

anonymous letter enclosing \$800 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. She finds, 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. Judy finds Roddy Lane's diamond in the handbag she left at the church the day of the auction. Lily Kendall is found dead, with Hugh Norcross' scarf wrapped around her neck. The guests have reassured themselves that Roddy Lane is not on the "Head." Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER XIV

"You can breathe easy. He isn't there. We hunted from attic to cellar. No sign of anything-food, I mean. Just his open suitcase, with the clothes the way I told you when I climbed up and looked in the window that time with the Rev. De Witt. There's a bird. He's stopped splitting the atmosphere lately."

Just then a cowbell, shaken vigorously by an angry hand, made us turn to see my Aunt Nella at the rear steps.

"Comin' right along, m'dear!" yelled Uncle Wylie.

"Me, too. Not that I could eat." Potter stared miserably at the sea. "You might as well have the picture, Judy. She'll never want it, now. It's a poor time to speak of it, but I was tickled silly at the commission to paint her portrait. Not that I'm very good at it," he added modestly. "I'll leave the painting outside your door, shall I?"

Outside my door! Would he sneak in and grab that \$500?

I thanked Mr. Potter for the painting, wonderingly, as he walked swiftly toward the cowbell. But the others were coming down the drive, so we waited for them, Mr. Quincy and I. Hugh was in the lead.

"Just as Quade said - nothing there. However he knew it." He took the chair from me. "Let me do that, Judy. You look tired to death." "Never felt better in my life, but

I could go for some of that chow-

Victor asked, "Your uncle get back O. K.?"

I inclined my head. "Gone in to dinner. Auntie's furious. Better all hurry up. Whatever she's got ready she hates to have it get cold."

"Where's friend Potter?" De Witt asked quietly.

Gone on anead. reels pretty badly about losing his commissions. Miss-Miss Kendall gave him two. you know, but this good Boy Scout made up for one of 'em. Wouldn't let me pay for the church."

"Lovely to hang up in the kiddies' bedroom some day, Judy, and tell 'em bedtime stories about what happened there," Hugh said.

Nobody was amused. Everybody was in the doldrums. What dinner party could be gay with a charred corpse to the right and a bruised or strangled one to the left?

"Why didn't he wait for us?" Victor said, half to himself.

I explained about the painting he was leaving outside my door. When we reached the inn my aunt beckoned me with a ladle.

pered, "or shall I?" "You go. I've got to help serve,"

"Go up and look," Victor whis-

I answered. Albion Potter was coming down

the stairs. "Hope you like it-in spite of everything," he smiled at me, and passed on into the dining

Victor started up and I hurried out o my scolding auntie, trying to nake up for my absence by telling her the news. I thought the cuumber dishes looked stingy and was Micing another when she made me gut my finger with:

any more beads to sweep up!" Which just goes to show how a round

crackers we served with the chow-

I set down Victor's chowder and a dish for myself. My aunt had

"et," she said, and wanted me to. He came presently and sat down opposite me. "Money's there," he whispered. "Painting's wet. Had to scrub the stuff off my hands. That's why I was so long.'

Bessie Norcross was absent. Didn't want any lunch, she'd told Aunt Nella. She was going to take a sleeping powder and lock herself n her room. Would Mrs. Gerry please so inform her brother?

Mrs. Gerry did. "Took poor Miss Kendall's death awful hard. She was bawling her eyes out. Kep' saying, 'Hughie never done it!' As if

any one'd think you did!" Several spoons were halted in midair. Several pairs of eyes, I saw, shot suspicious glances at poor Hugh, trying to eat his chowder

with a fork. "There are plenty of policemen, ened stiffly. "And I'd thank whoshall we say, Mrs. Gerry, who might not be so lenient with Norcross as paired. That goes for the register, you are," squeaked Mr. Quincy. His too." She flounced through the eyes no longer twinkled; they glit-

him who is without evil cast the sible for the damage.

who is telling the story, receives an recrimination. I think it looks bad soon a nervous ripple ran around for all of us." For a moment I liked | the tables. the pompous De Witt.

> "Did you look in the tent?" Aunt Nella asked. "I've got a feelin' Roddy's around here somewhere, hid-

Uncle Wylie, for the first time, was eating his repast with the guests. Nothing short of murder could have made him bring in his dinner from help it. Our nerves were at the the kitchen, but there he was at a rear table.

in the tent every time I passed it today. Hunted all over our barn. Only place I ain't been is Mr. Quade's trailer." He bit off a healthful chunk of bread. "Could Lane conceal himself in one of your cubbyholes?" he asked Victor.

