

# The Weekly News

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY MID-WEEK NEWSPAPER

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(Established 1855)

PRICE TWOPENCE



"YOU'VE HAD IT, CHUM!"

## VICTORY

THIS is a solemn hour. 'Mid the rejoicing  
Comes a faint whisper back from Normandy,  
The souls of our brave Dead—their thanks are voicing,  
They also share the pride of Victory!  
We have the world—our world before us lying,  
Thanks be to those who bore their crucifying.

THIS is a moment fraught with more than gladness,  
The freedom of the past again is ours;  
Yet in our hearts the touch of human sadness  
Comes with the weaving of the victors' flowers.  
They died for us—and what a solemn duty  
Lies in our hands to reconstruct earth's beauty.

THIS is our Triumph—and through each great city—  
Rings an exultant cry of grateful praise;  
Belgium and Holland whom once claimed our pity,  
Lift up on high the shield of other days.  
Poland and France, whose fields with blood were gory,  
Tell with a solemn rapture their proud story.

EUROPE is free! The long, long strife is over,  
Nations are silent as the storms grow still;  
Out of the bloodshed have our prayers ascended,  
The Light of Peace now crowns the last dark hill.  
Peace in the world! And far off, slowly breaking,  
Comes the fair Dawn a greater gladness waking!

Marjorie Crosbie.



## Milestones

IT'S been a long, hard road we've travelled since September, 1939—a road that sometimes seemed without an end. Here are some of the milestones you'll remember.

1939

Sept. 1.—Germany invaded Poland.  
Sept. 3.—Britain and France declared war on Germany.

1940

April 9.—Germany invaded Denmark and Norway.  
May 10.—Germany invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Mr Churchill succeeded Mr Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister.  
May 26.—Dunkirk evacuation began.  
June 10.—Italy declared war on Britain and France.  
June 14.—Germans entered Paris.  
Aug. 15.—Opening of Battle of Britain.  
Sept. 7.—Night blitz on Britain began.  
Dec. 14.—British, led by Wavell, drove Italians from Egypt back into Libya.

1941

Feb. 7.—Benghazi captured by British.  
April 3.—British evacuated Benghazi following Rommel's counter-attack.  
May 24.—H.M.S. Hood sunk by the German battleship Bismarck off Greenland.  
May 27.—Bismarck sunk.  
June 22.—Germany attacked Russia.  
Aug. 14.—Churchill and Roosevelt met, Atlantic Charter signed.  
Oct. 17.—Germans reached the outer defences of Moscow.  
Dec. 7.—Pearl Harbour.  
Dec. 10.—H.M.S. Prince of Wales and Repulse sunk off Malaya.  
Dec. 24.—British re-took Benghazi.

1942

Feb. 15.—Singapore surrendered.  
March 9.—Rangoon evacuated.  
May 27.—Rommel opened desert offensive.  
Oct. 23.—Eighth Army attacked at El Alamein.  
Nov. 8.—Allies landed in North Africa.

1943

Jan. 14.—Churchill and Roosevelt met at Casablanca and decided on "unconditional surrender."  
Jan. 23.—Montgomery entered Tripoli.  
Jan. 26.—Liquidation of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad.  
May 12.—Enemy resistance in Tunisia ended.  
July 10.—Allies invaded Sicily.  
Sept. 3.—Allies landed in Southern Italy.  
Sept. 8.—Italy surrendered.

1944

June 4.—Rome captured.  
June 6.—D-Day.  
Aug. 22.—Paris liberated.  
Sept. 17.—First Airborne Division's heroic stand at Arnhem began.

1945

March 6.—Americans captured Cologne.  
March 24.—Montgomery's troops crossed the Rhine, near Wesel.  
March 27.—General collapse on Western Front.  
April 12.—President Roosevelt died.  
April 28.—Mussolini and twelve members of Fascist Cabinet executed by Italian partisans in a village on Lake Como.  
May 1.—German radio announced the death of Hitler.  
May 2.—Surrender of all German armies in Italy, fall of Berlin.  
May 4.—Surrender of all German armies in Holland, North-West Germany and Denmark.  
May 7.—Germany surrenders unconditionally.

## BRITAIN'S COURAGE DID IT

By

LORD STRABOLGI

THE great European War officially ended at one minute past midnight on May 8, although the cease fire sounded the previous afternoon.

It was then the official spokesman of the Government of Germany broadcast from the last surviving German radio station at Flensburg, that Admiral Doenitz had declared the unconditional surrender of all German armed forces.

So ended a terrible, unnecessary struggle which had inflicted more misery and suffering on greater numbers of people than any previous eruption in the history of the world.

This monstrous crime against humanity and civilisation was perpetrated by a half-crazy fanatic with an extraordinary power of demagogic appeal, assisted by a gang of unscrupulous adventurers, with the assent, for the most part willing, of a docile and easily-led people with a curious streak of sadistic cruelty in their mental make-up.

The victory over this terrible horde of armed barbarians, using all the resources of science in modern warfare, was accomplished primarily by the British people and their kinsmen and fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth of Nations.

### FIRM IN OUR FAITH

Great as has been the military might marshalled by our American and Russian Allies, the whole cause of right and justice would have been lost but for the faith and exertions of the British race.

From the beginning, and, indeed, before the actual outbreak of war, the British people understood instinctively the real nature of the Nazi menace.

They felt in their bones, even if they could not always express it in words, that this thing which had arisen in Germany, unless checked and defeated, would plunge Europe and the world back into a new Dark Age which might have lasted for centuries.

Hitler boasted that his new Empire, the New Order as he called it, would last for a thousand years.

This was an exaggeration, for the Nazi system itself had within it the seeds of its own decay. But the establishment of a tyranny over men's thoughts and minds would have made its effect felt for hundreds of years, and would have done more damage to the human race than the physical destruction of this war.

The instinctive recognition of this awful danger by the British people is as much to their credit as their steadfastness and valour during the long trials and on the bloody battlefields of this greatest of all wars.

Let us hark back for a moment to the dark days of the summer of 1940. Hitler and his armed hordes were masters of the whole of the Continent of Europe except for Russia, and with Russia the Germans had an arrangement or pact.

France, which had for so long stood in the very front rank of military powers, had been utterly defeated. Worse still, a section of Frenchmen, led by Marshal Petain, the greatest surviving figure of the first world war, had reached the conclusion that Germany was irresistible, and that terms must be made with the Nazis.

Italy was a subservient ally and all the rest of the Continent had either been conquered and occupied or was immediately threatened and could have been taken overnight. Spain and Portugal were ready to capitulate.

The Swiss and the Swedes would have put up a fight and could have held out for a period but only Britain stood to arms, hurling defiance at the enemy, and, most important of all, with her people believing in final victory. It was this belief that was the real miracle of the war.

Very few other people outside the territories of the British Empire believed for a moment that we could survive.

A few leading Americans, headed by President Roosevelt, thought we had a fighting chance and determined to do what was possible to enable us to go on fighting. But everywhere else free men despaired and the enemies of freedom rejoiced.

In point of fact, we had two last lines of defence.

True, our Army had been evacuated from Dunkirk and Havre and Brest, leaving most of its weapons behind, and we were woefully short of arms for land fighting.

The British Army, the Cinderella of the Forces, which had only been regarded in the past as a military police force, was slowly gathering its strength. If the German panzer divisions could have got ashore in Britain there was little to resist them except brave men fighting with improvised weapons, but we had a small though highly efficient Air Force which, fighting from its own airfield, defeated the supposedly irresistible Luftwaffe.

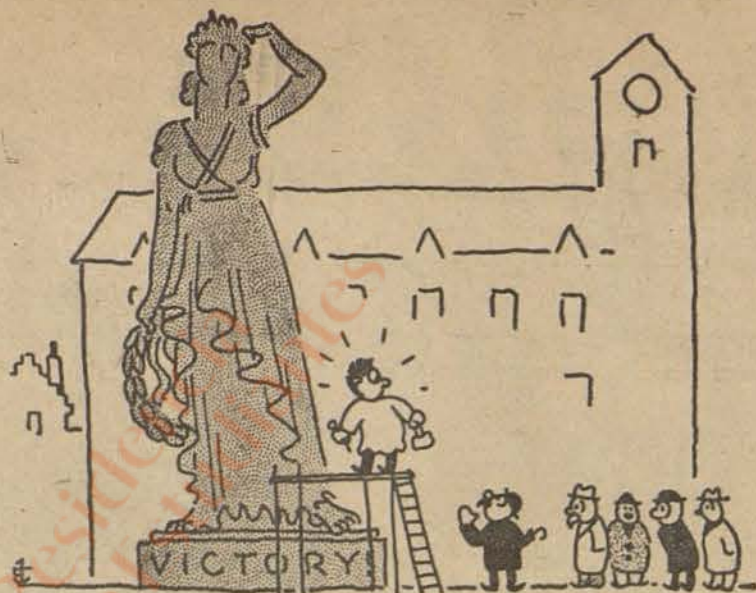
The margin was narrow but the victory was unmistakable.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO



"Hey! No' sae fast, you! No' sae fast!"





"The Mayor and Council want you to charge it to Monty on a horse!"

## How They Celebrated

THE war lasted 2094 days. This is 526 days longer than 1st world war.

\* \*

A Blackpool firm of manufacturing chemists are to give £1000 to local charities in thankfulness for VE-DAY.

\* \*

"I wish the chief were alive to see this," said President Truman to Washington visitors.

\* \*

A.T.S. and Wrens gaily danced a reel to music provided by a lieutenant who solemnly swung the handle of a barrel organ in London.

\* \*

In Times Square, New York, a man smoking a cigar threw dollar bills in the air and laughed as people scrambled for them.

\* \*

In Stockholm, a restaurant on a second floor hung six magnums of champagne out of their windows so that passers-by could help themselves.

\* \*

Mr Alfred Denville, M.P. for Newcastle Central, is giving £5 for every mother in his constituency who had a baby on VE-Day.

## CHILDREN'S TEETH Your Concern

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. Make sure of this by giving them the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects acid-mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble. The toothpaste to ask for is "Phillips' Dental Magnesia." Train your child to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour. Buy a tube to-day. Sold everywhere at 1/1 and 1/10d. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of "Phillips' preparation of magnesia."

## WHY YOUR BLOOD NEEDS IRON-OX

Secret of Healthy Women and Strong, Sturdy Men

Your blood must contain its quota of iron to transform what you eat into living tissue. Yet much of our food is woefully lacking in iron. Somehow or other you must make up this deficiency if your bodily process is to continue. Otherwise you are bound to get run-down, nervous, depressed. And it must be the right iron, organic iron, easily absorbed and assimilated—as in IRON-OX. Iron-Ox is what Nature needs to give you the rich red blood that nourishes tissues and renews your health, your strength, your vigour. Iron-Ox does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Amazing results are often produced in only two weeks' time. See for yourself. Ask your chemist now for the Iron-Ox Super-Tonic Tablets. They cost 1/5 and 3/5 a package. Don't let your blood go hungry another day for strength-giving, organic iron—IRON-OX. At all chemists.

On being informed of Germany's surrender, the wife of General Patton said: "I am on my knees, what else can any good American say at this moment."

\* \*

In Trafalgar Square youths climbed up Nelson Column and bedecked it with every Allied flag. With joined hands they did a frenzied Lambeth Walk round the base of the Column.

\* \*

South Africa celebrated immediately. Flags and bunting went up. Newspaper sellers in Johannesburg were mobbed by excited crowds, who snatched the papers from them and threw the money on the pavement.

\* \*

A great attraction to the crowds in Trafalgar Square, London, was a four-year-old boy wearing a white satin long-trousered suit. The names of Allied leaders were embroidered in Allied colours on the trousers. Hitler's name in black was on the seat.

\* \*

In Rome the great bells of St Peter's and those of a hundred other Rome churches rang out in jubilation soon after the news that the European war had ended reached the city. Sirens, which last were heard as a warning, also sounded for ten minutes.

\* \*

In Times Square, the "Piccadilly" of New York, thousands of people, yelling ceaselessly, packed the streets, stopping all traffic as far as the eye could see. Milling crowds blocked all thoroughfares. Press photographers clamoured on to window-ledge to snap the fantastic scene of men and women going wild in the mid-morning sunshine. Streets were knee-deep in paper, all telephones were dead and traffic diverted.

\* \*

In Dublin, passers-by in the centre of the city were surprised to see students of Trinity College hoisting the Union Jack and the Red Flag over the main entrance to the University. Others hung out Union Jacks and the French Tricolour from the windows. A large crowd gathered and the students assembled at the windows and sang "God Save The King" and "Rule, Britannia!" amidst an outburst of booing from the crowd.

"TOLD IN THE POLICE COURTS" IS HELD OVER OWING TO PRESSURE ON SPACE.

## QUICK QUIZ

- 1—He is known as the Grand Executioner and his first name is Heinrich. Who is he?
- 2—What word can describe a kind of an apple, a tree, a type of needle or a variety of oil?
- 3—Do you remember the year the last General Election was held?
- 4—You know the well-known hymn "Lead Kindly Light," but do you know its other title?
- 5—When a person is treated for thyroid gland it is in the eyes, the ears, the arms, spine, throat or head that the danger area lies?
- 6—Within recent years only one dictator has died in his bed. Can you name him?

Answers on page 9.

# BRITAIN'S COURAGE DID IT

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

Secondly, we had a strong navy, and except in submarines the German war fleet was weak.

Whatever Hitler's crazy ideas, we know from captured Field-Marshal Rundstedt that the German professional officers understood quite well that until the British Fleet was defeated, a successful invasion of the British Isles could not be accomplished.

The best chance of the Nazi leaders to defeat Britain quickly was to overawe us into surrender.

They would have pretended to offer terms. They misjudged our people and thought we would give up the hopeless struggle. And we know that once we were in their power their deliberate plan was to enslave and utterly destroy the British nation.

We also know from Rundstedt why Hitler decided in the following year to invade Russia. He thought he would get a quick victory and then, drawing on the resources and labour of the whole European Continent, have built up a still greater war machine and turned it upon us again in these islands at his leisure.

But again he underestimated the British spirit and the British capacity. We delayed him in Greece and gave the Russians more time.

## TIME TO RALLY

Our munition output, now burgeoning and waxing, helped to supply the deficiencies of the Russian armies. We fought in Africa, held the Mediterranean and prevented the German advance through the Middle East to attack the southern flank of the Russians and eventually join hands with the Japanese. And we gained for both Russia and the United States the greatest prize of all—time to prepare, time to arm, time in the United States to enable that polyglot people to prepare themselves psychologically, time in which to rally the strong surviving forces in Europe and for the organisation of the underground resistance movements.

And all the time we held the seas, enabled the weapons to be brought over from the United States, aid to be sent to Russia. We also prevented certain vital supplies, badly needed by the Germans, from reaching the ports under Nazi control.

Without forgetting for a moment the magnificent efforts and the fine military achievements of our mighty Allies, we can rightfully claim pride of place as the architects of victory and the defenders of civilisation.

There is much to do. We have to finish off the Japanese to repair the ravages of the war in Europe, and above all to establish a system of world security which will abolish for all time the terrible institution of modern totalitarian warfare.

But a people which has passed through such glories the terrible trials and perils of the last six years need not quail before the immensities of these tasks.

If, when all seemed lost, we could snatch victory from the very jaws of death and defeat against the greatest concentration of armed forces ever assembled, we can solve the problems of the future and mobilise that same courage and fortitude to face the difficulties which may lie ahead.

## HITLER'S COLOSSAL BLUNDERS

BY LORD STRABOLGI

THE Duke of Wellington said of the Battle of Waterloo, "That was a dashed close run."

Anyone with knowledge of the way the Second World War was fought, and with the situation when the Nazi military power was at its peak, could say the same thing about Britain.

We really had a narrow escape.

