

Old-Fashioned Cookie Corner for Kitchen

HERE is a cookie jar that may be made at home from odds and ends of wood stenciled with gay peasant figures and quaint lettering. But that is not all. This jar or box sits on an old-fashioned brightly painted corner shelf which may be cut out of thin wood and put together quickly with glue and brads. The combination of cookie



box and shelf will lend interest to a corner in your kitchen or dinette and will be extremely useful as well.

Even if you do not have a jig saw or a coping saw to cut out the graceful curves of the shelf pieces, you may mark the design on a piece of plywood or other thin wood and have it cut at your nearest woodworking shop. As for the cookie box, it is all straight cuts.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has prepared an actual size pattern for this corner shelf and cookie box; also a stencil pattern with complete color guide for the lettering and peasant figures; all on one large sheet which will be mailed for 15 cents which includes cost and postage. Ask for Pattern 266 and write direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 266. Name Address

Tax on Whiskers

Americans who groan under their heavy tax load may be glad they were not living in Russia in the days of Peter the Great. To raise more money he put a tax on whiskers and compelled his subjects to pin their tax receipts to their beards.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-saw Tablets. No laxative. Bell-saw brings comfort in a 50¢ or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 25¢ at all druggists.

You CAN relieve

ATHLETE'S FOOT

80.6% of cases showed clinical improvement after only 10 days treatment with SORETONE in impalpable, scientific test. Help prevent stinging, smarting heat rash, prickly heat and painful chafing that torment you in hot weather. Sprinkle on Mexican, soothing medicated powder. Eases itch of mosquito bites. Grand overseas gift. Save in large sizes. Get Mexsana.

BEAT THE HEAT

Famous to relieve MONTHLY FEMALE MISERY (Also Fine Stomachic Tonic) Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous to relieve not only monthly pain but also accompanying nervous, tired, listless feelings when due to functional periodic disturbances. Taken regularly—it helps build up resistance against such distress. Pinkham's Compound helps nature! Follow label directions. Try it!

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action. Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—as 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.

DOANS PILLS

Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

Tomorrow is Forever by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, had married Elizabeth, after her first husband, Arthur Klitzberg, had been reported killed in World War I. Elizabeth had been orphaned when a baby and had been raised by her aunt and uncle in Tulsa. One summer vacation she met Arthur at the country club. They were married soon afterwards. Within a year he enlisted and before long was reported killed in action. After a long period of soul deadness, Elizabeth decided to go to Los Angeles and start a new life. In her office she met Spratt Herlong, whom she immediately liked for his character and ability.

CHAPTER VII

"Hollywood is a factory town, where several big industrial plants manufacture a product that is packed in tin cans and shipped out to be sold to consumers. The honest manufacturers do their best to turn out a product that will be worth the money they get for it. That's all." Elizabeth smiled appreciatively. "It's refreshing to meet a man as honest as you are."

"Thanks," returned Spratt, "though I didn't know there was any special virtue in speaking one's mind."

"There is in knowing one's mind," said Elizabeth. Spratt laughed a little. They had finished dinner in a restaurant, and as Spratt happened not to have a show to cover that evening they had ordered more coffee and stayed to talk. She asked,

"What do you want to do in pictures ultimately, Spratt?" "Produce them," he answered without hesitation. "I like the executive end. But I shouldn't want to be a producer until I've had some experience in writing, or at least supervising a story, and directing. It's a good thing to know what other people are doing before you try to tell them how to do it."

"And you'll do your best," she added, "to pack an honest product in your little tin cans?" "Certainly," he said, laughing frankly. "A first-class product worth a first-class price."

She laughed back at him. "You're not an idealist, are you, Spratt?" "Not the classic variety, at any rate," he paused a moment, and remarked, "Elizabeth, it's so much easier to dream about the ideals we can't reach than to do the best job we're capable of doing." He paused again, poured cream into his coffee, and in a rare expression of confidence he added, "I guess I saw too much of that when I was a youngster. I come from a long line of visionaries who were too sensitive to take the world as they found it and get anything done. I don't like it."

"Please go on," she urged. "Half my father's salary was always going to support relatives so delicate-minded they couldn't do anything but write bits of verse for the magazines and lament the decline of culture. The other half went mostly for books, and soap. Books, soap, toothbrushes, neat patches and the appurtenances of gentility." He shivered.

"I think I'm really getting to know you," said Elizabeth. "May I venture a guess?" "Go ahead."

"So now half your salary goes for postage on letters to the delicate-minded relatives, telling them they can either go to work or starve, it's all one to you."