"Not a chance. The trailer's been searched. I still have the keys."

The minister turned around in his chair. "Boathouse was locked, too, wasn't it? Yet somebody's been there. Is it likely Lane would scuttle his own boats? Much as I despised him, I can't but hope he just left the Head in a natural way. The fire was an accident, which burned a poor old deaf man."

"And Miss Kendall?" Albion Potter was still bitter, apparently about his lost commission to do her por-

"Accident, too? Fell into the Pirate's Mouth."

Hugh flung down his napkin. "Nice of you, De Witt, but it won't go. Not



"Hope you like it-in spite of ev erything," he smiled at me.

when you know the poor woman was strangled with my scarf."

I caught an exchange between Uncle Wylie, who'd been about to say a word, and Victor, who shut him up just in time. So all my Uncle really uttered was "Sartin"-the opposite of what he'd intended.

Hugh tossed him a scornful glance. "Oh, I admit it was my scarf all right. At least, I'd lost one of the same color. I'll tell the police if the chance ever comes, in this isolated hole. But," and he fairly shouted it at us. "I didn't tie it around her neck! I-I liked the poor old girl." He crammed some food into his mouth and nearly choked "Thank goodness, there won't be on it. His glass was empty and I sprang to refill it for him.

"Thanks, Judy. You tell them I of murders will make a person cal- didn't write you the funny letter, either. Or send you any money. I finished the cucumbers and took Truth is, I'm hard up. Had to borthem in. The guests were nearly row from my sister to afford this all seated, munching the salted vacation. Felt I was justified since it was on her account we-"

He was talking too much and knew it. He drained the second glass. But I couldn't tell them he, or any of the rest of them, hadn't

sent the letter. "I don't believe you did," I said lamely, clearing away the table.

"Well, I know I didn't," chided Thaddeus Quincy.

"Nor I." "Nor I."

"I certainly didn't."

The denial was vociferous and general, each guest gazing blandly around the table at the others.

"Wylie ain't got a cent, so he couldn't," Aunt Nella said virtuously. "And you needn't look at me! I love Judy more'n any of you, but I wanted that church for a bungalow in my old age. 'Tain't no place for a tearoom. Why, Rockville's chocka-block with gifte shoppes and tearooms, and only one of 'em makin' ends meet." Her head straightever busted our boat to have it re-

swinging door to the kitchen. I sat petrified. Auntie can be Hugh's chair scraped backward, mighty insulting in a polite way. but he pulled it up again without a After all was said and done, only word when the minister added: "Let one person was likely to be respon-

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, | first stone. Personally, and without | Thaddeus Quincy chuckled, and

Uncle Wylie rose to help me with the trays. "Don't mind Mrs. Gerry," he half-whispered. "She gets uppity when her puddin' sauce is lumpy."

At that we all laughed aloud, and Uncle joined in. It wasn't decent. It wasn't seemly, but we couldn't breaking point.

The minister sobered us down "Don't be ridic'lous, Nella. Looked again. "Judy, is the rest of the money you received still where you

I glanced at Victor. "Yes," I said. 'It's all there."

"Doesn't it occur to you Miss Kendall, for reasons unknown to us now, might have sent it? She apparently had plenty of this world's goods, in a small way, of course, judging by her clothes, and her offer to Potter here of \$50 for a portrait, on top of the bid of twenty-five for the church. And, as I recall, she was the one who wanted to search the basement. Acted strange about the Pirate's Mouth investigation, too. Lay down on the rock, remember-after Mr. Quade said there was nothing there."

"Would she bid against herself?" I asked. "She was the one who bid me up to three hundred at the auction. Why? If she knew she was certain to have use of the church through me, anyway?"

Just then I thought I heard a step on the stairs.

I held my breath and listened. guests didn't appear to notice. They were probably too busy eating.

Victor was saying, "The thing to do now-"

"Excuse me," I said, and hurried into the hallway and looked up the stairs. I caught a swish of a woman's skirts and presently a door closed. Bessie Norcross, of course! Maybe her sleeping medicine hadn't worked yet. She'd started to come down to luncheon, and, finding the crew had not yet finished, retreated. That was it. I retreated, too, relieved. Victor and the minister were having some sort of a powwow over what to do next.

I glanced at the dining-room clock. Why, it still lacked three minutes to 1! What a day! Already I'd lived a hundred years.

How long would it take you to get one of those boats fit to cross the gap under where the bridge was?" Victor asked Uncle Wylie. "The cove, you mean. Gap's too

tricky for us Headers. Wouldn't take long if I had some help gettin' her "But why don't the authorities

turn up?" Potter ventured. "Even a fool milkman would report an accident, wouldn't he?" "Mebbe he did. But it's dinnertime," Aunt Nella interposed. "If

you knew Pirate Headers the way we do, you'd know they wouldn't miss their vittles, come murder or the Day of Judgment."

"She's right that time," my uncle said. "But there'll be a sailboat or somep'n along before I could patch up The Eleanor. Whyn't you all just take it easy till someone turns up? Fixed me a megaphone, but don't see as I'll need it now. Wind's turned. Carry what we say across." He finished his last morsel of cottage pudding, folded his napkin neatly and offered, "I'll go set by the bridge and wait. Shall I?"

Trust Uncle Wylie to choose "to set" instead of repairing a leaky

"We'll come along and join you, Gerry," the minister said, "Want me to push your chair, Mr. Quin-

"No, thanks," returned Mr. Quin- use by war industries. cy coldly. "I'll keep away from cliffs and broken bridges till the police get here."

"I move we go have another look at Mr. Quade's trailer," Hugh said. 'I'm remembering a few things besides the scarf," he added darkly.

"Go with me, Potter?" Albion shrugged. "Oh, I might as well. Nothing to paint-now. I wish to heaven the police would come, so a body could settle down again." Reluctantly he followed the leader. as per usual.

Hugh stopped by my chair. "Judy, if my sister should come down while we're gone, tell her every. thing's all right, will you?"

"Of course, Hugh." He smiled at me wanly. "Darn the whole business. I told Bessie she was a fool to come here. Old memories! Couldn't she have settled them at some other resort-Hyannis or Nantucket? No, she was anxious to see if she was cured of her affection for that-that bounder. Well, she's got her-" He muttered something that sounded like bellyful, and immediately added, "Pardon me, Judy. I don't know what I'm saying." And went out with Pot-

Victor was having a word with Uncle Wylie at the foot of the front steps, and Aunt Nella was corraling me to help her.

"Dishes, Judy. Please!" "You bet, Auntie. Feel terribly guilty, but-" And I gave her all the

dirt while we hustled through, (TO BE CONTINUED)

Empty Tubes a U. S. Tin Mine

By exchanging an old tube for a new tube we are helping to win the war. Through a

salvage program devised by

the government a plant for re-

stores, under the tube-for-a-tube

exchange plan, as shown in pic-

corporation.

ture at top.



Mrs. Madge Lewis, ex-saleslady (above), tests old tooth paste and other tubes for metal content. Yes, the old stair creaked. Light- Shown at right are some of the ly, to be sure; but someone was millions of old tooth paste, shavwalking up or down. The other ing cream and other metal tubes received at the reclamation plant of the Tin Salvage Institute.



Three housewives with husbands in the service sort empty metal tubes that will be melted down. These workers separate tin and lead tubes from containers made of other metals.



Pouring molten tin into molds. | During the first nine months of the tube-for-tube plan 700,000



Following sorting and testing, tubes are fed to the furnace. The







By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union. claiming tin from squeezed-N THE first day of shootout tubes is now recovering U ing for "Mrs. Miniver" several tons of pure tin daily. Greer Garson was knocked Millions of empty tubes down in a street scene by a which once contained tooth boy on a bicycle. On the first paste, shaving cream, oint- day for "Madame Curie" she ments, shoe polish, etc., go was knocked down by a camthrough the furnaces of the era perambulator. "Maybe it's a Salvage Institute at Newark, good omen," said she. "But I hope N. J., a non-profit organiza- I never start a picture in a scene tion operating under the surprised when "Mrs. Miniver" got Metals Reserve company of the Academy Award for the best the Reconstruction Finance picture of 1942; it was especially good news to Major William Wyler, who directed-he recently directed Recovery of tin from metal the filming of the bombing of the German naval base at Wilhelmstubes begins at drug and other

Nan Wynn, the popular radio, night club and motion picture singer, has been placed under longterm contract by Columbia, and will



NAN WYNN

get a star build-up. She's already been given the top role in the new musical, "Rhapsody in A Flat."

