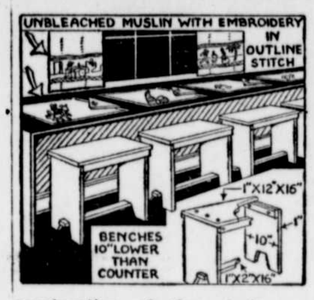
ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

EVERYONE knows that quick meals in the kitchen save time, but it was both time and space that had to be saved in this kitchen where breakfasts were eaten on the run and the children had but a few minutes for lunch. The problem was solved by building a 16-inch-wide counter under a window and then making simple stools to be slipped under it when not in use. The dimensions and



construction of the stools are shown here. A saw, a screw driver and a wood chisel are the only tools that were used.

The stools were painted cream color to match the woodwork and the counter was covered with blue linoleum like the floor covering. Cream colored place mats, napkins and window curtains embroidered in colorful Mexican figures were then added to give a smart note of gaiety.

• • •

NOTE: These curtains, mats and napkins were made of flour bags and the gay figures tell a story of life down Mexico way. A flower seller; a peon on his burro; a caballero with his guitar; a man leading a pig to market, and girls carrying jugs and baskets on their heads are all worked in simple outline stitch. Transfer pattern including enough figures for six mats, six napkins, borders for one pair of curtains and extra figures for several pot holders, is available to our readers. You will find directions also for many other fascinating things to make in Mrs. Spears Book 7. Send order direct to:

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Bedford Hills New York
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Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 7 and 15 cents for pattern.
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J. Fuller Pep

By JERRY LINK

"Fuller," says Aunt Netty, the other day. "Folks are like wine. Some sour with age, and some, like you, get better!"

"Mebbe," says I, pickin' up that little compliment, "that's because I feel so good most of the time." For, you know, folks, when you *feel* good your disposition's apt to be good, too. But to do that, you got to eat right, which includes gettin' all your vitamins. And KELLOGG'S PEP is extra-rich in the two most often short in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. Mighty fine-tastin', too. Try it!

Kellogg's Pep

A delicious cereal that supplies per serving (1 oz.): the full minimum daily need of vitamin D; 1/4 the daily need of vitamin B_1.

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TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS on "certain days" of month

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BARGAINS

—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants • • •

IN THIS PAPER

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: To help save Norland Airways Alan Slade agrees to fly a supposed scientist named Frayne and his assistant, Karnell, to the Anawotto river in search of the trumpeter swan. With the proceeds Slade's partner, Cruger, buys a new Lockheed, which is stolen. When Slade returns from the Anawotto he starts out to find the plane, aided by an eskimo named Umanak and by his old prospector friends, Zeke and Minty. Slade goes to Frayne's camp, where he learns that the missing plane is being used by Frayne to take something out of the country. Slim Tumstead, a no-good flyer who has lost his license, is Frayne's pilot. When Slade attempts to investigate the plane's cargo he is knocked unconscious by Karnell. He is "rescued" by Tumstead, only to be abandoned by him on a deserted island. Zeke and Minty find Slade's plane and stay to guard it. Slade escapes to the mainland. Umanak is found, exhausted, by Dr. Morlock and his daughter, Lynn, and he tells them he has found the missing plane. He has also brought a sample of the plane's cargo, which turns out to be pitchblende, source of a new kind of power. They decide to take Umanak home and then look for Slade.

Now continue with the story.

—16—

"It's you who mustn't take chances," she reminded him.

CHAPTER XVI

But taking Umanak home had its difficulties.

"No like devil-bird," was his stubborn protest.

But the Flying Padre was insistent. And Lynn, after much talk and argument, finally persuaded the old Innuit to climb into the cabin. There he crouched down in a corner, with his hands covering his face. He moaned aloud as the plane took off. He continued to sweat and shiver on the trip back to Iviuk Inlet. And once there, disdaining Lynn's help, he disembarked with unexpected celerity, to be surrounded by an admiring group of natives whose exclamations of envy did much to restore the old man's shattered morale.

But Lynn's father was no longer interested in Umanak.

