

THESE orange crate bedside tables are useful and easy to make; they are very decorative, too, when fitted out as illustrated. These were lined with green oil cloth cut, fitted and pasted, as shown. The full skirt pieces were tacked to the top of the sides and



lapped a few inches around the back. A top cover with a 3-inch frill was then added. The bedspread is trimmed with 5-inch frills of the muslin and 1-inch straight bands over seams and for the monograms.

NOTE—These bedside tables are from BOOK 7 which also contain 31 other thrifty home making ideas. BOOK 2 contains a complete alphabet for making monograms similar to the one illustrated. Books are 15 cents each. Send your order to:

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The tear down childhood's cheek that flows is like the dew-drop on the rose.

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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.

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In the Right
Nothing deters a good man from what is right.—Seneca.

WNU-13 28-43

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Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

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DOAN'S PILLS



See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove



THE STORY SO FAR: Private Marion Hargrove, late of the editorial staff of the Charlotte (N. C.) News, has been inducted into the army, classified as a cook and has spent a large share of his "spare" moments on KP duty. He has taken time out, however, to advise prospective doughboys to "paint the town red" before induction and once in the army to "keep an open mind" as the "first three weeks are the hardest." His constant assignment to KP is the despair of his sergeant who believes Hargrove will never learn to be a crack soldier. His last experience was a rifle inspection in which he fared badly. Now he begins a new episode concerning advancement in rank.

CHAPTER IV

Selectee Joseph G. Gantt, late of Liberty, South Carolina, came out for reveille this morning with a grin who could have used for a foot rule. He held both his arms against the front of his shirt in a queerly strained posture and blushed happily every time someone looked at him.

"The heat's got the boy," I told Gene Shumate. "Looks like the best ones always go first."

"That ain't the heat," said Cookie. "He seems to have a cramp in his arms." We looked at Citizen-Soldier Gantt's arms again. Then, for the first time, we noticed two shining stripes on each sleeve. Citizen-Soldier Gantt was a corporal now!

"Heavens to Betsy," we shouted in unison for his benefit. "Is that punk a corporal?" Corporal Gantt acknowledged the tribute by joyfully changing his color to a holiday



"Heavens to Betsy," we shouted in unison for his benefit. "Is that punk a corporal?"

red. The grin widened until his ears hung perilously on the brink of his lips. It took him half the morning to sober his spirits to working conditions.

Corporal Gantt has been in the Army exactly four months. He had been an acting corporal for three weeks before he got his stripes. Heaven grant him strength for the ordeal ahead.

The term "buck private" was explained to us this afternoon. It refers to the Old Army Game, "passing the buck." The sergeant is first called on the carpet for a mistake in his platoon. The sergeant seeks out the corporal and gives him a dressing-down. The corporal passes the buck by scolding the ears of the private. The private doesn't even have a mule to kick, so he can't pass the buck any farther. He keeps it. That makes him a buck private.

The Army, I find, has many subtle ways to trap the unwary into volunteering for work. First there was the sergeant over at the Reception Center who came through the recreation hall one afternoon calling for "Private Smith." Four men answered. All four were put to work picking up cigarette stubs.

On the call, "Anybody in here know how to handle a truck?" don't speak up. The last three were seen later pushing a hand truck up the battery street to haul rifle racks.

Corporal Henry Ussery is to date the most dangerous conscriptor. This week he came into the squadroom to ask if anyone was good at shorthand. Three citizen-soldiers admitted that they were.

"Report to the kitchen," the corporal laughed. "The mess sergeant says he's shorthanded on dishwashers."

"One of the most solemn and responsible trusts of a soldier," Sergeant "Curly" Taylor said today, "is his guard duty." Sergeant Taylor, who has been in the Army for nineteen years and probably knows more about guard duty than any man in Fort Bragg, is teaching us about guard duty now.

The soldier is called to this duty about once a month. For a twenty-four-hour period, he is on two hours, and off four hours, and he "walks his post in a military manner," guarding the peace and possessions and safety of a part of the post. He is responsible only to a corporal of the guard, a sergeant of the guard, an officer of the day, and his commanding officer.

The guard, or sentry, is known chiefly to the reading and movie-going public by two expressions, "Halt, who goes there?" and "Corporal of the guard! Post number three!" The former, Sergeant Taylor said with his best poker-face, has given the Army considerable worry at times.

According to the sergeant, the guard is instructed to give the "halt" order three times and then shoot. Over-enthusiastic rookies from the back counties, he said, had been known to go like this: "Halt! halt! halt! Ka-POW!" (You can believe it or leave it; I never question what the sergeant says.)