Why then did Germany and her satellites lose the World War, for which every preparation had been made, and in which the German forces fought so savagely?

Above all other reasons was the hand of Providence. The ancients had a proverb that those whom the gods wished to destroy they first made mad, and that the gods, or as we would put it, the Divine Will, meant to destroy the evil power of Germany, is undoubted.

Germany was cursed with a leader who excited the greatest enthusiasm, and even worship amongst his millions of followers, but who had a twisted brain. His peculiar form of madness, the paranoic disease, developed gradually into megalomania.

Hitler taught his bestial young Nazis to sing "To-day we conquer Europe, to-morrow the World." And he really believed it. He thought the now-ruined and gutted city of Berlin would become the world capital.

And in Europe he included, of course, Britain. This megalomania led to a series of colossal blunders in both strategy and politics.

The saner elements among the German professional soldiers who dared to demur, or object, were liquidated at worst, or at best deprived of their commands.

Consider just a few of the most outstanding follies of Hitler and the gang of yes-men who surrounded him. Right at the start of the war they persuaded themselves that Britain would not fight at all when Poland was attacked, and could be dealt with later on.

As a direct consequence, when France was defeated and capitulated, the specialised material needed for the invasion of Britain was not ready.

Our own invasion of the Continent on D-Day and the great amphibious operations in the Pacific were only made possible by the provision of vast numbers of special landing craft, and for the European invasion of two immense artificial harbours.

## HITLER'S RUSSIA BLUNDER

NOTHING of this sort had been got ready by the summer of 1940, and when ordinary canal barges were accumulated in large numbers in the French and Belgian Channel ports, the Royal Air Force obliterated them.

Next was the invasion of Russia, instead of concentrating on a real attempt to subdue Britain first.

Here, undoubtedly, Hitler was misled by the wrong information of his own intelligence services. The Russians were too clever for him. He thought he could finish the war against Russia in six months.

So confident was Hitler and his General Staff that they did not prepare winter equipment, and nearly met disaster in January, 1942.

Perhaps Hitler's greatest blunder of all was his reckless declaration of war on the United States of America after Pearl Harbour. This was sheer madness and the act of a madman.

If he had kept quiet it would have been many months before American opinion was ready to go to war with him, and, in the meantime, all the American war effort would have been diverted to the Pacific.

Despite these colossal mistakes, Hitler might have successfully engineered a stalemate if, after Stalingrad, and the failure of his Russian campaign, he had realised the fact that victory was no longer possible and that he must play for a draw.

The correct strategy would have been to retreat while his armies were still in fighting trim and to have stood on the defensive. Instead of that, he frittered away his resources by one more huge gambling offensive in Russia and then tried to hold on to all his ill-gotten gains, with the inevitable result.

LARGE German Armies were, in consequence, cut off and destroyed or immobilised in Finland and the Baltic provinces, in Norway and Italy. It was not necessary to maintain a garrison in Denmark, and the Balkans could have been given up months before.

So, when the great steel pincers closed in from west to east there were not enough troops to hold the Siegfried Line in the west and the river barrier of the Vistula in the east at the same time.

There was not even enough men to hold the Rhine and the Oder simultaneously. The Luftwaffe was starved of material because of the diversion of labour and metals to making the so-called secret weapons V1 and V2.

Hitler's opponents made their mistakes, too, and plenty of them. But, as I have already pointed out, we had one tremendous asset—the knowledge that our cause was right.



## The Royal Week

The QUEEN  
was in  
the SECRET

RIGHT up to the official announcement of the great day, only a tiny handful of people at Buckingham Palace knew the date and hour when the war was to end.

With this, the very last "top secret" of the war in Europe, the King carried out the same procedure as with all the other thousands of secrets, involving, many of them, the lives and safety of thousands of men, that he has known and kept to himself during the war.

But this time there was a difference. The Queen was let into the secret some hours before it happened.

Even the officials, whose job it was to make the final arrangements for the King and Queen to appear on the Palace balcony, to switch on the floodlights and so on, were just as much in the dark as anyone else, except that they knew the King and Queen had come back from their week-end at Windsor Castle twelve hours sooner than they had intended.

Like so many thousands of his subjects, the King has a relative still fighting, a man to whom the war is very definitely not over yet—Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the brilliant Allied commander in South East Asia, who is His Majesty's cousin.

And so, like the rest of the thoughtful ones, the King did not feel, as he told us in his broadcast, that VE-Day meant quite everything.

Accordingly the celebrations at the Palace itself were on the quiet side. Royal servants drank to our victory in Europe and a speedy victory in Japan, in whisky or port sent down by the King, and in the evening, before he made his last broadcast of the war, the King dined quietly with the Queen and the Princesses—with the same three-course austerity menu that has been the invariable rule at the Royal table all the way through.

## Visit To The Army

PLANS for the next few weeks for the King and Queen are still not clear.

A number of advance arrangements are already on the Royal diaries including a visit next week by the King to one of his old "schools" at the R.A.F. college at Cranwell, where he took his wings in the last war, but whether these will have to be altered or not is still under discussion.

A visit by the King to his victorious armies is another question now receiving consideration, but I understand that this is not likely to take place for some little time, because of the confusion and disorganisation that still, to a certain extent, persist after the tremendous rush of our last advances.

## Mum Is So Clever!

"MY wife's a positive wonder," said the proud husband. "Last winter she knitted me socks out of an old bathing costume, and this summer she's going to knit a bathing costume for herself out of my old socks."

—A. H. Seago, 141 Long Lane, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1.

\* \* \*

He'll Say A Mouthful

Magistrate: "You are sentenced to pay a fine of twenty pounds, plus five pounds costs. Have you anything to say?"

Convicted Motorist: "Rather! And if you promise not to increase the fine, I'll say it!"—Miss E. Rowles, 5 Lewis's Buildings, Mill Street, Gloucester.

\* \* \*

The Way She Said It

"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'."—Mr W. L. Waplington, 41 Moseley Road, Annesley, Notts.

\* \* \*

Keep Your Eyes On Billie

"Did you receive Billie's school report from his headmaster?" asked the boy's father.

"Yes, Jack," replied his wife. "I shall have to take Billie to be examined by an optician. The report says Billie works well but requires supervision!"—Mrs A. D. Mackie, 100 Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy.

Bette Doesn't Care  
A Hang!

I'VE just had a long and most interesting chat with Miss Gladys Cooper, temporarily back in this country after several years in Hollywood.

We talked of many things, particularly about beauty in film stars, a subject upon which this picture postcard beauty of other days should know all the answers.

Miss Cooper awards first and second places to British girls, and she assures me she is not prejudiced in her choice.

Top of her list of lovelies is Vivian Leigh. And she told me why.

"Because Miss Leigh's is a beauty that would have been beauty in any age. If she had lived in their day, all the old masters would have wanted to paint her, yet she is the perfect model for the modern artist."

"Vivian has beauty that is ageless, and therefore nearest perfection."

Miss Cooper has no hesitation in placing another British girl, Greer Garson, second. And the reason?

## NATURAL BEAUTY

"Largely because of her wonderful colouring. Her rich red hair, pale skin, and greenish eyes, combine to make a marvellous picture."

"And Greer's beauty is so natural. She relies hardly at all on modern aids, and the make-up man in her case has the lightest of tasks."

Others who come into the lovely class—without artificial aids—are Hedy Lamarr and Irene Dunn. Here's what Miss Cooper has to say about them.

"Hedy is a type—a very beautiful type,

REX KING'S  
ENTERTAINMENT  
PARADE.

but still a type. She's exotic, dark and distinctive. I've heard people compare her with Vivian Leigh. I don't agree at all. Vivian's beauty I'd describe as universal. Hedy's is national."

"Irene Dunn is just as pretty off the screen as she is on, and that's saying a lot. I can't imagine her ever making a bad photograph. And for her age, how young she looks. Especially in real life."

Miss Cooper agreed that nearly all actresses look better on the screen than they do in real life.

"It could hardly be otherwise," she said. "When you consider all the time taken and the money spent to conceal their blemishes and emphasise their natural charms. But there are exceptions."

"One is Ginger Rogers, who has really lovely eyes, to which the camera never does full justice."

"Now and then a girl fails to look her best in a picture, because the studio has decreed what dresses she shall wear and how she must do her hair."

"That's why sometimes, when you see a star in an unfamiliar get-up, you exclaim 'Whatever happened to so and so.' Why that great lump of hair! The sacrifice has had to be made in the interests of the part."

"One day in Hollywood I was having my hair done, when an insignificant colourless creature walked in. I did not recognise her. But what a difference when

she came out! She was no inconsiderable star, but she had looked strange without her war paint!"

There is only one big Hollywood personality who doesn't care a hang how she looks. Have you guessed? Yes, it's Bette Davis. Real acting ability rather than beauty is her long suit and she is sensible enough to realise it.

"I played with Bette in 'Now Voyager' and I enjoyed the experience better than anything else I have done in Hollywood," says Gladys. "She not only knows her job from A to Z, but she is a very generous person. If a scene is yours, you get it."

"Bette is a great trial to make-up people. So different from the majority who have their hairdresser dancing all the time in attendance. Appearance is the last thing she thinks about, whereas with the majority it is always consideration No. One."

"Miss Davis can afford to behave like this because of her terrific talent. She has a distinguished theatrical background and is mistress of the perfect technique."

Next, we talked of the men—and here I got a big surprise to the question—"Who in your view are the outstanding film actors?"

"Robert Donat, Lawrence Olivier and Michael Redgrave — and I really can't separate Robert and Lawrence from first place," was the emphatic reply.

So much for acting. And in a good-looking competition, Miss Cooper's placings would be:—

- 1—Gary Cooper.
- 2—Gregory Peck.
- 3—Gary Grant.

\* \* \*

## JOLSON'S FOURTH

THE new Mrs Al Jolson is a former

X-ray technician (civilian) whom the comedian met in Hot Springs, Ark., U.S.A., last year, when he was on a tour of hospitals for soldiers. She's Erle Chenault Galbraith, aged 21, daughter of Mr and Mrs E. F. Galbraith, of Little Rock.

With the progress of their romance, which culminated in marriage "some-

"What do YOU  
mean by  
Headaches?"

If a headache to you is just a dull heavy sort of feeling, pass on and think yourself lucky. A headache to me is a head that's sore all over, something that the slightest noise brings a hundred red hot needles searing through the brain.

Thank heaven I know the answer now. If I wake up feeling a little under the weather, I take a couple of A.K. tablets and in ten minutes time, I'm a different woman.

A.K. is simply wonderful. It isn't just aspirin. In fact it has no aspirin at all. It's an absolutely unique formula for the relief of any sort of pain and I've never known it to fail.

Any chemist can give you A.K. and if you aren't delighted with what it does, he'll give you your money back. Try a packet to-day. 1/5 a box (including tax).

**BONOMINT**

The British  
**LAXATIVE**  
CHEWING GUM

7" & 1"5

FROM  
ALL CHEMISTS

where in Arizona," March 24, Jolson got Miss Galbraith a job at Columbia Pictures. She's since shifted to 20th Century-Fox as a contract player.

Jolson is 56. This is his fourth marriage, having been divorced by Alma Osborne Carlton, Ethel Delmar and Ruby Keeler.

**LODGE**

THE SPARKING PLUG  
APPROVED FOR  
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HELP SKIN  
TROUBLE  
HEAL  
QUICKLY

In Germolene antiseptic and soothing ingredients are blended with a substance very closely resembling the natural oil of healthy skin. This enables Germolene to sink in through the top skin into the "true" living skin below. Such easy penetration is of great value. The antiseptics in Germolene attack skin germs not only on the surface but also down in the sweat pores and hair follicles—where spots, pimples, rashes and boils

begin. The soothing effect of Germolene on nerve endings in the true skin means relief from irritation—removing all temptation to scratch. This naturally permits much quicker healing. Germolene works like a charm where there is burning, smarting or inflammation. The ease and comfort which it means to bad leg sufferers is well known. Even a small cut may fester if left unprotected. Your protection is Germolene, to keep it clean. A clean place will heal quickly. Get some Germolene today—in the wartime tins—1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

**Germolene**  
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

FOR ALL EVERYDAY SKIN TROUBLES  
USE GERMOLENE IN THE HOME  
ECZEMA, LEG TROUBLES, RASHES, CUTS,  
SPOTS, PIMPLES, BURNS, ABRASIONS, ETC.



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
keep dogs fit

'What is  
peacetime  
like?'

He has grown up in the biggest war of all time. He hasn't known what peace meant. It is going to be a strange and wonderful new world. Whatever happiness 'after the war' has in store for him, one thing will count most—good health. During wartime you have found how 'Milk of Magnesia' has helped to keep him fit and free from minor stomach troubles.

In the happier days ahead, 'Milk of Magnesia' will, even as now, be your standby—never absent from the medicine cabinet.

**'MILK OF  
MAGNESIA'**  
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# CHRISTOPHER'S WIFE

UNITY, reading Susan's letter, knew that what she'd feared had happened. From the moment she'd seen the grey envelope propped up on Mrs Shearer's dressing-table some instinct had told her that Susan had run away with Hank Elliott. Or that, if she'd not actually gone with him, he was at the bottom of her going.

She looked anxiously at Christopher, and her voice shook a little as she said desperately—"Christopher, what can we do?"

Christopher said quickly—"Kind her, of course. Catch her before the ship sails."

"But which ship? We don't even know from which port she's sailing."

Christopher ran a worried hand back over his hair.

"I know. But I know too, we've got to find her. And we've got to find her at once, without a word to mother or father. We can't let her do this."

Unity knew how he was feeling. She was feeling the same way herself. She dared not begin to imagine her Aunt Lilian's reactions were she to read Susan's letter.

"We'd better go first to the station. Maybe the clerk in the booking-office can tell us what train she caught and where to this morning. I'll fetch the car and be back in a few moments."

Unity tidied whilst he'd gone. She slipped into a hat and coat and put oddments into her handbag. She went downstairs to Ellen, and said she'd be going out for a little while.

"Will you be in to tea, Miss Unity?"

"Oh, yes, Ellen, I expect so."

"I don't think it's much good me keeping Miss Susan's lunch hot any longer, do you?"

"No, I hardly think she can be coming now."

At that moment Unity heard the sound of Christopher's car. With a swift word to Ellen she was gone. She hurried from the house and dropped down in the seat beside him.

## On The Trail!

THEY sped swiftly down the main road with little heed to caution. Christopher said, as the station came into view—"It didn't strike me at the time, but looking back on yesterday morning Susan did seem rather odd after she'd seen mother and father off. At least she'd got awfully little to say for herself, and you know what a chatterbox she is as a rule."

"I suppose it was because she'd realised that it would be a long while before she'd see them again. And that she'd be hurting them terribly by her going," said Unity unhappily.

Christopher's face had a determined look as he swung the car into the station yard.

"She's not going to hurt them, Unity, because she just isn't going. We're going to bring her back if it's humanly possible."

They hurried into the booking-office. Luckily Christopher knew Bill Redford, the booking clerk, well. He was one of his n.e.o.s in the Cadet Corps. He button-holed him now and said he wanted a word with him.

"Do you remember my young sister booking a ticket here this morning?"

A look of intense concentration spread over Bill Redford's not over-intelligent face. Then he snapped his finger and thumb together.

"Would she have been going to Liverpool?"

"Most likely."

"Well, then, I do remember. Because she asked me how long she'd have to wait at Bristol. She caught the eleven-eight."

Unity said quickly—"What time would she have got there?"

"It's a pretty poor train, miss. Not till after six this evening."

Unity looked at the station clock. It was now five minutes past two.

"What time's the next train?" asked Christopher.

"To Liverpool, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you want to go right away, there's one practically due now. If she's on time you'd catch the north express at Bristol. That would get you up there—he consulted a time-table for a moment, running his finger down the page before him—"let me see, you'd be due in at seven-fifty."

