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LADY WANTED in every community, both rural and city, to sell line of household necessities to her neighbors. Our line includes such scarce items as cheese and laundry soap. Liberal commission. General Products Company (U.S.), Albany, Georgia.

**Splitting Dust Specks**

A new micromanipulator that holds tools invisible to the unaided eye, such as a chisel only one twenty-five hundredth of an inch wide, enables a scientist to use them under a microscope to spread out, pick up, saw in two or pull apart infinitesimal specks of dust and rust.



For cough and throat irritations resulting from colds or smoking, millions use



**COUGH LOZENGES**

Really soothing because they're really medicated. Each F & F Cough Lozenge gives your throat a 15 minute soothing treatment that reaches all the way down... below the gargle line. Only 10¢ box.

**Why Suffer?**  
FOR MILD ACRES AND PAINS OF RHEUMATISM NEURITIS-LUMBAGO

**MCNEIL'S MAGIC REMEDY**  
BRINGS BLESSED RELIEF

Large Bottle (12 oz.) \$1.25 - Small Size 60¢  
CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED  
AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES OR BY MAIL on receipt of price  
MCNEIL BROS. CO., INC., JACKSONVILLE 4, FLORIDA

**Remember the tomatoes you grew last year?**

Of course you remember them—the seeds you planted from a Ferry packet; the luscious, ripe fruits; the mouth-watering flavor of those fresh salads; the inviting array of cans you put up for winter.

Ferry's Seeds are ready again to help make your garden yield a maximum of success and enjoyment. Have a better garden with Ferry's Seeds. On sale at your favorite dealer.

**FERRY-MORSE SEED CO.**  
San Francisco 24

LET THE GOOD FERTH PRODUCE **PLANT**

**Ferry's SEEDS**

**Relief At Last For Your Cough**

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

**WOMEN IN YOUR '40's**  
Do You Hate HOT FLASHES?

If you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, nervous, a bit blue at times—all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps regulate and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S COMPOUND**

**Watch Your Kidneys!**  
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**A Bell for Adano**  
By John Hersey

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** The American troops arrived at Adano, a seaport in Italy, with Major Victor Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge. Sergeant Leonard Borth, an M.P., was to be in charge of security. The Major set out immediately to win the friendship of the citizens, and to improve their living conditions. The first duties of the Major, after posting the civil instructions, was to find out what the citizens needed the most. He soon determined to replace their bell, which the Germans had taken. Major Joppolo found that the bell was the very symbol of their private and civic life in Adano. He determined to secure a bell satisfactory to the people.

**CHAPTER III**

Craxi said: "I needed no bell. I was on the beach to welcome the Americans. My woman was with me, the formidable Margherita, and my seven children. We were on the beach in spite of the shooting, to greet the Americans. But what did my children shout? They did not shout: 'We miss the tinkling of the bell.' They shouted: 'Caramelle! Caramelle!' They were hungry. They wanted candy. I myself, who had had enough to eat as it happens, shouted for cigarettes, not for the pealing of a bell."

Borth and the usher Zito came back. Borth said: "It's nifty, Major. All the records are intact. They tell everything. There are lists of anti-Fascists and lists of those who were enthusiastic and the others who were lukewarm. There's a dossier on each important person. It's perfect. Who are these guys?"

Cacopardo said: "Cacopardo is my name, at your service, sir. Cacopardo is sulphur and sulphur is Cacopardo."

Borth said: "I remember that name. In the records it says Cacopardo's crazy."

Craxi said: "That is true. He thinks that bells are more important than food."

Borth turned on Craxi in mock anger. "And who is this?"

Craxi was apologetic again: "I am anti-Fascist. Craxi. I believe in food for the moment."

Major Joppolo said: "They are arguing which is more important, food or restoring the bell. Since we obviously can't do anything about the bell just now, food is our concern."

Craxi looked very proud of himself, but Cacopardo turned to Zito and said: "We will leave this matter to the son of Rosa who was the wife of Zito. What do you say, small Zito, do you consider the food or the bell more important?"

Surprisingly Zito said: "I think the bell."

Major Joppolo was interested by this. He leaned forward and said: "Why, Zito?"

Zito said: "Because the tone of the bell was so satisfactory."

