

Timely Samplers to Beautify Your Home



TWO samplers—eloquent in thought, simple in execution—combine cross stitch with outline. Shield and bell are the dominant figures on one; on the other, the flag and eagle. Each is 8 by 10 in size, and both come on one transfer Z9477.

This pattern also brings outlines for the distinctive spear type hangers—these are cut from wood and painted. A cord of red or blue adds the final touch. Grand for gifts or your own use. The price of the transfer is 15 cents. Send your order to:

Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo. Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No. Name Address

Converting Our Industry

The groundwork for the conversion of American industry to war production started as long ago as 1922 when the Army and Navy Munitions board was set up, and the army established ordnance offices in 13 important cities throughout the country, says Collier's. The board then began a survey of some 20,000 large industrial plants to determine what these companies could and would produce in case of war.

YOU CAN'T BUY ASPIRIN

that can do more for you than St. Joseph Aspirin. Why pay more? World's largest seller at 10c. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

Terror Deafens

The man who is roused neither by glory nor by danger it is vain to exhort; terror closes the ears of the mind.—Sallust.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

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.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Aunt Louise says: PAZO for PILES

Relieves pain and soreness Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found prompt relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your druggist can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO Now! At Your Druggists!

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness

AND HELP BUILD UP RED BLOOD! Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron) have helped thousands to relieve periodic pain, backache, headache with weak, nervous, cranky, blue feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Also, their iron makes them a fine hematinic tonic to help build up red blood. Pinkham's Tablets are made especially for women. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages are sometimes further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE STORY SO FAR: Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings, an orphan since she was seven, had been at Saint Dorothea's school for girls. She knows almost nothing about her early history. Judge Judson Marshbanks, her co-guardian with Emma Haskell, a trained nurse who had taken care of her mother, arranges for her to leave the school, and take up a secretarial position with the wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter in San Francisco. But first she goes to the Marshbanks mansion. She dines alone with the judge as Fran, his young wife, and his niece, Amy, are dining out. Kelly Coates, an artist, drops in, and Fran and Amy stop on their way out, nodding only casually when Cherry is introduced. It is evident to Cherry that Coates and Fran are interested in each other. As Fran and Amy leave she hears laughing reference to herself and her convent clothes, and is bitter. Her surroundings are luxurious when she goes to work for Mrs. Porter, but soon she finds life most monotonous. Kelly, horseback riding in the park with Fran, stops to talk with her as she is motoring with Mrs. Porter and later sends her a box of candy. Mrs. Porter gives a big party for her niece, Dorothy Page-Smith. Cherry finds Dorothy crying.



She was some blocks away from home when a low slung, open, disreputable car drew up close to her on the curb and a voice said, "Jump in."

CHAPTER VI

The hours went by; chill daylight came into the room. She got up jaded and weary, bathed and brushed her thick hair and somehow was at breakfast with Emma as usual at eight o'clock. Emma gave her a sharp look as if she thought that even last night's activities should not have left such traces, but she said nothing; both women rustled the morning papers and drank their coffee almost in silence. The customary miracle of service was going on in the house, was accomplished when Cherry walked through the downstairs rooms at noon after a full, fire-warmed morning in Mrs. Porter's apartment, the ordinary procedure of letters and compliments and telephone calls. The great house had reassumed its aspect of luxurious mausoleum.

Cherry felt stifled. She told Emma she did not want any lunch; she took a long walk instead, for Mrs. Porter, all cheerful restoration and amazing vitality at breakfast, had admitted in mid-morning that she felt sleepy—not one bit tired, but sleepy. So the machinery of the day had been stopped. Cherry was free until late in the afternoon.

She walked toward the Presidio and down its narrow eucalyptus-shaded paths to the cliffs, and so along by the bay shore. Right across the bay, under the arch of the long red bridge, was Sausalito, and somewhere there was Kelly's studio, "Topcote."

Cherry sat down on a wall and stared wistfully at the hills as if her thoughts could cross the miles, and somehow find him and somehow let him know how eager she was to make her apologies. "Topcote" could easily be reached on a long afternoon's walk; it would be but a short half-dozen miles in all. Her fancy began to play.

Some day—her next all-free day—she would start early and walk straight across the bridge, and when she reached the great ramps on the Marin County side, she would ask someone where Spanish Farm Road was, and follow it to some gate or fence that said, "Topcote."

