

THINGS for YOU TO MAKE



671

THIS chubby-cheeked dolly with movable limbs is in for lots of loving. Three pieces form her soft, cuddly body; the arms and legs are each made from two pieces. Her hair is soft yarn and her pretty clothes may be chosen from the contents of your scrap bag.

Pattern 671 contains transfer pattern and directions for doll and clothes. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 364 W. Randolph St. Chicago 89, ILL. Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



**MARY MARTIN**  
star of "True to Life," a Paramount picture, is one of the many well-groomed, well-informed Hollywood stars who use Calox Tooth Powder. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.  
**CALOX TOOTH POWDER**

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Acne, pimples, eczema, factory dermatitis, simple ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, bumps, (blackheads), and ugly broken-out skin. Millions relieve itching, burning and soreness of these miseries with simple home treatment. Goes to work at once. Aids healing, works the antiseptic way. Use Black and White Ointment only as directed. 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. 25 years' success. Money-back guarantee. Vital in cleansing is good soap. Enjoy famous Black and White Skin Soap daily.

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KILLS LICE  
"Cap-Break" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" go to work FASTER!  
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

**Keep the Battle Rolling With War Bonds and Stamps**

**DUDE WOMAN**  
By PETER B. KYNE

THE STORY SO FAR: Mary Sutherland makes arrangements to be met at Sughuaro, a flag station in Arizona. She arrives by train and waits for the station wagon from Wagon Wheel Ranch to pick her up. After a long wait, Len Henley, of Congress Junction, picks her up, and drives her to his trailer house, where she eats breakfast. Henley decides that Mary should put up at a hotel in Phoenix from which she can roam around and secure accommodations at some dude ranch. Bill Burdan, owner of the Wagon Wheel, had gone to Hamilton Henley, Sr., for a loan. After Burdan left his office Henley purchased via phone the Burdan notes and collateral from the State Bank of Arizona.

CHAPTER III

She obeyed, took a few sips and glanced up-stream as a desert raven fluttered into the water and started to drink. "Is that a crow?" she asked.

"No, that is a desert raven. Didn't you hear him croak like Poe's raven 'Nevermore'?" He assisted her to her feet. "Everything is in order," he announced, "and you are acceptable to the Spirit. You drank from the Hassyampa — and the Spirit sent his raven to light in the water above you, thus inducing you to gaze up-stream. The legend has it that if you drink and gaze up-stream you will never leave Arizona, whereas, if you drink and gaze down-stream you will never tell the truth again. Of course, if you turned out to be a pathological liar you'd have to go home or be blacklisted."

"I'm so glad I won. What are you doing with that rock in your hand?"

"I saw that raven fluttering around, uncertain whether to land up-stream or down. If he had started down-stream I was going to throw this rock at him and head him up-stream."

"Oh! So you want me to remain in Arizona?"

"I love my native state and yearn to see it do well in the matter of immigration."

"But I must go home—in the spring."

"The Spirit of the Hassyampa is a broad-minded little gnome and perfectly willing to permit his children to make little trips here and there for business and pleasure, but he does insist that they vote in Arizona. So, go back to New York if you must, but remember—you'll return."

"Will you be here when I return, Don Leonardo?"

"If I'm living I'll meet you at the depot. In fact the moment I saw you at Sughuaro I had a feeling that meeting you might develop into a habit."

"You're a dear to say that," and privately she thought: I wonder if I'll ever see him again after I return home.

"Of course not. Indeed, if I were to neglect you I should expect Providence to visit some sort of misery upon me."

He took her arm and led her back to the truck and she paused at the trailer, climbed up on a wheel and looked in at the two horses.

"This chestnut with the silver points is a beauty," she said.

"Very well, Pablito shall be your horse when you visit my ranch and I have a fine silver mounted stock saddle that used to belong to my mother. It will fit you. I assume you can ride."

"I belong to a hunt club in Virginia and ride to hounds. Where shall we ride—in Arizona?"

She saw something in his eyes that sent a tremor through her. "Over the mountains of the moon," he answered enigmatically, and did not speak to her again for ten minutes. When he did he said: "I'm worried about finding hotel accommodations for you, Miss Sutherland. During the winter season our best and second best hotels are crowded, and for the next three days guests will be sleeping in the halls on cots. I may have to secure a room for you in some respectable private home."

She had a mad impulse to inform him she would be glad to walk the streets all night provided he walked with her. She was almost dizzy with delight and didn't want to be bothered by minor problems. "Whatever you do is right, Don Leonardo," she answered. "I'm not a demanding woman nor am I a complaining one. When you volunteered to rescue me this morning you let yourself in for something, so the worry is all yours."

A motor horn sounded behind them and a long, sleek, expensive convertible sedan, with the top down slid up alongside and held steady with them, while a handsome iron-gray man leaned out and waved at Len and shouted "Hi, boy!" Len Henley waved in return and shouted: "Hi, old settler!" Then the iron-gray man spoke to his chauffeur and the car slid away from Len Henley's nondescript caravan.

