

Long Trousers Adopted During French Revolution

Wartime services of many kinds undertaken by women account for the fact that there are more wearing trousers today than ever before.

It was during a period of great national stress that men adopted the fashion of wearing long trousers.

Before the days of the French Revolution well-dressed men favored knee breeches, while the poorer people wore blue linen pantaloons. When the French monarchy fell, anyone whose dress suggested that he might be an aristocrat went in danger of his life. Consequently, men of all classes began to wear long trousers.

England did not take kindly to the fashion when it was introduced to that country by the prince regent. Even the duke of Wellington was refused admission to a reception in London because he was wearing long trousers.

In 1812 Cambridge university decreed that students attending hall or chapel in long trousers should be considered absent.

Gems of Thought

WHEN there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Not the senses I have but what I do with them is my kingdom.—Helen Keller.

Thine to work as well as pray, Clearing thorny wrongs away; Plucking up the weeds of sin, Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.—WHITTIER.

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; if these were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—Petrarch.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



"Squeal Gees" (squeezes), rubber devices used to scour the decks of vessels, are referred to in a book written in 1853 on rubber and its uses.

Legislation has been proposed in Nebraska which would offer a reward of \$10,000 for the first company or individual to build a plant in Nebraska and produce 20,000 tons or more of synthetic rubber in any twelve-month period.

Why farmers need passenger car tires: Nine out of every 100 farm passenger automobiles are used for "hauling to market," according to The National Grange.

Jerry Shaw

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Moslem Prayers

Moslems are required by the Koran, their sacred book, to pray five times daily at fixed times.

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!

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS

• BY KATHLEEN NORRIS •

CHAPTER XIX

"I'm not planning to give you back your money, Amy," Cherry said. "But I want you to let me at least pay off those debts and promises that Gog made when he thought he was going to have it."

"He never asked me for money," Amy stated lifelessly.

"I know he didn't. But it's there, enough at least to get him into the clear. And for the rest, Amy, why do we have to let anyone know that we ever changed names? Why not just let that part go? You're married now; your name is different. And Kelly and I . . ."

Amy's tear-swollen eyes brightened into a half interest. "I knew you were crazy about Kelly," she said somberly.

"I only mean this, Amy. Take some of it. I don't want it or need it! Pay off these bills, and then let me send you an allowance . . ."

"You're very kind, Cherry," Amy broke in decisively. "but I couldn't. It wouldn't solve anything. I know you mean well . . ."

"Now listen," Cherry interrupted in her turn. "Don't be so silly. Suppose you went to Gogo now and said that while things never would be as they were, you could clear up his debts."

"Cherry," Amy said in a whisper, suddenly breaking. "if only I hadn't married him! You don't know how fast Gogo spends money! He'll lose two or three thousand in one race, or one evening at roulette! Once he lost twenty-seven thousand in one night!"

"You'll not put up with that forever, Amy," Cherry said seriously. "No; I know I won't," Amy said quickly.

"You'll want to come back some day," Cherry went on.

"I know," Amy's whisper was almost inaudible. "He doesn't deny that he wouldn't have married me if it hadn't been for the money," she said.

"Then why not try, Amy, since money will make a difference, why not try putting this plan to him. All his debts paid, and an allowance."

A silence. Then Amy said, "But why should you do this, Cherry?"

"Oh, why shouldn't I?" Cherry asked in return. "I want to. I'll never feel that I'm really Amelia Marshbanks any more than you'll ever feel that you're Charlotte Rawlings. It'll always seem as much yours as mine, and I think that's the way—that's the way, perhaps," Cherry went on, suddenly shy. "that he—that our father—would want it to be."

"After all, we are sisters, and so it's not fair," Amy said, with a return of her sullen manner.

"Amy," Cherry said suddenly. The other girl looked up wearily and without hope. "You wouldn't want Gogo to go away and leave you?" Cherry asked. "You wouldn't want to end it all here and now?"

She had gone too far. Amy's head went up in anger and pride.

"Why, of course I wouldn't!" she said coldly. "I'm his wife. I'm the Countess Constantino, after all. No, we'll work it out some way," Amy finished, rising, "without your help, Cherry, but many thanks to you just the same."

A scream, dreadful in its high-pitched violence; a woman's voice shrieking, "No, no, no!" had rung through the quiet of the late afternoon. Kelly abruptly left the room. There was a moment's terrible silence, and then Fran's voice, hysterical and choked with tears: "No, no, no! They shan't! My darling, they shan't! You didn't do it! I did!"

