

Household Questions

Cane-bottomed chair seats can be tightened up by washing them in a weak solution of salt water and then drying in the open air.

Radiators and steam pipes will be less noticeable in a room if they are painted the same color of the walls or wood trim.

Potatoes used in salad should be thoroughly chilled and with sharp knife cut into half-inch dice. Add rest of ingredients and mix with fork. This will aid in preventing salad from becoming "mushy."

Chocolate stains may be removed from table linen by sprinkling the stain with borax, then pouring boiling water through the linen.

To keep paint fresh in uncovered cans fill them to the top with water, after stirring the paint thoroughly. When needed, pour off the water with care.

Always make it a point to keep your larder supplied with about a dozen cans of soups, meats and fruits. When an unexpected guest arrives for lunch you will then be able to serve a good meal.

When sending a book through the mail cut corners off stiff envelopes and put on book corners. Protected in this way corners will not bend.

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In 2 seconds by stop watch, a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in this glass happens in your stomach.

When you wake up with a headache, do this: Take two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water.

By the time you've finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered.

Try it this way. But ask for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN; not by the name "aspirin" alone.

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2 FULL DOZEN 25c
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No matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week in every month. Too often the honeymoon express is wrecked by the nagging tongue of a three-quarter wife. The wise woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three months of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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GUNLOCK RANCH

by Frank H. Spearman
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The expression on Jane's face reflected her perplexity. "That's easy to say, doctor, but it's going to be awfully hard to do. I want to be rid of McCrossen, heaven knows—for more reasons than one. But I'll need all my courage when I try the job."

She was glad, when she got home that night, that her foreman was away; it gave her a night to think it over. In the morning he was over early with a report from the pastures and much pep in his manner.

Calmly she told him she would have to dispense with his services.

With a face as black as Gunlock Knob, McCrossen rose slowly from the chair in which he had been facing Jane.

"So you're firin' me?" Looking at her coldly and searchingly, he spoke tensely and harshly.

"I've got to cut down expenses, Dave," she said. "I—"

Before she could speak, he ran on: "Folks don't naturally fire an old hand like me, your father's friend, without giving a reason, do they? What are you turnin' me out for?"

"Dave," she said suddenly, "you've always been paid well—where does all your money go? Why do you have to run steers off the ranch at night to pay your debts?"

"So," he exclaimed savagely, "a few head of steers that belonged to my rights anyway are stickin' in your crop, eh? Do you know your own dad was the biggest cattle thief in this whole country?"

Jane stamped her foot. "It's not so!"

"Did you know he made a thief out of me? The first calves I ever stole in my life, I stole for Gus Van Tambel. Doesn't look very nice for you to talk to me about stealin' cattle," he exclaimed scornfully, "the daughter of a man that stole all he's got."

"Dave," she protested, angrily, "stop that talk. If my father owed you anything, I'll pay it."

He laughed. "All right, kiss an' make up." He stepped toward her.

She sprang to her feet. "Dave, I—"

"Why, girl, don't you know I love you?" He spoke with a queer laugh and, darting forward, caught her.

While she struggled, he rained kisses on her face and neck and arms.

Jane, frantic, fought to repel him.

"Dave McCrossen, if you don't let me go, I'll scream across to the bunkhouse," she cried.

He jeered at her. "Go ahead, there's nobody there. I'll let you go after you kiss me and not before."

Just when she was afraid she would lose consciousness, the kitchen door opened behind McCrossen's back, and Quong, half hiding a long knife in his loose sleeve, burst into the room.

Jane saw the China boy first. "Kill him, Quong, kill him!" she cried, beside herself.

"Drop that knife!" thundered McCrossen. Quong, his face livid, paid no attention whatever—he meant to kill or get killed. With fresh fear seizing her, Jane jerked from the foreman's grasp and flung herself between the two men.

"No, no, Quong!" she cried. "Just stand by me. Now get out of this house, Dave McCrossen. Never enter it again. Go!" she screamed.

McCrossen recovered himself. He laughed. "What's all the row about?" he demanded. "Just a little fun, Quong, that's all. The boss is tryin' to fire me, but I ain't gone yet. Get out, eh? All right, I'll get out—for now."

