RHEUMATIC FEVER

For many years what are called

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old | Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses to give him one until his school grades improve and he learns to take responsibility. Ken's mother tries to protect him from the stern discipline of his father and the youthful bullying of his older brother, Boward, who always manages to do things right. When Captain McLaughlin learns that Ken has not been promoted he orders him to study instead of joining the roundup. But when Ken is through he dashes out to watch the horses come in and accidentally stampedes them. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER III

Even before he opened his eyes next morning Ken knew that something was wrong, and he pushed away the moment of complete awakening. He lay facing the window and saw that the pines on the hill were quiet. No wind today.

Then he remembered. He had stampeded the mares.

He had a feeling that it was late. For some time he had been half hearing all the early morning

He slipped out of bed and went to the window, hitching up his pajamas. Howard was on the terrace right underneath, and Ken could see the top of his head, black and smooth, with the part exactly in the center. He had on blue jeans, and a clean chambray shirt and a red bandana.

Howard looked up. "Hi." Ken faded back into the room and hastily began to dress.

The smell of coffee filled the

Howard watched his sprinkler, moving it, little by little, down the terrace, and planned his day. Ken would be all right now, he thought, he was never hard to manage-they might have fun in the swimming

pool-or go shooting-"Breakfast!" sang out Nell's voice. She ran out onto the terrace. She had on a green dress with a zipper all the way down the front and a sash across the back. She clapped her hands and yelled for them to come, and Rob dropped his shovel and ran at her, and Ken stopped tying his necktie to watch.

They'd gone in. Ken hurried to finish but he hated to go down, he felt so out of things. On the way downstairs he stopped before the picture of the duck. It was a big black duck with white breast and legs and white bars on his wings. He was fierce and handsome standing on his rock.

At the breakfast table his father was waiting to hear Ken clatter the rest of the way downstairs.

"I bet he's looking at the duck," said Howard.

"What duck?" "On the landing. He looks at it

for an hour sometimes." "Howard," reproved Nell, "he

never looks at it for an hour." "Well, a long time-seems like an

hour." McLaughlin's voice was rising.

"What duck on the landing?" "My Audubon print," explained Nell quickly. "The one that hangs

under the clock. Ken likes to look at it." "Ken!" roared his father; and hastily Ken's sturdy shoes clattered the rest of the way down the stairs, and he came into the kitchen, his

hair meticulously parted and slicked down, and his face sullen. "What did you stop on the landing

Ken opened his napkin and looked down, embarrassed. "I was looking

at the duck." "The duck! Out the window?" "The duck in the picture there."

There was a little amused glint in Nell's eyes as she helped Ken to oatmeal.

"Didn't you know we were at breakfast?" "-1-1"

"Didn't think," finished his father

for him. Ken didn't look up or make any reply. He had known it would be like this. He poured cream on his

"Ken," said his father, "I'm going to take back an order I gave you yesterday. I'm going to remit

your hour of study.' Ken looked at his father in astonishment-his mouth opening in re-

lief and pleasure. "I've got other plans for you this summer," McLaughlin continued pompously, and Nell tucked her face

down to hide her smile. "And," continued Rob blandly, "I'm going to give you a colt."

Ken shot out of his chair. Spoon and dishes went clattering.

"A-a-spring colt, Dad? Or a

McLaughlin was taken aback, but Nell dropped her eyes again. If Ken got a yearling colt, he'd be even up

"A yearling colt, your father means, Kennie," she said smoothly. silver he had scattered, replaced their manes in his dreams. He

them and sat down again. Color had rushed to his face. "I'll give it to you a week from today," said his father. "Between now and then you can look them

over and make your choice." "I can have any yearling colt on

his chair back and took out his pipe. Speechless, Ken turned to look at

Howard and the two boys eyed each

Even up, at last.

"Does it have to be a yearling colt. Dad?" asked Howard. "Could it be a spring colt if he'd rather

have a spring colt?" "It could be anything foaled on the ranch since a year ago," said McLaughlin. "There are eighteen yearlings. So far, thirteen or fourteen new colts; a few to come yet."

"Will you take a yearling or a spring colt, Ken?" asked Howard. In answer, Ken turned upon Howard an exaggerated pitying sneer,

copied from the movies, and mastered only after much practice. But his father asked the same

thing. "Yearling or spring colt,

Ken answered, "A yearling." "Horse or filly?"