An actual attack by British Coastal Command planes on Nazi raiders in northern waters is shown in "Coastal Command," the factual film released by RKO. It was made by the producers of "Target for Tonight," the British navy co-operat-

If you think you're busy, consider Anna Lee, one of the many stars of "Forever and a Day." While working in "Commandos Strike at Dawn" turned up at the RKO studios at 10 every night and worked till past midnight in "Forever and a Day"-also managed her house and family. The only stipulation she made was that after finishing her day's work she must have time off to put her two babies to bed before starting her swing shift at RKO.

Robert Haymes also got a Columbia break. With time for only one more film before being inducted into the army, he was removed from the lead of "Doughboys in Ireland"and replaced by Kenny Baker-and assigned to the romantic lead in "Two Senoritas From Chicago." the two senoritas being those two very lovely ladies, Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Davis!

That Charles Boyer production, so badly titled "Flesh and Fantasy," has a new and better title, "For All We Know." Robert Cummings and Betty Field have been given the romantic leads in the fourth and final sequence.

New Yorkers have learned that the place to be caught during a blackout is a radio studio-instead of turning their guests loose to wait in the corridors, the stars turn to and put on a show. Burns and Allen, metal in these tubes, assaying the "Duffy's Tavern" folks and the pounds of tin were recovered for about 95% pure tin, molded into members of "The Aldrich Family" "pigs" of about 100 pounds each. can all give a superb extemporaneous show when the sirens scream.

> A stranger in Culver City might think that Leo the Lion has turned prize fight promoter. Five big name boxers are working there. Freddy Steele, ex-middleweight kingpin, has been coaching Richard Carlson for "The Man Down Under"; Maxie Rosenbloom's working in "Right About Face," as are Lou Nova and Jack Roper; Johnny Indrissane, Try "Rub-My-Tism" - a Wonderful Linimen former lightweight threat, now a referee, is technical adviser.

So far Jean Gabin's American pichim famous. But it looks as if he ington Gladden. might remedy that situation this summer; he's obtained his release from 20th Century-Fox and will be starred by RKO in a picture to be written and produced by Dudley Nichols, and directed by Jean Renoir, which looks like a perfect com-

ODDS AND ENDS-Kay Kyser and the band have started their third year of entertaining the boys in the armed forces; in the first two years they played for more than 4,000,000 soldiers, sailors and marines . . . Robert Benchley returns to Metro to write and star in a new series of shorts . . . Alec Templeton gives a half-hour miniature concert prior to his broadcasts . . . Fred Allen is the only man who has been master of ceremonies on radio's two biggest quiz programs-"Take It or Leave It" and "Information Please" . . . Ginny Simms has been named "the girl with whom a paratrooper would most love to be stranded in a parachute'

TRY ALL-BRAN

You want to make the meat you buy today go as far as possible—and still serve it as tastily as possible. Well, here's a grand way to stretch ham-burgers and at the same time give them new taste-interest! Make "branburgers"-with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! Delicious! Also, gives you all the valuable proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals found in ALL-BRAN!

Kellogg's All-Bran Branburgers

mineed onion

1 pound ground beef chopped parsley Beat egg slightly, add salt, pepper, onion, parsley, milk, catsup and All-Bran. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Add beef and mix

thoroughly. Shape into 12 pattles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 30 minutes or broil about 20 minutes.
Yield: 6 servings (12 2½ inch bran-

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause 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, in-flamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the un-derstanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Fountain of Mercury

The Mercury fountain, exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1937. spouted mercury, the liquid metal, instead of water. Incidentally, this display had to be heavily guarded because the 34 gallons of mercury required to operate it cost \$17,750.



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Large size, more than a month's supply—only one dollar. Get GROVE'S B Complex Vitamins today!

B COMPLEX

VITAMIN

Medical officers have long recognized tobacco as an aid to morale among our armed forces. Surveys among the men themselves have shown that tobacco is their favorite gift. If you have a friend or relative in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard who smokes a pipe or rolls-hisown, nothing would be more appreciated than a pound of his favorite tobacco. Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, in the pound can is recommended by local dealers as an ideal gift for men in the service .-Adv.

Acid Indigestion

One Thing Well Done It is better to say, "This one tures haven't been up to the stand-thing I do," than to say, "These ard of the French ones that made forty things I dabble in."—Wash-

QUICK RELIEF

When nostrils are clogged-reach for cooling Mentholatum, quick! Instantly it releases vapor "Menthola-tions" that start 4 vital actions: 1) They help thin out thick mucus 2) Soothe irritated embranes; 3) Help reduce swollen passages; 4) Stimulate nasal blood supply. Every breath brings

