

### Make Slip Covers for That Unusual Chair

This cover was a twofold conservation measure in the most literal sense. Its purpose was not to cover shabby upholstery but to protect handsome damask from everyday wear and tear, in a household where there were children. The substantial striped cotton material chosen harmonizes perfectly with the rather elegant lines of the chair frame.

If you have an especially difficult chair to cover, you will save time by fitting a muslin pat-



tern first. Then you can snip until it fits perfectly around arms and other supports and, if you make a mistake in the pattern just stitch a patch over it and start over again. Before removing the pattern from the chair, plan the openings so that they will lap neatly and be sure they are long enough. In the finished cover either bindings or facings may be used for irregular edges.

NOTE—This chair is from Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 3, which also contains directions for smart new curtains; and numerous things to make from odds and ends, as well as new materials. To get copy of Book 3 send name and address with 15 cents in coins to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for Book No. 3.  
Name .....  
Address .....

### Doomed Dogs Expensive To Reprive in England

In England, the owner of a dog that has been condemned to death pays a daily fine of one pound or about \$4 as long as he refuses to have the animal destroyed, says Collier's. In one recent case, a family has so far paid \$2,300 to keep their dog Rowley alive.

In another case, a man has paid \$500 to keep Bobbie, most of this money having been raised by a Bobbie Club, consisting of neighborhood children who organized themselves specifically for this purpose.

### Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

### CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

### HOUSEWIVES: ★★ ★ Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives TURN 'EM IN! ★★ ★

### SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Akron, Ohio had its beginning as the WORLD'S RUBBER MANUFACTURING CAPITAL in 1870 when its first rubber plant was started by Dr. B. F. Goodrich.

The switching of Dakar, French West Africa, to the side of the United Nations meant the establishment for the Allies of an important port for the shipment of crude rubber, among other important war essentials.

Akron, the chemist's answer to the war time shortage of quinine, is serving to step up the collection of rubber in the malaria-infested jungles of Brazil.

Here is a case of a synthetic product being used to stimulate the gathering of a natural product that is rapidly being replaced by synthetics in the United States.

Ordinary tires are now cured in molds at factories in 40 to 50 minutes. Before organic accelerators were developed by B. F. Goodrich it took about five hours to vulcanize a tire.



# 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. While exploring the "Pirate's Mouth" for clues, Lily Kendall sees something which frightens her. Judy finds Roddy Lane's diamond in her bag. A cry brings the guests hurrying down to the "Pirate's Mouth."

Now continue with Judy's story.

## CHAPTER XIII

Even Bessie Norcross regained enough energy to tag along, with poor Thaddeus Quincy rolling himself down the bumpy path, last of all. Aunt Nella was the only one who stayed on the job at the inn.

I could see Victor passing the steps of the Church as I came alongside the gruesome body in the charred place where the fish house had been. He wasn't going to the basement then. Now, he was making for the ledge above Pirate's Mouth. I could see him throwing himself at full length. Two others lay down beside him. They got up and the rest of them lay down. What had they found? What had they found?

I came up to where Potter and the minister and Hugh were still lying on the ground, as Victor turned and saw me.

"So you've seen it? She knew it was there. She thinks you put it there!"

"What, in heaven's name?"

The others came scrambling to their feet. "Say that again, Judy," Hugh said. "You mean Miss Kendall thought Quade put something down there?"

Gosh, he was mad. Hugh pulled me away and stood back himself, as if he expected Victor to push one of us over the cliff. I saw I had pulled another boner—and against Victor Quade, the one person I trusted!

He smiled faintly. "Let's have it, Judy. Say just what you did before. She knew it was there? What?"

"I don't know. Something—something she thought you knew was there—but, for reasons of your own, perfectly good reasons, of course, kept still about it." Was I making it worse?

I went over to the rock and lay down and got a look at what I can never forget to my dying day. Poor Lily Kendall lay sprawled in the far cleft of the Pirate's Mouth. Even I, who have heretofore seen practically no death at close range, knew she was gone. Her eyes stared sightlessly at the deep blue sky. Her body, too large to slide through the hideous rocky maw, had stuck grotesquely. But the horrible thing—a wave of nausea crept over me as I realized that the scarf around Lily's milk-white neck was blue!