This stopped him. His eyes lost focus as mental images crowded. Rocket was a mare. But there was Banner. And the Albino, mustang hero. There emerged from the confusion a definite sense of the superiority of the male.

"I'll take a horse colt." His voice was final and authoritative. An imperceptible glance passed between Nell and her husband.

McLaughlin said, "That narrows it down. Let's see-how many horse colts were foaled last year?' "Ten fillies and eight horse colts,"

said Howard. "You've got eight horse colts to choose from, Ken." Things were moving very fast for Ken, horses crowding him-

"Which were they?" said Nell. T've got them all down in the Stud



"A-a-spring colt, Dad?"

Book. I left it up at the stables the other day, in the tack room. Ken, run up and get it, and we'll look over the list."

"I'll go too," said Howard, sliding out of his chair; and both boys rushed out the door.

Ken tore ahead. A colt-a colt! His own!

His mind was full of images. A little foal just born, almost knocked down by its mother's tongue licking Banner rearing, his great forefeet beating the air, his big light belly, his fierce face and arching

neck-a little yearling running . . a black . . . a chestnut . . . his colt was all of them . . . He dropped his head back and

yelled; he pranced and galloped. Howard caught up with him and said, "You crazy!"

"My colt, my colt," sang Ken. He oatmeal and reached for the brown ran in a circle, pacing, racking. He stuck his elbows out, said, "Whoa, there! Hi!" He tossed his head and

> shook his mane. "You goofy!" exclaimed Howard,

watching him. Ken rushed at him with fists up. Howard fell into position and they sparred. Ken didn't care what happened to him. His arms went like flails. Howard blocked his blows eas-

Ken broke out of it and went flying up to the stable. He had a sharp consciousness of change and new importance. Things had begun at last.

Things could be real now, They found the Stud Book and ran

back with it. As Nell read out the list of yearlings and the names of their dams Ken began to feel queer. These were definite flesh and blood animals; named, described, tagged, in a book; not the colts that had kicked Ken gathered up the china and their heels and played and tossed felt the sense of loss which every dreamer feels when the dream moves up, comes close, and at last

is concrete. "I haven't named them all." Nell was saying. "There were some I never saw. They had run off somethe ranch that I want?" asked Ken. | where when I went up on Twenty

His father nodded calmly, pushed | to look them over and put them in the book.

> "The bronc bunch." grunted Mc-Laughlin, referring to the progeny of the Albino. "They're always missing when they're wanted."

> "Ken and I trained four of these yearlings ourselves," said Howard. Every summer the two boys had the job of handling and halter-breaking four of the spring colts.

"The colts the boys trained last summer were Doughboy and College Boy and Lassie and Firefly," said Nell, studying the book, "Two horse colts and two fillies."

"Say, Ken," said Howard eagerly, 'why don't you take Doughboy? He was one of yours. And when he grows up he'll be sort of twins with mine, in his name anyway. Doughboy, Highboy, see?"

But Ken looked scornful. Doughboy would never have half Highboy's speed. Last summer Mc-Laughlin, looking over the colts, had said, "He's a chunk. We'll name him Doughboy. He might turn out a heavy hunter. Look at the big legs on him!"

"Lassie then," suggested Howard again. "If you want speed. She's fast as anything, and she's black as ink. Like Highboy."

"I said I was going to take a horse," said Ken. "Besides, Dad said Lassie'll never go over fifteen hands."

"Remember one thing, Ken," said McLaughlin. "You can't tell much about a colt when it's new-born, and not always much more when it's a yearling. Blood's the thing. The prepotency of blood-"

They had heard this term often, for whenever McLaughlin got talking about horses he used it.

"That's the trouble with this stuff I've got from the Albino. He had prepotency. That devil passed on his traits. They don't wear out. Must have had some magnificent blood strains somewhere in his ancestry. Arab probably. Put enough Arab blood into a line and it gives prepotency-to the traits you don't want as well as to those you do. Lots of Arab blood in these western mustangs. Comes from the Arab and Barb horses the Spaniards brought over-" McLaughlin got up, went to the shelf beside the spice closet, and took down one of his favorite books on the genealogy of the American horse. He turned the pages, looking for a passage.

Howard suddenly jerked his head back, listening. "Car coming." They all became motionless and heard the car rattle over the cattle guard at Gaining in Fight the Home Pasture Fence, come up the low hill behind the house in second gear, then whizz past. The boys darted to the window at the back of the house and saw the rear of the the hill on its way to the stables.

