



Red Raskall

By CLARK McMEEKIN



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon is heartbroken when she learns that her beloved horse, Madoc, is to be sold, but can do nothing about it. Her father, Rector Shannon, known as the "Riding Parson," had recently come jogging home in a pony cart, dead. Bethel North, nearest neighbor to the Shannons, held a note against Rector Shannon, and the sale of the horse, she said, would clear the note. Lark, now 15, tells Bethel she is planning to leave England for America, to marry David North, Bethel's son. A few days later David arrives from America and Lark goes to see him. Jaggers, Bethel's husband, offers to steal some money from Bethel's box under the bed, to help Lark.

CHAPTER III

Lark's heart was thudding in slow, heavy, pounding beats.
David frowned. "I'm troubled about taking you on the long voyage over. . . . Norfolk is a great town for gossip, and I would not want to treat you in any way not right, Lark."

"Oh, you wouldn't! I know that, David."
He shook his head impatiently. "You know nothing of loose tongues, here in this back-water. . . . It might be—just might be the best for you to marry me, Lark. I must think about it."

"I don't want you to marry me, David. I—"
"You will have to leave decisions like that to me," David said sternly. "I must judge what is right and best."

"All right, David."
"Don't you want to marry me, Lark? I thought—But you act—"
"Oh, David, no girl wants a man to—marry her—if he doesn't love her very much. I couldn't bear a thing like that, David."

"I have said I was fond of you." They could hear Jiggers coming down the stairs. "I think it would be natural, even seemly, Lark, for you to—*for me to kiss you, Lark. . .*"

Warm, quick with love, Lark lifted her face to David, her lips tremulous against his firm straight mouth. She opened her arms to him, drew herself into his arms, clinging to him lovingly, her eyes suddenly brimming over.

"There, there," David said. "There, now, Lark."

Jiggers tiptoed in looking knowing and pleased. "Bethel forgot her key-ring," he said. "I haven't seen the inside of that box for years. She's got a sight of money. I found my own old money belt. I wore it in America. It's still filled with my bounty money, my money. There's no question of taking from Bethel, because it is my own money, Lark, and I give it to you."

David left on the day of his arrival, to see to the Cargoe Riske affairs. He was to meet Lark on the Tempora at the Liverpool quay. It was hard for Lark to believe in his ever having been in this house, to know she was set to go, even to call up David's face, clearly, in her mind.

No word had come from David since the Sunday visit, and Lark, packing and repacking her things, wondered if there was any substance, any possible reality to this plan for her going, for her going with David, David North, to marry him in the new country, to meet his friends, the fine Mistress Hastings, the gentlemen of the Cargoe Riske, perhaps. . . . Lark wasn't sure whether or not David had actually proposed to her, and yet she certainly remembered his saying, "Maybe it would be best for you to marry me. . . ." She held firmly to that, tried not to think. . . .

Lark closed and snapped the little leather trunk that had been her mother's. She said, "Bethel, you've been charitable to me, and I want you to have the things I'm leaving—my furniture, and—"

Lark thought, I really am going. David will be at the ship. . . .
"And Bethel, after saying she didn't know what use Lark's oddments would be to her, broke into one of her fits of remorse."

"You don't leave this house, Lark Shannon, without being married tight and proper to David. A marriage knot is a thing to hold to, now. What's to keep David from forgetting all about you, in that savage America country? He's got a head full of business now, always has had. It's a penny here, and a pound there, and that's what he's thinking about."

"He gets that fair enough," Jaggers, nervous as a setting hen these days, spoke up. "From you, Bethel. You be thrifty."

Jaggers stood silently by, during these farewell threats and tirades of Bethel's. But he thought about them. He and Lark had barely started their drive to Liverpool in the hired trap, when he said, "Bethel do have some right to what she pointed out, Lark. David was ever full of business. He was too busy to marry you proper, at home, because of that Runnymede ship he was searching. . . . What I'm thinking, is—well—"
"David will take care of me. Oh, Jaggers, I'm so happy, so—"
"Maybe I ought to of let you buy Madoc back with the bounty money," Jaggers swerved the trap to pass a turnip cart on its way to market. "Maybe you'd ought to of stayed safe here, till—"
"Without the farm I couldn't have kept him," Lark said. "With no stable, not even ground under my feet, I couldn't have. No, Jaggers,

I'm set to go with David. . . . You were right, a little, I think, Jaggers. David is—I know he is fond of me."
For a long time Lark just sat there on the deck of the Tempora. The ship's bells marked the hours, and still David did not come. She shivered in the chill night wind and listlessly fastened her coat more snugly about her.

There was a great lot of running about and shouting of orders. Big Dan, the giant with the golden beard who was in charge of the stevedores, rolled the final casks down into the hold and sealed them with a vast square of tarpaulin. Once or twice, in passing Lark, he flung out a joke at her but she turned her head away and didn't answer him.
Presently dawn began to wash out the lantern and the moon. David hadn't come. . . . not yet. . . . but there was still time.

There was a stir and bustle on the quay below and Lark sprang to the deck-rail with all her courage and hope renewed.
A middle-aged man and a stylishly dressed young girl got out of a coach and came on board. They stared at Lark curiously as she turned and walked away from them, trying to hide the tears of disappointment in her eyes.

The gangway was being drawn up now under the direction of the mate. Lark came to him and laid her hand on his arm impulsively.

"Couldn't we wait a little longer. . . . just a few minutes? My friend, Mr. David North, has been delayed."



Trying to hide the tears of disappointment.

He isn't here yet, but he's coming, I'm quite sure. . . . He promised."

"I'm sorry, Miss." There was genuine concern in the mate's voice. "But the Old Man's said the word. We've got to take advantage of the tide, you see."
"Maybe that's David now!" Lark's straining eyes quickly seized on a figure running down the hill toward them.

Mr. Swalters hesitated and after a moment motioned Big Dan and his companion to hold the gang-plank in readiness to be dropped for the late boarder.

But it wasn't David. Lark could see that now. This was a slighter figure, a ragamuffin boy. As he panted on to the wharf he shouted and waved a note high above his head. Mr. Swalters gave the word of command for the gang to be lifted and called out to the boy to toss the note to him.

"It's for you, Miss Shannon," he said, catching it expertly and reading the address quickly.

Lark tore it open. Her fingers shook, and her heart was fluttering. "Quick, Miss," Swalters said impatiently. "Do you want to disembark? There's not a second to lose. No time for your bag. The anchor's already weighed, but I could send you ashore in a jolly-boat."

"No," Lark said in a small tight voice. "No, he says for me to go ahead. He had to make other arrangements. He sailed last night on another boat."
"That's hard luck, a beastly shame," Clink Swalters didn't quite know what to say. That was plain enough to Lark.

"It wasn't his fault," she said quickly. "His business plans changed at the last minute. You see, he was sent over by his company, the Cargoe Riske, on an important mission. Naturally, that had to come first with him."

"I see," Clink Swalters said thoughtfully. "So you'll be traveling alone. That's not very pleasant, sometimes, for a lady."

"I don't mind," Lark said. "And now, Mr. Swalters, if you'll tell me where I'll find my quarters. . . ."

"They're not much in the way of quarters," he said apologetically. "The only second-class arrangement we have is a tiny curtained cubby-cabin off from the main women's

lounge where Minnie Buxtree sleeps with her bound girls. I wish we'd something better to offer you."
"I'll be comfortable there," Lark said easily. "I'd like to wash up before breakfast."

"You look worn out, my dear. It's been a long hard night for you." Clink's tone was sympathetic as he led Lark through a passageway and pointed to a door marked "Women's Saloon and Lounge."

"You'll have to pass through there," he said. "Your cubicle opens off the big room."
In response to Lark's thanks, Clink said he'd see her at breakfast before long. His tone was cordial and distinctly hopeful.

Entering the large saloon, Lark's searching glance took in a strange scene. A smoke-grimed lamp burned pallidly in the dim morning light, the dozen recumbent figures of the dozing sleeping women in the hammocks which lined the walls. Minnie was squeezed in the central hammock. Above her a cross-stitched motto was tacked to the wall. Lark paused to read it.

"But who is this, what thing of sea or land,—
Female of sex it seems—
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship?"

Lark chuckled. Minnie's quotation was so extremely apt. Her amused eyes caught those of a just-awakened girl who was watching her. This girl was more refined-looking than the others. She motioned for Lark to wait for her as she climbed down out of her hammock and, opening her portmanteau, took out a bit of soap and a linen towel, and pointed to the adjoining washroom. With a nod Lark drew back the curtain before her cubicle, opened up her bag, and got out her own toilet articles. Her nose wrinkled fastidiously in the airless stuffy room. Most of the bound girls, she noticed, didn't even have on night-robes but were lying in their homespun shifts, half-covered by the soiled blankets.

But the girl who had preceded her into the washroom was fresh and clean, and her dressing sacque had a breath of country lavender caught in its newly ironed folds.

"My name's Clelia," she whispered, pouring water into the stone-ware bowl from the crockery jug which stood on the shelf.

"What a pretty name!" Lark said and introduced herself.

"The only thing I know much about is sewing," Clelia confided. "I'm going over as an apprentice to a mantua maker in Philadelphia."

Lark smiled at her companionably. She felt as if, already, she had found a friend. She hummed happily as she unfastened the little silver Scotch brooch from the ruffled frill at her neck and laid it aside on the shelf, while she fastened a bit of fresh linen about her throat.

Clelia said, "That isn't quite straight. Here, let me help, Lark," as her deft fingers found the inside button at the back of the collar line. Lark gave a quick little tug to straighten the frill, and the button popped off in Clelia's hand.

This was enough to send the two girls into peals of childish laughter. In an instant the curtain was flung back and a cross and sleepy Minnie stood there scolding them.

"Drat you two crowing roosters," she said crossly, "waking a body out of a sound sleep."
"We're terribly sorry, we just didn't think," Clelia's voice was genuinely contrite.

Minnie ignored her and stood watching Lark thoughtfully. "You're the lass," she said, "who was asking after David North, ain't ye? Well now, I know that lad, well as the corn on my great toe. Tried to tell you that last night, but you wouldn't listen."

Lark said, "You know David North, my David North?" wondering if there might be another one. It was not a too-uncommon name.
"Well now, I wouldn't know whether you might rightly call him yours or not. Maybe a certain young lady named Mara Hastings might have a word or so to say on that. Ever hear your David mention her?"

"Of course I've heard him mention Mistress Hastings," Lark said with spirit. "David said she was a good friend of his and that she'd welcome me."
Minnie considered this for a moment. "I've heard their two names linked in Norfolk-town," she said. "Ain't often a woman o' thirty coddles to a young skit from a man's home town. . . . Where's your friend David now?" Minnie asked with sly humor.

"His plans changed," Lark said briefly. "He couldn't sail with me."
"Maybe he come ahead on the Runnymede," Minnie hazarded. "I seen him in town night fore last with a huddle o' heathen gipsies who was sailing on that ole tub. He was dressed in pagga rags like them an' jabbering their own gibberish to 'em. I hollered at him, friendly-like, but you'd a thunk he'd never passed the time o' day with me at my toll-gate house to see him stare me through. I couldn't make it out for a caution. What trick's he up to now? I'd give a mint to know!" She eyed Lark with sharpened interest and frank curiosity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

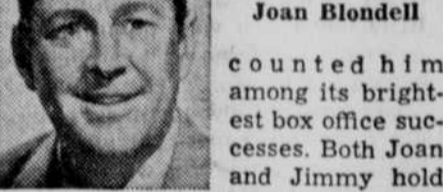


Hedda Hopper:
Looking at
HOLLYWOOD

THAT wisecrack about "the higher they fly the farther they fall" must have been made with motion picture stars in mind. For it requires a miracle of sorts to bring back a star who has once slipped at box office.

With this in mind, chalk 1945 down as the year of miracles—the year in which more comebacks will be successfully made and attempted than any other in motion picture history.

There are **Joan Blondell** and **James Dunn** in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," to begin with, with Jimmy staging that most difficult of all comebacks, a star role on the very lot which nine years ago



counted him among its brightest box office successes. Both Joan and Jimmy hold long-term contracts at Twentieth Century-Fox since executives chalked off their excellent performances, Joan as Aunt Sissy, and Jimmy as Johnny Nolan, the famous singing waiter of **Betty Smith's** novel.

Joan Blondell was to a certain extent responsible for her exile from the screen. She was tired of playing an endless succession of animated, gum-chewing typists, alternating with wisecracking blonde show-girls. Then, too, her husband, **Dick Powell**, was trying to get away from singing parts and into real acting ones. But the producers didn't seem to want him in either during this period. So Joan, not wanting to embarrass him, stopped taking parts when he couldn't get any.

Leave of Absence
Joan toured our army camps for 13 months—went into remote posts as far north as Labrador and gave homesick boys of her rich, vibrant personality. She followed this with an uninterrupted go of over two years on Broadway. The new Blondell proves that she can be something more than a big-hearted bag-gage with a head of gold. **Director Elia Kazan** tells me she gives some gradations in her performance of Aunt Sissy that bode well for future efforts.

Jimmy Dunn never actually left the screen or the stage. But for nine years—since 1931, when he played "Bad Girl"—he appeared in minor movies of a type that didn't reach audiences that knew him as a star.

And when casting time for "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" filled his agent with enthusiastic ambitions, Jimmy said: "Skip it. You're wasting your time. I used to be a big star on that lot—they'd never let me do it." **Darryl Zanuck** was determined the screen Johnny would live up to the singing waiter of the book. So he ordered every possible applicant tested until the perfect person showed up. The perfect person turned out to be Ex-Twentieth Star **James Dunn**.

Frank Confession
Few actors are as frank as Jimmy in talking of the things which helped him to lose out in his profession. "I began watching the money clauses in my contracts, Hedda, instead of reading the scripts carefully," he said with commendable frankness. "So I got the dough, but I began to slip at the box office."

Jimmy Durante's comeback in all the mediums—night clubs, radio, motion pictures—notably "Music for Millions," with **Margaret O'Brien**, is one of the bright spots of the year just past.

This year **Joan Crawford**, after many hesitations, ruminations and consultations, will essay her screen comeback in "Mildred Pierce," a red-blooded story by **James M. Cain**.

These are some of the comebacks that enter the mind at the moment. Not all attempts to resume a star status, sometimes lightly laid aside, are successful. I'm thinking now of the many times **Gloria Swanson** was scheduled for a big comeback which never came off. **Buster Keaton** never got back where he once had been. **Ramon Novarro's** frequent attempts to star were failures, once his lucky period had passed.

Yes, a comeback is a sort of minor miracle in the entertainment world, but it can happen.

Smart Thinking
Frank Sinatra tells me, rain or shine, he is going overseas to entertain our fellows in June. He has turned down several pictures that were unsuitable. He's looking for something with human interest. When I reminded him **Bing Crosby** was 13 years getting "Going My Way," he replied, "Well, why not copy Bing and say I'm going his way too? I'd like to." . . . "Roaring Waters" highlights the Shasta dam and will co-star **Bill Gargan** and **Robert Lowery**.



Concrete for Poultry House Proves Ideal
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THE ideal poultry house will provide plenty of ventilation, without drafts, direct sunlight, and be free from excess moisture and extreme temperatures.

The ideal house will also allow for expansion, unless small units are desirable. A 20 x 20 foot house will prove sufficient for from 100 to 150 hens.

The features of an ideal house can be secured from a poultry house made from concrete blocks, which



also has other advantages, being rat-proof and long-lasting.

Regardless of the shape of the roof, a straw loft will add year-around comfort to poultry in the house.

The laying house should include proper roosts built over concrete or matched dropping boards; nests protected against the light, easy to clean; covered dry-mash hoppers, easy to fill and clean; curtains for open fronts, or movable windows; running water, with sanitary drinking fountains.

In most localities, a poultry house, unless also used as a brooder house, may have one-fourth of its area in front, open, but protected by curtain rolls.

A south or southeastern slope provides the best location for a poultry house. In building a long house, solid partitions should be erected every 20 to 30 feet, to prevent drafts.

Agriculture
In the News
W. J. DRYDEN

New Potato Facts.
A scab and blight resistant potato, early producing, good cooking quality and meeting market requirements—is the promise of new varieties being developed by the 32 potato breeding states.

A starch is now being produced from domestic potatoes, equal in quality to the Holland and Germany imported starch.

Plastics are being manufactured from potato pulp, by-product of starch manufacturing.

German chemists have produced a rice-like food, mainly made of potatoes and wheat.

Larger potatoes, of higher vitamin content, can be produced by seed potatoes being treated in gas-tight chambers.

Potatoes are being used to manufacture paper and alcohol in addition to furnishing feed.

Swine Pox Shows Rapid Increase

A substantial increase in swine pox has been reported. Swine raisers should recognize the fact that there are two types of pox virus, says a report of the American Veterinary Medical association.

One type, swine pox virus, does not cause many death losses but does undermine the hog's health. The other type, cow pox virus, causes a severe disturbance and a number of deaths.

The important step in all cases is to eliminate lice from the animals and the premises, because lice are the actual carriers of this disease. Where there are no lice, there is no swine pox. If lice is present the hogs should be treated with an oil and sulphur solution and quarters thoroughly cleaned and disinfected regularly.

TELEFACT
SLIGHT DECLINE IN WOOL PRODUCTION.
YEARLY AVERAGE 1938-1942 U. S. A.

1938	1939	1940	1941	1942
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%

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JUST

Strange, Did He Say?
"You have such strange names for your towns," an Englishman remarked to an American soldier. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, and others."
"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"
"Oh, no!" said the unsuspecting Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Fokestogg-on-the-Hike."

No Doubt
"What's up—has she turned you down?"
"She has."
"Rough luck, old man—but don't take it to heart too much. A woman's 'No' often means 'Yes.'"
"She didn't say 'No'—she said 'Rats!'"

That Got Him
Joan—Why did your cousin quit his job as riveter? Was it too noisy for him?
Jasper—Oh, he didn't mind the noise of the riveting, but the fellow next to him hummed incessantly!

Some folks never stop to think; there are others who never think to stop.

Had Sowed
The visitor going around the penal settlement came upon a convict making sacks.
"Good afternoon," said the visitor. "Sewing?"
"No," was the reply. "Reaping."

Let's Go!
Jasper—I am not myself tonight.
Joan—Then we ought to have a good time.

Start these towels now. Pattern 7235 contains a transfer pattern of 7 motifs 5 1/2 by 8 inches; list of materials; stitches.

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.

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