

END CONSTIPATION THIS NATURAL WAY!

Millions Now Take Healthful Fresh Fruit Drink Instead of Harsh Laxatives!

It's lemon and water. Yes—just the juice of 1 Sunkist Lemon in a glass of water—first thing on arising.

Taken first thing in the morning, this wholesome drink stimulates bowel action in a natural way—assures most people of prompt, normal elimination.

Why not change to this healthful habit? Lemon and water is good for you. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue, helps you resist colds and infections. They also supply B₁ and P. They alkalize, aid appetite and digestion. Lemon and water has a fresh tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up!

Try this grand wake-up drink 10 mornings. See if it doesn't help you! Use California Sunkist Lemons.

KID O'Sullivan SAYS

For firmer grip when others slip ask for SOLES as well as Heels by O'Sullivan

AMERICA'S No. 1 HEEL and sole Tough and Springy

COLD SUFFERERS!

666 STARTS RELIEF IN JUST 6 SECONDS

Get famous, prescription-type 666 for super-speedy relief from colds, coughs, and sore throats. Try 666 Cold Tablets, or 666 Liquid Preparation today—Caution: Use only as directed.

NYLON STOCKINGS

Full-fashioned, fine gauge Nylon Hosiery. • Newest shade, sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2 incl. • Box of three pair \$5.75 • Add 10¢ per box to cover mailing cost. Send check or money order to

SINGER HOSIERY CO.
1635 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. 3, PA.

The Best Investment
U. S. Savings Bonds

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE

Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER

JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

WHEN NERVES SIGNAL MUSCULAR ACHES

SORETONE LINIMENT
for quick relief on contact!

When muscles are miserable, reflex nerve action flashes the pain. To relieve it use the liniment especially made to soothe aches due to fatigue, exposure.

Soretone Liniment has special rubefacient ingredients that act like glowing warmth from a heating pad, attracting fresh blood to superficial pain area.

Nothing else is "just like Soretone." Quick, satisfying relief assured or price refunded. 50¢. Hospital size \$1.00.

*Try Soretone for Athlete's Foot. Kills all 5 types of common fungi—on contact!

Feel the gentle Heat-Effect—The Safe, Proven Heating Pad Principle in a Handy Bottle!

LAST LOVER

BY Helen Topping Miller

Jill McFarlane, whose father, Richard, disappeared in World War I, falls in love with Spang Gordon, a young lieutenant. He tells her that her brother, Ric, is seeing a divorcee and she goes to camp to investigate. Ric avoids her but she later sees him with Sandra Calvert, an older, hardened woman. Captain Mackey, known as "Old Cyanide," tells her he knew her mother many years ago. She feels she knows him. Spang calls to say good-bye. Later, while riding with Dave Patterson, a family friend secretly in love with her mother, Julia, she is thrown from her horse and taken to a hospital. That night Richard returns from the dead to visit Julia.

CHAPTER X

Julia ignored the interruption. "He spent two months trying to find something, some record, some grave—anything that would end our suspense. He went through dozens of hospitals, even the insane places; he even went out with crews of men who were opening graves! It was a nerve-racking experience for him—and not too happy for me, Richard."

"Sorry." He let his gaze fall, let his clasped hands dangle between his knees. "I didn't think you'd be concerned. I thought you'd be relieved to be rid of me."

"Your conscience must have been more acute than we gave you credit for," said his father, scornfully. "If it hadn't been for Julia's obstinacy, I'd have had you declared legally dead long ago."

Richard laughed, a short, difficult bark. "Legally, I am dead. Richard McFarlane no longer exists. Not on any record or roster, at least. I've been Roger Mackey for twenty years now. There was a lot of confusion after the armistice, and I happened to come into possession—accidentally, of course—of a passport and some other papers. It suited me not to be Richard McFarlane any longer. I wanted to start over. I stayed on in Paris for a few years and did pretty well—"

"Gambling, as usual?" This from John I.

Richard's mouth lifted in a condescending, mirthless smile. That smile, too, was an aching piece of Julia's remembering.

"I got along," he said, "in various ways. And then things got rather nasty in France—there was all that argument about the debts, Americans weren't popular—so I came back to this country. I didn't know anything to get into—things were a little tough here too, you remember? So I went back to the army. This fellow—this Mackey, whose papers I had—had a commission. I got it renewed, I asked for service in Hawaii and got it. Then last year they sent me back. I'm at Ridley Field now."

Almost Julia cried out. Ric was at Ridley Field. But she caught herself in time, made a little movement toward her father-in-law, begging for silence. He caught the gesture, or perhaps he did not remember, did not connect Ric with any of this. The old forgot easily.

Richard must not know about Ric. All their lives she had built their father up to heroic stature for her children, made him a splendor to admire, and knowing all the while what a false and crumbling foundation she built upon, how dangerous was the structure she raised if a fierce wind blew upon it. But she must not destroy it now.

She must not tear Richard down, offer that ruin to Richard's son. She must not destroy that pictured inheritance of gallantry. Ric was not strong and courageous like Jill. He had all the weaknesses of the McFarlane men; if he had inherited any strength from her it was latent, it had not begun its growth. Now she could not risk giving him a father who had callously abandoned him even before he had learned to speak that father's name.

So she said, rather flatly, "You were at Pearl Harbor, Richard?"

His face changed, twisted. His eyes shifted. "Yes, I was there—at Hickam Field. Now I'm at Ridley. But I've worked for what I've got in the army."

"So," Julia let her breath out, thankful—oh, so terribly thankful that Jill was away! "So you are Roger Mackey now. But why, Richard—why? All this talk, and I still don't understand it. You must not have cared about us at all. You didn't want to see us again, your own father—your own children?"

"I did think about the kids, of course," he said, "and you, too, Dooley. But I hadn't been a very successful husband. You were pretty well fed up with me when I left."

A Three-Way Conversation

"I was nineteen years old!" Julia protested. "I'd loved you and married you, and then I'd been left alone, for weeks at a time—no knowing where you were, even hungry! I had a baby, and then I was going to have another right away—and then it was war, and John I. got that commission for you, because he thought war was what you needed—that it might quiet that restlessness in you—and so you went away. And left me with nothing! Nothing but this shabby old house, this mortgaged land—and no one to turn to till Dave Patterson

happened to come to Washington, and he found me and sent for John I."

"I gave you money when I had it, Dooley," he said.

"And borrowed it back again when the horses were running at Bowie!" she thought bitterly, but she did not say it. She said dully, "You must have been very sick of me. I must have cried too much, been frightened too much, left alone there in that cheap little flat. It was my fault, perhaps. I was too young. I'd always had people to take care of me. I was silly enough to think that all women were cared for when they married; it was quite a shock when I learned that that wasn't always true. I know I must have failed you in a lot of ways, Richard. I must not have been a strong person then—a strong woman might have changed you. But you failed me, too, Richard. You failed us all!"

"Don't blame yourself, Dooley. The whole thing was a mistake. I merely happened to realize that be-

fore you did. I took the best way out of it, for you and for everybody."

"You took a coward's way out," said his father. "Now—now that you're getting old and life isn't so gay and adventurous as it used to be, I suppose you think you should come back here and find a welcome? Find things exactly as they were before."

Richard flared. His eyes took on that icy look that Julia remembered.

"Have I said that? Have I asked for anything?"

"Not yet. But you've made no decent excuse or explanation either. You walked out on Julia and left her to struggle alone—"

"Not alone, John I. You've been a rock under my feet, you've been my strength and courage when I faltered!"

"You were all I had, Dooley," he said gently, "you and those kids."

"They're pretty well grown up now, I suppose?" Richard changed the subject with the facile ease that had always been his gift. "How are they?"

"They're very well." She would not tell him anything. Not about Ric, not about Jill's accident, nothing. He had no right to know. He had no rights at all. "Richard is twenty-seven, Jill's twenty-six."

Richard Offers No Solution

"Makes a man feel old. Are they like you, Dooley?" Richard asked.

"They're entirely unlike. But they're both McFarlanes."

"Married, either of them?"

"No, they're not married."

"At least I'm not a grandfather!" he said, smiling thinly. "Well, I'll push along. Due back for reveille tomorrow. Have to drive all night to make it."

"But, Richard, what happens now?" Julia cried. "What are you going to do?"

He faced her, and she felt herself receding, shrinking as she had always done when he looked at her with that cold, blue stare.

"What happens now depends on you, Dooley. As for what I'm going to do—so far as I know, nothing!"

"But—you can't just come back this way—from the dead!"

"I've never been dead. I came back because suddenly I wanted to see you, hear your voice again. If you mean shall I go back to being Richard McFarlane again, the answer is no. It would be awkward and embarrassing. I'm in the army. There's war going on. Till it's over, I'll concentrate on that."

"Richard, I've had twenty-five

years of suspense. Surely you can spare me any more."

"If you create suspense for yourself, Dooley, I won't be able to do anything about it. But why create it? I'm assuming that to you I am not your husband any more."

"But you are my husband! Even though you choose to masquerade and wear a false name, though you've ignored me for more than half our lifetimes, though you knew where I was, when one word from you would have ended all this misery of uncertainty for me, you are still the man I was married to, Richard. You're still my children's father. Nothing can change that."

"You can change it if you like, Dooley."

"How can I change it? You mean I can divorce you? How can I divorce a man who doesn't exist? How could I explain it to your children?"

"The kids do complicate things, don't they? They might like me if they knew me. Though perhaps you've already attended to that?"

"I've given them a hero for a father!" Julia flamed.

"You did that for yourself, Dooley, not for me. You're a proud woman, your pride wouldn't let you keep a man in your life unless he was heroic. And you don't want your pretty picture torn to pieces now by the dismal reality. So I'll take myself off. You wouldn't want to shake hands, Father?"

John I. thrust his hands into his pockets, drawing in his brows.

"No, I wouldn't! You make me ashamed that I am also a McFarlane."

Without a word Richard walked out of the house. They heard his car roar off down the drive.

John I. sank into a chair and dropped his head into his hands. Julia went quietly and kissed the thinned spot on the top of his head. She did not speak. David was mourning the unworthiness of Absalom, and there were no words to touch the dignity of that grief.

