

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Left-over meat, minced, with cream or salad dressing makes a popular sandwich filling.

Keep leftover pancake batter and thicken it with flour for muffins. If it is kept several days, add one-half teaspoon of soda for each cup of batter.

Place a rubber mat on the saucer under your potted plant and it will absorb the right amount of moisture from the mat.

Pipe cleaners are handy in the kitchen to clean gas burners, lemonade sippers, funnels, etc.

A teaspoonful of pulverized alum added to stove blacking will give the stove a brilliant luster that will last for a long time.

If a child's birthday is forgotten till the last minute, fix a novel gift for him this way: Stick pennies, nickles or dimes into a shiny red apple, tie a ribbon bow on the blossom end, and the gift is ready.

To take black stains out of a hardwood floor, scrub floor vigorously with hot water and javelle water, using a stiff brush. For persistent stains repeat process.

ACHING-STIFF SORE MUSCLES

For PROMPT relief—rub on Musterole! Massage with this wonderful "COUNTER-IRRITANT" actually brings fresh warm blood to aching muscles to help break up painful local congestion. Better than an old-fashioned mustard plaster! In 3 strengths.



IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT SORT OF GIFT TO SEND A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S BRANCHES OF THE SERVICES, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER.

If he smokes a pipe or rolls-his-own, the answer is a pound of tobacco. Numerous surveys made among soldiers, sailors, marines, and Coast Guardsmen show that tobacco ranks first on his gift list. Local tobacco dealers are featuring Prince Albert in the pound can for service men. Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, is a big favorite among many men in the service. —Adv.

YOU WOMEN WHO SUFFER FROM HOT FLASHES

If you suffer from hot flashes, dizziness, distress of "irregularities", are weak, nervous, irritable, blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period in a woman's life—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—the best-known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women. Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands upon thousands of women to relieve such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Pinkham's Compound is worth trying!

No Pushing Nature

We must go slowly and gently to work with Nature if we would get anything out of her.—Goethe.

Black Leaf 40
KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FASTER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Noble Actions

Good actions ennoble us, and we are the sons of our own deeds.—Cervantes.

Use at first sign of a **COLD 666**
666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood. You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up at night, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS

• BY KATHLEEN NORRIS •

CHAPTER I

"That's the child—that's Cherry," Sister Seraphine said in her serene voice. Her hands were crossed and hidden within her wide sleeves, but a motion of her caped and coiffed head indicated a certain girl among the milling masses, and the man who was her companion looked at the girl keenly.

The tableaux and the play were over, but many of the girls still wore their make-up and a theatrical excitement possessed the hot, crowded hall. It was not a large hall; just now it was filled with spectators, nuns and performers mixed indiscriminately.

Bright lights flooded auditorium and stage; groups formed and reformed. The man watched the girl he had identified for a few minutes and thought that she was a vital young creature, anyway; she was not a bad-looking young creature, anyway; she seemed popular enough, anyway. Obviously she was the center of everything that went on.

As the daughter of an Indian chief she had taken the leading part in the play that had concluded the program, and had appeared also in more than one of the tableaux that preceded it. Judson Marshbanks saw her questioned, kissed and congratulated; saw her drop her proudly feathered head more than once in a deprecating fashion, as if she were embarrassed by praise.

After some fifteen minutes of this post-performance bedlam when some of the audience were already drifting away a nun drew her quietly aside. The girl's laughing expression changed, as she glanced in his direction. She joined him immediately.

"Cherry, this is Judge Marshbanks," said Sister Seraphine, and the judge watched her dark eyes brighten suddenly, and felt the touch of her warm, young, quickly extended hand.

All she said was a somewhat shy how-do-you-do, but her look added what she did not say: "I know your name! I know something about you."

"Well, so you led the pioneers out of danger?" Judson Marshbanks asked amiably. Color showed under her Indian brown and he thought with satisfaction that she was a handsome, glowing sort of girl who ought not to have too much trouble getting along.

"It was a silly sort of play," the girl said quickly. He remembered that she had written it, and smiled.

"Come over here and sit down, Cherry; I want to talk to you a minute," he said. "I'll not keep you long. I'm joining a friend who is flying his plane down to San Francisco tonight."

Cherry looked dazed with excitement and surprise. A man coming to see her, who had not averaged a caller a year in all her twenty years, and coming just now, when she was still flushed and breathless from the evening's thrills, created a situation that silenced her. She sat down and looked at her companion expectantly and could not speak.

"I thought it was a very good play," said the judge. "I understand that you wrote it? It was sort of allegory—a pageant, wasn't it?"

"Well, they all have to be pageants, because of having to get all the girls in," Cherry answered in a shy voice.

"Oh, you have to get all the girls in?" he asked aloud.

"Oh, yes. Last Halloween we had only fifteen girls, so that wasn't so hard. I could have used more!"

"I see. And do you always write the plays?"

"Well, usually. Yes, I guess always."

"And who wrote the song?"

"That Madeleine sang? Didn't she sing that beautifully? Sister Claude," Cherry went on, suddenly warming to confidence, "went to opera once. You know, real opera."

"I didn't think Sisters did."