"He was going to stop and have a chat with you," Mary said, "but when he saw me he changed his mind. He seemed terribly glad to see you."

"That was my father," he told her. "Old Hamilton Leonard Henley, Senior—in person. He's looking grand, isn't he?"

"I hope so." She added, out of an instinctive and wholly feminine sus-

picion that Henley, senior, deserved some mild adverse criticism. "He certainly looks far more prosperous than his son. That car cost at least four thousand dollars and I notice he has a uniformed chauffeur."

Arrived in Phoenix he pulled up in front of a hotel and, leaving her seated in the car, he disappeared inside. The clerk reported the hotel one hundred per cent full, but Mr. Henley was not disappointed, for he had anticipated that. He went to a house telephone and called a room, announced himself and was instructed to come upstairs immediately to Suite A.

A handsome, middle-aged woman met him at her door, took him in her arms and kissed him twice. These osculations he returned with interest and then said very solemnly, "Aunt Margaret, you have always professed considerable affection for me."

"You great gladiator, I love you. You're practically my boy, aren't you? Didn't your mother beg me, when she was dying, to look after you? Of course you've never given me the ghost of an opportunity to look after you, but I've always been standing by, ready to try."

"Your patience is about to be rewarded, darling. I've found the most wonderful girl in the world, there are only two hotels in this city fit

to receive her and there isn't a vacant room in either."

"Where is she?"

"Sitting in the cab of my little truck at the entrance, waiting for me to return with tidings of great joy. Margaret Maxwell, you have a golden opportunity to be a heroine."

She eyed him humorously. "Start in at the beginning and tell me everything, Len. No shooting in the dark for your old Aunt Maggie."

So he told her everything, and added, "You have a spare chamber in your suite, haven't you?"

"You know I have. You've occupied it often enough. Now what is this all about?"

"May this girl friend of mine occupy it?"

"How long?"

"Until she can find accommodations at some local dude ranch. You know how women are. They have to shop around a little."

"Well, since an emergency exists she may occupy my guest room. I'll lock it off from the remainder of my suite, and telephone the clerk to assign her to it and give her the key."

"When my mother picked a friend she picked one," he declared. "Aunt Margaret, you're the lily of the valley."

"You seem unduly excited about this young lady, Len."

"You'll be crazy about her."

"Do I have to meet her, darling?"

"I knocked on her door just after the boy brought her up, Len, and when she opened it I asked if everything was all right in her room and did she need any more towels. She didn't need any more towels but she'd like a maid to help her unpack. So I volunteered for that job, because I maintain one lady can always recognize another by her wardrobe. And, of course, I got a good look at her and we chatted some. Evidently she thought I was the housekeeper, because she tipped me a dollar and as if the tip wasn't enough she thanked me and told me I was very kind."

"Did you take her dollar?"

"Of course. A good laugh is always worth a dollar, isn't it? The girl gets by your old Aunt Maggie on probation—and on the face of incomplete returns I've decided you're not so juvenile as I thought you were this morning."

"Darling, if you were twenty-one I wouldn't even look at her."

"The blarney of you! Well, I telephoned her an invitation to cocktails and told her you'd bring her to my suite."

"Did she accept?" he inquired eagerly—and stupidly.

"I fear, Len, you have never fed a sardine to a cat. It's six o'clock and that girl is sitting by the telephone waiting—waiting—waiting."

"How do you know?"

"I know that the girl who wouldn't wait by the telephone for you must be too ill to crawl to it. Come up, you great simpleton and bring that lovely thing with you."

"She's all dressed up and so am I," he crowed triumphantly. "You're taking us to a dinner dance at the country club at eight."

"But I haven't reserved a table for you and this girl."

"Woman, I reserved it in your name this morning. Better dig yourself up a beau."

"I have one and he's all dressed up, too."

Two minutes later Mary Sutherland heard a door open across the hall and men's voices drifted in to her through her open transom. Somebody said: "Hello, Len Henley."

Len Henley replied cheerfully, "Hello, you Wades. I hear you beat that indictment the grand jury brought in against you for cattle stealing."

The man who had greeted him said on a surly note: "We won't discuss that, Henley."

"Oh, yes you will," came the brisk reply, "because I have a very sound reason for discussing it. I'm glad I bumped into you boys here, because the meeting saves me a call on you at your ranch. I am of the opinion that none of you has sufficient intelligence to quit the game and that you'll keep on burning over other people's brands and carting off other people's yearlings to a bootleg butcher in your big truck and trailer until somebody gets you squarely between the cross-hairs of a panoramic sight on an army rifle. I hope that job will not fall to me, although I assure you if it should I'll not flunk it. I want to warn you monkeys that I'm going to buy the Wagon Wheel ranch."

After having seen Mary safely ensconced at the hotel, Len had gone out to the rodeo grounds. Pedro was there with the trailer house parked back of the barns in the infield.

