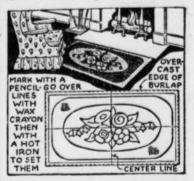
Page Twelve

Making Your Own Hook Rug Designs

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

A NTIQUE hooked rag rugs have a special charm because their designs show so much individuality. The women who made them, marked out their own designs on burlap, planned their own color schemes and dyed the rags. To draw a floral design, first make a circle and then a spiral line inside which becomes a rose. Two ovals with a triangle at the base become morning glories. Real



leaves from plants and trees become tracing patterns for leaf designs. An oval cut from paper makes a pattern for a center me-

dallion. When making your own hook rug designs, always leave a hem allowance at least two inches wide to be turned under after the rug is hooked, and be sure to overcast the edge of the burlap as soon as it is cut. Center guide lines through the length and the width of the burlap will be helpful in balancing your design. The flowdown payment was \$50. The rails, ers and leaves may be cut out of paper pinned on the burlap, this way and that. When you get an arrangement that pleases, trace it

to make your pattern.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' SEWING Book 5, gives more rug hooking designs and fur-ther suggestions about how to draw your own flower designs. Also directions for a hook rug in the old-fashioned shell design. No. 5 contains descriptions of the other numbers in the series. To get your copy, address: "Certainly," said the stranger. "Come on. We'll go across the street to a notary public." In the office of the notary Paler-

address

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Drawer 10 New York Bedford Hills Enclose 10 cents for Book 5. Name Address

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phiegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, in-fiamed bronchial mucous mem-branes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bothe of Creomulsion with the una bottle of Creomulsion with the un-derstanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Difficult Task There is nothing so easy in itself

Country Slicker Sells a Railroad

Buyer Tears Up 1,000 Feet Of Rails, Then Finds

To a Junk Dealer

He Was Hoaxed. HICKSVILLE, L. I.-Micahel Pa-Cornell is putting the East back, lermo, 24 years old, of Flushing, in football headlines. His current Queens, rode through Hicksville on Big Red edition has been termed his rattletrap junk wagon, occasionby more than one sports writer as ally flicking a fly off the horse with the best all-around football team in his whip and saying to himself that the past 10 years. Cornell wasn't it would be mighty fine if he could given proper credit for its win over graduate from the junk business into something big-buying scrap

whole railroad.

rate of \$8 a ton.

his excitement.

he began.

friends.

work.

Wants \$50 Down.

and the prospective customer. This

was just what he had been looking

for. Excitedly he gleaned from the

stranger that his name was John

Weiss, that he lived in Hicksville,

that he was ready to sell the old A.

T. Stewart line of the Long Island

railroad from Country Life Press,

L. I., to Babylon, L. I., to the right

man and that all he wanted for a

he said, could be paid for at the

Palermo worked hard to conceal

"I'd have to have a contract-"

mo solemnly affixed his signature

to the paper and counted out \$30

as part of the down payment. Then

he went home as hard as the horse

could gallop and rounded up five

When he told them of his good

fortune and asked them to help him,

they said he was crazy, that no

one was going around selling rail-

roads. Palermo, however, trium-

phantly produced his contract, in

which the stranger had described

himself as representative of the

Brooklyn Traction company, and the

friends agreed to help. Palermo

went out to buy a new acetylene

torch. The next day they went to

The Profits Roll In.

Palermo that his business was on

the upgrade. He sold a quantity of

the rusted rail to a Brooklyn dealer

for about \$15 a ton, a gross profit

of \$7. Palermo looked forward to a

Unfortunately, however, Lieuten-

ant James Farrell of the Nassau

county police happened to be riding

past while Palermo and his men

were at work. The detective took

one look at the 1,000 feet of stripped

Is Latest Development

CHARLESTON, S. C .- Note to

housewives who have trouble get-

tor: A streamlined melon will be

Not only will the new melon weigh

COLDWATER, MICH. - Ernest

busy and prosperous autumn

It took no time at all to convince

Palermo forgot about the harness

Ohio State, Big Ten champions, in 1939. Too many people called it luck. This year's victory over the iron, for instance. As if in answer to his unuttered Buckeyes gave ample proof of Corwish, a stranger stopped alongside nell's power. Critics weren't comthe wagon, and, resting his foot on menting that Cornell was just the hub of the front wheel, said: "lucky." They have to admit that "How would you like to buy some the victory was really deserved. rails?' Palermo, who had been fiddling

