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BY PATRICIA DOW



8178

TEEN AGE JUMPER

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WOMEN in the NEWS

by Janet Cuper

OLD WIVES' TALES: Probably no aspect of the war is more subject to prediction, superstition and fearful expectation than rationing. The latest "old wives' tale" about rationing are concerned with the possibility of an immediate shortage of cosmetics, and they're just plain silly. In most cases the WPB will allow manufacturers at least 80 per cent of the quantity they produced in 1941. And some items, like tooth paste, eye wash, talcum powder and shaving cream, are almost entirely unrestricted. However, cosmetics will be put up in fewer containers, thereby saving both materials and transportation.

WAAC RECRUITING
 Recruiting for auxiliaries (privates) in the Women's Army Auxiliary corps is now being conducted at all army recruiting stations. Specialists in a wide variety of occupations eventually will be enlisted, but for the present the following are sought: clerks, cooks, bakers, bookkeepers, stenographers, switchboard operators and supervisors, chauffeurs, cafeteria dieticians and cashiers, hostess aides, receptionists, library aides, machine record operators and motion picture projectionists. The waiting period between application and notification of acceptance or rejection may be

HOUSE and HOME

Brides who are making homes in one or two rooms will find that mirrors wisely placed will create amazing illusions of space. A long narrow living room gains a feeling of width from a mirror panel hung to reflect light and the full depth of the rest of the room. With mirrors and gay slip covers the dreariest and most uninteresting room and collection of furniture can be transformed into a charming and homey place in which to live.

Speaking of mirrors, do you remember the trouble poor "Alice in the Looking Glass" had with her cakes? One made her shrink almost out of sight and the other made her uncomfortably large so that she had to work out a happy blending of the two to keep herself her own pleasant natural size.

Summer diet offers just such a problem in balance as Alice's. Too many heavy foods are distasteful, if not absolutely harmful while light foods constantly served become insipid and tiresome. So in order to find a happy medium we turn to salads.

Summer salads more often than not, fill dual roles. The fish and meat salad answers for main dish as well as salad course and the fruit salad does duty for salad and dessert. Choose your salad and build your menu around it and

your meals will be well balanced and interesting.

When the salad takes the place of the usual hot main course it's a good idea to begin the meal with a hot soup and finish up with one of those favorite old-fashioned desserts like dumplings and cobblers and roly-polys. A hot vegetable, like sweet corn or lima beans should be served with the main course.

The menu planned to include the salad and dessert combination may start with a chilled first course, go on to the usual hot main course and finish up with cheese and crackers and coffee.

No matter how hot the day one hot food should be included in each meal. A hot beverage when the rest of the food are chilled, a hot vegetable when you serve an iced drink.

Mary I. Barber, director of the national nutrition program in Washington emphasizes the important part women must play in their homes every day. She writes: "Nutrition is the science that women are using in carrying out their part in the war program. Back of every man in business and industry is a woman in the home whose job it is to see that he gets nourishing food. For every child growing up a woman has the responsibility to see that he develops a strong, sturdy body."



SUCCESSFUL PARENTHOOD

By MRS. CATHERINE CONRAD EDWARDS
Associate Editor, Parents' Magazine

One day as I shared a park bench with a mother and her little boy, I was admiring the baby sister who sat in her carriage. To show me that he, too, thought his sister the finest ever the boy said, "She goes to school." This was such a whopper that I played his game with him and said, "Ay, how smart she must be to go to school before she can walk." His eyes danced with pleasure at having an adult understand his make-believe and in a moment I knew why. For his mother grabbed his arm and shook him "Shame on you," she scolded, "for telling such lies."

Why does a child say things which he knows aren't true? Often because of this very human need to feel important. Having little that is real to boast of he glories in fibs about his own or his families' exploits. "My father can fly a plane faster than anybody in the world." You've heard these fabrications from almost every imaginative child of your acquaintance.

Then, the very young child lies because the world of reality is so strange and unpredictable and confusing that he doesn't know exactly what is true and what isn't. "I saw a great big man walking along the street the other day and he said: 'I'm going to give you the biggest ice cream cone in the world,' and he did." The understanding parent will see in this only the young child's desire for wishes to come true, and his confused sense of what can happen and what can't.

One wise mother I know has a little girl who began to tell tall tales. After one of them she would say to her in a loud whisper: "Make believe?" and the child would nod and then they would laugh together. So, slowly, the mother helped her to know the difference between what was true and what was not.

As he grows a little older the child may lie because he is afraid. Tommy, for instance, was forbidden to cross a certain street where there is heavy traffic but one day he did cross it in order to go and play with a little boy whom he liked very much. When he came home his mother asked him where he had been—and he lied. Of course eventually a child must learn that one doesn't lie out of things. But don't be shocked if he tries to at first. Make an effort not to let your children get into a position where lying seems to them the way out. Tommy's desire to play with the little boy who lived across the dangerous street was a perfectly natural one. That he had to disobey in order to do so, was unfortunate. His lie later could have been avoided by recognizing the facts and providing some other way out. His mother might have said: "You must not cross that street alone but if you want to play with your friend let me know and I'll take you across."

Next week we'll track down other causes for children's untruths.

MOVE TO KLAMATH FALLS
 Mrs. J. E. Gowland is making arrangements to move to Klamath Falls where she will join Mr. Gowland who has been there for some time working in a box factory. The Gowlands formerly resided in Klamath Falls, coming to Ashland in 1936. They will reside at 1017 High street. Their Ashland residence at 381 Mountain avenue has been rented to Captain H. A. Austin of Camp White.

7 Stitches in Time
 Mrs. J. E. Gowland is making arrangements to move to Klamath Falls where she will join Mr. Gowland who has been there for some time working in a box factory. The Gowlands formerly resided in Klamath Falls, coming to Ashland in 1936. They will reside at 1017 High street. Their Ashland residence at 381 Mountain avenue has been rented to Captain H. A. Austin of Camp White.



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Set upon and stabbed through the heart by three Negroes in Harlem, Stanley Kolbusz is pictured doing well after a surgeon had taken seven stitches in his heart. Another unique feature of the amazing surgical feat was that Kolbusz was given transfusions of his own blood as the operation progressed. Diplomacy is the golden art of making people think they know more than you do.

BLACK DAWN

by Victor Roussee

CHAPTER IV SYNOPSIS

Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn. Dave succeeds, only to discover that Curran expected the horse to kill him. A girl named Lois rides up just as Dave has hit Curran. She is angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. She rides off on Black Dawn, and Dave follows, but she refuses to speak to him. Later, in a bar, Dave pays off a mortgage for an old man named Hooker, who offers him a partnership. They go to Hooker's ranch where Dave finds that Lois is Hooker's daughter. Lois, still angry, leaves and has not returned when Hooker awakes several hours later.



"It's just the—the loneliness, Dave—"

"I dreamed my wife came to me and said my troubles would soon be over," Hooker muttered. "I tell you, Dave, there comes a time in every man's life when he doesn't want to go on living any more. A pest, that's what Lonergan called me. I reckon he was right. Yes, I remember taking you as a partner and I'm sorry for it. But if anything happens to me, I want you to take care of Lois. She never had a chance, poor kid."

"You can trust me to do that," answered Dave, looking steadily into Hooker's eyes. "I know I can. I know it, boy. I'm an old, drunken pest, but I can see when a man's to be trusted and when he's not. Get her away from here. But there's something I've got to tell you, Dave. I've got the feeling that my time's short—"

"Steady, old-timer," Dave interrupted. "You're just remembering that dream of yours. Dreams don't mean nothing. Of course you can trust me, but don't tell me nothing now that you might be sorry for later."

"It's not that, Dave. No, I've been slowly putting two and two together since Lonergan offered me and my wife this mesa—ranch, he called it—on condition we'd bring up Lois as our daughter and never let her know. I thought she was a natural child of his. But she's not."

"She found out I wasn't her dad almost at once, and that my wife wasn't her mother. You see, she's got a locket with her mother's photograph in it, which we didn't know about. Lois was just old enough to remember her when we took her from the orphanage."

"Well, I've been trying to piece things together, why Lonergan wanted me and my wife to bring Lois here, and why Wilbur Ferris is afraid of him. It all goes back to the time when Ferris and Blane Rowland went into partnership in the valley, some fifteen or sixteen years ago."

"Those were prosperous times, and the Cross-Bar was doing well. Rowland and Ferris were both steady, quiet fellows, and Ferris had brought Rowland west to invest his capital in the Cross-Bar. Then Rowland forged Ferris' name to a joint check for about \$20,000 on the bank in Hampton, which was to be used for buying stock in Mexico, and skipped the country."

"I dunno how Lonergan came into the picture. Maybe there was some crooked work all around, but he's got Wilbur Ferris where he wants him now. He's got a mortgage on the Cross-Bar, and he put Curran in to run things the way he wants them."

"How'd you come to meet up with Lonergan, if it ain't an impertinent question?" asked Dave. "Why, I—well, I'd done something I shouldn't have done, and I'd come west. Lonergan was acting-sheriff at Mescal at the time, and he recognized me from the description and photograph when I hit Mescal, supposing that it had all been forgotten. It was something I did when I'd been drinking and got desperate. But I couldn't have been all Lonergan says I am, because my wife stuck to me till she died."

"Well, Dave, I had to do what Lonergan said, or face a term in the penitentiary. You're the first man I've told that to. So there was I, with my wanderings cut short, and anchored to this place, with my wife and the girl."

"Just what was Lonergan's idea, d'you s'pose?" asked Dave. "That's what I'm slowly-figuring out, Dave," Hooker answered. "And I don't know either why he tried to put me off this mesa, when I'd a-ver paid a cent to him, all these 15 years, unless it was because I threatened him when I'd been drinking. Maybe I'm just an old pest, like Lonergan says, but I'm on the trail of something and I've got my own suspicions."

That cunning look was in old Hooker's eyes again. He reached out for the bottle. Dave intervened. "I guess you've had enough to sober up on, pardner," he suggested. "Why don't you go to sleep now and take one more drink when you wake up. That will set you plumb to rights."

"Must have one more," pleaded Hooker. "Then I'll have a good sleep and wake up feeling fine. I won't want another drink after that. I'm through with liquor for life. It's just the—the loneliness, Dave."

He drained the bottle and handed it to Dave. "Well, that's the last of it," he leered, "so you won't need to worry, partner. Throw that bottle away somewhere where Lois won't find it, or she'll give me the devil. You've promised me you'll look out for her if anything happens to me. And now I'm going to tell you something I've suspected—something that's going to solve the mystery—"

The sentence was cut off abruptly by the roar of a six-gun. Smoke and the acrid stench of powder filled the room. Hooker slipped back upon his pillow, the sentence uncompleted, and lay still. Dave saw a little blue spot on his left temple, from which a stream of blood was trickling.

Dave whirled, his hand upon his gun butt. For just an instant he saw a face at the window, the face of a masked man. The pane was open, and the shot had been fired at a distance of about ten feet.

Dave drew and fired back almost upon the instant, but still too late. The face had already disappeared and the slug merely whined across the mesa, over which the faintest light of dawn was just beginning to appear. Simultaneously Dave heard the sound of a body scrambling thru the dense brush at the rear of the cabin.

Dave thrust his gun back into his holster and leaped toward the door. Stopped for an instant, turned back and looked at Hooker. The lamp upon the shelf cast only a faint reflection, but it was light enough for Dave who had seen death often enough, to realize that the old man's days were ended. Hooker's dream had come true.

In another instant Dave was through the entrance of the cabin and running across the mesa in the direction that the assassin had taken. He could still hear him crashing through the undergrowth but in the faint light of dawn Dave wasted half a minute before he could find the trail. By the time he had done so, the murderer had mounted his horse and was galloping away down the mesa.

By the time Dave could get back and mount his bay there would be not the slightest chance of capturing the man, who was now disappearing in the tangled growth of jackpine that separated the upper mesa from the one beneath it.

Nevertheless, Dave ran back and, mounting his horse bareback, forced it along the trail through the scrub and galloped to the mesa's edge. It was beginning to grow fairly light, but nothing was to be seen. The only living thing was the buzzard, harbinger of death, still floating in the upper currents of the air.

