PREPAREDNESS
by ✚ the
AMERICAN RED CROSS

Volunteer for Victory—offer your services to your Red Cross.

"WHAT can I do?" Now that we are at war, that is the question that every woman is asking herself. For those women who want to do a real job where they are urgently needed, there is the Volunteer Nurse's Aide Corps of the American Red Cross. One hundred thousand Nurse's Aides will help relieve the acute nursing shortage at home, according to Mrs. Walter Lippmann, who is the volunteer director of this Red Cross service. Trained nurses are daily being called for service with our armed forces.

A Volunteer Nurse's Aide performs many routine hospital duties and relieves the trained nurse for more technical work. She bathes and feeds patients, makes beds, takes temperature and pulses, assists in keeping records, does unsterile bandaging and attends to many details essential to a patient's comfort. She always works under the supervision of a graduate nurse.

Eligible for enrollment are American citizens or friendly aliens, between 18 and 50 years of age, with the equivalent of a high school education and in good health. A Nurse's Aide must complete an 80-hour intensive training course; 35 hours of class room instruction and 45 hours of supervised practice on hospital wards. She also agrees to serve 150 hours per year without pay in hospitals, prenatal, industrial or other clinics and public health agencies. The standard first aid course is a requisite for the first year of service and the Nurse's Aide may be assigned to Emergency Medical Field Units set up by Civilian Defense, to speed to the aid of civilians, wounded in air raids or disasters.

More than 12,000 Volunteer Nurse's Aides are in training or already trained, but many more are needed. It is too late when the bombs fall or an epidemic strikes. Prepare now and help safeguard the nation's health. Contact your local Red Cross chapter for information as to nearest training facilities available.

Prepared exclusively for WNU.

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4 cups of
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If temporary intestinal sluggishness or constipation is causing indigestion, gas pressure, listlessness, use Garfield Tea, exactly as directed, for prompt relief. You will like the way it snaps you back to "rarin'-to-go" fitness. 10c—25c at drugstores.
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I am for each individual doing just as he chooses in all matters which concern nobody else.—Lincoln.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue, at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years—to help relieve such pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."
Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

WNU—4 20—42

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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

GHOST PLANE
By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: To save Norland Airways from bankruptcy, Cruger has agreed to have his partner, Alan Slade, fly a so-called scientist named Frayne to the Anawotto in search of the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Slade's application for overseas service with the army air corps has been rejected, but he is less disappointed when he learns that the company can stay in business, thanks to their client, who has paid enough to enable Cruger to buy a new plane, a Lockheed. And he is pleased when Cruger tells him that Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "flying Padre" is not going abroad with her Red Cross unit. Slade meets Lynn in town and goes with her to help a man who has been wounded in a fight. The wounded man turns out to be Slim Tumstead, a flyer who has lost his license for drinking and who is little better than an outlaw.

Now continue with the story.

"You've had enough already," she said, quietly impersonal.

CHAPTER III

Slade pressed closer as the yellow-faced man, wiping his hands on his apron, hurried out.

The pock-marked man righted the table and chairs as Lynn busied herself loading a hypodermic.

"How is he?" asked Slade.

"He's all right," was the cool-noted response. "But there's a three-inch skull cut we'll have to close up. How did you get it?"

Slim's lips twitched. But he remained silent.

"How about a drink first?" he suggested, as Lynn turned back to him.

"You've had enough already," she said, quietly impersonal.

"Who gave you that jab?" persisted Slade. The look of the room clearly proclaimed that the fight had been a regal one.

Slim still declined to speak. It was the pock-marked man in the doorway who broke the silence.

"He got it from Wolf Winston," croaked the indignant landlord. "And it's another free-for-all chalked up against this place o' mine."

"Quiet, please," was Lynn's cool-noted admonition.

Wolf Winston, Slade remembered, was a whisky-runner who'd repeatedly proved his adroitness at evading the outstretched arm of the law. He also recalled that Slim, once the crack flyer for Colonial, had been twice grounded for drinking on duty. Still later he had been linked up with Edmonton Scotty's activities as a high-grader. And there'd been a rumor or two that of late he'd been running contraband liquor in from the coast ports.

