

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz
The Questions

1. How many times has the title Progressive party been taken by a third party movement in the United States?
2. Who was the last of the French monarchs?
3. Back in 1845 what city made the use of bathtubs unlawful except on the advice of physicians?
4. What is the ratio of gasoline used in this war as compared with World War I?
5. You are most deeply asleep after how many hours of sleep?
6. How many acres does the great pyramid of Gizeh cover?

The Answers

1. Two—1912 and 1924.
2. Napoleon III.
3. Boston.
4. Eighty to one.
5. After 1 1/2 hours of sleep.
6. Thirteen acres.

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That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

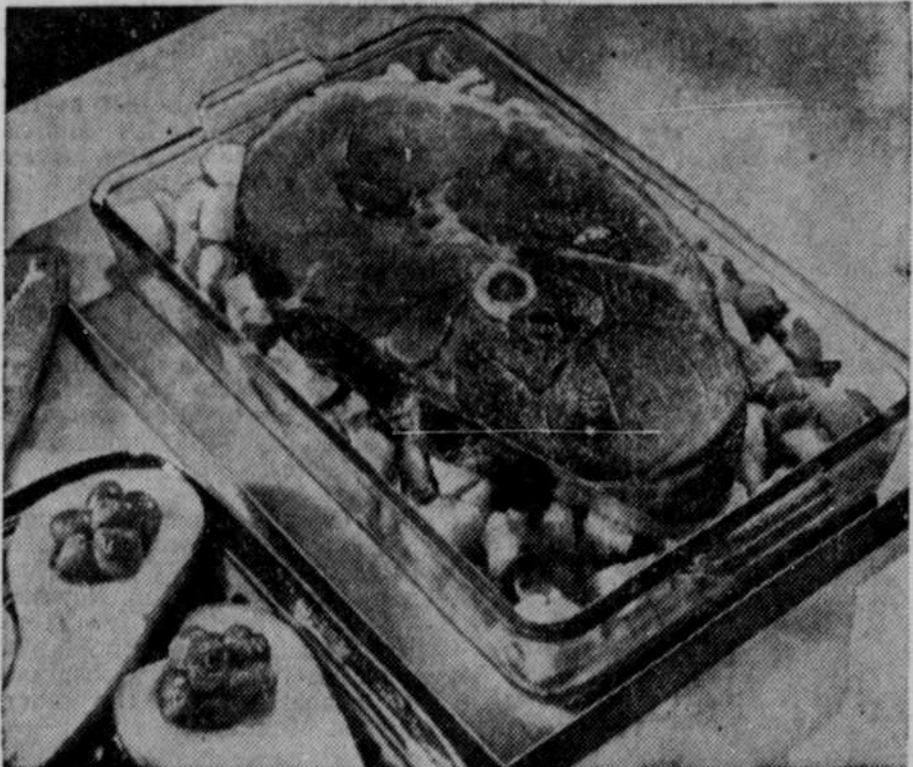
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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DOAN'S PILLS

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Savory Dressing Extends the Ham Slice

(See Recipe Below.)

Spring Notes

'Tis the season for foods to don spring dress—to try on new colors, to keep Mrs. Home-maker cool while the sun becomes warmer and brighter, to perk up appetites that lag because "it's too warm to eat."

I'm not advocating any sulphur and molasses diet because you can do a better job in a much smarter way, that is, by serving foods keyed to the season and making the most of them.

The first rule to follow in pepping up menus is to take foods which are choice and fresh. In the vegetable group you'll find asparagus, peas, carrots, radishes, lettuce, spring onions, beets, string beans, spinach, endive, chicory, dandelion greens, escarole and wild greens.

In fruits, there is not as much variety, but the quality is lovely. You can have delicate pink and tender rhubarb, apples, pears, pineapple, cherries, strawberries and oranges.

Keeping Cool.

It's the smart homemaker who cooks her food quickly and stays out of the kitchen during the hot weather. Use the refrigerator as much as possible and plan meals that cook in an hour or less. If it's possible, make ready in the cool hours of the morning, and then just before dinner, pop foods into the oven, broiler or surface units to cut down preparation time. It's a good recipe for remaining cool and crisp.

Here is the first suggestion for today. The ham is cleverly extended with a dressing and may be baked with the garnish and dessert.

MENU I.

Ham on Dressing
Green Salad
Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie

Ham on Dressing.

(Serves 6)
1 ham slice, 1 inch thick
1 cup chopped celery
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon thyme or marjoram
1/2 medium-sized onion, minced
1/2 cup bacon or meat drippings

Toss together celery, bread crumbs, salt, pepper, thyme and onion. Add bacon drippings. Put into slightly greased baking dish. Top with ham slice. If desired, spread slice with thin layer of prepared mustard. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 1 hour.

Save Used Fats!

Cranberry Baked Pears.
Pare, halve and core large, firm pears. Place in baking dish and fill hollows with cranberry sauce. Cover bottom of pan with water and bake covered in a moderate oven about 20 minutes or until tender.

Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie.
2 cups strawberries, washed and hulled
2 cups rhubarb, cut in 1/2-inch pieces
1 1/2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca

Lynn Says

The Score Card: Egg supplies are at an all-time high, so scramble them, poach, fry, boil them. Use them in custards, puddings, or pies, but use them for economy's sake and for health.

Cheese production is in for another cut, and there will be less cheese, except cottage cheese, of course. Use it wisely.

Fat supplies and oils for civilian use are getting smaller. Use them sparingly, and salvage what you can to turn in to your butcher for points and money. On the Also Save list are tin cans and waste paper. Salvage all that you possibly can.



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT
W.N.U. RELEASE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates an auto repair shop in back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in I.A. He breaks the bad news to his domineering wife, Amy, and tramps off to work without kissing her goodby. Neighbors call the next night after seeing his picture on the front page of the Evening Standard, and commiserate with him. The night before leaving, Mrs. Winkle tells Wilbert she is worried that he may take up with other women but he tells her she has nothing to worry about. Mr. Winkle takes the lead in the draft parade and on arriving in camp is given his "physical." He is ashamed of his skinny physique.

CHAPTER VI

At the desk of the Chief Medical Examiner, he was informed, casually, that he had been accepted for General Military Service.

It was a little difficult to realize it. He was dazed. He felt that his dyspepsia had been insulted. He still suffered from chronic indigestion no matter how lightly it was regarded.

All except three of the Springville contingent were accepted. Freddie and Jack were among the successful ones—or unsuccessful—whichever way you looked at it, a matter depending on how far your patriotism went.

After retrieving their clothes and hiding their nakedness, they were marched outside. Lined up in the open, they took the oath of enlistment.



Mr. Winkle saw what his future bedroom was like.

ment. Mr. Winkle felt very solemn about swearing to bear true faith and allegiance to this country.

In the clothing depot they were turned over to a little Sergeant no larger than Mr. Winkle. He had a wizened face and a great many service stripes on his sleeve. In a dry good-humored voice he instructed them to change into something more appropriate to their surroundings and new standing.

Sergeant Czeideskrowski took them, with more new soldiers from other contingents, to a receiving barracks in the Reception Center. Here they would stay for several days, and here Mr. Winkle saw what his future bedroom was like.

He was appalled. Not that the quarters weren't good. Indeed, they were better than those any other Army in the world could boast.

Even in his somewhat depressed state Mr. Winkle ate more than he usually did at home, which he knew would not please Amy. He didn't mention anything about this when the Alphabet, in motherlike fashion, saw to it that they filled out postcards to their families announcing the good news of their being in the Army.

Finally, for that day, came instruction in bed making. After an hour of experimenting, during which most of them believed he could make his bed perfectly in the dark, Sergeant Czeideskrowski observed that none of them would pass inspection, but their efforts would do for them to sleep that night.