Above me I could hear Hugh's voice grow strident, accusing Victor. Others chimed in. Victor himself dragged me to my feet.

"Go back, dear. Go with Bessie. We've got to get past you." He turned around and cried, "Here, Norcross, make yourself useful. Take these two girls back to the inn and keep 'em there."

"And give you a chance to destroy some evidence! I guess not. You tied that scarf around her throat and you know it."

"What scarf?" Bessie's haunted eyes sought mine.

I shook my head. "It's blue. A sort of French blue."

Bessie turned and ran.

The men were already making their way into the Pirate's Mouth, all of them, except the minister.

Victor, Uncle Wylie, Hugh and Potter were all on that narrow shelf. I lay down on the rock and watched. The nausea had gone, but it returned a moment later when Mr. Quincy's wheels hit my feet.

"What the hell's going on down there?" he demanded, thumping the rock.

"It's Miss Kendall. She fell over!"

"Keep by me, child," Quincy said, shaking his head at De Witt. "Don't get near the edge again—with anybody." He'd whispered the last two words, but the minister wasn't paying any attention.

I saw him hold down a hand, and presently Uncle Wylie's head appeared. Hugh came next, then Potter and Quade, the last without his coat.

The questions Thaddeus Quincy hurled at those silent men!

"Did she fall? How did it happen? Speak, man, can't you?"

Let the others answer questions. Victor walked with me. "Now, we've got to do something. Break in the Lane boat house, I'd suggest."

"There's an idea," Potter quaked.

Uncle Wylie, for all his lean years, kept well ahead of everybody. He was hurrying to find a second suitable covering for the body, but he paused to call over his shoulder: "Judy, better come along with me. This ain't no fitten compny for a young girl!"

"He's right." Hugh dropped back a step and shouted, "I'll stay with her, Mr. Gerry!" Then he noticed Bessie wasn't with us. "Where's my sister?" he cried, his face full of terror.

"Keep your shirt on," Quincy answered. "Got too thick for her. She took it on the lam back to the inn."

Hugh grabbed me by the arm and held me back while the others went on. I didn't like it. I wanted to hear everything, and also, I'm not ashamed to confess, to keep with the crowd. If Lily Kendall could be killed for nothing by this—this maniac, how much more might he wish to get rid of me, who'd seen his handwriting, still had five hundred of his dollars and the diamond ring, for all he knew. I began to puzzle about Lily's death—her suspicions of Victor Quade. He did have the ring. He had told me to put the money back in the drawer. He was, after all, a stranger. And now the title on his typewriter came flashing across my anguished brain—Murder on the Bluff! Was that just a coincidence? Or was he really a killer, so daring that he even herded his crimes?

All the while Hugh was talking to me, while the men went in a body across to the Castle drive. Hugh and I kept on behind them, and once I quickened my pace to catch up.

"Judy, you don't think that scarf being tied around her throat means that I strangled the poor woman. You know me better than that, don't you? I couldn't bear it if—if you suspected that—I! He found difficulty in going on; his face was in torment. "I swear that scarf—the spot

on my sister's coat—the fact that my golf club was found—"

The men had broken into the boat house easily enough, via the pane De Witt had smashed with Hugh's club that night on the lawn. All they had to do was reach in and unlock the garage window. But once inside the connecting door was quickly thrown open to reveal two rowboats and a canoe—all with worse holes in them than Uncle Wylie's!

"Well, gentlemen, does this tell you anything?" Victor asked the lot of us as we gazed, horrified, at the holes in the boats and canoe.

"Looks like there's a crazy man hidden around here somewhere," De Witt said, pecking up a doorstep. "I think we ought to arm ourselves and continue our search."

"You mean—the Castle, too?" Potter's hand twisted nervously. Then he began hunting around for a weapon, finally tugging at an oar. A paint brush suited him better.

Some of them picked up rocks from outside. The minister opened a vicious-looking jackknife. I didn't feel too badly when Victor asked if Mr. Quincy and I would watch the exits. There were only the drive-ways and the sea ahead, but what should we do if a madman came leaping at us?

"You needn't fear," Victor said, divining my thoughts, as he so often had during this mutual experience of murder. "I'm sure we'll find no one."