"A dusty black car," announced Howard, returning. McLaughlin closed his book. 'Might be Doc," he said.

"To geld the two-year-olds?" asked Nell. "Yes. Howard, run up to the sta-

bles and see if that was Dr. Hicks." As Howard left the room, Ken asked, "Can I watch, Dad?"

Nell caught her husband's eye and he did not answer. "Run up to my room and get me

a handkerchief, will you Ken?" she "Right hand corner, top bureau drawer-" When Ken had gone she said,

"Rob, don't let them see the geld-"They might as well," said Rob. "They have to know, sooner or lat-

"They know already. But, so far, they've never actually seen it. You've always had it done before they got home from school."

"Won't hurt 'em." Ken returned and handed his mother the handkerchief. Howard arrived almost at the same moment at the back door.

"It's Doc Hicks, Dad, and his assistant.' "I thought so. Run and tell Gus to light a fire up there, and get some

water boiling. "He's already up there. He's got the fire lit." He was about to dash away again,

but Nell called him back. "Sit down and finish your breakfast." said she. "You too, Ken.

You've hardly eaten a thing." The boys finished hastily. Gus appeared at the door. "If we cude have an old sheet for clean rags, Missus."

Nell brought an old sheet, clean and folded, from the linen closet. Ken finished eating, wiped his mouth, said "Excuse me, please,"

"Dad's given me a colt, Gus-any colt on the ranch up to a year old-" Howard finished and ran after

Nell sighed as she rose to clear the table. "A bloody day. I hope they get through all right."

Rob did not answer. He wasn't looking at her. Suddenly he laughed. "I'll take a horse colt. Did you hear If you will go to a heart specialist the voice on him when he said that? He's never talked or looked like that in his life before." He pushed his chair back and got up. "Now, if he just picks a good one-" He went to the door and hurried out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



By VIRGINIA VALE

the salicylates have been the regular or routine treatment for rheumatism. The salicylate most used is acetylsalicylic acid, which gets different names from various drug manufacturers in the United States and Great Britain. What has been known by some physicians but has not been put into use to any extent, is that acetylsalicylic acid used when attacks Lily Mars," gives her a chance to of sore throat occur,

may actually prevent attacks of rheumatism. The "preventive" treatment of rheumatism used by some physicians is to have the patient move to a dry warm climate, or by use of large and continued doses of sulfanila- young sons try to cut such capers!

Dr. Barton

Now, every patient cannot move to a dry warm climate and maintaining a high level of sulfanilamide is not advisable in some cases. In discussing the natural drawbacks of these two methods of preventing attacks of rheumatism, Drs. A. F. Coburn and L. V. Moore, in the Journal of Pediatrics (children's diseases) state that the acetylsalicylic is safe and effective and should be given a trial at the beginning of any infection of nose and throat. A study of a group of rheumatic children exposed to the common nose and throat and chest infections is re-

A daily dose of 60 to 90 grains of acetylsalicylic acid, depending on size of the patient, was given at first sign of sore throat (pharyngitis) where examination of organisms in the throat were the kind that cause rheumatism. This treatment was continued for one month.

Forty-seven young rheumatic patients received this "preventive" treatment and only one developed rheumatic fever. Of 139 rheumatic patients who were not given this treatment, 57 developed rheumatic fever and 82 did not. These figures tell their own story; only one of the 47 who took the treatment developed rheumatic fever, that is about 2 per cent, and of the 139 who did not take this treatment, 57 developed rheumatic fever, that is more than 40 per cent.

Against Epilepsy

A few years ago I had the feeling car as it vanished over the crest of that if I had the time and the patience necessary I would like to try to investigate the cause of epilepsy and try to give these patients and their families relief from this distressing ailment. At that time the treatment was careful dieting and the use of bromides to quiet the patient. The bromides did quiet the patient and did give considerable help in cutting down the number of

attacks or making them lighter. I believed that eating certain foods had something to do with epilepsy one than in the English. because I had been able to keep one patient free of attacks for over a year by washing out his stomach twice a week.

Then came the knowledge that cutting down on starch foods, eating more fat foods, and the use of the barbital drugs would keep the majority of epileptics practically free of attacks.

Still later came the use of dilantin sodium to replace the barbital drugs, and, despite the fact that some physicians report serious reactions from dilantin sodium in some cases, it would appear that dilantin sodium is now favored by physicians treating epileptics.

