

Lovely Tulip Apron In Colorful Applique



5400



YOU can retain the lovely beauty of the tulips by making this flower-like apron. Sprinkle it with vivid tulip-colored patchwork pieces. It will brighten your appearance with its dainty freshness.

To obtain pattern for Applique Tulip Apron (Pattern No. 5400) send 15 cents and one cent for postage in coins for each pattern desired, your name, your address and pattern number.

HOME NEEDLEWORK
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San Francisco California

BEAT THE HEAT with its heat rash misery. Sprinkle on Mexsana, formerly Mexican Heat Powder. Costs little, and you save lots in larger sizes.

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During the past 150 years, the mints of the United States have produced 19,559,000,000 coins, of which 10,892,000,000, or 56 per cent, were pennies.

MORE "DATES" for girls who hasten healing of externally caused pimples by relieving irritation with **RESINOL**

Son of the Future
I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.—Lincoln.

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When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy, do as millions do—chew FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing-gum laxative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed, taking only in accordance with package directions—sleep without being disturbed. Next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply costs only **FEEN-A-MINT 10¢**

HOUSEWIVES: ★ ★ ★
Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives
TURN 'EM IN! ★ ★ ★

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

Heaven-Sent Prophet
Hope is a prophet sent from heaven.—E. R. Sill.

WNU-13 27-43

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



See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

THE STORY SO FAR: Private Marion Hargrove, former feature editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) News has been inducted into the army and has completed the first few days of his training at camp. He has given prospective inductees advice to "paint the town red" before getting into the army and once in he tells them that "the first three weeks are the hardest." He has gone through the experience of the army physical exam, has been fitted with a uniform, been classified as a cook and has had a good taste of KP duty. In fact, he has had so much of the latter that his sergeant is beginning to despair. So is Private Hargrove. He has completed a KP session and returns to his quarters.

CHAPTER III

I tiptoed into the squadroom so that the sergeant wouldn't notice that I was wearing fatigue clothes. His voice rang out to me as I passed his door, and I slunk in guiltily.

The sergeant's face showed that he was hurt. "You were on KP again today, weren't you, Hargrove?"

I lowered my eyes and scuffed my toe against the floor. "Yes, sir."

"Oh, I get so discouraged sometimes," the sergeant said. "I try so hard to make something of you and what good does it do? Every time I go through the kitchen I see you in there scrubbing the sink! How many times have you been on KP this week?"

"Only three times, sir," I said, avoiding his eyes.

"It was all the corporal's fault, sir," I said, looking around to make sure that the corporal wasn't there to defend himself. "Just because I right-faced a few times when I was supposed to left-face, and I zigged when I should have zagged, and because I forgot and smoked in ranks—and a few other things like that."

"And," said the sergeant shaking his head sadly, "you just turned around casually every time he ordered 'about-face.' And you kept watching your feet all through drill. And you stayed out of step all morn-



"That's all, Hargrove," he said, mopping his brow; "you're not supposed to salute a non-commissioned officer—just go to bed."

ing and you took those plowhand strides of yours and walked all over the man in front of you. And you sassed the drillmaster three times. And you generally spoiled the whole morning's drill. Why can't you be a good boy and learn the drills?"

"I don't mean to be bad, sir," I said.

"And that's another thing," the sergeant moaned. "Why must you say 'sir' to the noncommissioned officers and forget to salute the commissioned ones?" He mopped his forehead wearily. "Do you know what the top sergeant told me to-day?"

"No, sir," I said, twisting my cap and awaiting the worst.

"He said—and don't 'sir' me—that when the battery commander had you on the carpet yesterday you stood there leaning on the table, and you shifted your feet eight times. And you saluted four times during his talk—and when you saluted you gave a European heel-click and bowed. And when the captain dismissed you, you told him, 'Thank you, sergeant' and forgot to salute when you left."

"Was there anything else, sir?" I asked in a whisper.

"That's all, Hargrove," he said, wiping great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Thank you, sir," I said. I saluted, clicking my heels, and turned to go.

"Hargrove," the tired voice said. "You're not supposed to salute a noncommissioned—Never mind, Hargrove. Just go to bed."

"Just look at me," the exercise sergeant roars in a voice that would go four miles against the wind. "Just look! I weigh two hundred and eight pounds and I'm in the worst physical condition I've ever been in! I ought to be busted for the way I've allowed myself to get fat and flabby! I'm ashamed!"

You look at the exercise sergeant and wonder what he's leading up to. To you he looks like the "after taking" part of a malted yeast advertisement. He could probably lick his weight in police dogs.

