirt, is cut on a true princess line that whittles down your waist, and offers a choice of two necklines—one with a tailored collar, the other high and collarless. Also, you can make it with long or short sleeves. The row of buttons down the front is very Victorian—therefore much in fashion. Velvet, flat crepe, wool broadcloth and faille are smart materials for this.

Sports Two-Piece for Girls.

If there's a lively school-girl in your family, who loves to roller skate, ice skate and generally frolic around outdoors, you can

26,000-Year Clock

One of the most wonderful clocks in the world is the work of a Belgian maker, Lodewyk Zimmer, of Lierre. The master movement controls no fewer than 98 dials, which show the time in various parts of the world, the location and movement of the earth, sun, moon, planets, and stars, high and low tides at the principal ports, and other important information.

The many hands move, of course, at different speeds, the fastest revolving 100 times in one second, while the slowest will go round only once in 26,000 years! The clock has been on exhibition in New York.

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

Revealing Death
Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.

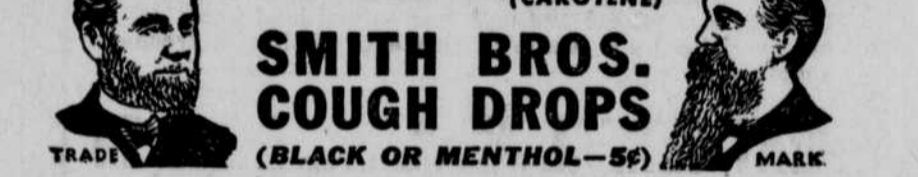


Seek Virtues
It is a much shallower and more ignoble thing to detect faults than to discern virtues.—Carlyle.



Only Good Merchandise
Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

NO EXTRA COST FOR VITAMIN A (CAROTENE)



As We Think
There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Your Reputation
No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.



Don't let winter catch you unprepared

If you want a winter oil that will flow freely at low temperature, yet be sturdy enough to stand up under hard driving . . . if you want an oil of exceptional purity, to give your car the safest possible protection against sludge, carbon and corrosion . . . then drive your car around to your nearest Quaker State dealer and



... change now to Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil!

Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.