"How right you are," said Spratt. They began to laugh again, and Elizabeth started telling him about Aunt Grace and her cups of tea. "My aunt would really be sorry to see the millennium arrive, for if there were no affliction there'd be nobody for her to pester with good works. In consequence I sometimes think I'm hard-hearted. But I simply loathe patronizing the poor."

"Now we do understand each other," said Spratt. He gave her a companionable smile across the table. "I like you, Elizabeth."

"I like you too," she said. By this time they were spending their evenings together several times a week. It was characteristic of Spratt's forthright habit of mind that several nights later, when they were having dinner again, he suddenly interrupted a pause in the conversation to say to her,

"Elizabeth, may I ask you a personal question?" "You can ask it, of course," she returned, "though if it's very personal I don't promise to answer it. What do you want to know?"

"About your husband," he said. Elizabeth looked down at the reflection of an overhead light on the surface of her coffee. "My husband was killed in the war," she answered briefly.

"Forgive me, won't you?" said Spratt. She looked up. Spratt was regarding her with a friendly contrition. "I'm sorry," he continued, "I can see it's not easy for you to recall it."

"No, it's not," said Elizabeth. After an instant's pause she went on, "Why did you want to know?"

He smiled, "Frankly, for self-protection. Shall I explain?" "Why yes, I wish you would."

He leaned a trifle nearer her. "Well, this isn't an easy town to get around in, Elizabeth. You are Mrs., and you wear a wedding ring, but you live alone and I've never heard you mention your husband. We've been seeing a good deal of each other,

and I'd like to keep on seeing you, but I wanted to make sure. I've had—well," he said with a shrug, "one or two embarrassing experiences with unexpected husbands turning up. I hope this doesn't make you angry," he added.

"Why no, of course it doesn't. I don't mind saying it surprises me. I suppose I take it for granted that everyone knows I'm a widow, or at least that if I weren't widowed or thoroughly divorced I shouldn't be going out with men as casually as I do. But maybe I've been a bit naive for Hollywood—and anyway, as you noticed, I'm still reluctant to talk about it."

"Then we shan't talk about it," he said gently. "Thank you for understanding why I brought it up."

There was a pause. "Were you in the army?" she asked. "For a little while. I never got across."

"And when did you come here?" "In the first winter of the world's hangover," he spoke readily, evidently glad to turn the course of her attention. "Before we went into the



"My husband was killed in the war."

war I had worked for an advertising agency in New York. We handled a lot of moving picture advertising, so after the war they sent me out to organize a branch office in Los Angeles. Then I got a chance to do studio publicity."

From there the talk went back to moving pictures. As he drove her home, Spratt said, "I'd like to see you over the week-end if you can manage it."

"I can, easily." "Good. Would you rather go dancing at a night club Saturday night or spend Sunday at a swimming pool?"

"Sunday, swimming." "Terrific, so would I. I've got to do a layout on one of my beauties, and I can do it either Saturday night or Sunday. So I'll get rid of it Saturday night, and pick you up Sunday morning. I belong to a rather good country club and we'll go there—swim, late lunch by the pool, get sunburnt in the afternoon. Right?"

"Splendid." He stopped the car in front of her apartment house and went up with her. At her door Spratt said, "Elizabeth, about what came up at dinner. Don't run away from it. Look at it hard, and take it."

"I do try to, Spratt," she said in a low voice. "I've been trying to for a long time now, but I can't always. Sometimes it—comes back. As if it had just happened yesterday."

"I think I understand. Though maybe I don't—nothing's easier than believing we understand experiences we've never had. But the longer you live the more you find out that life consists mostly of getting used to things we don't like. Keep trying."

"I will, Spratt." He went on, "You know, most of us, when we say happiness, mean the absence of change. And that's just fighting the facts. Our lives are always changing in spite of anything we can do about it. Eventually, if we learn anything, we learn to take what happens and go on with it."

He stopped abruptly, half abashed. "Queer, my talking like this. I don't often. But there it is—I wish I could offer you more consolation."

"Why, you have," said Elizabeth. "Have I? How?"

"By being you. It's hard to explain."

"Thank you." He took both her hands in his and gave them a hard grip. "You're a swell girl, Elizabeth."

When she went into her room and turned on the light she felt a new elation. She had not seen this side of Spratt's nature before. Finding it made her feel that for the first time since she came to California she had acquired, not another companion to amuse her leisure, but a friend who would be there when she needed him.

The following Sunday, as they

were driving home, after a brisk day of sun and water, she leaned back in the car, saying drowsily, "I'll probably be asleep by eight o'clock tonight. I'm so tired!"

"I am too," said Spratt, "funtired. Let's do this often."

"I'd like to. But I thought you worked most of your week-ends."