Wherever the murderer had gone, he had certainly not ridden down into the valley. He must have struck some trail in the almost impenetrable scrub that rose like a low wall along the mesa's edge.

Reluctantly Dave turned the bay and rode back. It was half light in the cabin now, and Dave blew out the lamp. He looked once more at Hooker. The blood had ceased to flow and the old man was lying white and stark upon the bed. Death must have been instantaneous.

Dave saddled his bay and rode off down the trail in the direction of Mescal. There was little that he could do now, except inform Sheriff Coggswell and join a posse to take up the trail of Hooker's murderer. As he rode, he revolved in his mind all possible reasons for the dastardly deed. Had the assassin supposed old Hooker to be in possession of a hoard of gold and fired before he had seen Dave in the room?

Or was Lonergan involved and had old Hooker talked too much in the Wayside Rest?

The shrill neighing of broncs recalled Dave to his surroundings. Emerging upon the lower mesa, he saw Lois seated on Black Dawn, with the rest of the herd massed near the scrub and looking at him. Dave rode up to the girl. "I got some bad news for you," he said. "May as well tell you right away. Your dad's been shot

dead. Killed less than half an hour ago by a murderin' skunk who fired through the window, while we was talkin' together. I went after him, but he got away from me."

Lois' expression hardly changed, only that set, bitter look came into her eyes again, and her mouth hardened.

"So you killed him, did you?" she said. "For what? Did you think he had money. You've found out your mistake by now, I guess. Well, why don't you shoot me, too?"

"You're talkin' nonsense, Miss Lois, which ain't to be wondered at under the circumstances," answered Dave. "I'm ridin' for the sheriff. You'd best go back and wait in the cabin. There wasn't nothing I could do for him. He was killed instantly."

The girl's expression didn't change. She sat Black Dawn watching Dave intently. Suddenly she swung round on the horse's back and gave a shrill whistle. Instantly the broncs disappeared through the scrub. And in another instant Lois had kicked the outlaw horse in the flanks and was galloping wildly in the direction of Mescal.

Dave tried to follow her, but the black had the speed of the wind. He galloped at full speed downhill, over declivities down which the bay could only pick his way cautiously, to avoid plunging headlong. By the time Dave reached the lower slopes, Lois was a mere speck in the distance.

Before he reached the neck of the valley, Dave saw Lois riding back, accompanied by two men, one of whom he recognized as Sheriff Coggswell. The other, from the badge he wore, was evidently a deputy. As Dave rode up, the two drew swiftly and covered him.

Dave, without raising his hands, reined in grimly beside the sheriff, who nodded to the deputy. The latter leaned forward and extracted Dave's gun from his holster, at the same time running his hands over his sides in search of a concealed weapon.

"So you think I killed Mr. Hooker?" Dave inquired. "I was on my way to tell you."

"You can tell me now, Bruce," answered Coggswell. "If Hooker's dead, as you told Miss Lois, there's no partic'lar hurry, I reckon."

Dave briefly recounted his story of the killing, while Coggswell and the deputy listened in stony silence. Lois, seated on Black Dawn, watched him with hate in her eyes but not a sound came from her lips either.

"So you claim Hooker woke up before dawn and started talkin'," grunted the sheriff. "And while you two was talkin', this masked feller shot him through the window? How about that gun, Sims?"

"One ca'tridge fired," said the deputy, who had been examining it. "A forty-five."

"How about that, Bruce?" asked Coggswell.

"I told you I fired a shot at the murderer. I couldn't get further sight of him in that scrub and it being almost dark."

"Well, now, I'll tell yuh, Bruce," said Coggswell. "Yore story sounds kinder queer to me. And yore payin' that two hundred yesterday and takin' advantage of Hooker to go partners when he was drunk—which don't hold good in law—was queerer. And yistid-day yuh rode up to the Cross-Bar and picked a quarrel with Curran and beat him up. All of which puts yuh under the suspicion for the murder of Hooker, Bruce."

"So I'm arrestin' yuh, and if yore innocent, as yuh claim, yuh'd best put out yore hands and come along quiet. And if yuh don't I'll drill yuh!"

(To Be Continued)

SING A SONG OF KITCHEN THRIFT

SINK YOUR DIMES IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS