

## Household Hints

Add a bit of nutmeg to the sauce for cauliflower.

To keep files sharp see that their surfaces are protected when not in use.

To make gloss paint flow more readily, place the container in a pan of warm water for ten minutes.

If your vacuum cleaner belt breaks when you are in the midst of cleaning, put a rubber jar ring in its place temporarily.

Eggs should be kept at a temperature between 32 and 45 degrees.

Wet walls inside a home should cause the householder to check the flashings. Also examine the exterior walls for holes or breaks.

Build your rural mail box just high enough so the carrier can reach it conveniently without getting out of his car. Underneath the box construct a small platform for the reception of packages. An ideal platform size is 14x18 inches.

To prevent lime from forming in the tea kettle, place a piece of muslin in the bottom of the kettle. The lime will stick to the muslin instead of to the kettle.

Ash trays carelessly dumped are often the cause of fires in waste baskets.

## Gems of Thought

YOUR mind is your own private enclosure, into which nothing harmful or degrading can enter without your permission.

The nation which gives its humblest citizen an equal chance with every other person is rich in opportunities for all people.

Life is too short to remember unpleasant things.

Standing on your dignity won't lift you very high.

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it. — George Bernard Shaw.

## STRONG HUSKY YOUNGSTERS

thanks to this

HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Many doctors recommend good-tasting Scott's Emulsion because it is rich in natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building oil children need for proper growth, strong bones, sound teeth, sturdy bodies. Helps build up resistance to colds and flu. Is A&D deficient. Buy Scott's today! All druggists.

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Direct from plant to you. Cash or terms. Solve your motor problems with writing for full particulars, giving year of model to:

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## "COLD BUG" GOT YOU?

TO HELP EASE COUGHING, TIGHT CHEST MUSCLES

RUB ON MENTHOLATUM quick!



## change to CALOX

for the tonic effect on your smile

Efficient Calox works two ways:

1. Helps remove film... bring out all the natural lustre of your smile.

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# LAST LOVER

BY Helen Topping Miller

## CHAPTER I

The heat in town had been intense, and Julia McFarlane rolled the station-wagon under the ivy covered porte-cochere gratefully.

The big old house would be cool. It was always cool, the solid brick walls built over a century since shutting out the sun with aloof dignity. Julia jerked off her hat before she opened the door and slid out of the coat of her smart gray suit. She dropped the hat and coat on a chair and was pushing the heavy, moist auburn hair off her forehead when a yell came down the curving staircase. A young yell.

"Dooley, is that you?"

Julia sighed. She was so tired. It was five o'clock, and she had had no lunch. She had spent hours in an airless office, growing more furious by the moment, and then she had argued for another hour with a young government representative who quoted regulations, almost smacking his lips over them. To her desperate plea that there had to be more wiring for power and pumping on Buzzard's Hill, that there had to be more fence if they were to raise hams and bacon for the army, he had smiled a maddeningly superior smile.

To his smug vision all this had spelled wire—copper wire, steel wire—and wire was not to be surrendered, even to a handsome woman in a stylish hat. So Julia had come back to the farm, wrung out and exasperated, and now here was Jill yelling from upstairs.

"Dooley, come up here right away!"

Julia went up the stairs slowly. In the bright little room at the end of the hall Jill was standing on a stool before a looking-glass, her slim legs hidden in folds of white jersey, her face full of woe.

"It's all crooked!" she wailed. "They stretched it when they cleaned it, and it's all in scallops. It looks like the devil. What am I going to do?"

Julia dropped on the bed and looked at her child. Jill's hair was lighter than her own, taffy and sunlight and wild curling mischief, where Julia's had darkened to the hue of old cherry wood and lay back sleekly under a brush. Jill's eyes were darker, too, almost black under striking, arrogant brows; direct, demanding eyes, impatient, with little compromise in them.

"What do you want to do, Jill? Cut the hem off and even it?"

"I haven't got time. It's yards around the bottom, though it does hang so straight. Would it look awful, Dooley, if we cut off the worst places and hemmed it? It has to be right, it simply has to."

"What cooks? Something terribly special?"

"Frightfully special." Jill jerked angrily at the stubborn folds. "It's Spang. And the club dance. He has a three-day pass. He's coming on the bus."

"Do I know Spang? He sounds like some kind of canned dog-rat."

Julia worried

About Her Son

Would Spang be outraged by an uneven hemline?

"Don't make gags, Dooley, you're not the type. Handsome dignity is your line. No, you don't know Spang. He's a turret instructor right now, down at Ric's Field. I met him when I went down last week to see Ric. He's a lieutenant and a fier, but right now he's T.S.—technical to you, Dooley."

"But he wasn't christened Spang, surely—the font would have fallen down."

"Dooley, I ask you! His name is Spencer, and he hates it because he doesn't like some uncle or other. He won't look at my dress, but all the females on the prow will cut their eyes down, and I'll get an inferiority complex. And this is important!"

"Is it?" Julia was gentle. "All right, turn around. But I refuse to guarantee results. Remember, I'm a pig-woman, not a couturiere. Is Ric coming with your Spang?"

Jill puckered her brow. "Mother, Ric's a private. Just a plain Joe, and a casual at that. He couldn't get a pass home unless he bought one from somebody, and he says they've hiked the price now till it isn't worth it."

"But—do you mean that he came home last time on some other man's pass?" Julia spoke between pins, sharply.

"Of course. Unless it was an emergency he wouldn't rate a pass. They might want to ship him out any minute."

"But that was a foolish and risky thing to do when he's trying to get into officer's school!"

"Oh, they organize things, Ric says—get some other Joe to answer for them at roll-call or something." Jill turned slowly on her toes.

"I don't like it," Julia said sternly. "I won't have Ric jeopardizing his chances. You should have told me before."

"Oh, Mother, you know how much attention Ric pays to maternal admonition! You only had one dutiful child—me."

"Stand still, or I'll never get this right."

She was so tired that her legs quivered and her eyes blurred. And now worry was spinning like a dentist's drill in her brain. For now she was beginning to know what before had been only a nagging fear, a motherly apprehension. Now she knew that the thing she hated had not died, had not removed itself from her life. It was going on. Richard, her son, born in loneliness and torment—Richard was going on being another mad and reckless McFarlane, irresponsible, not to be believed.

You could have spared me this, God, she was thinking. I've had so much and I've tried to be patient, I've tried to do my best.

Aloud she said, "That gets it, I think. But it will probably sag somewhere else. That heavy stuff does."

Jill pulled the dress over her head and dropped on the stool, her naked arms round and virginal and sweet.

"Will you tack it up for me, Dooley? I've got to do my nails and press my suit, and there's a spot on the toe of one of my sandals where somebody stepped on me. Oh, I forgot to tell you, I asked Spang to stay here. He hasn't any family at all. I fixed the bed be-



"It's all crooked!" she wailed.

cause Mamie was pouty. I could only find one hemstitched sheet, so I put a plain one under."

"Will Spang be here to dinner? If he will, you'll have to set the table. I'll fix your dress, but then I have to talk over some things with Foster and your grandfather."

"John I. rode up to mark posts in the woodlot," Jill said. "Foster had to help him on the horse, and that made him furious. He's bound to break a hip some day, and then you and I will have a lovely life."

"But he'll die if he stops wanting to do things for himself. He really doesn't believe that he's eighty. He thinks that's something somebody made up."

"You're a pet to fix the dress, Dooley my love. But Spang is worth it, he is definitely. Maybe he's the one. About time! Here I am, crowding twenty-seven and already getting a maiden look around the chin."

"Don't be ridiculous. You look about eighteen. Don't forget about the table. Mamie's been busy all day."

Jill Mustn't Be An Army Wife

"Oh, Spang's bus won't be here till eight. I'll give him sandwiches and beer. Anyway, Mamie likes soldiers, and all the boys want is a soft chair to sprawl in and a hot tub. They stand up all day, or sit on a hot curb, and they can't even lie down on their cots till night, Ric told me."

In her own room, dim and cool and serene, with the branches of the huge old trees rustling close to the windows, Julia shed the regimentals of a career woman, relaxed in the tub, and put on soft cotton slacks. Later she'd have to get into the denim and boots that were her farm uniform; she'd have to tell Foster, who ran the place, that there would be no more copper wire and no more fence till the government gave her a priority, and heaven only knew when that would be.

She would have to tell her father-in-law, too, old John I. McFarlane, and he would fume angrily and impatiently for hours, to any one who would listen.

Working on Jill's dress, she hoped this young lieutenant would not be a disappointment, but all the while she nursed the secret wish that he would prove to be only another passing fancy, moving on as so many other lads had moved on, out of Jill's life.

To be an army wife—she did not want that for Jill. She wanted to save her child from that heartburning, that dreary waiting, the endless nights, the torturing silences that she herself remembered. And for her the wretchedness had never ended. There had been no finale, no period, no yellow telegram, no shock of grief—there had been nothing. Now, after twenty-five years, there was still nothing.

But in these days, with all the young men in service, a girl, even as pretty and desirable a girl as Jill, had little choice. The world was swiftly turning into a confused and dismal place.

She had told herself so many times, when Jill and young Richard were small and everything was very grim for her, that no child of hers should ever live through what she herself was living through. She had worked so hard; she had even done rough work with her own hands to build up this old farm. She had fought drouth and animal epidemics and insects and discouragement, to make a richer, kinder life for Ric and Jill. And she had succeeded. She looked through the window at the white fences marching over the lush green of the fields of Buzzard's Hill, and she knew that she had succeeded.

Her father-in-law had helped. She gave him his due in all loyalty. He had been a rock to lean upon, he had been a pillar—a fiery pillar, but steadfast. Through all the strange years when no word had come from Richard, her husband, when there had been only silence as baffling as the hollow sky, as deep as the sea, old John I. had stood by her—through the grim times and good times. She had lived through it, but she would fight to save Jill from a life like that.

She heard the clump of John I.'s boots presently, heard him yelling something into the telephone. All the McFarlanes yelled, even Jill. There was so much in them that was alive and in a ferment. Patience had been left out of them. It was as if they had a yeast brew instead of blood in their veins.

Richard, whom she had married, had yelled, too. Up three flights in that little walk-up flat in Washington—why must she think of that just now? Why couldn't she make herself forget, finally and forever? Last year she had determined to forget, and the year before. It irritated her that she, a strong woman, was not strong enough to conquer this thing that haunted her.

The dress finished, she laid it carefully across Jill's bed and got into the faded shirt, the rough clothes that went with being a pig-woman. She tied her hair up in a bandana and went downstairs.

## A Sow Shows Its Teeth

John I. McFarlane—thin, mustached, with small hands and feet, and bright, hot, black eyes—was sitting on the side porch cutting tobacco into a newspaper spread across his knees. He looked up alertly as a robin, and said, "Hello, you back?"

"An hour ago," Julia sat down. The old man snapped his knife shut, slid the tobacco into a red tin and put the tin in his hip pocket. "Bet you forgot my bottle of bit-ter?"

"I did not. It's in the kitchen with the groceries."

"I'd better rescue it, then, before Mamie rubs it on her rheumatism. Last time you brought me some she used it to kill mites on a duck. Well, I marked about two hundred posts."

"No use, John I. They won't give us priority for any more fence."

He drew his white brows together angrily. "What do they expect us to do? Teach hogs not to cross a chalk line?"

"No more wire, no more copper, no more steel. It's war, John I. But it makes it tough for the pig business. Would you be interested in growing cucumbers or peanuts or something?"

"I would not! Pickles give me the hives, and what good are peanuts when there aren't any more county fairs or circuses?"

"They use the oil for something. I forget what. Did you tell Foster to shut up your prize sow? She ought to bring a good litter."

