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By CLARK MCMEEKIN W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shan- | non, whose horse, Madoc, was sold to clear a debt when her father died, sails "Go back up-attic," she or- in her life. side. from England for America. David North, dered, "an' see to it that un stays whom she loves, was to make the trip there. I'll soon up an' lock un in. with her but sails the night before. Un's more hinder than help, cozzen-Lark's ship goes down, but she reaches ing up to every male-crittur in land and Galt Withe, a bound servant,

sight." Lark was afraid that if she made a scene it would be Galt and not she, herself, who would suffer from it, so, under Mag's sharp urging, she went up to her room again.

It was not long till Lark heard the crowd gathering in the room below. Snatches of song and rough loud talk came up to her. She strained her ears to hear David's voice among the others. Finally, she crept from her room and stood at the top of the darkened stairway, bending down,

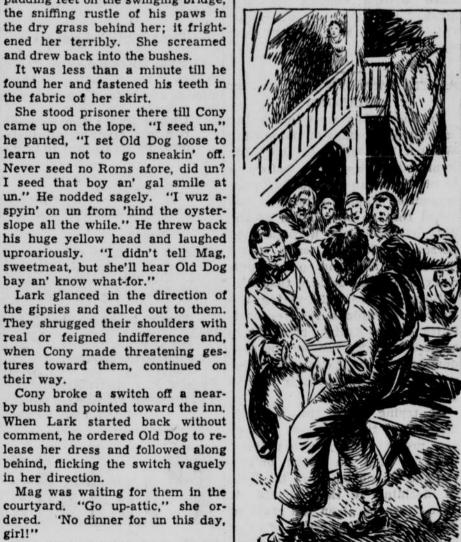
trying to peer into the big room. She couldn't see the entire group from where she crouched and so, after a moment, edged lower, step by cautious step. Here, from the shadowed corner of the landing she

had a good view. The bright scarfs of the group of

gipsy folk splashed color in the far corner of the dim-lit room. They stood a little apart from the sailors. Lark saw. The white haired woman was there, and Dosta and Chal and Ginko. The men's arms were woven around the women's waists and they were swaying and twisting to the tune which Ginko was playing on his fiddle. Their feet moved in an

intricate, hypnotic cadence. It was impossible to tell whether or not David was among the group. Lark had time to call out and the Several had their backs to Lark and a few were hidden by the dark shadow of the Dutch dresser.

It was at this moment that some quick dispute flared by the oak set-



Lark drew back, her eyes blazing | and the direction of the church, runin fury. Mag's hand fell to her ning faster than she had ever run

> After a time the terrified beating of Lark's heart quieted a little. The very effort it took to walk through the loose sand calmed her. She was

out of breath now and gratefully sucked the cool, damp night air down deep into her lungs. Presently a new strength seemed to enter tive. into her.

Though she was still deeply perplexed and frightened, that last glimpse of Galt had been a comfort to her. She felt it had taken a certain courage which she had not known him to possess to be aiding the dying man. A craven would not have done that thing.

Galt would know her whereabouts at the parson's and would get word to her somehow. Their two fates were linked together. Lark knew that and it renewed her own courage.

Lark pushed forward. It was good to thrust her feet deep into the sand and let it seep through the rough sandals. She could feel it under her toes, damp and firm, packing hard under the arches of her feet.

She was strong and young. The tug of the sand was, as yet, no impediment to her. Walking fast and free like this, she felt the night wind behind her, urging her on.

Not far ahead of her Lark could see the church, four-square and white-steepled. The parsonage must lie behind it, just out of her present vision. Lark wondered if the man of God would be angry, being wakened in the middle of the night. Maybe he was deaf, sleeping on his good ear as her father used to do to try

and give himself a good night's rest. She tried the door of the church but found it locked. She crept through the little cemetery where the tombstones stood all awry until

Lark stood for a moment, looking. Then, as the moon came out love with her and wants to marry from behind the clouds, a feeling her.

step, quick, pursuing. 'Who's there? Galt, is it you?" voice, but in David's.

re you doing here?"

was a little girl.

scared of. I'm here with you."

"I couldn't speak to you last night.

care.

didn't."

me."

pora?"

of the shipwreck."

in the night dreaming about it."

one of the fortunate ones."

again, be . . . be . . ."



SHE'S A SHE-DEVIL to some Hollywood people; to others she's an angel. Joan Fontaine is one of those persons who never could be accused of being wishy-washy. She's electric, giving off with dynamic impulses, sometimes a sparkling positive, sometimes a crackling nega-

Joan Fontaine is never neutral. When she's angry she's lightning in a summer storm.

and just as deadly; when she's gay she's a veritable pinwheel on wheels. Exploded into

the ranks of the screen's first ladies back in 1939 with a haunting performance in "The Women,"

Joan Fontaine Joan has fre-

quently been a storm center, and 'most always town's gossip conversation piece.

Joan, when she wants to be, can be a witch right out of "Macbeth." She once said: "I express my feelings by action. I have a frightful temper, and I can fly into rages about almost anything that gets on my nerves at any time of day or night."

Surprise, Surprise!

The big news of the moment is that she went through one whole picture without once losing her temper. That was "The Affairs of Susan,"

for Hal Wallis at Paramount. Producer Wallis, a wise man (he must be-anyway he won 27 Oscars during a 10-year period), provided Joan with everything an actress could set her heart upon. She had

not one but four leading men-George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe, Don she came to the parsonage beyond. De Fore, and Walter Abel. In the a rope!" picture each of these men falls in

of desolation and fear came over In "The Affairs of Susan" Joan her. The paling fence was broken played her first comedy role, and and falling away. The windows of that scared her, she confided to me. the house were gaping wide, and the Says I to her: "You've got one of doorway was a hollow open shell. the finest comedy directors in the Behind Lark there was a sound, a business-Bill Seiter. He knows more than many of our supposed She swung round and called out, big shots, whom he's taught all they know, but can't remember because The answer came, not in Galt's their hats are now too high for them to balance the hat and the brain "Lark, child, what in the world underneath 'em. So with Bill just

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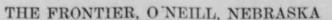
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faces like a warming poultice. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Remember-ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this spe-cial double action. It's time-tested, home-proved... the best-known home remedy for reliev-ing miseries of VICKS children's colds.

An Oriental story tells of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a **PEPPER!** Yes, we have it! Gener-ous sized box includes attractive glass shaker as premium. Postpaid, \$1.00. neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope himself just **BOBBY PINS!** High quality a supply while they last. Ten cards, postpaid, \$1.00. "Shall you need it a long time?" "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I'm going to tie up HAIR NETS! Silk or human hair, ity; four nets, postpaid, \$1.00. "Tie up sand!" exclaimed the **BABY PANTS!** Waterproof; an-mother's prayer. 50c quality; two pairs, postpaid, \$1.00. would-be borrower. "I don't see how you can possibly do that with "Oh, you can do almost anything Send money order or currency; add 10a to checks for exchange imaginable with a rope when you don't want to lend it!" was the re-GENERAL PRODUCTS CO. . Albany, Ga.

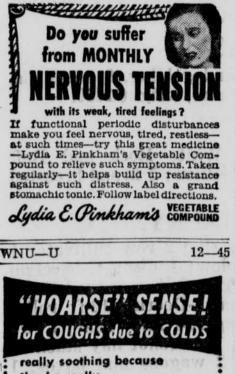




MARTIN star of "True to Life," a Paramount picture, is one of the many well-groomed, well-informed Hollywood stars who use Calox Tooth Powder. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.









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Lark glanced in the direction of the gipsies and called out to them. They shrugged their shoulders with real or feigned indifference and, when Cony made threatening gestures toward them, continued on their way.

bay an' know what-for."

finds her on an island and helps her

but refuses to bring her to the mainland.

The two manage to hobble Lancer, a fine

horse who had escaped from the sinking

ship and on which a price of 100 pounds

has been offered. After some time Galt

returns to the Island with Cony, who plans

to hold her for ransom to David North's

firm. They reach the inn and Lark finds

CHAPTER IX

Mag had gone indoors now and

Cony returned to his oyster shuck-

ing. He was, for the moment, on

the far side of the mound, raking

the shells with his long wooden fork.

Surely she could slip away for a

few minutes, Lark thought. Surely

Slowly she edged toward the cor-

ner of the inn and stood there in its

shelter for a moment, watching,

holding her breath. Nothing hap-

pened; nothing at all. With cau-

tious deliberation she slid past the

outhouses and, still slowly, saun-

tered toward the bridge. She gained

the bridge and crossed it, was in

she could!

herself being carefully watched.

Cony broke a switch off a nearby bush and pointed toward the inn. When Lark started back without comment, he ordered Old Dog to release her dress and followed along behind, flicking the switch vaguely in her direction.

Mag was waiting for them in the courtyard. "Go up-attic," she ordered. 'No dinner for un this day. girl!"

She came behind Lark up the steep and narrow steps and shut the heavy door quickly, turning the key in the lock on the outside and stamping down without any more words. It was then that she realized her luck in having Galt's spy-glass hidden under her straw pillow. It was still there. She was thankful Mag hadn't thought to rummage round. Lark focused the glass eastward toward Ghost Island. How she wished she could see Red Raskall hidden in the dip where the grass was so green and the rock-basin held the water like a cup. She could imagine him there so clearly, awaiting, like herself, his hour of freedom.

She turned the spy-glass then toward the castle. She could distinguish the glint of its red roof among the trees. She could see the gipsy camp below it, spread out on the plateau; the tents, bright patches among the trees, the figures of the men and women moving about in the open space where the cooking fires smoldered like dusky jewels.

David was there somewhere among them, Lark thought. It was a thing scarcely to be believed, that, almost, she could reach out her arms and touch him.

below.

hand.

every description.

a pretty peach, for sure!"

It was nearly dark when Mag stumped up the stairs and unlocked Lark's door, telling her in a surly voice that she had need of her down

man into the yard. Following Mag down the steps, she saw now that the long trestle tables had already been set up, and that wine casks had been rolled in and lined the length of the room. Cony called to Lark, "Here, un, come give me a hand with these platters." He stood in the far corner of the big room beside the wide trees. open-faced Dutch dresser whose

high shelves were stacked with trenchers and platters and bowls of could go with me, Galt-" Cony's eyes fell on her and lit up

with astonishment and pleasure. He shook his head, glancing back "By God," he said softly, "but un's a beauty-bright if ever I seed one. Un looks like that Sheba-queen Parson Withe preached about onct in the brick church at the crossroads. Un's church you'll-" His voice was soft, but not too

soft for Mag to hear. "Sheba-queen, indeed; Jezzybel, more like!" She came at Lark with an upraised

The sailor crumpled in a heap on

the dirt floor. tle which banked the fireplace. Lark's eyes shifted to the sudden movement there and discovered Matson, still wrapped in his long black cape. Lark saw at once why Mag had spoken of him as the Spanish Cat. The nickname was an apt one, she realized, as he stepped from the darkened corner.

He stood now, electric with anger, staring haughtily at the blackbearded sailor who had knocked the tray from Galt's hands a few moments ago. Presumably the man had taken some liberty with him which he resented deeply. Almost

more quickly than Lark's eye could follow the swift motion, a rapier was gleaming like a silver streak in the air; gleaming one moment and buried deep out of sight the next, as, with a groan, the sailor crumpled in

a heap on the dirt floor. Matson drew a silk handkerchief neatly down the rapier's bloodstained length as he stood, smiling a little, like a dancer, poised beautifully on the balls of his slim feet.

"Pick him up," he said softly. "throw him out into the courtyard. The dog's ready for the dung-pile." His summoning gesture brought two gipsies from the group. With utter unconcern they tossed the dying

Galt was bending over the man, holding a cup of water to his lips. Lark whispered his name so softly that when he turned it was as if he had sensed her presence, rather than heard her. He followed her quickly to the shadows of the

"Galt!" Lark's cold hands clung to his. "Oh, Galt, I'm going to the church. I'm going to try to get there, to the cross-roads. If you

fearfully. "They'd miss me," he said, his voice less than sound. "Run, Lark! Once you get away from here you can find help. It's better for you, without me. Past the He stopped, darted away from her. stood still as Cony opened the door.

peering out. Lark slipped away among the trees and out-buildings, running now, making for the dunes

let yourself go. He'll carry the ball In an instant she was in his arms, over the goal line, and you'll get the clinging to him, sobbing out all her credit." She did, and now says. "I fright and dismay. She knew only prefer comedy to those droopy roles that David was holding her; David, I've been playing." whom she had loved ever since she

It's Contagious

He was holding her close now, as But it wasn't always sweetness if she were still that little girl, need- and light with Joan. On her last ing the comfort of his protecting picture, the \$4,000,000 "Frenchman's Creek," there was more than a little trouble between her and Arturo De "Don't cry that way, Lark," he said gently, "it makes me feel real Cordova, the technicolor pirate. bad. There isn't anything to be Joan was very unhappy on that one, and when Joan's unhappy every one "But, David, you wouldn't speak within shouting and shooting range to me last night. I kept thinking is apt to be unhappy, too. all day you'd come to me and you

All due to a misunderstanding of the language. He apologized, she apologized, and they were friends You shouldn't have called out to again.

Many of the reports circulated "I'm sorry, David. But I was so about Joan are pure malice. Joan glad to see you." Lark tried to calm just never bothers to answer back. herself now, to take some assurance "But I don't let those things bothfrom David's reasonable tone. His er me any more," she told me. "Aftarm was still about her, holding her er all, by this time they've said evshivering body against his own. He erything and written everything that was so warm, so safe, so strong. could be said or written about me, "David, you knew about the Temso why explain anything?"

Don't You Believe It

"Not till after I saw you yesterday, Lark. Then somebody told me The Fontaine-De Havilland "feud" rumors, for instance, are a part of "It was horrible. I still wake up the legion of legends about her. Joar contends there isn't any feud, neve has been one. "Why," says she, "i "But you're safe now. You were Livvy ever needed help I'd be th first one she came to, and vice "When I was out there on that versa."

dreadful island I didn't feel fortu-No, there is no feud, but the fac nate. When Clink Swalters, the mate, died and left me, I almost that she took the name Fontaine and not Livvy's made talk, as Joan wanted to go with him. I would have wanted to if it hadn't been for knew it would. She wanted no one to write a story about Livvy's baby the thought of you, the hope I still held onto that we might be together sister, said she. "If I can't win on my own, being tied to Livvy's apron

. . .

"Be married, Lark? Was that it? strings won't help me. So what the heck! Just call me Joan Fontaine-We will be married some day, after a bit, when I've got this business or don't call me."

with Matson straightened out. I'll Regarding the reports that she be rich then, and safe. Now it's too has trouble with her directors she risky a thing." answers: "How's any one going to "What is it, David? Tell me about undermine a Hitchcock or a Cukor

it. I don't understand the least little or a Bill Seiter? It's ridiculous!" bit. I was so unhappy and confused Joan is a determined person with when I got your note." a will of iron. If something comes

"I tried to send you a message by up she disagrees with she just plants Mother Egypt this morning," he herself in the position she intends to said, "but she had no chance to demaintain-and she maintains it. Ask liver it. Chal and Dosta said you David O. Selznick. He knows. attempted to follow them. That "I was sick of being the sad sack wasn't wise. Lark." of the screen." said she. "I wanted

"But I had to know, David, I to play comedy, and now that I've wanted to talk to you, and now you done it, I'm happier than I've won't tell me anything!" ever been in Hollywood." "Darling, I'm ready to tell you ev-

erything. What was it specially?" Unknown Becomes Known "Why didn't you come with me, A new guy named Tommy Trout, David? Why didn't you keep your six footer, 185 pounds, appeared at promise?"

the studio, asking for a job. They "Business," David said, "I told you that, honey. My company sent thought he wanted to work as a lame over to catch Matson who has borer. Said he, "I want to act." As been black-birding slaves in for a joke, he was sent to Lillian Burns, years, insuring them for a good | Metro's coach. After five minutes round sum and then claiming he with him she phoned the boss, and loses nearly half on every trip. He said, "If we don't sign him we ought sneaks in those he makes the false to have our heads examined." They claim on after his ship has been signed. He's finished his first, "Main cleared and hides them away at Street After Dark." They swear his castle up the hill till he can dis- from his performance he's been acting all his life. pose of them."

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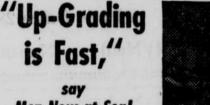
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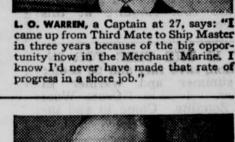
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