"So I do, but that's because there was nobody interesting to play with. I work too hard."

"Are you just beginning to realize that?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but I'm just beginning to admit it. Work can be like liquor sometimes, an escape from too much of one's own company."

She glanced up, expecting him to go on, but Spratt remarked on the coloring of the desert hills in the sunset and said no more about himself. Remembering his remark later, however, she thought she should have expected it. She might have realized long ago that like so many other brilliant and ambitious men, Spratt was essentially lonely. Yet she had not realized it, and she was glad to do so now. She needed his friendship; it was good to know that in spite of his self-assurance Spratt had need of her.

When he asked her to marry him she was not surprised. She did not answer him at once. Spratt had given her so much, more than she knew until now, when she had to consider the possibility of letting him go. But she wanted to be fair, and in fairness there were matters that had to be explained.

She explained them on an evening when they were in her apartment, Spratt listening with quiet attention while she spoke. She told him how she had loved Arthur, and how she had suffered at being told he was dead. "It can't be easy for you to hear this," she said.

"It's easier now than it'll ever be again," he answered. "Go on." Elizabeth stood up, moving around behind her chair she put her hands on the back of it and held it while she talked.

"Spratt, you told me to take this out and face it. I've tried to. I've tried to be practical, to tell myself everything I might tell somebody else. I've said to myself that maybe Arthur wasn't worth what I gave him, maybe nobody ever born could deserve so much."

"Yes. But you haven't said whether or not you want to marry me."

"I do want to. But I'm not sure you're going to want to marry me. If you don't want to, say so. You're too fine and honest to have anything less than the truth from me, or to let me have anything less than that from you. Spratt, when Arthur died something died in me. What I feel for you—it's strange to call it love, because it's so different. It's not adoration that sees no faults. It's thoughtful and realistic. I like you, I admire you, I have tremendous respect for you. I trust you completely. I'd tell you anything. I know you'll never fail me. But I can't give you what I gave Arthur, because I haven't got it to give. It's just not there any more."

She looked across the room at him, listening steadily in the half-glow of a reading lamp some distance away. She concluded,

"It would hurt me terribly to lose you. But it would be worse to know I had been less than completely honest with you. There may be another woman who can give you what I can't, and if that's what you want, please, please tell me so."

She heard a soft, smothered little sound from his direction, and saw to her amazement that Spratt was laughing. He stood up and came over to her.

"My darling girl, you told me I was honest. I am, and I'm going to prove it. If any woman offered me the sort of total worship you're talking about, she'd throw me into a panic."

He put his hands on her shoulders and squeezed them as he continued, in comradely fashion. "Forgive me for laughing. I wasn't laughing at you, but at the idea that anybody could possibly think I might want to be adored like that, which you'll have to admit is ridiculous. Elizabeth, if I may be brutally frank—if that's what you were like when you were a young girl I'm glad you got rid of it before I met you. I want you the way you are."

Quite suddenly, she began to laugh too. This way of talking about marriage was so different from the shining rapture with which she and Arthur had talked about it.

"Then you do want me, Spratt?" "You bet I do."

"You're not going to be sorry for what's past?" "I should say not. You see, Elizabeth, it's really quite simple. I love you as you are. What you are must be the result of what's happened to you before. If it had happened differently, you'd have been a different sort of woman now, and I shouldn't have loved you. It makes sense."

"You're the only man I know," said Elizabeth, "who always makes sense."

They were married soon after that. She had never had reason to be sorry. Spratt had been brilliantly successful in his work, they had their three children, their long unbroken affection, and the peace of mind that came from knowing themselves of supreme importance to each other. It was a good life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ed.—Well, the ban on me fraternizing with them Kraut frauleins is lifted and it may be necessary for the brasshats to slap the rule on again to keep up interest in them. Them dames don't look half so good now that there is no law against them.

That word fraternizing was a hot one to drag in when the four letter word "neck" would do. I had to live 23 years, get in a global war and go all through Africa, Italy, France and parts of Germany to find out that when I am delivering a sales talk on myself to a doll I am guilty of "fraternization in the first degree."

Well, anyhow, it was tough to win a war and be told you had lost the pecking privileges. Moonlight is moonlight in all languages and in war or peace. Imagine winning a global shindig and getting told that nothing goes with it that can roll its eyes or give with baby talk!

I am all for busting up the Kraut general staff, wiping out the Nazis and making a new Germany, but I still stand for romance, lend lease and I never did think that in order to make Germany a democracy we have got to keep G.I.s from looking up telephone numbers.

So when the ban on fraternizing was lifted it was good news even if nobody had not paid no attention to it. Interest has fell off badly since it's become okay to go for them frauleins. They do not look too good except when they are hard to get. When there is no ceiling on them they lose glimmer. They toe in, they ain't much on shapes and them German dressmakers should be included among the war criminals.

