

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If your iron is soiled on the bottom, sprinkle a bit of salt on a newspaper and rub the iron over it.

Darns are less conspicuous when the stitches are made parallel to the weave of the material.

If you want your artificial flowers to stay the way you arrange them, half fill the vase with fine sand. Press the stems into this and they will remain in place.

If you would have your broom last, do not stand it on the bristles; hang it up or rest it on the handle.

Add two teaspoons of left-over coffee to your chocolate frosting. This frosting is delicious on a cinnamon cake.

Frequently powder elings around the necks of dark silk dresses. Rubbing gently with a piece of dark silk will usually remove the marks. If stubborn, try a cloth just dampened slightly with a dry-cleaning.

## Pull the Trigger on Constipation, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on discomfort after meals, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin, as directed on label or as your doctor advises, and feel world's better. Get genuine Dr. Caldwell's.

A most welcome gift to any pipe-smoker or roll-your-own fan now in our armed forces is a pound of his favorite tobacco. Numerous surveys have shown that tobacco is the No. 1 gift on the service man's list. A favorite with many of our soldiers, sailors, marines, and Coast Guardsmen is Prince Albert, the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. If you have a friend or relative in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard who smokes a pipe or rolls-his-own, send a pound can of Prince Albert. Your local dealer is featuring the National Joy Smoke as an ideal gift for service men.—Adv.

Use at first sign of a **COLD**  
**666** TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS.  
 Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

**Our Mobile Laundries**  
 Complete mobile laundries accompany our troops to all parts of the world. Each laundry has to get some 15,000 soldiers' clothes clean every week. The United States army is the cleanest in the world.

## SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Rubber ball sports, baseball, football, tennis, etc., really had their beginning back in the 16th century. Someone has reported that in 1520 Emperor Montezuma entertained Cortez and his soldiers in Mexico City with a game played with rubber balls.

Overloading and over-inflation are two rubber wasting practices most common with motor truck operators.

Plantation rubber had its beginning in 1876 when Henry Wickham had planted in the Kew Botanic Gardens in London some of the 7,000 Hevea brasiliensis seeds he had smuggled out of the jungles of Brazil. A few years later trees were transplanted to the Far East.

A car traveling on packed snow at 20 mph when braked will travel 79 feet before coming to a stop if it is not equipped with anti-skid chains on the rear wheels. Attachment of chains will stop the car traveling under these conditions in 40 feet.

In war or peace  
**B.F. Goodrich**  
 FIRST IN RUBBER

# MURDER at PIRATE'S HEAD

By ISABEL WAITT / W-N-U RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$800 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. She gets the church, only to find, in an old chest, the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane. The body disappears a few hours later. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown, who is supposed to have lived there. The anonymous letter disappears. A golf club found near the chest is identified as Hugh Norcross. The guests are once more assembled at the church and Hugh has just said, "Dear, I wish you'd go back to the inn."

Now continue with Judy's story.

## CHAPTER XI

I felt a little squeeze on my arm, but whichever one of us he meant, Bessie did the answering. "Not without you, Hughie. You'll find I'll stand by, no matter how they lie about you. No matter what they plant on you. Tell 'em to find your blue scarf, why don't you?"

"That," shrilled Lily obliquely, "would be a darned good idea!"

"Hush," Hugh interrupted. "Blew out to sea, probably. We're going to tell Quade about the auction. He's got a bee in his bonnet it may have something to do with all these outrages."

"If you'll all go sit down somewhere—anywhere," Victor suggested. "And you're going to see the significance of this when we're through. See if you don't. I wasn't here, so why don't I play auctioneer and ask the questions? Nobody has to answer anything he doesn't choose."

Bessie Norcross stood up. My eyes had become accustomed to the dim interior, which, after the basement, seemed fairly light. "Just one minute," Bessie said. "Did you find your bag, Judy? I want my doorkey; not the one you gave me last night, which sticks halfway. I'm planning on a nap after lunch and I intend to lock myself in."

I'd been sure the key I'd swiped from the artist's door really could lock Bessie's. Now, somewhat flustered, I said: "I'll get your key, Miss Norcross. Don't worry."

Albion Potter leaned forward from a pew behind where we were sitting in the church and exclaimed in my ear: "That reminds me! I haven't a key to my room, Miss Judy. If— if you could trouble your uncle to find me one, I'd appreciate it, under the circumstances."

"I'll see to it," I said. "I could supply his bag? But where the dickens was my bag?"

We all settled down on the edge of our pews.

"I've got some work to do on my sermon," the minister said. "Will this take long, Mr. Quade?"

"You needn't stay at all," Victor said. "I'll begin with you, then, sir. You did bid at the auction?"

