

UNFAIR TO HORSES



"Why are you going to quit, Bill? Are your wages too low?"

"The wages are all right, but I'm keeping a horse out of a job."

Engine Captured Cow

A case was being heard in court in which a farmer was claiming indemnity for a cow killed by a railway train. Counsel for the defense put many tedious and superfluous questions.

"Was the cow on the track?" he asked the engineer.

The engineer had had about enough. He replied:

"No, of course not. She was in a field half a mile away. But when it saw her, the engine left the rails, jumped the fence, and chased her across the field and up a tree. There it strangled her to death."

More Self-Restraint

Two angry candidates of opposing political beliefs rushed at each other. Friends stepped in to separate them. Each struggled to get at the other. The first, seeing the extremely violent efforts of the other exclaimed, "More of you men hold Jones! One man can hold me."

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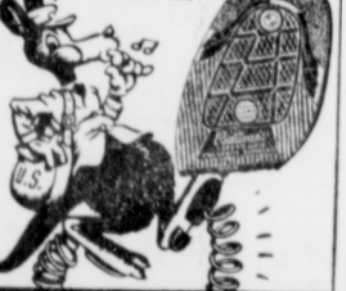
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LAST LOVER

BY Helen Topping Miller

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the disappearance of Richard McFarlane in World War I and his wife, Julia, is beset with fresh worries as the children she has raised with the aid of her father-in-law, John I. McFarlane, become involved in World War II. Ric, 27, has "washed out" in the air corps while Jill, 26, falls in love with Spang Gordon, a young lieutenant. Julia confides her troubles to Dave Patterson, an old family friend who has always secretly loved her. Jill and Spang go to a dance and Jill discovers she is in love but is nettled when Spang apparently doesn't return her feeling. She acts gay, however, to conceal her own love from him.

CHAPTER V

Then abruptly Spang cleared his throat. "I've got something to tell your mother," he said, "and I'm worried whether I should tell her or not. Maybe you'll know what I should do."

"You mean—something about me?"

He broke off a head of goldenrod and examined the small sulphur-colored blossoms minutely. "No, not about you. You suit me fine. I've had a grand time, and I hope you'll let me come back again. If I'm not shipped out. No, it's about Ric."

"I suppose he's in some sort of trouble? That happens," she said stiffly.

"Ric and I were pretty good friends at college," Spang went on. "We lived in the same house, and though I finished two years before he did, we wrote now and then and kept in touch. Then this war came along, and I got in early and got my commission, and of course Ric was an enlisted man, so that complicated things. But I've managed to see him occasionally."

"And you don't like what he's doing? Is he ducking out of things, breaking regulations, that sort of thing?"

"I don't know about his service record. I haven't any contact in that direction. But the last time we were in town I saw him with a woman. They were both drinking, and though Ric wasn't tight, exactly, he was talking too loud. He wanted me to meet her."

"Did he salaam properly before the shoulder-bars and the beautiful whipcord breeches?" Jill spoke more bitterly than she knew because her heart was hurting from disappointment.

Spang laid the gold-spangled leaf on top of her head. "Don't be nasty, gal. Can I help it if this army is all stiffened up with military courtesy and stuff? I still like Ric. That's why I didn't like what I was seeing. She's older than he is, she's been divorced, her first husband was an officer who got kicked downstairs after Pearl Harbor. She's living there in the hotel, and a sergeant I know pretty well told me that Ric was seeing a lot of her. She's a handsome wench, one of those silver blondes with nice skin and a helpless look—you know the type. I have a feeling your mother wouldn't like it, but still I hate to say anything."

"But surely Ric couldn't get serious about a woman like that?"

"I don't know—"

Ric Provides a New Worry

"You do know, Spang, more than you're telling me! I don't have to be protected from the truth, even if it isn't pleasant."

"No, I really don't know anything definite, Jill. I'm just worried, that's all, and since I've met your mother and seen the sort of home Ric has, it bothers me. It may be just another episode. Ric had a few when we were together."

"The trouble is," Jill said, "Mother spoiled Ric terribly. My father didn't come back, and I think she needed somebody to lavish all that love upon, somebody to keep her heart from breaking. I was just a good egg, somebody she could talk to, but Ric got her deep affection. And anything he does that's off-color would hurt her frightfully. I'd hate to tell her. I'll decide whether I ought to, after you're gone. You couldn't do anything about it anyway, could you?"

"No, I couldn't do anything about it. Ric's a man, he'd resent any interference from me. He'd have a right to resent it. Of course he may be shipped out, and that will put an end to the affair."

"Then it is an affair?"

"Jill, I've told you all I know. I've heard her discussed in various places and heard the things other men say about her, that's all. I've heard men speak of her when they were talking without inhibitions. And Ric is pretty young—"

"Twenty-seven isn't so young. He's old enough to have a little sense," Jill said angrily.

They walked down the lane, saying little after that.

He isn't going to say anything, maybe he doesn't care at all, Jill was thinking, with the painful knot made of anger and tears growing hard and tight in her throat.

Spang talked of the future, presently, but of a future in which she had no part—or any other woman, if that could be called a comfort. He said, "A month from now I'll be looking back on this week-end,

thinking of the wonderful time I've had—"

"And trying," Jill asked, her head tilted a little, "to remember how I look?"

He bent his head, and his eyes moved over her slowly and soberly.

"I won't have to try. Hair like a new five-inch shell and a sassy nose—"

"Disposition like T.N.T.," Jill supplied, keeping to the airy mood, "hair-trigger set. If things don't happen when I want them to, I explode all over the place."

"No," Spang said quietly, "you aren't like that. When you go up against a thing you really want, you wait for it quietly, with considerable determination."

"Grim. Very grim!"

"Have you found anything yet that you really wanted and didn't get? Something you really wanted, I mean—not a whim."

Jill set her teeth. Was he trying her, trying to get past the rigid control of her chin and her care-



Julia's face changed, paled and grew taut. "What a ridiculous suggestion," she said stiffly.

ful eyelids? "When I find it I'll get it—some way, some time!"

"Desperate, eh?" Spang laughed a little. But the laugh was shaken, and so was the pressure of his hand on her elbow uncertain. "Your eyes don't give you away as a desperate female, at all."

"How do they look? Inane, I suppose?"

"Oh, sort of sweet—and melting. I think you'll find ways to get what you want without any fight."

So her eyes were melting! But they were melting, they were practically dissolving, and if she talked any more she'd be crying like a fool, because she was in love and men were so unbearably stupid!

She said coolly, "I've trained my eyes to lie very politely. Let's hurry, shall we? I smell the roast, and Mammie gets peevish if dinner waits on Sunday. She belongs to the Holiness Church and they have services in the afternoon."

After that the day wore on, her grandfather telling over again interminably the story of how Buzzard's Hill had been a military hospital in the Civil war, Julia trying to efface herself and maneuver John I. away so that Jill and Spang could be alone. Sweet of Dooley, Jill thought, but all quite useless. Spang wasn't in love with her. How could he be and keep so carefully silent about it?

Thank heaven, when she put him on the bus at dusk, she hadn't let herself go, hadn't been careless enough to let him see how utterly lost she was!

He had held both her hands when he said good-by, and she had promised to come down to the field again as soon as she could, and then he had given her a gay little salute and climbed aboard and been rushed away out of her sight.

A Talk Between Julia and Jill

The heat settled, drowsy and enervating as it pressed upon the world in August, and Jill grew a little wan.

She tried gallantly to fit herself into the quiet life of Buzzard's Hill. She pretended an excited interest in the new pigs, though privately she thought the wriggling, hairless little things revolting, and thought what an amazing thing mother-love must be, that it could believe any new creation lovely.

She even put in a warm morning digging in the garden that was going sadly to weeds since Foster's son had gone off to the army. At noon she went back to the house, soaked in perspiration, a good manure a sad ruin, and every muscle screaming weariness from the unaccustomed activity. After that

strenuous adventure she took a hot shower and flung herself on the bed, too utterly tired to go down to lunch.

Julia found her there and looked at her shrewdly. "You're taking this the hard way, Jill. I've brought you some cold milk. Drink it and go to sleep. You're being very gallant, but try to be reasonable about it."

"I have to do something, Dooley. Life has to be for something or about something. Mine isn't. It's just a purposeless existence, just using up days. And there are so many of them, and they're so long!"

Julia dropped into a chair. She wore her heavy jeans, and she was warm and weary, too. "I know. You haven't had to learn yet how long years can be, Jill. I hope you never will."

"How did you bear it, Dooley, that last war? You aren't changed, you aren't old. You haven't any lines in your face."

"I had two children to take care of. And I had hope."

"And I," Jill said sadly, over the rim of the glass, "haven't anything at all!"

"It turned out that way, did it? I didn't want to ask any questions."

"It turned out that I fell in love so deeply I was practically shameless about it. And to all appearances, Spang didn't. He liked my eyes, he thought you were a handsome woman, he said he had a good time, and then he talked about the job he had to do and hoped he'd see me again. If that's love, Dooley, what kind is it?"

"Perhaps the bravest kind of all, Jill. The kind a man keeps to himself because he knows he has nothing to offer a woman, nothing but uncertainty and dread and grief."

"Even those are better than nothing at all! You wouldn't know, Dooley, how awful nothing can be. Emptiness! Time going on. Oh, I know I'm talking like an idiot. I told you I hadn't any shame at all. Dooley, I want to go down to the field pretty soon. I want some new knockout clothes and one of those feather hair cuts and to have my eyebrows touched up. Why did I have to get these ferocious brows, Dooley, when yours are so delicate? You're a McFarlane, too."