His next statement explains everything. "Now I'm going to show you an exercise that's so simple it's almost ridiculous. Even I can do it. Now, I don't want to hear anybody down there admitting he's

in worse shape than I am. If I can do it, you can do it—or else!"

He outlines the exercise and you begin wondering how a contortionist happened to wind up at Fort Bragg. This self-styled "fat and flabby" calisthenics master doesn't have any knees or elbows. You stand there waiting to hear his spine fall apart under the strain, but he comes up all in one piece.

"That's the way I want you boys to do it," he says, beaming cheerfully. You begin to feel your face getting gray and you wonder why a bolt of lightning doesn't come to deliver you from the prospective torture.

"One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. One. Two—"

The first three or four times are the hardest. After that, you get the swing of it. It's really tame stuff, you decide.

"The next exercise," says the sergeant, "is what we call the quarter, half and full knee bend. It goes like this." He shows you. When you see it, the corners of your mouth go up in a sneer of derision (unless the corporal is looking). Ho Hum, you say to yourself. Why do they take up time with this play?

"Exercise—one, two, three, four—" Quarter, half, full recover. Your knees get That Tired Feeling after the third time. After the sixth time, you feel your eyes getting glassy. After the ninth, you're floating in space. By the time the exercise is over, nothing matters any more.

Before you have marched off the drill field you notice that you still haven't collapsed. In fact, you find to your disappointment that you're beginning to feel good. All limbered up.

Quarantine has been lifted for us of the July 17 contingency. If the sergeant wasn't looking over my shoulder, I'd say it's about time. Before our release from isolation, Army style, I was able to get around and swap lies and gripes with every one of the boys in our group.

A little under 100 per cent of them came up with the same account, which reads as follows: "Our battery has the worst food in the Army. We've got the worst sergeant in the battery. No kidding, though, our platoon makes all the others look crummy. Here two weeks already and I haven't pulled KP or had the sergeant jump me a time yet. Don't tell a soul, but I think they're going to make me a corporal." All of which is a lot of hot air.

Actually, they're fighting to get into the mess hall first at every meal. They're gaining weight and tanning where they used to blister. They're sassing their sergeants, who deplore them as the sorriest bunch of rookies they ever sweated over. Every one of them has been on KP at least once.

By the time Congress says I may go home and be a mere civilian again, I suppose I'll be the best soldier at Fort Bragg. At least I seem to get more individual attention than anyone else. Private tutoring, I always tell the boys.

We were at work the other morning learning how to handle a rifle. The sergeant was putting us through our paces.

"Hargrove," he said with infinite sweetness, "where is the balance of your rifle?"

"This is all the supply sergeant gave me, sir," I said. "I thought it was all here."

The sergeant slapped his forehead and mumbled something furiously under his breath. "Wonder-child," he said, "this (pointing) is the balance of your rifle. I can't imagine why they call it that, unless it's because when you hold the rifle there with one hand, it's balanced." He then went on for a few minutes, explaining a few of the things I had still failed to master.

"Now do you understand it?" he asked, beaming at me with a look made of all sweet accord.

"No, sir," I said.

The sergeant sighed wearily. "Private Hargrove," he said, "right down by the next barracks there's a group of young people who are practicing with rifles for the first time. They haven't had theirs for three days like you have. Run along down there and see if you can keep up with them."

I tried. There was some confusion about the orders, however. At the end of a movement where I wound up with my rifle on my left shoulder, the rest of the detail had theirs on the right. I noticed also that I usually finished a command long before the others.

The sergeant in charge of the detail commenced on this. "You know, Shorty," he said, "you have all of these routines worked out much better than the War Department was able to do them. Where it took them sixteen counts to complete the sixteen-count manual, you always manage somehow to complete it in twelve."

I was still blushing modestly when he called the corporal over. He said something to the corporal, who took me by the elbow and guided me gently around the building at a spot where, he said, the battery officers wouldn't see me drilling and thereby be discouraged.

"This," he said, pronouncing each syllable slowly and distinctly, "is what we have come to call a rifle.

R-I-F-L-E. It is used for the purpose of shooting. Primitive man, we are told, did not have a rifle. Primitive man was forced to bring down his supper with a knife, a spear, a stone, a bow and arrows or his own little primitive hands."

I nodded automatically and paid scant attention to all this. I already knew it.

"Today," he continued, "civilization has been improved upon to the



"In the first place you can peel potatoes with a bayonet."

extent that—"and he went on and on. After that we began at the beginning of the manual of arms and took each command slowly. The corporal sweated for forty-five minutes.

"Are there any questions now, Private Hargrove?"

