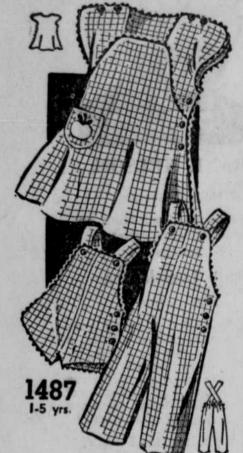
SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Brother and Sister Play Clothes



dress that buttons on the shoul- praisals, buy-sell. (Adv.). ders and side with pert apple applique. And overalls and sunsuit that are suitable for either brother or sister. Mother will find them easy to sew and very sturdy.

Pattern No. 1487 is for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. Size 2, dress, 13% yards of 35 or 39-inch; overalls, 1½ yards; sunsuit, 1 yard.



it still retains body heat causes the wrinkles to fall out much more easily.

To loosen a glass stopper, let a few drops of glycerin soak between the stopper and neck of the bottle.

Attach a small pincushion to baby's crib. Then when you're diapering baby, place the pins in the pincushion. This way they can't find their way to the bed where baby can reach them.

To straighten out curled rug corners, wring a bath towel out of cold water and place it on the curled spot overnight.

To waterproof the kerchief you wear on rainy days, place it between two layers of waxed paper and press it with a hot iron.

CERTIFIED Lincoln sovbeans \$4 per bu. R. Raikes, Ashland, Neb.

Favorite

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One of the most complete miniature circuses in hobby history is "Adel Brothers Circus," which was built by Robert Krueger of Omaha shortly before the war, says Collier's.

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GAY, practical play togs for the sand box set. A wing sleeved 105 S. 15th, Omaha, Nebr. Ap-



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IF YOU BAKE AT HOME-just dissolve

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age, then use as fresh yeast. At your



Alicia has spread gossip all over town about her and Tom Fallon meeting on the ridge. She avoided Fallon for several days, but on Saturday he came into the chicken yard where she was working. She told him of the gossip. "Who started this talk?" he demanded. Meg told him it was Alicia Stevenson, the widow. "I'll have a talk with her," Tom declared. She begged him to do nothing about it, but he left with a grim face. When he came back by to pick up the milk and eggs he told Meg that he thought Mrs. Stevenson was "going to mend her ways." Megan had her doubts, for she had known Alicia longer.

CHAPTER IV

Megan shook her head. "She has no children," she explained. "She scale of one-half inch to the foot, is a widow. She came here to live occupies 450 square feet and con- in the spring, because, as she shrunk so much that she can't afford to live anywhere else. And she animals, 60 exhibition cages, 50 amuses herself by ferreting out trucks, two band wagons, a steam small things that people would rather not have known-and then-sort of broadcasts them where they will create the most excitement."

> "She sounds like a thoroughly unpleasant person," said Tom grimly. "And a dangerous one. Where does she live?"

"Across the road," answered Megan, indicating the once drab little house that now wore an air of freshness that was almost charm.

Tom said sternly, suddenly, "I think I'll have a little talk with Mrs. Stevenson."

But Megan laid a swift hand on his arm, stopping him.

"Please don't," she said urgently. "After all, nothing can be gained by talking to her. We've all tried -she only uses our protests and arguments to add more fuel to her talk. We've found that the best way is to avoid her, and give her as little material as we can."

Tom nodded grimly. "Just the same, I think I'll have a little talk with her," he said, and before Megan could stop him he had turned and strode away in the direction of the little silvery-gray house with its green trim.

It was almost half an hour before Tom came back and stopped at the back door to get the two bottles of milk and the eggs that she had waiting for him.

His face was grim and set. There was a little white line about his mouth, and his eyes were angry. But he managed a slight smile that tried hard to be comforting, and said quietly, "I don't think you need to worry any more. And there is no reason why you should not continue your walks to the Ridge any time you like. I think Mrs. Stevenson is going to mend her ways a

He picked up the milk and the

sack of eggs and went his way. After a minute Annie said, as she slid a pan of biscuits deftly into the oven, "Dat Miz Stevenson sho' do make a heap of trouble, don't she?"

Megan looked at her sharply. "What do you mean by that, An-

nie?" she demanded swiftly. "She be'n tellin' folks dat Ruby Mae-dat's Pearl's gal-stole a ring off'n her," said Annie. "An' Ruby Mae, she say she ain't nebber seed de ole ring. An' den dat ole Miz Stevenson, she tell people she found de ring on de back po'ch, wheh she say Ruby Mae done hid it; she say Ruby Mae skeered Miz Stevenson gonna call de Law an' she stick de ring up deh so folks think she ain't took it."

Annie straightened, put her strong brown hands on her hips and faced Megan almost belligerently.

"Miss Meggie, dat po' chile ain't stole nuthin'," she said sharply. "Ruby Mae a good gal! Y'all knows dat, Miss Meggie-but white folks always believes white folks 'ste'd o' colored folks-an' Ruby Mae cain't git a job."

Annie's lower lip thrust out a little more and her chocolate brown eyes were almost black. "Sometimes when folks do like Miz' Stevenson-things happen to 'em."

They were not more than halfway through supper when the front door opened and a cheerful voice called. "Yoo-hoo-it's only me! I'll come right in!"

It was Alicia, of course, cool and fresh looking in a brown and yellow print frock, her hair brushed into coquettish curls, a yellow bow tucked into it. She was rather heavily rouged as usual, and if she was feeling the unpleasantness of Tom's visit, she certainly did not

Jim MacTavish, always with an eye for an attractive woman, greeted her with obvious pleasure, and drew out a chair for her. She demurred prettily at their invitation to have supper. And then she broached the subject of her visit; she had bought some new window shades for her house and was completely helpless when it came to putting them up, and wondered-so prettily!-if Mr. MacTavish would give her a hand.

"I know it's terrible to ask you to help, Mr. MacTavish," she apologized, "but it's simply impossible to get anyone to do anything in this crazy little place-I mean to hire anyone. It makes one terribly dependent on one's friends: I'm afraid | told him levelly.

THE STORY THUS FAR: Meg learns | it's a terrible imposition-but-" from Susie, a high school girl, that She fluttered her hands and the light glimmered on two very good diamond rings that she wore.

Jim expressed himself as delighted to be of service, as he rose from the table and went to get his tools.

A moment later she and Jim were going down the steps and along the walk. Annie, coming in to clear the ta-

pectedly, "Whut's dat 'oman up to now, Miss Meggie?" Megan tried to laugh. "What do

ble, frowning blackly, said unex-

you mean?" "Comin' ove' heh, an' takin' Marse Jim away-you s'pose she makin' up to him? Rollin' heh eyes like dat-" Annie's anger was mounting and Megan rose swiftly.

"That will do, Annie," she said firmly. "Mrs. Stevenson wanted Dad to help her hang some window shades-'

"An' she too burnin' stingy to pay somebody, so she get Marse Jim to do it fo' nuthin'," Annie finished



He was at the table having his final cup of coffee, when she came into the dining room.

angrily, departing with a tray loaded with dishes before Megan could answer her.

Megan went on into the shabby. comfortable living room and sat down with a mending basket. But though she sewed until after ten, which was disgracefully late according to Pleasant Grove's earlyto-rise habits, her father had not come home when she finally went to bed. Indeed, she had been in bed for some time and was almost asleep before she heard his cautious entrance and the door of his room closing behind him.

In the morning, she had already had her breakfast and done her morning chores before her father came down. He was at the table, having his final cup of coffee, when she came into the dining room. He

looked up at her a little defensively. "That Mrs. Stevenson is a delightful little woman," he stated firmly. "I can't think what this filthy-minded little town means by low-rating her as they have. I've heard all sorts of gossip about her. I have never had a chance to get acquainted with her-but now that I have, I intend to defend her whenever I get a chance."

Megan looked at him, startled,

and then she smiled. "Look, Pops," she said firmly, "Alicia is getting exactly the treatment she seems to want. She has an absolutely scandalous tongue and she goes around making people miserable by ferreting out their pitiful little secrets and broadcasting them-"

"People have no right to be upset about the truth-" her father began sternly.

Megan said quietly, "Yesterday at Mrs. Stuart's quilting she dropped the information that I have been seen meeting Professor Fallon secretly on the Ridge."

Jim stared at her for a moment, and then his handsome, rugged face began to darken with anger. "Is that true, Megan?" he demanded

"I met him on the Ridge once, purely by accident, and talked to him a few minutes," Megan answered quietly. "After all, he is a customer of ours-he is a fine, intelligent, interesting man. I could not very well turn around and walk away, refusing to speak to him, could I?"

"Certainly not-but you didn't have to keep going back to meet out for a little fresh air." him again," snapped Jim furiously. Megan held on to her temper with

an effort. "I've told you that I saw him there just once, purely by accident," she

"Well, then, what's all the fuss about?" snapped Jim. "The fuss is because Alicia gave

harm had already been done."

could come from such a thing?"

hold the job he's got-"

picious look in his eyes.

to his face."

of helplessness.

"You keep calling him 'Tom'."

wonder why the women at the quilt-

For the past two years, Megan

rence Martin, from the county seat.

Laurence was a Pleasant Grove

product who had, by grim determi-

nation and an almost superhuman

amount of labor, managed an edu-

cation and a law course. Two years

ago, he had gone to the county seat

and into the office of old Judge Gra-

ham, where he was getting much

valuable experience and very little

money. He and Megan had grown

up together in Pleasant Grove, al-

though Laurence was older than she

He had been quite honestly disap-

for military service, partly because

poverished childhood, and malnutri-

any complication in Laurence's ar-

when, as, and if he ever

a wife. That was an understand-

Tonight, standing before the mir-

that she wore shoulder length be-

cause it was less trouble to have to

months, than every week; her eyes

were her best feature, her chief

claim to beauty. They were gray-

blue, long lashed, set well apart be-

neath airy brows. She was not beau-

tiful, she told herself with an al-

most impersonal frankness. She

looked healthy and wholesome, and

As she reached the foot of the

stairs, her father turned, almost

guiltily, from the front door, and

said stiffly, "I knew Laurence would

be along soon so I thought I'd step

He was dressed, she saw, in his

"best" suit, ordinarily reserved for

trips to the county seat and rare

trips to the city more than a hun-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

that was all!

dred miles away.

to be put into words.

by several years.

the impression at Mrs. Stuart's that I was meeting Tom there almost has been doing very well indeed daily-and in secret," Megan re- could be even close to the border "Then you should have ex. the brink of an abyss. But for ten plained—" gears Boston, al-

"I did," Megan cut in. "But the ways a great baseball town with a "Harm? What possible harm great baseball tradition, has been dreaming vain "None at all, except that Alicia dreams of recoverdropped her little information in the exact way to make it sound ugliest ing some of its lost and of course the women around glory. There were the quilting frame were most of Jimmie Collins, Bill the winning days of them mothers with children in the Carrigan and othschool, and they promptly began to wonder—you could almost see them the Red Sox banner ers, who carried

there was in the suggestion, and the millions Tom Yawkey has fed whether Tom was the right man to into his purchases and pay roll, the Red Sox thus far have been on the outside peering in.

her father cut in suddenly, and Now Cronin has his team winging there was a curious, almost a sus- away at a record clip. He has come through with the hitting and the Megan set her teeth for a mo- pitching for which only the most ment, and then answered quietly, "I rabid fan ever could hope. Outside have never called him anything but of Ted Williams, Johnny Pesky and 'Mr. Fallon' or 'Professor Fallon' Bobby Doerr, no one could figure that so many Red Sox would hit so She laughed and made a gesture well. No one could figure Mickey Harris winning six straight, with able support from Tex Hughson, Joe "You see how well Alicia does Dobson and Dave Ferriss. her work?" she said dryly. "You

ing party yesterday afternoon could | Can't Hold the Pace

think for a moment there was any Joe Cronin's predicament is this: truth in what she was hinting-and no one can expect so many of his yet you yourself, my own father, men to continue to blast the ball are wondering uneasily if maybe I with such deadly effect; and no one haven't been just a little-well, incan figure that Mickey Harris can continue to hold such winning form, Jim rose from the table and flung although Mickey is a much imhis crumpled napkin down and proved pitcher over past seasons before the war, when he failed to "That's idiotic! I'm not wonderbreak even. If the Red Sox had broken from ing anything of the kind! I'm just