"No," said Cacopardo, "it is because of the history of the bell. When the bell spoke, our fathers and their fathers far back spoke to us."

Even Craxi was swept into this argument. "No," he said, "it was because the bell rang the times of day. It told us when to do things, such as eating. It told us when to have the morning egg and when to have pasta and rabbit and when to drink wine in the evening."

Zito said: "I think it was the tone which mattered. It soothed all the people of this town. It chided those who were angry, it cheered the unhappy ones, it even laughed with those who were drunk. It was a tone for everybody."

Giuseppe came in bringing the priest. Father Pensavecchio was gray-haired and cheerful, and as he approached the group around the Major's desk he made a motion with his right hand which might have been interpreted either as a blessing or as a Fascist salute.

After the introductions, Major Joppolo said to the priest: "Father, we are speaking of the old bell which was taken away."

Father Pensavecchio said: "That is the disgrace of this town. I have in my church a bell which is just as loud as the one which was taken away, though not so sweet and much younger and altogether meaningless as a bell. Any other bell would have done as well in my belfry. I wanted to send my bell. But the Monsignor would not permit it. The Monsignor is the uncle of the Mayor. He has reasons for doing the things he does—" Father Pensavecchio crossed himself, indicating that the things which the Monsignor did were somewhat ugly; "—but in this case I believe he was wrong."

Borth said: "It's ridiculous. There are lots of things more important than this bell. Get them some food and don't forget that alleyway."

Major Joppolo said: "All the same, the bell is important to them." And he said in Italian: "Thank you for telling me about the bell. I promise you that I will do all I can to get another bell which will have some meaning as a bell and will have a good tone and its history will be that it was given to you by the Americans to take the place of the one which was taken away by the Fascists to make gun barrels."

Cacopardo said: "You are kind."

Craxi said: "I thank you, Mister Major, and I kiss your hand."

Major Joppolo said: "You what?"

Cacopardo the historian said: "He meant no offense. It is an old cus-

tom here. Once the important people make us kiss their hands, and later when the actual kissing became too much of a bother, it became the habit merely to mention the kissing, as if it had been done."

Craxi said: "I meant no offense, Mister Major. I am anti-Fascist."

Major Joppolo said: "It appears that everyone in this town is anti-Fascist. Well, we will see about the bell. Now I wish to speak alone with the priest. Zito, you may stay. You are my usher. Giuseppe, you may stay. You are my interpreter."

Craxi said: "Mister Major, the telegram."

Major Joppolo said: "I will try to send it."

Craxi mentioned the kissing again, and turned to go.

When the others had gone, Major Joppolo said to Father Pensavecchio: "Father, I wish to tell you that the Americans want to bring only good to this town. As in every nation, there are some bad men in America. It is possible that some Americans who come here will do bad things. If they do, I can assure you that most of the Americans will be just as ashamed of those things as you are annoyed by them."

Father Pensavecchio said: "I think we will understand weakness in your men just as we try to understand it in our own."

Major Joppolo said: "Thank you, Father. I have been told that you are the best priest in Adano."

The priest said with quite honest modesty: "I am here to do my duty."

Major Joppolo said: "Therefore I should like to ask a favor of you."



Blood and wind rushed into his throat and his throat roared.

You must feel perfectly free to refuse me if you wish. I should like to ask you to say a few words before your mass tomorrow morning about the Americans. I shall leave it to you to say what you wish, if you will merely add that there are certain proclamations which the Americans have posted which ought to be read."

Father Pensavecchio said: "That I can easily do."

Major Joppolo said: "I myself am a Catholic. If you will have me, I should like to attend your mass."

The priest said: "It will be a pleasure to have you." Major Joppolo was glad that he did not say it would be an honor.

Major Joppolo said: "I shall see you tomorrow then."

Father Pensavecchio said, just to make sure: "At the Church of San Angelo. It is by the Piazza of that name. At seven in the morning. Until then, son."

When the priest had left, Giuseppe said in his brand of English: "You doing okay, a boss. All you got a do now is fix a food."

"Yes," said Major Joppolo, "food. We'll go to the bakeries. But first, do you have a crier here?"

Giuseppe said to Zito in Italian: "What is the name of the crier? Did he run into the hills with the others?"

Zito said: "No, he is here. Mercurio Salvatore. He is here. Only, Mister Major, he does not always say exactly what you tell him to say. He will say the general meaning of what you wish, but he will change it some. Even if you write it down, he will change it some."

