

FOUR BLIND DATES

SOFT, BECOMING SWEETHEAVERS

PATTERN 4188

by *Chas. Allen*



Round out your summer wardrobe with this slimming new-comer. Anne Adams' Pattern 4188 is a shirt-waister you'll wear from sun-up to sun-down. A gored front skirt gives slim up-and-down lines. There's fullness below the front yoke for the bodice softness you need. You may want to make "air-cooled" slashes, or have straight sleeves with nicely shaped cuffs in a fresh white or bright color to match the delightful, scalloped collar. A row of tiny buttons down the waist will break up that width across. Order this pattern today, buy some cool linen or shantung fabric and with the guidance of the Sewing Instructor, you'll do a speedy job!

Pattern 4188 is available in women's sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 takes 3 1/2 yards 28 inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrast.

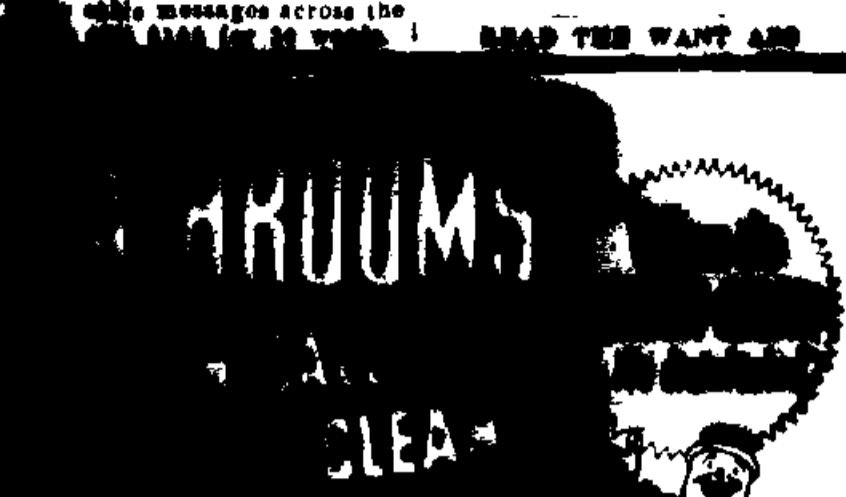
Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coin for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

Sun-drenched, fun-filled summer days—time to look your prettiest! Time to write for our new ANNE ADAMS SUMMER PATTERN BOOK and plan your hot-weather wardrobe. Choose from a dress parade of engaging, "make-the-most-of-yourself" frocks. Surf-and-sand wear... classic sportsters... airy dance styles... travel togs. Smart accessories, lingerie, at-home clothes. Every age included from the forties through the twenties, 'teens, juniors and tots. Order your copy now! Book FIFTEEN CENTS. PATTERN FIFTEEN CENTS. BOOK AND PATTERN TOGETHER, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Send your order to The Citizen-Advertiser Pattern Department.

Library Will Close
Metavia—Power Library will close Monday through July 4 with the exception of SATURDAY for the annual vacation of the library.

Leaveover Hint
A leftover hint over a casserole of savory macaroni and tomato sauce with chopped cooked ham blended with a dash of onion flakes until hot clear through and serve.



PROTECTIVE cleanliness is especially important for bathrooms. And in Clorox you have the easy, modern way of providing it. For Clorox in routine cleaning deodorizes, disinfects, removes numerous stains from wash-basins, bathtubs, toilet bowls, tile, enamel, linoleum and wood surfaces.

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Meaker's As Near Telephone

Keep cool — Shop the quick way — by telephone. Everything you need in good things to eat can be ordered by telephone and delivered to your kitchen.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|---|
| Good Western Steer Beef | | 10 lbs. Gran. Sugar 47c |
| Standing Rib Roast | lb. 28c | 2 lbs. 4X Sugar 13c |
| Rolled Rump | lb. 34c | 2 lbs. Pure Lard 15c |
| Arm or Shoulder | lb. 23c | |
| Fancy Steer Beef | | June-Made Cheese |
| Standing Rib Roast | lb. 35c | It imparts that rich flavor and smooth texture. |
| Rolled Rump | lb. 35c | lb. 21c |
| Arm or Shoulder | lb. 25c | Domestic Swiss Cheese lb. 29c |
| FRESH DRESSED | | Rich Cr'm Cheese 2 pkgs. 13c |
| Broilers | lb. 28c | Recipe Marshmallows |
| Plump Young Fowl | lb. 28c | 1 lb. pkg. 15c |
| Roasting Chicken | lb. 35c | COMMODORE |
| | | Grapefruit Juice |
| | | Sweetened or unsweetened |
| | | No. 2 can 3 for 23c |
| In the Sausage Factory | | Huxson Pork and Beans |
| Coneys | lb. 25c | Big No. 2 1/2 can 10c |
| Link Pork Sausage | lb. 28c | Queen Bess Catsup |
| Dainty Link Sausage | lb. 30c | Lge. bot. 10c |
| Ivanhoe Frankfurts | lb. 30c | |
| Zest Ham Loaf | 1/2 lb. 23c | |
| Veal Loaf | 1/2 lb. 18c | |
| Queen Bess Loaf | 1/2 lb. 18c | |
| Berlin Ham | 1/2 lb. 18c | |

of The Heel Tap. Mr. Adams' watch informed him that ten minutes must elapse ere this salubrious event would occur. But in a man in the Adams condition, ten minutes are ten aeons. Mr. Adams looked at his watch again and put in another aeon of chafing.