I think the hairdressers should be put on the war crimes list also.

The frauleins made it tough for the G.I.s all during the fraternization ban by making most of the advances. They was for freedom of the squeeze from the start and I seen lots of times when they put out pickets in front of our barracks and carried signs which read "These G.I.s Unfair to German Girls."

Of course, it was all hoody and the ban never had no chance. Love laughs at locksmiths and it busts buttons off its vest giggling at brasshats. Take it from me a lot of G.I.s is coming home with German girls as brides. It happened in the last war and it will happen in this. It is even a good thing the Big Three is married.

As ever. Oscar.

BATTLE CRY Let's take another pokio At badly battered Tokio; In times the Japs will knowkio That war is not a jokio.

THE OLD DAYS The American Transit association announces that the trolley car is far from dead. There are 118 electric car companies in the country. They carry 60 per cent of all riders in urban areas. Thirteen billion fares were carried last year. This cheers us up. Tender memories of our boyhood included those of the trolley car. The Sunday ride on an open trolley to Savin Rock, Momauguin or Lighthouse Point was pretty exciting stuff. The whole town seemed to turn out for that kind of a trip on Sunday, and in the afternoon passengers were clinging to every inch of the running-boards.

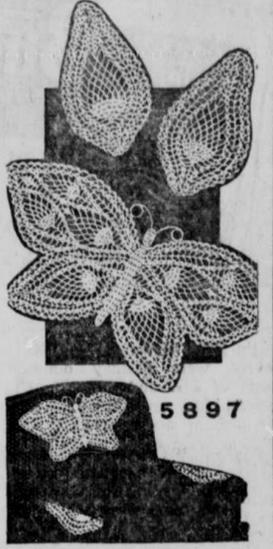
The fight to get a seat when the rush set in to get home was something. Pop used to go up around the bend, hop aboard the car then and grab a couple of seats which he would struggle to hold until mom and the kids could clamber on. The open car has pretty well disappeared. New York, strangely enough, still operate some. They had it all over the closed car or bus for coolness, comfort and fun.

A WAR WIFE'S WHIMSY (With apologies to some well-known writers of light verse) "Oh, life is a cycle of music and song." And the war years have been just dandy; And the peace is a thing that can hardly go wrong— And I am Mohandas K. Gandhi!

Happy Chandler has formally signed at \$50,000 a year to take Judge Landis' place as baseball czar. That's a lot of money to be spent just to prove that Landis was not the type.

Reno, hit by the ban on railroad travel, is establishing a plane service between New York and that city to keep its divorce business from going sour. Now it will be pretty clear what a wife means when she says, "I'm so angry with you I could fly."

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK Butterfly Chair Set to Crochet



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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Win Free Beauty Course Learn Beauty Culture, make from \$125.00 to \$250.00 monthly. Big demand for our graduates. Just write us a short letter on "Why I wish to learn Beauty Culture." Our regular beauty course will be given free to the writer of the best letter received each week during the contest. NEBRASKA BEAUTY SCHOOL, Omaha 7 4707 So. 24th St. Nebraska



DOROTHY LAMOUR star of "Riding High," a Paramount picture, is one of the many well-groomed, well-informed Hollywood stars who use Calox Tooth Powder. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Buy War Bonds



With branches all over the World

THERE'S no business institution more thoroughly American than the General Store.

Yet, do you realize that America is not even self-sufficient enough to keep that General Store running efficiently and prosperously?

For instance, its delivery truck was made in America; but 300 products, from 56 countries, went into its making. The telephone over which the orders come is American-made. But 18 of the telephone's important materials came from outside the country.

The coffee, the tea, the sugar, the tin in the cans, the cocoa and chocolate... these and many more of the things the store buys and sells came from overseas. Take them away and business languishes, becomes more difficult to operate. Take them away, and the community's standard of living declines, life itself becomes less pleasant.

No country can build a fence and hide behind it these days. For

lasting prosperity, as well as for durable peace, we must cooperate with the rest of the world. Truly, planes, radio, rockets, have made of this shrunken earth, one world. Cooperation means getting along even with peoples whose beliefs do not jibe with ours. It means contributing our share toward world order. It means making the effort necessary to understanding. It means every citizen must accept the responsibility of making international cooperation work. You can do these things: First, get and keep yourself informed about the specific proposals for peace and international cooperation which are now before us. Second, interest your friends in these questions. Get them discussed in groups to which you belong. Third, write what you think to your Congressman and Senators, to your newspaper. Declare yourself.

(PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL)