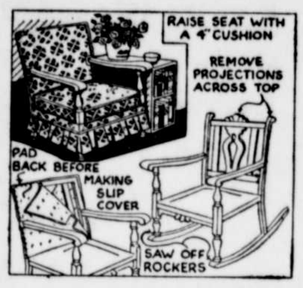
ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

IT IS not necessary to make our economies so dull and dreary that they depress every one. Let's make them so gay and attractive that they give us a lift and a bit of a challenge too. This old rocker is an example.

A saw and a wood chisel were used for removing projections and rockers. An old quilt was found for padding and the feathers from an old bolster were packed into a



thick seat cushion to raise the seat which has been lowered by removing the rockers. This required a yard and a quarter of ticking. Four and one-half yards of inexpensive chintz in a bold, modern pattern did the rest. Total cost for an up-to-date chair less than two dollars, that will serve well for the duration.

• • •

NOTE: This remodeled chair is from BOOK 5 of the series of booklets that are offered with these articles. In this book an old-fashioned couch is modernized; end tables from spools; new uses are found for a camp stool; other types of chairs are made over; and a love seat is made from an old car seat. Also patchwork designs and directions for designing and making hooked rugs. To get a copy of BOOK 5, send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10

Enclose 10 cents for Book 5.

Name .....

Address .....

STEARNS' ELECTRIC RAT & ROACH PASTE
Is the SURE DEATH EXTERMINATOR in the ALL-OUT VICTORY Effort on Your Part to Kill Rats, Mice and Cockroaches and Conserve Health and Foodstuffs
35c and $1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Effects of Thoughts

Thoughts are forces. Each creates of its kind. Each comes back laden with the effect that corresponds to itself and of which it is the cause.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

Living Poems

I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing, living poems.—Walt Whitman.

SHAVE 6 WEEKS
8 for 10c SIMPLEX BLADES FOR 10¢
SIMPLEX single edge 6 for 10c
Manufactured and guaranteed by FEDERAL RAZOR BLADE CO., NEW YORK

Facts of ADVERTISING

• ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

BOMBS BURST ONCE

By GRANVILLE CHURCH

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Jeff Curtis and his wife, Lee, are on their way to Tierra Libre when Jeff receives a note from Zora Mitchell warning them not to come. Jeff is to be chief engineer for a newly organized fruit company. They arrive in Tierra Libre to find both Zora Mitchell and her husband dead, and Jeff suspects they were murdered. He learns from Jerry McInnis, a former associate who works for a rival fruit company, that there is something strange going on and that Mitchell and Zora were killed because they knew too much. A conversation with his employer, Senor Montaya, confirms Jeff's suspicions. Montaya shows him pictures of Zora's body. Her fingers, holding a German gun, are not tightly clasped, as they would be if she had pulled the trigger herself.

NOW CONTINUE WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V

On his way home to lunch Jeff's step was springy as a boy's. As he let the gate slam behind him, Buddy and Chuck jumped from ambush behind the hedge. This brought about a free-for-all on the lawn until the resultant bedlam made Lee, watching from the screened livingroom-veranda, put fingers to her ears.

"Hey, Man-mountain!" she called to Curt. "You're worse than the boys. You know better, they don't. We have neighbors, remember."

Curt snatched up the youngsters to march inside.

"Lunch ready? I'm starved."

"Yes, but you!" she eyed him sorrowfully. "Look at you. Your only fresh whites! You look like a street cleaner on a rainy day."

Curt chuckled and pulled her to him.

"Well, you didn't marry a glamour boy. Anyway, I won't need these again for a while. I'm making the first round this afternoon, so get out my boots and field clothes. And pack my old musette bag for overnight. Won't be back till sometime tomorrow."

During lunch Curt was full of the job ahead of him, but the meal was nearly over before he realized Lee hadn't been listening with the proper enthusiasm. That pucker had returned to her forehead and it brought back a string of questions to his own mind. He paused to give her a chance.

"About Zora Mitchell, Jeff," she began.

"Yes." Curt set down his glass of iced tea, carefully. "I saw photographic evidence this morning. They took pictures when they found her. I reckon it's pretty conclusive." He tried to speak lightly.

She was silent a moment.

"But her child, so little and all alone. I kept thinking all morning what if it were Bud—" Lee bit her lip. "Don't you think, Jeff, we could take her until arrangements are made to send her north?"

"A swell idea, Lee! I should've thought of it myself. They're looking after her at the hospital nursery. I'll speak to Montaya this afternoon."

Curt reached the San Alejo station before Montaya, equipped for the field on this first tour of the C. A. T. tract. His khaki breeches, though just unfolded from his trunk, bore stains no soap could ever remove. His battered Stetson was faded and spotted from sun and rain.