I thought for a while. "Yes, sir," I said. "That is, 'yes, corporal.' What use will I have for a rifle? I'm going to be a cook."

The corporal mopped his brow. "Well, Private Hargrove," he said, patting me lovingly on the shoulder, "you'll find use for it. Ha! ha! In the first place, you can peel potatoes with a bayonet. And in the second place—if you're as good a cook as you are a soldier—you'll need it every day. After breakfast, lunch, and supper you'll need it to protect yourself from murder at the hands of your comrades in arms."

"See here, Private Hargrove," the sergeant sighed. "Can't you try just once to do something right? Don't you want to be a credit to the platoon? You don't want to be the worst bunch in the battery after we've been the best for so long, do you?"

"Please, sergeant," I begged him, "couldn't I just stay inside for this once? They'd never miss me at rifle inspection. I'd be very quiet and nobody would ever know."

He ignored the request. "Try hard to remember, private, these few simple things. When the officer reaches the man next to you, open the rifle. When he grabs your gun, don't hang onto it or you'll have a bellyache for two weeks. When he throws it back to you, don't catch it with your chin. And when you get it back, snap the trigger. And heaven help you if you ball this thing up!"

The forces of Destiny placed me second in the front rank at inspection. We stood at attention for three minutes before the inspecting officer approached. For seconds after we brought our rifles up for inspection, a fly which seemed to be a little larger than a June bug landed on my forehead. The sergeant shot a warning glance across my bow and I decided to humor the fly. It would go away soon, I told myself, although I knew it wouldn't.

The inspecting officer still had not begun his rounds. He was waiting for us to get off our guard. The fly demonstrated its impatience by stepping up to double-quick in its pacing. "Oh, if I only had you alone!" I thought. The itching nose became more insistent. A gnat made a three-point landing on it and began playing about the left nostril.

I gave the sergeant a glance which said distinctly, "This can't go on much longer. Something's going to pop!" His return glance said, in italicized words, "But just one eyelash and I'll break your neck!"

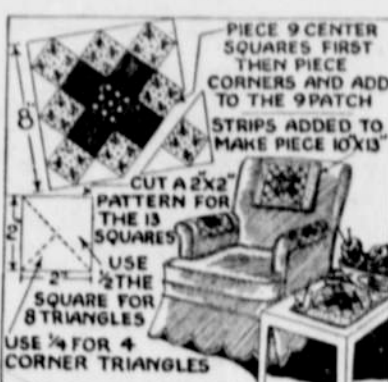
Suddenly the inspecting officer grabbed the rifle from the hand of Grafenstein, who stood beside me. His lightning swoop on the gun, coupled with the speed with which Grafenstein relinquished it, completely paralyzed me. An almost inaudible groan made me look at the sergeant.

He was making furious grimaces at me and his face looked as if he was going to burst a blood vessel. He kept wagging his eyes down to the bolt of my rifle. A split second before the officer reached me, I managed to pull the bolt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



chairs covered with plain material or a fabric with an inconspicuous figure.

The block shown here is easy to piece. It should be lined with muslin and interlined with one layer of cotton sheet wadding. These three layers should be quilted together either with diamond quilting or with running stitches following the lines of the pieced pattern. Edges are bound with harmonizing bias tape.

NOTE: Quilt blocks also may be made into unusual borders for curtains and luncheon cloths. There are complete directions for pieced border designs in BOOKS 5 and 6 of the series offered with these articles. BOOK 6 also shows an old star design pieced to make pot holders. Booklets are 15 cents each. Send requests direct to:

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Remember that stuffing expands when heated. Never pack it too tightly. If it doesn't have room to expand, it will become soggy.

Always add a little melted butter to uncooked frosting. It improves the flavor and prevents cracking.

Never let colored clothes lie in a clothes basket or with other clothes. Handle them separately, and hang them to dry as soon as possible after they have been laundered.

One thing a soldier is afraid of is a display of emotion. That's why his slang so often sounds derogatory. For example, he refers to the silver eagles on his colonel's shoulder straps as "buzzards." But when he speaks of his favorite cigarette, he says: "Camels." They're first with men in the Army as well as with Sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen. (According to actual sales records in service men's stores.) And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Adv.

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

The first privately owned turnpike toll company to be organized in this country was the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike Co., incorporated in 1792. New York was the first state to charge an automobile registration fee to pay highway costs and in 1901 collected \$954 in such fees.

In 1843 an English woman obtained a patent for a pavement material consisting, among other things, of "oil rubber."

Eleven per cent of the tires of the 25,400 passenger cars on New Jersey farms were found to be "bald" in a check made by Rutgers University.

James Shaw

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