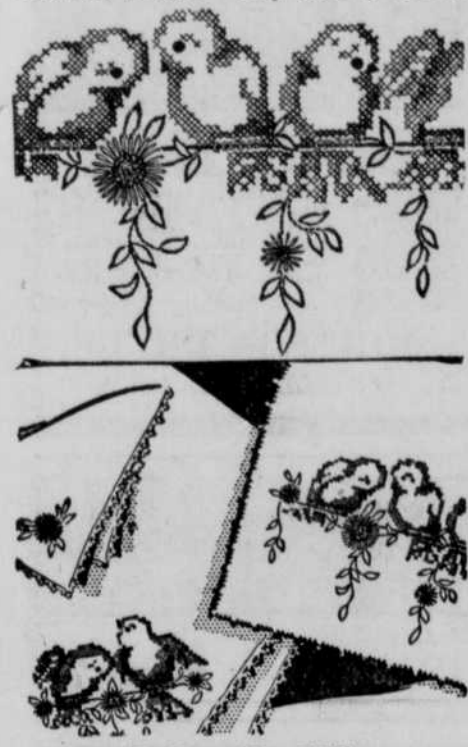


A Happy Family of Bluebirds for Linens

Take the Bluebird family "under your wing" and embroider their five plump images on whatever household linens you'd like to make really colorful.



Pattern No. 1524

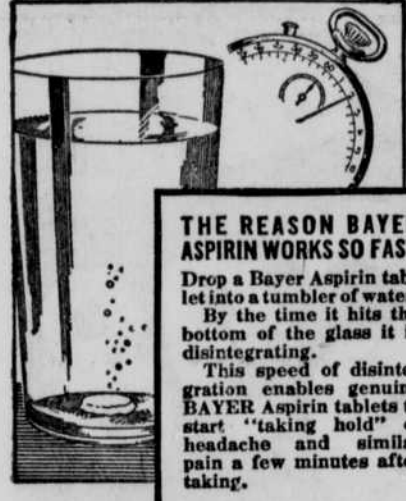
inch cross stitch, enhanced with a bit of lazy-daisy and outline stitch. Pattern 1524 contains a transfer pattern of two motifs 6 3/4 by 1 5/8 inches; four motifs 6 by 7 inches and six motifs 2 1/4 by 2 1/4 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to the Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

By His Own Merit

For he seems to me to be the greatest man, who rises to a high position by his own merit and not one who climbs up by the injury and disaster of another.—Cicero.

HEADACHE REMEDY STARTS WORKING IN SECONDS



THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

All people who suffer occasionally from headaches ought to know this way to quick relief.

At the first sign of such pain, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Sometimes if the pain is unusually severe, one more tablet is necessary later, according to directions.

If headaches keep coming back we advise you to see your own physician. He will look for the cause in order to correct it.



15c FOR 12 TABLETS virtually 1 cent a tablet

WNU-U 43-37

Were you ever alone in a strange city?



Alone in a strange city. It is pretty dull. Even the newspapers don't seem to print many of the things that interest you. Headline stories are all right, but there is something lacking. That something is local news.

For—all good newspapers are edited especially for their local readers. News of your friends and neighbors is needed along with that of far off places. That is why a newspaper in a strange city is so uninteresting. And that is why this newspaper is so important to you.

NOW is a good time to get to... KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

Cattle Kingdom

By ALAN LEMAY

© Alan Le May WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

He was trying to guess who the second man could be. Vaguely he was thinking of the green eyes of Rufe Deane, watching Marian as she testified against the Bender faction at the Inspiration hearing.

He knew that there was nothing behind the embittered man which would prevent his firing upon the girl—if a reason for such an act could be conceived. But still he could think of no explanation for the firing of that other distant gun.

He considered a moment. She looked tired, and there was a long hour of rough travel between them and the hidden cabin. But he supposed she would not want to try to wander back through the dark alone; nor could he, against her will, leave her to imagine horrors in the dark. The hard twist of his mouth turned a shade more grim.

"Very well," he said. "But you're going to be a little tired before the night's over, I'm afraid."

"I don't care anything about that."

To a tired rider a trail can unroll interminably ahead; much worse is a trail on foot, forever upward into increasing dark. To a walker accustomed to the saddle one mile seems ten. It could not have been more than three miles to the ancient shack at the head of the gulch, but they climbed continually; and the twist of the dry stream lengthened the miles. He knew that often Marian was trying to conceal from him the laboring of her breath in the high air. It must have seemed to the girl that she plodded and stumbled all night long through that uphill sand, while Wheeler's long stride led out relentlessly. She could not know how much he slowed his pace for her.

