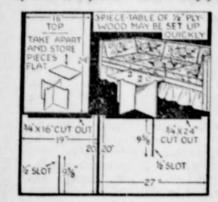
## Fold-Up Coffee Table Made Without Nails

IF THERE is one piece of furni-ture for which our own period will be famous it is the low coffee table. Our own generation has discovered that low tables are not only convenient but give a greater feeling of space in a room than high ones.

Here is a little coffee table that is as modern as tomorrow. You can make it yourself from a three by four foot piece of half inch ply-



wood with straight cuts of the saw. It requires not one scrap of hardware. Just cut the three sections according to the dimensions given here; place the slot of the narrow piece of the base through the slot in the wide piece; put the top on, and there you are! When not in use the pieces take up no more space than a large serving tray.

## . . .

NOTE: Readers who have sent for copies of the series of booklets numbered one to eight, prepared by Mrs. Spears, will be pleased to know that BOOK 9 is now ready. This new book contains 32 gay and thrifty things for your home with illustrated directions. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 9.
Name
Address

## Sacred Hirohito

The war probably has interrupted customs even in Japan. But, when Emperor Hirohito traveled during peacetime, all window shades were drawn for the trip. He was considered too sacred for profane eyes to see; his portrait was likewise never seen publicly.

When Time magazine in 1936 printed Hirohito's picture on the cover page, the Japanese embassy immediately suggested that Time request its readers not to place the magazine upside down or to place objects on the sacred photograph.





THE STORY SO FAR: Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings, an orphan since she was seven years old, has been at Saint Dorothea's school for girls. She knows almost nothing about her early history. but has gradually come to realize that like the other girls at the school she has no family, and she questions whether she has the right to her father's name. She develops into a very attractive girl, and has a flair for writing the school's plays and arranging their tableaux. She is in the costume of an Indian chief's daughter, having appeared in one of her own plays, when Judge Judson Marshbanks, her co-guardian with Emma Haskell, a trained nurse, appears to arrange for her to leave the school. She remembers that Emma nursed her mother before her death, and Judge Marshbanks tells her that Emma has gotten her a secretarial position with the very wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter of San Francisco, where Emma is now housekeeper.

Now continue with the story.

### CHAPTER II

"Because," the girl offered slowly and doubtfully, "it wasn't that way. I was only seven, but I knew that something was wrong. Nothing was left for me, no pictures of anyone, no letters or names. This school, you know, isn't like an ordinary school. We know we aren't like other girls. Everyone here has some strange history-no letters, no going home for holidays, no presents and surprises."

"No; this isn't a regular school," he conceded. "But according to Emma it was the best thing to do. And you seem to have flourished," he added with a smile. "You've gone along here more as if it were a home .

"With a capital letter!" she put in as he paused.

He looked at her in his kindly way and smiled.

"A place where girls are protected and safe, and well fed . . ." He raised questioning eyes. "Well fed?" he asked.

"Not so-oh, yes, all right," she conceded, not interested. An impatient jerk of her head took him back to the point where he had interrupted himself.

"And are taught good professions," he finished.

"Dressmaking, bookkeeping, stenography, beauty-parlor work," she supplied. "But," she added, "those aren't what they teach girls in other schools. But that won't keep me from trying terribly hard to make good. You said something about a position? What am I to do?"

"You are not to do anything until you find just what you want to do," he said, his graying hair and his fifty years making it possible for him to use a father's kindly tone. "But for the time being it is a secretarial position with the same old lady-a very rich old woman named Porter-Mrs. Porteous Porter, for whom Emma works. Answering the telephone, and correspondence, and reading-that sort of thing." "Oh, that?" the girl said with a brightening face. "That I think I could do!"



She jumped when old Dr. O'Conner touched her arm realizing that she was hungry and went with him through the swaying train to the dining car.

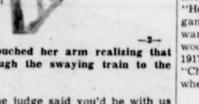
and cars, its noise and progress. "Old girls" were twenty, found employment under "responsible custody" in the unknown world, and disappeared; new girls came in, small and frightened and homesick even from the most unfit and wretched of homes, or rebellious

and angry and full of muttered threats of escape. So Cherry, formally discharged from the books as "Charlotte Rawlings," with due details of her admission and her thirteen years' residence at the convent entered upon a formidable-looking graph, was not as entirely unprepared for entrance into the world as her custodians might have fancied her to be.

At leaving. Cherry wore the convent uniform of black serge and white collar, and a round hat like a small black basket turned upside down. The hat dated back some ten years, but it was a hat, and that was all that girls from Saint Dorothea's expected of headgear.