Len Henley drew a horse known as Mad Hatter and when he announced it fifty men cried, in unison, like coyotes, and one contestant, who had been a runner-up for the world the year previous, grinned at Len and said: "So you don't make first day money in the bronc riding tomorrow, do you, Henley?"

"Why?" Len demanded.

"Because Mad Hatter'll stack you. He stacked you at Salinas, at Calgary and at Pendleton, just as he's stacked every man that's ever topped him—including me. An' he'll stack you again."

"How many times has he unloaded you?"

"Twice."

"Did you learn anything from the experience?"

"I learned that the man that can make time on that horse ain't been born and ain't likely to be."

"Want to bet I fail to make time on him tomorrow afternoon?"

"Would a cat eat liver?"

"What odds will you give me?"

"Two to one."

"Big time gambler, aren't you offering two to one on a horse that has never been ridden?"

Another man pressed forward. "I'll lay you three to one you don't make time on Mad Hatter, Henley. Seventy-five to twenty-five."

"You've made a bet," Len raised his voice. "Any other man willing to lay me three to one on Mad Hatter can meet me in the secretary's office after this rush is over. He'll be the stake holder. There will be no finger bets. Cash on the barrel-head."

He was overwhelmed with business immediately. . . . When he left the rodeo grounds at noon he had made bets which stood to win him three thousand dollars if he could stay on Mad Hatter, without violating any of the Rodeo Association of America's rules for a winning ride, until the presiding judge should fire his pistol. He was regarded by all who made bets with him as one far from sane, and, of course, the association's publicity man promptly seized upon this news to plant a front page story in the local afternoon paper, together with a picture of Len Henley on Mad Hatter in action and taken at the Pendleton round-up three seconds before Mr. Henley had been sent sailing off into space.

Wherefore, Hamilton L. Henley, Senior, late that afternoon was made aware that his son, recently declared champion cowboy of the world, would be a special attraction on the opening day of the show, in that he had drawn Mad Hatter, undefeated champion buckner of the world, who had already gained three decisions over Mr. Henley. Nevertheless, the latter was accepting bets, at three to one, that the following afternoon he would ride Mad Hatter and "make time."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has prepared a large sheet with actual size quilt piece patterns for three of her favorite quilts. The Kaleidoscope, the Ann Rutledge and the Whirl Wind are included. This is pattern No. 200 and the price is 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 200.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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DRESSES MINOR WOUNDS  
**MOROLINE**  
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Queer Fish  
The Labrador square fish walks on land and can remain as long as four days out of water.

Fish in Desert  
Water from wells 300 feet deep have brought fish to the surface of the Sahara desert. It is presumed they have traveled through underground streams.

A REALLY FINE TEA  
**CARMEN**  
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE  
TEA

ON THE HOME FRONT with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



**Kaleidoscope**  
WHITE  
DARK BLUE  
MEDIUM BLUE  
SIMPLE BLOCK IN STRAIGHT ROWS GIVES INTRICATE EFFECT

ON THE center table in most Victorian parlors there was a kaleidoscope. Guests gazed into this after they tired of looking at the family album. Bits of colored glass were reflected in an endless number of intricate patterns in this ingenious device. Very much the same effect was obtained by the method of putting together the simple six-inch quilt block shown here and that is why the pattern was called the kaleidoscope.

This quilt has just the right flavor for today's decorating trends. It will make a stunning spread for your bed either in the colors suggested here or in any other combination that suits your room. The blocks are so easy to piece and are such a convenient size to carry around that they make ideal summer pick-up work.

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**ATHLETE'S FOOT NEWS**

"80.6% of sufferers showed CLINICAL IMPROVEMENT after only 10-day treatment with SORETONE"

Foster D. Snell, Inc., well-known consulting chemists, have just completed a test with a group of men and women suffering from Athlete's Foot. These people were told to use Soretone. At the end of only a ten-day test period, their feet were examined in two ways: 1. Scrapings were taken from the feet and examined by the bacteriologist. 2. Each subject was examined by a physician. We quote from the report:

"After the use of Soretone according to the directions on the label for a period of only ten days, 80.6% of the cases showed clinical improvement of an infection which is most stubborn to control."

Improvements were shown in the symptoms of Athlete's Foot—the itching, burning, redness, etc. The report says:

"In our opinion Soretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot.'"

So if Athlete's Foot troubles you, don't temporize with this nasty, devilish, stubborn infection. Get SORETONE! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**SHE SUCKS YOUR BLOOD and leaves LIVING DEATH!**

Stop her before she bites . . . with FLIT! Flit is sudden death to all mosquitoes. Yes! Even the dread Anopheles . . . the mosquito that carries malaria from a sick man to you . . . the mosquito you can tell, because it stands on its head . . . is easy to kill with Flit. Buy an ample supply of Flit, today!

**FLIT** kills flies, ants, moths, bedbugs and all mosquitoes.

BE SURE IT'S FLIT!  
ASK FOR THE YELLOW CONTAINER WITH THE BLACK BAND!