"Oh, but this was before she entered!" the girl reassured him. And for the first time he heard her resonant joyous laugh.

"You wrote the words to the song, too?"

"Oh, well, yes," Cherry said carelessly. "And she said—Sister Claude did, that Madeleine sang like the prima donna—she said so, really."

"You acted the leading part, too," the man said.

"Yes, I had to! Miriam Foster was twenty and so she had to go home. We thought she'd be here until at least Christmas, but her mother sent for her. So I took her part."

"Some of the girls here have mothers then, Cherry?" His tone had changed. It had dropped to a personal note of something like pity and tenderness, and he saw her flush brightly again as she faced him, realizing perhaps with a little fear that they reached their own affairs now.

"Yes; some have," she said almost inaudibly.

"And you know that you lost yours when you were very small,



Her head went suddenly down on the table. She covered her face with her hands. The judge cleared his throat.

my dear?"

"Seven," she said unsteadily. "I remember her, and living in the country."

"You came here at seven. Thirteen years! But they haven't been unhappy years, have they, Cherry?"

"No. They've been— heavenly years!" she said loyally, after a moment. "But, of course—of course—I've wanted someone of my own—"

Her head went suddenly down on the table, she covered her face with her hands. The judge cleared his throat.

"Of course you have, of course you have," he said a little thickly.

"I'm very sorry," she said composedly in the voice and manner of a much older woman. "I don't cry much. I don't know what started me. We've been decorating and rehearsing until I suppose I'm tired. But of course, they haven't been unhappy years," she said sensibly.

"Sister Seraphine said that you were the most influential girl in the school," the man put in.

"Oh, that couldn't have been Sister Seraphine; she never praises anyone!" Cherry smiled, with wet eyes.

"It was, though. She said they would be sorry to lose you. Sorrier than over losing almost any other girl."

"Did she say that?" Cherry had pushed off her headdress now and he saw that her hair was a warm tawny mixture of tan and brown. The significance of his last phrase came to her suddenly. "Sorry to lose me?" she repeated, the color leaving her face. "You mean I'm going out?"

"You're twenty, aren't you? Isn't that the age when girls are launched from Saint Dorothea's?"

"Yes, but—yes, but—" she whispered, and stopped.

"Don't you want to? Dpn't you want a look at something outside these four walls?" the judge questioned.

"Why, yes; the others have. But I never thought of it as my turn!" the girl said. "And I have been out, you know," she reminded him. "In the city, I mean. I taught the last three terms at the kindergarten."

Her face was streaked with soot as she spoke, her eyebrows had melted and her cheeks were pale. But she was giving no thought, he perceived, to her appearance; she was absorbed in the stunning news of the approaching change in her life.

"Would it be to go to San Francisco?" she asked eagerly, like a child.

"I don't suppose you would rather make it somewhere else?" he asked in return. "What I had to suggest was a secretarial position in San Francisco."

"A secretarial position?" she asked, flustered. "I don't think I could take a position. That is except in a kindergarten! I can type-write, and I'm getting better at stenography, and I speak a little French and some Spanish. We have two sisters here from Belgium and two from Madrid. But—would that be enough?"

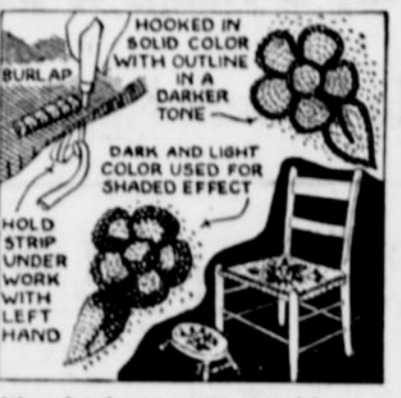
"Plenty, at first. Later, if you wanted to study anything specifically," the judge said, "anything like—well, library work or nursing or going on with kindergarten work, we could find out what the requirements are, and I don't think there'd be any trouble."

"But—" Her pale, tear-streaked and paint-streaked face reddened suddenly. "But have I any money?" she asked hesitatingly. And

ON THE HOME FRONT

With RUTH WYETH SPEARS

YOUR rag bag contains the best possible material for making attractive pads for chairs and foot stools. These may be hooked in the same manner as rugs are made. Cut or tear old materials into strips and draw loops through



either burlap or canvas with a rug hook as shown at the left. Either cotton, wool, silk or rayon may be used. The strips may be cut from three quarters to one and one-half inches wide, according to the weight of the material and how fine you wish the work to be. If some color is desired that you do not have on hand goods should be dyed to carry out your room color scheme.

You will find it easy to outline a simple flower design with wax crayon. Many people do successful hooking without a frame. Small

pieces of work may be stretched over old picture frame and thumb-tacked. Flowers and leaves may be hooked in outline as at the upper right, or two or more tones may be used for a shaded effect, as at the lower right.

NOTE: BOOK 5, of the series of home making booklets prepared for readers, contains directions for making your own flower designs and for hooking rugs. BOOK 4 contains directions for a hooked, a braided and a crocheted rug all made from old clothing. Copies are 10 cents each. Send requests for booklets direct to:

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(TO BE CONTINUED)