



**Kitchen Talk**

**Jasper**—Why do you call this a Run-away Cake?  
**Joan**—Because I put in three eggs and beat it!

**Give and Take**

"A burglar broke into my house last night when I was still at the club," said Smith to his friend.  
 "Did he get anything?" asked the friend.  
 "Yes, poor devil. He's in a hospital. My wife thought it was me."

**Branch Line**

**Baggage man**—A collision on this railroad is impossible.  
**Passenger**—Impossible? How so?  
**Baggage man**—We have only one train.

**Good Alibi**

**Taxi Driver**—Oh, I say, sir, your son always gives me twice as big a tip as that.  
**Millionaire**—Well, he can afford it. After all, he's got a rich father, and I haven't.

**Out for a Swim**

A traveler in the middle of the Sahara desert came upon a man in a bathing suit.  
 "Where on earth are you going?" demanded the traveler.  
 "Swimming," replied the one in the bathing suit.  
 "But," said the traveler, "you're a hundred miles from the sea."  
 "Yes," replied the other. "Wide beach, ain't it?"

**Legitimate Excuse**

An employee of a large firm approached the office manager. "Sir," he said, "I'd like to have a week off."  
 "What?" cried the manager. "You just got back from a vacation."  
 "But I want to get married," replied the employee.  
 "Why didn't you get married while you were on your vacation?"  
 "Well, I didn't want to spoil my vacation," was the reply.

**If Stuffy Nose Spoils Sleep Tonight**

DO THIS to make breathing easier.

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

A little Va-tro-nol in each nostril quickly opens up nasal passages to relieve stuffy transient congestion. Invites restful sleep. Relieves sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Follow directions in the package. Try it!

**IF YOU WERE A WAVE, WAC, MARINE or SPAR**

**Find out what Nursing offers you!**

- an education leading to R. N.
- more opportunities every year in hospitals, public health, etc.
- your allowance under the G. I. Bill of Rights often covers your entire nursing course.
- ask for more information at the hospital where you would like to enter nursing.

**KILL RATS USED 70 YEARS**

Quick With **STEARNS' ELECTRIC BRAND RAT & ROACH PASTE** AT DRUGGISTS

WNU-13 42-48

**Kidneys Must Work Well**

For You To Feel Well

24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling.

Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulates the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**THE FICTION CORNER**  
**She Floats Through the Air**  
 By JOHN H. ROSE

Tony silently worshipped the petite trapeze queen but she did not know he existed until his heart and imagination combined to bring about a unique introduction.

TONY had just emerged through the rear flap of the sideshow tent when he heard the steady rumble of the snare drums sounding from the big top just a few feet away. He hurried across the straw-littered areaway which was the actor's entrance to the circus. The gayly colored pennants floated in the breeze high above the mammoth canvas. Performers in gay costumes lounged leisurely about the rear of the tent awaiting the grand finale. Lumbering elephants pushed and heaved to move the animal cages into the menagerie tent. The big, tawny cats snarled viciously in anger at having been returned to confinement again after their performance.

But Tony was oblivious to all this activity as he moved intently into the tent, and slipped quietly onto the grass near the end of the hippodrome track. His position gave him a commanding view of the space directly over the center ring. Multicolored spotlights played upon the spangled figure of a dainty lady silhouetted against the tent top.

The gentle music of a waltz now wafted through the tent from the bandstand. Poised upon the tiny platform, 80 feet above the ground, stood the petite Annette—queen of the aerialists. Many said she was the greatest since Langtry. The swinging bar floated rhythmically back and forth as she swung it gently and evenly away from her. Far across the space atop the tent, her assistant swung a similar bar back and forth.

Annette was readying herself for the highlight of her performance—the feature attraction of America's greatest circus. She was about to perform her triple somersault, defying death, as she swung her lovely, slim body through the top of the tent. There were no nets beneath! The slightest miscue would spell instant death for the intrepid Annette.

With the 4,000 spectators, Tony stared upward as the drums again began their ominous roll, and Annette floated out on her swinging bar. A silent pause! Then the drums increased their pace furiously, and the leading lady of the big top hurtled out and up toward the roof, her body revolving once—

"Tab-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-rump!" beat the drums.

Twice — "Tab-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-rump!"

Three times — "Tab-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-rump!"

She met the bar swinging out to her with perfect precision, and in a trice, stood upon the platform on the opposite side, smiling down on the vast sea of faces below.

A great "Ah . . ." of relief escaped from the crowd, and then the applause resounded throughout the tent.

Tony sat entranced as Annette acknowledged the plaudits of the multitude. Then she quickly slid down the rope to the ground, took several graceful bows, and scampered toward the exit. Already the performers and horses were pouring into the tent for the grand finale; but Tony watched only the movement of the raven-haired beauty, Annette.

Twice each day he came to the main tent to watch the star of the high swings. How his heart yearned for the little French actress, but Annette was entirely unaware of his affection for her.

Tony was billed as Anthony Fragiotto, creator and manipulator of FRAGIOTTO'S MARIONETTES. He was part of the sideshow, and had been with the circus about six months, joining them two months before they left winter quarters.

Tony was in love with Annette. But the shy lad from Vicenza Euganea province in far-off Italy scarcely dared speak to the star of the show, let alone declare his feelings for her. Tony had been a farmer's son, working in the fields of those rolling plains when a boy. But Giuseppe Fragiotto was no ordinary farmer. He was the village wood carver, and for years had delighted the peasants in the Vicenza region with his puppet shows. Naturally, he taught his son, Antonio, the art.

When Tony was big enough to assist his father in the manipulation of the gayly-costumed dolls, they traveled to Vicenza, Como, and even Padua to present the Fragiotto puppets at the street carnivals.

Then the war had come! The Fragiotto family had gone underground when the Germans flowed into Italy. Eventually Tony had come to America. And with him he had brought his precious puppets. He found work as a farm hand in Pennsylvania where he exhibited his puppets one evening at a Red Cross benefit show. Not long after that night, the circus agent had contacted him, and he was on his way to the circus quarters. There he became part of the strange conglomeration which comprised the sideshow.

During the months in winter quarters, Tony had seen Annette practice her feats on the rings and

bars high above the ground. Each day he became more enamored of the beautiful aerialist. But how could a poor youth who scarcely spoke English express his admiration for the star of the show?

In the early part of the season, Tony began to formulate a plan whereby he might show Annette how he felt for her. During the hours when he was not exhibiting his puppets, Tony carved furiously, creating new properties, scenery, and characters.

The triumph of this frenzied activity was a beautiful doll—the very image of Annette. Soon the trappings were completed. It was



The leading lady of the big top hurtled out and up toward the roof.

Tony's plan to assemble the miniature circus on a Sunday when the show would be laying over. He had planned how he would invite Annette to see his new act!

"What if she won't come?" he thought. But surely she would not refuse this simple request. The thoughts raced through his mind as he watched the object of his affection leave the tent.

Slowly he arose from the grass. He would wait until she had changed her costume. Then he would go to the mess tent. He knew the exact moment when she would enter for her evening meal. After an interval that seemed literally hours to Tony, Annette came into the dining tent. Shyly he approached her.

"EXCOOS, please, Signorina Annette . . ."

"Oh, M'sieur Fragiotto," trilled Annette, "and how are you today?" Tony was pleasantly surprised that the circus queen knew who he was.

"If the lady has the little minute," he stammered, "I—Antonio—have created the new puppets. They are the pairformairs of circus," he mouthed the words carefully in his broken English. "I would like, please, the advice of the Signorina about them!"

"How very charming," laughed Annette with a toss of her dark hair, and a merry twinkle of the sparkling, blue eyes. "I would be delighted, M'sieur Fragiotto. Perhaps you could show them to me tomorrow when we have no performance?"

"That is what I was thcenking," said Tony. "I will have them as-

samble in the side show tent after dinner tomorrow."

"Fine," replied Annette. "I have often watched your charming show. I would be delighted M'sieur Fragiotto. Perhaps you would be so kind as to show me how to make them work?" This was even more than Tony had dreamed might be possible.

"Indeed! Indeed!" he shouted enthusiastically. "I shall expect you then tomorrow."

The next afternoon, Tony was ready with the puppets long before the dinner hour. He talked to them affectionately as he put them through their paces. To Beppo, the clown, he chuckled:

"And now, little fenny man, you make the boys and girls to laugh, no?" The beautifully carved wooden horses pranced and danced as gracefully as their real counterparts in the big tent across the way. But the truly artistic masterpiece was the replica of Annette. Tenderly, he placed the tiny puppet into place on the aerial swing in his miniature arena.