Christopher glanced at Unity for a moment. They wouldn't be much behind Susan, that was plain. He felt in his pocket for some money. "Give me two first-class returns, please."

Unity turned aside while he collected the tickets. Her anxiety for Susan was overwhelmed for a moment by the sharp realisation that she was going off like this with Christopher.

Simone would be back on the late afternoon train, and he wouldn't be there to meet her. David would be back, too. Her breath came more quickly and she wondered for one desperate moment whether she ought to say she couldn't go with him. Then she felt his hand on her arm as he joined her.

"This all right with you, Unity?"

"Yes, of course. I must just ring up Ellen and tell her—Christopher, what can I tell her?"

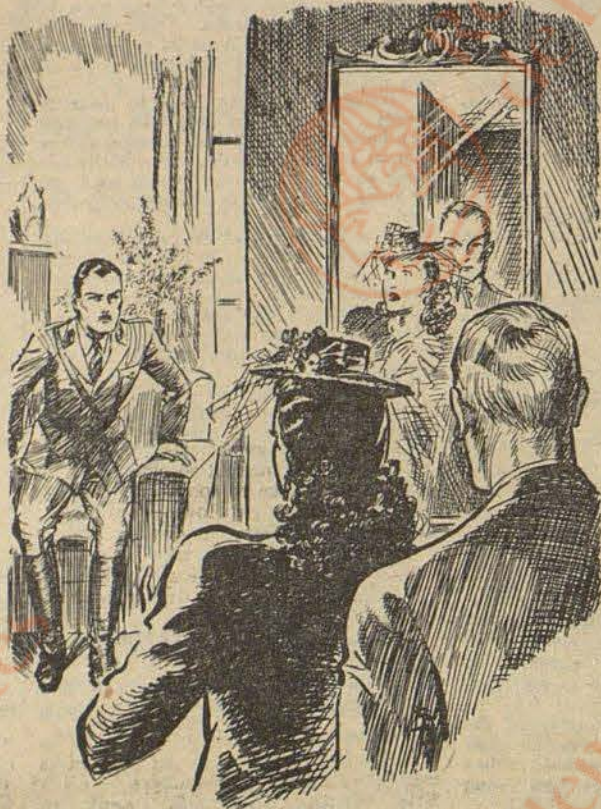
Christopher frowned.

"Dashed if I know."

"The trouble is Ellen's such a gossip."

"Maybe I'd better have a word with her. I'll tell her you and I have had to go off unexpectedly. She'll have to know it's because of Susan. But I've an idea if I put it in the right way she'll be discreet. Ellen's a good sort, and she's devoted to us as a family."

Unity looked at him anxiously.



David saw a look of stark terror in her eyes as a man in the uniform of a French officer rose from the chair.

"You do think we'll be able to bring Susan back?"

"I'm quite determined we will."

"But even when we get to Liverpool we've still got to find her."

"We'll soon find which ship she's sailing in. We'll go straight to the agents."

"But supposing she's already gone?"

"Once we're up there we'll soon find out."

"I pray we get there in time!"

"Somehow I think we'll be lucky. It'll be easier to persuade her to come back with you there to help me."

"I'll do all I can. I expect between us—"

Her voice shook for a moment as she met his eyes. "Oh, Christopher, you do think it's all right, don't you, for me to come with you?"

"All right?"

"Simone, she won't be very pleased."

Christopher's eyes hardened.

"To hell with Simone. I don't care whether she's pleased or otherwise. All I know is that this is an occasion when I need you, Unity."

His expression changed, and his voice softened.

"But if for any reason you'd rather not come, I mean, we may not be able to get back to-night. In fact, young Bill Redford's just told me there isn't a train. If you think David will object—"

Unity shook her head.

"That'll be all right. David won't mind when I explain to him what's happened."

## Secret Meeting!

THE taxi drew into Waterloo Station.

"I don't think I'd better see you off."

Simone smiled at Bob and said it would be much nicer if he did.

"But, darling, we might be seen."

"Oh, Bob, that's awfully unlikely. And, anyway, if we are, we are! What does it matter?"

Bob realised that it didn't. It was simply that hitherto Simone and he had mentioned to no one that whenever she came to London they met regularly. At first he'd been inclined to think this rather silly. And then he'd realised that she was right. It was really better to say nothing.

He paid the taxi and picked up her suitcase.

"I wish you were just coming to London instead of just leaving," he said as they walked together to the platform.

Simone tucked her hand through his arm.

"You don't wish it as much as I do."

"When are you coming up again?" he asked as they passed through the barrier.

"Next week."

"Make it soon." He halted her and looked down at her. "Oh, Simone—"

Simone—

Simone said gently—"I know, Bob."

"But I feel so dreadful about it all."

"I know you do. So do I."

Bob wondered if this were true. And then told himself it must be. Only somehow it didn't seem to worry her the way it worried him. Little things she said—unguarded things that were terribly revealing—had made him think once or twice that it didn't worry her at all; that, indeed, she was perfectly content at the way it was all happening.

He said, as he'd said so often before—"I wish I'd the strength of mind never to see you again."

She gave a light little laugh.

"Darling, you haven't." And then her face changed—"Bob, look, isn't that that little girl-friend you used to have at one time?"

Bob looked and saw Betty Errington, suitcase in hand, hurrying towards the barrier. Too late he realised she'd seen them.

"Damn! So it is!"

Betty, catching sight of them, wished she'd decided to catch any other train but this one.

She forced herself to walk on up the platform. To smile when she neared Bob and Simone. To greet them gaily and warmly.

"Hello, Bob, how nice to see you! Hello, Mrs Shearer."

"We seem to meet often on stations," said Simone sweetly.

"Last time it was when we were both seeing Bob off."

"That seems a lifetime ago," said Bob.

"Do you like London, Bob?" asked Betty.

"Yes, thanks."

Simone gave him an intimate upward glance.

"That's because he has such a gay time."

Bob said—"I'd better be finding you two a carriage."

He walked up the platform between them, intensely aware of them both on either side of him.

Simone, whom he wanted so passionately, Betty, who was such a sweet kid, only nothing more than an infant. He wished suddenly that he'd never met Simone, then maybe Betty and he would be getting along

better together.

He glanced swiftly down at the younger girl as she kept pace beside him, and at that moment she looked up at him with an expression of bewildered pain in her eyes.

"Let me know when you're coming up again, Betty."

"I don't suppose that'll be for a long while. I'm hardly ever in London."

And as Bob passed beside the open door of a first-class compartment she said quickly—"I'll go and find myself a seat. I'm only travelling third. Good-bye, Bob."

She snatched her suitcase from him and hurried away, mingling in the press of people, anxious only to be gone from them. Tears smarted in her eyes, and she could hardly see where she was going.

David Howard looking for a seat in the now rapidly filling train, saw her, and wondered what was the matter. He turned to follow her, to ask her to travel down with him, and then changed his mind. Maybe the poor kid would rather be on her own. Something had obviously upset her.

And then, going on down the train, still searching for a seat, he saw Bob and Simone, and knew what had happened. He frowned as he realised that at that moment they'd seen him. He wondered if they were as reluctant to join up with him as he was to join up with them. The thought of the next three hours with Simone gave him no pleasure.

But apparently the thought of the next three hours with him filled her with satisfaction. For now she was coming swiftly towards him.

"David, this is lovely! Now I shall not have to travel home alone."

David looked at Bob.

"I thought possibly you were coming down for the week-end."

"No, I'm just seeing Simone off."

Simone gave her metallic little laugh which David always found most irritating.

"We're running into everyone this afternoon. First little Betty Errington, now you."

"Yes, I've just seen Betty."

Bob said—"If you don't find seats the train will go without you."

They found them with difficulty. David got in and put Simone's suitcase beside his own on the rack.

"Have you been in town long?"

"Three days. I come up frequently. I can't bear the country."

"So I believe you said last time we met."

Bob stood at the window, wishing now that the train would go quickly. He wished he'd not run into David. Betty had been quite bad enough. He wondered if she'd found a seat all right, and if he ought to go and see that she was safely settled. But at that moment the guard blew his whistle. Doors slammed and Simone leant towards him.

"Good-bye, Simone."

"Good-bye, Bob."

## Femme Fatale!

THE train began to steam slowly out of the station. David sank down in his seat next to Simone, and opened his newspaper.

"You're going to read?" she asked a trifle wistfully.

"Well, yes."

"I thought we could talk."

Since the carriage was crowded David felt this a most unsuitable observation. He disliked people who kept up animated conversation in public.

"Let me just see the racing results," he said.

"Are you fond of racing?"

He wasn't particularly, but this afternoon he said he liked it immensely. He glanced at the selections for the following week. He handed her another paper, hoping it would keep her quiet. And, mercifully, for a little while she was silent.

But at Woking a couple of people got out. At Basingstoke two more. After Andover their compartment was empty. Simone looked at him with a smile.

"Ah, that is better!"

"This train's usually pretty full to begin with. Especially on Saturdays."

"I suppose the country is not too bad at week-ends," said Simone grudgingly. She stretched out her legs and rested her feet on the seat opposite. This display, he felt sure, was intended for his benefit.

"Tell me how much longer before we arrive," she said softly.

"About another hour and a half."

She snuggled back in the corner.

"A nice long while. Would it surprise you if I were to tell you I don't want to get there?"

"Not in the least. It would surprise me if you told me you did."

She turned her head and looked him full in the eyes.

"You see a lot, don't you, David? You are not so stupid as the rest of them."

"I'm not so stupid as you think, either."

Her brows crinkled in a little frown.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Think it out."

She was silent for a few moments. Then she laughed quite good-temperedly.

"You don't like me, is that it? That does not worry me. I don't really mind if I meet a man—a man as good-looking as you—who doesn't like me. It is all the more amusing making him change his mind."

"Well, at least you're frank about it."

"Oh, yes, I'm always frank. And I like you very much indeed. I have from the very first moment I met you."

"Sorry I can't say I felt the same way about you."

"That's all right. I can make you like me. That is if I really set about it."

She smiled, her slow seductive smile. "It would annoy you very much, wouldn't it, if you found I did attract you? But it would be funny if it happened. If I took you from Unity—"

"My God," breathed David.

"Well, she would like to take Christopher from me."

David said curtly—"Without wishing to be rude, would you mind if we discussed something else, since you seem bent on conversation?"

She made a little gesture.

"Certainly, if you prefer it."

"Tell me about your life before you came to England."

"It lasted till they arrived. It was as highly coloured as the most lurid and romantic magazine story. Simone as a femme fatale had certainly not wasted her time. Men had been her hobby, it would seem, almost since the cradle."

"I didn't realise," he said as he was getting their suitcases down from the rack, "that you'd been married before."

"Didn't any of them tell you? My husband died tragically. It was when the Germans entered Paris—I managed to get away."

Her eyes filled, but David was sure her tears were spurious. She didn't look in the least unhappy. The train had stopped now and he opened the door for her and she got out on to the platform. He followed and looked up and down for Unity. Simone, too, was looking up and down for Christopher. And in a moment she glanced at him over her shoulder.

"It looks as if you and I have both been forgotten."

David felt a bitter disappointment. He'd

By

Renee Shann

been looking for this moment when there'd be Unity waiting for him on the station. Unity with her clear, candid eyes and sane conversation and her complete lack of all affectation. Unity, after Simone, was going to be sheer heaven.

"Did Christopher say he'd meet you?" he asked.

"He did. Christopher always meets me when I come back from London."

"Sure he expected you on this train?"

"Oh, yes. I rang him up this morning and said I would be on it."

David picked up the suitcases and walked out into the station yard.

"They'll probably be along in a moment," he said hopefully.

Simone laughed an odd little laugh.

"Unless they have run away together. That would be funny, wouldn't it, David?"

David didn't think this required an answer.

Simone tapped her foot with growing annoyance. Five minutes, ten minutes passed slowly. David looked at his watch. No, the train hadn't been early; in fact, it had been a little late.

A quarter of an hour passed and then twenty minutes. Simone said angrily that she wasn't going to wait any longer. She supposed that somehow she could get hold of a taxi.

"I've got my car in the garage just down the road. I'll drop you at your home if you like."

"That would be very nice of you."

As he drew into the kerb outside her

cottage she said softly—"Won't you come in for a moment? Just a little drink after that tiring journey? Why, we might even find Christopher is here, and Unity!"

"Thanks, but I think I'll get right along. And I hardly think that'll be likely."

But he couldn't leave her to carry her suitcase in by herself. He lifted it out of the car and followed her up the little garden path. She went ahead of him into the house and, short of depositing it on the doorstep and going off without a word, there was nothing left for him but to take it in for her.

And now she was looking at him over her shoulder, her hand on the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Just a quick drink, David. I'll get it in a moment. And you could telephone to Unity. Perhaps she made a mistake about the time of the train and is at home."

## Ultimatum?

SHE opened the door as she spoke. He decided that maybe after all a sherry or a gin and bitters would be rather pleasant. He followed her into the room. He was immediately behind her and he could see her face in the mirror on the wall opposite.

He heard her give a sharp exclamation, and saw a look of stark terror in her eyes as a man in the uniform of a French officer rose from a low armchair.

The man clicked his heels and bowed.

"Ah, Simone—it is a very long while since we met."

Simone made a gesture. It seemed in that moment as if she was incapable of speech. The man's eyes passed her and rested on David.

"And Monsieur Shearer—your husband." Again he clicked his heels and bowed, this time to David.

David was on the verge of pointing out the Frenchman's mistake to him, when some instinct halted him.

"Paul, what are you doing here?" gasped Simone.

"I have waited two hours to see you. I had news of you from Elise. She told me you had married again."

"Well?"

"I came to congratulate you, Simone, and to tell you news of Jacques."

Simone said, her voice low and shaking—"There's no news you can tell me of Jacques. Jacques was killed more than five years ago."

An odd expression came to the Frenchman's eyes. It was quite clear he was no friend of Simone's.

"But you are mistaken. It is true that it is a miracle that he wasn't. You left enough evidence in the apartment you both lived in for that to happen. But he escaped. It is true he was seriously wounded, but friends cared for him until he was well again. He went underground, but what he had suffered proved too much for him. He died six weeks ago."

Simone said desperately—"I don't believe it."

"Here I have proof of it. Here is his death certificate. Perhaps, monsieur, you would like it."

Automatically David took the piece of paper that the man held out to him. A swift glance told him that one Jacques Letournel had died, even as Simone and he had just been told, six weeks ago.

"Therefore, Simone, your marriage to this gentleman is not legal."

Simone's head lifted. A little colour came back into her pallid cheeks. There was a look of infinite resourcefulness in her eyes.

"So you thought you'd come to do me harm, did you, Paul—harm with my husband?" She flashed a winning smile at David. "But you have not succeeded. It will not matter to us. It will mean another marriage ceremony, that is all. One that will be very quiet and about which no one need know anything."

The Frenchman made a gesture.

"Monsieur Shearer is a brave man." His lips curled. "But perhaps he does not mind that you betrayed your first husband and were directly responsible for his death."

David murmured something unintelligible. Afterwards he couldn't be sure himself what it was he said. He was aware of the tense atmosphere in the room. Of the bitter antagonism between Simone and the Frenchman. Again the man was clicking his heels and bowing.

"



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## 'California Syrup of Figs'

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# SEVEN DAYS HARD

## SUNDAY:

MAVIS was eight at the time—the Little Old Gentleman (who lived next door) was just another seventy years.

Folk round about were kindly towards him—tolerant, you know. A bit sorry for him, perhaps; after all, he was a widower and lived alone. So they only smiled when he nodded pleasantly, and smiled rather queerly, and chattered (as he loved to do) mostly about his budgie, Pip.

It was boring, of course, to listen to him—but he beamed on you so kindly that, as a rule, you listened for half a minute.

Mavis used to listen longer. She liked standing on a stool and looking over the garden wall, and talking to the Little Old Gentleman—she liked listening nearly as much as he liked talking.

And then came her illness—such a long, strange illness. She seemed to have got over the worst of it when she had a relapse, and lay day after day in a kind of semi-coma. The doctor said he could find nothing wrong—it was just that she had no interest in living, no impetus to make a fight for it, no desire to eat.

A consultant came, but Mavis went on lying there, perfectly content, and daily growing weaker.

Twice a day—morning and evening—the Little Old Gentleman called, asking in his childish way how Mavis was, and always going away with tears in his pale blue eyes.

Poor simple fellow!

Then, one afternoon, Mavis's mother had the biggest surprise of her life. The nurse had been out of the room less than five minutes, but when Mavis's mother went in a budgie was sitting on the bed-foot—and wasn't he chattering?

And Mavis was smiling at him—smiling!

That was the beginning. From that day Mavis began to struggle slowly back; she began to want to live; she called the budgie to her, and he would rub his bill against her cheek.

Now Mavis is back at school, merry as ever.

But nobody has ever found out how that budgie got into the room; and the Little Old Gentleman only smiles when you ask him, and begins to tell you all over again what wonderful tricks that bird can do!

## MONDAY:

THAT Happy Warrior, President Roosevelt, friendliest of all Americans, was a fighter all his life. Always he had a hard struggle to keep a measure of health; and often in his great career and strenuous public service he felt he had given all the strength he had, that he was at last played out, exhausted . . . yet he kept on superbly, and died (as he would have wished) in harness.

There comes to mind one of his favourite sayings:

When you get to the end of your tether, tie a knot and hang on.

That is not only what he said. It was what he often did.

Perhaps his example may quicken you to hold on a little longer.

## TUESDAY:

OVERTOOK a small lady with a large basket. The basket was heavy—I know, because I "pinched" it, and carried it uphill for her, though she scolded me all the way.

"Guess everything in here isn't for you," said I, for I know her very well.

"Of course not," said she. "I've a bit of something for the folk next door . . ."

I interrupted her. "Look here," said I, "you're always doing something for somebody. I hear about it everywhere—you'll shop for folk; you'll do bits of mending for others; you'll give the errand boys cake and lemonade . . . What's the idea, madam?"

The small lady with the white

hair and the pink cheeks, looked round suspiciously, frowned darkly, and whispered: "I'll tell you! I'll let you into the secret of my life—show you the skeleton in the cupboard!" She was so dramatic that I nearly shuddered. "The truth is," said she, "that I'm so frightfully selfish. Selfish! I want loads of happiness . . . so I do things for other people; it makes me so happy, you see!"

## WEDNESDAY:

LET'S think about difficulties:

There is no excellence without difficulty, said Ovid, a Roman poet of over 1900 years ago.

Great men rejoice in adversity as brave men triumph in war, wrote Seneca, about the same time.

There's a thrill in doing what you don't like, remarked a friend of mine recently, and a bigger thrill in getting it done!

Beastly rotten game of footer, observed a schoolboy. We won six goals to nil. There's no fun in it's easy.

It's hard work digging on your allotment, but it's nice sitting down to your own new potatoes—so says one of my neighbours.

## THURSDAY:

THE day began so badly, It looked like being the worst

She'd ever had to plough through—

Her head felt fit to burst:

The baby was so fretful;

She'd heaps of things to do—

A fortnight's wash, some

baking . . .

You understand, don't you?

And then a friendly neighbour

Looked in and promptly said,

"You're out of sorts, my Lady,

So off you go to bed!"

By noon a transformation,

By bedtime things were well!

The day began so badly . . .

And ended up so well!

## FRIDAY:

LORD, so many men are coming home these days—but not my man!

Take care of him, Lord. Things are different from what they have been for so long, but there is still danger. Shield him from great perils and little risks, good Lord, so that my man may come back to me in good health, smiling happily as he used to do.

## by Francis Gay

And give me patience, Lord, to wait till he returns. Waiting is harder now than ever . . . Thou knowest how I long for him, how I want to see his face and hear his voice, and feel his arms about me.

Don't let me grow fretful, Lord. Keep me young and attractive. Give me an inward serenity, a great, deep calm; and grant that one day—very soon—my man, whom I love as he loves me—may come marching back with eagerness, and that we may enjoy the great adventure of a hard-won peace.

## SATURDAY:

CLEVER little woman, Annie.

Her husband's in the shipyard. Works pretty hard there. No saint—not John. Has his flutter now and then. Likes a glass of beer—sometimes two.

But the point is this: You don't find John soaking in the pub just round the corner. You don't see John going off with a group of chaps, and leaving his wife with the work.

You see—there's no need for John to find his pleasures beyond his own door. There's enough at home!

Didn't I say Annie was a clever little woman?

How?

Well, in many ways. Her kitchen is always clean (but not so clean that you mustn't make a footmark) and always inviting . . . flowers on the sideboard in summer, a glowing fire on winter evenings . . . no steaming clothes' horse near the fire after wash-day—Annie finishes the drying next morning!

Very often there's a savoury supper about nine, or so—served near the fire by a very merry wee body.

And she always wants to know what has happened in the day, and John likes telling her.

Now that Tom is big enough to keep an eye on the younger bairns, Annie asks to be taken to the pictures sometimes, and she makes herself look so trim and smart and alluring that—well, John isn't sorry to "show her off," so to speak.

Or she has lots of things at home for John to mend; and she is so very interested in his allotment, and declares that there are no cauliflower-like John's.

Clever little woman, Annie . . . and the result: Less time in the pub, more time in the kitchen; less interest in the pools; more money for the home and for the pleasures both may share.

I raise my hat to Annie!

## She Was Panicky About Her Eyes

"I'VE a headache again to-night. Surely I'm needing new specs. I must really see the oculist when I'm down town on Friday."

Fortunately, this kind of headache, of which Mrs Wilson complained, seldom keeps the sufferer from getting a sound sleep.

Generally it is felt late in the day, and is absent on holiday unless maybe one is kept indoors by rainy weather and gets through a lot of reading.

A good test to discover if the eyes are causing the headache is to shut them for about half an hour. If the pain disappears, it may be concluded that the eyes are not causing the trouble.

Some folk are inclined to get at times a little panicky over their eyesight. They even stop reading books and newspapers for weeks on end. Thus they close down needlessly a major means of instruction and enjoyment.

Unless a person is in a badly run-down condition or the eyes are inflamed or injured, their ordinary use is not harmful.

Moreover, a person with only one eye is in no special danger of impairing his vision by overworking his single optic. Naturally the eye muscle may become tired, but that happens occasionally to all other muscles in the body. Then it is time for rest.

Most persons with normal sight have to get specs, at latest when about 45 years of

age. It's a safe rule to have an eye test every two and a half years afterwards to discover if another pair of glasses is necessary.

Babies are generally long-sighted at birth, but this is soon adjusted in most cases.

Sometimes a child's defective eyesight may not be detected till school days begin.

## Our Medical Talk

Then, if long-sighted, a child finds difficulty in reading his primers, or if suffering from short sight he has difficulty in determining what the teacher has written on the blackboard.

Probably, too, the child may be "nervy," or suffer from headache in the afternoon.

What such children need is expert attention and suitable glasses.

## AN UNEQUAL PULL

Sometimes a mother may be disturbed to detect a squint in her baby, perhaps when teething. This is caused by the pull of the muscles controlling the eyeball being unequal. Frequently, spectacles with special lenses are a corrective. Otherwise, a minor operation may affect an adjustment in the "pull" of the muscles.

A serious illness may affect the eyesight. For instance, there's measles, which usually inflames the eyes, and sometimes impairs the vision if careful attention is not given.

Here are some "don'ts" that should be instilled by parents in a child's mind:—

1—Don't read in darkened room.

2—Don't look at clear electric bulb, sun, or other bright light.

3—Don't rub eyes hard with fingers, when trying to remove foreign object.

4—Don't hold book or newspaper less than a foot away from the eyes.

If the child cannot read properly without the book being appreciably nearer or farther away, he should be taken to oculist for suitable glasses.

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# These Things Must Not Be Forgotten

Miss Jean R. McFarlane, working with the civilian relief section of the British Red Cross Commission of the B.L.A., has seen much of the horror of Nazi concentration camps.

In a letter to her mother, Mrs J. McFarlane, of 10 Nevill Park, Tunbridge Wells, and published in the Tunbridge Wells Advertiser, she says:

GERMAN concentration camps are Hell, and I can't start to describe the horrors that these devils have encouraged.

The filth is feet deep and the stench is awful. Thousands of men, women and children are herded together with no sanitation, and water only from puddles, so you can imagine what they drink.

The food provided was one bowl of swede soup per person per day, and one loaf of bread per twelve persons per week. Can you wonder that disease is rife, and that nearly all have typhus?

The sheds or huts where these poor skeletons exist have wooden bunks to their roofs and the smell nearly knocks you over. But it's so wonderful that these poor souls have strength to greet us with a smile and say that things go better now that the English are here.

It does go better, of course, and our aim is to stamp out typhus as was done in Naples. It's all I can do when I see their poor faces look happy not to cry.

## GERMANS SCARED

Between five and six hundred are taken out daily, bathed, powdered and put into hospitals set up by the Army, whose organisation and ability to work without ceasing is marvellous.

The Germans were scared of the disease spreading to their precious selves and did nothing. None of the dead was buried, but left in heaps where they rotted. The survivors, through starvation and sickness, hadn't the strength to dig nor the wherewithal to dig.

Now that the British are here these piles are gradually being cleared. Bulldozers dig the graves.

The people are being fed, and the means for cleansing themselves provided, though many of them are too weak to do anything about it.

Now the vile S.S. men are also on the job of burying, and are treated to the butt-end of a British rifle if they don't get on with it.

I've been into the cleansing station with the British doctors who supervised and I just can't believe that such skeletons can still live.

What's more, the women give birth to children and still survive. I saw a woman with a baby a few hours old. The baby will be all right if the spread of infection can be prevented.

It's very small, of course. Never did I imagine I'd be so glad of a few words of German. Most of the people are Poles or Hungarians. Jews mostly—there for that reason or because of their political views.

Anyway I can talk to them—reassure the poor half-demented creatures, and to see the smile come over their faces when they know they are free of the Nazis is heartrending. So many will die anyway!

German is handy, too, for giving orders to German orderlies, nurses, stretcher-bearers and the German doctor.

I'm curt—and do they jump to it, even from me! Of course, I'm backed up by the officers, N.C.O.s and men of our army, and they know it.

One German nurse was seen by one of the majors pinching one of the sick, so he promptly slapped her face very hard. He said he'd never in his life been rude to a woman on purpose, but he just saw red.

## CHILDREN MURDERED

In the concentration camp the Germans built a slaughter house where women and children were pole-axed just like cattle.

The children were fortunate in being killed outright, but many of the women were only stunned. The men were then made to do the burying.

I've just read through what I've written and I'm only sorry that, awful though these details are, my account doesn't give half the beastliness.

It has to be seen to be believed, and my reaction is that I'm just stunned and kind of numb to think that one so-called human being can cause so much misery to another.

Seeing so many hundreds—no, thousands—of dead lying in piles or singly where they've dropped has not given me nightmares, oddly enough.

They simply don't look as though they could ever have been healthy and well-fed as I am. They seem more like wax—that is, some of them. Others you can imagine.

I'm telling you all this not to make you shudder, but to corroborate the newspapers, and for you to spread, because it should be known all over the world that such atrocities are true.



"Hip-hip-hooray!"

# I WONDER WHAT PEACE IS LIKE?

I DON'T really remember a time when there was no war.

What will be a return to something like normal for most people will be a very new and strange experience for me.

You see, I've grown up with the war. At sixteen I remember very little of those days before 1939.

I'm left wondering so many things. For instance, what on earth did people find to talk about in those far-off pre-Hitler-Mussolini days?

How did father manage to get along without his nine o'clock war news?

I can't imagine his working up much enthusiasm over the fat stock prices and weather reports I've heard about and only vaguely recollect.

Then, there's shopping. In the old days mother must have found it easy as pie! Without coupons and points, the thing must have been a cinch.

Frankly, I shall have to see before I'll believe the phenomenon of shopkeepers going out of their way to sell me something, instead of discouraging me at the outset with that whatever-it-is-we-haven't-got-it look.

I was just eleven when war broke out, and it meant very little to me beyond the fact that I was to be packed off to my cousin's in the country. It worried me far less than the question: "Can I take my rabbit with me?"

Since then five of perhaps the most important years of anyone's life have passed. During that time the changes gradually brought about by war soon blended in with my life, and I accepted them without thinking much about it. In-raid shelters seem a natural part of the landscape to me. Tin helmets and stirrup pumps seem to me an essential and natural part of the household equipment.

To my parents they are hideous necessities. One thing I shall find pretty odd will be the hosts of private cars that will reappear on the roads. I can't remember a time when motorists could use as much petrol as they liked, and when it was, I understand, something of a hazard to cross a busy city street, will be strange in many ways this post-war world. Strange apart from the aspect of everyday details. For myself and thousands of other 'teen-years who don't properly remember a time before Hitler and Mussolini loomed up like sinister bogey-men, it will be a case of adopting our minds to something quite new, and thinking in terms of reconstruction.

We want to go forward to new and better things. Maybe it's no very great disadvantage not to have any clear first-hand recollection of the days before 1939.

Although we may be a little bewildered by the return to peace, the fact that we have grown up in a fighting world will no doubt have given us a good grounding for the enormous tasks which still lie ahead.

They are not angels and I wouldn't want them to be. But they are well-behaved, self-respecting, as nice-mannered and nice-natured kiddies as you'd find in Britain.

Now, in the space of a couple of weeks, hubby threatens to undo all the good I've done in years. Yes, my man's a menace!

I firmly believe that things will settle down naturally without any serious harm being done. But right now, Daddy's

the Big White Chief in our house, and I'm a cross between an ogre and a close relative of the big bad wolf.

Our youngsters, like all kiddies, turn unerringly to the one who lets them get away with most.

There's Pat, our eldest girl. She's ten. Derek is eight and a half, George, just six, Mavis four, and baby Donald, a lively handful of three. They are a full-time job for any mother to manage.

For five years Daddy has been a nice Santa Claus kind of visitor, so far as the family is concerned, and his leaves have been a round of treats, shows and outings.

In the first few days of his being permanently home, of course, some latitude was to be expected and allowed for. But as the days go on it does seem that the kid glove discipline I have trained them to is slipping.

Take the little matter of bedtime. The first day or two Daddy was home the three elder kiddies stayed up as long as they pleased. Stayed up so long that Derek and George fell asleep in Daddy's arms.

Normally, they are all in bed by eight o'clock. Now there's always an argument. There's the question of pocket money, too. I feel strongly about this. Daddy is far too generous.

JUST ASK DADDY

I wouldn't mind if he refused sometimes or made them do some little thing to earn extra coppers. When I suggest to Derek that if he wants an extra sixpence there's a bit of weeding to do in the garden, hubby parts up and says he doesn't believe in kiddies being made to work and they should play all they want.