The broad canyon narrowed and steepened until it was a twisting gorge between vast black walls. The going became steeper, and the sand shelves ended; the dead stream was an interminable staircase of ledges and tumbles of rock.

They had traveled an interminable time before Wheeler whispered to her, "We've got to be quieter now." And still they went on, climbing a long way.

He was moving slowly and very cautiously when at last he turned off and worked his way up a gravelly slide of stone; then forward through twisting juniper that clung to the steep land. He stopped, gripped her shoulder, thrust her downward to her knees.

"What?" He stopped her whisper with a quick hand over her mouth; but directly ahead, not a dozen paces away, she was answered by the sudden long snort of a pony. He was peering through the juniper; her eyes followed his, straining in the canyon's black shadows. What he was looking at took form in the darkness, and without moving seemed to appear suddenly all at once. With a shock she saw that they were not fifteen steps away from a small ruined shanty set hard against an overhanging wall of stone.

The shack at the head of the gulch was windowless, and its door was open into blackness. Beside it, tied some yards apart, were the horse which had snorted, and a second animal that might have been either a horse or a mule.

Wheeler backed away, drawing her after him, foot by foot. Fifty yards away in the shelter of the rocks he made her sit down. No sound came from above except the uneasy shifting of the ponies' feet; and Wheeler permitted himself a deep breath of relief. She could hardly hear his whisper in the dark: "I didn't remember it was so close."

"Is he there?" "Someone's there, or the horses would be gone. Wait here."

Slowly Wheeler made his way upward again over the rocks, through the juniper scrub. Walking upright, but very quietly, he circled and approached along the rock wall, until his hands found the side of the cabin itself. He pressed an ear against the rough timber, and listened for long minutes. But he could hear nothing, not even the drawing of a breath.

He took out his knife and cut a plume of brush. Standing close against the corner of the cabin he struck a match and set the brush aflame. He swung an arm around the corner of the cabin and threw the lighted brush through the open door.

Crouching low, he moved ten paces from the cabin and circled slowly, watching the lighted doorway.

He could see the blazing brush on the cabin's floor of hard-packed earth, and no hand moved to put it out. Behind the flame the cabin's interior was barren; he made out an ancient brush jacket hung against the wall, the three-legged ruin of a crude table, the black shadow of a bunk. Someone was here—should be here; but if the fugitive had been in the cabin he would have thrown a blanket over that torch by now. Wheeler wondered if the man was behind him, or drawing a bead on him from above.

As he circled a high-heeled boot came into view upon the cabin floor. That boot was unnatural; it was lying on its side, yet not on its side—tilted up a little upon its toe. When he saw that, something turned over inside Wheeler, for he knew what was in the cabin. He straightened up and walked to the door, stepped inside quickly and flattened himself against a wall.

The flickering flame of the brush was lower now, but by what was left of its light he was looking, for the first time in his life, at the face of Lon Magoon. Magoon had fallen forward; there was a rifle under him, and it was at the cock. But



"Well, You Must Have Mistaken Your Man."

It was not in his hands, for his arms were folded tight against his body.

Wheeler stepped forward to see how this man had died. But even before he turned the cow thief over he knew that Lon Magoon had died by shotgun, as had Cayuse Cayetano and Bob Flagg.

The 94, lightless and silent under the low-swinging moon, appeared deserted as Marian Dunn and Billy Wheeler trotted in, riding the horse and the mule they had found at Magoon's cabin. "You go on in, Marian. I'll take care of your horse."

Marian said in a small voice, "Is everyone gone from here?" No need to remind her that the sheriff must certainly have come and gone, and taken Horse Dunn with him, by now. "It must be after midnight," he said. "Whoever is here must have turned in."

She walked off toward the silent house. It would not have surprised him if they had found themselves entirely alone; but by the time he had finished tossing hay to their animals he heard the murmur of voices, and, following Marian, he found her talking to Old Man Coffee. The old lion hunter sat angularly on a low step, the coal of his pipe glowing and dying out again at slow intervals.

"Marian tells me you caught up with Lon Magoon." "We found him, all right." "How was he killed?" "With a shotgun; same as the rest."