Lying in the darkness, with some of the men talking back and forth in whispers, Mr. Winkle felt unnatural. He was no longer Wilbert Winkle, captain of his own soul or body. He belonged to an immense, fearsome, mysterious organization called the Army whose purpose was to fight other men to the death.

Mr. Winkle fell in line with the other men on the company street. It was barely light. It was cold. All about were the dim outlines of buildings. A vast rustle of men and their movements and voices spread in all directions, ghostly and weird.

Shivering, Mr. Winkle wondered if this could be only a bad dream. Surely he would soon awaken in his own warm bed with Amy beside him, telling him it was time to get up after a good night's rest instead of the fifteen minutes' nap he felt he had.

Instead, he heard Sergeant Czeideskrowski calling his name in the roll.

"H-heré," Mr. Winkle quavered. "Tindall!"

"I guess I'm here," Freddie answered. "I'm not sure."

"Answer 'here' only," the Alphabet ordered. "We'll try again. Tindall!"

"Here," Freddie replied. In a low mutter he added, "What's left of me."

The Alphabet strode over to stand in front of Freddie. He took out a little black notebook from his pocket, wrote in it, and said: "Private Tindall, because it's you, and you ain't had the Articles of War read to you yet, especially Article Sixty-five providing punishment for insubordination to a noncommissioned officer—which is me—we'll just set a record for the camp. You're getting K P duty on your second day. You will become famous for this."

Mr. Winkle was almost glad to see how wrong Freddie was in his attitude, and how painful this was going to make it for him. Then he felt guilty at having such an unworthy sentiment.

"Pettigrew!"

Teeth chattered. Between clicks, Jack called that he was present.

Mr. Winkle had a sense of floating through the rest of that day. He remained in a daze from the shock of entering the Army. He supposed it was the same with the other men, but he didn't notice them very much.

At the dispensary Mr. Winkle was inoculated for so many things that he couldn't keep track of them all. The faintness induced by being pricked on one arm was counteracted by being pricked on the other arm immediately afterward. He enjoyed only one of the examinations. That was the Mechanical Aptitude Test. He was happy to wade right through this, answering nearly every question with ease and certainty, while others scratched their heads.

In the afternoon, when they were given individual interviews, he hoped to learn what might be done with him. The interviewer drew him out about the work he had done in civil life. He showed a mild interest in Mr. Winkle's history as an accountant, but mostly he asked Mr. Winkle to talk about himself as a repairer of anything and the fact that he had his own shop.

"I think we'll have a place for you," he said, quite as if Mr. Winkle only now had been accepted for the position, and hired.

The late afternoon was given to them to do as they pleased—within the confines of their barracks. That is, all except Freddie. An emissary of Sergeant Czeideskrowski, in the form of a Corporal, arrived to instruct Freddie to get into his fatigues and follow him. "We're going bubble dancing," the Corporal said.

Freddie, snorting and grumbling, decided to agree. Jack was with two of the younger men, boys like himself. Solemnly they thumbed through their copies of The Soldier's Handbook, reading the instructions about what was, for most of them of their age, their first job.

Mr. Winkle looked about for companionship of his own. A few men looked as if they might be old enough for him, but he couldn't be sure. One of them passed by his cot, and Mr. Winkle, catching his glance, and for lack of anything else to say on the spur of the moment observed: "Well, here we are."

"Hah?" the man asked, staring blankly.

Mr. Winkle didn't pursue it, and the man passed on.

He realized just what an outsider he was going to be. He wrote a letter to Amy. He informed her that his bag would arrive home by express collect; it contained his rubbers, which she had better give to the scrap rubber drive. He instructed her to tell the Pettigrews that Jack was getting along fine—right now he was having a roughhouse with another boy. He assured Amy that he was all right. He just felt a little funny in his new life.

Sitting there alone on his cot, Mr. Winkle reflected that he felt more than a little funny.

But he was sure there was something to express the situation in which he found himself, and that he would ultimately run across it. He decided to be on the lookout for it.

Private Tindall came in shortly after five, looking hot and not cutting a very attractive figure in his soiled dungarees. His thin line of mustache did not seem to fit this garment at all. Several of the men wanted to know what he had had to do.

Freddie glared at them disgustedly. "I washed floors," he snarled. "Me!"

Jack led the laugh that followed. Freddie strode over to him and without a word, drew back his fist and hit him.

Jack sat down on a cot, not hurt but angry. Mr. Winkle had time to think that it was a good thing he had finished his letter mentioning Jack before the boy rose, again to battle Freddie.

From the doorway the voice of Alphabet was heard: "For fighting you'd be surprised what there is, Private Tindall. But this time we'll make it just the garbage detail for tomorrow."

After the Alphabet had written in his notebook and gone away, Freddie promised, "I'm going to kill him. From A to Z."

"If I don't get you first," Jack muttered.

"You," Freddie demanded, "and what other part of the Army? You and Pop, maybe?"

Mr. Winkle reflected that this was not the right outlook at all. It was hardly the true spirit of the reason they were here.

Mr. Winkle did not find a friend of his own age until he was shipped on a train to his Replacement Training Center. Camp Squibb was a thousand miles away from home. Mr. Winkle understood that this great distance was for the purpose of getting him away from family ties.

He was no happier at this than was Freddie Tindall when it was learned that Sergeant Czeideskrowski was to accompany and stay with them. It seemed that the Alphabet had been champing at the bit for having been put in what he referred to as the "desk job" of receiving draftees. He wanted active duty, and now he looked at it as a step toward this when he was assigned to new training troops.

Camp Squibb was a great deal like their first camp, except that it was much larger, stretching for miles across the flat bare land. It was the general belief that no one knew how large it was, nor where it began and ended. It had simply



"For fighting you'd be surprised what there is, Private Tindall..."

continued to be built until there were no boundaries at all. Men, it was said, had become lost in it and not yet found. Another rumor had it that in case of invasion the enemy was to be lured to Camp Squibb where, once caught in this trap, it would never find its way out.

On the first afternoon in their new barracks, Mr. Winkle discovered Mr. Tinker. He was among those making up the platoon quartered on the ground floor. Mr. Winkle eyed the thickest man with a scowl on his broad face sitting on the next cot, and saw that there was a man of his own age.

They eyed each other. Mr. Winkle smiled briefly, and was given a frown. That wasn't encouraging. Nevertheless, Mr. Winkle spoke, introducing himself. He gave his age, glanced around, and observed, "I guess we're sort of two of a kind here."

"Yeah," the other man said in a deep voice.

Mr. Winkle offered the information that he was a married man. His look inquired if the same situation held true with his acquaintance.

"Naw," the man said. There the matter rested for a moment, until the man suddenly announced his own name, which was Tinker, and his age, forty-two. He said he was a plumber.

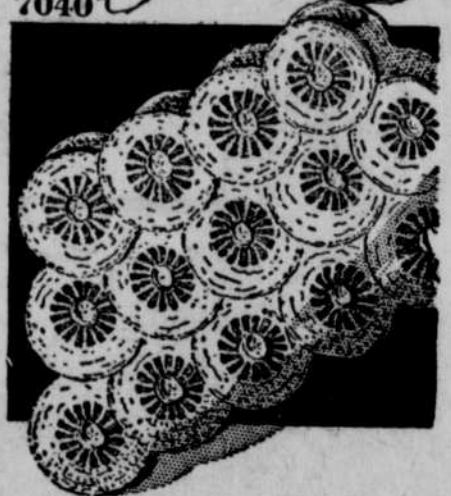
Mr. Winkle asked him how he felt about being in the Army.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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