"Our next job," he said, "is to get in touch with Corporal McGarry at Great Bear. This begins to look like a case where the territorial authorities ought to get busy."

Lynn showed no active interest in that suggestion.

"Our first job," she maintained, "is to find Alan."

Some unlooked-for timbre of determination in her voice brought the Flying Padre's glance about to her face.

"But I feel we ought to swing over to Echo Harbor first. Umanak's an Eskimo, and you can, of course, discount his story a little. But if he's found what he says there it ought to be confirmed."

"That can wait," said Lynn.

Lynn studied the country over which the faded blue wings of the Flying Padre's plane drifted like a shadow. It was country that was new to her, yet in its general aspects it was oddly familiar.

She sighed as the Flying Padre banked and turned and settled down on a blue-watered lake where the wild fowl scuttled away at their approach. She remained silent as the pontoons moved slowly in toward a pebbled shore fringed by a scattering of driftwood.

"That's all for today," said the man at the controls. He sat for a moment in silence. His face looked tired and dispirited. But when he glanced at Lynn's equally dispirited face he roused himself.

"This is exactly what we're looking for," he said with a forced smile. "Firewood waiting for us and a clean shoreline without mosquitoes."

"But we haven't found Alan," said the still motionless girl.

"We'll find him," was the other's quietly assured response to that. After getting out his mooring line he rummaged through his cabin equipment for a jointed rod which he kept there. He ignored Lynn's clouded eyes as she sat watching him make ready his rod and tackle. "There's fish in these waters," he announced. "And if you'll get things ready we'll have a beauty or two for supper."

"But we haven't found Alan," she repeated to herself as she mechanically set about her work.

The question of Alan's whereabouts was still in her mind as they took off, the next morning, and headed deeper into the land of stunted spruce boles and empty ridges. A sense of timelessness crept through her as they flew on. Then she saw how the plane was veering eastward and her father was leaning forward to study the course of a river that wound sullenly in and out between the shadowy hills.

"That must be the Anawotto," he called out.

She took her turn at studying the terrain over which they were droning. The Anawotto, to her, looked malignant, like a snake. She found so little that was consoling in its aspects that she was glad when they temporarily swerved away from its ever-changing course and headed for a district of bolder ridges interspersed with lakes that lay like pools of silver in the morning sun. Some of them were small and some of them were large. But the heavier tree-growth along their shores told her they had left the Land of Little Sticks behind them. Some of them, she also saw, were studded with conical small islands. One larger lake held the ghost of an islet in its very center, like a tiny pupil at the center of a wider iris of azure.

Lynn's eyes were on that island as they bore down on it. It lost its vagueness, as they drew nearer, and took on a new irregularity of outline. Then she saw it was not a dot of land. It was a gray-winged plane floating there in its bath of blue.

She could feel her heart come up in her throat.

"The ghost plane," she cried aloud.

But the Flying Padre, apparently, had also sighted the gray wings against the blue of unruffled northern water. He turned and circled the lake, dropping lower as he looked.

"It's Alan's plane," he shouted as his pontoons took the water. "That's the Snow-Ball Baby."

Lynn could feel her heart pound as they drifted nearer. But no sign of life came from the plane so lazily dragging at its mooring line.

"That's queer," he observed. "I'll edge closer and climb aboard."

But an abrupt interruption came to that movement.

A rifle barked from the lake bank and a bullet went whining over his head. As he looked up, arrested, a second detonation echoed out over the lake water and a second bullet whined perilously close to his ear. Then a voice, husky but authoritative, called across the water.

"Keep off that plane," it commanded, "or I'll drop you where you stand."

The Flying Padre's eye, searching the shore, made out an unkempt and ragged old figure with a leveled rifle. On a rock point behind him, a moment later, he detected a second bewhiskered old figure, also with a leveled rifle.

"Keep down," was the Padre's warning cry to the girl in the cabin. "These fools are firing at us." Then he turned to the threatening figures on the shore. "Stop it, you idiots."

"Not on your life," was the huskily shouted response. "You back away from that plane and taxi in here or we'll blow you out o' the water."

