

Way Back When—

LINEN "dusters" were considered "the thing" and were worn by nearly everyone.

People called the phonograph (a little box with a large horn mounted on it) a "talking machine."

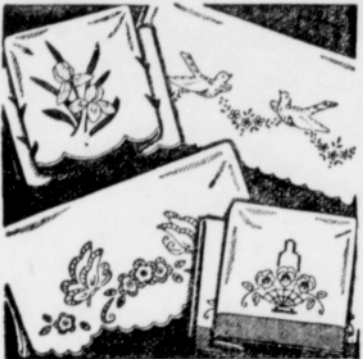
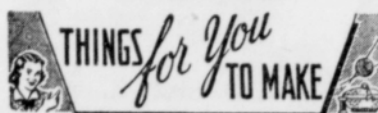
The auto gas tank was under the front seat cushion.

A census of toothbrushes in the average town of 5,000 people would not have required numbers going beyond the unit column.

All of us wore wristlets (knitted by grandma) in the winter.

Hitching posts were essential features of every "parking lot."

Churches had a tuning fork to set the pitch for hymns.



Pattern No. Z9202.

FOUR enticing designs—the love-liest of the year—are these for pillow slip embroidery. A refreshing iris motif, the appealing bird pair, a butterfly and flower arrangement, and the cross stitch basket of pansies will find favor.

As Z9202, 15c, you receive an easy-to-stamp transfer of all four designs—and you may stamp this transfer more than once. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

Durable Consolation

Whether to see life as it is will give us much consolation, I know not; but the consolation drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid and durable; that which may be derived from error, must be, like its original, fallacious and fugitive.—Samuel Johnson.

She Turned Him Down!

A fellow can't get anywhere when he looks uncomfortable! And he's bound to, when heartburn, "fullness" and acid stomach bother him. Have ADLA Tablets handy for quick relief. Get them from your druggist.

Memory Clings

Experience teaches that a good memory is generally joined to a weak judgment.—Montaigne.

QUINTUPLETS use MUSTEROLE for CHEST COLDS

Mother—Give Your CHILD
This Same Expert Care!

At the first sign of the Dionne Quintuplets catching cold—their chests and throats are rubbed with Children's Mild Musterole—a product made to promptly relieve the DISTRESS of children's colds and resulting coughs. The Quints have always had the best of care, so mother—you may be assured of using just about the BEST product made when you use Musterole. MORE than an ordinary "salve"—warming, soothing Musterole helps break up local congestion. Also made in Regular and Extra Strength for those preferring a stronger product.

BEACONS of SAFETY

●Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising—and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.



INSTALLMENT NINE

THE STORY SO FAR: Intelligence Officer Benning's warning that 200,000 foreign troops were poised in Mexico for an attack on the United States caused grave concern in army headquarters, but the people branded the statement as "war mongering." Four large southern cities were suddenly attacked from the air; Washington was bombed and the President killed. General Brill, commander of the army in Texas, reported to General Hague at Washington that he was opposed by greatly superior forces. General Hague told him to resist the enemy's advance at all costs. Brill ordered Captain Boll to lead the 11th U. S. Infantry into position for battle. Boll's motor column bravely withstood a terrible strafing from enemy aircraft, but he ordered the men to abandon their trucks when he observed twenty more planes approaching. Further resistance seemed useless to him.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

As Boll's eye went back into the air, his mind was lifted suddenly out of the depths of black despair by a joyous miracle of development. Those new planes were closing in and he made out by the shape of wings and fuselage that they were not Van Hassek planes.

Boll's hand flashed out his field-glasses. He glued them to the skies. From under the wings of those intruding squadrons flashed the glorious legend "U. S. Army."

American planes plummeted down. Van Hassek's hornets now were droning about in a Lufberry circle awaiting the developments of attack. In a twinkling the American birdmen projected an audacious assault. Planes circled, dove, rolled, darted in the throes of combat. A plane came whistling down. Boll's jaw tightened as he saw the first casualty was an American plane. But quickly two of Van Hassek's birdmen came tumbling out of the sky.

If the Van Hassek pilots had stalled for reinforcements, they now decided upon precipitate flight against superior number. Another Van Hassek plane went down. In a minute the cloud of darting falcons passed into the distance behind.

A noon sun was burning the baked hills and swales when Boll's survivors rolled in on a Second Division outpost south of Kirk.

The outpost commander came hurrying up.

