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Many doctors prescribe a combination of ingredients for relief of cold symptoms. Colds don't show up as a single ailment, but as a complex series of miseries. Grove's Cold Tablets are a combination of eight active medicinal ingredients. Work internally and promptly on all these symptoms: relieve headache, reduce fever, ease body aches, lessen muscular pains, ease nasal stuffiness. Take exactly as directed. Get Grove's Cold Tablets.

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Happy Relief When You're Sluggish, Upset



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "inwards" and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it. CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

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Cracked lips—so cruel, and painful! Caused when raw, bitter weather dries skin cells, leaves them "thirsty." Skin may crack, bleed. Mentholatum sets medicinally: (1) Stimulates local blood supply. (2) Helps revive thirsty cells so they can retain needed moisture. For sore, chapped hands, lips—Mentholatum. Jars, tubes, 50¢.

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CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

FARMERS Say-

IT PAYS BIG TO INOCULATE WITH



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Below: Experiment Station test plots showed this improvement. ALFALFA INOCULATED ALFALFA NOT INOCULATED



Red Raskall

By CLARK M'CEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER I

Lark drew comfort from his arm. The touch of the horse's flank, under her hand, started the fine, throbbing pulse in her fingertips. She cupped her palm a little, drawing his life into hers. He turned his head and watched her, breathing softly against the coppery cloud of her hair on his neck.

"Madoc," she whispered. "Darling... how can I stand losing you? How can I let you go?"

He whinnied softly, as if he recognized the urgent tenderness of her tone, as if he understood her. She flung her arm over his neck and pressed her face against his curving throat. They were cloaked together in the gray blanket of the soft wet dawn, but sunlight was beginning to thread the dusty windows of the low stable, its shining shafts making a forward march through the open door from the muddy cobbled courtyard beyond.

The horse, a thoroughbred sorrel with a fine sleek coat, gleaming and warm as polished bronze, stood fetlock deep in the hay of the big box stall. Near-by, munching his morning oats, was a sturdy pony, the "parson's pony."

The girl, Lark Shannon, had given them both their allotment of food and water, but it was in Madoc's stall that she lingered. She had ridden and loved this horse since she was a child. He was hers, a free, living, vital part of her very self, of her father who was recently dead, of their life together.

The sense of loneliness, complete and suffocating, came over her. Bethel North had sold Madoc. Bethel had had the power and right to do this. Madoc was lost to her, and she found it almost as hard to realize this as it had been to accept the fact that her father was lost to her.

Next door, across the muddy barn lot, beyond the dripping hawthorn hedge, she could see Bethel moving about in the North kitchen, preparing the early Sabbath breakfast, heating water for baths, busy, virtuous Bethel.

Lark's suspicion of her own unworthiness had begun on the very evening, weeks past, when her father, Jack Shannon, had come joggling home in the pony cart, dead, his thick kindly body slumped against the dashboard, the lines trailing on the road.

A wonderful way to go. Everybody said so. "Quick-like," the village stone-cutter told Lark with doleful cheer. "Not a bed-ridden day for Rector."

Shutting her eyes now, Lark saw again those square sure fingers cutting the final legend in the sandstone: "John Paul Shannon, March 3, 1766—June 30, 1816. 'Death Where Is Thy Sting?'"

Gratitude was a virtue extolled by Bethel. She was insistently grateful for her own life, her moral strength, her thrift, her acceptance of fate.

Rebelling against Bethel was like rebelling against the rain that dripped, in spite of the thin sunlight, from the stable eaves; like rebelling against old age, or gravity.

Lark knew that, knew that her own foolish outburst last night had cost her Madoc. Leaning against the comfort and warmth of Madoc's neck, where the little muscles ran quivering, inquiring under her touch, Lark relished that time last night, heard again every foolish word she'd said at the supper table.

"The baak taxes will leave very little from the sale of Rector's house." That had been Bethel, addressing Lark through old Jagers, Bethel's kindly, ineffectual husband.

"But a little something, Bethel," Jagers had remonstrated, glancing at Lark, and away. "Yet taxes are dear, you're right, Bethel. The way they eat into a bit of money is a caution."

"A rector of the church," Bethel had gone on, "who didn't keep his own hour in mind is hard to understand, a rector who leaves his child to be a care on neighbors."

And Lark, fighting back the tears of helpless anger, had said as stupid and perhaps as wicked a thing as she could have concocted after an hour's thought, she realized now. She had put in words a bodiless day-dream, an impossible vision of escape that she had drawn on, more, perhaps, than she'd known.

"I plan to leave England for America, Bethel. I—I will marry David North. I will go to him with the money my father left me. My father left it for that purpose."

Even as she said it, Lark knew they didn't believe her, knew that she would regret this lie as long as she lived, knew it with the awful certainty of destruction, the crimson guilt of a person who distorts the truth, knew it and was ashamed and frightened of the thick silence.

"You are promised to our son, David North?" Bethel had asked. "Why has he never written a word of this to us?"

Beyond speech, now, Lark had merely stared at them. "You're a great girl of eighteen," Bethel had reminded her. "You

claim to be promised to David. Can't you speak?"

And though she remembered, well enough, David's leave-taking, when he had gone to America... "I'll come back to get you, Lark, when you're old enough to be a man's wife. Don't cry, my little dear! I'll give you a fine house on a hill and a carriage with four black horses, because you're still my little sweet" ... she knew it was only the pretty sentimental speech of a man to a gangling child of thirteen. She knew that, but she plunged on, because she couldn't help it, because—because Bethel seemed to will her to, and—because she really did love David. She was saying it aloud, stupidly, shamelessly telling them...

"I love David. He said he would come for me, or send for me. I will write to David that I am going out to him, Bethel."

"Jack Shannon give David the money to go to America," Jagers had spoken up cautiously. "Maybe he knew Lark was promised—"

"At thirteen?" Bethel had snapped. "I'll tell you what I think, Husband. She wasn't promised then. She's not promised now. She's no regard for truth. Lark be a liar. 'I'll take the money from the sale,' Lark had said wildly. "You



"I love David. He said he would come to me."

can't call me that. I love David. I'll go to him. I'll ship my horse, Madoc, to America to be a dowry to David. My father would have been happy to see me set my feet in the new land with David for a husband, and Madoc to start a stable. Madoc has good blood. He's worth a lot of money. David will be proud to have Madoc. He will be very glad to have me come to him."

"The livery-stable keeper made a good offer for Madoc," Bethel was ignoring Lark, speaking directly to Jagers. "I shall sell the horse tomorrow. You call to mind, Husband, the note I hold of Rector Shannon's? The sale of the horse will clear that note."

Lark had appealed wildly to Jagers, whose deep-set eyes seemed to hide behind his shaggy gray brows. "Look at me, Jagers! Bethel can't sell Madoc to a stableman! My father has thorough-blood papers on Madoc in the back of his Bible!"

Lark had cleared the table and crept up to bed, but nothing further had been said. Lying in her bed in the silent house, she had tried to feel the nearness of her own old home next door, but this accustomed comfort was gone. It was as if her father's familiar ghost had faded now with the selling of his property, his comfortable old chair, his little house, his fine blooded horse. Frantically, Lark had tried to call him back.

Jack Shannon had loved this simple place. Never an ambitious man, he had been happy here where the farms were poor and isolated, where the little stone church often held no more than a dozen people in the congregation. He had delighted in his far-off parish calls, had loved to ride across the country to carry comfort to some old granny, or to baptize a sickly baby.

The country people joked among themselves, saying it was a caution that the horse Madoc wasn't invited into the church to kneel down and pray in a front pew where Rector could keep an eye on him, he was that fond of him.

Always he had been known as the "Riding Parson." Even in Lark's former and more spacious life, when her mother was alive, Lark remem-

bered his love of horses, his love of life and people, his generosity, his kindling smile. The loss of her mother, the leaving of a big and beautiful house, vague now in her memory, had been softened by her father's hand on hers, his energy and understanding, his special beliefs.

"I'm too heavy for a blood horse to carry," he'd said in late years. "I'll use the pony cart. You ride Madoc, Lark."

Bethel North, nearest neighbor to the Shannons, had remonstrated with point and vigor. "Your Lark is a pretty sight, I must say! Wild hair flying and legs astride that red beast! What kind of talk does she make among the rough men and boys? David can tell you. He has a softness for her. He'd never be one to stand a tongue against her. He's been in more fights than one over her good name! How do you like that?"

Jack Shannon had let out a rip-roaring oath. Queer man for a parson, people said, human as any, yet with the love of God so sure in him you could see it shining out of his eyes. He's apologized to Bethel but had let her and the rest of the village know that Lark's life was her own, and he was there to back her up in the living of it.

It would be well, Jack Shannon had further suggested to Bethel, if she allowed her own son, David, a bit of freedom. The boy was set to go to America, wasn't he, and carve a new life for himself? Why didn't Bethel help him? She could.

Naturally, Rector Shannon had known very well that Bethel owned the North house, controlled the money, and even collected Jager's small pension from the Crown, earned by serving with the British army in its war against American independence. He mentioned these facts with delicacy, but he mentioned them.

"Jagers got himself a knee wound in that trouble," Bethel had said defensively, "and yet he fills David with his tales. Why didn't he go and stay in that wild land, I want to know?"

"He was loyal enough to come back over a lot of ocean water to you, Bethel. And he'd like to see his boy follow his dream. Had you thought about that?"

"I've thought Jagers gets a proper heathen look to his very eyes, when America is named to him. I've thought how fine it would be for people to mind their own affairs, even parsons!"

Lark remembered that, because Jack Shannon had told her, laughing deeply. . . . She remembered the day David had left for America, too. It had been back in 1811, his twenty-first birthday, and she had covered his cheek with thirteen-year-old kisses, this old friend, David North, man, hero, world adventurer, this man Lark loved with all the fierce sensitive adoration of thirteen. He had gone, with Jack Shannon's money in his pocket, Bethel's dismal cautionings, and Lark's clear worship, her tears on his cheek.

He would come back. She knew that. She didn't tell them, then, because they would have laughed. But she knew it, knew it when he wrote her an occasional letter, was sure of it when he sent her the gift, the red silk handkerchief, which he said was called a Red Raskall. Red, the color of love, the symbol of a warm heart. . . .

She had worn the Red Raskall tied about her curls. She had been sixteen then, almost grown up. . . . She could see it now, hanging on a nail in the stable, there. . . . She had heard less often from David, lately. . . . She was grown up. . . . She knew, now, that he hadn't really meant to send for her, that his parting words had been fanciful.

Jagers came in quickly, through the wide-flung stable door. He nodded to Lark and sat down on a bale of hay, a slight, rugged little man nearing sixty, a tired, mild little man with shaggy brows and a high forehead and blind unhelpful eyes. He pulled a saw from a bale and ran it between his teeth, looking once at Lark, and then away, out the door, at the pigeons waddling and slipping on the muddy cobbles.

"Sure been rainin'," he said. "Devil beatin' his wife, was the old sayin' when it sunned and rained together."

"Wasn't that the stage stopping a minute ago?" Lark asked. "I wonder how it happened to stop here?"

"It do stop now and then." He took a thick slice of bread from his pocket and held it out to Lark. "You missed your breakfast. Here's a bit of bread. Eat it, do."

Lark thanked him and accepted it. She said, "Are you going to take Madoc to the livery-stable today?"

"I don't know," Jagers' keen, kind little terrier eyes were fixed on Lark. "Would you—Lark, would you want it the way you said it last night at supper? I mean if it was to come about that David send for you in the new land, would you be a-scared to go, honest, now?"

Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

THEY'RE telling it on Faye Emerson Roosevelt. Seems she sent Selznick International producer, Dore Schary, a bill for \$6.00 as the fee for plugging his picture, "I'll Be Seeing You." The Roosevelt bride got into a taxi at the Warner studio and forgot to tell the driver her destination. But she did shout "I'll be seeing you" to a group of friends.



FAYE EMERSON

Whereupon the driver, asking no questions, drove her straight to the theater where the picture was playing. The meter rang up \$6.00, she sent Schary the bill and he paid it. Anyway, that's the story.

Incidentally, "I'll Be Seeing You" is the first of the rehabilitation pictures, which will probably be a cycle before it ends. Joseph Cotten plays the returned soldier, Ginger Rogers and Shirley Temple are co-stars. RKO's "Enchanted Cottage" is another one, with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young in leading roles. Warner Bros. have three scheduled—"The Very Thought of You," "Janie Gets Married," and "This Love of Ours."

New York fell heels over head in love with little Margaret O'Brien the instant she arrived. But Margaret never lost her head, though two of her pictures, "Music for Millions" and "Meet Me in St. Louis," were being shown at big movie houses, with crowds pouring in to see them. She could have appeared on any number of radio programs, attended any number of parties. Everyone adored her.

Lana Turner and Van Johnson draw the leading roles in Metro's production of "The Pirate," which Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt did on the stage. This will probably be one of those pictures that are so gorgeous to look at that nobody cares whether there's a plot or not. Anyway, who cares about a plot if they can watch the lovely Lana, wearing marvelous costumes?

Though Dan Duryea succeeded Franchot Tone as president of the dramatic club at Cornell, he had no thought of acting professionally; it took six years in an advertising agency to lead him to the stage, and a career of playing men you'd like to choke. He does it again in "The Woman in the Window"—he's cast as a bodyguard who turns blackmailer after his boss is murdered.

William Powell is going to appear again as the late Florens Ziegfeld, this time in Metro's all-star, Technicolor "Ziegfeld Follies." Powell first played the Follies producer in "The Great Ziegfeld," which brought Luise Rainer an Academy award.

They'll never be able to type Michael O'Shea. A low-brow comic in his first film, "Lady of Burlesque," he then played Jack London in the film based on the author's life; he was "Mulveroy" in "The Eve of St. Mark," and a fictionalized character based on Henry Kaiser in "The Man From Frisco." And on NBC's "Gaslight Gayeties," he shares honors with Beatrice Kay in singing old-time ditties.

They rented a \$65.00 necklace of white jade for Hedy Lamarr to wear in "Experiment Perilous." Then they photographed it, and it just wasn't white enough for the camera. So they covered it with 40 cents' worth of white, washable make-up!

Audrey Young of the Broadway musical comedy stage, has never yet been seen on the screen; her first picture is Paramount's "Out of This World." She's good enough, though, so Paramount borrowed her from RKO for a leading role in "George White's Scandals of 1945."

ODDS AND ENDS

Ginny Simms, star of "Johnny Presents," recently was chilly at rehearsal and asked for a fur coat—it seemed to walk to her alone, till Johnny stepped out of it. . . . Bob Hope's sponsor announced that Bob's new ten-year contract involved what is believed to be the largest total sum ever negotiated in a single deal for radio talent. . . . Rudy Vallee returns to the screen in "People Are Funny." . . . Eddie Bracken inherits one of the choice time-spots in radio when he gets his own show February 14—the time immediately following Charlie McCarthy.

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MONEY BACK—IF SORETONE DOESN'T SATISFY "and McKesson makes it"