PATTERNS
SEWING CIRCLE

IT IS a simple design which always looks best. That's why you'll admire and approve this cunning frock every time you see your little girl wearing it. The raised skirt line achieves a smooth effect through the waist which emphasizes the perky flare of the skirt and, is becoming to slim and chubby figures alike!

• • •

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1633 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 6 years requires 1⅞ yards 35-inch material. ⅜ yard contrast for collar and 1½ yards ric-rac edging to trim.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
106 Seventh Ave. New York

Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. ..... Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

Serviceman Took Words Out of Burrough's Mouth

While Firestone, Edison, Ford, and Burroughs were touring, a light bulb and a tire on the car went wrong. Mr. Ford went into a store and said to the proprietor: "What kind of lights do you have?"

"Edison," was the reply.

"And tires?"

"Firestone."

"You may be interested to know that Mr. Edison and Mr. Firestone are in my car, and that I am Henry Ford."

As the man was putting on the tire, Mr. Burroughs, with long white whiskers, leaned out of the car, and the man, looking at him, said: "Yeah, I know, you're Santa Claus."

J. Fuller Pep
By JERRY LINK

Talkin' to a fellow the other day, I couldn't help thinkin' that lots of folks claim they have an open mind when the fact o' the matter is it's only vacant.

Which reminds me that if you really think straight about vitamins, you'll see why I keep tellin' folks about KELLOGG'S PEP. An' that's because this swell cereal is extra-rich in the two vitamins most often short in ordinary meals —B_1 and D. And believe me, PEP is a mighty slick-tasting cereal. Why don't you try it tomorrow?

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.

SING A SONG OF KITCHEN THRIFT

SINK YOUR DIMES IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

AWAY GO CORNS

Pain goes quick, corns speedily removed when you use thin, soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Worthy Opinions

It is not often that an opinion is worth expressing that cannot take care of itself.—Holmes.

To Relieve distress from MONTHLY

FEMALE WEAKNESS

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help relieve monthly pain, backache, headache, with its weak, nervous feelings—due to monthly functional disturbances.

Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress of "difficult days." Thousands upon thousands of girls and women have reported gratifying benefits. Follow label directions. *Well worth trying!*

AROUND THE HOUSE

Do not cut the skins from apples when making applesauce. Remove blossom end, stem and parts that are not good. When thoroughly cooked, put through a coarse sieve. Made in this way the skins give the sauce a pink coloring.

• • •

Spiced waffles are delicious. Add a teaspoon of cinnamon and half a teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg to your regular waffle recipe. Hot strained honey, mixed with a little cream, butter and a dash of cinnamon makes a delicious topping for these waffles.

• • •

To remove the shine from worsteds mix a small amount of vinegar with water, dip a pressing cloth in it, place the cloth on the right side of the fabric and press with a warm iron.

When making raisin breads, cookies, etc., cover the raisins with hot water and simmer them for about five minutes before using. They will be larger and softer.

• • •

In choosing an innerspring mattress, look for these: well-tempered steel wire coils, long-fibered cotton or curled hair padding top and bottom, sturdy borders, strong ticking that won't stretch and some provision for ventilation.

• • •

To help prevent peeled pears, apples and bananas from darkening when they're to be used in a fruit cup, cover them with grapefruit juice and chill.

• • •

Make an oilcloth cover for your ironing board, to use when brushing and sponging garments.

Potatoes?

A nourishing food, Mr. Hitler!

WE HAVE potatoes in America. We also have fruits, meats and green and yellow vegetables. For every crop you harvest with forced labor, we have a larger crop grown by men who work hard from dawn until dark because it's *their* land, *their* country. You've never met an American farmer—or his wife—have you, Mr. Hitler? Too bad. Otherwise you might have thought twice before you started this war.