"I shut her up myself. She's a cagy female. She bit me, and I hit her with the pitchfork before I thought, but she wasn't hurt any. What's wrong with you, Dooley? You look shot, and you've got circles under your eyes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

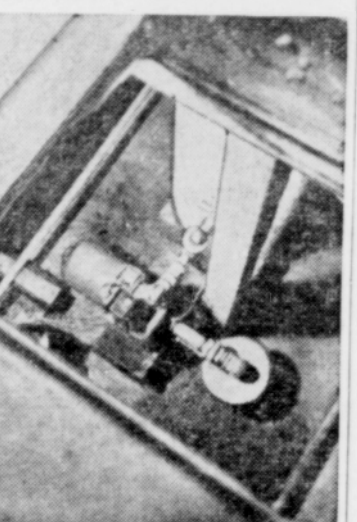


## Farm Topics

### Good Farm Wiring Is Held Essential

Expensive to Pay for Preventive Power Loss

"Anything less than good wiring on the farmstead is not only a serious bottleneck to successful use of electricity, but usually causes dissat-



isfaction and needless expense in the use of electricity for anything beyond lighting and minimum power uses." William A. Ritt, Minneapolis, Minn., declared at the national farm electrification conference.

In planning the wiring for a farm, Ritt declared, the average farm must be considered as an industrial plant, a production and processing plant for products. The greater the degree of processing performed on any farm, the greater is the return in terms of farm income, he explained.

No matter what efficient equipment the farmer may employ to arrive at more complete and profitable electrification, its successful operation depends upon a good wiring installation.

Larger capacity service entrances, heavier conductors to farmstead buildings and also for serving the higher horsepower motors now being used, an increased number of circuits and more attention to balancing loads among the various circuits, are among the outstanding needs of farm wiring systems today, Ritt said.

### MISS SLICK CHICK OF 1947?



WE ARE RESENTFUL . . . Hens, resentful and envious of the "Slick Chick" designation, which with utter abandon has been bestowed upon human femmes, at long last have come to the fore and demanded their equal rights. The Poultry and Egg National board, realizing the justice of their claims, is conducting a nationwide search for the most beautiful hen in all America, who will be crowned "Miss Slick Chick of 1947," and will be guest of honor at world premiere of "The Egg and I."

### Planting Trees



Ease in planting trees at uniform distances in straight rows may be secured by the board marker shown in illustration. The length of the board will depend on the type of tree and distance to be spaced.

### Home Garden Goals Established for 1947

Six million farm gardens and 12 million urban, suburban, and small-town gardens will be the goal of the 1947 national garden program. The necessity and desirability for the garden program is to insure better nutrition in millions of American homes, to help all families in meeting the cost of living and to provide better qualities of vegetables and fruits, especially for the lower-income families.

## ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. How many steps must be climbed to reach the top of Washington monument?
2. When was the first comic book published?
3. What is anchor ice?
4. Is the moon hotter or colder than the earth?
5. How many miles of railroad are there in the United States?
6. "Remember the Alamo" was the cry of what battle?

### The Answers

1. There are 898 steps to be climbed.
2. The first weekly comic magazine was published in Philadelphia in 1848 and was called "The John Donkey."
3. Ice formed at the bottom of a body of water.
4. In its sunless region, the temperature is about 240 degrees below zero. In the full sunlight, the temperature goes up at least as high as that of boiling water.
5. Approximately 233,670.
6. San Jacinto.

## How Sluggish Folks Get Happy Relief



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel pink as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards", and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take. MANY DOCTORS use senna preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions of years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it. CAUTION: Use only as directed.

## DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE

CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

## Relief At Last For Your Cough

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

## HOT FLASHES?

Women in your "40's"! Does this functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women cause you to suffer hot flashes, nervous, high-strung, weak, tired feelings? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress. Thousands have reported benefit! Also a very effective stomachic tonic. Worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## QUINTUPLETS

always relieve sore throat coughs—aching muscles of CHEST COLDS BY RUBBING ON MUSTEROLE

WNU-13 07-47

## When Your Back Hurts -

And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

## DOAN'S PILLS