And laughing grotesquely, McCrossen strode to the front door, threw it open, walked out, and slammed it shut behind him.

Thoroughly shaken by the scene, Jane, without waiting for anything to eat, rode into town to seek Carpy for help.

He discounted her alarms. "No danger at all, Jane, of McCrossen's shooting Quong now. If all the threats in this country were put into action, there wouldn't be enough live men left to bury the dead men."

"Henry Sawdy will be in here for dinner. He's the man for your foreman. Talk to him after dinner."

"I'm afraid McCrossen will quarrel with whomever I put in and kill him."

"Kill Sawdy?" mused Carpy appraisingly. "Sawdy's not so fast a man as McCrossen. He's not had to shoot his way out of as many scrapes as McCrossen has; but Henry's nobody's meat to serve raw—you needn't worry about him."

"If Bill were only well," explained Jane wistfully.

"I'm glad Bill isn't," returned Carpy quickly. "I wouldn't want to see him out and in trim while McCrossen is raging around. Then you might have something to worry about. To tell you the truth, girl, I'm holding Bill Denison back right now. He's coming on fine, but let's let well enough alone. After you talk to Sawdy, you'll see Bill. For heaven's sake, don't say one word about your round-up with McCrossen. Bill would jump the hospital fence."

When she saw Denison at the hospital, it was hard for Jane to repress the excitement that the morning's struggle had left upon her.

Even without Carpy's warning, she well knew that if Denison learned what had happened he would tear loose from all restraint.

"What's the news today, dearie?" he asked.

"Why, nothing special, Bill."

"You don't act that way."

Jane laughed, evaded, and said the real news was that soon the bandages were to come off his eyes.

Sawdy accepted the ranch arrange-

ment without a qualm, though Sleepy Cat knew even before he rode out to assume his post that McCrossen was vowing vengeance.

The day after Sawdy took charge, he was in town to do some ordering. In Rubido's store he ran into McCrossen. Sawdy shook hands with him, and McCrossen told him he would be out next day to pack up his things.

"I'll be glad to see you an' help any way I can. Ought not to be no hard feelin's, Dave. What do you say to a drink?"

The two, talking things over, sauntered down the street. Sawdy waited before Spotts' place. McCrossen shook his head. "Not in there. I don't train with that butcher. Come along to the Red Front."

"No," said McCrossen, as he and Sawdy poured their glasses, "I don't carry no hard feelin's against you, Henry—not a bit. Jane treated me pretty rough, I must say that. But she ain't to blame, neither. She's been against me. It's Bill Denison that's behind all this. He's fair enough to my face, but he's double-faced."

"Dave," said Sawdy impatiently, "don't talk like a blamed fool."

McCrossen bridled. "What do you mean, Sawdy?"

"Why, everybody knows Denison ain't two-faced. A man may like Bill or not like him. He's got his enemies, I'll admit."

"You're damned right he has."

"But so's every man. Well, here's luck, Dave."

"Luck to you, Henry—not to that—"

"Cut it out, Dave. If you an' Bill can't get along, that's your business. He an' I get along fine. Well, I've got to be startin' for the ranch."

"An' for my old job! An' my old home," muttered McCrossen. "Do you blame me for bein' sore?"

"Not a bit, Dave."

"Then fill up again an' be damned to all enemies."

It was some time, however, before Sawdy could break away. Even after he left, the ex-foreman loitered at the bar, pouring his grievance into the



"I'll Let You Go After You Kiss Me and Not Before."

ears of Harry Boland, the low-voiced, mischief-making saloon keeper. "He's got my girl," complained McCrossen doggedly. "You know that, Harry."

Boland, leaning over the bar, listened sympathetically and nodded.

"It's pretty hard, Harry," McCrossen rambled on. "To stand all I've stood from that man—you know that. Little Gunlock Jane—that's what I called her first day she rode up to the ranch—that girl is the trimmest little hussy that ever crossed a horse's back in the Gunlock Hills—you know that, Harry."

"Everybody knows that," Boland nodded. "What would you do, Harry," demanded McCrossen, "if you was treated that way?"

"Well, you can't do nothin' now while Denison's in the hospital, can you? Wait till he gets out. Then tell him what you think of him."

The following day it was known up and down River street that McCrossen was spooling for a fight. McAlpin took alarm at the rumors that spread so rapidly. He ambled up the street to lay the reports before Carpy. "McAlpin," said the doctor, "don't worry. There can't be any fight as long as one man's laid up the hospital. I'm going to keep him there till McCrossen cools off."

"Why, for that boy to face McCrossen, half blind like he is now—it'd be plain murder," McAlpin burst out indignantly. "Bill Denison ought to be kept under cover for six months, Doc, till he can see straight."

Carpy refused to get excited. "See?" he echoed scornfully. "McAlpin, that boy could see right now to thread a needle in the dark. He doesn't know that. You keep your mouth shut, understand!"

As the doctor spoke, Jake Spotts stuck his head in at the office door. "Hello, Doc," he called out without any preliminary greeting. "I got a message for you from Sister Angela."

"Sister Angela!" exclaimed Carpy in surprise. "When did you see Sister Angela?"

"'Bout five minutes ago—been up to the hospital shavin' a man. Bill Denison's gone."

Carpy jumped to his feet. "What d'you mean, Jake?"

"Just what I say. That's English, ain't it? Bill Denison's gone."

"Where's he gone?"

"How the hell should I know?" demanded the irascible barber. "Nobody knows. Sister said to tell you Bill is gone."

"What—"

Spotts waved his hand. "That's all I know, and I've got to get back to the shop."

McAlpin sat with ears cocked, but had no time to speak. "Run for your life, McAlpin, and hitch up for me," exclaimed Carpy. "I'll follow you right down."

The liverman drove Dr. Carpy up to the hospital. Sister Angela in the office met the doctor. "What's this I hear, Sister?" asked Carpy. "Where's Denison?"

"He's gone. He was in his room and ate his supper at five o'clock. When the nurse went into his room again, the bed was empty. His clothes are gone from the closet. We've looked everywhere. What can we do?"

Carpy's vexed face reflected his uneasiness. "There's nothing you can do, Sister. We'll hear from him before we want to, I'm afraid." He turned from the counter and whirled around again to it. "Sister," he asked suddenly, "was there anybody here to see him this afternoon?"

"Nobody but an Indian."

"Did you get his name?"

"It was John Frying Pan."

Carpy grunted. "Thanks, Sister," he said and hurried out.

"Where now, Doc?" asked McAlpin as Carpy, silent and perplexed, got into the buggy beside him.

"Back to the office, McAlpin. The bird's flown. Hell's loose, in spite of my fine schemes."

"Did you get any explanation?"

"Plenty," rejoined Carpy grimly. "Plenty!"

CHAPTER XIV

Bill Pardaloe received the surprise of his life; it came to him that night.

Just as Pardaloe was enjoying his final smoke a gentle tapping at his window aroused him.

"Who's there?" he demanded gruffly. "Awake, Bill?"

"Never talked in my sleep yet," retorted Pardaloe. "Who be you?"

"I'm Bill Denison."

"You're a liar—Bill Denison is laid up at the hospital. Who be you?"

"Look here, Bill, don't be a blamed fool. I'm out of the hospital and riding for Gunlock. Get up and open the door. I want to talk to you." Pardaloe grumbled a bit, and turned out.

The bolts clanked, the door opened, and the ex-sheriff saw, within the rays of his dark lantern, Denison.

"So it is you, Bill. Well, I'll be durned. What's up?" he asked as he ushered his surprise caller into his bedroom. "How's your eyes?"

"First rate, Bill. I—"

"Does Carpy know you're out tonight?"

"Not yet."

"You'll catch hell."

"Can't help it, Bill. I want to borrow your thirty-three, and I'm in an all-fired hurry."

"What do you want the rifle for, Bill?"

"I'm riding for Gunlock," repeated Denison impatiently. "I've got word a party of rustlers are going to run off some steers tonight, and I'm going to interfere."

"Who's the rustlers, Bill?" asked Pardaloe, unmoved.

"How should I know? I'm riding to find out," snapped Denison.

"Who brought the word to you?"

"John Frying Pan."

"Tain't likely McCrossen would let anybody do any stealin' he didn't get a cut in—"

"Do I get a rifle or not?" demanded Denison savagely. Pardaloe pointed. "There's the gun rack—help yourself. Who's with you?"

"Frying Pan and Bob Scott."

"They got rifles?" asked Pardaloe, rising.

"They have. Where's the ammunition?"

"Here in the drawer. I guess I'll take the old express."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"I'm going to ride along."

"No."

"Yes."

"I say no!"

"I don't give a damn what you say, I go."

"Bill, it's not necessary. It may be close work."

"I never seen no close work yet," retorted the veteran, grimly sarcastic. "Kind of like to see what it's like!"

"Yes, but—"

"Tell John or Bob to saddle a horse for me."

"O. K.," muttered Denison, stuffing his ammunition belt rapidly with cartridges. "If you're going, you're going."

The Indians, in the saddle, were waiting outside. Scott got up a pony from the sheriff's barn for Pardaloe. Denison, on needles and pins, waited for the old man's final preparations. At last Pardaloe, considerably hurried, grabbed a hat from the rifle rack and stamped vigorously out into the night after his posse. He was the last man to mount. Denison gave the word to go, and the quartette were under way when Bill Pardaloe cried a halt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Simple But Smart Models



MATRON, maid, or tiny miss—your attention please. For assembled here are three lovely frocks to brighten your wardrobe. All are designed to be made at home, quickly and inexpensively, and each is accompanied by a step-by-step instruction chart which makes sewing a real pleasure and recreation.

The lovely and graceful daytime or afternoon frock, Pattern 1949, features a novel yet simple yoke and collar treatment, a clever swing skirt, and youthful sleeves, long or short. Chic and stylish, yet as simple as can be, it will make up beautifully in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 (30 to 38 bust measure), and size 14, with short sleeves, requires just 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

The comely morning frock which steals the center, Pattern 1973, is available in a wide range of sizes and takes top honors for comfort and versatility. Requiring just five simple pieces including the belt, it goes together like a charm, to fit perfectly and make your morning chores so much lighter. The pointed yoke is slimming, the set-in sleeves are free and open, and the skirt is dart fitted at the waist. As easy to make as to wear, this pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52. Send for it today. Size 38 requires just 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch fabric, dimity or percale or gingham or seersucker.

The tempting model for tiny tots, Pattern 1944, is likewise utterly simple to make, yet as cunning as can be. Good for party or for play, it is a pattern you can cut twice and save for future use in any of a wide range of fabrics.

The tiny puff sleeves are cut in one with the shoulder for just two simple pieces for the front and back of the dress. The size range—six months, one, two and three years. The one year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, and if you wish you can make the pockets, cuffs and facings in contrast.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Bacteria Attacks Unprotected Areas of Meat—Expert Explains Way to be Sure Meats Will Keep Thru Summer

By S. Eugene Colgin

I have smoked more than two billion pounds of meat. On my father's farm 30 years ago I discovered what happened to meat during smoking in the old smokehouse.

Fine drops of moisture appeared on the hams and sides. The smoke was "condensing" on them. This led to my discovery that smoke could be condensed, and simply "brushed on" the meat. What untold hours of backbreaking labor FIGARO Condensed Smoke has saved since then!

Years of research, since, have revealed what really causes meat to spoil. Note photograph "A." This is what the eye of the microscope sees when focused on that old enemy, green mold. Mold is a

fungus; technically not a bacteria, but its action is similar. This parasite attacks the surface of the meat.

Photo "B" shows the cause of rancidness, usually near the bone. It is a bacteria, shown here through the microscope's eye. And photo "C" shows that pest called the "skipper," which is in reality the larva of a fly. It lays its eggs on the meat, and at the first warm spell, they hatch.

There is only one known way to prevent all these troubles. That is thorough smoking. Of course everyone knows how uncertain the old smokehouse is. Other so-called smoking methods, or substitutes for smoking, are likewise risky. How can you tell whether or not the meat is thoroughly smoked? But if you want to be SURE your meat will come through the hot summer months sweet and wholesome and eatable, brush every square

inch with FIGARO Condensed Smoke. It penetrates. It peccitates. It prevents skipper, mold, fungus, or drying out of the meat. And it costs only one-third of a cent per pound! Your dealer has it, or can get it, in two sizes—32-oz. (enough for 500 lbs.), \$1.50; and 16-oz. (enough for 250 lbs.), \$1.00.—Adv.

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