Our cellars are used to store foods, not as bomb shelters. But our boys know the meaning of bombs. How did you like that first air raid, with not a single U. S. plane lost? Those boys didn't live on potatoes—they had meat, milk, fruits, vegetables . . . all the things we have at home. American food follows them to the corners of the earth.

How can we do it? American *women* are doing it—home-canning for the home front and saving money for War Bonds at the same time! Do you know how *much* of it they're doing? Well . . . what would *you* give for FOUR BILLION JARS of home-canned foods, Mr. Hitler?

BALL BROTHERS COMPANY
MUNCIE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Can Successfully! Put some of those 4 billion jars on *your* shelves; they represent a *dependable, low cost* food supply for your family. But be sure your home-canned foods *keep.* Use BALL Jars, Caps and Rubbers. Fill in the coupon on the printed leaflet from a carton of BALL Jars and mail it to us for a *free* copy of the BALL BLUE BOOK—complete canning instructions and more than 300 tested recipes. If you do not have the printed leaflet, send 10¢ with your name and address.

CHAPTER XIX

Lynn, following after Alan as he strode toward the lake-front, realized that he was already back in his man's world of violence and conflict. That realization grew even sharper when she saw him abruptly stop at the cliff edge and stare across the lake where the evening wild fowl were feeding in the shallows. At the same time that she saw him drop on one knee and take aim with his rifle she caught sight of two figures running down the opposing shore slope to where a plane of faded blue stood moored against a spruce-fringed bank.

Slade shot twice, but with no apparent effect on the running figures. Lynn could see them swarming about the pontoons and throwing off the mooring gear.

"It's Tumstead and Frayne," Slade cried. "They're getting away with your plane. They're doing what I—"

But Lynn's voice rose above the other.

"There's Father," she cried, "running through the trees, down the bank. He knows they've tricked him."

"Come on," he cried, "we must head them off."

"How?" she asked, panting after him.

"With my plane," he said over his shoulder. "If they get away now they're gone for good."

She kept up with him as they rounded the lake arm and bore down on the Snow-Ball Baby.

"Keep your eye on 'em," Slade called out as he made adjustments to the tail-control over his head. She knew, by the feel of the pulsating structure enclosing her, that he was flying with a full-open throttle.

"What do we do," she demanded, "when we get up with them?"

Slade indicated the rifle that had been thrown into the cabin.

She observed, a moment later, that Slade was climbing a little. She wondered as to the meaning of this maneuver. Then her eyes narrowed with a new wonder. For against the opal and gold of the northern sky she saw yet another pair of wings arrowing out of the distance. Her hope, at the moment, was that it might be the official plane from the Mountie headquarters at Coppermine, that it was help coming when help was most needed. But as she stared out through the paling light she saw that it wasn't a plane. It was a trumpeter swan, breasting the evening air lanes.

It was like a light going out when the duller blue wings of the plane in front of the watching girl veered a little and came between her and the arrowing white body.

That moment of obscured vision left her always in doubt as to how it happened. It might have been a split-second error in judgment. It might have been a final spit of venom on Tumstead's part, a final flowering of hate for what he could accept as the sign and symbol of his final defeat. But as the bird swerved, to avoid its bigger rival, the plane also swerved. They swerved in the same direction, at the same moment, and came together.

Slade banked sharply and turned, with a repeated shout as he saw the blue wings flounder and twist in their fall.

"They've lost control," he cried. "They're down."

He circled blindly, waiting for the crash. Then he dropped lower, marking the spot where the tangled mass of metal and fabric rested on its bed of broken limestone.

Lynn knew, at his quick glance about, that he was looking for open water on which to land. But she remained silent until the ship was set down and they were ashore.

"Is it the end?" she asked.

"That's what we've got to find out," he said.

He mounted the bank and started running through the scrub, without waiting for her. She followed him, as best she could.

She found Slade waiting for her on one of the limestone ridges. He stood there, staring at the flare that lighted up the evening sky just over the next hill.