But Snavely still is unhappy. with the horse's harness, straight Three weeks ago the Harvard Crimened up son, undergraduate daily, charged "Rails?" he asked. "What kind?" "Railroad rails," the stranger that Cornell had failed to live up to the terms of the agreement for said. "As many as you want. A

simon-pure athletics. In an article the paper charged that Coach Snavely and "subsidization travel hand in hand."

The following week Athletic Director L. W. St John of Ohio State university sent a letter to Asa S. Bushnell, executive director of the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic association. In this letter he charged alleged "glaring infraction of the football rules and of the code of sportsmanship."

Not Unusual

It is obvious that the second charge rests more heavily on the Snavely brow. Harvard's accusation is one that any winning coach may expect. The article said: "Carl Snavely is the biggest traveling salesman that ever wore rubber off the tires of an automobile. Last year he drove several thousand miles solely in an effort to corral grid talent for Cornell's future teams." That may be said—and has been said-of many a coach. The process of recruiting is not looked upon with horror in all gridiron

Coach Snavely's hand."

To protect the game against

coaching from the sidelines, gridiron

rule makers long ago adopted a rule

prohibiting incoming substitutes

from talking before one play has

been executed. One exception was

made. A new signal-caller is al-

lowed to speak his piece at once.

This doesn't weaken the rule be-

cause few clubs have enough quar-

terbacks to keep shipping them in

"Why shouldn't a team composed of circles. The Ohio State protest is another matter. St. John charged that Snavely transmitted signals to his team "by the manipulation of a is a scholastic entrance rating.)

white cylinder held in different posi-"Why shouldn't a team that detions . . . Continued observation convinced us beyond doubt that this manipulation of the cylinder signaled the play to be executed by the Cornell team. Indeed, as the game progressed we were enabled to forecast the play to be called by the speed or power." manipulation of this cylinder in

Brains and Brawn

In the first place, you'll find among many of the leading teams todaysuch as Cornell, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Stanford, Washington, Georgia Tech, Notre Dame and others-that only good students get by. I don't mean Phi Beta Kappas. I mean good, average grades.

almost impossible for teams that carry the higher entrance or classits to go in for the proselyt- whenever the coach gets a brain- roadbed and uttered a few quick

WITH all the busy gossip of pay and proselyting in college football that now rides in the autumn air, you'd get the general idea from many sources that good students

two different leagues. This happens to be entirely in-

> makes the better football player, and in the great majority of cases the football player has to be a better student than the college average to keep on 10.00 playing football. There are exceptions, of course. I

decided. The air was keen and he should be certain that his tests were Grantland Rice the leading average per cent.

> Dartmouth," Jess Hawley writes me, "was practically all Phi Beta Kappa. This 1924 team was quite nnusual. They were certainly not

field, no man playing out of position, no man under a second-string, and every one a Phi Beta Kappa rating. Scholarly Warriors

"The varsity team included in the backfield, Dooley, Oberlander, Hall

and Leavitt; ends, Bjorkman, Kelly and Sage; line, Whittaker, Hardy,

Deal, Parker and Smith. Any sane coach wants a good type of student. Any sane coach knows how much Intelligence counts for. Tramp athletes are rarely helpful, especially in hard games. I like a hard, fastrunning back and also good blockers and rugged tacklers. But I'd like to see them all Phi Beta Kap-

pas. Smartness also counts." Just as the letter from Jess Hawley came in we stepped into the quicksands of this football debate. "Tell me this," writes H. L. Y.