Mother Superior had given her the ten dollars with a parting word of instruction. This money was for any emergency; her tickets and meals on the train would be paid for by the Sisters in whose care she was traveling.

"This wouldn't have been my choice of a school for you, Cherry," the nun had said. "I've been considering in my own mind whether I ought to say this much to you." she added, "and I've asked for guidance in the matter. But there seems to be no harm in telling you that 1 felt-and dear Mother Bertrand felt, thirteen years ago-that you should have been one of the Victor street



play bridge somewhere tonight, and he's having his dinner at seven. Mrs. Marshbanks and Miss Amy are Thomas now and then?" knows when. It's a coming-out party for Miss Patsy Randall."

"I didn't mind that, my dear," she to a movie tonight. You ask Molly George Denny's "Town Hall Meeting for anything you want."

Cherry and her patent-leather bag The claims here and there that cerher feet and dimly lighted arches leading to great dimly lighted rooms on all sides, of potted palms and bursts of winter flowers, before

Judge Marshbanks came forward to take possession of her, and confide her to the care of Molly, a pretty maid with very black eyes and a very white skin.

By this time the girl was too much dazed to believe her senses. She followed Molly upstairs to an inunbelievably complete bathroom scended again, still under Molly's it) is a Bobbs-Merrill corker.



## Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Magic Lanterns: Alfred Hitchcock's latest, "Shadow of a Doubt," is one of the most exciting melodramasterpieces . . . Nobody on the stage or screen is a better actress than little Margaret O'Brien. Most aren't as good. She tears the heart out of your throat in "Journay for Margaret," and in a patriotic short, starring J. Cagney, Margaret delivers The Gettysburg Address better. perhaps, than Lincoln himself .

The March of Time's "We Are the Marines" is the first release from that group that seemed dull . . . Real marines in action at the front, too, but the actors in "Commandos Strike at Dawn" took your breath away with their phony war . . . In that film Lillian Gish's bit-playing didn't hold me, at all . . . I kept thinking: 'Here she is appearing in a propaganda picture, although she attacked war a year ago, by accusing Hollywood of 'forcing' her into a film in 1917 to arouse hatred, etc." 'China Girl'' is only entertainment when audiences kid it.

The Coast-to-Coasters: The big query in Brazil: "Why did your country stop letting us hear Lowell . . Please going out to dinner before a party, send that item to Mr. Nelson Rockeand he's to bring them home dear feller's Inter-American Committee, Washington, and help cement relations with South America Joe

Besser's interruptions on Jack Bensaid. "Here we are," May added, ny's show are the most amusing as the car stopped at the foot of an gags in a long time . . . The endless imposing flight of stone steps. "I'm interruptions on Infopleez ("The best going to slip upstairs, and I'll not tunes of all go to Carnegie Hall!") see you again unless you need me. must have robbed that attraction of Molly'll show you your room. I'm many listeners. Most irritating. usually with the old lady after din- And so you remedy matters by simner, but she's away and I'm going ply dialing to another program .

of the Air" remains a radio must . .

were abandoned for just a few mo- tain radio news commentators "have ments in the big entrance hall. She the largest audience in the U. S." had time only for a breath-taking were debunked by the radio page in impression of such spaciousness and the current issue of Time, which beauty and color as she had never lists the "first ten programs," and seen before, of soft rugs beneath names only one reporter.

> The Intelligentsia: "The Sergeant Says," a first effort by Sgt. James Cannon of Fort Dix and PM, is crowded with first-rate wordagewhich is hardly news to all of us who said he could write long ago . . "Guadalcanal Diary," (Random House) by Richard Tregaskis of Int'l

News, is the Feb. Book-of-the-Month -a literary monument to American heroism . . . Another first effort is credibly luxurious big room with an "The Listeners," a novel by Lt. Herbert Whiting (Appleton-Century). next to it, brushed her hair and Critics predict a public for it . washed her face in a condition of Reporter Robert Casey's "Torpedo complete bewilderment, and de- Junction" (we just caught up with

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### Skating on thin ice usually gets you into hot water.

#### Whistle It

Caller-I wish to see the manager; I am Mr. Charles Cresham of Chichester.

Office boy (who stutters badly) -Mr. Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-chhaven't you a card, sir? It sounds as though I was playing t-trains!



In NR (Nature's Remedy) Tablets, there are no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol deriva-tives, NR Tablets are different act different, Purely ergen used aliferent, Purely ergen table – a combination of 10 lated over 50 years aro una coated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough action is dependable.