"Certainly, I bid. Didn't everybody?" The Rev. Jonas De Witt had a powerful physique to match his voice. Now he stood up, a portly, middle-aged enigma, and held up his hands. I hoped he wasn't going to offer up a prayer.

"My friends, now that we are gathered together in this house of God," he began ministerially . . .

"House of the devil would be more like it!" muttered the invalid, wheeling up closer.

De Witt paid no attention to him. "Let us help Mr. Quade all we can. I bid twice, I think." He threw back his head with a pulp gesture, folding his hands behind him, and started to pace in front of the pews.

"And why did you want to own this tumble-down old—"

"Not tumble-down, my friend. This church will stand another hundred years. The Quakers built for service. Why? Because I was exchange pastor here one happy summer—the happiest time of my life—years ago. Before my trouble over the funds I was accused of taking, but did not take. Later, after I'd been disgraced and put out of my church, I was exonerated and reinstated. All in the records in New York City. Nothing whatever to do with this."

He sighed heavily, one huge paw grasping a dusty pew post. "One would be pretty certain to speak the truth in the house of God. Nothing can be concealed from the Almighty, who sees all, hears all, knows all."

"That's the three monkeys," tittered Lily Kendall. Lily didn't mean to be irreverent, I'm sure. She was just impatient and nervous.

When you know something important to tell in the midst of murder and have to listen to a lot of extraneous stuff you nearly burst. I know, because I was bursting myself to find out who'd sent me the money and made a monkey out of me.

"I bid in for purely sentimental reasons—a memory connected with my young wife, now gone," his voice faltered and he sat down—"forever."

There it was again—purely sentimental reasons! Would Victor grab that clue and go for them? He would not. Instead he made them admit what we already knew, that they'd all wanted that church and had bid for it at the auction. But they were cagey. If any of them had come to the Head purposely to be present at the auction—the way Roddy announced he had that fatal night—they were mighty quiet about it now.

Hugh Norcross tried to buy the church for Bessie. "My sister

needs something to occupy her mind," he said. "We found that the Head was still a pleasant place to come to," he went on hesitantly, one eye on his keeper. "Her nervousness was so much better, for one thing. The auction was fun, and here was a ready-made chance to get the makings of a gift shoppe cheap."

"I remember you said the old dump would make a good bonfire," Thaddeus Quincy chirped. "Didn't burn up the wrong building by mistake, did you, Norcross? Judy and I saw you scouting around last night, remember?"

"Stop it, Quincy!" Victor said sharply. Hugh had risen. "Sit down, Norcross. Perfectly understandable. You wanted to allay any fears that you were anxious to get—"

"What the devil are you insinuating?"

"Nothing. Just that you thought you'd get it cheaper—the gift shoppe for your sister—if the others didn't see you were anxious."

"That's right, Hughie. Just what you told me, remember?" Bessie backed Victor.

"I kind of hoped I could get it for a studio," the artist spoke up. "But I couldn't go above the Gerrys. Hundred and fifty, didn't they bid, Judy?"

I said I thought so.

"And you, Miss Kendall?"

"Me? Oh, uh, I didn't really want the old thing. Bid for the fun of it. Thought it would go cheap and I



"I'm afraid to go down there again by myself."

could watch the sunsets and play I was on a ship without gettin' seasick. I hate boats. But I didn't really consider buying it. Of course, if it went for a bargain—never could resist a bargain. Thought maybe my little niece, Gloria Lovelace, might like—"

"Gloria Lovelace," the movie star! scoffed Bessie. "What would she do with a church?"

"Mighty sweet reformers," Lily said, proudly. "New publicity angle. Remember me tellin' you I have a lovely picture of her I wanted you to see? Remind me to show it when we get back. Gloria's my favorite niece, and a sweeter, lovelier little darl—"

"I'm sure she is," Victor interrupted. "You must show us that picture by and by. But right now I want to ask you to listen carefully, please. Mr. De Witt had sentimental reasons. Potter wanted a studio. Miss Kendall, a sea place to watch sunsets. The Gerrys, a bungalow. The Norcrosses, a gift shoppe. And you, Mr. Quincy?"

"Oh, I was there—in the doorway. Called in a bid, but stopped when I saw Judy Jason was determined to get the church. Didn't want to bid down Judy."

"That was kind of you, Quincy. Was it because you knew she'd buy it, anyway, for you?"

"For me?" Mr. Q. appeared to be nonplused. "See here, Quade, why should a cripple like me want an ark like this? I can see the sunsets from the inn or the rocks."

"Explain yourself, Quade," cried several voices.

A man was entering the church. We all looked around to see Uncle Wylie, who slunk into one of the rear pews.

"Just covered it up with some good tarpaulin," he said. "Havin' a prayer meetin' or another auction?"

We all shuddered, recalling the poor, charred body under its rough cover. My aunt wanted me, I was informed, but I didn't budge.

"This isn't an auction or meeting, either," the minister said. "Mr. Quade seems to think our bidding had something to do with the mysterious bridge bombings and—and the dead man down there. I believe, at last, the papers can describe everything that's happened to the diseased brain of a maniac—and it'll be the truth."

Victor shook his head. "No mani-

ac wrote the letter to Judy. I believe the person who wrote her that strange request is back of all this. Tell them, Judy, as you recall the contents, about the mysterious letter asking you to buy the Quaker church."

I did. I'm sure I knew it practically word for word. They made me repeat it all over again. They appeared entirely surprised.

"And sent you the money!" Lily piped. "How much, dearie?"

But before I could say anything Victor retorted: "Enough, so that she bought the church, as you all know. Had some over. Quite sum."

"If we could see that letter—" Hugh began.

Did he know it had been destroyed, that he dared ask for it?

"Yes, the letter, though I don't see what that's got to do with killin' Roddy Lane. You keep the rest of that kale, honey," Lily ordered, catching her long string of tiny mixed beads on Albion Potter's coat button as she leaned across him and breaking it, as usual, in the undoing.

"She's going to," Victor cut in quickly. "Put it away with the letter, didn't you, Judy? The police will want to examine both of them."

Victor was pretending the mystery letter was still safely concealed in my bureau drawer. He didn't want them to know I'd discovered it was gone. But the person who'd taken it would know. I had to say something.

"Near together," I said. "I—I put the money in my stocking at first, but after what's happened I wish—oh, I wish I could give it back. If one of you wanted me to do you the favor of buying the church, for goodness' sake say so. Come out and admit it, so we won't connect it up with all these horrors."

Nobody stirred. After a moment, Uncle Wylie asked in a strangled voice, "Judy, does Nella know about this?"

"No," I answered. "But she's dying to find out. She couldn't understand how I had \$300 to plunk down at an auction when she had to advance me my fare to the Head, and I don't blame her. I wanted to tell her, only the letter impressed silence upon me."

"So you put the money—with the letter?"

"Well, it's in the other—" I stopped. He couldn't want me to tell them exactly where it was, of course. Just to hint to the thief who'd swiped the letter that he'd overlooked the money, and that I'd overlooked his taking the letter.

"Wherever you mean," Victor added pointedly. "I hope it's in a safe place. If the police can identify those bills it will help."

Lily whispered: "Tell him, Judy, and the police won't never see 'em. I think he sent the letter himself. So there!"

Uncle Wylie hurried out of the door, without a word to anybody. The rest of us were all talking at once. They asked me so many questions I was afraid I'd mix up Victor's plans and I did so desperately want to help him.

He saw the position I was in and drew me aside as the group broke up and started outdoors again.

"Any place I could watch your bedroom door, Judy?"

"There's the storeroom."

"Fat chance, anyway. Don't think he'll fall for the trap. Those bills weren't from all over the United States by chance and without sequence."

"Another thing. Lily Kendall did bid a lot. She was in almost at the finish. She's got it in for—" But I didn't have a chance to tell him what she'd hinted about the Pirate's Mouth just then, for the minister boomed, linking his arm with Victor's and dragging him out of the church: "Well, back I go to the inn. Got to get that sermon done some time. And after the police come—"

I pounced on Victor as he disengaged himself. "Please, Mr. Quade, I've got to find my bag. That confounded key is in it."

"Well, I'll be trotting along after the others," De Witt said.

"Where did you leave it?" Victor sounded impatient. "I think it's important, just now, to see who makes a dive for your room. I'd hoped—that storeroom—"

"But it's in the basement. Only take a minute. I'm—I'm afraid to go down there again by myself."

"Oh, all right. Only let's hurry. You're sure you left it there?"

I was sure. But I was extremely doubtful if it was there now. I told Victor how I'd left it near the chest when I tried to fiddle open the lock.

He told me to stay on the stair and let him hunt around. Certainly the bag wasn't in sight. He opened the chest, looked behind it, and then into a rickety closet, where a few old hymn books were piled on some shelves. Nothing doing.

I knew he was impatient about the old key, and so was I. "Never mind. It'll turn up."

# Farm Topics

## Eggs by the Pound Instead of by Dozen

### Trend Favors Both Buyer and Seller

A trend toward selling eggs by the pound instead of by the dozen is becoming evident in some sections of the country, and this is profitable both to the producer and the consumer, in the opinion of Myrtle Murray, home industries specialist of the Texas A. and M. college extension service.

Under present marketing practices, the consumer pays as much per dozen for extremely small eggs as for standard eggs which weigh two ounces each, or a pound and a half per dozen. Likewise, Miss Murray explains, the producer who markets standard size eggs or larger receives no price advantages for a better product.

Until the public and the trade accept the change from the dozen to pound basis, producers will have to obtain their premiums by offering high quality clean, infertile eggs correctly prepared for marketing.



An Indiana farmer hitches up his team of mules. There's plenty of use for a team these days.

This means that eggs should be gathered at least twice a day and kept in a clean wire basket until they are cool and ready for packing. They should then be graded as to size, putting the uniformly small eggs, the medium (24 ounces to the dozen) and large ones in separate containers. They should also be candled, and sort out the defective eggs.

Eggs should always be packed with the pointed end down. If packing materials have been used previously, care should be taken to see that they are clean. Avoid wrapping eggs in newspapers.

Miss Murray recommends that eggs be marketed at least twice a week so that consumers can be assured of fresh produce.

## Agriculture in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

### Rabbits

California is the leader in rabbit production although no complete figures for the nation are available. It is known that in the Los Angeles trade area, 1,600,000 pounds of rabbit meat have been sold in one year. The U. S. Rabbit Experiment station is located at Fontana, Calif., where studies are being made in breeding, fur and wool production and marketing. Rabbit raising has thrived in the West because the mild climate permits open air hutches.

Most of the income is made by selling rabbits for meat. This compares favorably with other meats in protein. It has less fat and costs less per pound than expensive cuts of beef and lamb.

This country has imported an average of nearly 91,000,000 pounds of dressed rabbit pelts and it would seem that there might be a bright outlook for selling furs and pelts. Efficiency studies show, however, that meat is the more dependable outlet. Because of the cost of stock, it requires more money to raise rabbits than poultry.

California raises more Angora rabbits than any other state. Much rabbit wool is imported and some California people have obtained a better price per pound for wool when it was spun into yarn at home and then sold to department stores.

### Minerals for Hogs

Feed proper minerals to hogs at all times. Market hogs make cheaper gains, brood sows raise more thrifty pigs, and healthier hogs are produced when minerals are used. By using a protein supplement, such as a mixture of equal parts of cottonseed, peanut, or soybean oil meal with tankage, or shrimp meal, farmers can grow out their pigs and fatten their hogs with about half as much corn or sweet potatoes as when these feeds are used alone.

# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



Your Favorite

CAN'T you just picture how pretty that little darling will look in this baby set? The romper and dress are the favored type with mamas of the younger set—adorable but not fussy looking and so easy to launder. As for the slip and panties, they're easy on baby and mother, too!

Pattern No. 8333 is in sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Size 2 dress and rompers together take 2 1/2 yards 35-inch material, slip and panties 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern No. 8320 is in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 14, short sleeves, 3 1/2 yards 35-inch material, 1 1/2 yards ric rac. Send your order to:

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 530 South Wells St. Chicago.  
 Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.  
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## Bashful Swain Came Close to the Real Thing

George was the most bashful lad in the village. So the family were astonished when he told them one evening that he was going courting.

After spending over an hour getting ready, he set out. In half an hour he returned, looking well pleased with himself.

"You're back soon," said his mother. "How did you get on?"

"All right," replied George, with a grin.

"Did you see her?"

"I sure did," said George, still grinning. "And if I hadn't ducked down quick behind the hedge, she'd have seen me, too, maybe!"

## BINDWEED ERADICATED

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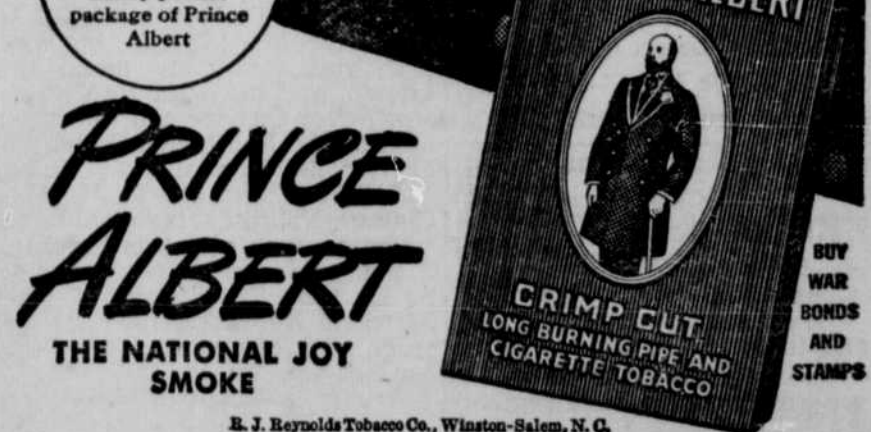
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Howard Anderson

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