"There were dark McFarlanes and red McFarlanes. I got a little from both strains. Your father was almost a blond. His eyes were blue."

"Blue eyes would be horrible with my hair. I could see Ric if I went down to the field, Dooley. That is, if he isn't shipped out somewhere. He won't get a furlough, you know, for ages."

"Do you think you really want to go, Jill? You know there is such a thing as being too eager."

"Oh, Dooley, they buried all that stuff with Augusta J. Evans! A nice girl would stick quietly at home to be wooed and won, but try sticking and see what it gets you, how beautifully you're stuck! I have to see Spang again before they send him off to Africa or some other hideous spot, or I'll curl up and die! And I haven't an inhibition in the world, but I do have sense. Nobody knows what a fool I am but you, Dooley. You've been through this waiting business. You know how it hurts."

Jill Offers A Suggestion

"Yes, I know," Julia took the empty glass, pushed Jill's damp hair back and patted her casually. "By the way, Dave just telephoned. He has bought a new saddle mare, and he thought you might like to try her out Sunday. He's going to bring her over."

"Did you enlist Dave to divert my mind, Dooley? Don't you know that I bore Dave stiff?"

"Please give me credit for a little sense, Jill. I haven't discussed your personal affairs with Dave. And I don't like riding. I can't risk being lame and stiff, with all I have to do here."

"Why don't you fall in love with Dave?" she asked abruptly. "It would simplify everything."

Julia's face changed, paled and grew taut. "What a ridiculous suggestion!" she said stiffly.

"What's ridiculous about it? Dave's been in love with you for centuries—don't tell me you didn't know it! You must be blind. Even Grandfather suspects it. I observe his sly look whenever Dave comes around. He likes Dave, he'd be terribly pleased, I think."

Julia's frozen expression did not change except that pain crept into her face, darkening her eyes, making her mouth a wan line. "Dave is a gentleman," she said, evenly. "He would not fall in love with another man's wife."

Jill puckered her brows. "But, Dooley—twenty-five years! Just because Grandfather couldn't find any grave when he went over there—maybe my father is the Unknown Soldier. When you took us to Washington I pretended that he was lying there. I felt beautiful about it. It could be true, you know."

"We won't talk about it any more," said Julia, severely. "And please put ideas like that out of your head!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Short-Sleeved Youthful Frock
Lovely Special Dress-Up Blouses

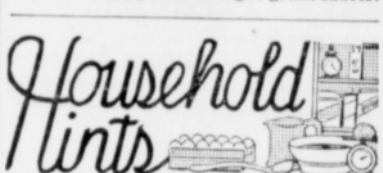


8981
11-18

Junior Frock

THIS smart, brief-sleeved frock has young ideas—tiny waist, full skirt and the popular surplice closing. Junior sewers can put it together easily and quickly. Use gay solid tones or stripes, going this way and that.

Pattern No. 8981 comes in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, 3 1/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch; 2 1/2 yards straight grain fabric.



If a shingle stain has been exposed to the weather for three or four years it can be safely painted. Earlier than that, there is a chance it will become discolored.

If the collar of a man's shirt is badly worn, cut it off with a razor blade and use it for a pattern in cutting a new collar from the tail of the shirt.

Wash nylons after every wearing, since perspiration is detrimental to the delicate fibers. It's a good idea to wash new nylons before you wear them.

Cut worn out bath towels into rectangles to put under table place mats. The toweling protects the table from hot dishes which may mar the surface, especially if the mat used is of a thin material.

After washing your powder puff, pin it to the sunny side of your window curtain and let the air speed its drying. When it is completely dry, raise the nap with a stiff brush.

For removing rust from steel or iron, a combination of steel wool and kerosene is good, although considerable elbow grease certainly will be necessary.

Touch of Home

A sergeant, stationed in Germany, was given a pass to visit Paris. He was very excited about visiting the famous City of Light, but he was most anxious to see the Mona Lisa in the Louvre.

When he returned to Germany one of his friends asked him if he had seen the famous painting.

"Yes," he said, with little enthusiasm.

"You don't sound very enthusiastic about it," replied his friend. "Well," said the sergeant, listlessly, "I've heard hundreds of stories about her 'enigmatic smile,' so you can imagine how disappointed I was to find that she reminds me of Aunt Bessie asking me to please pass the salt."



Special Occasion Blouses

TWO lovely, dramatically simple blouses for special dressed-up occasions. Each blouse has few pattern pieces, requires very little fabric. They can be made in a variety of fabrics—crisp white, soft pastels, novelty prints.

Pattern No. 8123 is for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, 1 1/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch for either blouse.

Send an additional twenty-five cents with your pattern order for the Spring FASHION. It's filled with ideas for smart spring-through-summer wardrobes. Free hot printed inside the book.

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