"Queer how you should be sure," Hugh lunged at him. "I'm not forgetting you knew where to find that poor woman."

"Better not say too much, Norcross." Victor's teeth gleamed in a half smile. Why, they might have been exchanging pleasantries! "Wasn't my scarf around her neck. Did your sister ever find that blue one of yours?"

"Damn you, Quade! Leave my sister out of this. Do you think she strangled the Kendall woman?"

"I think nothing. I'm only telling you to keep quiet—better for you in the end, the less you say."

"Why damn your dirty insinuation!" Victor came out of the boat house and entered the garage. I wheeled Mr. Quincy close to the door, beside where Hugh stood scowling and sullen, but he forgot his anger as the men examined Roddy Lane's car.

"I'll stay with her, Mr. Gerry."

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"Not a drop of gas in her!" De Witt discovered.

"Bet Lane had some when he drove in. Knew there wasn't a filling station this side of Rockville," Potter added.

"Remember how the fire burned last night?" Victor asked. "No wonder we heard the combustion. But that wouldn't account for the bridge."

"You think the killer drained the tank and threw the gasoline on the fish house?"

"Not on the fish house, De Witt. On the body inside."

Uncle Wylie stuck his head in the door. He had a piece of sailcloth under his arm. "Mrs. Gerry says to tell you lunch is ready," he said.

Nobody moved. "Well, I've told you, so 't ain't my fault if everything's cold. This do for down yonder?"

Victor nodded, and my uncle started off.

"Here, wait! Don't go alone, Uncle Wylie!" I shouted.

"He'll be O. K., Judy. Go with him if you wish," Mr. Quincy said, holding up his cane. "I've got this."

"Will he be all right—alone, Mr. Quade?"

"I don't see why not. Just left there, didn't we? He'll be a lot safer than we will." To see the glance Victor gave our crew made me shake in my boots.

They emerged from the garage and closed the door behind them. The Lane stables, perhaps I ought to have explained, were fairly new, having been built on the site of the old barn, the boat house and garage adjoining forming a rambling three-in-one structure which considerably annoyed Aunt Nella, as it hid part of the picturesque stone castle from the inn.

I began wheeling Mr. Quincy slowly up and down the drive, one eye on my Uncle Wylie approaching the perilous Pirate's Mouth, the other on the castle doors.

Quincy talked a blue streak, his tired old eyes searching the seascape.

"Don't see why somebody doesn't turn up," he said, pointing his cane toward town.

"We're off the beaten path."

"But tourists—holiday hell-benters."

"That's just it. Nothing to go hell-bent over; no attractions that bring the mob, like Nantasket and Revere. Bathing's no good here, either. Rockville's the place. Got a fair beach along there. Ours," I indicated the tiny strip from the foot of the bluff to the woods back of our old barn, "too rocky—even with bathing shoes."

"S'pose lots of folks are sleeping it off after the wild night before the Fourth. Never saw such a quiet place."

"Don't make me laugh! Did you say quiet, sir? Perhaps it's because so few people know there is a Pirate's Head. No houses on the Neck. Natives never come here except to sell milk and truck."

There wasn't a sign from the Castle, save occasionally a form at a window, which we decided was one of our party. Uncle Wylie disappeared from sight, and I closed my eyes and silently said a little prayer for him. In no time I saw him climbing back again, coming toward us.

I turned the wheelchair down the drive to meet him.

"Your Aunt Nella's gonna be hop-pin' mad," he grinned. He rested a moment to learn what the men were doing. His kind old face sobered as he scratched his grizzled head, a gesture he indulged when upset.

"What you think, Mr. Quincy?" he asked. "Who is this Quade fellow, anyhow, Judy?"

We both tried to answer.

"I think Roddy Lane did it," Mr. Quincy said, "and blew the bridge up after him."

"No, you don't. He couldn't have strangled poor Lily," I said.

Uncle Wylie looked at me in surprise. "Who said she was strangled? Hit on the head, she was. That scarf didn't do no damage."

I clutched at him. "Are you sure?"

"Sartin, I'm sure." He lit his pipe, offering tobacco to Mr. Quincy, who never smoked. "Bump on her head big as an egg."

"Then maybe Norcross didn't do it."

"Norcross? Nope. That sister of his wouldn't leave him be long enough."

Somehow I felt a load lifted. I didn't want to think Bessie's brother guilty of all those hideous things.

"His club," Quincy reminded us. "Gerry, how come there's no boats on the cove coming over here, no picnickers?"

Uncle Wylie looked longingly at the Castle. I knew he was dying to join the search, but with a sigh he set his feet toward home. "Nothing doing here on the Fourth. Never is. Fireworks at Rockville tonight, though. Promised to take my wife. Better leave this business to the others and trail along, hadn't you, Judy?"

I knew I should go with him. What was I being paid for? But curiosity is more compelling than clam chowder. Besides, there came one of our guests. It was Albion Potter. He seemed relieved and said so.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



### FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

Roger B. Whitman—WNU Features.

You may not be able to replace worn or broken household equipment. This is war. Government priorities come first. So take care of what you have . . . as well as you possibly can. This column by the homeowner's friend tells you how.

#### ENAMELED TO NATURAL FINISH

Question: The house we bought has white enameled woodwork in the living room and dining room. How can I restore it to its natural finish?

Answer: You can take off the present finish with a commercial varnish and paint remover. Be careful to clean off all traces of the remover with benzine afterward. Both liquids are inflammable. Be careful of fire and have plenty of ventilation. Or you can use a hot solution of trisodium phosphate, three pounds to the gallon of water. This will soften the old finish so that you can scrape and wipe it off. Rinse thoroughly and allow to dry. You then can refinish with clear varnish, or whatever you wish. When using a paint remover, be sure to clean it all off after removing the paint; if any trace is left, it will continue to soften the new finish.

Rust Spot on Tile Floor

Question: I kept a steel cabinet in my bathroom for quite a while. When I moved it to another room I found it had left a large rust spot on the tile floor. Scrubbing with scouring cleanser does not remove it. What should I use?

Answer: Dissolve one part sodium citrate in six parts of water, and add six parts of commercial glycerine. Mix a portion of this with enough powdered whiting, hydrated lime or other absorbing powder, to form a paste, and spread on the stain in a thick coat. When it is dry, replace with fresh paste or moisten with the remaining liquid. A week or more may be required for the complete removal of the stain.

Covered Radiators

Question: I have metal covers on all the radiators; these are on top, but not the front and back. Does this lose much heat? I feel that the covers, besides keeping curtains cleaner, may divert the heat closer to the floors where our children play. We do not need the upper three or four feet in the room.

Answer: Heated air rises; therefore, in heating a room the warm air builds up from the ceiling down. A cover of any type on a radiator naturally would have a tendency to cut down the efficiency. The kind of cover you are now using does not reduce the heating efficiency of the radiator as much as a complete enclosure.

Sticky Enamel

Question: Recently we removed the finish from a walnut table with paint remover, then refinished with two coats of white enamel. Newspaper print and lint from clothes stick to the top. We have waxed it, but it still remains sticky. Is there any remedy?

Answer: I make the guess that after removing the old finish you forgot to clean off the paint remover, which still is active in softening the new finish. You had better start over again by taking off all the finish; but this time clean off the paint remover with benzine (being extremely careful of fire). Sandpaper, if necessary, and refinish.

Shutting Off Radiators

Question: I have a hot-water heating system. Would I save on fuel—and not interfere with the flow of water—if I shut off the third-floor radiator and possibly one or two on the second floor? Would it be better to remove the radiators entirely?

Answer: You should disconnect each radiator and plug the branch or pipe at some place below the unheated space to keep it from freezing. In the average hot-water heating system, the cutting off of a radiator should not interfere with the operation of the rest of the radiators and will effect a saving of fuel.

Freshening Up Leather Chairs

Question: What can be done with a maroon leather office set that fades when sat upon during warm weather: The color comes off also.

Answer: Begin by washing the leather (without using much water) with saddle soap, which can be had at a leather goods store. Rinse well and allow to dry. Then paint with good quality enamel, just as it comes in the can, without thinning.

Heel Marks

Question: Could you tell me how to get rubber heel marks off my polished hardwood floor?

