



WE'VE GOT
THE GLAMOROUS NEW
Kem-Tone
MIRACLE WALL FINISH
COLORS!

... AND THEY "GO" WITH ANY
COLOR SCHEME!

Kem-Tone MIRACLE POINTS

1. THE SYNTHETIC RESIN AND OIL FINISH! Miraculously shines with water for joint convenience and economy.
2. APPLIES LIKE MAGIC! Use Kem-Tone Brush or Kem-Tone Roller Knower.
3. DRIES IN ONE HOUR!
4. ONE COAT COVERS! More any interior surface.
5. NO "PAINTY" GLOSS!
6. WASHABLE!
7. FOR LIVING ROOMS, DINING ROOMS, BEDROOMS!
8. RIGHT OVER WALLPAPER! Prime, plane, wallboard. No priming, no sizing.

Another Kem-Tone find! A gorgeous new array of the loveliest colors... clean, attractive pastel and glamorous, deeper tones to enhance the beauty of every room.

"GO WITH ANYTHING" COLORS

Created by foremost color experts, these smartest of shades make charming backgrounds for gracious living. What's more, these expertly-styled colors may be used with any color combination!

AMAZINGLY EASY TO USE

Paint with Kem-Tone. It's so easy to decorate with this synthetic resin and oil paint. You get the richest, handsomest finish imaginable—durable, lastingly lovely.

THERE'S NO FINE FINISH... AT ANY PRICE!

And remember—constant research in the world's largest paint laboratories makes today's Kem-Tone the best ever!

KEM-TONE TRIES as low as 70¢ per gal.
KEM-TONE ROLLER KNOWER \$1.25 each
KEM-TONE 4" BRUSH \$1.25 each



Area White Lead in Color Works, Detroit; W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh; The Lane Brothers Co., Dayton; John Lane & Co., Inc., Philadelphia; The Marine Paint Co., Chicago; Rogers Paint Products, Inc., Dallas; The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland.



Los Angeles Times
5-11-1947

Harriet's eyes were wide with horror. This would ruin her.

Oh, Doctor!

BY MANNING LONG

Illustrated by Wesley Snyder

The head nurse caught Harriet in Dr. Tinsley's arms. Here was a jam to get out of . . .

A Short Short Story

The little nurse wrenched herself out of the doctor's arms.

"Weepers!" she said, and stood looking at the woman in the doorway. It was no joke to be caught peeking in the linen closet by Miss Cooper. Miss Cooper was the superintendent of nursing. It may have been that, because of her youth, authority had gone to her head, and she was stricter and more pitiless than probably she would be later when the years had softened her. And although she had moments of something approaching beauty, she reserved them for the doctors and the more imposing of the male patients. Man-hungry, the nurses said she was, but they said it without laughter. There was a quality about Miss Cooper that quenched any desire to laugh.

Now, still gripping the door, her face was ugly with anger, and colder than the heart of a glacier.

Harriet nervously smoothed her bright red of hair under her cap and bowed her head to await judgment. Her awkward glance at Dick was without hope. She saw him whip his handkerchief across his mouth and hold it quickly over the corner of his neck. His head was shaking a little. Even he, the charming Dr. Tinsley, for whom

Miss Cooper feathered attention to look pretty, would have the devil's own time taking himself out of this.

He wouldn't be fired, of course. Miss Cooper, for all her importance, couldn't manage that. But she could make his life a torment in a thousand ways, and she could and would fire Harriet. . . . Harriet moaned softly. It would ruin everything.

Miss Cooper gave a little cough. It was familiar sound to every nurse in the hospital. It meant she was clearing her throat for a passage of words that would issue forth like water from a fire hose. Harriet shut her eyes and prayed.

But Dr. Tinsley's voice cut across the hurrying of the dialogue. "Take care, Miss Warner," he said, "and run along."

Harriet opened her eyes to find her chestnut an arsenal of towels at her as they, the towels, had been the sole object of three trips in the linen closet. If he was expressionless, but when he turned from her to Miss Cooper, he smiled. He raised one eyebrow and—Harriet stared—looked. Then, in a businesslike tone, he, somehow innocently, he said, "There's something I've been wanting to talk over with you, Cooper."

Cooper would even Dick take such liberty? But she understood. The work at the machine—he was putting on an act. By adopting a clumsy attitude toward Miss Cooper, he hoped to minimize the stick on his handkerchief. Lapsack! Now we know, don't we, Cooper, how little the