"Sorry to report in with my command shot to pieces like this, Colonel," Boll reported in grim dejection. "But the only choice was—capture. Where's the hospital, sir? My wounded must have care at once!"

"Eleventh's men are being evacuated to San Antonio, Captain," the outpost commander advised. "Colonel Denn was killed, total casualties over three hundred men. But maybe that's not too bad when you consider our border cavalry was all gobbled up. The Twelfth and Fifth are still fighting it out, but they haven't any more chance than Custer had. From all reconnaissance reports, we'll be attacked in force here before many hours pass. All right, Boll, get rolling."

CHAPTER IX

In Washington, Captain Benning spent a sleepless nightmare of a night on the assignment from Flagwill of observing panic-stricken streets.

Daybreak and exhaustion restored some degree of reason. People moved about now as if stunned, but from time to time looking fearfully into the skies or straining at every word of radio loudspeakers that had been put in service on principal streets.

Traffic jams finally had been reduced, steady streams of cabs and cars were pouring out of the city on all roads. Thousands flocked about the railway station clamoring for standing space on any train that led away from Washington.

Extra editions of newspapers burst into the streets at frequent intervals.

Texas invaded. Extras massed black headlines over meager dispatches from San Antonio. Van Hassek was moving north in three columns. American infantry and cavalry were fighting him at the Rio Grande. American Second Division was moving south to repel the invasion.

Another extra dashed out. Washington safe! Benning read eagerly. It had been as Flagwill guessed. The night raiders had planted a refueling field. Back of the Tennessee River, southwest from Nashville. The thing had been camouflaged as a new airways enterprise, had even been fostered by ambitious and unsuspecting chambers of commerce.

When the bombers and their convoys of fighting craft had put down to fill their tanks after bombing

Washington, a few mounted machine guns had kept curious natives away. The aircraft had taken all personnel off at resuming their flight back to Mexico. Another raid on Washington would be impossible—unless attack could be launched from the sea.

The night's panic had swept the whole country. In the midwest there had been incredulity at first. The whole thing seemed too inconceivable. Invasions, bomber raids, were an intangible atrocity occurring to distant peoples and recorded in dispatches. Those inexplicable atrocities belonged to the black pages of Shanghai, Canton, and Madrid.

Already the hue and cry was rising west of the Alleghenies sharp on the heels of the first hysterical waves of fear. What of the Army? Why had our armed forces been caught napping? Why hadn't the raiders been detected and shot down?

The first reports of mobilization of Army and National Guard were pouring in. Mobilization was less than one fourth complete. The Regular Army was ready to entrain for concentration points from its far-flung network of small garrisons whose location had been dictated by chambers of commerce and congressmen rather than by the necessities of military training in the vital team-play of larger units.

Plans were being laid for a call for 500,000 volunteers. That would have to wait action by Congress, but Congress could be depended upon now to go the limit. A draft army of a million men would come next.

As for modern equipment, that would have to wait. There would be no such thing as buying it in France and England, even in Canada, as at the time of the World War. A year, or two years, might elapse before industrial mobilization the country's own resources, could



"I have two reports that will interest you."

provide anything more than the crudest necessities of combat. If a major war was in the offing, the country would have to depend upon the massed valor of its manpower to take unequal red losses and drive through at all costs.

It was nine o'clock before Colonel Flagwill stamped in from the Chief of Staff's office. His face was ashen and lined, but his level black eyes glowed vitality.

"What an inglorious tangle!" he muttered to Benning with a tormented shake of his head. "Which way to turn, that's the question bedeviling all of us."

"The big trouble is, we don't know yet what we're up against and we've got to play a cautious game. If all we had to consider was Van Hassek, we'd rush troops in there and give him his lesson in a very few weeks. What the public will not be able to understand, nor even Congress, is that we've got to use most of our peace-strength army as a framework for building a national army."

"But anyhow, come what may with the future," Flagwill went on with a sardonic grin, "the Chief has just made one ten-strike of a decision. We're to make our first real military stand down around Fort Worth, which is about as far as Van Hassek would dare go in any event."

Flagwill bolted a sandwich and washed it down with a cup of coffee, then pulled himself up to his desk.

"I've two reports that will interest you, Benning," he announced abruptly. "First, we've a tip from London that the Coalition espionage system in the United States is organized to completely wreck our industrial organization. That merely

confirms what we'd guessed long ago. They also suggest that the enemy espionage has its headquarters in New York, disguised as some large corporation, no details available. Second, I have positive information that Van Hassek's bombers had ground liaison in Washington last night. Light signals were flashed from the area of the White House during both raids."