The indignant man of medicine considered that threat. But it failed to stir him into action.

"Where's Alan Slade?" he demanded.

"What's that to you?" was the shouted response.

"We're friends," called back the Padre, "who want to find him."

He could see the rifle-barrels, at that, waver and lower.

"Then you'd best swing in here and prove it," was the call came back to him.

"It's all right," Lynn was saying from the cabin hatch. "They must be Alan's old miners from the Kasakana."

She dropped into the pilot's seat and started the motor, her still indignant father balanced on one of the floats as she veered about and taxied in to the shore line.

There, as he waded ashore, the old man with the rifle regarded him with a skeptical eye.

"Now, who're you?" was that old man's prompt challenge.

"That's not important," announced the Flying Padre. "I'd rather know who you are."

"We're a couple o' peace-lovin' lone-panners who've been prospectin' back on the Kasakana. I answer to the name o' Zeke Pratt. And this is my bunkie, Minty Buckman."

"Then you know Alan Slade," cried Lynn.

"Sure, we know Alan," conceded the embattled Zeke. "And that boy's a bit of all right. But what's worryin' us is why he ain't back here with his plane. She's been sittin' there empty, day after day, and I don't like the looks o' things."

"That's why we're guardin' her," concurred Minty.

"From whom?" questioned the Padre.

"From them damned swan-hunters who're up to some devilment round here we can't figger out. They've got a landin' dock and a plane o' their own hidden under a pile o' brush over the hills there. And when we tried to sleuth 'em out they started slingin' lead like a bunch of Sioux."

The Flying Padre's face remained thoughtful a moment.

"Could you take me to the camp of these people with the plane?"

"Sure," said Zeke, "if you're ready to dodge bullets on the way."

"And you have no idea why those people are in this territory?" pursued the Padre.

"From the way they've been strippin' and dikin' and pittin' along the ridges I figgered out they was after gold. But they ain't workin' in the right rock for color."

"Supposing," said the Padre, "they were after pitchblende?"

That failed to impress the two old lone-fire prospectors.

"There's pitchblende in this neck o' the woods all right," conceded Zeke, "but what in heck would they be doin' with it out here?"

The Flying Padre had his own ideas about that. A plane ferrying a ton a trip could carry a ponderable amount of uraninite from that uninhabited interior to tidewater.

"But what good would that do Germany," asked Lynn, "or any other country on the other side of the world?"

From an unmolested port like Echo Harbor, the Padre pointed out, a disguised Japanese whaler or even a furtive Russian freighter could pick up the cargo and quietly carry it on to Yokohama or to Vladivostok, where it could be transshipped and hurried on to the reducing plants north of the Rhine.

"This thing goes a trifle wider than you think," proclaimed the Padre as his gaze went from the two empty-eyed old sourdoughs to the disappointingly unresponsive face of his daughter.

"But this isn't helping us to find Alan," she objected.

The Padre studied the deepened hollow in her cheek and the sharpened line of the valorously poised chin.

"I know it," he agreed, "but one seems to weave in with the other. And I'm wondering which approach will bring the best results."

"If you take the one we took," interposed Minty, "you'll git results all right. You'll git 'em in the shape o' four-ounce slugs o' lead."

"Then we'll look 'em over from the air first," said the Flying Padre. He turned to the two ragged figures beside him. "Have you old-timers ever flown?"

"Sure," was the prompt response.

But again Lynn interrupted.

"That's what we should both be doing," she insisted. "While you take Alan's ship I could take ours and be looking for him."

"Where will you look?" asked her father.

"I can't be sure yet," was her none too satisfactory answer. "But he wouldn't be away from his ship without some good reason." She stared out over the lonely spruce ridges. "And he'd come back to it if he could. That means he's somewhere out there waiting for us."

The Padre stood silent a moment. She had, as a rule, been singularly dependable. And the best antidote for anxiety, he had learned, was activity.

"All right," he acceded, "you can't stand around idle at a time like this, any more than I could. But keep some system in your scouting." He smiled at her prompt nod of understanding. "And no overnight stuff, remember."