It is possible that Tacks might have set a new all-time record for chafing had a vision of three

automobiles, boring their respective ways in Long Island, been vouchsafed him. He would then have perceived the cars of Van Harkness and Jumbo Cutler, hurrying to the tryal. Likewise would he have perceived a vehicle piloted by Mr. William Steel, upon the rear seat of which the handsomely-bribed East brothers disported.

Tacks, however, was unaware

of these conditions though, in a dim way, he may have suspected their existence. But at the moment he was more interested in Miss Packy North. Where that charming young lady was concerned, Mr. Adams was rishing his figurative shirt upon the turn of a figurative wind.

At this point a presence appeared out of nowhere and hove to at his elbow. It was a page boy of the half-pint variety. Four feet and four inches of blue-uniformed brashness stretched between the soles of his well-blackened boots to the absurd cap that covered most of his ginger-colored hair. His face looked a camp meeting of the class Fräulein. But a certain hard sophistication in his blue eyes dispelled the illusion created by his stature, and youth. The urchin approached until his chin lay a degree off Tacks' left ear.

"Hut!" said the urchin.

Tacks looked up.

"Hi, Spike," he said.

The boy came even closer.

"Mick wants to know," he whispered, "if that bunnet bucks for gullin' this job still stands."

Tacks' eyes roamed over the night club. At the far end of the room he perceived another youth, garbed similarly to the be-freckled Spike, slipping unobtrusively between the tables. He nodded.

"You tell Mick," he said, "that I've decided to raise the ante. You guys do this thing right and there's a hundred and fifty apiece in it."

An avaricious gleam shot from the blue eyes. Again Spike achieved the whisper of an arch-conspirator. "About the end of the first chorus?"

"That's fine," Tacks answered. "And don't you birds let me down."

Spike waved a hand as one who would indicate that matters were in the bag.

"Oke," he said briefly, and vanished.

Another three minutes passed. Then, suddenly, the dance floor began to darken. From the piano came a silvery ripple of music. The beam of a spotlight shot through The Heel Tap, picked Miss Packy North out of the shadows. The heart of Mr. Tacks Adams paid a visit to the back of his throat. The zero hour had struck.

"Fire, fire!"

Packy was in alluring white. Now she was starting her number and walking forward into the glare of the light. Tacks glanced around hastily. Through the semi-gloom he made out the figure of his pal Spike, sneaking near a table some twenty-five feet away. And even as Mr. Adams peered at him, Spike's right hand came up to his temple in a kind of hurried Nazi salute. It was the signal agreed upon to inform Mr. Adams that, so far as Spike and Mick were concerned, the works could be shot.

Packy's strong lilting voice was filling The Heel Tap with song. The attention of the patrons therefore, centered upon her to the absolute exclusion of Mr. Tacks Adams. In his wisdom, Mr. Adams had foreseen this and counted on it. Chuckling at his own astuteness, he finished his drink at a gulp. Then he got down to business.

Surreptitiously his hand stole to his inside coat pocket. It came out again immediately and something in it gleamed in the half-light that pervaded The Heel Tap. Then the hand went down under the tablecloth.

The first chorus of the song was nearly over. Packy, moving rhythmically forward with each word, was working nearer and nearer to his table. Tacks calculated swiftly. He couldn't afford to fumble this thing. He was desperate. But, desperate, his heart was on fire and smoke was in his eyes. Under such circumstances young gentlemen often achieve the ultimate in magnificence. Mr. Adams achieved it.

The hand beneath the tablecloth opened. Something dropped to the floor. There was the small sound of glass breaking, inaudible in the flow of music. Quickly Tacks scuffed his foot over an unseen half-brown on The Heel Tap carpet. A second. And then, to his nostrils, came an acrid stench. At that same instant a cloud of smoke swept up from beneath the table.

It was Mr. Adams' moment and he converted it handsomely. Pushing back his chair, he leapt nimbly to his feet.

"Fire!" he roared. "Fire!"

There are few more effective ways of stampeding the genus homo than by bellowing the news of a conflagration near at hand. With the echo of Tacks' roar still causing wall-brackets, windows and glassware to jitter, pandemonium broke loose in The Heel Tap. With one accord the patronage was on its feet, overturning chairs and tables in its haste and excitement. Men shouted. Women screamed. In the midst of the hubbub the lights went up on a scene of wild disorder. And smoke was everywhere, thick, acrid, visibility-impairing smoke. This smoke arose in waiting clouds from at least three distinct parts of the night club, notably that small section which had been occupied by Mr. Tacks Adams. But no one seemed interested in discovering its source. The custom of The Heel Tap was not, at this point, investigation. It was exhibition, rather, a pronounced inclination to vacate the premises.