that the Red Sox today have what ters too much-but I'm convinced the old Yankees once carried when it's merely a guilty conscience that they almost wrecked the league, makes people think she's talking practically closing out the season in late July or early August. It could ing-'if the shoe pinches'-and he happen. After all, Cronin's hired men have shown power at bat and power in the pitcher's box, which are the two main spots of the game. However, an early rush to the front can lead to much brooding later on. It is still my contention that the Tigers have the best pitching staff

in baseball, followed by the Cardinals. But Red Sox pitching, in addition to being an improvement over what it looked to be earlier, also has run-making and fielding support that will bag many a ball game through the summer ahead. However, Boston's long-suppressed supporters should understand that it is still a long way to October.

pointed when he had been rejected | Chasing the Cardinals

"We have a good, sound ball tion during the years he had been club," Eddie says, "but no team is fighting his way through law school. that good-not even the Red Sox, today. Too many things can hap-On this Tuesday night, Megan dressed for his arrival, with a feel- pen in a ball game. Too many things can happen to your best men. ing of relief that she was not facing There are other good teams in this league, teams much improved over rival. She liked him sincerely. She last season. This includes the had, she admitted to herself, thought Dodgers, Braves, Reds and the of marrying him. He wanted her Giants. Both Cubs and Pirates will soon begin picking up speed. After achieved a position that would all, the weather has made this an make it possible for him to support uncertain spring as far as rating goes. I don't believe many peoing between them that had no need ple understand what such players as Reese, Reiser and Herman mean to the Dodgers. They are all win-

ror in her neat, cheerful bedroom, ning ballplayers." she studied her reflection in the mirror, with a soberness and an intensity that she seldom bothered to give the girl in the glass. She seldom had time to do more than glance at herself as she brushed her hair; but tonight, dressed and ready for Laurence, she looked at herself thoughtfully, trying to see herself with the eyes of someone else, or ballplayers as Musial, Marion, Kua stranger-perhaps of Tom Fal-She saw a girl a little over medium height, neat, trim, well-rounded figure born of the hard work and outdoor exercise of her daily life: away from the summer festivities. she saw leaf-brown hair that had

It might also be suggested that no need of the curling iron and Billy Southworth has turned in a fine job with the Boston Braves, a club supposed to be planted in the go to the barber shop once in two second division. The Braves may finish there, but they are a big improvement over the Braves of other years. They are a bustling outfit, as Billy Southworth's teams always have been.

IT MIGHT seem strange to say that a manager whose ball club line of a predicament, much less

wondering—just how much truth high. But in spite of

the wire at a steady clip, there would have been no such excitement ant Grove should so cruelly mis- as reigns in Boston today. As it judge a woman like Alicia Steven- now stands, any Red Sox slump, which is certain to occur later on son. I confess I was amazed last after such early speed, is bound to night, to discover how childishly cause a reaction up Boston way. There is the chance, of course, I'm positive there isn't a malicious

My good friend Eddie Dyer, once of his eyes, partly because of a a star halfback in Texas, is shocked stomach disorder resulting, as Me- over the fact that his team is still gan knew very well, from an im- called a 3-5 shot against the field.

One of Eddie Dyer's greatest thrills so far has been the fine showing of Terry Moore, not only a great ballplayer but a fine man to have on any club. After being away from action for some time in the army, Terry has been hitting far above his prewar punch; and Terry is no longer a kid. When you look at such rowski, Moore and others-plus the Cardinal pitching staff-whether or not you are a Giant, Dodger, Cub or Brave fan, this is the club to be watched once they have squared

This can be baseball's greatest attendance year, with many thousands to spare, if the two pennant races remain reasonably close, for it isn't any too easy to keep the popeyed fan keyed up when his home club is outclassed and far out of the race. The danger spots here are the Red Sox and the Cardinals, but both can run into more severe competition than one might look for. Both Messrs. Cronin and Dyer confirm this observation. Few horse races ever are won in the first quarter: this also goes for a pennant race.

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