"You'd better stay here," he said, his eyes on the glow above the hilltop. He knew well enough what that glow meant.

Lynn watched him as he went over the hill. It seemed a long time before he came back. He flung himself down beside her and sat there silent and dispirited.

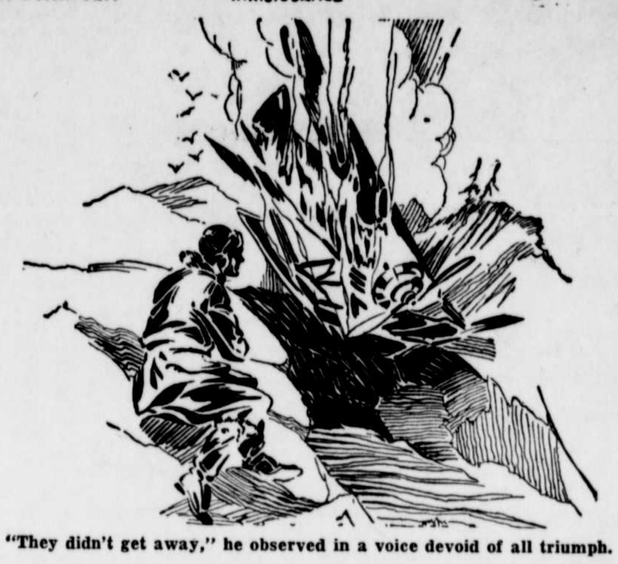
"They didn't get away," he finally observed in a voice devoid of all triumph.

Lynn, who had taken her turn at glancing about at their world of rock and water and gold-green twilight, turned back to her tired companion.

"There's nothing to do," said Slade as he rose to his feet, "except to head back while there's still a little light left."

Slade, once more hightailing it homeward from Coppermine, glanced down at the mottled country crawling under his floats.

He did a little sum on a slide rule, to check his ground speed, looked at his watch, and reached for his earphones. He smiled at the newness of the 'phones and the newness of the compact little radio set. They made the rest of the Snow-Ball Baby look old and battered. But Stan Cruger had insisted on putting them there. He wanted no more weeks of silence from either of his bush planes. And in fifteen minutes, back at Waterways, Stan was to tune in and get his report.



"They didn't get away," he observed in a voice devoid of all triumph.

Slade, while he waited, worked his dial and heard the silent ether become busy with its multitudinous voices. He caught a whiff of orchestra music from KNX, away off in Los Angeles. He caught a fragmentary message going out from Royal Canadian Signals at Yellowknife, and the air-gossip of pilots to ground-points along the Basin. He picked up snatches of weather reports and flying positions.

Slade shut out the ghostly voices and once more consulted his watch. After a glance ahead and a second glance at his instrument panel he turned back to his radio.

"CF-KCB calling Norland Airways at Waterways. Slade calling Stan Cruger at Waterways. CF-KCB calling Norland at Waterways . . . Come in, Stan. What's my signal strength? . . . Yes, I hear you fine. I'm forty-three minutes out of Wolf Lake Post heading southwest by south with a pay load of concentrates that ought to make up for that lost week. Yes, I'm feeling fit. But I want to swing in before nine. I've got to."

Slade's smile widened as the voice of his partner took the desolation out of the emptiness.

"I'll be here at the port when you shuffle in," that voice was saying, "and I think there's going to be somebody else waiting. But I wanted to tell you the Kovalevka had been libeled and held off Echo Harbor . . . The Kovalevka, that Russian icebreaker . . . And our Lockheed lands at Yellowknife about five today . . . But wait a minute. Stay in, CF-KCB. Can you hear me, Lindy? There's a lady here waiting to speak to you."

The seconds seemed long as Slade waited.

"Can you hear me, Alan?" a bell-like voice was saying to him. It was only a voice, winging half a thousand miles over a water-spangled wilderness, but it brought a warming glow to his body.

"Yes, darling, I hear you," he answered.

He knew it was Cleaver, working VBK at Coppermine, who at that point cooed across the ether: "And the sugar-lanes will now be open."

"Are you all right?" the bell-like voice asked.

"I'll be better in six hours," Slade announced. "For then I'll be seeing you."

"It will be the longest six hours in my life," Lynn's voice complained. But her laugh was a happy one.

"What did the Padre say about Thursday?" he asked.

"He won't start east until Friday. He's more excited than I am, Alan. The old dear's wired to have orchids and orange blossoms flown in from California."

"But why is he starting east?" questioned Slade.

"He's decided on a twelve-week course at McGill," was Lynn's answer. "He says it's to brush up on his surgery. But I'm hoping they'll hold him there through the winter."

"He's a grand man," Slade proclaimed.

"So is Lindy, lady," a remote and altogether unplaced voice cut in.

"Alan, are you there?" Lynn's softer voice inquired. "There seems to be interference."

"There is," said the unknown. "But take it from me, lady, he's all right. Congratulations!"

Lynn's laugh came clear.

"Who's your friend out there?" she inquired.

"I think it's Tony Frendall at Fort Smith. I'll reckon with that bird later on."

"We don't seem to have much privacy," said Lynn.

"You don't get it on the air, lady," announced a newer and deeper-throated intruder.

"Then this will have to be all, Alan," the bell-like voice was saying. "Good-by, darling," answered Slade.

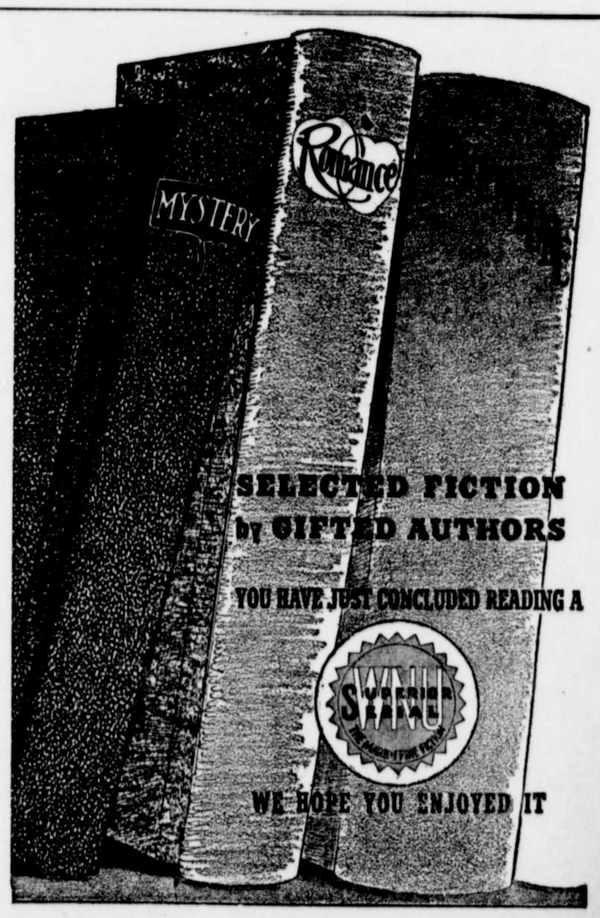
He was about to remove his earphones, but a babel of words held his hand arrested.

"So you're going to marry the girl, Lindy!"

He interpreted that as from Cap Bickell on the Basin's mail plane heading north to Herschel.

"I'm telling the world," Slade found the courage to affirm. There was even a ring of defiant pride in his proclamation.

"Perhaps more than you imagine, big boy," an unknown and caustic voice observed through the aerial chatter.

They meant well, Slade remembered as he switched off and removed his earphones. But it made him think of rough high-tops trampling through a flower bed. And he wanted to be alone, under that lonely sky of robin's-egg blue, to think about his happiness.

[THE END]