"I was kind of looking for that," Coffee said. "Lucky, though, that you stumbled onto it so quick." Marian sat down on the step beside Old Man Coffee. "Why were you looking for it?" she demanded. "Well—" Coffee paused and seemed to consider—"kind of hard to say. One thing, I've been to Pahrnanagat since I seen you. I didn't tell you I was going there, but I had a kind of hunch, and so I went. And I got trace of Bob Flagg there at Pahrnanagat. Seems like he was coming to the 94 by kind of a back way; and at Pahrnanagat he run into Lon Magoon. He bought or borried a cheap horse and a worn out saddle from Magoon, and they rode out of Pahrnanagat together. Begins to look like Lon Magoon was a witness to the killing of Bob Flagg."

"But how do you know?" Marian said, "that Magoon himself didn't kill Flagg?"

"Well—these killings being done with a shotgun is kind of unusual; it makes you think the same killer attended to all three. And it's easy to see, too, how Magoon might have been a kind of a distant witness. Suppose Magoon was riding along with Flagg, who didn't know him very well. Pretty soon Magoon sees some local cowman coming toward them. Magoon doesn't want to fall in with any local cowman, on account of the business he's in. He splits off and kind of hovers in the distance. In a case like that, him not getting out of sight soon enough would just be suicide for him. Who ever killed Flagg would figure he had to kill Magoon before he talked."

"Did you see Val Douglas at Pahrnanagat?" "No, he wasn't there when I was. But he's been back here, tonight, since I been here. He said Pahrnanagat was where he was. Well, I don't know; I didn't see him there. And according to him he couldn't get any trace of Bob Flagg."

"Is he here now?" "He's pulled right out again. No-body's here, but me and that old woman that cooks. She claims the sheriff come in and took Horse Dunn to Inspiration, about an hour before I got here. Tulare Callahan come in with Horse; they was pretty much worried over where you was, Marian. Tulare saddled up again and rode out to see if he could find out where you had went. Later Steve Hurley come in, and he's gone looking for you too. So naturally Val Douglas, he figured he'd have to make as good a showing as anybody did, and he lightailed. So now the whole 94 is out hunting for you—what of 'em isn't in jail."

"Men make me so mad!" Marian declared. "I have a good notion to go riding out looking for them, now, just to make the picture of idocy complete!"

Coffee looked as if he wouldn't put it past her. "Oh, now, I wouldn't go and do that, child."

"Coffee," Billy said, "one other kind of funny thing happened, while we were out. That hombre that shot at Marian the other night—he took another try."

"Damn!" said Coffee. "He come close?"

"Killed her horse. I got nervous and let my own pony get loose, and he stampeded. Later we had to come back on a mule Magoon had tied up, and a horse he stole from the 94."

Old Man Coffee turned slowly and for a few moments studied Marian's face. "Uh huh," he said at last.

There was a silence. "What do you think of it?" Marian said. "I think," said Coffee, "you better turn in."

Marian rose slowly. "I suppose you're right—I've made enough trouble for one day, haven't I?"

When she was gone Billy Wheeler took her place on the step beside Old Man Coffee. "Well, we're slowly learning a thing or two," he said. "God knows where this thing leads to; but it ought to lead some place pretty soon."

Old Man Coffee knocked out his pipe, refilled it again, and struck a new light. In the flare of the match his boy old face looked more grim and more sardonic than ever. "It ain't going to lead me no place. It's led me far enough. I'm through."

Wheeler did not argue this. Twice before Coffee had made such hollow threats; he did not believe the old lion hunter would actually withdraw now.

"One thing I didn't tell you about Bob Flagg," Coffee said. "I suppose you got a right to what I know. Well—here's a little item that's a peach! Flagg—he bummed his way into Pahrnanagat in an empty cow car."

When those points were thoroughly explained and the students mastered their problems, Dr. Stone said, many of them discovered they could figure fractions or work with decimals as well as any average student. Then they realized, possibly for the first time in their lives, he said, their mentality was on a par with fellow pupils and they had no reason to look up to anyone. Immediately, he added, their entire personalities were virtually remodeled. They romped and played with new vigor, entered into their studies with a new zest and disclosed an eagerness to cultivate new friendships.

Noted for Pearl Fisheries The Pacific islands of Tongareva and Suvarov are noted for their pearl and pearl-shell fisheries.