Major Joppolo said: "Will you get him, please, Zito? I want to send him out to tell the people to read the proclamations."

Zito went. Major Joppolo said to Giuseppe: "We will go to the bakeries, then we will post the proclamations."

Giuseppe said: "Okay, a boss."

Major Joppolo looked down at his desk and saw Craxi's telegram. He undid the safety pin and unfolded the paper and read:

"To Franklin D. Roosevelt, Cap-

itol Building, Washington, D. C. Fremonte di gioia per la liberta da mol- to tempo attesa che i vostri valorosi soldati anno dato alla citta d'Adano stop vi prego accettare i sentimenti sinceri della mia gratitudine e riconoscenza. Antifascista Giovanni La Concetta fu Craxi."

"Giuseppe," the Major said, "let's see how good you are as an interpreter. Now, this is for President Roosevelt. You must make it as eloquent as you can. What does it say?"

"To Franklin D. Roosevelt and a so forth," said Giuseppe. "Crazy with joy because of a liberty so long time awaited which your brave a soldier have a give to a town of Adano. What's a stop?"

"That's just the end of a sentence, Giuseppe."

"End a sentence. I beg a you accept a sincere sentiments of my gratitude and a recognition. Signed a this Craxi. You going to deliver it, a boss?"

"Sure," the Major said, "the President will be glad to hear."

Mercurio Salvatore, crier of the town of Adano, took a little time to show up, because he had to get into his uniform. His face was happy when he did arrive, because he had thought that his crying days were over. Having been a voice of Fascism for seventeen years, he thought that the newcomers would not want his loud shouts. He had taken his uniform off and hidden it in the house of Carmelina the wife of Fatta. He had then awkwardly paraded himself in civilian clothes and the people, having seen him in uniform for seventeen years, laughed at him.

"Where is the crier?" they asked each other in his presence.

"He has disappeared into the clothes of Fatta which do not fit him," they shouted, and laughed.

Therefore Mercurio Salvatore was happy and grateful when he presented himself to Major Joppolo. "I am glad to be able to serve you and I kiss your hand," he said in his husky voice. Indoors he had learned to speak in a kind of whisper, because he knew the strength of his throat.

If Major Joppolo had been any other American officer, he would have laughed outright at Mercurio Salvatore.

He said: "Crier, I have a job for you. I must explain this to you: the Americans are different from the Fascists. They are different in many ways. For this reason there will be quite a few changes in Adano. I hope that they will be changes for the better."

Mercurio Salvatore said: "Yes, Mister Major," to show that he would remember every word of it.

The Major said: "In order to explain some of these changes, I am going to post at various prominent places around the town a number of proclamations, which will make everything clear. All I want you to do is to tell the people to read these proclamations. Impress on them that the penalties for not obeying the proclamations will be severe. That is all."

Mercurio Salvatore looked disappointed. "That is not much to shout," he said.

Major Joppolo said: "Shall I name a new crier?"

Mercurio Salvatore said quickly: "Oh no, Mister Major, I will make something beautiful of what you have said."

Major Joppolo said: "The proclamations will be posted before five o'clock this afternoon."

Mercurio Salvatore said: "Yes, Mister Major," and left.

He picked up his drum where he had left it outside the Major's office. Ordinarily he had made his first cry in the Piazza Progresso, right in front of the Palazzo, but this time he was self-conscious, and wanted to have a few tries before crying within earshot of the Major. Therefore he went first to the park opposite the Cathedral.

He rolled his drum long and sharply.

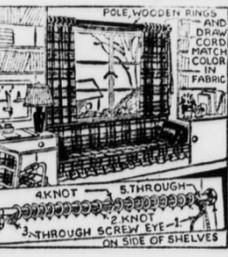
He took a deep breath. Blood and wind rushed into his throat, and his throat roared: "Well, you laughed. But you can see that Mercurio Salvatore is still your crier. The Americans are friends of Mercurio Salvatore. The Americans wish to be your friends, too. You have been expecting the Americans for some time, but did you expect the changes which would come after the Americans? Did you know that they were going to change many things after they came? Did you know that they were going to change practically everything except the crier? Well, your crier is here to tell you this."