"The judge said you'd be with us only a few days. He is going to

MISERY

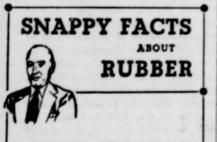
FIRST-rub throat, chest, and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. THEN-spread a thick layer of

VapoRub on the chest and cover with a warmed cloth.

RIGHT AWAY, VapoRub goes to work-loosens phlegm-eases muscular soreness or tightnesshelps clear upper air passagesrelieves coughing. Brings wonderful comfort ful comfort and invites restful sleep. VICKS

## Meal an Hour

The tiny mouse-like shrew must have a meal every hour or it dies. The animal, about an inch and a half long, lives on insects and worms.



The importance of group riding as a rubber conservation prac-tice has been demonstrated in Pontiac, Mich., where today 20,000 workers roll to war plants in 4,000 cars instead of the 15,000 cars they used daily carlier this year. ier this year.

2,300 cities and towns with a total population of 12½ millions depend entirely upon automobiles for pas-senger transportation.

In 1896 The B. F. Goodrich Co. made the first fabric clincher type automobile tire in the 36 x 4

A ton of rubber a year is the collec tion of the average Bratilian wild rubber gatherer. This explains why man power is the crux of the South American natural rubber problem.



"I'm sure you could. And you would be paid seventy-five dollars a month."

"Seventy-five dollars a month! Oh. she is kind!"

"When-when would I go?" she asked.

"This is-let's see, the third," he said. "Suppose you come down on Monday? Monday's a good day to start. You take a train at half past five in the afternoon, and at seven the next night someone will meet you at the Oakland Mole."

"Sunday wouldn't do?" she asked. "Why not?"

"I was thinking, when you said Oakland, that two Sisters are going down to the Oakland house on Sunday; we're having a jubilee for them Sunday afternoon; they would take me."

"That would be an excellent arrangement. You come first to my house, you understand, and we can go over and see Emma when you've some clothes and have had time to look about a little. I must see Mother Superior before I go and make the arrangements for you."

And then they were walking back toward the convent's main building. through wide, orderly, dimly lighted corridors.

"I must tell you about my family, Cherry," the man said. "My mother lives with us-Mrs. Clay Judson Marshbanks: she sounds a little formidable and she is a little formidable! Then there's my pretty wife-I lost my first wife," he interrupted himself to explain, "and Fran is almost young enough to be my daughter. I've a son Greg-he's twenty-four, off at college in the East, and also with us is my brother's daughter, Amy. Amy's mother died when she was a little girl; her father was killed in an accident a few years after that, and my mother has had her since-making her bow in society now and quite grown up.

. . .

She was going away from the only world she knew; the air was full of farewells and heartaches, and strange excited happiness of anticipation.

It had once been a sufficiently stark and comfortless regime. But times were changed now. Mother Superior was noted for the modernity of her views. Her girls, she said, must presently face the world as it was-with all its hurry of planes |"I'm going to take a position."

girls. Our school here is for cases that are underprivileged-for girls who are definitely unfortunate, perhaps through no fault of their own. However, the servant-your mother's servant, who brought you here -was very definite that it had been her wish to put you with us. Mrs. Haskell - Emma - you remember her? you will see her now-had known a fine woman who became one of Saint Dorothea's Sisters, and through her she knew exactly the character of our work."

"I remember Emma," Cherry had stammered, almost faint with this final excitement. There had not been any especial stigma attached to her name then; she might have been one of the Victor street girls! Sister Fabian and Sister Gervase were both indisposed on the train. They did not want any supper; they had the three berths made up immediately, and Cherry left them to the little room, found a window seat in the empty length of the car and sat, fascinated, watching the landscape flying by.

She jumped when old Dr. O'Conner touched her arm, realized that she was hungry, went with him through the swaying train to the dining car.

-and was so rapt over its light and warmth and the bewildering obligation of ordering something from a menu for the first time in her life that tea and biscuits and honey were all she could murmur when her companion poised his pencil over the order blank.

