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for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

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DOAN'S PILLS

LAST LOVER

BY Helen Tepping Miller

When Julia McFarlane's husband, Richard, disappeared in World War I, she and her father-in-law, John I. McFarlane, raised her two children together. Twenty-five years have elapsed and Ric, now 27, is in the army of World War II, while Jill, 26, has become interested in Lieut. Spang Gordon. Julia is worried about Ric who has shown tendencies of inheriting his father's recklessness and Jill, who she is afraid might marry Spang, thus becoming an army wife, subject to the same grief she has endured. She confides these worries to Dave Patterson, a family friend who secretly loves her. Jill and Spang go to a dance and there Jill discovers she is in love.

CHAPTER IV

She greeted all the people she knew with sparkling brightness. She led Spang around the room, introducing him to all the dowagers, trying not to look too terribly proud, too triumphant.

So they danced. "This Is the Army," and "Manhattan Serenade," and then when they passed the band stand the leader caught the glint of Spang's wings, and the music swung into the Air Corps song, and Spang stopped dead, and Jill sang it with him, tilting her head back, tears burning her eyelids because it was so gallant and so beautiful!

"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder—
Flying high into the sun!"

"I can't bear it," Jill was thinking, when the high moment sank and somebody cut in, leaving Spang a little bewildered till some man came up, dragging a girl in dahlia-colored chiffon. "I can't bear having it all go by me," Jill was mourning to herself. "Like a parade marching past with flags flying, leaving me standing on the curb with the chewing-gum papers and the banana peels and all the stupid left-out people! Oh, can't he see? Can't he see?"

But though they danced till the band-leader's collar was wilted and the trumpet player's weary lip broke, and all the older people had gone home, though they romped downstairs with the rest to eat slightly curling sandwiches and drink punch that tasted flatly of the lump of ice that had melted in the bowl, though Spang gathered her close whenever he had the chance and said, "Now, let's finish this one!" there was no supreme and wonderful moment.

They never did finish one. There was always some man barging up with some girl in tow, and Spang smiled politely and surrendered Jill, who drifted off chewing hate between her teeth.

But at last they were tramping back through the wet grass to the station-wagon, and Spang was helping her in and tucking her skirt around her. He climbed up beside her and loosened his tie. "Never saw so many Four F's and Three A's at a party in my life," he remarked. "We never did get a chance to try a rumba."

"I know," Jill sighed, surreptitiously sliding off a shoe. "But that was your fault. You were the glamor boy. All their dates wanted a whirl with the air corps, so I had to stumble around smelling fourteen different kinds of shaving lotion and hearing a hundred versions of the same alibi, how like the devil they all wished they could get into the big middle of this fight. I'm starving, and I know a Greek who makes the best hamburgers in the world. Let's get some, shall we?"

"Swell idea. You navigate, and I'll fly the heap. Gosh, all those women are going to hate me. Every darn one gave me some message to deliver to some fellow at camp, and there isn't a chance that I'll ever see one of those men. Can't they realize that we've got forty thousand men down there and that you never have any time to look up a man who isn't in your squadron?"

"They don't know a thing about the army except what they read and hear on the radio. I've heard my mother tell that when my father was leaving for the port of embarkation some old lady gave him a spice cake to deliver to her son, and all she knew was that he was somewhere in France."

Daughter of The Regiment

"A war would be a darn sight easier on the army if it wasn't for the civilians," said Spang.

They parked at the little lunch wagon and ate two hamburgers apiece and drank tall bottles of pop, laughing a great deal over nothing.

"I'm being silly," Jill thought dubiously. "I'm pressing the issue, and in a little while if I'm not careful he'll know how I feel, and maybe he'll be sorry for me, or disgusted."

Spang would not take advantage, that she knew. There was a quiet and fastidious reserve about him that could be trusted.

So she forced herself into a cool airiness, though a small ache was growing bigger and tighter in her breast. If Spang went away with nothing spoken, with only the commonplaces of friendship between them, a casual good-by, that pain, she knew, would last forever.