"My beautiful one," he almost whispered, "we shall see if you can do the triple soubresaut, reeking your lovely life!" As the graceful puppet tumbled through space at the behest of Tony's nimble fingers, he became entranced in his work. He did not see Annette slip into the tent. He was startled when she exclaimed,

"But . . . it is perfect!" She scampered behind the scenes to examine the trappings of the new show. She oh-ed and ah-ed at the beautifully wrought details of the tiny circus, and when Tony handed her the tiny duplicate of herself, she was utterly speechless. Finally she said:

"Oh, Tony, it's beautiful . . . too beautiful. I don't really look like that, do I?" she queried, looking coquetishly up into his eyes. The blood rushed to Tony's face, and he stammered weakly:

"Oh, Tony, show me how to make her work," pleaded Annette, dancing up and down excitedly like a child with a new toy. "Can you really make her do a triple somersault like myself?"

"Yes," laughed Tony, "but it is not easy. You must practice. Now see," he said, placing the toggle sticks in her hands as she clambered onto the platform beside him. "When you move thees one so, the arms and legs do your beeding. When you move thees one so," he indicated the other stick, "the head and body move at your command."

Annette moved the sticks awkwardly, and the little doll gyrated wildly in her hands. In her effort to disentangle the puppet, she became involved in the strings. Tony reached around her shoulders to straighten up the entanglement, when she raised her face, brushing his chin with her soft hair. Her lovely feminine fragrance held Tony entranced, and acting impulsively, he kissed her upturned lips.

"Plees, forgeeve me, I . . . I . . ." he stammered. But Annette was not angry. Rather she seemed pleased. Ever so tenderly, she cuddled against Tony, and speaking softly, she said:

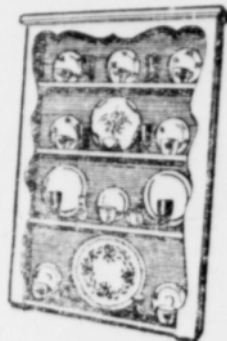
"But, Tony, little Annette is still all tangled up. She will surely never make the somersault if you do not help me."

Tony's heart was making the somersaults now, as once again he put his arms about her. Then the words came pouring forth . . . the words he had whispered to the puppet Annette.

"Oh, my beautiful Annette," he sighed, "these long months I have loved you. I never dreamed . . ." but his words were lost, for Annette's lovely face was lifted to his, and her warmth and beauty engulfed him as he kissed her long and tenderly.

And Annette—the doll—somersaulted again and again at the end of her tangled strings.

**China Can Be Stored In This Wall Cabinet**



MANY folks have requested a wall cabinet that could be used to display their prized china, silverware and small bric-a-brac. The Dutch Colonial style illustrated above is the answer.

The simple design of this cabinet permits its being used in almost any room. Anyone can build it from the full size pattern offered below. No special tools or skill are required to do a really professional looking job. User merely traces pattern on the wood when the pattern specifies, saws and assembles exactly as the pattern indicates. Complete, easy to follow instructions, step by step assembly illustrations, plus a full size printed paper outline of each component part of the cabinet are included. All materials specified are obtainable at any lumber yard.

Send 25 cents for Pattern No. 36—Dutch Colonial Wall Cabinet—to Easi-Build Pattern Company, Dept. W, Pleasantville, N. Y.

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**JOLLY TIME POP CORN**

AT GROCERIES EVERYWHERE

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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.

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT SANO CIGARETTES



**"This Same Jesus"**

Grace Noll Crowell

TODAY on the road I met Him:  
 The very same Jesus who trod  
 The old, old lanes and the highways  
 On His beautiful errands for God.

I was troubled and heart-sick and weary  
 With a load too heavy to bear,  
 I cried aloud in my weakness  
 And suddenly He was there,

His gentle hand on my shoulder  
 Was lifting the burden from me,  
 And He dried my tears, and I knew Him,  
 It was Jesus of Galilee:

No different at all from the Master  
 On the Jericho road that day,  
 No different at all from the Saviour  
 Along the Samaria way,

And I am so glad that I met Him!  
 I knelt and I called out His name,  
 And I am so grateful I found Him  
 Unchanged and forever the same.

