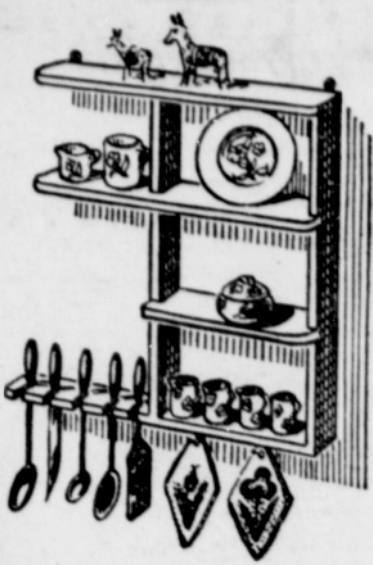


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Is Simple to Build



WHY spend valuable time hunting for kitchen equipment? This easy to build shelf will surprise you with its capacity... it holds almost every needed gadget.

A full size pattern is now available that really takes the mystery out of building this shelf.

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IT PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors.

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● In NR (Nature's Remedy) Tablets, there are no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different—act different. Purely vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ box. Use as directed.



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**SORETONE Liniment's Heating Pad Action Gives Quick Relief!**

When fatigue, exposure put misery in muscles, tendons and back, relieve such symptoms quickly with the liniment specially made for this purpose.

Soretone Liniment contains effective rubefacient ingredients that act like glowing warmth from a heating pad. Helps attract fresh surface blood supply.

Soretone is in a class by itself. Fast, gentle, satisfying relief assured or price refunded. 50¢ Economy size \$1.00.

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

**HOT FLASHES?**

Women in your "40's"! Does this functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women cause you to suffer hot flashes, nervous, highstrung, weak, tired feelings? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose!

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress. Thousands have reported benefit! Also a very effective stomachic tonic. Worth trying!

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

**Kidneys Must Work Well-**

**For You To Feel Well**

24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at nights, swelling.

Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**The FICTION Corner**

**A WOMAN'S PLACE**

By JOHN T. CAVANAUGH

"SO, SALUSTRI is back." Managing Editor Pepper Drislane exclaimed as he clicked down the receiver. Excitedly, Police Chief Lawton had just shouted into the telephone. "This guy is looking for blood—don't take any unnecessary risks."

In the editorial room of the Hartfield Herald, Drislane sat with his head in his hands and mournfully looked over his city staff—two old men and seven girls. "Thirty years in newspapers and this has to happen to me—a chance to make headline history and here I am saddled with a bunch of sob sisters."

The Salustri case had been spectacular from the start. The self-styled big shot of the numbers racket had challenged repeatedly: "There ain't nobody going to pin a rap on me. This gazabo's got protection all the way to the state house and back and don't forget it."

But Jerry Cowan, erstwhile reprotorial star of the Herald, and Managing Editor Drislane chose to forget it to the tune of pinning a 20-year federal sentence on the numbers king. Then the slipup; while waiting for the train that would carry him to prison, Salustri outwitted the guards, slugged the marshal and was on his way.

With the news of his escape, Jerry and Drislane knew Salustri would be back. The Herald's constant and merciless headlines had galled the gangster, bored right into his pride.

"Sure, he'll be back," the reporter told his editor, "and when he does, he'll head for our office first."

That was two years ago. Now Jerry was on assignment in the Pacific. Meanwhile, the managing editor waited. Of course, he was jumpy; who wouldn't be when each corner might turn into a hail of hot lead? And now the chief of police had passed the word that Salustri had been spotted in Bayside, just 11 miles this side of Hartfield.

The managing editor was dimly fingering the last cigarette in his squashed pack when Publisher Jim Geldhorn came into the room. Drislane blinked his eyes and dropped the cigarette—doggone, if it wasn't another girl. Attractive and well built, but still another girl. Geldhorn hustled the young woman over to an empty desk and hurriedly left.

"On a newspaper a girl reporter isn't worth the powder it takes to—to camouflage her nose," Drislane had exploded when the publisher unobtrusively attempted to install the last girl on the city staff.

"All I hear these days is 'I've got an appointment with the hairdresser, the dressmaker, the butcher, the baker—' These girls have an appointment with everyone but me and their work," he ranted. "Is this a newspaper office or a sorority house?"

"Chief," said thin-pated, fiftyish Mike Bales, the paper's only bachelor, coming up to the managing editor's desk, "I'm going to hop down to Nick's for a shave." Generally Mike shaved every second day and today was a first.

"Darn," muttered Drislane, "we're off again and it'll take another three weeks to see who is really queen bee of this hive."

The managing editor's head was poked under his desk in search of his lost cigarette when a pair of shapely legs approached.

"Mr. Drislane," he heard a feminine voice say, "I'd like to be assigned to the Salustri case."

Abruptly, a hush fell over the Herald editorial room and light expectant reprotorial heads poised

over their typewriters as the managing editor took several seconds to come up from under his desk.

In the face of the gathering editorial clouds, the new girl bravely continued with her request and began to fumble with a gold locket which was looped around her neck. "The picture I have from Jerry—" she offered but got no further.

The thunder broke loose and Drislane hissed, his face purple, "On a newspaper, a woman"—he didn't finish but resignedly collapsed in his chair.

With effort he continued feebly, "Miss Whatever-your-name-is, go get a manicure—get a cup of coffee

escape from the United States Marshal's office in 1943, was recognized by the reporter as she walked through the barber shop to the beauty salon at the rear of the building, Miss Hewes, upon seeing Salustri, continued through the shop and left by a rear exit and soon returned with a squad of police officers.

"The reporter said that she had identified the gangster through his picture which she had carried in a gold locket given to her by her fiancé, Jerry Cowan, formerly police reporter on The Herald and now on assignment in the South Pacific. "Having threatened the life of my fiancé, Salustri was a potential



The managing editor's head was poked under his desk in search of his lost cigarette when a pair of shapely legs approached.

—get anything. But for right now, just get."

As the girl hastily traced Mike Bales' rapidly retreating footsteps, Drislane sighed, "Even Jerry Cowan away out in the Pacific is getting balmy. On top of all this, imagine his wanting to saddle me with his fiancée, some up-country jane who probably doesn't know a dateline from a clothesline." Gleefully, he pictured himself setting up ambush for the next time the publisher came in with another girl.

After an hour of planting imaginary booby traps all over the newspaper plant, the managing editor had mentally destroyed the publisher and all the girls on the staff a dozen times over. Just when he was halfway through his masterpiece of stuffing Geldhorn and the girls through the news press to be delivered as supplements to the 5 o'clock edition, Mike Bales with a face full of lather tore into the room.

"Chief, Chief," the reporter panted, "they just got him."

"Just got who—when—where?" Drislane roared.

"Salustri, at the barber shop," said Mike, furiously shoving a piece of copy paper into his typewriter. "I'll have the story written for the last edition in a jiffy."

DOWNSTAIRS the presses were silent and waiting as the managing editor's pencil poised over the reporter's scoop.

"Nat Salustri, former numbers czar who escaped local police two years ago, today was captured in Nick's barber and beauty shop on Main Street through the efforts of Miss Loretta Hewes, a member of The Herald's editorial staff," the story read.

"The gangster, who has hidden from the police since his spectacular

threat to my coming marriage, so I carried his picture, knowing that I would run into him some day," Miss Hewes said. "Now that he is captured, I know that I can plan to marry Jerry as soon as he returns."

Speechless, the managing editor scanned the copy. Then, poised his pencil, he added to the message: "In the meantime, I will continue working at The Herald as police reporter."

**TOWBOAT PILOT**

By Elston J. Melton

(Caxton Printers . . . \$4)

By Lyn Connelly.

Here at last is an intelligently written book for adolescent boys, one of the best of its kind since the immortal Mark Twain penned that perennial favorite, "Tom Sawyer."

Tom Briggs is essentially a good boy, but because he takes precious time away from his daily chores to swim with his chum, Johnny Sanders, and because he dreams constantly of the day when he might be a towboat pilot on the mighty Gasconade river, he is considered lazy and shiftless by his cruel stepfather and many of the town citizens.

You'll share Tom's frustration when, after he works hard to buy himself a small boat so that he can fish to support his family, his stepfather sells the boat and pockets the money. You'll share his horror when his hunting rifle goes off accidentally in the post office and he is accused by Mr. Pugh, the postmaster, of having deliberately attempted to kill him.

Despite his many handicaps, Tom proves through sheer perseverance and courage that he is capable of being a towboat captain. The story carries him from the age of 12 when he is in the dream stage, through the age of 21, when he makes his first cruise as a pilot. But long before the realization of his ambition, he earns the respect of his neighbors when he clears Mr. Pugh of a possible murder charge of which only Tom knows he is innocent, thus proving that he holds no malice in his heart for the postmaster who would have sent Tom to a juvenile home when he, too, was wrongly accused of a crime.