15 Carnegie unit men be a better and a smarter team than one composed of many who can't pass four Carnegie units. (The Carnegie unit

mands high scholarship standards be better than one that doesn't bother about that side of the college fence? That's something I can't figure out, if football is supposed to demand brains as well as physical

But there is another side. It is

slip by.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS By ROBERT McSHANE Released by Western Newspaper Union

CARL SNAVELY, unsmiling, poker-faced coach of Cornell university's football team, is distinctly unhappy in what should be his moment of triumph. and good football players belong to

correct. On a general average the good student still

am now speaking of

all right. A freeze would ruin sev-"The best team I ever had at

At the mill he moved in authority and this pleased his young vanity.

the few who tended the processes that went on night and day. Daniels unlocked his laboratory, a all in good order, the thermometer stood at a safe temperature, and the rusty steam-pipe running along the wall was warm.

He put out the light again, locked the place. Then he saw that a light was burning in the office. It was after ten. Mrs. Morgan must be there. Lucy would not come down at night alone. She never came at night.

dow and saw that the person inside was old Tom Pruitt.

Pruitt's status at the mill had always puzzled young Daniels. He knew that Pruitt had worked there since the plant was built, that he was always carrying messages from Virgie Morgan, giving orders that she initiated, yet he had apparently no definite position and no authority. Daniels opened the office door. "Hello, Tom." he said, "anything wrong?"

Tom Pruitt looked up from Virgie's desk, where was spread out a loose array of legal-looking papers. He looked baffled, his hair was standing up, but he grinned at Dan-

iels. "Nope-nothing special. I'm studying out this here. Never did see such fine printing nor so much writing that didn't make head nor tail. You know anything about this here business?"

"Let's look at it." Stanley Daniels slid out of his overcoat.

"You gotta know something about law. I reckon." Tom got up gratefully, surrendered his chair. "I've kept shy of the law for 50 years but what's wrong with the world now.

"I'm not going to talk about Mor- | all the new places, killing off the | ing him somehow. What made him THE STORY THUS FAR

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ever since-we ain't had time to

think of nothing but keeping this

"I got a good piece of money out

"They defaulted on the contract,

didn't they? The company's out of

existence. It will take a lawsuit,

probably, to repossess it-but some-

body's interested in it. I met a

couple of men-bankers, they looked

got over there-that strip down Ha-

zel Fork with the big poplar on it.

of that land," Tom defended.

gan trees," she said. "I want to Injuns, and then along came your hasten to be out in the wholesome Virgie Morgan, widow, and owner of the Morgan paper mill in the Carolian mountain district, turns down a mar-riage proposal from Wallace Withers. He leaves in a rage. Branford Wills, a young stranger, who has been lost in the moun-tains for three days, finds his way to the morgan home. He is fed and allowed to borgan home. He is fed and allowed to sold it. 'Way back in '26. You knew about that I reckon. I sold it to that surveyors in the district. Wills developing as Withers meets Stanley Daniels, the mill's tempting to obtain title to timber lands wither surveyor working to botain title to timber land the deceased husband and part owner of the mill. talk about yours. Do you know any- Scotchman with a wagonload of air again was the awareness that he

me I'd ought to foreclose-then he got down and you know how we been

CHAPTER III-Continued -4-

here mill running." "We"-the older man had thin lips Virgie sighed. "It's my fault, I and a mouth that shut like a trap-"are victims of the Phillips' outfit." suppose. I've got to take care of you-just like I've got to take care Virgie kept silent. Very likely of Lossie and Lucy out yonder and some more helpless people."

these were some of the crowd who had put up the money to back Phil-Obviously they had no idea who she was. They thought her a quaint mountain character, probably, so she kept to the part, staring dully and curiously at them, as mountain people did.

Slamming her worn gears, she drove on up the ridge, turning south like-up on the ridge. They were at her line and bumping across a asking the way to that piece you've stony meadow, sun-washed and pleasant.

