

**ASK ME ANOTHER?**  
A General Quiz

**The Questions**

1. Approximately how much of the total land acreage of the United States is covered with forests?
2. What is a peccadillo?
3. When was FDR first inaugurated?
4. With what group of men is the name Ethan Allen associated?
5. What physical force throws people off revolving turntables at amusement parks?
6. What state, North or South Dakota, was admitted to the Union first?

**The Answers**

1. One-third.
2. A petty fault.
3. March 4, 1933.
4. The Green Mountain boys.
5. Centrifugal force.
6. Both were admitted to the Union on the same day, November 2, 1889.



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New cream positively stops underarm perspiration odor

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this dainty deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora in tubes or jars—10¢, 20¢, 50¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**YODORA DEODORANT CREAM**

**SKIN IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL CAUSE**

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**PEPTO-BISMOL**  
when your stomach is UPSET

Be gentle with upset stomach. Don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Soothing PEPTO-BISMOL is not laxative, not antacid. It helps calm and soothe upset stomach. Pleasant to the taste—children like it. Ask your druggist for PEPTO-BISMOL when your stomach is upset.

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**Sale! Men's Work Shoes**

Rebuilt Army Shoes, New \$2.99  
Sturdy Soles and Heels.  
DRESS OXFORDS \$1.99  
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Satisfaction or Money Back.  
Free New big family catalog.  
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A man with agricultural background, willing to travel. Large, nationally known organization has opening for capable intelligent man. Good opportunity for advancement. Salary and expenses. Box 234, Western Newspaper Union, Detroit.

**Why Suffer?**

FOR RHEUMATISM AND PAINS OF RHEUMATISM NEURITIS-LUMBAGO

**MCEIL'S MAGIC REMEDY**

BRINGS BLESSED RELIEF  
Large Bottle 75c; Small 45c—Small Size 60c  
CASH: SEE ONLY AT DRUGGIST  
AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES or BY MAIL on receipt of price  
MCEIL DRUG CO., Inc., JACKSONVILLE 4, FLORIDA

**DUDE WOMAN**  
By PETER B. KYNE

**THE STORY SO FAR:** Mary Sutherland arrives at Sighuro, a Bag station in Arizona, and waits for the station wagon from Wagon Wheel Ranch to pick her up. After a long wait Len Henley comes along in a truck and drives her to a Phoenix hotel, where his Aunt Margaret gives her the guest room until she is able to find accommodations at some dude ranch. Len's father, Hamilton Henley, has acquired the Wagon Wheel by buying up the notes and collateral of Bill Burdan from the State Bank of Arizona after Burdan has come to him for a loan, which Henley refused. Len Henley meets the Wades, who have beat the indictment the jury brought against them for cattle stealing.

**CHAPTER IV**

At four o'clock, while Ham Henley was still in his office, his son telephoned and Jess Hubbell answered and identified himself. "Mr. Hubbell," said Len, "there's a story in this afternoon's Republican, and I want you to tell my father I didn't inspire it and that I'm sorry as I can be, because I know he loathes such publicity as much as I do."  
"He read it, Len."  
"What did he say?"  
"He said, 'enough. Still he was interested. You got any more money to bet on yourself versus Mad Hatter? Your father sort of fancies the horse.'"  
"How much?"  
"Your bankroll is the limit."  
"I'll not risk my all, but I'll take my father on for a thousand, if he'll give me three to one."  
"No more?"  
"Not another dime. And I wouldn't take the thousand except to oblige my affectionate father. Make a three-thousand-dollar check out to the secretary of the rodeo association. My check will be there, too."

"No, no, not that, Len, you impulsive devil! We'd only have a bigger and better story on the front page of the morning paper. Wait until I confer with your father."  
In half a minute he came back on the line. "Your father says you're an unnatural son but he still thinks you're a gentleman and will pay your bets without the aid of a stakeholder. He hopes you have an equally good opinion of him."  
"I'll admit everything except that he's an unnatural father. The worst I'll say about him is that he's a peculiar man and I don't understand him. Tell him we have a bet and that I'll be in to collect it from him personally. If he thinks—"  
"Wait a minute, Len. Your father's shouting something for me to tell you. . . He wants to know, Len, if you know where old Bill Burdan and his wife are. He presumes you wintered on the Wagon Wheel as usual so you should know."  
"They're in town, but where I don't know. I have an idea they're staying with a distant relative. However, the old man arranged this morning to meet me at five-thirty, so I'll get his address then. Things have happened to the old folks and they've left the Wagon Wheel."  
There was a hiatus in the conversation. Then: "Your father says he'll be obliged to you if you'll ask Burdan to call at this office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."  
"Ask him if he's coming out to the rodeo tomorrow afternoon to see three thousand dollars hop from his pocket into mine."  
Another conversational relay. "He says he wouldn't miss it for considerable."