Benning started. Into his mind flashed Captain Fincke's cryptic statements at the Shoreham. Promptly he decided against reporting this conversation for the time being. He gave Flagwill a brief account of his discovery of the Austrian captain and Colonel Boggio and explained his logic in not immediately causing their arrest.

"All right, Benning," Flagwill said, his eyes snapping. "I'll assume you made no mistake in not arresting them last night. But now you forget everything else and get out after them! Use your own judgment about when you make arrests, but see to it they don't get away from you. I needn't tell you that the Coalition spy net is ten times more dangerous in the long run than Van Hassek's present rotten invasion."

CHAPTER X

General Mole sat in the hot shelter of his command post which had been dug by engineers into the reverse slope of a squat ridge. He puffed glumly at the stub of a cigar as he observed the arrival of his regimental and battalion commanders whom he had summoned from over his battle position.

Planes soared overhead, American combat planes covering his position against air attack. From time to time an observation plane dashed low with a dropped message reporting progress of the Van Hassek approach. At last word, the main Van Hassek column had cleared the Nueces River after routing a motorized battalion strong-point that Mole had sent out to gain contact and delay the enemy.

Mole's plan of battle was shaped; his formal orders had been distributed. Since morning the men had been digging in.

All his artillery had been dug in and camouflaged. Here he had an immense, hastily organized citadel of mutually supporting strong-points. Machine guns had been placed for the maximum of destructive effect. The breaking of one line yielded the enemy the grim necessity of attacking a new one. Roads menacing his flanks were strongly covered. It was not such a position as he would have selected of his own choice, but since necessity forced it on him, he meant to make the most of his opportunities for stubborn resistance.

His senior aide-de-camp came up to him and saluted.

"Sir, the officers are assembled," the captain advised.

There was a greenish hue to the general's lean, cadaverous face, brought by the stress of the past few days. His eyes were bloodshot under puffy black lids, but they shone with a slout, even glitter, that proclaimed the mastery of will over flesh. As he stood up to face his assembled commanders, he was perfectly contained.

"I wanted a few words with you before we go into action, gentlemen," he began in a calm voice. "The decision to fight here was made for us by General Hague. Therefore, it becomes our decision. Let me frankly say that the Army is on the spot, that the people wouldn't understand the simple wisdom of our falling back without a fight."

He paused and his pale, bluish lips drew down into an expression of bitterness.

"All right, we'll go through! We'll hold! We'll give the country a new tradition to remember! We'll fight Van Hassek with one regiment to four or five! If we're attacked this afternoon we'll fight until night. We'll hold through tomorrow. When the time comes I'll give the order for withdrawal which must be by night."

General Mole paused again to look about among them and then spoke in slow, biting words.

"Gentlemen, a final word! We'll show the country what our mettle is. We'll show the enemy what they can expect to meet once our armies are mobilized and organized and trained. Remember this, if we lost every last man in the Second Division, our losses would still be only a fraction of what the good old Second took in France, even if nobody remembers that fact but the Second's survivors!"

His voice rose to a furious intensity and his clenched hand rose above his head.

"A new Alamo to remember, gentlemen! That's what we'll give the country—a new Alamo to remember! Put that thought into the teeth of your men. That's all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One's Best Light

It pays to follow one's best light; to put God and one's country first, and ourselves afterwards.—Samuel C. Armstrong.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

WNU-13

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Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Good Nickname

"John calls his girl the 'Queen of the Links.'"

"Ah, so she's a golfer, I presume." "No—far from it. She sells hot dogs at a roadside stand."

Right Classification

Husband (looking over household accounts)—What is this item of \$3.75 for overhead expenses?

Wife—Oh, that's a new umbrella I bought, dear. I left my old one on a bus.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Wretched Minds

How wretched are the minds of men, and how blind their understandings.—Lucretius.

Help to Relieve Distress of

FEMALE PERIODIC COMPLAINTS

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help relieve monthly pain, headaches, backache and ALSO calm irritable nerves due to monthly functional disturbances. Pinkham's Compound is simply marvelous to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." Famous for over 60 years! Hundreds of thousands of girls and women report remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING!

Scornful Silence

Silence is the most perfect expression of scorn.—George Bernard Shaw.

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BY YOUR LAXATIVE—RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY

●When you feel gassy, headachy, lory due to clogged-up bowels, do as millions do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, yourself. It tastes good, it's handy and economical... a family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

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●They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.