She went numbly, groping for the stair rail, up to her room.

Somehow, always, she had known! Always, unaware perhaps at times, feeling the pressure of odd, uncertain dread. There was a strange and psychic bond, a vibration that lived on between two people who had been married, and she knew now that that quivering tie lived on, bridging years and silence, binding her to Richard, even though the bond was bitter. Eventually it had drawn him back to her. She had seen the nostalgia in his eyes, though he had tried to hide it behind his old, cool arrogance.

And now what? What lay ahead? What threatened her, her peace of mind, her pride for her children?

There was Ric. What if Richard found out about Ric, learned where he was, made contact with his son? And then there was Dave. She knew that Dave loved her, with another kind of love, deeper, finer—no fire or passion, no young fever, but the lasting love of a man who would cherish a woman forever.

Julia flung herself down on the bed.

"Oh, Dave!" her heart cried out. "Now that it's too late, I do love you! And what am I going to do?"

Jill turned her head on the pillow, eased her body from the cramp of her splinted arm and taped shoulder.

"Dooley, you look simply ghastly!" she said. "I've never seen black hollows under your eyes before. What's worrying you besides me?"

"Nothing," Julia lied gallantly. "You're enough for one dose. Do I look so pathetic? I must need some vitamins or something. It's missing you so much, I guess."

Jill drew the corners of her mouth in. "You're a rotten actress, Dooley. You're corny as heck and transparent as cellophane. When you hurt inside, it shows through like veins and things under a fluoroscope. Have you and Dave had a fight?"

"Of course not, silly. I haven't seen Dave since that Sunday. And why should we fight?"

"I don't know any good reason, but you are sort of difficult to understand at times, Dooley. You're so unpredictable. I think I know what you're thinking and feeling, and suddenly I discover I'm all lost and don't know you at all."

Julia Fails to Deceive Jill

"I'm a mystery woman! Human enigma. But the fewer feelings we all have now the better off we'll be." Julia was being platitudeous, she knew, and undoubtedly Jill was probing past that evasive defense with her dry, shrewd, young eyes.

"We're fighting a lot of people who've done away with feeling."

"And now," said Jill, in a mocking voice, "the gentlemanly ushers will pass among you, and all the ladies will deposit their ballots in the basket, please. And don't vote for yourselves, girls!" she chirped in a bright falsetto. "Dooley, if you won't talk, shut up! Don't insult my intelligence with that stuff!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Entire Wardrobe for Tiny Tots



8118 6 mos.-3 yrs. Four-Piece Outfit

A COMPLETE four-piece outfit for your tiny cherub. It's delightfully easy to make—round yoked princess dress is trimmed with ruffling; slip and panties are edged with dainty lace. Make several of the gay rompers for warm

weather. An ideal gift for a new arrival.

Pattern No. 8118 is designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 1, dress, 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch; slip and panties, 1 1/4 yards; rompers, 1/2 yard.

Send today for your copy of the Spring issue of FASHION. Contains 52 pages of smart, easy-to-make styles—especially designed fashions, free pattern printed inside the book. Price 25 cents.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.
Pattern No. _____ Size _____
Name _____
Address _____

Nobody's Perfect

The male half of a new dance team was pleading with a producer.

"You never saw anything so sensational," the dancer raved. "At the finish of our act I take my partner by the hair and whirl her round for exactly twenty spins. Then I wind up the whole thing by heaving her through an open window. You should see it. It brings down the house!"

The producer paled. "Heave her through an open window?" he repeated incredulously. "Do you do that at every performance?"

The young man shrugged. "Well, nearly every performance," he admitted. "Once in a while I miss."

"COLD BUG" GOT HER CHEST IN A VISE?



Get MENTHOLATUM quick!

Poor little chest muscles so tight from coughing it hurts her to breathe? Quick, Mentholatum. Rub on chest, back, neck. Its gently stimulating action helps lessen congestion without irritating child's delicate normal skin. Its comforting vapors lessen coughing spasms.

©1947, The Mentholatum Company, Inc.

This Great Tobacco Stars 2 Ways!

It's the tobacco that pleases two kinds of smokers—it's PRINCE ALBERT...the world's largest-selling tobacco!

Prince Albert is my idea of a real comfort smoke. P.A. has a swell, rich flavor. Yet it's gentle on my tongue!

It's always a pleasure to have a pipe loaded with Prince Albert," says Charles K. Selvey, "because P.A. is a real joy smoke. P.A. is mild and tongue-gentle. And that crimp cut feature makes Prince Albert pack better too!"

Charles K. Selvey

FOR PIPES OR PAPERS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

For easy rolling, it's crimp cut Prince Albert with me. P.A. rolls up quick as a flash. Nice and firm—full of flavor!

"I certainly enjoy the swell 'makin' smokes I get with Prince Albert," says Joseph C. Topper. "Crimp cut P.A. rolls up fast and neat. Smokes tasty—cool and mild. P.A. is a great cigarette tobacco!"

Joseph C. Topper

TUNE IN Saturday Nights N. B. C. Prince Albert's "GRAND OLE OPRY"

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE