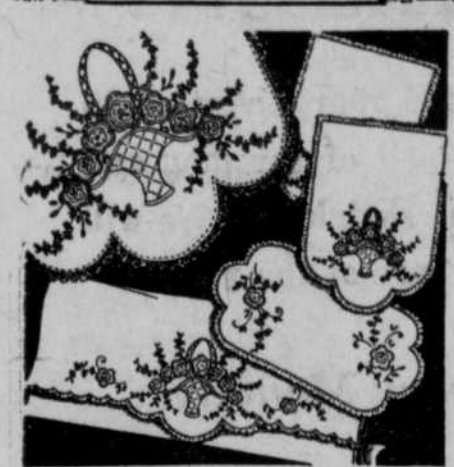


THINGS for You TO MAKE



HARMONIOUS beauty for bedroom linens is offered in these new designs. Graceful baskets of brown filled with colorful flowers are for pillow slips, dresser scarf and vanity set. Outline, lazy daisy, blanket stitch and French knots are the simple stitches required for the motifs.

Pattern No. Z9463, 15 cents, brings a usable several-times transfer which includes all of the motifs shown, together with directions. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name.....
Address.....



'Twas Ever Thus
"The price of everything has gone up since the war began."
"No, talk is just as cheap as ever."

And How He Did!
"A burglar broke into our home last night."
"Did he get anything?"
"Yes; my wife thought it was me coming home late."

Fair Offer
"Doctor, let's compromise."
"Compromise on what?"
"On that bill of yours. I'll pay for your medicine and return your visits."

Admirals may be admirable, but that isn't where the word comes from. It comes from an old Arabic word "amir-al" meaning "commander of." That's what the Admiral is, the top-ranking officer in the Navy. Top-ranking cigarette with our Navy men is Camel—the favorite, too, with men in the Army, Marines and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records from their service stores. Camel dealers are featuring Camel cartons to send anywhere to any member of our armed forces. Today is a good time to send "him" a carton of Camels.—Adv.

AWAY GO CORNS

Pain goes quick, corns speedily removed when you use this, soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

HOUSEWIVES: ★ ★ ★

Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives
TURN 'EM IN! ★ ★ ★

TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS

on "certain days" of month
If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue, at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years—to help relieve such pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."
Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

BUREAU OF STANDARDS

● A BUSINESS organization which wants to get the most for the money sets up standards by which to judge what is offered to it, just as in Washington the government maintains a Bureau of Standards.

● You can have your own Bureau of Standards, too. Just consult the advertising columns of your newspaper. They safeguard your purchasing power every day of every year.

GHOST PLANE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: To save Nordland Airways from bankruptcy, Cruger has agreed to have his partner, Alan Slade, fly a so-called scientist named Frayne to the Anawotito in search of the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. Slade's application for overseas service with the army air corps has been rejected, but he is less disappointed when he learns that the company can stay in business, thanks to their client, who has paid enough to enable Cruger to buy a new plane, a Lockheed. And he is pleased when Cruger tells him that Lynn Morlock, daughter of the "flying Padre," is not going abroad with her Red Cross unit. Slade meets Lynn in town and goes with her to help a man who has been wounded in a fight. The wounded man turns out to be Slim Tumstead, a flyer who has lost his license for drinking and who is little better than an outlaw.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER III

Slade pressed closer as the yellow-faced man, wiping his hands on his apron, hurried out.

The pock-marked man righted the table and chairs as Lynn busied herself loading a hypodermic.

"How is he?" asked Slade.

"He's all right," was the cool-noted response. "But there's a three-inch skull cut we'll have to close up. How did you get it?"

Slade's lips twitched. But he remained silent.

"How about a drink first?" he suggested, as Lynn turned back to him.

"You've had enough already," she said, quietly impersonal.

"Who gave you that jab?" persisted Slade. The look of the room clearly proclaimed that the fight had been a real one.

Slade still declined to speak. It was the pock-marked man in the doorway who broke the silence.