In a special clinical article in the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. William G. Lennox, Boston, author of Science and Seizures, states that "so rapid has been the increase of knowledge of epilepsy in the last 10 years that patients and even many physicians have been left far behind." The three fields of investigation in which Dr. Lennox and his associates have been especially interested are electroencephalography-electrical brain wavesheredity, and drug treatment.

Study of the electrical pulsations (waves) of the brain have helped locate the starting point of epileptic attacks and in giving advice regarding marriage and children. The pattern of the brain wave is believed to be a heredity tendency. Epilepsy is not inherited, please understand. and darted after Gus as he left the but a predisposition to epilepsy is inherited.

HEALTH BRIEFS

Q .- Should I give up wrestling because of a heart murmur?

A .- You don't need to worry about your heart, as a murmur is not important unless you get out of breath easily and your heart is enlarged. and get an electrocardiogram and X-ray (fluoroscope), you'll find out exactly the condition of your heart. If it is O. K. take the specialist's certificate to army examining offi-



Released by Western Newspaper Union. SEVEN years ago the Gumms sisters broke up their vaudeville act to follow separate paths. Now they're back together again, working for Metro. The eldest, Sue, joined the fan mail department when her army husband was sent far away. The second, Jimmie, became a script girl. The youngest shot right to the top as an actress. She's Judy Garland, and her latest picture, "Presenting use all the talents that have made her so popular.

Harriet Hilliard has to stand for the goings-on of Red Skelton's "Junior" on the air's "Red Skelton and Company"-but just let her own



HARRIET HILLIARD

Nearly two years ago she dismissed their nurse, and now David, 61/2, and Eric, 21/2, are brought up by Mama. "I think well-raised children are the most important things in the world," says she.

Tommy Dix, who makes his screen debut in Metro's "Best Foot Forward," has been signed to a longterm contract. He's the lad who wrote the March of Dimes song for President Roosevelt's birthday party.

You'll see the most famous night spots of the past and present in Columbia's "Cover Girl," which stars Rita Hayworth and features the 15 outstanding magazine cover girls of the country. For the Gay Nineties scenes, Director Lionel Banks has completed models of Rector's, Tony Pastor's Music Hall and the old Madison Square Roof Garden. For present-day sequences, an exact replica of New York's Stork Club is being built. The cover girls are all successful New York models.

They're learning their ABC's the hard way, those 27 Hollywood youngsters, aged from four to seven, who appear in "Russia" with Robert Taylor. They have to recite the alphabet, not in English, but in Russian! As some of them don't know it in English yet, that makes things a bit difficult, especially as there are six more letters in the Russian

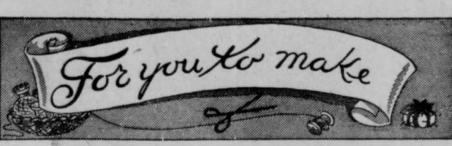
When Gerard Darrow appears for the "Quiz Kids" broadcasts there's suspense till the cast learns what livestock he's brought with him. Recently he showed up with a hamster, sent him by a Philadelphia fan. A hamster is of the mouse family, but lives like a gopher. " should have called him Hitler, I guess," said Gerard, "as long as he's a European rodent."

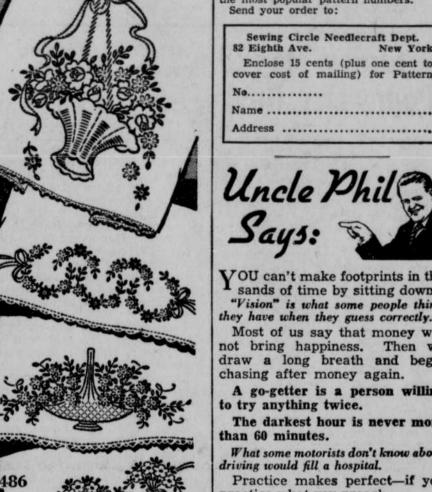
A dream will come true for Dinah Shore this summer when she sings in the famous Hollywood Bowl during its summer concert series. She has been successful in other fields of musical endeavor, but she won't be happy until she sings in the Bowl.