The book is a joy for those loving the great outdoors. Mr. Melton, a prominent Missouri newspaper man, knows his subject well and handles it beautifully with the result that there emerges a book full of tears and joy, tenderness and adventure.

**New Uranium Discoveries Show Wide Distribution**

The world is expanding its known sources of uranium, vital mineral of the Atomic Age.

Both newly-Independent Burma and the Union of South Africa have announced the discovery of extensive uranium deposits. National Geographic society notes. These latest finds are further evidence that the atomic-energy ore is much more widely distributed around the globe than popularly believed.

Prospecting for uranium lodes is much simpler than searching for gold. The uranium can be detected easily by a scientific "divining rod." Radioactive by nature, the mineral literally broadcasts its whereabouts in the ground. Forty years ago Hans Geiger, a German scientist, invented the instrument which hunts out the hidden ore



**Heavy Crops Drain Soil of Plant Food**  
Mineral Supply Needed To Restore Fertility

Heavy wartime croppings drained twice as much nitrogen from Illinois soils as was put back by fertilizer applications or legume crops, declares O. L. Whalin, University of Illinois. What was true in Illinois was true of farm soils in numerous other Midwestern states.

Approximately 3,300,000 tons of nitrogen were removed from the soil in harvested crops in the 1942-46 period, Whalin points out. But only about 1,500,000 tons of nitrogen were returned to the land. This replacement included nitrogen in fertilizer applications, plus 60 per cent of the nitrogen in legumes harvested and in sweet clover turned under.

The supply of other mineral elements was seriously depleted. Whalin estimates that only about half of the phosphorus taken from the soil was replaced. Less than one-thirtieth as much potash was added through commercial fertilizers as was removed by harvested crops.

"This heavy drain on the soil's mineral supply," says Whalin, "has reached the point where crop yields on many soils definitely depend on the amount of minerals applied. Manure, inoculated legumes, phosphate and potash are required, will maintain and even increase yields on most soils."

Carrying out such a program, he adds, calls for use of lime on much



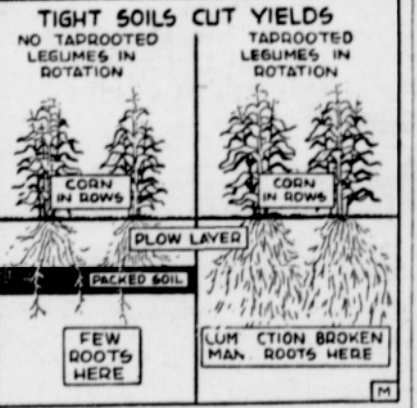
Rich West Virginia mountain lime plant. Lime is sold to the farmers to increase production on crop and pasture land.

of the land in order to grow legumes. Lime should be applied on the basis of soil tests. It should be used from six months to a year before legumes are seeded, in order to sweeten the soil.

**Deep-Rooted Legumes**

Deep-rooted legumes work in two major ways to improve tilth, rebuild soil structure and increase the supply of mineralized organic matter.

Well-fed legumes such as sweet clover or alfalfa push their taproots deep into the soil. These roots



open up tightly packed earth below the plow furrows. Neither water nor air can penetrate such compacted soil. Crop roots cannot do their job of carrying nutrients to the plant growth "factory" above ground. But when deep-rooted legumes are grown frequently in the rotation, tilth and soil structure are improved. The land becomes loose and easy to work. Channels for air and water and passageways for the roots of following crops are made.

2. Deep-rooted legumes are efficient feeders on the soil's available phosphorus and potash. They can forage for these plant foods when other crops will fail. The legumes gather these nutrients into their taproots. When plowed under, these roots put all-important mineralized organic matter down where it should be, readily available for the roots of other crops following in the rotation.

**Soil Fumigant Stops Work of Nematodes**

In its war on soil pests, scientific research has forged a fatal new weapon against nematodes, the eel-like worms whose burrowing activities cause nearly two million acres of farmland in the South to lay idle every year. This weapon is a soil fumigant known as D-D, whose chief component is dichloropropane and its use allows repeated plantings year after year of many crops which now are rotated.



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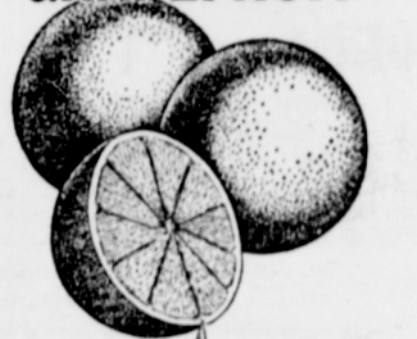
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