"Arithmetic Doctor" Has "Clinic" to Aid in "Treating" the Lagging Pupils

Teach a boy to add fractions pleasurable and confidently, says Dr. Charles A. Stone of Chicago, the "arithmetic doctor," and overnight his ambitions are likely to change from a desire to be a policeman to a hope he can be President of the United States.

He probably will become aggressive, sureminded, determined, in contrast to his previous shyness, backwardness and tardiness in grasping ideas, contends the De Paul university professor who acquired the sobriquet, the "arithmetic doctor" by devising a new method of teaching mathematics.

Recently Dr. Stone established a special arithmetic "clinic" as an experiment in "treating" lagging pupils. He decided to diagnose the case of each "ailing" student in much the same manner as a physician uses for his patients.

Tests were given to locate the particular place of difficulty for each "patient," and when the troublesome area was found, treatment was concentrated there. In most cases,

Wheeler was astounded. "You sure must be wrong," he declared. "Why, that sounds crazy! He and Dunn had just sold out the Arizona ranch, at Dunn's order. Dunn's share was the biggest, and of course they couldn't get but part cash; but there was fifty thousand ready money mixed into the deal. Flagg didn't have any reason for coming in any such way as that!"

"He done it, though. It was right hard for me to find anybody that knew he'd been there at all. Sure seems like Flagg was taking every way he could think of to get to the 94 without being noticed. I thought it was kind of peculiar that Flagg should come by way of Pahrnanagat, which is kind of like sliding in the back door. Still, that wouldn't mean anything by itself; some of us old guys get used to thinking in terms of saddle work. But this other thing—it's queer."

"Well, you must have mistaken your man!" "No, I didn't."

Wheeler turned thoughtful, they were silent for some minutes. A dark and ugly reason for Flagg's peculiar behavior was taking shape.

"Do you suppose Lon Magoon could have been a spy, sent to Pahrnanagat to watch for Bob Flagg?" "A spy for who?"

"A spy for the men that set out to kill Flagg. We know who the enemies of the 94 are. Link Bender—Pinto Halliday—Rufe Deane—even Sam Caldwell—there isn't a one of them that would have hesitated to shoot a man down, if it meant wiping out the 94. We know that those people, or some of them, got access to Horse Dunn's mail at Inspiration. We can figure they knew that the Arizona outfit was sold, and that Flagg was on the way here with the money—money that the 94 had to have to pull through."

"I had that figured out long ago," Coffee said. "I figured Cayuse Cayetano was the cat's paw for Link Bender. Even after Cayetano was killed, I thought maybe they just killed him so he wouldn't turn state's evidence."

"But you don't think that now?" "Now," said Coffee, "I don't think."

"Throw out the death of Cayuse," Wheeler suggested. "Say that he was killed simply because he was too hot on the trail. Throw out the death of Magoon—say that he was feared as a distant witness. It turns back to the enemies of the 94."

"Which includes everybody," Coffee snorted.

"Coffee, have you found out something you're holding back?" Wheeler asked.

Coffee shook his head. "You know everything I know so far as I can think."

"Then you have some way of reading the facts—some way different from what I've got."

"Maybe. I've quit bothering my head about it."

"Hell! You'll never make me think that you're going to pull out of this case and leave it unsolved."

"There's just one thing about this case," Coffee admitted, "that I sure hate to leave mixed up. How come old Rock and me to get mixed up about the trail of the killer horse? I s'pose all the rest of my life—" Old Man Coffee's voice was bitter—"I'll never get away from wondering how come I lost that trail."

"Of course, if I remember rightly," Wheeler reminded him, "you figured out from the way the shot went into the saddle that the man on the so-called killer horse was not the killer."

"That ain't important. The man on the killer horse took and hid the body, anyway. Two men or one—comes to the same thing. Catch one and you catch both."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't Worry About Heart

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

WHEN you feel a pain in the region of the heart—directly over it, below it, above it or to one side—and you are not doing any work, and it is not after eating a heavy meal, it is not likely that there is anything wrong with your heart.

Again, you find yourself getting out of breath easily, and you have been rightly told that this is the first sign of a failing heart. If, however, you have been eating too much acid food—eggs, bread, cereals, meat, fish—the blood and tissues are likely to be acid and are asking for more oxygen, which would mean having to breathe oftener.

Perhaps also, you find your heart beating rapidly, perhaps at a rate of 84 to 90 instead of the usual 72 beats to a minute. If you are under any tension or strain, or have just eaten a hearty meal, it is normal or natural for the heart rate to increase.