At half-past five Ma Burdan drove up in the station wagon and sitting beside her, looking quite happy for one in his desperate financial situation, was Pa Burdan. "Yi, yi-yi," he yipped. "Anybody home?"  
"Come in and bring Ma," Len shouted. When they entered Len kissed Ma and said, "Ain't love grand, Ma? It conquers all. Pa, while I think of it, my father would like to see you at his office about ten o'clock tomorrow morning."  
"I spoke to him twenty minutes ago, Len. He seen Ma an' me drivin' past his office an' flagged us."  
"Well, he didn't git far with us," Ma declared belligerently. "Guess what he wanted? Why, I never was more insulted in my life. He wanted us to give him a quit-claim deed to the home ranch an' assign the state land leases to him an' in return he'd give us five hundred dollars. Pa was for grabbin' it but I says 'Nothin' doin', and threw in the gears an' left him standin' there."  
"We'd ought to have took it," Pa mourned. "We're goin' to lose everything anyhow. It'd been like pickin' five hundred dollars out o' the gutter."  
"You ol' hoot owl," Ma said mildly. "That's just what Ham Henley hoped you'd think. How'd he treat you when you was in to see him about askin' him to help us? Why, he scolded you somethin' scandalous. He hurt your feelin's—an' them as hurts your feelin's, Pa, has got me to reckon with."

"Don't know as I blame him, Ma. I didn't expect he'd help me; I expect I didn't have no right to ask him to help me."  
"Nevertheless, Pa, I think Ma acted with discretion in according his offer her finest brand of contempt, even if she didn't know it. Father must have called at the Wagon Wheel early this morning, because he passed me on the way in to Phoenix. He discovered you and Ma had abandoned the ranch, so inasmuch as he is a director of the State Bank

at Prescott he probably telephoned them they'd have to move in and take charge without waiting for judgment on foreclosure suits. The court would grant them that privilege on the proper representation, but the bank asked him to see you and get a quit-claim deed to the home ranch and a bill-of-sale to the cattle, to save legal expense and wastage and permit them to take over immediately. Did my father say, in consideration of your doing this, that the bank would not take a deficiency judgment against you?"  
"I didn't give him time to speak his piece," Ma declared proudly. "As soon as I realized he wanted something I made up my mind he wasn't goin' to get it."  
"He was only acting for the bank. I hear the bank will not make a cattle loan he doesn't approve. I'm going to see him tomorrow evening and when I do I'll try to make a better deal for you. Meantime, keep away from him. Leave this to me."  
"You're the darlin'est boy," said Ma. "Ain't he, Pa? Oh, Len, why ain't you good friends with your father so's he'd buy the Wagon Wheel for you? You'd let Pa come back an' work for you then, wouldn't you, honey? An' I could keep house for you an' look after you an' you wouldn't need to pay us much, because we wouldn't need much."  
"Are you going to divorce Pa?" he inquired wickedly.  
"I reckon not, Len. Seems like I got to put up with him."

When Mary opened her door in response to Len's knock she saw standing before her, not the cowboy who had picked her up at Sighuro that morning, but a gentleman of

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"I hope you realize," she said, "that if I visit the Wagon Wheel ranch after you acquire it you'll have to provide a chaperon."  
"I am about to introduce you to a chaperon to end all chaperons. I call her my Aunt Margaret, but that's just a hold-over from boyhood's happy hours. She was my mother's bride's-maid. Widow-woman, as we say out here."  
Mrs. Maxwell opened the door to Len's ring and said "Hello, Len. Come in, Miss Sutherland. You're as welcome as the Henley boy—and he has the run of the premises."  
Mary was startled and confused for a moment, but her sense of humor bridged the situation. She held out her hand and commanded, "Gimme!" and Margaret Maxwell solemnly laid a silver dollar in the open palm. "I am a very curious woman, Miss Sutherland. I had to see promptly whether or no you measured up to your advance notices. Thank God, you do."  
"You're sly but likeable," Mary replied and in the good humor thus engendered she entered. "A votive offering for you, Aunt Margaret," said Len and handed her the box he was carrying. He stepped across the room, his hand outstretched to an oldish man who rose as they entered. "Hello, pappy," he cried heartily, jerked his father to him and ran his other hand through Hamilton Henley's hair. "You've turned roan since I saw you last."  
"An' you've thickened up a lot, son," Ham Henley turned toward Mary and bowed. "I think I saw you ridin' down the road with my son this mornin', miss."  
"Miss Mary Sutherland, pappy, Miss Mary, this is my old man."  
Ham Henley gave her a mild handshake, looked her over swiftly but with an intensity that told her he had missed nothing and then shifted his gaze to his son. "Margaret didn't tell me you were going to drop in," he said.  
"You needn't explain. She didn't tell me either, old-timer. What a lot of delight we'd miss if women weren't so fond of surprise parties."  
"I reckon they invented Santa Claus, son."  
"Orchids," Mrs. Maxwell cried, delighted. "Len, you're a dear. I haven't had an orchid since you were here a year ago. I should like to assure you that such extravagance is sinful, only I don't think it is when I'm on the receiving end. Len, your father tells me you are retiring from the rodeo circuit when the Phoenix rodeo closes."  
"Jess Hubbell gave me that message," Ham Henley said anxiously. "I hope he got it straight."  
"He did, sir."  
Mary helped serve the cocktails and Len passed a plate of hors-d'oeuvres. "Don Leonardo's a pig," she declared. "He wouldn't wait for you two. He insisted on having one drink with me."  
"I had to test your liquor, Aunt Margaret," he defended, "to make certain you weren't feeding us fighting whisky." He clinked his glass against his father's. "How, Hamilton, old sport. This time tomorrow night you'll be three thousand dollars poorer and I'll be six thousand dollars richer. And that will constitute an accomplishment. It needs a good man to nick you that deeply."  
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"Yes, I reckon he is pretty nice, young lady. In fact, I never knew him nicer than he is today. His decision to quit the rodeo nonsense certainly makes me happy."  
"I wish I could believe I have contributed to this reorganization of your son's social consciousness, Mr. Henley, but I fear his decision to engage in some less dangerous and more dignified method of making a livelihood is the result of his spiritual growth—a sort of mile-stone in his evolution. Cheers for you, Don Leonardo, and success to you in the cow business."