Then silence again except for a low, indistinguishable murmur of men's voices downstairs. Cherry and old Mrs. Marshbanks remained motionless, their eyes fixed on each other. The older woman had collapsed into her chair, her face was ghastly.

After an endless moment Kelly, breathless, came back into the room, his face grave.

"They've arrested Fran!" Cherry managed to ask.

"No, not Fran. They told me twenty minutes ago, after they had him," Kelly said. "But they asked me to wait for half an hour and to be with you and Mrs. Marshbanks when they made the arrest, and told Fran. No; we've all been blind as bats, Cherry. It was right under our eyes, all the time. It was Rousseau."

"Rousseau!" the old woman's voice held resonance, like a bell.

"Rousseau!" Cherry whispered. Kelly spoke quietly, shrugging, his arm about Cherry.

"He and Fran have been lovers for months," he said.

"Kelly, he's a boy! He's not twenty!" "He's eighteen. But he gave his age as twenty when the judge hired him about a year ago."

"Their affair began back in April," Kelly went on. "From the very first she liked him, made a friend of him. He fell madly in love with her, of course; that wasn't so strange. But Fran became completely infatuated with him too. They began to plan days in the country; she just mothering him at first, advising him. And then, a few months ago, she gave in, and since then—poor girl!—He was the stronger—Mullins told me all this

an hour ago when I came back—he was the stronger, and whenever he suspected anything like love-making between her and the judge or anyone else he threatened to kill her and himself."

Cherry could only listen wide-eyed while Kelly went on. "That last night," he was saying, "Rousseau was in a fury because the judge had told him that he must be prompt when they called him. He and Fran had been off all day, heaven knows where! And then to have to turn back into the servant again, to drive them to Burlingame and wait, with the other chauffeurs—it was too much for him! He was beside himself with his idolatry of her, he couldn't bear the thought of her being down there with her husband, dancing, being admired, perhaps spending the night at the club. He's only a young boy, of course, and the tastes of luxury that Fran gave him demoralized him, of course. She bought him silk shirts, extravagant lounging robes and neckties, gave him money . . ."

"He said his mother was rich and ran a big hotel and she sent them to him!" May put in. She had come in to light Cherry's lamps.

"That night the judge asked him to take the revolver and clean it," Kelly said, "reproved him for laziness and told him that he and Mrs. Marshbanks were going on a little holiday to Mexico City and would not take him or the car. The poor young fool blurted out that he loved her, that she had belonged to him for months, that he was going to give up his position and find work worthy of her."

"He says the judge lunged at him, across the desk, and that he fired."

"It may have happened that way," "Fran!" Cherry gasped. The older woman was apparently incapable of speech.

"Fran knew immediately," Kelly went on. "She heard their voices and was halfway down the stairs when the end came. Rousseau only had to slip out, go to his room over the garage, partly undress and come running in with the others, as he did. By that time she'd rushed into the library and, I suppose, wiped the gun on her dressing gown with the feeling that there might be fingerprints on it."

"He was the one person we never thought of because he was here, right under our eyes," Cherry marveled.

"But, Kelly, whatever made them first suspect him? What gave him away?"

"One thing, they said, and then when they began to smell a rat, everything else fell in line. Especially when they planted him."

"And what was the plant?"

"Their taking Fran. That was all a plant to see what he'd do. He loves her, you know, and the minute he thought she was in trouble he began all sorts of maneuvers to draw them off. He invented a strange Chinese who'd been hanging around the kitchen. He invented a telephone call that he'd taken that evening at eight o'clock. He made up a conversation with the judge that he'd had in which the judge said that 'an old enemy' whose prison term was just up had written him threatening letters."

"Mullins says they asked him finally—sort of carelessly, he said—if he knew the judge and Mrs. Marshbanks occupied separate bedrooms. That was, Rousseau answered, he believed to be not an unusual arrangement among Americans. But it was one to which the elderly husband of a handsome young woman might object, they

W.N.U. RELEASE

suggested. And that made him flush up, poor kid, and he said he knew that the judge had agreed to that, indeed he had suggested it. Well, Mullins didn't show any surprise at the chauffeur knowing an intimate detail like that, but he went off on a side line—Rousseau's salary, days off, friends here—all that sort of thing. Had he a sweetheart? Yes, back in France. When were they to be married? As soon as she could come to America. Her name? Marie La Crosse.

