

NEEDLECRAFT PATTERNS

Gay Cut-Ups for Kitchen Towels



Oh, so gay and colorful for your kitchen towels... so easy to embroider. Pattern 7491 has a transfer of 7 motifs about 5 1/2 by 8 inches.

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
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Enclose 20 cents for pattern.
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But 115 Zoos Maintained In 26 Major Countries

Although the educational value of public zoological gardens has been recognized for centuries, only 115 such parks are maintained today in 26 of the 60-odd important countries.

Of these zoos, which contain some 100,000 animals of 15,000 species, Africa has 4, Asia 7, Australasia 5, Europe 48, South America 6 and North America 45, of which 40 are in the United States.



7491

THESE puppies get into mischief from Sunday through Saturday. They play different tricks every day... make dish-drying lots of fun.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When you wish to use only half of a vegetable that tends to turn brown when cut, coat the half you intend to save with shortening. This slows the discoloring process, provided you also keep the vegetable in the refrigerator.

Store paint brushes in turpentine, not in water. Water causes the bristles to become soft and flabby.

To remove chewing gum from clothing, rub the spot with ice until the gum rolls into a ball, then scrape it off.

It is well to have a full length mirror in the sewing room. You can then see your whole figure at once when fitting a dress. A large hand mirror is also a help.

When measuring windows for new curtain fabrics, measure all the windows. They may look the same size, but often differ. Correct measuring may save you needless waste of material.

Leather or skin gloves should be mended with cotton thread; never with silk.

Stretch two thin curtain rods across the inside of your clothes hamper and across them hang soiled towels and washcloths that are still damp. These will dry here and still be no eyesore to users of the bathroom.

SO EASY! SO SMART!



- There's no finer wall finish!
1. The synthetic resin and oil finish... miraculously thin with water for your convenience and economy.
 2. Latest, smartest colors! Styled by leading decorators.
 3. Increased durability! A harder, tougher, longer-lasting finish.
 4. Greater hiding power! One coat covers most any interior surface, even wallpaper.
 5. Washable!
 6. Applies like magic!
 7. Dries in one hour!
 8. No "painty" odor!
 9. One gallon does an average room!



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There is only one Kem-Tone...
Accept No Substitute!

Murder in Plain Sight by GERALD BROWN



Duke McCale, private detective, is guarding the wedding presents at the Bigelow mansion. He senses that old Miss Adelaide Bigelow is afraid of something more serious than theft. He meets the bride and groom-to-be, Veronica and Curt Vallancourt, and Veronica's mother, Sybil, and her brother and sister, Stephen and Victoria. While at a night club McCale spots Vallancourt in company of the club's singer, Shari Lynn. He talks to Jerry Tate, a newspaper man, and learns that Vallancourt is a big spender and gambler, and that he was the heart interest of Mrs. Stephen Bigelow for a short time, according to rumor. As soon as he met Veronica, he concentrated on her.

CHAPTER VI

"For almost nothing, but thanks anyway." He left the Club and trudged through the midnight city, a sullen gloom curtaining his thoughts.

The lights of an all-night lunchroom winked through the murk drew Duke inside. It was a dismal enough place, peopled with a few down-at-heels stragglers.

The restaurant door banged and a tall, wasted figure in a bedraggled coat and hat slouched to the counter. There was something familiar about that back. Instinctively, McCale half rose to his feet to see, but his movement was too late. Joe Leach saw him as he turned, tray in hand. He shuffled over and sat down.

"Hi, shamus," he said. "Well, all turned out in tails, I see. Excuse me, but you look as though you'd just been thrown out of the Ritz. What are you disguised as—a magician?"

McCale grunted noncommittally. "Won't talk, huh? It just happens I'm a bit of a dick myself, bud, so I'll dig down in my bag of tricks and pull out the fact that you've been hobnobbing with the elite—the Bigelow tribe to be exact. What have they been having—a soiree?"

"Good God. Have you had a tail on me?"

"Deduction, shamus. No. To be honest, every agency in town knows you've knocked off the Bigelow job. How'd you do it? What's it all about?"

"What'd you give to know?"

"Oh, Lord. I'm just curious." "It might be worth your while."

"Look. I won't argue with you. Either you tell me or tell it to the marines. I'm indifferent now. What does it matter?" He made a slight movement as if he were about to get up and go.

"All right, all right. I just thought I might soak you for a five. I lost my pants in a game tonight. The truth is, Stephen Bigelow called our office to get the low-down on you, late this afternoon."

"Called your office? To get dope on me?" Duke gave a raucous, derisive howl. "That's too darned funny. What's the connection—between your outfit and Stephen Bigelow, I mean?"

"We did some work for him once."

"You did?"

"Uh, uh." "What kind of work—the usual?"

"Sure."

"Who was the dame?"

"His wife."

McCale's spine began to prickle. He hoped his sudden interest did not show too much on his face. He not show too much on his face.

"You found out who the man was?"

fishy. I wasn't pulled right off the tall, see? It was over a week before Stevey came in to pay up. We hadn't heard from him to the contrary, so I kept on the job. But the blonde bombshell never went near Parecini's studio again. She must have backed down somewhere along the line."

"They probably had a nice old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk and patched it up. My guess would be that she wanted to continue her studies with the idea of going on the stage, or something of the sort, but Stephen put his foot down. The family probably wouldn't stand for it."

"Yeah. Funny, isn't it? Not that either of them seem socially conscious."

"Your insight is amazing. They are both good family, but not quite—as you say."

"Well, whether you know it or not, Stevey was quite a gay dog once. Used to do a bit of chasing in the old days."

"I don't doubt that, but I think he's in love with his wife."

"Umm. Better to have loved, et cetera. He sure seems nuts about her."

"Decidedly."



One night late she came out with a middle-aged guy.

"That's all of my little offering. Do I get the tin?"

"Oh, sure... Take it." He slid the money over to the big man. He had the exasperating feeling that he'd been cheated. He shrugged it away.

McCale had set his alarm for seven-thirty the next morning. It had shrilled in vain. A feeble ray of sunlight flickered across his face as someone shook him by the shoulder. Shrugging out from under the none too gentle pressure, he blinked, yawned, and saw by the clock that it was much later.

McCale began to dress as Rocky headed for the inner sanctum. It didn't take him long. His toilet completed, he went directly to the office windows to pull back the curtains on another dreary morning. He took the cup of coffee his assistant handed him and waited until they sat facing each other across the desk, before beginning conversation.

"Well," he said, between sips of the hot black liquid, "let's have your bird's-eye or keyhole view of the goings on of last night."

"A Jittery Family, Thinks Rocky"

"Nothing sensational to report, boss, outside of a lot of nervous running in and out till about one a. m. I had a look-see at about everyone, but the dame called Victoria. She'd gone out someplace to dinner when I got there and must have slipped in without my lamping her, if she came home at all."

"No trouble with the servants?"

"I only saw the butler. Very superior guy. He kept looking in the dining room where I was sitting with an eye on the door. I don't know whether he thought I was going to snatch some of the fingerbowls or sample the family bourbon. Anyhow, he kept popping up at odd moments until around ten-thirty. Say, what a parade of junk they've accumulated."

"Yeah. What do you think of the set-up? In general, I mean. Atmosphere—that kind of thing."

"I may be wrong, but outside of the little old lady, they're a bunch of screwballs. She's okay. A little jumpy, but for that matter, the whole caboodle ain't my idea of what I've been led to think of as calm, quiet, unruffled bluebloods. They're all as jittery as a hang-over."

"Definitely."

"Well, here's five to your one that there's something cooking that's going to smell to heaven."

"You've no taker in me." McCale grinned and lit a cigarette.

"She meets me last night, shows me around, sort of impersonal-like. So far as she was concerned, I might have been the plumber's helper come to repair a leak. Very cool and calm, but burning up with something inside her. Acts all the time as if she's scared stupid but won't admit it if it kills her."

Rocky poured himself a second cup of coffee and took a deep breath before he continued.

"She went to her room early, about nine. I didn't see her after that. Veronica, the bride and joy," he looked at McCale to see whether he was amused by the play on words, "of the old lady—she is that, isn't she?—it sticks out all over—stayed home all evening, too. She was in the back library most of the time."

"Did she look good to you?"

"Oh, yeah, if you like the placid type. She had two visitors. Guess?"

"I'll buy it. Don't play guessing games with me so early in the morning."

"Well, the present and the past he Glamour Boy Number One, and good old dog-like, ever lovin' Chris."

"Oh. He impressed you that way? Christopher Storm, I mean?"

"Remember, I only got a short gander at the past and present crown princes, as they entered and left. He was the second one, by the way. Mr. Big came first."

"Go on."

"Well, I'd just got settled in the silver and crockery department, when Johnny Weismuller comes swinging from tree to tree calling for his mate. Such a flutter they get into over him, don't they? The butler scuttled around after him as if he'd just brought the fatted calf. Then the bride-to-be comes down the stairs in a flurry. But a flurry, I said. And he just tells her he's off to dinner with some friends. She looks at him with the trust of a bird fascinated by a python. You know—'What enormous eyes you have, Grandmother.' And off they go to the library."

"I take it you didn't warm to Romeo."

"Not me. Obvious as heck, don't you think?"

"I don't know. The boy's got something. Just what is it?"

"It's as old as the world, chief. The Vallancourt can just make his eyelashes go boo."

"Take that needle out of your arm. He's in love with the girl."

"All right. So he's in love with her."

"What's your impression of the girl? You didn't show a great deal of enthusiasm."

"I guess I don't like 'em quite so wide-eyed, chief. She's nice. You know what I mean—nice—and when you've said that, you've said everything. Right out of a Mignon Eberhart novel, if you get what I mean. Just beautiful and wisp and too dumb to take off her rose-colored glasses."

Rocky had already settled for himself the fact that Veronica Bigelow was both beautiful and dumb. McCale leaned back in his chair and smiled, for Rocky was a good guy, mostly amusing.

Searching for the coffee pot, Duke's eyes slanted up quizzically at Rocky as he said, "Well, boy, what's the word on Christopher Storm, now that you've dusted everyone else off?"

"Odd Goings On In the Mansion"

"J. P. Marquand has done him to a turn, on both sides and in the middle. More than once. That guy was born to the Yankee purple, has gone to the best schools, and never stepped out of line in his life. He may be a little shocked at the Bigelows, but they are Bigelows, aren't they? So they couldn't be wrong. Veronica has tossed him overboard, but would he say a word about it? Would he ride up in his Stanley Steamer and rush her off to the nearest Justice of the Peace before she makes a fool of herself? No sirree. It just isn't done by people in our set, doncha know?"

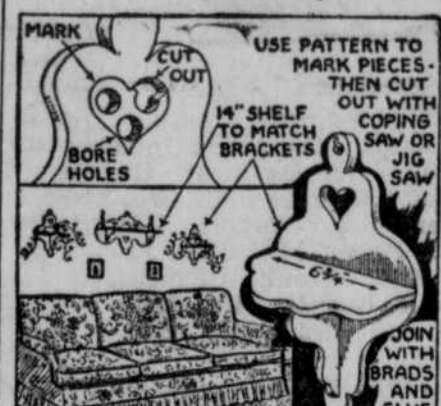
"He did come to see her?"

"Oh, yes. Had a short confab with her in the library. I didn't get a chance to eavesdrop, of course, but I did see them when they said goodnight at the door. He had the most miserable little-boy-who-has-been-kicked expression on his puss when he kissed her good-by."

"He kissed her?"

Wall Brackets Are Easy to Make; Add Charm to the Living Room

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



However, they would be just as much at home anywhere else in the house—even in the kitchen, bathroom or hall. Pattern 263 gives actual-size cutting guides and complete directions for making these brackets. A copy of this pattern may be obtained by sending 15c with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, N. Y. Drawer 19
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 263.
Name _____
Address _____

OF ALL the things that a beginner in woodworking can make, nothing adds so much interest and charm to any room as a well designed set of wall brackets. This group of three makes a most satisfying arrangement over the sofa in the living room.

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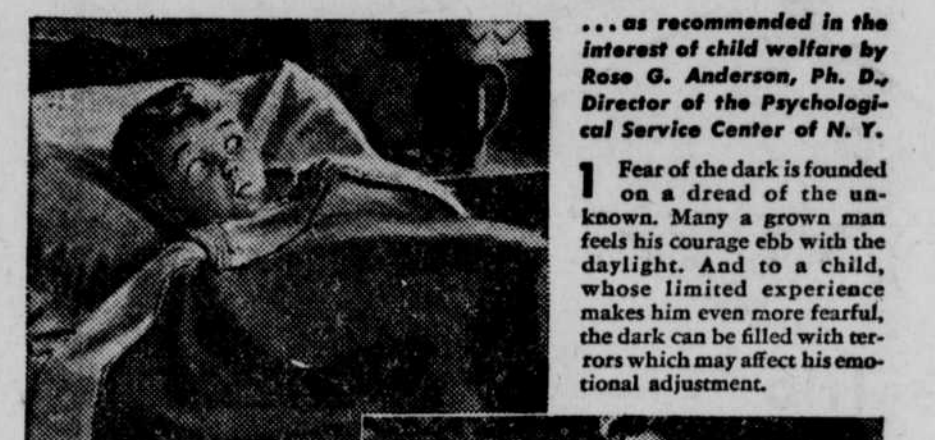
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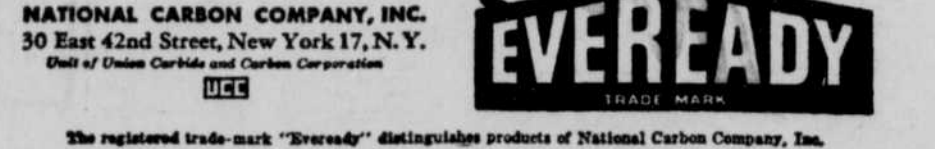
How to help your child fight FEAR OF DARKNESS



1 Fear of the dark is founded on a dread of the unknown. Many a grown man feels his courage ebb with the daylight. And to a child, whose limited experience makes him even more fearful, the dark can be filled with terrors which may affect his emotional adjustment.

2 Bring back the daylight world he knows, with your "Eveready" flashlight... show that the yard, or the basement, is the same familiar place by night as by day. Or that mysterious night-time sounds are made by simple things—rattling shades, moving branches, pets. Let him use your flashlight himself—or, better still, get him one of his own. Then—

3 Encourage him to perform small tasks after dark, when he may use his "Eveready" flashlight, such as putting his toys away or getting something for you from a dark closet. Above all, never frighten him with "Bogeyman"; appeal to his pride. Then he will accept darkness as just another part of the day.



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