A .45 hung loosely at his side, as integral a part of his outfit as the scarred boots. A bulging musette bag that had seen much service and a pair of field glasses were slung over his shoulder.

First sight of Montaya swinging down the path to the station brought a chuckle to Curt's lips. Lee's epithet, "The Dark Lily," popped into mind—and settled there for good.

He kept his promise to Lee, raising the subject of the Mitchell child before they set out.

Montaya knit his brows, selected one of his long Turkish cigarettes, fished a lighter from his pocket.

"Your former acquaintance with the Mitchells," he finally said, "is no reason for you to feel responsibility toward the child."

"We're not making the suggestion out of duty," Curt replied, a bit shortly.

Montaya studied the ash forming on the end of his cigarette. Why so much deliberation, Curt wondered, over so simple a matter? He frowned. At length Montaya spoke.

"I have been unable yet to locate the relatives. According to our records there are only two—sisters of Mrs. Mitchell, and they—ah, travel in theatrical work. It will take time to make arrangements. If Mrs. Curtis will be so kind, then. The child is not happy at the nursery."

As they rolled down the mountainside Curt had a better view of the airfield than from the unexpected glimpse of it the day before.

Again today Curt noted the length of the field, but at once realized a long runway was necessary for heavily loaded planes. His eyes traveling down the wide strip caught a glimpse, but hardly more than that, of what seemed to be a duplicate set of buildings at the far end. They were shaded by the big copse of trees left standing there, but at that end of the field the grass was grown, there was no runway. Evidently these buildings were not in use—at least as hangars.

However, along the barely visible front of the buildings ran a platform breast high, and serving this platform was a spur track leading from the airfield branch. Curt would have missed the platform if the track hadn't suggested it.

"A bodega?" he asked, and before realizing the impertinence he was offering, "Funny place for it."

But Montaya was not offended. He gave a short, deprecative laugh.

"My reason for locating them where I did was to take advantage of those trees for the comfort of the men. It is so very hot on the field. A good idea, no?"

Curt thought he detected a sardonic overtone and waited for the other to go on.

"Then arrived my aviators. They showed me that the wind is bad for that location. And the wind here never varies much. So," Montaya spread his hands, there was no steering, "I built new hangars at the upper end of the field, the site they selected."

"And the old buildings?"

"I will tear them down when I need the materials. Meanwhile, they serve as a bodega. I have some choice stocks of rosewood and hard mahogany curing there. And ciruelillo. Also much pipe and pump machinery which I was able to pick up very cheaply in bankrupt sales. One must save where one can. For the overhead irrigation system we install later. I shall send you the inventory for your perusal."

Twice on the run Curt stopped Montaya to inspect the work of ballasting in progress. On the second stop, where a crew was cribbing a section of the roadbed and installing a culvert, he found the engineer in charge was a man he'd known previously in Tierra Libre.

Bill Henderson was a lanky, happy-go-lucky individual, with a mop of sandy hair burnt by tropic sun. His skin was like leather, his eyes

"Uh, no, Curt, I cut up a bit one night."

so straight and pale that they made him seem to stare. But for all his rough exterior, he had a sheepish air in greeting Curt.

"Hiya, fella." Henderson grinned amiably, it might have been only yesterday they last met. "Heard you were coming."

"So, Bill, you finally broke away from Associated. You threatened to often enough."

"Well, uh, guess it was the other way around, Curt. They broke loose from me."

"How come?"

"Oh, reckon I went on one too many benders."

"What! Have they gone Sunday School on us over there?"

"Uh, no, Curt. I cut up a bit one night."

"Oh."

Curt surveyed the other. Under Henderson's open shirt were spots and blotches of dull red forming a solid blemish of the skin, ending jaggedly at the collarbone. Curt remembered that Henderson had always been too lazy to treat this skin fungus.

But there was something decidedly peculiar in Henderson's manner, in his careful words. The man didn't have to be on good behavior with Curt. He'd never been so restrained in the old days. Perhaps Montaya's silent presence threw a damper on the meeting. Curt commenced to stuff his pipe absently.

"Didn't get in any serious trouble, did you?"

"No." Henderson grinned feebly. "But they kinda thought a change of scenery might do me some good."

"So you crossed the river! Should've gone home. How you doing now?"

"Oh, I've been off the stuff for some time."

"Shake on that, Bill." Nothing wrong with his grip, thought Curt, wincing. "Tell you what, when you feel the urge again, look me up before you start in. I'll see you don't go too far. Anyway, we'll have to have a get-together soon for old time's sake. Come up to San Alejo. Lee will be glad to see you again."

"Sure, Curt, thanks."

Inspecting the job in hand, questioning the capacity of that size culvert, passing a few more words, took twenty minutes. Montaya took little or no part in the talk. Once Curt noticed the senor looking attentively from him to Bill Henderson, but gave it no thought.

On their way again Curt said, "Darn good worker, Bill Henderson. Only fault is he never could leave liquor alone. He can usually handle it, but it does him out of a future."

Montaya shrugged noncommittally.

They reached Tempujo by mid-afternoon. From here they'd take a power launch up the river to the main levee camp. First, however, Montaya led the way down the ridged asphalt footpath to the Tempujo engineering office.

Half of this building, all one side of it, was a single large room with almost continuous windows in three walls. Here was drafting equipment, engineering instruments.

An intelligent-looking native, at present tracing maps, was in charge of the office. Lauriano Duro bowed stiffly when introduced, then went on with his work.

While Montaya selected a couple of maps to take along on their trip upriver, he explained, "We maintain a duplicate set of our important drawings here, Mr. Curtis. This serves two purposes, convenience and insurance against fire."

Curt nodded approvingly.

The other half of the building was further divided. A screened porch in front was combination livingroom and outer office. In back of this was a small bedroom. Through an open door on the other side of the bedroom Curt could see a shower cubicle.

"This you will find most convenient when your work holds you at this end of the planting," Montaya remarked. "You use the messhall for meals."

Curt grinned. "Good enough!" They had thought of everything here.

The old Tempujo radio shack at the river dock now housed the dispatcher and his small switchboard that served Tempujo. Here ended the two telephone lines from San Alejo, one used by the dispatcher, one for general utility. They still maintained the radio, too, against emergency. Montaya entered this office to talk with San Alejo before leaving for the levee camp. Curt strode about outside.

The dock hoist was lifting a huge case from the deck of a river steamer. It was one of the crated airplane wings Curt had seen in the wharf shed at Cabeza.

Rising up over the edge of the wharf, it loomed even bigger than Curt had thought, bigger than necessary for the plane he'd seen on the ground at the airfield that afternoon. Then he remembered there were two planes in use here. But both were alike, Montaya had mentioned, as a matter of economy in servicing and replacing parts. Well, boxing increases size, Curt reasoned.

Senor Montaya joined him as Curt was nodding his satisfaction. Answering the raised brows, Curt said, "Good idea, spares. I hope you're as generous with the Engineering Department."

Montaya showed his excellent teeth. He didn't mind praise. "You will have no cause to complain, Mr. Curtis."

The Negro rolled swift, even at this season, obliging the launch to fight its way upstream. When they reached the ever-moving camp of the levee gang it was too late to go out on the job that night. After a wash-up, Montaya and Curt busied themselves with maps and progress reports in the office tent, until the fast-obliterating darkness drove the construction gang into camp.

Again Curt found an old friend among these workers.

"Slats!" he called to the bulky man pushing his feet wearily down the camp road. "I'll be damned!"

"Hello, Curt! Glad you're on the job. It'll seem like old times again."

"Has all the old guard left Associated, Slats?"

"No. We've got a number over here, but I reckon you won't know many of 'em. Myself and Bill Henderson—"

"Yeh, met him."

"—and Steve Harvey, and Lawson . . . well, only us, I guess, from the old days."

Slats, naked to the waist, his dirty shirt slung across his shoulder, a filthy hat pushed back until sweat-soaked hair escaped in a tangle, showed strong teeth as he smiled, teeth yellow with tobacco stains. But for all the friendliness of the grin, he seemed uneasy.

Montaya stood nearby. Again Curt caught a thoughtful look in the Spaniard's eyes. Or was it speculative? At any rate, the look vanished as Montaya said, "Mr. Harvey and Mr. Lawson are on the drainage laterals."

To Monahan Curt said, "Slats, how come so many of you left Associated?"

"Oh," Monahan replied hesitatingly, "they started pinching pennies for one thing, and Senor Montaya pays good wages." Then, as though he hadn't said enough, "Besides, this's a new planting, and you know how most of us feel about a new job. It's more fun building than maintaining."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

ANNA NEAGLE really ought to get a medal because of what she's done for women in uniform. The British star has been dashing about New York in her trim CDVO togs, looking so lovely in them that girls who've shied at joining up promptly decided to do it. Miss Neagle's new picture, "Wings and the Women," based on the air exploits of Amy Johnson, was filmed under blitz conditions in London, and was made with full co-operation of British authorities. It has recently been released, by RKO.

Rita Hayworth's strenuous trouping of USO camps sent her to the hospital when she finished her tour, and the attendants there are still gasping. Rita received 518 telegrams, 102 bouquets of flowers, 243 telephone calls and 134 letters!

When Nancy Gates was four, the band of Texas Teachers college made her its official sweetheart, and

NANCY GATES

she's been singing and dancing ever since. So it's not surprising that now, at 17, she's landed an important role in "This Land Is Mine."

America's new hollow-blade airplane propellor will come to the screen under the arm of Joel McCrea, in "Merry-Go-Round"; he carries a half-scale model of it in his opening scene, when, as an aeronautical engineer, he goes to Washington to get a patent, and meets Jean Arthur. The propellor is so new that none is available; the studio had to make its own sample.

Two years after their marriage William R. Anderson saw his wife, Jeff Donnell, in a wedding gown—Jeff wears it in "City Without Men," and it was such a contrast to the daytime frock in which she was really married that her husband, who's a dialogue director at Columbia, persuaded her to be photographed with him.

If you think some of the amazing incidents in "The Aldrich Family" scripts are implausible, you should know the three Goldsmith boys, sons of the man who writes the show. When the family recently visited New York the boys decided to do their own laundry; they washed quite a batch of shirts and shorts, and hung them from a window to dry—in the swankiest section of Fifth Avenue!

Marguerite Chapman and Mona Barrie were inspecting the amazingly bushy eyebrows of Fred Kelsey, Hollywood's perennial detective, on the set of "One Dangerous Night." "What do they remind you of?" asked Mona. "A Victory Garden," said Marguerite.

The war department has okayed Ginny Simms as "The Sweetheart of America's Armed Forces." That's quite a stunt of hers on "Johnny Presents"—bringing one soldier, one sailor and one marine to the mike each Tuesday night and letting them have a free phone call to anybody they select in the U.S.A. Ginny's first lead in pictures is in RKO's "Grand Canyon."

"Don Winslow of the Navy" must be one of the best known characters in the country; he's the hero of a motion picture serial, a comic strip and a radio serial; about 30,000,000 people hear, see or read about him every week. Raymond Edward Johnson, hero of the radio program, was born in Kenosha, Wis., birthplace of Frederic March, Don Ameche and Orson Welles.

ODDS AND ENDS—Benny Goodman's written the story of his life, with the idea of selling himself, his band and the story to Hollywood . . . Butch Dudle, 5, son of Doris and grandson of Bide Dudly, dramatic critic, is acting in "The Human Comedy", new Mickey Rooney picture . . . The premiere of "The Navy Comes Through" will be held in the Navy Theater, San Francisco . . . Errol Flynn's new contract with Warner Bros. calls for four pictures a year, one of which he will produce; he is now working in "Edge of Darkness" . . . After more than 10 years in radio, Announcer Bill Goodwin says he still gets mike fright!

It Appears the Little Chap Was Just Having Sum Fun!

The father, who had made a practice of helping his young son with his arithmetic problems from school, took the little fellow to church with him on a Sunday.

They arrived a trifle late, the minister having already announced the opening song to be sung by the congregation. They found their seats and hurriedly sat down, as the clergyman said: " 'Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.' Two hundred and twenty-two. Everybody!"

The little lad seemed puzzled for a moment, then nudged his father.

"Dad," he whispered, "do we have to work out this one, too?"

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Real Heat

According to Sir James Jeans, if matter the size of a pea were heated to 50 million degrees, the interior temperature of the sun, it would burn up all life within a radius of 1,000 miles.

Acid Indigestion

What many Doctors do for it

When excess stomach acid causes gas, sour stomach or heartburn, doctors prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symtomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-ans Tablets. No laxative. If your very first trial doesn't prove Bell-ans better, return bottle to us and get double your money back. 25c.

Comparing Taxes

Today in the United States, a married man with two dependents pays a tax of $12 on an income of $2,500. In England, a man, similarly situated, pays $530, or 44 times as much.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Before rubber allocation programs, one large rubber manufacturing company made close to 35,000 separate rubber items. The weights of these items ran from fractions of an ounce to hundreds of pounds.

Supported by old inner tubes that have been blessed, natives of Benares, India, stay in the waters of the Holy Ganges River for weeks at a stretch.

Rubber shortage was no worry when the first roads were constructed in the Empire of Assyria and Babylon in 1900 B.C. or when the Romans built their military roads in 302-298 B.C.

In 1941 89% of the rubber consumed in the U. S. came from lands that are now in the hands of the enemy or cut off from U. S. ships.

Two-thirds of all the natural rubber in the U. S. is in the tires and tubes on American cars.

Jerry Shaw

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

JOIN THE C.B.C.! (Civilian Bomb Corps)

BUY United States War Savings Bonds & Stamps