"Not if I can help it."

"You've got to help it," said Lynn's father. "We can't afford a second searching party in these wilds. Mark this as your base and keep a close check on your course. And if the weather gets bad, head back here. One of these men will be keeping a signal-fire going. But the important thing, remember, is to spot your landmarks and know your lakes."

He found something reassuring in the girl's quiet smile.

"It's you who mustn't take chances," she reminded him.

For just a moment the firm young jaw quivered with some darker emotion. "You're all I'll have left, if anything's happened to Alan."

The Flying Padre forced a laugh.

"I'm still betting on that bush hawk," he stoutly maintained. "He comes out of too hard a school not to know how to take care of himself. And today, remember, is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Sub Chasers Instead of More Ships? . . . What About Over-Optimism Concerning the War?

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

WASHINGTON. — Cancellation of the contract for a new shipyard near New Orleans has been distorted by some persons into a belief that the administration is figuring on a short war. The explanation given by the Maritime commission—that the steel a new yard would require is needed for other war purposes—is correct.

As a matter of fact the starting of aluminum plant in New York, which is not expected to get into production for a year, is the best answer. New York is far from an ideal site for any war plant—too convenient for a surprise bombing attack. However, there was another consideration which entered into this decision. Unemployment in New York city has become a problem, and the government wanted to do something about it.

Adding one more plant would not greatly complicate the bombing risk. It is frankly admitted that bombs dropped anywhere around New York would do plenty of dollar damage, and, in entirely too many locations, war damage as well.

Folks are accustomed to magazine articles telling what big bombs would do to the New York skyscrapers. Actually the government would infinitely prefer the destruction of half a dozen of them to 10 per cent of that dollar damage in other New York areas, where plants are turning out badly needed war material.

Safe From Bombing

Fortunately, most of the aluminum plants of the country are located in spots as safe from bombing as though they had been planned for war conditions, which they definitely were not. But the whole situation of war production has developed to a point where safety from bombing is not the most important consideration.

The No. 1 requisite now has become human transportation—that is, the selection of a site convenient to a large supply of labor.

Cancellation of the ship yard contract, however, is a straw in a more important direction so far as war policy is concerned than either the location of plants or guesses as to the duration of the war. It indicates that the group which has been advocating more submarine chasers instead of more submarine targets has scored.

It has been known for months that Harry Hopkins, closest person to the President, was favorably impressed with the idea of building more corvettes, destroyers and other PTs to combat the submarines rather than putting additional steel—over estimates already approved—into more ships.

The idea here is that if our forces sink one submarine we have saved an indefinite number of merchant ships.

• • •

War Situation on 8 Fronts Critical

High administration officials are worried about what they regard as the excessive optimism of the people generally with respect to the war. The war, they tell you privately, is not going well.

The situation on eight different fronts is critical.

These are:

1. Russia — specifically the Nazi drive toward the Caucasus.

2. Shipping—because enemy submarines are actually increasing in number, and because ship sinkings exceed new construction, and have for some time.

3. The North Pacific—where the Japanese landings on the Aleutians seem to cause more worry than newspaper articles indicate.

4. North Africa — where no one knows when Rommel may begin another successful offensive threatening Alexandria and the Suez canal.

5. China—where the Japanese are making the possible air bases for attack against Nippon more and more distant from their hoped-for targets.

6. The Southwest Pacific—where the Japanese, despite occasional losses, are steadily increasing the efficiency of a possible springboard against Australia.

7. Burma—from which an attack on India can be launched whenever the Japanese desire.

8. Murmansk—which is in contant danger from German air attack.

In every one of these theaters of war, which are not listed here in the order of their importance, the situation is menacing. In no one of them is there any reason for the well-informed United Nations military observer to take any comfort. There is not one of the eight which might not suddenly boil over into a tragedy for our side.

Things to do

Embroidered Chair Set.

WHAT fun to embroider this pretty bowl of flowers in gay colors!—And when you've made the last lazy daisy stitch and finished the cut-work bowl, you're ready to add beauty to chair or buffet!

• • •

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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.

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