Now Mercurio Salvatore filled his lungs and belted: "Opposite me I see Carmelina the wife of Fatta in front of her house. I also see the lazy Fatta leaning against the wall of his wife's house. The crier wishes to thank Carmelina for storage of his uniform during the difficult time of the invasion. He wishes also to address a few words to her lazy husband. It is unfortunate, lazy Fatta, that you never learned to read. It is too bad that you were too slothful to memorize the letters of the alphabet. This afternoon you would have had a chance to read of the changes which our friends the Americans intend to bring about here in Adano.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Making That Problem Window Fit Perfectly Into the Room Setting**

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



NOTE: These curtains are from the 32-page booklet "Make Your Own Curtains" which Mrs. Spears has prepared for readers. To get a copy send 15 cents with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for booklet "Make Your Own Curtains."  
Name.....  
Address.....

THE smart plaid curtains shown herewith match the window seat and several slip covers, and the wooden curtain pole, rings and draw cord match the dominant color in the plaid repeating the color of small cushions and lamp base. The window lets in the maximum of light and you would never guess that originally it looked like a postage stamp in the middle of a blank wall. At first it seemed impossible to curtain it because fixtures could not be screwed to metal casements or the plaster.

The built-in book shelves helped that. A space a foot wide was allowed at each side of the window so that the curtains could hang over the wall, and the painted wooden pole was then screwed to the sides of the shelves. The diagram shows this and how the draw cord was knotted so that the curtains could be pulled back and forth.

**HOUSEHOLD TIPS**

Add a bit of vinegar to the dishwasher to cut the grease.

A temperature of from 60 to 65 degrees F. is suitable for most plants.

To prevent corks from sticking in bottles containing glue or polishes, coat the cork with vaseline.

To prevent your piano wires from rusting, tack a small bag of unslacked lime just inside. This will absorb the moisture.

Keep your household sponges fresh by soaking them in cold salt water.

Put a few rubber bands around the handle of your bath brush to insure a firm grip upon it.

To rid the chimney of soot, burn potato peelings or the tops from mason jars or other bits of zinc. Keep the damper open while cleaning.

A few drops of lemon juice gives added flavor and also helps tenderize ground beef.

Use the top of a lipstick container over the ends of your curtain rods when pushing them through freshly starched curtains.

To fatten rug corners that curl and slip on the floor, cut out L-shaped pieces of cardboard, and glue to the underside of the rug at the corners.

**SORE THROAT**



due to colds

Let a little Vicks VapoRub melt on the tongue. Works fine, to soothe sore throat due to colds and helps relieve irritation in upper breathing passages.

To Ease Spasms of Coughing: Put a good spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water. Wonderful relief comes as you breathe in the steaming medicinal vapors that penetrate to cold-congested upper breathing passages... soothes the irritation, quiets fits of coughing, helps clear head.

For Added Relief, rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back. Let its famous double-action keep on working for hours as you sleep.



**Famous Maids**



**VICTORIA, ENGLAND'S BELOVED QUEEN, PERSONIFIED THE VICTORIAN AGE IN HER STRICT SIMPLICITY AND SEVERE VIRTUE.**



At your table, use NU-MAID, the only margarine certified by its maker to be the "Table-Grade" margarine. Use it generously for seasoning and frying, too.



**-DUE TO MUSCULAR PAINS!**

**SORETONE**  
soothes fast with **COLD HEAT\* ACTION**

in cases of **MUSCULAR LUMBAGO OR BACKACHE** due to fatigue or exposure **MUSCULAR PAINS** due to colds **SORE MUSCLES** due to overwork **MINOR SPRAINS**

MANY MEN are persecuted by lumbago or other nagging muscle pains—especially after exposure to cold or dampness. If every sufferer could only know about SORETONE Liniment! In addition to methyl salicylate—a most effective pain-relieving agent. Soretone acts like cold heat to speed relief:—

1. Quickly Soretone acts to enhance local circulation.
2. Check muscular cramps.
3. Help reduce local swelling.
4. Dilate surface capillary blood vessels.

For fastest action, let dry, rub in again. There's only one Soretone—insist on it for Soretone results. 50¢. 1 1/2 oz. bottle, only \$1.



**MONEY BACK** IF SORETONE DOESN'T SATISFY

"and McKesson makes it"