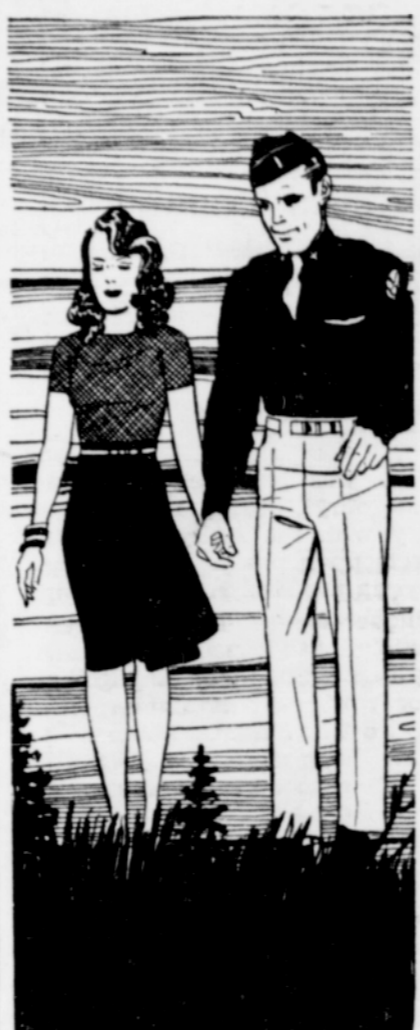
It had to be love because nothing

like this had ever happened to her before, nothing so sweet, nothing so urgent. She was so changed within herself. She was not the Jill McFarlane she had been at all, not the girl who had come home from college with no definite objective, only a few half-baked ideas about getting into some kind of service, preferably some branch with a keen uniform. Now she felt dedicated somehow, and everything that had been so trivial and not even worth considering any more.

She said, "If you get ptomaine, I'll make you a mustard plaster. I'm very special on mustard plasters."

She said, "What will you do when they finish this war business, Spang? Keep on flying?"

"I don't know," Spang wiped mustard from his fingers with a very clean handkerchief. "All these kids will be in it then. It will be the world's most crowded profession. Maybe I'll go back to the farm. That place of yours is pretty



"What I'm thinking about is the millions of women stuck home."

swell, and a farmer is darned independent."

"Don't mention that to Mother—especially if she has just had a row with the county agent."

"She's done pretty well, in spite of her handicaps."

"She had to," Jill was loyal. "She had Ric and me and Grandfather and not any money to speak of. Grandfather had some, but Dooley was terribly proud, she was determined to make her own way."

"We won't any of us have any money after the war, not for years. This will be a complete democracy then, every man equal, because every man will be broke."

Was he giving her a gentle brush-off, telling her without words that life was earnest, that when the war was over he was going to need some broad-hipped woman with a placid capacity for work and no more temperament than a cow? No band music or parades, no daughter of the regiment? Jill wondered as she lay that night wide-awake in her bed.

Spang and Jill Compare Futures

But he's here, she comforted herself, sharply aware of him beyond the wall. He needn't have come, he could have spent his leave somewhere else. But he did come, and somehow I have to be what he wants.

She got up early, so early that Julia, having her coffee on the screened porch, looked at her daughter in surprise.

"On Sunday?" She wrinkled her brow. "Or haven't you been in bed at all?"

"Of course I've been in bed, beautiful," Jill nibbled a piece of toast from Julia's plate. "Spang says you look like my sister, though I shouldn't tell you because you're terribly vain already."

"Don't be disturbed, because I feel like your grandmother this morning. We lost a thousand-dollar brood animal last night, and your grandfather has gone into deep mourning. Did you have fun last night?"

"I guess so. Dooley, I've been thinking. It's time I started helping you a little. You'd better put me to work."

"So he admires milkmaids, does he?"

"I didn't ask him. It's just a suggestion, of course."

"Don't bristle, sweet. Red hair is so darned explosive. The dahlias are beginning to bloom. You could freshen up the house a little."

"No. That's the droopy act they always pull in novels. Pretty girl discovered in the garden with an armful of flowers! I don't want anything as corny as that."

"Well, if you'd rather be discovered feeding a calf, the buckets are in the well-house. But it might have a slightly strained look, as Foster and I fed them all long ago. Why not just read the funnies and be natural? Men have been known to admire women who were content to be themselves." Julia's face changed a little, sobered. "Don't go off the deep end on this, please, Jill. You're still young."

"But I'm not! I'm not young. And there's a war."

"I know." Julia was gentle. "I don't want you to be hurt."

"I'm hurt already. It's no good, Dooley," Jill said faintly. "Everything you say is true, and yet it's all no good!"

It was a lovely Sunday, Jill decided, if you liked lovely Sundays.

The August heat was tempered by a cloudy sky, and all the hills leaned lazily against the horizon, with smoky haze masking their drowsy indolence.

She walked up the lane with Spang and through the meadow where the late crop of hay had been cut, where elderberries shook their purple heads over fences and quail scampered through the clover stubble, their bright eyes apprehensive.

At the top of the hill they found John I. McFarlane. He was sitting under the big persimmon tree, cutting little twigs into lengths and piling them in neat piles at his feet. He grumped a greeting, and Jill said, "Sorry about your prize pig, Grandfather." But he only nodded and went on with his whittling.

The woodland on the ridge was cool and full of little wild whistlings, and paths cut by tiny hoofs ran through it in every direction. Spang said, "Good timber," and Jill answered, "Awfully old, I think." And then they were at the rail fence and the crest, and there below them the lake shimmered, flat and quiet, reflecting the lavender coloring of the sky.

Spang asked, "How's the fishing?" And Jill said, "Ask Grandfather. He's the fisherman in the family."

"Off to the east where the hills sank, a raincrow began its sad crying, and in a great oak overhead a little bird whimpered and shrieked sharply, voicing some small heartbreak. A leaf fell and struck the back of Jill's hand, and she looked at it and saw the yellow of winter already in its heart, a fading, a prescience, and she shivered a little.

"Dogwood," Spang said, smoothing the leaf between his fingers. "They fall early."

"Then it will be winter," Jill spoke numbly, "and how are we going to bear it?"

He looked at her soberly. "The Russians will bear it. And the Greeks. There won't be much to eat in their towns and no place to get warm, but they'll fight through. So will we."

"I'm not thinking about things like that. I'm not soft. I can take it. Things like that, anyway. What I'm thinking about is millions of women, stuck home alone. That's the ghastly prospect."

"That's your battle," Spang said. "It's tough, I agree. But we're up against the same kind of thing. Millions of men, stuck in the middle of a war, alone. Every one alone, even though there's a mob around him. Nobody to admire us, and nothing nice to look at. Hairy legs in showers and masculine table manners uninhibited by feminine presence, nothing soft to sit on, nothing soft to look at, nothing but sweat and men swearing, who'd like to cry but can't. Wet khaki dangling from coat-hangers, and those awful fatigue hats. Now it's your turn."

"I give up," Jill managed a smile. "At least we can tie our hair back with ribbons and pretend somebody cares how we look."

"Do you tie your hair back with ribbons?"

"Green ones—to match my disposition."

"How about some brown velvet to match your eyes?"

"With a Song
In Her Heart

Jill's heart began to sing again. But she held her eagerness grimly in check. She wasn't going to read tenderness into his voice or his eyes; after all it might be a line, the old army line. But somehow she knew that Spang was different. Not the sort to give a girl compliments that had no meaning, not the sort to smile and kiss, lightly perhaps, and then ride on. Slow, Jill McFarlane, warned the adult part of her mind.

Aloud she said, "My eyes are black. I hated them when I was small. I wanted big blue eyes and yellow curls down to my waist. But I got eyes like Grandfather and hair like Mother, and my father's restlessness. Except that Mother says he hated Buzzard's Hill, and thought that Mother was crazy to want to live here when her people died. But I love the place."

Spang looked down the slope to the red roofs and wandering white fences, the softening green of the great old trees. "It's a handsome place. Your mother told me the house was a hundred years old. They built to last in those days."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Button-Front Frock Is Versatile Smart Daytimer for Large Figure



Popular House Dress

START your day with a song in a jiffy-on house frock like the one illustrated. The popular key-hole neckline is set off with colorful ric rac trim, which also edges the pocket flaps. Ideal for afternoon wear too if you make it with the three-quarter sleeves provided in the pattern.

Pattern No. 1577 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34, short sleeve, 3½ yards of 35 or 39-inch; 1½ yards ric rac.

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A NARROW harmonizing binding makes a nice finish on this simple styled daytime dress in the larger size range. The flattering panelled skirt is belted by all women and goes together easily and quickly. You'll wear it everywhere with pride now through Spring.

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Use a two-inch paint brush for dusting grooves and corners in furniture.

Before washing scrim curtains fold each curtain down the center and baste the edges together. This will keep the edges straight.

If a porcelain teakettle or coffee pot becomes stained, rub the stained portion with a cloth dipped in baking soda until discoloration is removed. Then wash thoroughly.

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