Slade felt sorry for Tumstead, just as he would feel sorry for any man of promise who threw away his chances. Among flyers, he knew, there was a free-masonry that made you forget a confrere's passing faults. But for a year now Slim had seemed stubbornly headed for trouble.

"This is going to hurt a little," Lynn was saying as she sterilized a bullet-probe, "but we've got to make sure there's no glass in that cut before we close it up."

"A drink would help a little," Slim once more suggested.

"You can have a cigarette," she conceded, "when I put the stitches in."

Slade produced the cigarette and held out his lighter.

Slim looked up at him with an eye that was still indifferently derisive.

"So the big boys took it away from you," he observed.

"Took what away?" asked Slade, resenting the note of mockery.

"That little tin-horn outfit of yours. I hear you're folding up."

"Not on your life," countered Slade. "We've got a new ship and we're going stronger than ever."

The indifferency went out of Tumstead's eye.

"So you've got a new ship. That's certainly worth remembering."

"Why?" challenged Slade.

Tumstead shrugged.

"Oh, I kind of thought the big fight had brought a famine in ships over here. Does that mean you're going to keep on flying the ice routes?"

"I am," proclaimed Slade.

"You'll change your tune," Slim said, "when you get the same dirty deal I got from Colonial."

Slade backed away a little. He had the natural pride of the flyer in flying. And the thought that one of the best in the service could swing so far off-center gave him a sinking feeling.

"I thought it was the other way round," he observed.

Slim's eye-flash of hostility did not escape the younger pilot.

"Oh, I go my own way," the man on the couch announced with a laugh that was not without bitterness. But a note of desolation in the voice brought a surge of pity through Slade.

It was Lynn who spoke next.

"You ought to have a week of rest," she observed as she encircled her patient's head with a white gauze bandage that gave him the air of wearing a crown, slightly tilted.

"Rest?" echoed Tumstead. His laugh was thin yet scornful. "I can't afford to rest, lady. I've got things to do."

Lynn glanced about at the blood-stained furniture.

"You've lost a good deal of blood, remember. And you'll need a new dressing in a day or two. What you'd better do is see Sister Nadeau over at St. Gabriel's."

"When?" asked the man with the bandaged head.

"Tomorrow or next day," said Lynn as she closed her bag and stood up.

"I won't be—"

But Tumstead, for some reason, left that sentence unfinished. He shrugged and glanced at Slade. Then his half-mocking gaze went back to Lynn.

"I'd rather have you do my dressing tomorrow," he said as he reached for her hand. Slade was nettled at the open insolence in that gesture.

"Hasn't she done enough for you?" he demanded.

Tumstead lifted a languid eye to his fellow-flyer.

"Is she letting you make her decisions?" he inquired. The derisive note in that inquiry brought Slade's gaze about to the girl's face. But in that face he found nothing to help him frame an answer.

"Let's go," Lynn said with her first sign of impatience.

Tumstead, stretched out full-length on his couch, looked after them as they moved toward the door.

"Since you're going," he said, still casually insolent, "which way are you heading? I mean you, Slade."

The younger flyer swung about and studied the blanched face under its swathing bandages.

"I'm flying into the Anawotto country tomorrow," he announced.

Tumstead's lips made a whistling sound.

"So they hooked you for that flight!"

Slade, looking down, could see the older pilot smiling up at the ceiling.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded.

Tumstead continued to blink up at the ceiling.

"Not a thing, son, not a thing," he answered with a listless sort of indifference. His movement as he turned to the wall was plainly one of dismissal.

Slade felt happier when he found himself in the open sunlight, the balsam-scented open sunlight of spring, with Lynn walking along at his side. She was close beside him, yet he nursed an impression of her remoteness. And that impression took on an edging of pain as some inner voice told him she was the one thing in all the wide world he wanted.

"So you're not going overseas?" he ventured as he noticed how the sunlight gave glints of gold to her mahogany-brown hair.

"No, I'm going to meet Father at St. Gabriel's," she answered casually, having discerned a light in his eyes which she found a little disturbing.

She was, he knew, evading the real issue.