"Mullins let him think everything was satisfactory, but he went and had a look for Rousseau's naturalization papers. He hadn't any. He came over as a cabin boy and jumped ship in New York. He's been in this country five years, which would make him a little short of fourteen when he got here. His story struck Mullins as queer all through. It seemed odd that a boy that age should be engaged when he left home, but Mullins says he doesn't know anything about French marriages, so he cabled our consul at Lyons, and they got hold of the prefect of police and asked for the address of Marie La Crosse. There was some delay, and then the answer came back that Charles Rousseau's aunt, Marie La Crosse, was still living with his parents just outside of Lyons. After that everything pointed one way!"

"And Fran loves him!" Cherry mused. "But the thing I can't forgive her, Kelly," she added with spirit, "is that she would have got you into it!"

"She was only sparring for time, then. She gave those letters to the police herself. But, as you know, there wasn't anything in them," the man said. "That was just a blind."

"Kelly, will they hang him?" the girl asked fearfully.

"Mullins says probably not. He's only a kid to begin with, and it wasn't premeditated. No; they'll give him a pretty stiff sentence and she'll spend all the time he's in jail working for him, comforting him. It's the end of Fran, of course, as far as her present life and friends and ways of living go."

"And it's over!" Cherry said, in a wondering voice.

"Yep. No more Marshbanks mystery. He's signed a full confession and turned over to them some of her letters."

"Oh, Kelly," Cherry breathed on a long note of relief, "can you believe that the men will get out of the house, and that we'll have nothing else to do but be married! Oh, and it's going to be spring, and I'm going to . . ."

"You still have to talk me over to this plot, Marchioness," Kelly said, as she paused.

"Well, I think if you'll send me up some tea, May, I'll go to my room," said old Dora Marshbanks, rising somewhat stiffly.

"Ah, stay here, Gran," Cherry said, "and we'll all have tea together. Maybe Amy'll come in too, and we'll talk plans."

"I know someone else who wants to talk plans," the old woman said, with a glance at Kelly.

"But there's no hurry," Cherry said, laughing. She had been sitting up in bed. Now like a joyous child she collapsed, slender, silk-clad body, loose mop of gold-and-tan-streaked hair, fragrant, warm young cheek against him.

Laughing, she put up her face for his kiss. "After Monday week Kelly and I'll have all the time there is together!" she said. "Won't we Kelly?"

"Just as you say, Marchioness," Kelly answered meekly.

[THE END]

ON THE HOME FRONT

With RUTH WYETH SPEARS



MANY women who have learned to sew for the Red Cross are also sewing for themselves. They are thinking of sewing as a craft and taking pride in their tools. Many who do not have space for a sewing room are planning efficient closets to house equipment. Here is a model sewing cupboard from my new book Better Dressmaking. There have been many requests for dimensions and here they are.

The cupboard is six and one-half feet high; four feet wide and twenty inches deep. The dress form compartment is five feet six inches high and twenty-four inches wide. The ironing board compartment is four feet ten inches high and eight inches wide. This leaves ample space for shelves for the pressing cushions shown at the top; the sleeve board; iron; water pan and

Lesson Frugal Manager Taught Stuck With Driver

The works manager of a certain railway company had a reputation for meanness.

The pet bee in his bonnet was oil and waste. He was always driving home the fact that if every employee was careful with oil and cotton waste, much money would be saved.

One day he was having a few words with a very new driver.

"Tell me," he ordered, "what would you do if you were driving one day, and saw an express thundering towards you on the same line?"

The novice thought hard. Then: "I'd grab the oilcan, I'd grab the waste—and I'd jump!"

Lefthandedness

While lefthandedness occurs in only about 7 per cent of persons born singly, it is found in 21 per cent of those born as fraternal twins and 26 per cent of those born as identical twins.

sponge; stout slide-in boxes for findings; notions and patterns; and a lower shelf for fabrics. The construction throughout is of half-inch plywood.

NOTE: If you are in need of more closets and storage space you will find directions in BOOK 7 for a linen closet built into waste space. Also in BOOK 8 there are directions for making door pockets to use every inch of space in your closets. Booklets are 15 cents each. Send requests for booklets direct to:

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If a man is enjoying life, sleep seems an infringement.

Decent people hate a pessimist as much as he hates himself.

About the only difference between an old fool and a young idiot is time.

A man who loses his temper sometimes offers the only remedy there is for impudence.

The man who snores in a sleeping car may awake and find himself famous.

Silence isn't necessarily golden—sometimes it's just "yellow."

Range Finder

A modern range finder on a large battleship contains 160 lenses, prisms and other optical elements besides 1,500 mechanical parts, weighs five tons, costs \$35,000 and requires a year and a half to construct, or half as long as the time required to build the entire vessel.

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