There was one rookie guard, he said, who halted him, questioned him and allowed him to pass. After he had gone several steps, the sentry again shouted, "Halt!" Sergeant Taylor came back and wanted to know—politely, of course—how come. "My orders," said the guard, "say to holler 'Halt' three times and then shoot. You're just on your second halt now!"

The other popular expression is the come-a-running call that goes up the line to the guardhouse when a guard takes a prisoner or "meets any case not covered by instruction" (General Order No. 9). If the guard is on the seventh post, he sings out, "Corporal of the guard! Post number seven!" The guard on the sixth post picks up the cry and it goes down the line like that.

There's the story about the officer of the day who questioned a new sentry, as officers of the day frequently do in order to test the sentries. "Suppose," the OD asked, "that you shouted 'halt' three times and I kept going, what would you do?"

The guard was apparently stumped by the question. Finally he answered, "Sir, I'd call the corporal of the guard."

The officer of the day gloated. "Aha!" he said. "So you'd call the corporal of the guard, would you? And just why would you call the corporal of the guard?"

This time the answer was prompt and decisive—and correct. "To haul away your dead body, sir!"

Heroes are born, not made.

There's one job here that is nothing but goldbricking in itself. That's the latrine orderly detail. You go to work after lunch and spend the rest of the afternoon watching the fire in the water heater and feeding it regularly—every two hours. The next morning you sweep and mop the washroom and spend the rest of the time until lunch watching the fire again. All in all, you lead a lazy, carefree existence.

There was a slip-up somewhere yesterday. I was latrine orderly instead of a KP. It was probably the mess sergeant's idea.

The boys started out after lunch for an afternoon of drilling in the warm Carolina sunshine and learning to drive trucks across ditches. An hour later, I decided to take a casual look at the boiler. When I opened the furnace-room door, a blast of strong brownish smoke struck me to the ground. I lay there for several minutes, tapping my forehead thoughtfully, while more smoke poured out.

When it still hadn't slackened after five minutes, I crawled under the layer of smoke to the boiler. There the sickening vapor was, pouring nonchalantly through clinks in the door.

"Don't come telling me about it," said Sergeant "Ma" Davidson. "Take out the pipes and clean them. All of them."

I had to see the top sergeant to get my instructions. When I returned to Sergeant Davidson I was happy again.

"Ma," I told him, "the top kick says for you to supervise the job." The sergeant was furious with rage and frustration. I grabbed a screwdriver and he grabbed Private Downer, who had a black mark by his name for not wearing his identification tag. The three of us started work.

First, put out the fire in the boiler. Shake it down, throw ashes on it. It still burns. Shake it down more, throw sand on it. Still burns. Close the bottom door, shake it down more, throw ashes and sand on it. Curse it. After too long, it dies.

The man who devised the system for connecting an indoor boiler and an outdoor chimney should be parched with his own pipes and stuffed with oily soot.

Unscrew a pipe, lift it gently, coax it from its socket. Easy does it. Careful there. When you have it almost out, inhale for your sigh of relief. Crash! The whole network of pipes bounces off the floor scattering ashes and soot over half the battery area.

After half an hour of scrubbing and wiping the interior regions of all the pipes, they're ready to go up again. All but one of them are in place and the last one is ready to be fitted. Careful there! Easy, now! Watch out! Catch it! CRASH!

The boys come in from the drill field at 4:30 and head for the showers. There is no hot water. "Get a load of that Hargrove," they fume, in an unnecessarily nasty manner. "He gets a job where all he has to do is throw a shovel of coal on the fire every two hours. And then when we come in, there ain't no hot water. There ain't even no fire. Throw the bum out."

I grinned weakly as I reported to the supply sergeant for work. "You must be that nice Sergeant Thomas W. Israel I've heard so many nice things about."

"No, little man," he said. "I'm the nice Sergeant Israel you've been

running your loud mouth about. I'm the nice sergeant who always gives you the wrong clothing sizes and hides your laundry and does all those awful things you've been telling about me."

"So help me, sergeant," I protested. "I never named thee but to praise. Somebody's been trying to poison your mind against me."

"I am also the nice sergeant," he said, "who is going to let you earn your seventy cents today. Take off your fatigue blouse, my man, and prepare to sweat. Today we make progress. We are going to unpack rifles."

It seems to me that when the manufacturer prepares to pack a box of Army rifles, his cruel streak comes out at its worst. From the look of the rifles, he has his three-year-old daughter prepare a compound of molasses, pitch, and used motor oil—the cooler the better. He slings each gun into the resulting mess, sloshes it around for a while, and then lays it neatly into the box.

You use a swab about the size of a tablecloth to wipe the grease from the rifle. When you're halfway through the first rifle, you have to use the gun to wipe the grease from the cloth. When you have finished, you need a large coal shovel to wipe the grease off yourself.

There is nothing so conducive to itching as the inability to scratch. Just when the molasses-pitch-axe grease mixture covers your hand to the point where you can't see the outlines of the fingers, that left nostril starts tingling. At first it itches only a little and you decide to suffer it. So you don't wipe your hands on the seat of your trousers. Instead you pick up another rifle and your hand sinks to the elbow in the goo which wraps it. This is the stage where your nose gets peevish and impatient and decides to itch in earnest.

Finally, you decide to give in. You wipe your hands—an operation which takes a good three or four minutes for satisfactory results. You lift your hand to scratch your nose, only to find that your nose isn't itching any more.

I was doing fairly well this morning, even when you take the itch into consideration, until the mess sergeant happened to stroll by.

"Hello, little man," he sings gaily, with a horrible gleam in his eyes. "You've not been around to see me for a long time. Aren't mad, are you?"

I look at my hands, at the rifle, at the old shoe, and at the mess sergeant. I hold my tongue. Health is wealth.

"We miss you terribly in the kitchen," he coos, "even when you go gripping around that my food is the worst in the Army. I just saw the first sergeant and I asked him to let you be a KP just as soon as he can spare you. Oh, we're going to do wonders to that kitchenware, you and I."

He pats me on the forehead with ominous tenderness and departs.



The sergeant yelled out of the window at me, so I dropped my broom and went upstairs.

Five paces away, he turns for a parting shot. "Blabbermouth!" he snorts.

I suppose he's good to his mother, though.

The sergeant yelled out of the window at me, so I dropped my broom in the battery street and went upstairs. He was sitting on the foot locker, thoughtfully rubbing his chin with the handle of his mess-kit knife.

"Ralph Oxford got called up to the battery commander's office this morning," he said, "and do you know what the Old Man gave him?"

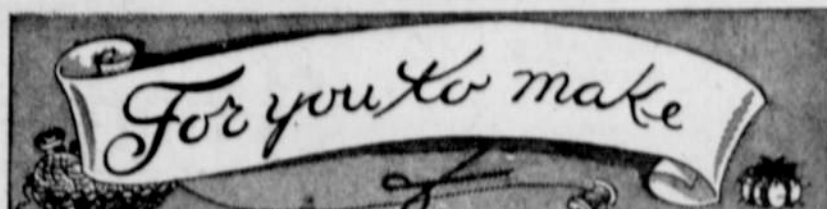
"I've got a pretty good idea," I said. "If he gave him what he gave me when I got called up, it has four letters, starts with an h and ends with an l."

The sergeant closed his eyes and slowly shook his head. "Oxford isn't a sore thumb to the platoon like you are," he groaned. "Oxford got a bright red stripe to wear around his sleeve."

"Oxford's no fireman," I told him. "You're darn right he ain't," said the sergeant. "Starting with today, Oxford and Zuber and Roff and Maciejewski and Pappas and Mihalakos are acting corporals!"

I knew there must be a moral to all this, so I waited for him to go on.

"Now, why couldn't you have been one of those six boys?" he asked. (TO BE CONTINUED)



577

CREATE joy with your embroidery needle—make these engaging motifs for your own linens or gift linens. The gay bluebirds are symbols of happiness. Their varied flower perches let you use brilliant colors.

One Bit of Tough Detail That Smith Didn't Mind

Two men worked side by side in a War Production board office. They never spoke, but each watched the other. One man left work daily at four o'clock. The other toiled on till six or later.

Some months passed. Then the harder-working of the two approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but do you mind telling me how you can clean up your work every day at four o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it, 'Refer to Mr. Smith.' I figure that, in a department as large as this, there is sure to be a Mr. Smith. And I must be right; those papers never come back."

The harder worker started to remove his coat.

"Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Mr. Smith."

Pattern 577 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 5 1/4 by 7 1/4 to 2 by 2 1/4 inches; stitches; list of materials required.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

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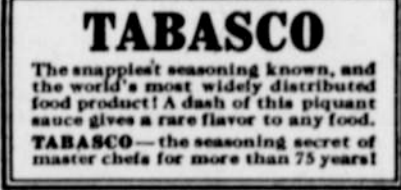
If you know a Navy man, don't ever call him a "gob"—sailors consider the name an insult. You can get on the right side of him though if you offer him a Camel—or better yet, send him a carton. Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy (Army, Marines, Coast Guard, too, for that matter) based on actual sales records from the 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.



Origin of 'Two Bits'
The term "two bits" was coined in San Francisco in days before mints were in existence and gold wire was chipped up for currency.



Mind's Sweetness
Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.—George Herbert.



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