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The FICTION Corner GHOST ON BROADWAY By ROBERT McBLAIR

IN THINKING of it afterward, Nettie Brainard could never get rid of the feeling that the light actually did change. In her empty tea room, the telephone on the cashier's desk rang. Although it was nearly noon, all of Broadway near Union Square seemed to dim to a queer, eerie twilight.

"Is this Miss Nettie Brainard?" a man's voice inquired.

"Yes," Nettie said into the instrument.

"Are you the daughter of Benjamin Brainard, deceased, and Nettie Sharp?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"Is your mother there?"

"She's busy in the kitchen just now. She'll be busy for half an hour. Who is this, please?"

"This is Thomas Sharp. Your Uncle Tom."

Nettie gasped. "Uncle Tom! But—but you are dead!"

The man's laugh had a hollow sound. "Not quite," he said.

"But five years ago, up home in Maine, we got a registered package," Nettie insisted, her voice shaking slightly. "It held four British bonds, and his—your passport stamped in Chinese and Russian, and a letter from Harbin, signed by Jerry Angus, saying that you had—"

The man laughed again. "Now, Nettie, don't be so upset by this! Anything may happen in the Far East. Besides, I left home twenty-five years ago. Before you were born."

"Well," said Nettie swallowing.

"Now don't say anything to your mother. I want to speak to you alone. I'll be right over."

He hung up. The light seemed to flood back into the deserted tea room. "Heavens above!" Nettie said aloud. "Uncle Tom! Alive! Alive, after all! What ever shall I say to him? Why does he want to talk to me alone? Why, it's like having a visit from—a ghost!"

Across the street, her mortal enemies, the two quick lunch places, with their neon signs and their bargains in coffee and doughnuts, now became friends for once. They assured her that she was not in some timeless world of the spirit. Instead, she was in the bustling world of today, where a girl of twenty-two, who loves a young doctor way back in her home town, is glad to stand by her ailing mother in New York, and try to make a tea room pay in a section where there is no room for tea rooms.

"Uncle Tom!" Nettie said again. All she could remember of him was that he was a black sheep, or something worse. Her own father, Benjamin Brainard, never would permit his name to be spoken. This was because, over twenty-five years ago, Tom Sharp nearly had broken off Benjamin Brainard's engagement to Nettie's mother.

Tom Sharp had brought home some ruffian named Jerry Angus, and had introduced him to his sis-

ter, Nettie, at a time when her fiancé, Benjamin Brainard, was out of town on business. Nettie Sharp, then a girl of seventeen, had found Jerry Angus, the irresponsible wastrel, more enchanting than her businesslike and absent fiancé. Her parents ended that romance, but not before Jerry Angus and Nettie Sharp pledged eternal devotion in a secret meeting arranged by the black sheep Tom Sharp. It was a heartbreaking farewell.

Jerry Angus and Tom Sharp left together to hunt gold in Alaska, and after that adventured in the Far East. Young Nettie Sharp married Benjamin Brainard after all, and had one child, Nettie, before Benjamin Brainard died.

He told me about the operation your mother needs, which requires money. He told me more, Nettie. Something about himself. But that was confidential."

Nettie's heart stopped beating. Was it some other girl?

"What did he tell you?" she cried.

"Never mind. But, look, Nettie. This cash came from smuggling arms in a good cause. Let it do some good!"

He laid a brown envelope in Nettie's palm. His hand, she noticed, was weathered, and had on its back a large strawberry birthmark.

"But, Uncle Tom!" she protested.

"Now, now!" He got up. "Of course you wouldn't take ten thousand dollars from just anybody."



He laid a brown envelope in Nettie's palm. His hand, she noticed, had on its back a large strawberry birthmark.

Tom Sharp became an occasional, rambling letter from some unknown far Eastern place. Then, from Harbin, his passport and his legacy had come to his sister.

Now Tom Sharp was alive again and hurrying to see his sister's daughter.

Just then the front door opened. In stepped a bouncy, stocky, gray-haired man.

"Well, Nettie," he said heartily, "come sit by your Uncle Tom. Yes, you've got your mother's bright brown eyes."

He led her to one of the yellow tables.

"Yes, yes, my dear. No one likes to be visited by a ghost!" He roared with laughter. "It was poor Jerry Angus who played that joke on me. Left me with no passport and no money. The crazy fool."

He glanced toward the kitchen. "But I mustn't waste time like this. I found you by phoning the doctor in the old home town. The same name, but the son of the one I used to know. That's how time flies! . . .

You've too much pride for that, I hope. But blood's thicker than water, child. Besides, if you and your mother must have a tea room, this will let you have one back home. . . . Take the advice of a wanderer. Nettie, marry. Settle down. Don't miss love when it comes by."

He kissed her roughly on the mouth. Then he was gone, leaving Nettie feeling that this visit, from one mourned as dead, simply could never have happened.

The kitchen door opened. Nettie's mother came in.

"How can I begin to tell her?" Nettie thought.

"I couldn't hear what that man was saying." Her mother was talking. "But his voice seemed to be one I had heard as a girl. I kept expecting you to call me, Nettie. I wondered if I would know anyone I hadn't seen for so long. Like your Uncle Tom; well, I suppose I would know him."

She sat down and picked up a fork. "As for Jerry Angus," she went on, "the boy who wanted to marry me, years ago, I would know him anywhere. He had a strawberry birthmark on the back of his left hand." She cut off a bit of lettuce. "Why are you suddenly looking so happy, Nettie? Do stop mooning, dear, and bring your mother her tea."

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Household Hints

Never scour china or pottery. Hard rubbing and cleansing powders may cause the color to fade and damage the smooth finish.

Leather desk sets can be cleaned beautifully with saddle soap. Rub gently when applying. When dry, rub vigorously.

Linens to be stored should contain no starch. Wrap them in deep blue paper to prevent their turning yellow and store them in a dark place free from dampness.

The amateur painter can apply enamel easily and without leaving brush marks if he will first heat the paint in a pan of warm water. Brushing a small area at a time is sound practice.

Knots in the thread when hemming table linens may be avoided simply by running each needleful of thread through a piece of paraffin before sewing with it.

Silks and woolsens are generally folded or rolled so that the right side is inside.

If you are looking for ways to stretch your Christmas budget—here's good news! Make a list of all the smokers you know and give them either of these two popular gift items featured by your local dealer—a carton of flavorful Camel Cigarettes or a pound tin of mild, mellow Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Both gifts come ready to give. The Camel carton comes in a colorful holiday dress, containing 200 mild, rich-tasting cigarettes. And Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke—is offered in the popular full pound container. Even a card is unnecessary for these gifts—space is provided for a personalized Christmas greeting. You'll be "tickled pink" when you see the hearty reception your friends will give holiday-wrapped Camels and Prince Albert!—Adv.

If Your Nose Fills Up DO THIS to make breathing easier—invite restful sleep!

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

When Your Back Hurts—And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Horizontal

1 Ocean
4 Since
6 Arrogant
11 One who shirks his duty
13 Rough with bristles
15 Part of "to be"
16 He was struck down for lying
18 French article
19 Pronoun
21 Epochal
22 Russian inland sea
24 Burden
26 Location
28 Consumed
29 Wild
31 For fear that
33 Suffix indicating past tense
34 Prussian seaport
36 Assault
38 To exist
40 Heavy, pliable metallic element
42 To merge
45 Roman greeting
47 Regretted
49 Wicked
50 Prefix: half
52 Husband of Octavia and Poppaea
54 Article
55 Nook
56 Shakes
59 Earth goddess
61 Told
63 Nourishing
65 Pertaining to the sun
66 Pronoun
67 Slang: intense desire

Vertical

1 Music: as written
2 Small furbearing animal

3 Symbol for gold
4 Girl's name
5 Suns
6 Love potion
7 Inlet
8 Bones
9 Above
10 To expand
12 Molten lava
14 Removed
17 Slender pointed piece of metal
20 Resident of Asia Minor
23 Hawk-headed deity
24 About
25 To navigate
27 Brother of Jacob
30 Sinister look
32 Prong
35 To wash, as clothes
37 Prima donna

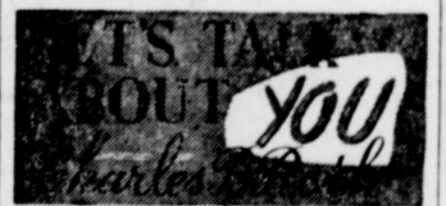
38 Foundation
39 Occurrences
41 Feet
43 Prickling sensation
44 Powerful deity
46 Two ens
48 Vision
51 Image

53 Heraldic bearing
57 Eggs
58 Italian
60 Poetic: nightfall
62 Artificial language
64 Near

Answer to Puzzle Number 39

ACE IS USUAL
LEHIGH SORDID
ON FLASH BATE
ETA ORLEAM
LEOPARD SAT
BALM MEAD VI
ARISM DYED
LAB TOAD AIRY
EBBULULANT
OR LEAN SAW
SHOO ASPEN SBI
RASTER BLEUDED
STAND LEV ODE

Series H-47



WATCH WHAT YOUR FACE SAYS

Probably it isn't right, but it certainly is human nature to pass judgment upon every stranger within a few seconds after you are introduced. Later you often-times have to reverse your judgment. That doesn't keep you from going ahead and judging everyone you meet.

Some of the men or women you meet win your heart immediately, even before they say a word. This they do by the expression on their faces. Others win you only after days or hours or weeks of association, which causes you to overlook their dead-pan expression and recognize their worth.

The faces we like, the faces of personality, are beautifully described by Rosamond Lehmann in her novel, "The Weather in the Streets." One of Miss Lehmann's characters says to a friend:

"I like what—what breaks out behind the features and is suddenly there and gone again. I like a face to warm up and expand, and collapse and be different every night and from every angle . . . and not be above looking ugly or comic sometimes."

In other words, what this woman liked and what others like in a face is life, expression, vitality, animation. We all like faces that betray the emotions that go on behind them rather than the dull, colorless, cold, unresponsive faces. We want to know that there is friendship behind the faces we see.

Study the expression on your face. If it isn't what you think it ought to be, do what Napoleon did, what Cleopatra did. Practice facial expression until you develop this important outward evidence of personality into a great and enduring asset.