"And after that?" he prompted.

"I'm flying north with Father in the morning," she announced. She found the courage, as she said it, to meet his gaze.

"What made you change your mind?" asked Slade, puzzled by her loyalty to a life that was giving her so little of what other women clamored for.

"Father isn't young any more. He can't keep on forever. I was hoping he'd give up a sort of work that's too hard for him."

"And too hard for you," proclaimed Slade. He was remembering, at the moment, how she and the Flying Padre had been grounded by a blizzard, the winter before, and had kept life in their bodies by dining on their own mukluks of untanned sealskin, well boiled.

That, Slade told himself, was no life for a girl. She was of too fine a fiber for such frontier roughness. It impressed him as too much like trying to grow a flower in a stamping mill.

"Did your father ask you to stay on?" Slade questioned.

"He'd never do that," was her prompt reply. "He's too big and fine to let his own interests come first."

"Of course," said Slade, wondering if there was a hidden reproof in that reply.

"But I was hoping," Lynn continued, "that Father would give up flying and settle down."

Slade's smile was brief and slightly bitter.

"That," he affirmed, "is something not easy to get out of your system."

"You'll have to, some day," she reminded him.

He seemed to catch a faint glimmer of hope from that.

"There's only one thing," he said, "could ever turn me into a chair-warmer."

"What?" she asked.

"You," he answered with unexpected grimness.

She did not look up at him. But she quickened her stride a little.

"I thought we weren't going into that again."

He knew it was useless to argue the point. But that newer look of firmness in her face brought an answering firmness to his own slightly rebellious lips. For at the back of his mind lurked a suspicion that more and more refused to stay down.

"Were you going to the front because Barrett Walden was there?" he asked. It was his effort to keep all trace of bitterness out of his voice, apparently, that brought a small and womanly smile to Lynn's lips.

"Barrett Walden's not at the front," she said. "He's in an instruction camp at Aldershot."

"But he wanted you to go overseas?" pursued her none too happy companion.

"Barrett's been a very good friend to Father. He's never forgotten that Dad saved his life, and—"

"And you were his nurse at Fort St. John for four weeks," cut in the unhappy Slade.

"Father," Lynn was saying, "is very fond of Barrett. And Barrett feels the same way about the Padre." She walked on in silence for a moment. "He's been trying to get him a berth in the Department of Mines at Ottawa."

"Where he'd mope like a caged eagle," was Slade's slightly embittered comment.

"He's not the moping kind," protested the girl.

Slade made no comment on that. He remembered the flash of fire from those same eyes when he had once spoken of the Flying Padre's occupation as quixotic.

"A flyer never wants to give up," he observed.

Lynn came to a stop. The face she turned to her companion was a clouded one.

"That's what frightens me, Alan," she quietly acknowledged. "They don't always stop in time."

"The Padre knows the ropes all right," Slade protested.

"But something happened last month," the girl was saying, "when we were flying in to Coronation. It was good weather and everything was going nicely, with Father at the controls. Then I saw that something was wrong. I had to jump in and straighten out the ship. Father, all of a sudden, didn't know where he was. Everything went blank, for a moment or two. He said, later, it was like a switch turned off and then turned on again. But things like that mustn't happen to a flyer."

Slade shrugged and smiled, mercifully intent on easing the concern out of her eyes.

"There's many a bush flyer gets over-tired," he casually affirmed.

"That's what Father said. He claimed he'd been careless about his eating and had been going too hard. But when I saw him with those empty eyes and that cold sweat on his face, I knew it went deeper than he pretended."

Slade forced a laugh.

"He's clipped many a cloud since then. And he'll keep going until they ground him for old age."

The clouded hazel eyes searched his face.

"But can't you see, Alan, what I'm fighting for? Can't you understand how we all want security? How, when we love someone, we have to think of his future?"

Slade looked down into the hazel eyes. Their loveliness sent a wave of recklessness through him.

"It's your future I'd rather think of," he asserted.

But the girl with the clouded eyes didn't seem to hear him.

"I'm all Father has now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRASSROOTS
by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WAR CONDITIONS AND YOUR TOWN

THE WAR offers an opportunity to improve conditions in thousands of America's country towns. Less help causes the farmer to economize on time. Rubber shortage and the inability to replace tires calls for a reduction in automobile mileage. The rationing of gas will stop any unnecessary travel. These things mean opportunity for recapturing business for country town merchants. Holding that business when peace comes depends upon how well country town merchants meet the demands of town and farm people with adequate stocks of merchandise and modern merchandising methods.

To assist country towns in doing a thorough job, the department of commerce at Washington has prepared a book of detailed plans that will be helpful in any town. The title is "How to Plan a Better Future for Your Home Town and Yourself in War for Peace." I am sure any one interested could get a copy by writing Carrol L. Wilson, Director, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

It provides details for a survey of the town and its trading area, and suggests that such a survey be made by a senior high school class, to be followed by definite improvements in such town conditions as will make it a more attractive cultural, social and trading center. The plans proposed are practical, simple and call for no extensive expenditure. Making the proposed survey would be excellent training for high school students, directed by a principal or teacher.

Revitalizing America's country towns as social and market centers is one of the urgent needs of the nation. It can be done in towns where the people want it done. That department of commerce booklet will show the way to those who ask for it.

• • •

FORTY MILES AN HOUR IS NOT A HARDSHIP

FORTY MILES AN HOUR, says the President, is fast enough during the period of tire shortage, which means the period of the war. To be sure, there are still some speed demons who have not heeded the President's warning and who are still traveling at 50, 60 and 70 miles an hour. But they will soon be walking at an ever slower pace than the first automobiles I remember could travel.

In the late nineties—I have forgotten the exact year—H. H. Kohlsatt, then one of the editors and owners of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, organized what I believe was the first automobile race. It covered a distance of some 30 miles, from the city hall in Chicago to the city hall in Elgin.

Much preparation was made for the event. There were no gas stations in those days, and five-gallon cans of gas were distributed at frequent intervals along the designated route. There were, I think, six cars entered. All were of the one-cylinder variety, with high buggy bodies, solid tires, steered with a rod, and started with the turn of a crank in front. Streets and roads for the 30 miles were blocked off and at ten o'clock of the appointed day, the race was on. It continued to be on for nearly six hours, when the first car arrived at the city hall in Elgin, an average speed of about five miles per hour.

As I recall, only three of the six starters ever completed the course, and the third took nearly eight hours to travel the 30 miles. One could easily walk the distance in less time.

That was but a little more than 40 years ago. Within that time American ingenuity has produced the refinements and speed we have today. Those five-mile-an-hour gas buggies cost far more than the average new model of today. Our American system of competition brought production up and price down. Today we have a car for every four people in the United States, an average of one for each family.

To go back to the President's 40 miles an hour during war time should not seem a great hardship.

• • •

THE LATEST COUNT SHOWS 282 governmental agencies operating in Washington, employing over 225,000 people. At the end of 1932 there were 37 governmental agencies, employing 66,302 workers. A portion, but by no means all, of the increase is occasioned by war activities. WE MIGHT get along with a few less and save some of the hard-pressed taxpayers' money, or use it to buy more guns.

• • •

CAN THE GERMANS REALLY TAKE IT?

I HAVE a German-born, though naturalized, yard man, who deplores what he says is the reason for this war.

To prevent other wars, he hopes this one will not stop until all Germany is occupied by Allied troops. That, he says, will take the war fever out of the German mind.

From what he says, I gather that he thinks the Germans are not so good at "taking it" as they are at dishing it up for the other fellow.

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Enclose 15 cents in coins for your copy of HAND-MADE GIFT NOVELTIES.

Name.....

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Legal Holidays

According to the Constitution neither congress nor the President has the power to prescribe legal holidays except in the District of Columbia and the U. S. territorial possessions, says Collier's. Nevertheless, congress has recognized the following days as public holidays: New Year's day, Washington's birthday, Memorial day, the Fourth of July, Labor day, and Christmas.

Since most of these holidays have been declared local holidays by the individual states, they can be said to be national and legal holidays. The President proclaims Thanksgiving a holiday.

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● In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.
● It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.
● When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.