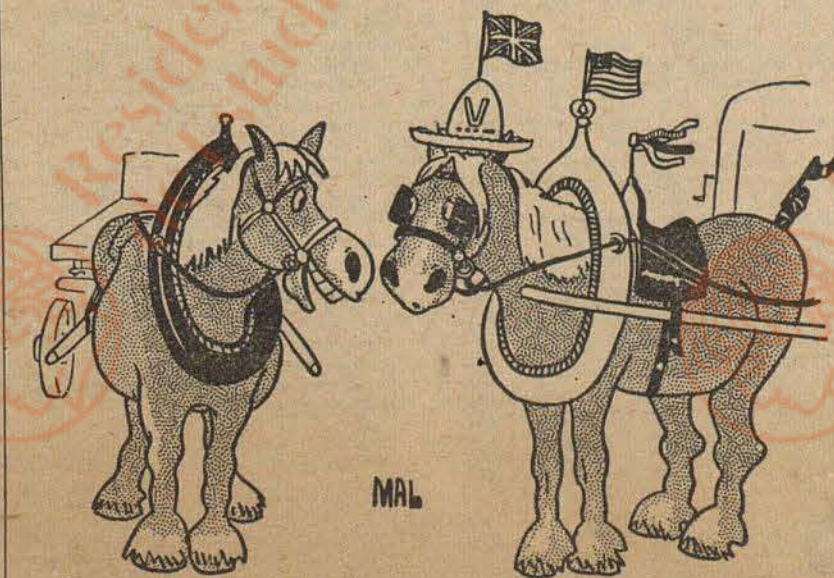
I had to put my foot down with young Pat the other night. Could she go down the road with a friend, she wanted to know at about ten minutes to bedtime?

I said, "No." But she went just the same. It was easy. Just ask Daddy. Knowing nothing of my refusal he said: "Yes, but don't be long."

But I'm quite optimistic that things will work out right.

At any rate here's one little matter I bet will right itself soon. Having had to dig and plant the garden myself it was me who taught the kiddies not to throw a ball all over the garden and trample on the crops.

Daddy likes a game with them, and never minds if the ball does ruin the young onions or cowheel the cabbage plants. But Daddy will be doing the gardening from now on, so look out, kids!



"Don't think me unpatriotic, old horse, but you look helluva daft!"

# AS WE SEE IT

NOW that the cheering over the coming of The Great Day has died down, the Allies must see to it that we win the Peace as thoroughly as we have won the war.

There must be no namby-pambyism about our treatment of the Germans. They have broken every canon of decency and must be made to pay the price. They must learn that aggression does not pay.

The war criminals must not escape as they did after the last war. They must get their desserts.

Every German, young and old, should be made to see the ghastly pictures of the concentration camps so that they can realise just how low they have sunk in the human scale.

And the younger generation must be taken in hand until such time as the poison of Nazism is purged out of their systems.

## It Won't Work

ALL kinds of German big shots—Generals, Admirals, gauleiters, diplomats, broadcasters—flocked into the British and American lines.

Not one of them chose to surrender to the Russians.

This reason seems obvious. They fear Russian justice more than they fear ours.

They may even hope (remember 1918) they will escape retribution altogether. If they have any such illusions, it is only fair to our Russian Allies that the position of these men should be made clear at once.

If they are wanted by the Russians, they should be transferred to Russia at once—and no doubt will. Where war criminals are concerned Russian justice cannot be impeded by this last-minute fondness for the Western Allies.

Trust a Government Department to be different. VE-DAY is good enough for most people. But not for a certain section of the Ministry of Labour.

With them it's ECF-Day (European Cease Fire Day). What tongue-twisting nonsense!

Another Bill For Germany

ONE hundred million pounds. That's a minimum estimate of what we've spent in keeping German prisoners in comfort since war began.

About £6,000,000 in good hard British cash has gone into the pockets of German officers. You see, each country pays captive officers what its own equivalent ranks get.

Germany's future spokesmen may argue she spent even more on our prisoners. She had more of them for a longer time. And, under the Geneva Convention, we should pay Germany the difference at end of the war. It might amount to millions.

Any suggestion we should pay this money to Germany must be fought tooth and nail. Germany's treatment of our men cancels all conventions and wipes out any claim she might have.

It's There

COAL cellars are bare. Recent cold spell has cleaned them out. Housewives see no hope of being able to fill up for winter. Yet coal's the one thing this country has in abundance.

It should be made available. It's Major Lloyd George's job to overcome all difficulties, not bleat about them.

And he should overcome them now. It'll be too late when winter comes.

## Wife Not Guilty

A wife's attempt to snatch a revolver from her husband after a scene was described at Manchester Assizes when Mrs D'Brice Jocelyn Chitty, aged 39, of Woodmoor Lane, Stockport, was found not guilty of murdering her husband.

Squadron-Leader Francis Frederick William Chitty, aged 44. During the hearing it was stated that Mrs Chitty found in her husband's pocket a love letter written by him to a member of the W.A.A.F. Mrs Chitty, who was discharged, collapsed in the dock on hearing the verdict.



# THE MAN IN THE BOX

At the door Dallas stopped abruptly. Philip was kissing Gretchen von Arman's hand.



down the room, his head bent, his hands in his pockets. For a few minutes everything seemed still, unnaturally so, and then crashing through the stillness came the loud wail of the siren.

Philip stopped dead. "An air raid," he said. And as he spoke the sky was full of the noise of aircraft, the air alive with the bark of the guns, the noise of the flak.

"There'll be confusion," he muttered, as though following a line of thought. "There might be a chance. If only we could lay our hands on a plane."

"I think I can help you," came the Baron's voice from the doorway. As they both turned Dallas found herself fighting against the sense of terror his disguise as Rickman aroused in her.

"You've an idea?" Philip asked sharply. "More than an idea. I have your means of escape," the Baron said. He came further into the room. He closed the door.

Philip smiled faintly. "What's your plan, Joachim?" "For a long time I have had my own means of escape arranged," the Baron repeated. "But now my own plans have changed."

By Maysie Greig

He paused. His voice was clipped and business-like as he resumed. "In my private hangar is a Messerschmitt serviced and all ready to take to the air. It has all the markings of a Luftwaffe combat aircraft. I know you can fly a plane, Philip, and it shouldn't take me more than a short while to explain the workings of this particular machine to you.

"At present the sky is filled with planes identical with this one, and I see no reason why, in the present confusion, it shouldn't pass unnoticed. There's no reason, as I see it, why you shouldn't fly it straight to England."

"And be shot down over there," Philip interjected grimly. "There's a radio on board; when you're over France you can make yourself known," the Baron replied.

"Yes," Philip said slowly. "It's damnably good of you, Joachim. But you... Couldn't you come to England with us?" The Baron straightened himself slowly.

"I am a German. If I am against these Nazi gangsters I still remain a German. And as a German it is my duty to set my country free from tyranny within."

Neither of them found they could say a word, and slowly the minutes ticked by. Finally Philip said, "I wish for you what you wish for yourself, Joachim."

"Then wish me success, and a quick death," the Baron replied gravely.

Into An Air Raid

AS the three of them stepped into the night air they could see, stretched away before them in the distance, the gigantic inferno that spelt the destruction of Munich.

The three of them hurried along, away from the castle, towards the fields behind where the Baron had his private hangar. "Rickman's men?" Philip asked once. She thought she saw the Baron smile faintly in the darkness.

"Our home-brewed wine is very good—and potent. And when there is a drug mixed in it it is more potent still. They have been taken care of."

They didn't speak again until they had reached the hangar, until she had stood

still and watched the heavy doors rolling apart, until the slim shape of the dark aircraft had glided gently from the shed. Its two engines were spitting and stuttering angrily.

The Baron gave Philip the necessary instructions and some little time later Philip was hoisting her into the cockpit. "All set," Philip said. He leaned out and gave his hand to the Baron. "Good luck, Joachim."

"Good luck, and thank you," Dallas whispered fervently.

The German held her hand for a brief moment before letting it go. "My sincere wish for your happiness," he said gravely.

The next moment they were hurtling across the uneven field, bumping, rocketing. She looked back once to see the Baron standing where they had left him, very straight, his arm raised in a gesture of farewell.

But now Philip and she were bumping across the field, and at last by a miracle it seemed they were airborne. She had expected Philip to head away from the city, instead he turned towards it.

"This aircraft is a fighter," he shouted in explanation. "We'll have to do what the fighters are expected to do—join in."

The next half-hour was the nearest to a nightmare she had ever known. The aircraft filled with the smell of smoke and explosives. Searchlights caught them in a blinding glare and switched away. Now and then the great dark shape of a bomber swept past so close that she could see every detail of it. A cannon shell ripped a hole in the cabin in front of her.

And then suddenly there was nothing. They seemed to have the silent sky all to themselves.

"France," he shouted excitedly, pointing down. "We're too high and too unimportant for them to bother about us." Presently she saw that he was playing about with the radio controls, talking and listening, but she was not able to hear what he said.

After what seemed a long time, Philip switched off the radio. "They're expecting us in England as soon as it's light," he called gaily. "They're meeting us with a squadron of Spitfires just in case we're not what we say we are." He laughed. "What a welcome!"

They crossed the coast in the dawn, and she saw suddenly they were flying with an escort. She knew that at last they had escaped, and that this, finally, was safety.

## Shock For Dallas

LONDON. Incredibly London with the black-out gone and the air alive with a foretaste of victory. London battered and scarred, but sublimely cheerful.

As yet Dallas hadn't been back in London twenty-four hours, and she hadn't seen Philip since they had parted at the airport, grimy, dishevelled, tired, achingly tired in every limb.

There were numerous formalities Philip had to go through, many more than she had, so he had urged her to go on to London ahead of him, to the Mayfair service flat her money enabled her to keep on all the time, and get some rest.

He was calling for her here and they were going out to dine. Impossible to believe after all they had been through anything as ordinary and casual as this could happen to them.

"He'll come soon," she thought, and suddenly she felt she couldn't bear the suspense of waiting for him one moment longer. She began to walk restlessly while the gaunt shadows crept into the room itself, and she knew she should draw the curtains and switch on the lights.

The bell at last, and she found she was shaking. Shaking wildly, stupidly in every limb, so much so she could scarcely get across the room to open the door.

But it was open at last, and after she had fought for control of her voice, she murmured, "Come in, do." As though he had been a stranger.

But she felt he was one in that moment. Much more of a stranger than some man she had never before met in her life. Did she really know this slight, dark-haired man in the immaculate evening clothes with the gardenia in his buttonhole. Suddenly thinking how many of her men friends would describe him amongst themselves, she laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" "I was thinking you looked like a lounge lizard. I was thinking some of my friends would think you looked like one anyhow. I rather hope they will, it will give me such a good laugh!"

"Better a lounge lizard than a black-mailer and a Nazi," he grinned. "But those epithets served me well in Madrid, and it was good fun encouraging them. But now," he shrugged, "they've rather outlived their usefulness. On the whole your suggestion of a lounge lizard isn't a bad idea. A lounge lizard I shall be."

"Yes it's perfect," he went on, as though talking half to himself. "A lounge lizard—a gigolo, and you, my love, will be such a valuable asset!"

But she could only stupidly stammer after him—"I should be an asset? I don't know what you're talking about!"

"You don't get the idea?" He looked momentarily as though he were disappointed in her. "You're the final masterly touch. The rich wife of a gigolo. Rich little girls with more money than sense often marry gigolos, so why not you?"

"Besides," he went on. "I'm rather cut out for the part of a lounge lizard. don't you agree? I like clothes. What do you think of this outfit? Luckily I'd left an order with my London tailors a year ago and they've just executed it."

Yes," he was rubbing his hands together in frank delight. A gigolo. It's perfect!" She asked, with a desperately exaggerated patience—"But will you tell me why you want to be a gigolo?"

## New Assignment

AGAIN he was surprised at her lack of comprehension. It was as though he expected her to follow his train of thought without needing to be told.

"But, of course, I must be something of that nature to make the Japs think I'm a fool and gain their confidence. And as they've no particle of humour they'll undoubtedly swallow the gigolo stunt hook, line and sinker."

"But why should you want to gain the confidence of the Japs?" she asked. Her knees felt weak. She found she had to sit down.

"But why not? How else am I going to get the poor devils of prisoners out of their hands? And by the way, talking of prisoners, I've just had word that the Grune Minna reached Switzerland safely. They got through, although it seems a miracle that they did. They and the art treasures stolen by Herr Commissar Jantz." He chuckled.

"My agent is selling them, as he sold the antique jewellery the Herr Commissar paid me to get into Switzerland last time. What a trusting nature that dear little man has! He actually thinks the money collected is credited to his account under an assumed name in a Swiss bank."

She heard herself ask—"And where is the money?"

This time he laughed outright as though the joke was altogether too good. "Safely paid over to the International Red Cross!"

"Wouldn't little Jantz be mad if he knew he was sweating his guts out stealing by diabolically clever underhand methods merely to benefit the International Red Cross? It was such a good joke I could scarcely forbear telling him!"

Suddenly Dallas found she was laughing, too. Laughing weakly until the tears streamed out of her eyes. She remembered the glimpse she had had of the fat pompous little Nazi in the lounge of the Munich Hotel talking so earnestly to Philip.

Presently she wiped her eyes and asked, "And my thousand pounds, Philip?"

"An Austrian professor named Steinman or world-wide repute in cancer research is using it very happily continuing in his researches in New York. I gather, at this very moment. You don't mind, darling?"

She shook her head. "I think it's a wonderful idea. Does he want any more?" His grin slanted sideways. "He could use it, I think."

"It's his when you tell me his address," she smiled back. And for a moment she sat like that smiling up at him happily, thinking how very wonderful he was, while he smiled back at her thinking much the same thing, only the word "beautiful" came into his thoughts.

And then she remembered. She sat up very straight. She looked very stern.

"But what's all this talk about the Japs and getting prisoners out of their hands?" she demanded. "It's absurd. You've done your bit, Philip, and more than your bit, and you didn't have to do anything. The war's almost over..."

"The European war," he broke in. "But I guess those poor devils of prisoners in Japanese hands don't feel too good despite the fact! Laying on rice and all that muck and longing for a good steak and a bottle of beer! You know, darling, we've just got to see what we can do about them."

She made a final protest. "But I don't see why? Couldn't we live quietly here just for a little while, Philip?"

"Quietly?" He frowned down at her as though the word affronted him. "Do you see me as a blooming country squire, darling? Quarrelling with the gardener just to lift in time between the meets? Or maybe I could be something on the local council? You don't really think that?"

She didn't, of course. Where danger was, worthwhile danger, Philip would be, and as he said, there were men to be rescued from the Japanese. He had brought rescue work to a fine art. He couldn't give up until the whole wretched war was over on all fronts, and perhaps not even then.

She threw in the sponge gracefully and, oddly, almost happily. "When and where do we go, Philip?"

"When? As soon as we can get the necessary permit. We can't let those fellows down who are waiting for us. Where? I've been thinking. China's our best spot. Chungking, most probably. Yes, Chungking's our bet."

"Philip, will we have time to get married first?" she asked weakly.

He laughed again. "Blessed if I hadn't forgotten we weren't married already! All day I've been thinking of you so much I've had a feeling you were actually my wife. But since you're not, that's a little matter we'll have to rectify. I'll get a special licence. To-morrow, twelve o'clock. Is that all right?"

"I've got past arguing!" She added irrelevantly. "Would you like a drink?"

"You bet I'd like a drink."

"I've managed to get hold of some sherry. I remember your saying that first evening I came to your apartment in Madrid no wine connoisseur ever drank a cocktail by preference. Your hint I preferred one cast grave doubts on my intelligence. You'll have sherry?"

"A cocktail," he grinned back at her. "I've discovered I have no intelligence, my darling, since I'm going to marry you and like it. Yes, a cocktail certainly, and a good wine at dinner and it's going to mix. Do you remember that grand Heidsieck the Baron gave us?"

Suddenly he broke off.

"My darling, oh my darling." It was almost a groan as he reached for her, pulling her out of the chair and gathering her into his arms.

"My love," she whispered back. She knew wherever he went, whatever happened wouldn't matter so long as they were together some of the time... moments like this... moments as happy as these had to be paid for.

She put her fears and anxieties for the future behind her and kissed him.

Next week—opening chapters of a grand new story—"Take Your Choice, Lady."

DALLAS did not drive the Baron's big black sports car herself. One of the two German agents said—"You'd better drive, Heinrich. It was the Herr Professor's order."

It was the first time the taller and thinner of the two guards had spoken, and something about his voice seemed momentarily familiar to Dallas.

A cloud was obscuring the moon, and it was too dark for her to see what either of the men looked like. They got into the car, herself seated in the front with Heinrich, the other behind. Heinrich started the car and it swept along the main highway towards Mittenwald.

How long did they drive? Afterwards she was always vague on that point. But suddenly the guard in the back leaned forward.

"Heinrich," he said, "stop the car. I think there's something wrong."

The other suddenly stepped on the brake and threw out the clutch. Almost instantaneously a heavy weapon descended upon his head. He slumped forward in the front seat.

Dallas had a feeling it was happening in a dream. She couldn't believe it. Why should one S.S. guard attack the other? For a long time the moon had been behind thick clouds, but now it escaped and shone out.

In its white light she stared at the young German who was, even now, getting the body of his comrade out of the front seat, carrying it across to a ditch. It was then she saw he had red hair and a scar.

"I've seen you before," she whispered. "You're—you're... you spoke to me in the air raid shelter. You took me to that kind woman's house in Bauer Strasse after the shelter had been hit."

"I thought you were Shelah Calhoun," he muttered.

"But now you know I'm not?"

"Yes, I know that. Shelah died soon after she reached America, after Carl was beheaded. But I know, too, you're one of us. This is your chance to escape."

"But how?"

He thought a moment and then he said: "I know the route the Grune Minna is taking. I know a short-cut across country. There is a risk, of course, but I think we should join up with it before it reaches the Swiss border. It's your only chance."

The young man had switched on the engine again. "We'd better get going." He was about to turn the car when she laid a hand on his arm.

"No," she had to raise her voice to be heard above the noise of the powerful engine. "I'm not going after the Grune Minna. I'm going back to Philip."

He didn't seem greatly surprised, but he asked: "Why? You think you can help him?"

"I don't know. But I shall be with him."

He asked quietly: "You love him?"

She drew a deep breath. "Yes."

He nodded slowly. "All right. We'll go back. I'm a member of the Underground, fighting for a free Germany. There may be something I can do to help Dove."

They spoke very little on the drive back. Both were intent on their own thoughts. They left the big car some distance from the Schloss and finished the journey on foot.

Cautiously, using the protection of trees and shrubs, they made their way round to the front of the castle. Inside, behind the drawn curtains, as he had said, everything was unnaturally quiet. Tentatively she tried to open the french windows which led into the lounge, and found that they gave.

"I'll wait outside, but I won't be able to help you much," the young man said. "As one of Rickman's secret agents I'm too useful to our cause to risk giving myself away."

She nodded, whispered her thanks, and slipped through the glass doors.

## Surprise For Philip

THE room itself was in darkness and that was strange. Were they all in bed? But that, to-night, seemed inconceivable. She crossed the lounge silently and crept down the passage towards the dining-room.

She listened at the door but heard nothing. Some impulse prompted her to open the door and step inside. That room, too, was in darkness, but there was a faint red glow coming from the hearth where some giant logs were still smouldering.

A moment later she had crushed down the scream that rose in her throat. The Baron von Arman lay in front of the hearth, his face bashed in, his features unrecognisable.

She knew it was the Baron because of the clothes he was wearing; the dark crimson velvet smoking jacket with his dinner suit that she had seen him wearing earlier in the evening.

She didn't know how long she lay, limp with horror, against the wall until she heard the door open once more and the light was switched on. She turned to see a man who looked to her like Herr Professor Rickman step into the room and move towards the body by the fireplace.

He hadn't seen her and she couldn't see his face clearly because he had his back to her. But he was wearing the same dark lounge suit Rickman had worn earlier in the evening. He bent over the body with the horribly mutilated face by the fireplace and took something from one of the pockets.

He turned round... It must be Rickman, but suddenly she knew it wasn't. She knew she was staring not at Herr Professor Rickman, but at the Baron von Arman disguised as Rickman.

She heard herself whisper: "You're not Rickman. You're the Baron von Arman."

He appeared to hesitate, then a slight smile turned the corners of his lips. "Then the disguise isn't so good, eh?"

"Yes, it's good," she gasped. "If, if someone didn't know Rickman too well..."

He nodded. "That's what I'm banking on."

"But there must be some way. There's got to be some way." He had moved away from her and was pacing up and



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## THE MAN IN TOUCH

# Newsgathering

## REVOLT IN THE SOUTH

REFUSAL by the big clubs of soccer at this week's Manchester meeting to grant any boons or benefits to the Third Division clubs may have sensational repercussions. Officials of Southern Section clubs left Manchester in a fine state of indignation, threatening to call an early meeting of the Third Division to review the whole position.

In the heat of the moment, the drastic action contemplated is a break-away by the Third Division clubs from the Football League and the formation of a "Northern and Southern Alliance." This would either be a competition of two divisions, with promotion and relegation, or two separate competitions under one inter-related control.

Any move of this nature would mean a return of the bad old days of "poaching" players because there would be no transfer agreement between the Football League and the new organisation. It would put football back at least twenty-five years.

There is a southern element of particularly revolutionary character capable of proposing—and taking—such a wild and reckless step, but milder minds may prevail.

In my opinion the Third Division clubs made a mistake last year when they turned down a suggestion for forming Third and Fourth Divisions. This would have meant a lower status for some clubs but would have given promotion to two clubs each season from both divisions and full membership status to one division.

Trouble with the Third Division is that its members seem to want everything and give nothing.

## Danes Deserve It

MR STANLEY WADDILOVE, chairman of the Bradford club, wants a representative soccer side sent from this country to Denmark at the earliest possible date, and has been in touch with the Football Association on this subject.

Such a team would have a great welcome in the land of the Danes, where British football has always been highly regarded. This would also be a nice way of celebrating Denmark's liberation.

Mr Waddilove, I fancy, is prime mover in this because of some happy visits to Denmark before the war.

## Soccer Calls

OUT of uniform after five years' service in widely separated parts of the world and back in possible managerial circulation is Captain Charles Hewitt, a man who piloted Chester to League status and worked a veritable transformation in the affairs of Millwall.

He is Billy Linacre, Chesterfield's outside-right, who earned praise all round for a striking display at Maine Road. Chesterfield's view about this player is that he may develop into a real star in post-war football—provided he will take some expert advice and cure some faults.

Linacre is a local war-time discovery by the Chesterfield club and has played all over the forward line.

## Steady Progress

GATESHEAD suffered a stroke of bad luck last year when one of their most promising youngsters, Ronnie Harrison, had his leg broken in a game. It was a bad break and a year all but a few days elapsed before Ronnie was able to take the field again.

Ronnie hasn't quite recovered his confidence yet but he is making steady progress and his leg is as sound as ever.

## Corner In Silver

NICE corner in silverware has been made by Bradford "nursery." Trophies won are the West Riding Cup, Bradford and District Cup, West Riding Amateur League Cup and the West Riding Amateur League championship.

This record has been made as a result of some good football and Bradford have now stepped in to make professional signings from the East Bierley ranks. One of the new pros is Albert Clarke, a young goalkeeper from the Barnsley district.

## BOXING BULLETIN

THE prospect of Bruce Woodcock meeting Jack London is exciting stuff for boxing followers in all parts of the country and particularly so in Manchester, where the Northern cruiser champion has won most of his fame, and in his native Doncaster.

Woodcock is good. So much so, that his big trouble has been to find opponents. Only suitable opposition for him now is Jack London or Freddy Mills. The latter being overseas, only London remains. Negotiations to stage this meeting are now on. Woodcock has been matched with Bert Gilroy at Cardiff on June 25.

ON the bill with the Ernie Roderick-Vince Hawkins middle-weight championship fight at the Albert Hall on May 29, will be Ken Shaw and Jack Porter. Shaw will not take this kindly because this heavy-weight match looks a natural for a Glasgow setting. But Scotland seems unable to do much these days as to big boxing promotion.

WE know a group of well-intentioned sportsmen on Tyneside who are anxious to put on a boxing show on behalf of sweet charity. They secured a hall with estimated monetary capacity of £1000, drew up a programme, but discovered that two of the fighters would cost between them £350. With cost of eight additional boxers and other "incidental" possibilities of profit was nil. "Let's forget it," observed one of the organisers.

Yet, in a town ten miles away, two British champions offered their services for expenses only—and the promoters could not secure a hall!

## THE CAPTAIN'S POOLS GUIDE

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—NORTH CUP  
Bolton W. v. Wolves Chesterfield v. M/c U.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—SOUTH  
Watford v. Millwall West Ham v. Luton T.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—NORTH  
Cardiff C. v. Lovell's A. Newcastle v. Mid'boro' Coventry v. Aston V. Notts Co. v. Grimsby T. Crewe A. v. Blackburn Oldham A. v. Liverpool Everton v. Accrington Preston v. Blackpool Darlington v. Hartlepool W. v. Barnsley Huddersfield v. Gateshead Southport v. Wrexham Leeds U. v. Sheffield U. Sunderland v. York C. Leicester C. v. Derby Co. West Brom. v. B'ham C.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—SOUTH CUP  
Bristol C. v. Plymouth A.

SCOTTISH SOUTHERN LEAGUE CUP—FINAL  
Rangers v. Motherwell

SCOTTISH N.E. LEAGUE  
Dundee v. Dunfermline Arbroath v. Rangers Hearts v. Raith Rovers E. Fife v. Dundee U.

## Leicester Want The Best

THE pending parting of Mr Tom Bromilow and Leicester City presents one of the strangest football cases I have ever come across. And the number of these "cases" is considerable.

The Leicester manager, who is leaving the club, was at this week's Manchester meeting with Leicester directors. All appeared to be on the friendliest of terms.

Mr Pallett, the Leicester City chairman, tells me that the Filbert Street board is now considering a new appointment.

Mr Pallett told me the manager will have secretarial assistance and will be given every opportunity.

I fancy that the Leicester minds are already made up as to the manager wanted, and I fully endorse the choice. But will that manager apply?

## NO PLACE FOR MR MICAWBER

IF our old friend Mr Micawber had put in an appearance at this week's special general meeting of the Football League he would have been a disappointed man. Mr Micawber, who was always hoping for something to turn up, would have seen nearly everything turned down by the League clubs.

Your football for next season will be on "transitional" lines. There will be no promotion or relegation. Arsenal's proposal of Birmingham City's grouping scheme got through by a 23-20 vote so that in 1945-46 the First and Second Division clubs will be lumped together in a North Division and a South Division.

The clubs from Wolverhampton southwards will be in one group; from Stoke northwards in the other group.

This was a debate between transport facts and transport hopes. The facts got 23 supporters.

The other fact that transport difficulties will also apply to Third Division clubs wasn't considered. These clubs must return next season to their pre-war travels and get over the obstacles.

## NO CHANGE

THIS was a pretty bright start and was one up for the reformers but the meeting then settled down to a steady spell of negative action. The delegates agreed there should be no change in the number of divisions or number of clubs in each division; no reserve team competition for League clubs, no British League and no change in the constitution of the Management Committee.

Luton Town's four-up-and-four-down relegation proposal brightened things up a bit. The first speech in favour wasn't exactly impressive but the outlook was brighter when Brentford, a First Division club, seconded. The Third Division representative put their side of the case, followed by Spurs, traditional supporters of the plan.

Now, you can sense the atmosphere at these League meetings. My sensibilities told me that things were going well when up spoke Mr Ronnie Williams—for the first time at a League meeting.

Mr Williams, son of a late Anfield director, is a Liverpool City councillor. Experience in the council chamber has evidently taught him how to use words effectively. A few well-chosen and effective remarks from him brought the hopes tumbling from the clouds of optimism to earth. Councillor Williams saved his townsman President Bill Cuff a job. The latter rightly saw no reason to continue the discussion and only 18 hands went up for the proposal, a long way short of the required three-fourths majority.

## See How It Goes

IN case any of the 32,013 spectators at the Manchester United v. Chesterfield cup game at Maine Road think that either club drew a load of money from the £3797 receipts, it may be worth while pointing out that Entertainment Tax took £1510. The balance of £2287 was further reduced by match expenses (billposting, police and gate checkers) and Chesterfield's travelling expenses. Then what was left was split three ways. The thirds went to two clubs and the cup pool—not much more than £700 each.

## YOUR POCKET SAVED

AT this stage the welfare (and pockets) of the football supporters became involved. A London move aimed at handing to the Management Committee the power to sanction higher admission prices on special occasions. The Management Committee didn't want this power. The clubs agreed—by a big majority.

Luton Town withdrew their proposal that the League clubs should cut away from the F.A. Cup and run their own cup competition. Obviously the time isn't yet ripe for football revolution.

One popular League cup innovation, the home-and-away principle of deciding ties, may, however, be grafted on to the F.A. competition next season. The F.A. War Emergency Committee is exploring ways and means.

## CHANCE NEARLY LOST

WHEN the meeting confronted the involved and controversial topic of transfer fees I thought a great chance to introduce some commonsense was going to be thrown away. The voters turned down the move by Spurs and West Bromwich Albion to advance the transfer closing date from March 16 to December 31 and so scrap the style of clubs trying to buy safety or honours. Eventually Birmingham got an amendment through to form a special sub-committee to receive suggestions and consider the chances and rightness of limiting clubs' transfer expenditure. This was well put up by Mr W. A. Camkin.

Next on the agenda was a whole bunch of proposals dealing with players' agreements, wages, benefits, bonuses and talent money. The general trend of these is to give the players more money but the confusion about the clubs' liabilities to players is considerable. In the end Bolton Wanderers' idea to defer the whole matter until more facts are known was adopted.

This gives the clubs time but doesn't have any bearing on the position of players, with no other jobs, getting £4 a game (not per week) next season. My forecast is that soccer crowds will soar for victory football. My hope is that the clubs will improve on this niggardly offer.

## GOOD FOR PLAYERS

ONE thing the players will welcome is the acceptance of a move by Arsenal to improve compensation to injured players. The Management Committee has asked the Highbury club for data relating to more liberal payments.

The meeting leaves one headache. Everton found 21 supporters for this: "That one half of the Football Association's share of Cup Final and full international match receipts be allocated to the Football League." Twenty-one for beat the 17 against.

Now, this isn't a recommendation or a suggestion. It is a plain statement of fact. How will the F.A. react?

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## QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1—Himmeler.
- 2—Pine.
- 3—1935.
- 4—The Pillar of Cloud.
- 5—Throat just beside the larynx.
- 6—President Kemal Ataturk of Turkey.



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**'Bisurated' Magnesia**

# Victory Party

"VICTORY," murmured George, lying back luxuriously in his armchair, "it's a wonderful feeling."

He blew a few leisurely puffs of smoke, then turned suddenly towards the table, where I was clearing away the supper things.

"I expect you want to celebrate?" he asked in a worried voice.

"No," I admitted, "all I want is to sit down and relax."

"Grand," said George, his tone full of relief, "I'll put some logs on the fire, we'll have 'The Blue Danube' on the gramophone, and we won't answer the doorbell—"

He stopped short as the bell gave a piercing peal.

"I'd better go and see," I said.

There was only one person who rang our bell like that. But it couldn't be—it was.

"Here I am, Ena."

Aunt burst in, young Bill in one hand, a suitcase and several parcels in the other. Without extricating herself from any of these encumbrances she managed to give me a huge hug.

"I'm so excited about Victory. Wasn't I glad I'd promised you, away

give me a scrap extra margarine."

I was feverishly counting the cookies in the cupboard. Four cookies, no scones, no cake, half a loaf. And this was supposed to be a Victory party.

Then the phone rang.

"Don't you remember," came the voice of the Boss's wife, "you promised ages ago to spend the first night of Victory with us. You must come right away, both of you."

"I wish we could," I replied truthfully, "but we've got guests, my Aunt and—"

"Bring them along, the more the merrier," was the quick rejoinder.

Aunt and the Grahams thought it a wonderful idea. Aunt produced a large Union Jack from her luggage, and she and Mrs. Graham took turns of waving it out of the bus window all the way across the town.

Aunt kept hoping that there would be other guests besides ourselves. George couldn't quite understand that. He thought maybe Aunt wanted the obscurity of numbers.

"The Boss and his wife are jolly decent—you mustn't be nervous about visiting them," he told her.

"I'm not nervous," Aunt returned, "I only meant that I sing better before a large audience."

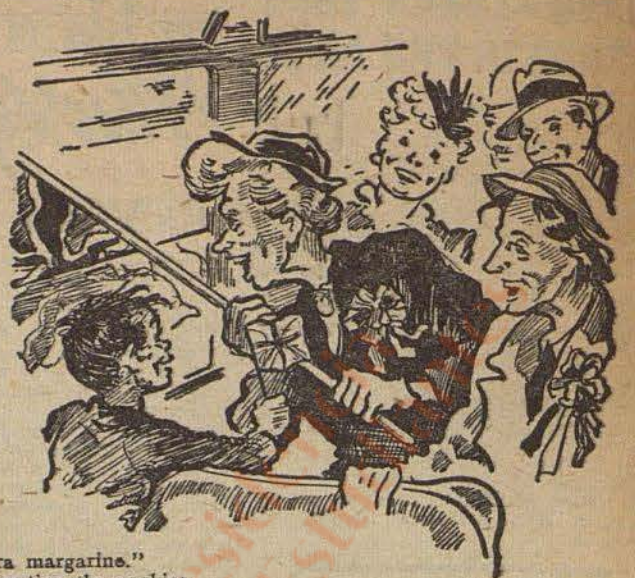
She had no sooner reached her destination and glanced round a satisfyingly crowded lounge than she was rendered "Kathleen Mavourneen" followed by "Tipperary," with the entire party joining in.

That broke the ice. In no time George and the Boss's wife were partnering it up and down the middle of the room in "The Grand Old Duke of York."

The Grahams were thrilled with the "help yourself" supper laid out in the dining room, and seemed to spend the whole evening plate and fork in hand.

It was after midnight before anyone thought of going home.

"And remember," said the Boss and his wife as they waved us off, "you're all coming back again to celebrate as soon as we get the Japs polished off."



Aunt and Mrs. Graham took turns of waving a large Union Jack out of the bus window . . .

## Queen Victoria was only 28

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## Jolly well BETTER thanks!



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## What the Stars Mean to You

JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 18.

Jan. 20-30 birthdays—Care needed on Monday to avoid misunderstanding. The end of the week is your best time. Jan. 31-Feb. 9—The beginning of the week is good for meeting friends. Thursday carries some interest further. Feb. 10-18—Monday is the best day in the week and some of you will re-consider your decision.

FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20.

Feb. 19-29 birthdays—A change in some external affairs on Tuesday will eventually work out well for you. Watch developments. March 1-10—Some happening this week will end uncertainty and your way will be clearer. March 11-20—Clear views rather than muddled feelings will be the winner this week. Know what you want.

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20.

March 21-31 birthdays—Do not allow a clash of wills this week to get you down. Your own line is quite different as you will presently see. April 1-10—This week sees a decided advance and if you are sure of your purpose, you will see results. April 11-20—A week for ignoring trifles and for concentrating on the main effort. Tuesday is important.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20.

April 21-30 birthdays—An excellent week though care is needed about a secret matter. May 1-10—Tuesday begins a turn for the better with developments next week. May 11-20—Saturday needs care so that a misunderstanding may not arise. Tuesday sees a change.

MAY 21 to JUNE 20.

May 21-31 birthdays—Look out for ways and means of pushing some interest further on Thursday. Earlier in the week is best for social matters. June 1-10—Monday begins something which can become important. June 11-20—Deal wisely at the beginning of the week with a problem and much better conditions will prevail by the end of the week.

JUNE 21 to JULY 20.

June 21-30 birthdays—This week marks an important point for changes outside will make your course easier. July 1-10—Do not act without considering both sides in a matter where you feel strongly. July 11-20—Tuesday marks an improvement and speeding-up in some matter of importance to you.

JULY 21 to AUGUST 21.

July 21-31 birthdays—A quick change for the better. For some of you, a chance for which you have been waiting. Aug. 1-10—Do not allow small difficulties to get you down. The main outlook is good. Aug. 11-21—Some opposition need not be feared as your own line is in another direction.

AUGUST 22 to SEPTEMBER 22.

Aug. 22-Sept. 1 birthdays—If you have some important interest next week, this week brings encouraging developments, if you are keen. Sept. 2-11—Take time to get some matter cleared up over the week-end, in time for new moves during the week. Sept. 12-22—A week when prospects improve. Details need watching.

SEPTEMBER 23 to OCTOBER 22.

Sept. 23-Oct. 1 birthdays—A chance to put some matter on a better footing this week. Oct. 2-11—Small difficulties at the beginning of the week should not be exaggerated. Improvement by the end of the week. Oct. 12-22—Thursday is your best day for a variety of interests.

OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 22.

Oct. 23-Nov. 1 birthdays—Saturday and Thursday need care in dealing with others. The rest of the week is favourable. Nov. 2-11—Some new outside changes this week will give you a better chance, if you are able to take it. Nov. 12-22—After certain happenings this week you will see more clearly what you want to do.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 20.

Nov. 23-Dec. 1 birthdays—Tuesday is an outstanding day and you can see more clearly what things matter and what things do not. Dec. 2-10—You will pass from a difficulty to an opportunity this week. Be sure you recognise it. Dec. 11-20—Excellent outlook this week if you are energetic and keen.

DECEMBER 21 to JANUARY 19.

Dec. 21-31 birthdays—A difficulty this week-end will pass if you do not make too much of it. Early in the week a change of plan likely. Jan. 1-10—A good week especially for those of you who work in groups or with friends. Jan. 11-19—Great improvement in outlook this week with some development likely next week.



# Are You Ready For The Switch-Over?

WHEN our Service girls come marching home again, when our "clippies" (how we shall miss them!) give up their jobs, when porter-girls, and post-girls and girls on all kinds of war-work embark on peace-time careers—how are they going to like it?

First, there is the war-bride, who will have to settle down to the whole-time job of looking after home and husband.

If you are one of them, you may, for a time, miss the eventfulness of your job. Though you may have had to rough it and put up with discomfort, though you have had your days of discontent, yet through all your experience there has been a certain sense of adventure.

Why not try to bring that sense of adventure, that freshness of outlook into running your home? Why not try to encourage that friendliness you have learned to know so well amongst women around you in



your new life? Things will be considerably brighter for you if you do.

If it is the practical side of housekeeping that worries you, don't be afraid to ask advice. Mothers and aunts and older women friends are only too anxious to help, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to take a refresher course in what you consider a weakness.

It may be cooking, and if it is, rub it up at all costs, for there's nothing like good cooking for keeping a man happy.

## IT'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT

You may have qualms about money and how to manage it, especially if you've been a spender. Not every girl has saved even out of her Services allowance and her own weekly pay packet.

If this is so, you'll probably get cabbages and silk stockings all mixed up when you get your first week's housekeeping money.

If, however, you determine to learn by your mistakes, you will soon settle down into a financial routine, which, if not so glamorous as your present one, has many compensations.

Then there is the girl who, having had a war-job that is absorbing and interesting, has to take on a peace-time job which is, in comparison, dull.

Well, if that applies to you, do remember that work is dull only if you make it so.

You may be a war bride married to a man outside your own town, or outside your own country. Your post-war job will mean settling down away from your home, friends, perhaps, in some distant part of the Empire.

Go forth to it with an open mind, and the will to learn. If you have prejudices, leave them behind, and cultivate the receptiveness of mind that encourages fresh friendships with the women you will meet in your new life.

While you are closing a precious chapter, you will be starting another one which is full of promise.

You may have left the parental roof as a young girl to be drilled and disciplined and sent here and there.

Have you lost your taste for home? I think not, but I do think you will expect

... there's nothing like good cooking for keeping a man happy.

to get a good deal more out of it than you did before.

Mum and Dad will just be the same as always and they will probably expect you to settle down to home life just the same as always.

If you want to do that all to the good, but if you don't be gradual and unalarming about any changes you want to make.

War hasn't been easy for the older generation, either, and if you want to convert them to your idea, do it in the kindest way you can.

What about the childless wife to whom even half-time war-work has proved a blessing?

Perhaps you are one of these, wondering how you will fill in the gap left from W.V.S. activities, the knitting club, the war nursery, the part-time factory, or office work.

Well, there will be plenty for you to do, but you may have to look for it. If you look around you will find young mothers only too glad to have your help, you will find knitting for friends' babies just as interesting as knitting for the Forces.

## BE BUSY — BE HAPPY

And there's always some neighbour needing you, thankful of an offer to look after the children for an hour or two, or of shopping done if she isn't well.

Then, there are the war-widows, and the girls who have lost their sweethearts.

To some of you, another happiness may come to fill the gap, but to others, it may not. Don't make the mistake of women after the last war and give yourself the label "superfluous."

Make a life for yourself, put your heart into your work, whatever it may be. Be busy and useful, and you will be happy.

The best way to forget your own trouble is to help others out of theirs. There will be plenty of opportunity to lend a helping hand in the change-over from war to peace.

Your man died for the future; it's part of your job to help make that future worth dying for. I can think of no post-war job quite so inspiring.

OUT OF ALL PROPORTION

OXO'S value in the household is out of all proportion to its size.

2 oz. 1/1d. 4 oz. 1/11d.  
8 oz. 3/6d. 16 oz. 5/6d.



CRISP & APPETISING



AND FULL OF NOURISHMENT

● Add to enjoyment and health by eating this delicious crispbread. It is made from finest stone-ground wheat, is rich in roughage and nutriment content. Crisp and easily digested, KRISVITA gives maximum food and health value for minimum points.

Made by MITCHELL HILL'S OF EDINBURGH

Removes hair in 3 minutes



and no coarse regrowth

Apply this dainty white cream. In 3 minutes wash it off. Every trace of ugly hair is gone! No bristly stubble like the razor leaves. Your skin is velvety soft and smooth.

VEET hair removing cream is now easier to obtain—most Chemists have small supplies.

Veet CREAM gets rid of hair!

GOUT GONE!

On Feet Again 3 Days After Taking Eade's Pills.

Mr. J. Parfitt, 40 Wimbourne Road, Radford, Notts, writes (June 7th, 1943): "I am only too pleased to tell you how I have appreciated your Gout Pills. I never thought that anything could help my gout, then I thought I would give them a trial. After taking Eade's Pills for three days, my wife was surprised to see me walking. I shall not be without Eade's Pills after the good they have done me. They are wonderful."

Get relief from your pains with the aid of Eade's Rheumatic and Gout Pills. 1/6d and 3/4d inclusive of Purchase Tax. (Insist on the genuine Eade's Pills, and do not accept any substitute).

EADE'S PILLS

# LET'S GET TOGETHER

PRIZE PRESERVE

I HAVE been a successful competitor at many shows and I submit the following hints to those who would like to see a prize card by their exhibits on a show bench. Of course anyone who takes pride in putting up attractive preserves may find them useful.

APPLE JELLY: Always run the strained juice through a piece of silk (which has been previously bleached). This strained juice should be boiled before the sugar is added. This results in that crystal clearness that makes the exhibit outstanding.

PICKLES: Be careful to place the vegetables in even layers in the jar before covering with spiced vinegar. Strain the vinegar through silk or fine muslin before pouring over the prepared vegetables.

BOTTLED FRUIT: All fruit should be graded before being heated. If additional fruit is added after shrinkage be sure to add fruit of the same size or else that top row will spoil the look of the whole jar.

JARS AND BOTTLES: Give all jars and bottles an extra shine before using. Remember that you cannot remove any little smear or mark on the inside of the bottle after it has been sealed.

LABELS: Take a little extra trouble with the labels. On, say, a jar of raspberries write a label with red ink. On greenages use green ink. On blackberries, black ink, and so on. These minor details often gain an extra point. —Mrs Winifred Armor, "Romra," High View, Patcham, Brighton 6 (Sheets).

## SHOE SUPERSTITIONS

IN some parts of Scotland, girls believe that should they by accident drop their new shoes before they have been worn, it is an omen that the shoes will lead them into trouble.

A person whose shoes are "worn on the toes, spends as she goes."

The girl who has her shoes "worn on the side" is destined to be "a rich man's bride." —Mrs Fearn, Church Street, Cromarty, Ross-shire (5/- Postal Order).

SINCE we're in flag-waving mood, we want to "hang out" one in this corner too. So here it is, in the form of a special prize offer:—A CANTEEN OF STAINLESS CUTLERY (54 Pieces); or A MANTEL CLOCK; or A 5/- POSTAL ORDER for every contribution published.

So let's have that bright idea; or the story of your own Victory celebration; or your own post-war plans—even though they must be postponed until the Japs are polished off.

Anything you like to send will be welcome—address your entry to Iza, c/o "The Weekly News," 139 Chapel Street, Manchester 3. There is no closing date, but remember the special celebration offer is for this week only. So if you want to be in on it, get cracking!

## SUMMER SWEET

BOIL up the skin of a lemon (or orange) in half pint of water. Let it simmer for a few minutes. Strain, and add one teaspoon powdered gelatine.

Let it be almost cold, then whisk in two tablespoons dried milk. This makes it light and fluffy. —Mrs Haynes Welch, 22 Coltbridge Terrace, Murrayfield, Edinburgh (2/6 Postal Order).

# Iza's Postbag

Mrs S. J. G. (Dunstable).—You should contact your nearest brickworks and ask what facilities there are for baking on the colours, which, by the way, will vary in the baking. Some of the vitreous enamels are very good in their colour range and nearly transparent. At present they are difficult to obtain and take about 14 days to dry, during which time the articles have to be kept in a dustproof case.

Mrs J. J. (Ashton-u-Lyne).—In view of the treatments you have applied without gaining relief it would be advisable to consult your doctor without further delay.

Mr L. M. (Dewsbury).—Your best plan would be for you or your wife to call on H.M. Inspector of Taxes who will take into consideration your joint incomes, after which matters may be adjusted.

"Tibbs."—Adopt the same attitude with all, be jolly, and on the occasions when that is out of place don't model your behaviour on anyone else's—be yourself.

E. R.—S. N.—You will get the book you require from your nearest large booksellers, such as W. H. Smith's, or educational printers. Most people are in the same fix as yourself.

Miss O. W. (Wrexham).—It would be advisable to get in contact with his married sister to find out if she has any recent news. Failing that, try R.A.F. Records, Adastral House, Kingsway, London.



Assignments • personalities • news-values • deadlines

—she's always "on edge"

The daily life of a Press Photographer is a drain on her nervous energy. With much to do in little time, she feels all the better for a soothing cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. Many other women too—wives and mothers with the cares of a home on their shoulders—know the comfort that Rowntree's Cocoa brings in a long and

tiring day of work and worry. Rowntree's Cocoa calms down jangled nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA soothes frayed nerves



## FIREMAN FRED OF THE 5-15



IF you're constipated, it's probably due to lack of "bulk" in your diet.

Your food gets almost completely absorbed into the system, and the waste matter left behind in the intestines is not bulky enough for the muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work, and you get constipated.

All-Bran is a natural bulk food. By supplying the bulk that muscles need to take hold of, All-Bran brings about a thorough and natural movement. Eat All-Bran for breakfast, drink plenty of fluids, and say good-bye to constipation! 7d. a packet, 3 points.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN



**INSPECTOR McLEAN** invariably used his daily calendar as an appointment register. It enabled him to earmark certain important dates in the future in case his worthy assistant, Sergeant Brook, should slip up.

On this frosty morning in November, he reached the office, and gave a glance at the large calendar on his desk, as he removed his coat and hat. Under the large red letter 5 was written "Madge Trueman. Holloway, noon."

"Good-morning, sir," said Sergeant Brook, noticing the glance at the calendar. "I was going to remind you of that."

"Thank you, Brook. You might telephone Holloway, and make sure there has been no alteration."

Brook used the telephone while McLean waded through a few papers. "It's all right," he said, placing the receiver on its rest. "She will leave at noon."

"Good! You might drive me to Holloway, and we'll wait at some convenient spot. I expect she will open up her flat. If not it will be useful to see where she goes."

"Very good, sir." The case of Madge Trueman had interested McLean since he first saw the girl. She had been charged with the theft of jewellery from a house where she had been employed as a governess. As a result of an anonymous communication, one piece of the stolen jewellery had been traced to her. She had denied the accusation, but the evidence against her was sufficiently strong for the police to secure a conviction. McLean had never been quite satisfied in his mind, for he had discovered that the person who had acted as informer was a man named Alfred Tyler, who had himself served two sentences in the past.

"I may be mistaken about Trueman," he said to Brook, as they drove towards the goal. "It certainly is strange that she should take a job as a governess to two children, and at the same time manage to run a flat at a hundred and fifty pounds a year—more than her salary as a governess. She was quite unable to explain that."

"Does she know who it was who rattled on her?" asked Brook.

"No." "Are you going to tell her?" "I'm not sure yet."

The car was eventually parked at a spot where the exit from the prison was visible, and after waiting ten minutes in the car, McLean saw Madge Trueman emerge. Hurriedly, she made away from the place where she had spent twelve weary months—moving in the opposite direction to McLean.

"Follow her," said McLean to Brook. "But keep your distance."

Five minutes later the walking woman hailed a taxi and entered it.

"Going towards her flat," said McLean. Brook managed to keep the taxi in sight round the various corners, and at last they saw it stop outside a house, not far from Paddington Station.

"Yes, the flat," said McLean. "You can draw up outside as soon as she enters, and wait for me."

## THE SECOND VISITOR

This was done a few moments later, and McLean passed through the entrance door and walked up to the first floor. At No. 14 he rang the bell, and almost immediately the door was opened by the woman he remembered so well. Now she looked a little thinner and paler than before, but she was no less attractive, and her clothing was becoming and of excellent quality. The dark eyes surveyed him critically.

"So I'm not really free?" she said, coldly.

"Quite free. But I should like to have a few words with you."

"What did you wish to say?" asked Miss Trueman.

"Do you still plead innocence of the crime for which you were convicted?"

"Yes."

"You know that the bulk of the stolen jewellery has never been recovered?"

"I know nothing about it. How could I when I have been in prison almost since the date of the robbery?"

"It is in evidence that you associated with persons of ill-repute."

"What persons?"

"To name one—a man named Alfred Tyler."

The girl winced at the mention of the name.

"What has he done?" she asked.

"Did you know he had been to prison on two occasions?"

"No."

"Do you sincerely believe him to be a man of integrity?"

"He has always treated me decently."

"Are you in love with him?"

"I resent that question," she said, with

# DANDY McLEAN

by George Goodchild

some heat. "Our relationship cannot be any concern of yours, and you've no right to ask me questions like that."

McLean reflected for a moment, and then decided to fire his most telling shot.

"You were arrested on information supplied by a person who desired to remain anonymous," he said. "Would you like to know who that person was?"

Her dark eyes regarded him for a moment, and then she shook her head slowly.

"I'm not quite the simpleton you think I am," she said. "Isn't your interest mainly in the recovery of the other jewellery rather than the repentance of a sinner? Well, I'm not interested, but I promise you that in future I shall try to keep out of gaol. Anything more, Inspector?"

McLean said there wasn't, and left the flat. At the bottom of the stairs he nearly ran into a man who was coming up. He murmured an apology and went on, but the lean, swarthy, handsome face burned into his memory.

It was Alfred Tyler, confidence man, adventurer, trickster and rat. That Tyler had recognised him he was fairly certain, but if so, the fellow had done his best to hide the fact. McLean went outside and entered the car.

"Did you see who went into the flat just now?" he asked Brook.

"I saw a man, but he came up from behind, and I never got a glimpse of his face."

"It was Tyler."

"So he's resuming the old acquaintance-ship?"

"Yes, and any sort of warning seems to be useless. She believes in him, and so I didn't tell her just how much we know about Mr Tyler. He saw me as he went upstairs, but you and he have never met."

"I propose to drop you at the corner. If they come out together follow them and try to keep your eye on them for the rest of the day."

It was late that night when Brook reported to McLean, not at the office but at McLean's flat, and he had a great deal to tell.

## EXPENSIVE SPREE

"THEY came out about ten minutes after you left," he said to McLean. "Lunch at the Savoy, and some lunch, too. The bill ran into six pounds. Then they went to Bond Street and looked at some shops."

"At Carlisle's, Tyler bought her a bracelet. I got the price of that, too. It was £30. Then tea at Fullers, where they were joined by a woman. Flashy bit of goods—a blonde with all the trimmings."

"She left them after tea, and they went to a news-reel show, and stayed for an hour. Then dinner, again at the Savoy. I didn't get the cost of that, but they did themselves mighty well."

"It finished up at His Majesty's Theatre, and after the show he saw her into a taxi and I heard him tell the driver the address of her flat."

"I hung on for a bit, and finally trailed him to a low kind of dive in Clarges Street. It's called 'The Hart' and has a painted sign outside. It's a club of kinds. I thought it wasn't necessary to hang about there probably until the early hours of the morning."

"Good work," said McLean. "I'm glad you trailed him to the club. That may offer us an opportunity to discover more about his movements and associates."

The following morning McLean went into the matter of "The Hart Club" and found that it was properly constituted. The membership was small, and in the list he found the name of Alfred Tyler. But presumably Miss Trueman had never been a member. Tyler's address was given. It was a flat not far from that occupied by Miss Trueman.

"We've been through the place," he said to Brook later. "But we found nothing. My belief is that Tyler has a more permanent address. He is a man of considerable means, and is not likely to be satisfied with a cheap flat. See what you can learn at the club. You might get more from a minor employee than the secretary. I don't want Tyler to get scared."

The porter at the club was quite willing to earn a nice little tip, which Brook displayed under his long nose. He revealed that Tyler was often missing from the club for considerable periods, and also from his flat. He knew that because he had often tried to telephone him at the flat.

He didn't mix much with the club members, and appeared to have only one friend there. She was a woman named Gertrude Mason.

"I asked him about this woman," said Brook. "And I'm sure she was the blonde I told you about, who met Tyler at tea."

McLean looked up the list of club members and found that the name of Gertrude Mason figured in it. Her address was given as Bryant Court, Kensington.

"What did he say about her?" he asked.

"He got the impression that she and Tyler were as thick as thieves."

"That's probably a most suitable description. I think I'll try and contact Miss Mason. She may be susceptible to a little gentle wooing."

It took McLean nearly a week to achieve his object, and that involved dressing himself like a prosperous Colonial, and loitering near the place where Miss Mason lived.

Success was attained when he successfully trailed her to a cocktail bar in the West End. It took him only a few minutes to get into conversation, first of all about a draught from an open window, which he got her permission to close, and then about the dullness of London.

"Oh, it's not so bad—when you know it," she said with a laugh.

To a woman of the world, a good-looking man, with a full wallet, and time on his hands, was not a great ordeal. Once she said she ought to go home, as her brother was expecting her, but so far McLean had learnt nothing, and, indeed, was at a loss to know how to introduce the subject nearest his heart.

"Isn't there anywhere where they have any fun—play cards or something?" he asked.

"We play poker at home sometimes,"

she said. "My brother and I and a neighbour."

"I'll ring up my brother Archie, and try to fix it."

This she did, and when she laid up the receiver she came to McLean smiling.

"It's all right. He's doing nothing this evening. He will get someone from the flats to join us. That will make four. Anything less than four is dull."

Subsequently they entered the flat, and she introduced McLean as William Bane, from Montreal. The brother was a thin-faced, tall fellow with narrow eyes, and the visitor from the same building was a large, double-chinned man, named Weston.

The game, so far as McLean could see, was fairly straight, but all three of them were experts, and McLean was caught badly once or twice.

What pleased him most was the photograph on the mantelpiece behind him. It was that of Tyler, and it gave him just the opportunity he was needing. During an interval for drinks he walked up to the photograph.

"Can't help thinking I've met that fellow," he said. "Is he a relative?"

He picked up the photograph, and saw that the studio was one at Eastbourne. Then he turned the unframed photograph over, and on the back he saw a number.

McLean subsequently left the flat eight pounds out of pocket, but he thought the information he had got was well worth that and the other expenses.

Early next morning he telephoned the photographic studio at Eastbourne, and made an inquiry, giving the reference number on the back of the photograph. Half an hour later he was rung back.

"Write this down, Brook," he said. "Elmhurst, East Dean."

"Is that all, sir?"

"No. Get a car. We are going to East Dean to have a look at Mr Tyler's secret abode."

They reached the house two hours later, and found it to be an attractive place, in a wooded garden. Brook went in to make a spurious inquiry, and came back to say that there was no reply to his ring at the bell. He was quite sure there was no one in the house.

"All the better," said McLean. "Let's see if we can find a way in without doing a lot of damage."

They went across to a large garage and shed. Both were locked, but between the two buildings was a collapsible ladder of about twenty-five rungs.

"The very thing," said McLean. "It should just reach that open window."

Brook was able to carry the light ladder alone. When it was extended to its full length it reached the window nicely, and Brook swarmed up it and was soon inside the house.

A few moments later he opened the front door, and McLean went inside. There was evidence that the place had been occupied recently. Everything was scrupulously clean, and on the kitchen table was a large box filled with provisions. McLean looked at the accompanying bill and found it was dated that day.

"Looks as if he is coming down immediately," he said.

The furnishings were of the most luxurious type. In the lounge was a grand piano, and on this was a framed photograph of Madge Trueman.

"Whew!" whistled Brook. "That doesn't look any too good."

McLean made no reply. He was pulling out the drawers of a bureau and examining everything. It yielded nothing of interest, and so he tried a corner cupboard. In this, among other things, was an album of snapshots, showing Tyler with a young woman in various places. On some of them there were captions. "Nina at Brooklands," "Nina at Monte Carlo," "Nina at the opera."

"Another one of his fancy ladies," commented Brook.

It was upstairs that McLean made his most valuable discovery. While searching through some drawers he found a letter from Miss Trueman's late employer, who had been robbed. It was addressed to Tyler in London and McLean read the contents:

"Sir,—Miss Madge Trueman has applied for the post of nursery governess to my two children, and has given me your name as a reference. Will you be good enough to inform me whether you found her competent, honest, and reliable while she was in your employ, and why she left you. Such information will be treated with the strictest confidence."

"THIS GETS HIM"

"THAT certainly lets the cat out of the bag," said Brook.

"Did Tyler ever have any children?"

"Not to our knowledge. But there's this woman Nina."

"You mean she may have been his wife?"

"Yes."

"But there are no signs of any children here, not even a photograph or a toy."

"That's true. But there may have been children at another address."

"But look at the evidence. He recommends Miss Trueman for a job, and the result is robbery. Miss Trueman is found in possession of one of the stolen articles and is arrested. Then — Oh, just look at this."

Brook had suddenly seized upon an object which was lying at the back of a mirror. It was a beautiful tray in gold and platinum, with a few small jewels round the edge.

McLean knew it as soon as he saw it. It had been listed by Miss Trueman's late employer as among the stolen articles.

"Yes, Brook. This gets him," he said. "But let's continue."

Nothing else was found which appeared to have any connection with the robbery, but in a wardrobe in another bedroom were many dresses and shoes, and finally, in the drawer of a dressing chest McLean found a marriage certificate.

It gave the date as four years previously and the maiden name of Mrs Tyler as Nina Langford.

"I think we've got as much as can be expected," said McLean. "Better look up and remove that ladder."

It was late in the evening when Brook, who had been left to keep an eye on the house, telephoned to McLean, who had gone to the local police headquarters.

The news he gave was startling. Tyler had arrived by car, and with him was Miss Trueman!

McLean immediately got into his car and in a short time met Brook outside the house.

"I'VE BEEN A CHEAT"

"They're inside," said Brook. "I think you'll have to change your opinion about that girl, for they're obviously down for the week-end."

"I'm afraid they won't get it. I have a warrant for Tyler. Let's go in."

A ring at the bell brought Tyler to the door. He stared at McLean incredulously.

"Yes, it's me," said McLean. "Come in, Brook."

Tyler, protesting, was driven back into the lounge, and there sat lovely Madge Trueman, with a drink in front of her, smoking a cigarette.

"What the hell are you doing here?" asked Tyler. "This is an outrage."

"I have a warrant for your arrest," snapped McLean. "In this house a few hours ago I found evidence that you were involved in the robbery for which Miss Trueman was convicted."

"That's a lie."

McLean produced the valuable tray.

"Where did you get that?"

"Miss Trueman must have left it here."

At this the pale-faced girl stubbed out her cigarette and stood up.

"You beast!" she said to Tyler. "I know it was you who lodged information against me, after planting that bracelet in my flat. I suffered it because I didn't want to see you arrested. I had good reasons for wanting to remain on the best of terms with you."

"What reasons?" asked McLean.

"My real name is Madge Langford. I had a sister, Nina—"

"She ran away with this man, against the wishes of my family. I believe they were married later, but they disappeared out of our life."

"I heard nothing from my sister—who always told me everything. I tried to find her, but failed. Then my parents died, and I made it my single object in life to find out what became of my poor sister."

"I am certain he murdered her, and I have always wanted to find this house where I believe they lived. This is the first time I have ever been here, and I never intended to spend the night here. I wanted time to get evidence that my sister was murdered. In a room upstairs I have seen her dresses, and hats, many things that belonged to her."

"Look, I came prepared to kill him, if necessary."

She opened a handbag and took out a pistol.

McLean took it from her and found it loaded. Then she gave a little cry, and buried her head in her hands. McLean made a sign to Brook, and Brook knew that sign of old. He went to Tyler and clapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Now, Mr Tyler," said McLean. "What became of your wife?"

"She—she ran away from me. I don't know where she is."

"When?"

"Two years ago."

"And left all her clothing and personal belongings behind?"

Great beads of perspiration sprang to Tyler's brow. He was now clearly terrified.

"All right, Brook. Take him away! I'll follow."

Brook went off with his captive, and McLean stayed with the girl until she was more composed.

"I've been a cheat," she confessed. "But I was never guilty of that robbery. Tyler got me to apply because he wanted to know the lay-out of the place. I obeyed him because—oh, you understand."

"But why did he inform against you?"

"I think I know. He wasn't sure about me, and thought that a year in prison would make me the sort of woman he wanted me to be. To-day he thought I was that woman. Oh, please, please, do something about my sister."

McLean promised he would, and it took him over a month to make good that promise. Then, at last, Mrs Tyler's body was found in a wild part of the garden. She had been strangled.

"That, I think, finishes Mr Tyler's career," said McLean. "I think we were lucky to have been at the house that night, for Miss Langford's little pistol mightn't have been of much avail against that brute. I'm glad I was right about her."

Next week—Another Dandy McLean adventure.

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Then a friend told her to take a salts specially recommended for women's particular needs—Juno-Junipah. Almost at once she felt better, after just four bottles she was "able to walk wonderfully."

Isn't that a simple secret? Yet how few women realise their own need for Juno-Junipah.

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So confident are we that Juno-Junipah will make any woman feel and look better, that here is an offer! Get a 2s. bottle of Juno-Junipah from any chemist to-day. Take it as directed, and if you aren't more than satisfied with what it has done, he will refund your money without question. Obtainable from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors and Timothy Whites.

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