Your Doctor Can Tell. However, the thought is not that you should ignore or tell yourself to "forget" the pain in the chest or under breast bone, the getting out of breath easily or the rapid beat of the heart. The very fact that you have these symptoms and they "get on your nerves" should cause you to say to yourself, "I either have heart disease or I haven't, and I'm going to find out about it."

Fortunately your family physician can tell you in a very few minutes whether or not your heart is sound. And if he finds it sound then you can give the pain, shortness of breath, and the rapidity, even some irregularity, no more thought. And even if he finds some actual heart trouble, does this mean that you are doomed to the life of an invalid till you pass away?

By simple tests—exercise, holding the breath, and others—by means of the electrocardiograph and fluoroscope, your doctor is able to estimate just what your heart can do "safely." He will give you some simple instructions as to rest, exercise, and food; (medicine is sometimes given to steady the heart, and also to a great extent to steady the upset mind).

By following this simple advice faithfully there is no reason why you should not live your allotted span of life.

So, don't worry about your heart. It is sound or it isn't. Even if not sound, all you need to do is to follow the doctor's advice, and so live "safely."

Food Supply in Body Fat. When an overweight individual decides that he or she is going to reduce weight for health or appearance's sake the first and longest step toward attaining the normal figure and weight has been taken.

The second step is to get a thorough examination by the family physician, particularly heart, blood vessels and kidneys. There have been cases of collapse and death following a strict reducing diet which could have been avoided had the overweight undergone examination and taken six months to a year to reduce instead of three or four weeks.

If the physician considers it safe to reduce and supervises the amount and kinds of foods that will be eaten during the reducing period, then there will be no going back to the full diet on the first sign of a little weakness or faintness. This is when so many overweights give up the struggle and if they are not under a physician's supervision they are wise to give up and get a fresh start.

The third step or point to remember is that whether the overweight eats a large or a small quantity of food, his body is going to require just a certain amount. If he eats more than this the extra food will accumulate as fat in and on his body; if he eats less than this required amount of food, the body is going to get that extra food needed from some place. And the place the body gets the extra food it needs is from the overweight's own body—his excess of stored fat.

From the standpoint of nutrition the increased fat deposits or fat deposits of the body represent so much excess energy; consequently in reducing the weight an attempt is made to call forth these fat deposits. This is done by supplying a diet which has less than the amount needed to maintain the body structure and supply it with the energy needed for its daily work. This compels the body to draw on its reserve energy—the fat deposits."

If in addition to this the body is required to do more work or exercise, then an even greater call is made on these fat deposits to supply this extra energy. This is the reason that less food and more exercise will always be the ideal method of reducing weight. This method builds muscle (strength of body) and reduces fat (an inactive tissue).

Household Questions

Preserving Bright Color.—Cooking preserves or jelly rapidly helps to retain the bright color of the fruit. The addition of pectin shortens the necessary cooking time.

Using Kerosene Safely.—One of the safest ways of using kerosene is to mix it with wood or coal ashes, then use a few spoonfuls of this mixture when starting or re-kindling a fire. This can be stored for regular use in a gallon bucket or other suitable container.

Spaghetti and Cheese.—A nice way of preparing spaghetti that does not require lighting the oven. Fry one chopped onion and one-half pound ground meat in olive oil until nicely browned. Add two cups tomato puree or sifted tomato pulp, one teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste. When nicely blended serve over plain boiled spaghetti and over the top sprinkle finely grated cheese.

Crab Savory.—1 crab, 3 tomatoes, 1 lettuce, watercress, 1 egg, pepper and salt. Shred the crab meat finely and mix with a little mayonnaise. Wash the lettuce and arrange leaves around and at the bottom of the dish. Place some crab in the center, then season with pepper and salt; add slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg and watercress.

Polishing Linoleum.—Dissolve a lump of sugar in the water when washing linoleum or oilcloth, and a brilliant polish will result.

Just for a Change.—If you cannot afford to buy anything new for the house and you are just a little bit disinterested this fall, try changing the position of the furniture and see if that bored feeling will not depart.

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired, out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is ADLERKA. This efficient cathartic cathartics relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerka acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinarily it acts on the lower bowel only. Adlerka has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerka today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleaner.

Never Happens There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it.

When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like bananas very much. They're nice and round and soft and sweet. I love to peel the skin all back—They're such a handy fruit to eat.