Answer: Wipe with turpentine and fine steel wool. If this does not remove the marks, put a little scratch-resistant cleaning powder on a damp cloth and rub lightly. Then wipe with a clean, damp cloth and re-wax the spot.

## Farm Topics

### Sanitation Aid to Cutting Hog Losses

### Farmers Urged to Guard Sows in '43

Unfortunately there can be no rationing restrictions of disease germs, so it is up to the farmers to guard their sows from unsanitary conditions that lead to heavy losses from mange, swine erysipelas, hog cholera, worms and swine pox.

According to specimens received at the laboratory of animal pathology and hygiene at the University of Illinois college of agriculture, swine pox is causing some losses in this state. While not usually a serious disease in itself, it leads to other diseases and can be a complicating factor.

Occurrence of swine pox to any appreciable extent in the herd might be taken as a warning signal that all is not well, since it occurs under conditions favoring or fostering other infectious and parasitic diseases. Hog cholera virus should not be used as an immunizing agent in herds showing extensive pox. It is com-



Hogs like wheat. See how they go after it!

monly spread from pig to pig by the hog louse. Widespread pox usually goes hand in hand with a relatively heavy louse infection.

Wormy pigs waste feed, gain weight slowly, have damaged lungs, become unthrifty and die. Many become susceptible to other diseases.

Farrowing quarters should be cleaned regularly by scrubbing with boiling lye water and then spraying with cresol. Sows should be washed before being placed in the farrowing pen. Pigs and sows should be hauled to pasture or driven over ground from which pigs have been absent for a year. Raising pigs on clean pasture is the most satisfactory method.

Mange is caused by a microscopic mite that burrows into the skin, causing great irritation, "elephant hide," loss of hair and unthriftiness.

### Agriculture in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

#### Poultry

There are more chickens in Iowa than any other state, while Texas ranks second in chickens and also leads the turkey population. In 1928, there were 475,000,000 chickens on American farms but since then, the number has declined.

While the great bulk of poultry is sold alive or as cold storage fowls, there are a few commercial uses for by-products. Animal feeding stuffs are taking some packing house trimmings such as legs, visceral fat and heads. Food for pet cats and dogs uses killing plant offal to some extent. When research has gone further, it may be possible to extract therapeutic products from glands of chicken heads and recover gelatin from chicken legs which would have surgical uses. Scientists believe that the available supply of 20,000 tons of feathers might be used in plastics. Goose feathers have long been marketed for pillow stuffing.

It is possible now to obtain dried whole egg, dried egg yolk and dried egg albumen. These products are imported but might be produced here. Non-food uses of eggs are getting more attention. The tanning industry may be able to utilize more low grade eggs. Manufacturers of frozen or dried egg materials have thousands of pounds of egg shells which are used only to a small extent as chicken feed and fertilizer.

#### Stepping Up Egg Yield

Feed your chickens a good laying ration if you want to get maximum egg production. A good laying mash is one composed of 200 pounds ground yellow corn; 100 pounds wheat bran or rice bran; 100 pounds meat scraps or shrimp meal; and 100 pounds ground oats. Where meat scraps are used in place of shrimp meal, add one pound salt to the mash mixture. One hundred laying hens will consume between 23-25 pounds of this mixture.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Live Stock Commission

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#### FOR SALE

Several Hundred white face Wyoming ewes. Bred to black face bucks to lamb on or before April first. If interested call or write, J. H. COVER, JR., Cozad, Nebraska.



Getting Caught

Teacher—Willie, how do you define ignorance?

Willie—It's when you don't know something and someone finds it out.

Shoe Clerk—I have just the shoe for you, Madam. Size 3½, marked down from 7.

Hard to Tell

Golfer—This is absolutely terrible, I've never played so poorly before.

Caddy—Oh, then, you have played before, mister?

Punctuate That!

Tessie—I can't understand why I didn't get the job.

Friend—Well, what did the office manager ask you?

"He asked me if my punctuation was good."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I'd never been late for work in my life."

FRED MACMURRAY

star of the Paramount picture, "One Night in Lisbon," flashes a shining smile. Many Hollywood stars rely on Calox Tooth Powder to keep their teeth really clean—really sparkling.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER



Blinded Understanding