Both little nuns were tucked up in bed when she cautiously entered the drawing room. Cherry had the lounge, and slept the sleep of youth and fatigue within its narrow boundaries. Breakfast was another adventure-such smoking coffee, such buttered toast!-and the long day that dragged for almost everyone else on board was too short for her. But at a quarter past seven o'clock -for the train was late-when they descended somewhat grimy and jaded at the Oakland Mole, sheer nervous excitement and expectation had exhausted her. She was pale, too much absorbed in her own emotions to notice the effect of her chauffeur. He was quickly identified by the

wearied Sisters, and Cherry in her turn identified the nice middle-aged maid who had accompanied him. May, the housemaid, who had been sent to meet her, was really, Cherry discovered, a Mrs. Mott who had two almost grown boys. But she was "May" to the whole house-

hold, she said goodhumoredly, and Miss Cherry had better call her so. "I'm not going to live at the Marshbanks'," Cherry told her.

escort, to the dining room where it appeared that she and her host were to be the only persons at dinner. He was halfway through his meal:

hers was served to her fresh and hot. But she was unable to eat. The quality of the Italian lace that was spread on the polished wood, the beauty of china and crystal, the soft light of candles were such as Cherry had never seen in her life before, nor ever dreamed could exist. and the numbing sense of being only in a dream made it impossible for her to taste or swallow anything. Even the food was beyond what had been her most fantastic imaginings. "Don't you like that?" the judge

asked, looking over his paper. "It's wonderful. She made a val-

iant attack upon it. "Know what it is?"

"No, sir. Chicken, I guess."

"Oh, no, please! It's delicious." To her own disgust and surprise, seem to notice it, and when he re- is the best push-in-the-face yet. turned to his paper she made herself finish her dinner, and felt her nerves more steady.

A sudden sense that she did not belong in this scene, that it had nothing to do with her, that she never should have entered it, had almost wrecked her self-control for a moment. With the blinding force of a revelation she knew that her rumpled childish dress was absurd. and cotton gloves and stockings had she was-she had read it in her host's first look-that her shabbi-Indian girl gay in feathers and for it, how about "Sovietcetra"? fringes.

The knowledge that came to her in this flash of shame and pain made the big dining-room chair in which she sat a seat of torture to her.

But she did her best to conquer the feeling, and was quite calm announced, and drew a chair to Judge Marshbank's side,

The judge, after a casual friendly greeting, glanced over at her and said, "Mr. Coates, Cherry," and "This is Miss Pawlings, then. Kelly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Magazines: The cunning and moxie of the Hitler haters inside the Reich are reported in "Spy at Work" in The Atlantic. Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl thrill you with the adroit hoodwinkings. The stunt becomes all the more admirable when you know they operated with hardly any money . . . This Week introduces the guy who did most to make a monkey out of Goebbels (excepting Nature, who made him look like one). He is, according to Curt Reiss, the Soviet propagandists' Lozovsky. His hooting on the Berlin newscastings choked lies in Nazi gullets, and his pamphleteering has caused Hitler to double his carpet devourings . . . Theatre Arts Monthly cites Katharine Cornell's tribute to Thornton Wilder. His translation of "Lucrece," in which "That's partridge. If you don't she flopped, is described by Miss C. like it Martin will get you an ome-lette." as "my favorite failure" . . . Rollin Kirby's cartoon page in Look should

be pasted in every shop window in the U. S .- to remind gripers to jump her voice thickened. But he did not from the tallest skyscraper. Kirby's

The Front Pages: Alexander Woollcott's typewriter used to bite people, but it never showed as many fangs as the one that delivered the obit on him for the H.-Trib. The piece lifted eyebrows all over town, so unsparing was it. Probably would have got plaudits from the victimwho hated drooling pollyanna fakery . The day after Benito's empire that the dowdy hat she had left up- died in Tripoli, the Italian rags startstairs, the bulging shabby patent- ed giving him sass. One Milan galeather bag, the ugly school shoes zette spat in his eye. That's how it goes with losers. Old Baldy couldn't no place in this house, and were get a worse punishment than hoots like nothing that had ever been here from the crowds who once "vive'd" before. She knew, inexperienced as his balcony hamming . . . Mostly you agree with Walter Duranty, but not when, in a mag piece, he calls ness and homeliness had shocked himself a second rate reporter. They him. He had seen her only once don't come any firster . . . Walter before, flushed with triumph after Kerr filed some paragraphs to the the school play, made up into her Reid family's paper as "a Moscow handsomest self as a brown-skinned gossip column." If he wants a title

Quotation Marks-manship: Rupert Hughes: Her face was her chape-. Faith Baldwin: She was rone . torn between love and booty . Anon: When you talk, you only say something you know. When you liswhen a young man came in, un- knows . . . F. O. Repploer: She sat ten, you learn what someone else up like an exclamation point .

W. L. McElvaney: The whispered goodby of one to never see again . John Kennedy: A military expert is one who tells you what is going to happen tomorrow-and then talls you why it didn't.

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and Nurses call a modern counter-irritant. Since it's used on the famous "Quinta" —you can be sure it's just about the BEST cold relief you can buy!

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