She found her foresters eating You get those papers out, Tom, and their lunch, their legs dangling from let me look into them." the muddy tail of their truck. She shared their lukewarm coffee, in- There was one kind of action he spected the damp little hillocks could understand, indorse, and folwhere baby spruce stood and shivered, feeling their cold, small be- land-land that Virgie said was his. wildered roots groping in strange, hill darkness. "I hope we get a snow so they eyes dour. "I don't know no law. chill darkness.

don't dry out too fast." she said. "We heard a car a while back,"

one of the men said. "See anybody down that way. Mis' Morgan?" "I was going to speak about that."

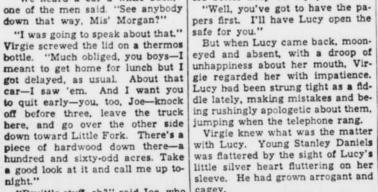
Virgie screwed the lid on a thermos bottle. "Much obliged, you boys-I here, and go over the other side down toward Little Fork. There's a night.'

"Pruitt's stuff, eh?" said Joe, who cagey. knew these timbered slopes and ridges as well as Virgie did.

"It used to be Pruitt's stuff. Something's up. And I'm not going to let Tom be gypped by another bunch of a raise. slick talkers with blue-prints in their hands and black iniquity in their minds. Don't call up till after sev-"Sure, boss-we understand. You don't want it mentioned to Pruitt,

then?' "I'll talk to Pruitt. Crank this old caboose for me, will you?"

drove in at the gate of the

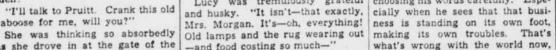


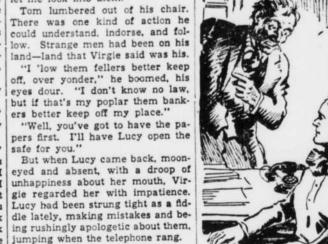
low.

sleeve. He had grown arrogant and Lucy needed shaking. So, because she was disgusted with Lucy's

meekness, Virgie climaxed a day of exasperations by giving the girl "Go out and buy yourself a new

hat and some lipstick," she ordered, "and if that young Daniels is hanging on the gate when you start home body but me about this business." give him the back of your hand and knuckles flexed with an involuntary, your chin in the air. I can do all crushing movement. the moping we need in this pulp business.'





ing now."

11 M

Hawkin the Wind

"Rather a fine-looking woman

"But darned impractical," de

clared his host. "Business is get-

ting better fast-but she ain't go-

craft product in a machine age,"

stated Stanley Daniels, much

"Because she turns out a hand-

now," agreed young Daniels.

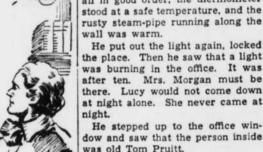
ing to catch up with it."

pleased with himself.

"If that's my poplar them bankers better keep off my place." drew his upper lip far down, giving

his face a little the look of the skul beneath it. Daniels laughed a trifle nervously This old geezer had something funny on his mind, obviously; his dry old eyes were full of sly secrets, his

"Well, any young man hates to see a business dragging," he said, Lucy was tremulously grateful choosing his words carefully. "Espe-



Wallace Withers relaxed his long jaw. "I reckon you must have collected some ideas about making pulp at a profit?" He sat down, laid pulp. his long yellow fingers together,

eral days' work.

"You're kind of smart, ain't you?" The men he spoke to had to listen. The forms that went out of his laboratory were commands; on them depended the quality of the Morgan Only a few men were at the mill-

widened, and as Daniels approached

it the linked lights made it look like

some jeweled ornament on the

He would go down to the mill, he

breast of the mountain.

tacked-on structure half brick, half tus. His test-tubes, he saw, were

wood, sheeted with metal. He snapped on the light, unlocked the cupboard where he kept his appara-

noted for their man power, but they went through the season unbeaten. That year I could put a team on the

plant that she ran over a steam hose came to and stopped the truck.

of the back shed, picking gum off Lucy. the palms of his hands.

he drawled amiably. "That steeringgear busted?"

climbing down stiffly.

She was irritated by Tom. No be done for Tom. man so huge should be so naive, so helpless.

carts forever." Virgie continued to had that to worry about. fume as she tramped into the office. Tom opened the door for her. "I reckon Dave put it there," he said,

calmly. "Come in here," Virgie ordered.

Tom followed her obediently and began punching at the stove. Virgie made a complicated task out of getting her hat off and her desk opened. She did not look at Tom. She was exasperated, and when her temper got the upper hand her tongue slipped, and she did not want it to slip. She had to say the right thing to Tom, who was so helpless in the presence of law and finance and the crisscross web men weave of these two strands to hide the simple intent of their acts.

"Sit down," directed Virgie, "and don't squirm. Lucy, you go out and get the time slips. Pruitt and I have got business to talk over."

Lucy rose meekly, put on her coat. "How soon shall I come back, Mrs. the Morgan mill, was a flattering Morgan?"

"Fifteen minutes is all I need. tory, walk in the air some before painting a picture of the pulp busi- ing you back-car's standing outbe worse smells than young Dan- as he averred it could be. monopoly on 'em."

stool and twisted his hat.

cut that hadn't ought to be cut," he now and then. said. "I expect I done it."

The darkened leather cushion on have no foresight or imagination. on, his hatbrim snapped down, the blades.

and ripped a sizable sliver from the had a sofa that flopped over and the ideas and the ambition and the sleep on it. It was always flopped suppose you would call it-and peo- I've done give up."

Tom Pruitt heard the impact of down in the parlor when I had a ple your age have all the power and her arrival and came slouching out beau. Don't let it get you down, all the money." At night Joe and Ed reported that

"Anybody else bust up the prem- the two strangers had walked over I don't. I'm a thinking man. Perises like that and you'd fire him," Pruitt's land, climbed back into sonally. I'd like to see what you'd their car, and gone away again. do-running the Morgan mill." She would hunt up her lawyer, as "On, shut up!" grumbled Virgie, soon as she had time, Virgie de-

Young Mr. Branford Wills was surrender the control of that mill still seriously ill. A half-dozen tele- to anybody."

"Whoever stuck that shanty out grams had so far failed to locate She took time to hope that Lucy look about, scurried back again. had found a decent hat.

sitting alone at home, among the ing straight ahead. "There's some

was, at that moment, occupying a happen. Things might happen so got, anyway?" "Unwards of old wood-burning stove, smoking one ain't got any considerable reserve, of Wallace's five-cent cigars and I know that. I know how she's fixed. thinking very well of himself.

CHAPTER IV

alizing, expounding opinions, setting in his ratty brain, did he? Trick the world right.

Now he walked up and down his sitting-room, talking as he had not of the fire, then. Daniels felt very standing away from his temples, a pulled down his coat.

flush coming and going on his wattled neck. This young fellow, Daniels, from ing man. I'd better say good night."

auditor. Middle-age is always a tri- scrambled out of the chair. fle flushed and important when youth

you come back in here. There may ness-of the Morgan pulp business. side. iels invents, but Satan has got a | Bigger than any of them, tied in iels was smooth, impersonal, in- working. We're both satisfied." with the big Canadian mills, stacks scrutable. "Need the exercise."

Tom draped his long legs over a and vats in batteries, timber rolling in, brown pulp going out by the I'll run you down to the main road right away." "I reckon you found a seeder tree trainload' instead of a single car anyway. You can walk from there if you're itching for air."

"Dave Morgan was Scotch," ne Virgie swiveled her chair around. said. "The Scotch build well, but fels feit the need for. His overcoat that Willis Pratt.

the Irish go prowling around into dry-eyed old guy was figuring on us-

"I know." Virgie was gentle. "We Mr. Withers-the young people have me at last. I own stuff and I don't own it. Take a look at all them corner of the tool-house before she made a bed and my brother had to vision and courage-recklessness, I and see what you make out of it.

Daniels sat down at the desk briskly and unfolded one document "Some people," Withers said, after another, read them through,

"would call you a young fool. But with Tom looking over his shoulder. his amazement growing. "How about these contracts, Pru

itt? They paid you, did they?" Daniels laughed. "That," he said, "Not since '26, they didn't. They would be a grand idea-but just didn't pay in five years, nor in sevcided, and find out just what could about as hopeless as most grand en neither. They ain't paid nothing

ideas. Mrs. Morgan isn't going to since that paper was wrote." "You should file suit then-get your land back."

Withers did not answer for a mo-"Yeah-she said that, too-Mis" "Whoever stuck that shanty out anyone who belonged to him or who ment. The stove clinked, a mouse Morgan. She said I'd ought to go to we'd be hauling stuff in here in ox- might be interested in him. Virgie crept out from beneath an old or- law. She wants me to hire that felgan, gave a bright-eyed, terrified ler Willis Pratt. I was just studying about it. Pratt will want a lot "Virgie Morgan don't own all the of money for nothing, I reckon-She did not know that Lucy was stock in that mill," he said, look- them lawyers always do."

"But-that land must have been ravelings, and that Stanley Daniels of it loose-and a lot of things could worth money. How much have you

"Upwards of a thousand acresmountain land. Never could raise nothing on it."

'If trouble was to happen in the mill "And these"-Daniels snapped a or orders fell off, she'd be hard put rubber band about the thick bundle to raise the money to carry on." of certificates-"ought to be in a

Stanley Daniels felt a sudden safety deposit box in the bank. I When he let himself go, Wallace surge of wry distaste. His tongue didn't know you owned this big block Withers was an eloquent man. He tasted of copper, his ears buzzed of stock in the mill. You're a rich loved to hear his own voice editori- faintly. So this old hick had ideas man, Pruitt-I'm glad I know you." "Rich? Me?" Old Tom rubbed his stuff, likely. He had suspected it. ear. "I just got me a piece of this Let him pull his own potatoes out mill, that's all. Dave Morgan and me worked mighty hard to keep this talked in months, his rough hair noble and superior as he stood up, mill goin'-and I been workin' harder since Dave died. No, I ain't

"Well, this has been very pleasrich. I got no wish to be rich." ant, Mr. Withers. But I'm a work-"Ever draw any dividends on this stock? Any money for your piece of Withers collected his limbs and the mill?"

Tom shook his head. "We agreed "But wait a minute-you ain't go- not to take out nothing. Mis' Mor-And if you hang around that labora- condescends to listen. Withers was ing to walk? I was figuring on tak- gan and me. We pay ourselves off every pay-day, just wages. I got all I need. It takes the rest to keep "I think I'd like the walk." Danthem presses rolling and the hands

"But you ought to get that land "Thunder--it's most five miles. back. You ought to file a claim

"Yeah-I reckon so Reckon I'll have to get me a lawyer though I Air. That was what Stanley Dan- sure do hate to pay out money to

"You could sell some of your the back of it still held the print of They want security and they sacri- door open, he felt honest again. He stock, if you need money. That Georgia and Mississippi since Mehre David Morgan's lean shoulder fice other things for it. They let had had a hunch all along that this stuff is as good as cash, you know " (TO BE CONTINUED)

iug-pay combination. They can't get storm. In fact, many teams have the men in, and they can't keep only one signal-caller they would them in, either, if they happen to

Teams that have lighter entrance standards, easier classroom work, can shoot at the field and get stars others could never hope to get. I could name you 20 men who tried to get into certain colleges, couldn't make the grade, and then came back on rival teams to beat those colleges. Is that what you call "a fair field

and no favor?" The main trouble in college foot-

ball today is the scout pursuit and the offers made to high school and prep school stars. You might be surprised to know how many of these have told me of the offers they were made, and I've discovered they usually accepted the best offerwhich is none too good for the kid. You know that.

Here is another angle. The chief trouble comes from the demand of alumni for a winning team, and from the pressure put on coaches to get a winning team or get fired.

Not Universal

This is not universal. Also you might remember that a big change for the better is under way. Some universities are developing brains. Indiana gave Bo McMillin a 10year contract, win, lose, draw or anything else. Texas has given Dana

Bible a 10-year contract and Matty Bell has about the same arrangement at S. M. U. Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech runs for life.

or English prof hired on a one-year contract? Make 'em Homers or Virgils or Shelleys-or get fired!

I recall the time that Georgia alumni were demanding the scalp of Harry Mehre in the middle of a tough season. Mehre had led Georgia to five consecutive victories over Yale, better then than Yale would rate today.

I was in the middle of that morass. I know Mal Stevens, Lou Little and other leading coaches rated Mehre among the leaders. So Georgia let him go to Mississippi, then well down in the list. Check on the comparative showings of

left Athens.

words. dare use when the game is close.

'Unwarranted Charge'

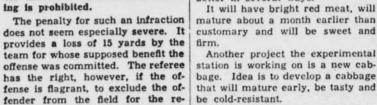
The rule would be valueless if tim of the Nassau county equivacoaches could get by with hand siglent of the selling-the-Brooklynnaling from the bench. There are bridge hoax. all manner of little devices whereby By nightfall the police had disa coach might convey to his players covered that there was no John expert advice for the improvement Weiss in Hicksville and no Brooklyn of matters at hand. Snavely denied emphatically that he attempted to dangle his Cornell juggernauts at the end of a wand. "Mr. St. John's

Traction company in Brooklyn, not that they had ever believed there was. They led Palermo, a chastened victim of high finance, before Judge charges," he said, "are unwarrant-Joseph P. Lebkeucher here and then

ed and contrary to fact."

Somehow we're inclined to sympastranger. thize with the unhappy Mr. Snavely It is quite doubtful that the rule in Streamlined Watermelon fraction charge would have been made in the event Cornell lost the game. That, of course, does not lessen the degree of guilt, if any there be. However, it would be very un ting watermelons into the refrigeraethical for any coach to give his team the high-sign for future plays. on the market on or about May 1, The boys are expected to figure 1942. those things out for themselves. Snavely is a brilliant coach. Corless-about 23 pounds to the usual

nell players are as intelligent as average 35 pounds-but, says Dr. those of other colleges. It seems un-Bryan L. Wade, head of the departlikely that he would court disaster ment of agriculture's coastal experiby so blatantly directing his playment station near here, it will be ers' activities when sideline coachbetter in several ways. ing is prohibited.



mainder of the game. Sportsmanship, therefore, usually Lost Bonds Are Regained; is the deciding factor. Had to Search 7,000 Books

Sport Shorts

Froh has regained possession of sev-Frank Mautte, captain of the 1936 eral bonds after a too-long period Fordham football team, plans to en- of anxiety. list in the army air force . . . Frank Under sponsorship of the Kellogg McCormick has played in 463 suc Foundation, old books were gathered cessive Cincinnati games and is gunin Calhoun County for replacement ning for the National league record with new ones for public libraries. of 822, set by another first sacker, Mrs. Froh, co-operating with the Gus Suhr . . . Babe Dahlgren's program, gave volunteer workers first organized baseball job was with several in her house, not knowing Bisbee, Ariz., in Class D . . . Don her husband kept his bonds in one Greenwood, University of Missouri He hurried to the book collection football player, limbers up before headquarters and after searching games by walking on his hands. through nearly 7,000 volumes found

but grows difficult when it is performed against one's own will .--Palermo and his men threw down Terence. their crowbars and torches when the detective approached. In five

minutes the policeman had convinced Palermo that he was the vic-**Correct Constipation** Before-Not After!

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of emergency relief. Whylet yourself suffer those dull lifeless days because of constipation, why ng on the need for emergency medicines, when there may b far better way? That way is KEEP regular by getting at the cause of the trouble. If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a started looking for the slick

to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a pleasant, nutritious, ready-to-eat cereal-Kellogg's All-Bran-goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal *regularly*, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation. All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician wise to consult a physician.



 ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow-follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has -

> of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

the one he wanted.

Who ever heard of a Latin, Greek