When Mr. Adams' ringing cry of fire first sounded, a high note had been on the point of firing forth from Miss Packy North's larynx. And then, quite suddenly, its travel aspirations were cut short by a gulp. Even beautiful girls may gulp when startled. Packy's gulp, however, was such as to win commendation from Mrs. Emily Post. It was a gulp of extreme delicacy and refinement, absolutely justifiable under the circumstances. But, had it been that it was it knocked her

Children's Division of Cayuga Museum Expands, Interest High

One of the most active and growing departments of the Cayuga Museum of History and Art is the Children's Division. Every Saturday morning during the school year, the Museum holds a story hour which is attended by an increasing number of children. The story hour under the direction of Mrs. Paul Ross, has had an attendance of over 500 for the 50 Saturdays.

Upon payment of a small sum to become members in the Children's Division, the youngsters are entitled to receive instruction in creative art work as well as to belong to the other hobby groups. These art classes are held in the Museum annex and this year Arthur Perkins, art instructor at Junior High School, has been in charge. Early last fall, the class became so large that in order to give the proper attention to each pupil, it was necessary to divide the group into two sections, one coming from 10 to 11, and the other from 11 to 12. One hundred and fifty-one boys and girls were enrolled, and received instruction in

charcoal, chalk, water color, egg and silk. Subject matter ranged from quick sketches about the Museum to work with a model.

Another Museum service to the children of Auburn and Cayuga County is the school visit. From February to June this year, the Board of Education provided means of transportation for the fifth and sixth grade pupils to visit the Museum every Monday and Wednesday afternoons, for one hour. The director explained the current art exhibition, and after gave a demonstration in one of the arts.

The second half of this visit was a tour of the rooms of the Cayuga County Historical Society, where exhibits of interest from Auburn and the surrounding country are housed. The D. A. R. room provides historical exhibits, and the Indian Room material is always particularly appealing to the boys. County schools also made regular visits to the exhibition and were given a similar program. Plans are now being made for a more extensive co-operation before the Museum and schools.

attention of Mr. Adams, he was dashing hither and yon about the smoke-filled Heel Tap after the manner of one who saves the papkins while the hostess burns. Mr. Adams paused, under the dumounded burden of Miss Packy North. The broad back of Dmitri loomed before him, even as the Alps may have loomed before Hannibal. Into the eyes of Mr. Adams there came a willful expression. He felt like a Sicilian about to close a vendetta with honors.

Dmitri moved suddenly. It was his obvious intention to go elsewhere in a hurry. And, diving this, Mr. Adams acted. As Dmitri began a swift dart in the direction of elsewhere, Mr. Adams inserted his foot between the Dmitrian ankles and gave it a dextrous twist. Dmitri rose into the air, descended with grace, slid on his chin across a table and wound up in a plate of chicken livers en brochette. The Adams honor was avenged.

Tacks, however, did not have time to remain and gloat over his fallen adversary. Gripping Miss Packy North, he continued on toward the door of The Heel Tap.

At this point Packy North remembered her speaking voice. "Put me down, you insaugh tool," hissed Miss North, into the port-side ear of Mr. Adams.

But Tacks had reached the entrance of the night club. The head start, which superior knowledge had given him at the outset, had been dissipated by the time consumed in disposing of Joe Banks, alias Dmitri. Consequently, the realm adjacent to the Heel Tap's door was now filled with a conglomeration of choking and excited individuals of both sexes, all of whom were fighting madly to gain the green pastures of Fifty-seventh Street.

Continued tomorrow

Card in Malls 12 Years
Nebraska City, Neb.—(UPI)—A post card 12 years in the mails, has been delivered at last. It was mailed in Pocatello, Ida., to Mrs. Frank Hoke, Nebraska City.

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Choose from... White Buck... White Kid... White Crushed Calfskin... Colored Mesh with White Trim, from our new Summer Stock.

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| Fresh Dressed Pump
Fowls lb. 23c | Fresh Haddock
Fillets lb. 17c |
| Home Grown Hearts
CELERY bch. 10c | Fresh Sliced
Cod lb. 10c |
| Firm Rip
TOMATOES lb. 10c | Large Live
Lobsters lb. 33c |

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| Least Green
GUKES
ea. 5c | Mohican Mauderbrook
BUTTER
Mauderbrook
BEANS
Mauderbrook
MILD CHEESE
lb. 19c |
| B. & W. Brand
Wat
SHRIMP
can 11c | Alaska
Pink
SALMON
tall can
12c |
| N. Y. State
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BEANS
2 lbs. 9c | Mohican
Sifted
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2 No. 2 cans
25c |

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Cocoanut Macaroons
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9--Meaker Food Stores--9