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the world, quite at ease in dinner clothes, overcoat and white silk muffler. "Why, Doctor Jekyll," she exclaimed, "where did you leave Mr. Hyde?"  
He did a little jig step. "Behold! This morning I was a chrysalis in my cocoon. Tonight I am a butterfly. I don't cheer for your simile, however. Dr. Jekyll used to dry-gulch people, didn't he?"  
"Sound travels at the rate of at least a mile a second. . . How far is it from the corridor where you stood a moment ago, over the transom and into my room?"  
"It appears I talked out of my turn," he replied without embarrassment.  
"Did you really mean what you said to those men, or were you just trying to frighten them?"  
"I wasn't bluffing and I don't think they were particularly impressed. They aren't sufficiently intelligent."  
"This morning you decided you were too poor to buy the Wagon Wheel ranch. What have you been doing since I saw you last? Playing the market or shooting craps?"  
"Neither. I have merely yielded to my ruling impulse and that is to take a chance. I have often reflected on having a bank beg a favor of me—and as I came up in the elevator I realized how it could be done. I was inspired—and I accuse you of having been the source of the inspiration."  
"Tell me," she urged.  
"I can finance the sort of deal I have in mind. I know I can. And as soon as I do I shall reopen the dude department of the Wagon Wheel ranch, install a competent cook and housekeeper and solicit your trade—as a non-paying guest."  
"I hope you can."  
He had two boxes under his arm and he gave her one. "There were only four orchids in town and I bought them. Here are your two. That green frumpy dress, by the way, goes very well with your hair, and I'm so glad you haven't green eyes. Your eyes have been bothering me all day. I got the fool notion they were green. Instead they're hazel."

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**THINGS for You TO MAKE**



**5739**  
apron. Make the apron in colorful checked cotton—it's a splendid kitchen "shower" gift!  
To obtain complete applique pattern and apron pattern for the Cherry Basket Apron (Pattern No. 5739), sizes: small (34-38), medium (38-42), and large (42-44), send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

**5746**  
YOUR government asks you to take a marketing bag with you when you go to the grocer's and to take as many packages as possible without paper wrappings. Paper bags are becoming a vanishing item! Provide yourself with a crocheted string bag. This one is made of bedspread crochet cotton so it's strong and durable. When not in use, it folds up into a tiny compact ball.  
To obtain complete crocheting directions for the Folding Shopping Bag (Pattern No. 5746) send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

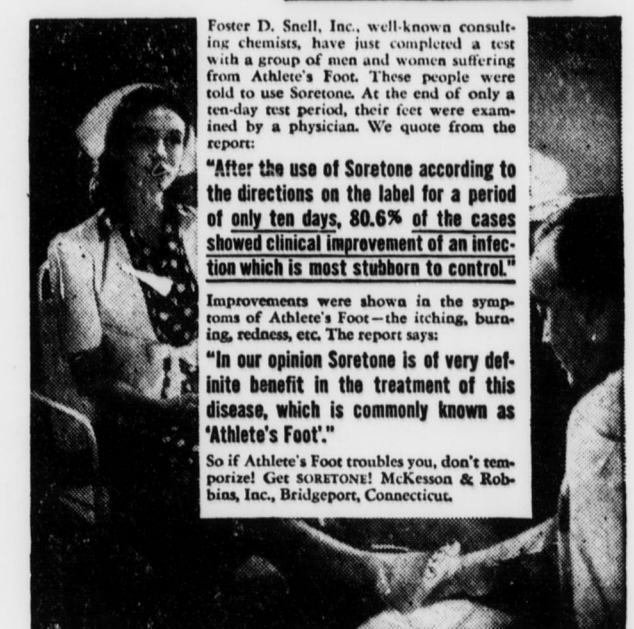
**Applique Apron**  
A BIG coverall apron for summer has a "basket" pocket of dark green and bright red cherries, green leaves and basket handle applied onto the body of the



**VACATION IN COOL, SCENIC GRANDEUR ABOVE THE CLOUDS**  
SWIM, GOLF, RIDE HORSEBACK, DANCE, HIKE  
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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 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! Get SORETONE! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.