"He got it from Wolf Winston," croaked the indignant land-lord.

"And it's another free-for-all chalked up against this place o' mine."

"Quiet, please," was Lynn's cool-noted admonition.

Wolf Winston, Slade remembered, was a whisky-runner who'd repeatedly proved his adroitness at evading the outstretched arm of the law.

He also recalled that Slim, once the crack flyer for Colonial, had been twice grounded for drinking on duty.

Still later he had been linked up with Edmonton Scotty's activities as a high-grader. And there'd been a rumor or two that of late he'd been running contraband liquor in from the coast ports.

Slade felt sorry for Tumstead, just as he would feel sorry for any man of promise who threw away his chances. Among flyers, he knew, there was a free-masonry that made you forget a confrere's passing faults. But for a year now Slim had seemed stubbornly headed for trouble.

"This is going to hurt a little," Lynn was saying as she sterilized a bullet-probe, "but we've got to make sure there's no glass in that cut before we close it up."

"A drink would help a little," Slim once more suggested.

"You can have a cigarette," she conceded, "when I put the stitches in."

Slade produced the cigarette and held out his lighter.

Slade looked up at him with an eye that was still indifferently derisive.

"So the big boys took it away from you," he observed.

"Took what away?" asked Slade, resenting the note of mockery.

"That little tin-horn outfit of yours. I hear you're folding up."

"Not on your life," countered Slade. "We've got a new ship and we're going stronger than ever."

The indifference went out of Tumstead's eye.

"So you've got a new ship. That's certainly worth remembering."

"Why?" challenged Slade.

Tumstead shrugged.

"Oh, I kind of thought the big fight had brought a famine in ships over here. Does that mean you're going to keep on flying the ice routes?"

"I am," proclaimed Slade.

"You'll change your tune," Slim said, "when you get the same dirty deal I got from Colonial."

Slade backed away a little. He had the natural pride of the flyer in flying. And the thought that one of the best in the service could swing so far off-center gave him a sinking feeling.

"I thought it was the other way round," he observed.

Slade's eye-flash of hostility did not escape the younger pilot.

"Oh, I go my own way," the man on the couch announced with a laugh that was not without bitterness. But a note of desolation in the voice brought a surge of pity through Slade.

It was Lynn who spoke next.

"You ought to have a week of rest," she observed as she encircled her patient's head with a white gauze bandage that gave him the air of wearing a crown, slightly tilted.

"Rest?" echoed Tumstead. His laugh was thin yet scornful. "I can't afford to rest, lady. I've got things to do."

Lynn glanced about at the blood-stained furniture.

"You've lost a good deal of blood, remember. And you'll need a new dressing in a day or two. What



"You've had enough already," she said, quietly impersonal.

you'd better do is see Sister Nadeau over at St. Gabriel's."

"When?" asked the man with the bandaged head.

"Tomorrow or next day," said Lynn as she closed her bag and stood up.

"I won't be—"

But Tumstead, for some reason, left that sentence unfinished. He shrugged and glanced at Slade. Then his half-mocking gaze went back to Lynn.

"I'd rather have you do my dressing tomorrow," he said as he reached for her hand. Slade was nettled at the open insolence in that gesture.

"Hasn't she done enough for you?" he demanded.

Tumstead lifted a languid eye to his fellow-flyer.

"Is she letting you make her decisions?" he inquired. The derisive note in that inquiry brought Slade's gaze about to the girl's face. But in that face he found nothing to help him frame an answer.

"Let's go," Lynn said with her first sign of impatience.

Tumstead, stretched out full-length on his couch, looked after them as they moved toward the door.

"Since you're going," he said, still casually insolent, "which way are you heading? I mean you, Slade."

The younger flyer swung about and studied the bandaged face under its swathing blankets.

"I'm flying into the Anawotito country tomorrow," he announced.

Tumstead's lips made a whistling sound.

"So they hooked you for that flight?"

Slade, looking down, could see the older pilot smiling up at the ceiling.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded.

Tumstead continued to blink up at the ceiling.

"Not a thing, son, not a thing," he answered with a listless sort of indifference. His movement as he turned to the wall was plainly one of dismissal.

Slade felt happier when he found himself in the open sunlight, the balsam-scented open sunlight of spring, with Lynn walking along at his side. She was close beside him, yet he nursed an impression of her remoteness. And that impression took on an edging of pain as some inner voice told him she was the one thing in all the wide world he wanted.

"So you're not going overseas?" he ventured as he noticed how the sunlight gave glints of gold to her mahogany-brown hair.

"No, I'm going to meet Father at St. Gabriel's," she answered casually, having discerned a light in his eyes which she found a little disturbing.

She was, he knew, evading the real issue.

"And after that?" he prompted.

"I'm flying north with Father in the morning," she announced. She found the courage, as she said it, to meet his gaze.

"What made you change your mind?" asked Slade, puzzled by her loyalty to a life that was giving her so little of what other women clamored for.

"Father isn't young any more. He can't keep on forever. I was hoping he'd give up a sort of work that's too hard for him."

"And too hard for you," proclaimed Slade. He was remembering, at the moment, how she and the Flying Padre had been grounded by a blizzard, the winter before, and had kept life in their bodies by dining on their own mukluks of untanned sealskin, well boiled.

That, Slade told himself, was no life for a girl. She was of too fine a fiber for such frontier roughness. It impressed him as too much like trying to grow a flower in a stamping mill.

"Did your father ask you to stay on?" Slade questioned.

"He'd never do that," was her prompt reply. "He's too big and fine to let his own interests come first."

"Of course," said Slade, wondering if there was a hidden reproach in that reply.

"But I was hoping," Lynn continued, "that Father would give up flying and settle down."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fitted Suits Are Favored by Those Who Really Want to Swim

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



PLAY clothes are in a very colorful and versatile mood this season, and swim suits are no exception to the rule. It adds to the zest of things that bathing suit fashions present two distinct trends to be considered, for dressmaker fabric types vie with body-molding wool knits.

With some the selecting of swim suits is a matter of picturesque garb which spends more hours on the beach in the style parade than in the water. To these the dressmaker styles which play up novelty and fabric dramatically make definite appeal.

Then there are the real swimmers who go in for health and exercise and trophies and who want suits which give perfect freedom of action to the body. To these fearless divers and swimmers it is the suit of wool knit which makes appeal.

It is efficiency they demand for their suit, with color glory and chic styling added. They will find all they long for in the handsome yet practical fashions illustrated in the above picture.

The designing of these models manages the task of allowing freedom of movement while remaining perfectly molded to the figure.

Favored by real swimmers is the one-piece suit pictured to the right. This bright red ribbed knit, subtly elastic and flexible, is a masterpiece. The adroit shirring is brought up into a pretty bow effect at the front, at the same time that it makes the suit conform to the body. Thus it meets the ideal of the ardent enthusiast who is battling with the waves.

Just as the plaid sweaters scored big last season the Argyle plaid from those same eyes when he had once spoken of the Flying Padre's occupation as quixotic.

"A flyer never wants to give up," he observed.

Lynn came to a stop. The face she turned to her companion was a clouded one.

"That's what frightened me, Alan," she quietly acknowledged. "They don't always stop in time."

"The Padre knows the ropes all right," Slade protested.

"But something happened last month," the girl was saying, "when we were flying in to Coronation. It was good weather and everything was going nicely, with Father at the controls. Then I saw that something was wrong. I had to jump in and straighten out the ship. Father, all of a sudden, didn't know where he was. Everything went blank, for a moment or two. He said, later, it was like a switch turned off and then turned on again. But things like that mustn't happen to a flyer."

Slade shrugged and smiled, mercifully intent on easing the concern out of her eyes.

"There's many a bush flyer gets over-tired," he casually affirmed.

"That's what Father said. He claimed he'd been careless about his eating and had been going too hard. But when I saw him with those empty eyes and that cold sweat on his face, I knew it went deeper than he pretended."

Slade forced a laugh.

"He's clipped many a cloud since then. And he'll keep going until they ground him for old age."

The clouded hazel eyes searched his face.

"But can't you see, Alan, what I'm fighting for? Can't you understand how we all want security? How, when we love someone, we have to think of his future?"

Slade looked down into the hazel eyes. Their loveliness sent a wave of recklessness through him.

"It's your future I'd rather think of," he asserted.

But the girl with the clouded eyes didn't seem to hear him.

"I'm all Father has now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wine and gray checked cotton gingham makes this jacket dress for town wear. There are interesting details that give this stunning outfit distinction. The beautifully cut jacket has bias bands of the gingham on pockets and cuffs. The bias idea is carried out, also, in the pleated skirt and the jabot. A very significant detail is this jabot, for it is an innovation for it to be of self fabric. This technique has been used successfully by a leading designer for lightweight cloth suits.



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When the fall season gets in swing one of the sights you'll see that's good for the eyes is the tweed two-piece ensemble that college girls will adore.

It has a tweed skirt finished off with self fringe (the edge raveled) up and down the wraparound edge to the left. Instead of a jacket there's a wide, shawl-like scarf. The shawl also has matching self-fringed edges. Add a bright blouse to bring the costume to a perfect climax.

Two-Piece Ensemble Has

Wide Scarf for a Jacket

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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BEAUTY SCHOOL

LEARN BEAUTY CULTURE in an approved school. Low tuition. Write Hastings Beauty College, Hastings, Neb.

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Cash for Your Farm, or ranch, in 15 days. The larger holdings and estate our specialty. Successful selling service since 1912. Write for information. NEBRASKA REALTY AUCTION CO., Central City, Neb.

M. A. LARSON, Central City, Neb., will mail you information on many farms, priced right. Drop me a card.

FOR SALE

TWO 12 FT. CUT MODEL A OLIVER COMBINES, one 15 ft. cut model C Michol-Shepard Combine, one 22-40 Hart Parr Tractor. T. W. Hartigan, Hornick, Iowa.

RAILROAD RESTAURANT at junction to ordinance plant, business will stand inspection, selling price reasonable. N. C. RUBERG, Ashland, Neb.

Cub Airplane which has been damaged. Fuselage, one wing, tail assembly, and 50 horse Continental motor in good shape. Aircraft Club No. 1, R 22, Scottsbluff, Neb.

FAIRBANKS MORSE 25 HORSE DIESEL CENTRIFUGAL PUMP RICHARD EVERETT, Scottsbluff, Neb.

For Sale: Good case combine, Model P, 16 foot, almost new canvases. One Allis-Chalmers 20-35 tractor. Wm. Reep, Diller, Neb.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

How reasonless is human hope—
In spite of failures without end
I'm still convinced that
some bright day
I'll find a real,
platonic friend.



WNU Features.

Fly Is Paralysis Carrier

Discovery that common flies carry the virus of infantile paralysis has been made by Drs. John L. Paul and James D. Trask at Yale university medical school.

It is now evident that poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), which cripples 10,000 persons and kills from 500 to 1,000 every year, is a disease of the intestinal tract as well as the spinal cord, and that flies may carry the virus from sewage.

The discovery of Drs. Paul and Trask makes the common house fly more than ever an enemy to health and even to life itself, especially among children.

Acid Indigestion

What many Doctors do for it
When excess stomach acid causes gas, sour stomach or heartburn, doctors prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Holi-ans Tablets. No laxative. If your very first trial doesn't prove Holi-ans better, return bottle to us and get double your money back, too.

Seek Ore in Darkness

Scheelite, the chief tungsten ore in the United States, is often searched for in pitch darkness with the aid of a portable ultraviolet light. When thrown on the ore, this black light causes it to glow with a distinct fluorescence.



JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON FARTHOES

We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

● In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

● It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.

● When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

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