Emma, quiet and stern-faced and impersonal, had to concede herself sufficiently like the rest of humankind to succumb to a heavy chest cold when changeable March weather was vexing the city, and for a few days the household was seriously alarmed about her. Her old employer was ill too, and a nurse who had often cared for Mrs. Porter was installed in the rooms of the mistress; there was a second nurse as well to relieve the first.

For the little time that Mrs. Porter needed diversion, her nurses read to her or chatted with her and Cherry formed the habit of spending the early evening hours with Emma, as Emma grew convalescent. Although the older woman never acknowledged in words that she liked her companion or missed her or waited for her, Cherry grew to enjoy these evenings, and suspected that Emma did, too.

Emma was about fifty, but she might have been any age between thirty and seventy. Her face was thin, narrow and marked by sternness and reserve. Her graying hair she wore coronet fashion in tight braids in which never a hair was awry.

A strange, cold, repressed woman, Cherry used to think, as Emma, belted into a gray wrapper, sat back panting against her pillows and attacked the day's bills, menus, reports. Cherry brought up a lamp that illumined the ceiling and sent a soft light down for the invalid's eyes, brought up a glass bowl of crocus blossoms and set it on the table, put a Chinese plate of brown bulbs in the sunshiny south window where Emma could employ times of languor in watching their almost hourly change. And finally, shyly, she brought Emma a tiny kitten, a bundle of wet, wailing fur that she had found by the Presidio wall.

Emma laughed a short, scornful laugh at this last contribution. She never could stand cats, she said. But Cherry, noting the confidence with which the small stray, newly warmed and fed, was advancing toward Emma's languid hand, prom-

ised with great confidence that she would remove the little creature the minute he became troublesome. From that moment the cat was visibly the absorbing consideration of Emma's life.

"Did you go first to the Marshbanks as a nurse, Emma?" Cherry asked idly one night. Emma looked at her quickly, hesitated before speaking.

"Yes," she answered then. "I'd taken the boys, Fred and Judson, through tonsil operations, and then through scarlet fever, at the hospital when I was in training. The old lady took a liking to me, and when they'd come back from abroad a few years later and I'd been widowed, the old madame—as we used to call Mrs. Marshbanks, though I don't suppose she was more than fifty then—sent for me to take care of the colonel. He'd been struck down with sleeping sickness; he was on a couch for years. Then Miss Louise—she was the only daughter and had married an engineer from Springfield—came home to have the baby. The old lady was so pleased about it—they both talked so much about the grandchild. And then to have both die—yes, that was a bad time."

"I stayed on as a nurse and housekeeper; I had my sister to support, and it was a comfortable place. I wasn't twenty when I graduated and came to them."

"How'd you know my mother, Emma? Did you meet her at the Marshbanks?"

Emma looked thoughtfully at her companion. "No; I knew her before that," she finally said. And then, after another pause: "Your mother was my sister Charlotte."

Cherry stared at her. The words did not seem to make sense.

"My mother—" she began in a whisper, and stopped.

"Yes. Your mother was my sister. You were named for her."

"But Emma," Cherry said breathlessly, confusedly conscious of shock and reluctance, "you never told me!"

"Well, you don't always tell children everything," Emma said after a moment. "You weren't but a little thing when your mother died." "I could have known that!" Cherry exclaimed. A thousand bright dreams vanished with the revelation, and she felt hurt and wronged. But amazement still had first place in her thoughts.

"Maybe I never told you because I didn't think you'd be especially pleased," Emma said dryly. The girl's color came up warmly.

"It's not that! Of course I'm—I'm glad," she stammered. "I've never had any family, and—of course I'm glad!"

And, immediately, to her own amazement, she burst into tears. She had often imagined what her connections might be; she had never dreamed this. Emma—so contained and cold and distant—her own aunt! Cherry pushed the table away blindly and went to the window, and stood looking out at the dark night, and the far city lights that shot arrows and flashes through her tears.

"Mother—mother never told me!" she stammered. "I wish she had!"

Cherry looked down at her cards with blinded eyes, and made herself move them here and there as if she were playing. She finished her game, and said with a shaking voice that she was tired and thought she would go to bed. Emma still making no comment, Cherry put away the table and asked Emma if there was anything more she could do.

"No," Emma said, "nothing." The girl came to the bedside, looked down.

"Good night then," she added in a light, level tone, with a resolute smile. "Would you—I would if you liked—shall I call you Aunt Emma?" she added hesitatingly.

Emma eyed her steadily for a few long seconds.

"No," I don't know that I'd make any change," she said then, in the same emotionless voice that Cherry had used.

"Need more ice?" "No; I'm going to listen to the radio and then I'm going to sleep. "Good night," Cherry said, with

a parting second attempt at a pleasant smile.

She walked to her own room, slipped into bed and lay with narrowed eyes and a bitten lower lip, pondering. Thought, long denied, came with a rush, and she was drowned in the bitterness of it.

Other girls had mothers and fathers and homes. And she had—she had only the drab background of Saint Dorothea's and this humiliating revelation tonight!

Slow tears began to creep down Cherry's cheeks; presently she began to sob heavily. She cried herself to sleep.

One morning Cherry found herself free at noon, and determined to take one of the long walks she loved.

She was some blocks away from home when a low-slung, open, disreputable car drew up close to her on the curb and a voice said, "Jump in."

The world wheeled about her for a few dizzy seconds, for it was Kelly Coates who had spoken; he was driving the car and beside him sat Fran Marshbanks smothered in soft fox skins, with a daring red hat topped on her dark hair.

"I want Mrs. Marshbanks to come over and have lunch with me," the man explained it honestly with his wide, flashing smile, "and she won't come unless you do."

"Are you free from those old ogres for a while?" Fran asked in her careless, fascinating, hoarse voice.

"I'm free until half past four," Cherry did not want to go and yet was wild with eagerness to go. The thought that he was in love with Fran made being in Kelly's company exquisitely painful to her, but she had hungered to see these persons again, to be one of them, to know what was going on, and this golden opportunity would not come twice.

"I'd love to," she said, smiling as she climbed in and wedged herself snugly beside Fran. The moment she did it she regretted it, wondering through what fatuity of complacency she had accepted the invitation to play a third in their affair. Why had they asked her? she wondered.

"Mrs. Marshbanks," Kelly said, "once went to a movie in which a girl visited an artist in his studio, and everything went wrong for fifty years afterward. Was that it, Fran?"

"Something like that," said Fran's exquisite voice lazily.

"So she didn't want to come home and lunch with me," Kelly went on.

"Perhaps I know my own weakness," Fran contributed idly.

They crossed the bridge and on the eastern shore moved along a wide, smooth highway for a few miles, turned left and mounted an earth road that wound up the hill. Scattered cottages, hidden among oaks and eucalyptus, faced the road here and there. Kelly's place was at the head of a small tree-lined canyon, and consisted of a cottage of perhaps three rooms, a large white barn, various sheds and fences that suggested that the place had once been a small farm. There was an arbor covered with young grape vines, sheltering a long table and two benches, young berry bushes just in leaf, a languishing little garden whose neglected rose and geranium bushes were choked with last season's dried grass and some apple and apricot trees getting ready to bloom.

Cherry was under the spell of the peace of Kelly Coates' place, its simplicity, its beauty almost before she had gotten out of the car; she had never dreamed of anything so informal, so comfortable, so complete.

They were all hungry; they fell upon preparations for luncheon together. All this went on in the small kitchen, for a bleak wind had blown up from the south and it was too chilly and overcast out of doors for the arbor to be the dining room, much to Kelly's disappointment.

They were very much in love, Kelly and Fran; Cherry could see that. Or at least Kelly was. Perhaps Fran was only pretending; Cherry could not be sure, but this was evidently a game of which she knew every move.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Do not mix new milk with old, except when it is to be used immediately.

It will help keep your shoes if you put them on shoe trees or stuff the toes with paper when they are not being worn. Always wipe them dry of moisture and dirt after exposure.

Grease can be removed from an iron by rubbing it with corn meal.

An occasional application of oil will keep leather in chairs and suitcases from cracking.

Here's a hint for the workshop: In filing a saw, first smoke the teeth with a lighted candle. This will make it easy to see the fresh filing and to hold the file at the right angle for the job.

Used brooms can be made stiff and clean by dipping them in a pail of boiling soda water, and drying them in the sun. If the broom is sprayed or sprinkled occasionally with a little kerosene, it gathers the dust much better.

Cut silhouette pictures from old felt hats and mount them on a white or contrasting cardboard for old or inexpensive frames. Use sharp scissors to cut the felt and the edges need not be stitched. Glue the silhouette in place on the background. Dark felts are usually used for this type picture although combinations of colors make attractive flower pictures.

Children's Shoes should be plenty large when bought—but not large enough to slip around and rub the feet. When they get too small, they should be passed on to some one else, if they are not worn out, for wearing too-small shoes when a child may cause serious foot trouble all through later life.

Every amateur ought to have a cold frame, if only to grow lettuce in. If seeds are sown the latter part of March there will be lettuce to eat in a few weeks, with radishes as a sort of side crop grown between the lettuce plants. When hot weather comes it will be found that lettuce grown in the cold frame will head nicely and be crisp and tender, while that grown in the open ground will mostly go to seed. This is the secret of growing good summer lettuce, and few people know it.

Admirals may be admirable, but that isn't where the word comes from. It comes from an old Arabic word "amir-al" meaning "commander of." That's what the Admiral is, the top-ranking officer in the Navy. Top-ranking cigarette with our Navy men is Camel—the favorite, too, with men in the Army, Marines and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records from their service stores. Camels are their favorite gift, too. Local dealers are featuring Camel cartons to send anywhere to any member of our armed forces. Today is a good time to send "him" a carton of Camels.—Adv.

IF THROAT IS SORE

IF A COLD has given you a miserable sore throat, here's how to relieve the suffering. DO THIS NOW—Melt a small lump of VapoRub on your tongue and feel the comforting medication slowly trickle down your throat—bathing the irritated membranes—bringing blessed relief where you want it, when you want it. DO THIS TONIGHT—Rub throat, chest with VapoRub. Its long continued poultice-and-vapor action loosens phlegm, relieves irritation, eases coughing, invites restful sleep. VICK'S VAPORUB

Keep the Trouble Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors.—Kipling.

GROWING CHILDREN NEED

VITAL ELEMENTS TO HELP BUILD RESISTANCE TO COLDS... Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains the natural A and D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance! Helps build strong bones, sound teeth too! Mothers—give Scott's Emulsion daily.

Recommended by Many Doctors Try SCOTT'S EMULSION Great Year-Round Tonic

Make Slip Covers for That Unusual Chair

THIS cover was a twofold conservation measure in the most literal sense. Its purpose was not to protect shabby upholstery but to protect handsome damask from everyday wear and tear, in a household where there were children. The substantial striped cotton material chosen harmonizes perfectly with the rather elegant lines of the chair frame.

If you have an especially difficult chair to cover, you will save



time by fitting a muslin pattern first. Then you can snip until it fits perfectly around arms and other supports and, if you make a mistake in the pattern just stitch a patch over it and start over again. Before removing the pattern from the chair, plan the openings so that they will lap neatly and be sure they are long enough. In the finished cover either bindings or facings may be used for irregular edges.

NOTE—This chair is from Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 3, which also contains directions for smart new curtains; and numerous things to make from odds and ends, as well as new materials. To get copy of Book 3 send name and address with 15 cents in coins to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for Book No. 3. Name Address

WHY SHOULD I GET ANY OTHER A, B, D VITAMINS BUT GROVE'S

And he's right! No need to pay big money when GROVE'S A, B, and D Vitamins cost only 25¢ for over two weeks' supply. The larger size is even more economical—only \$1.00 for over 10 weeks' supply. Each capsule supplies your daily protective requirements of essential Vitamins A and D plus famous Bi. Unit for unit you can't get finer quality. Potency—quality guaranteed! Today start taking GROVE'S Vitamins. GROVE'S A, B, D VITAMINS BY MARINER OF "BROMO QUININE" COLD TABLETS

Without Disguise Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—Rochefoucauld.

QUINTUPLETS relieve coughing of CHEST COLDS

this good old reliable way! Whenever the Dionne Quintuplets catch cold—their chests, throats and backs are immediately rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve coughing and tight sore aching chest muscles due to colds—it actually helps break up local congestion in the upper bronchial tract, nose and throat. Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's what so many Doctors and Nurses call a modern counter-irritant. Since it's used on the famous "Quintuplets" you can be sure it's just about the BEST cold relief you can buy! IN 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild, Regular and Extra Strength.