Barry Wood, radio's singing star, lives on a Connecticut farm where 1,500 chickens are being raised. But not content with that, he recently bought an old distillery in the neighborhood, and is converting it into a home for 5,000 Barred Rocks and Plymouth Rocks. With this promising start, Wood expects before long to be one of the major chicken raisers of southern New England. Amazonian Hope Emerson got a

lucky break when Jimmy Durante gave her a nickname the first time they appeared together on the program he does with Garry Moore Thursdays on NBC. He nicknamed her "Miss Bongshook"—and the next day the phone calls began pouring in, offering her engagements on other shows. She says she used to be a blacksmith, but she doesn't look it. ODDS AND END-Eddie-"Rochester"-Anderson has a business interest outside of movies and radio; the com-

pany he heads makes parachutes . . They handcuffed George Sanders the other day for a scene in "Appointment in Berlin"-and then spent two hours trying to get the handcuffs off . . . It's the wardrobe woman who watches Ann Miller dance most anxiously in "What's Buzzin' Cousin?"; Ann's wearing pre-cious opera-length nylons . . . Robert Sterling's been elected Cadet Major of his flying class at Thunderbird Field, Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Shirley Booth of ra-dio's "Duffy's" will appear in the movie version of the show.





A TISKET, a tasket, a basket-ful of fresh spring flowers—all ready to "plant" on your bed linens and dresser scarfs. Flower garlands and prim little nosegays are also included in the large variety of gay embroidery motifs.

Pattern 7486 contains a transfer pattern of 14 motifs ranging from 9% by 3% to 512 by 314 inches; stitches.



Safety First

The burly truck driver leaned out of his cab and soundly abused the young man in the stalled car. The girl stood it as long as she

could. "Jack, surely you're going to say something to that surly lout," she said at last.

"You bet I am," replied her companion. "Just wait until I get of Camels today.—Adv. the car started."

No Saving

Hadn't Mr.

"My, what beautiful hands you've got! Tell me, after you've cut your nails, do you file them?" asked a chorus girl. "Oh, no," replied her typist friend, "I throw them away."

She was peeved and called him Not because he went and kr. But because before She opened the door This same Mr. kr. sr.

Shuffled Up Mrs. Green - Dinah, did you change the table napkins? Dinah-Yes'm, I shuffled 'em and dealt 'em out so's no one would get the same one they had for the

"It's silly," said the philosopher, "to say women are as young as they look. They can't all be under thirty." There's a Doubt male.

last meal.

"I see by the paper that half the population of the world is fe-

"I don't believe it. If it's true, how do you account for the fact that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives?"

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. Send your order to: Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 82 Eighth Ave. New Yor Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern



VOU can't make footprints in the sands of time by sitting down. "Vision" is what some people think they have when they guess correctly.

Most of us say that money will not bring happiness. Then we draw a long breath and begin chasing after money again. A go-getter is a person willing

The darkest hour is never more than 60 minutes. What some motorists don't know about

driving would fill a hospital. Practice makes perfect-if you practice what you preach.

Capt. Kidd Not Ruthless Pirate but Virtuous Soul

Captain Kidd, whose name for centuries symbolized vicious and ruthless piracy, never was a pirate. He actually was a brave and patriotic English sea-captain of the 17th century who, through villainous intrigue and circumstances, was hanged with six of his confederates.

They were hanged along the muddy banks of the Thames river and for many years their skeletons were left to creak and swing in the wind as a warning to passing seamen against piracy.

When the word went out that soldiers overseas wanted packages from home—the response was so overwhelming that Uncle Sam reluctantly had to call a halt. Today, due to shipping space, there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army menbut you can still send packages to soldiers in the U. S., and to Sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen wherever they are. When you do, remember-one of their favorite gifts is cigarettes, and the favorite brand is Camel. Sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that Camel is first choice with men in all the services. So send him that carton

MEAT PATTIES WITH ALL-BRAN MAKE MEAT GO FURTHER

Are you looking for ways to "stretch the meat supply"? Then try this won-derful recipe for All-Bran Meat Patties! They are made with famous KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN-which adds a delicious crunchy texture to the dish with all the valuable vitamins, minerals, proteins and carbohydrates ordinarily found in ALL-BRAN.

Kellogg's All-Bran Meat Patties

1 tablespoon
chopped parsley 3
con pepper
onion 1 cup milk
4 cup catsup
onion 1 cup Kellogg's
All-Bran
1 pound ground beef 1 egg 14 teaspoon pepper 2 tablespoons minced onion

Beat egg slightly, add salt, pepper, onion, parsley, milk, catsup and All-Bran. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Add beef and mix thoroughly. Shape into 12 patties. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 30 Yield: 6 servings (12 21/2 inch patties).

HOUSEWIVES: Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives TURN 'EM IN!

container . . . In all sizes at

your grocer's.

