

STOMACH UPSET, SOUR? THIS WILL COMFORT

Don't let sour stomach, gas, indigestion make you suffer. And don't use crude methods to get relief.

Just take a spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water. It instantly neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid. It will probably end your distress in five minutes.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the perfect way to end digestive disorders due to excess acid for men, women, children—and even babies. Endorsed by doctors, used by hospitals.

Your drugstore has the 25c and 50c sizes. Insist on the genuine.

Already Bitten

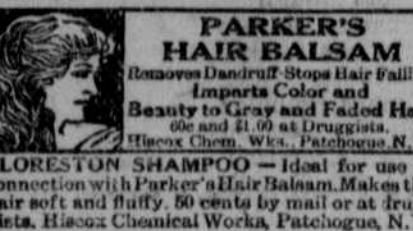
She—This season people are choosing their dress material to suit their personalities.

He—Really, dear? I suppose that's why so many girls are wearing snake-skin shoes.—Stray Stories.

Don't Risk Neglect!

Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold everywhere.



Man Must Live
"Fritz, have you ever seen Mr. Smith kiss sister Annie?"
"Dad, I won't tell a lie. How do you think I got my lovely new box of toys?"—Buen Humor.

for Coughs
Take Boschee's Syrup and coughing stops at once! Relieves where others fail. Contains nothing injurious—but, oh, so effective! GUARANTEED.

Boschee's Syrup
At all drugists

Prepared to Suffer
"I hope you'll dance with me tonight, Mr. Jones."
"Oh, rather! I hope you don't think I came here merely for pleasure!"—Stray Stories.

Ukulele and shofan almost rhyme and one may be worthy punishment for the other.

What A Woman 44 YEARS OLD Should Weigh
Are You Getting Fat?

These are authentic figures—look over the table below—if your weight and height match them—congratulate yourself—your figure is a shapely one—free from fat—weigh yourself today.

Ages 40 to 44	
4 Ft. 11 In.	126 Pounds
5 Ft. 0 In.	128 "
5 Ft. 1 In.	130 "
5 Ft. 2 In.	133 "
5 Ft. 3 In.	136 "
5 Ft. 4 In.	139 "
5 Ft. 5 In.	143 "
5 Ft. 6 In.	147 "
5 Ft. 7 In.	151 "
5 Ft. 8 In.	155 "
5 Ft. 9 In.	159 "
5 Ft. 10 In.	162 "

Weights given include ordinary indoor clothing.
If you are overweight cut out pies, pastries and cake—also candy for 4 weeks—then weigh yourself again—Go light on potatoes—rice, butter, cream and sugar—eat lean meat—chicken, fish, salad—green vegetables and fruit.

Take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—This is the easy, safe and sensible way to take off fat—an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts lasts 4 weeks—Get it at any drug store in the world—You'll be gloriously alive—vigorous and vivacious in 4 weeks.—Adv.

THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CHAPTER LIII Another Murder

Cannezzano did not come down for breakfast the following morning. I thought that a little strange, for meals were the one thing he had been real polite to ever since he had been on the Desert Moon.

As soon as breakfast was over, Miss MacDonald spoke to Sam and asked him, as she had asked him that first morning, if she might detain him. "You, also, Mrs Magin," she smiled at me.

"I wonder," she said, as soon as we three were alone together, "if Mr. Cannezzano could have given us the slip, last night?"

"Not likely, with ten of the boys all drawing wages for watching the place, and him in particular, is it?" Sam questioned.

"Not at all likely. Still. . . Will you go and see whether or not he is in his room, now, Mr. Stanley?"

Sam went. When he came back he had to draw a lot more than usual to keep his voice steady. "His door is locked. He doesn't answer when I pound on it."

Miss MacDonald said, "I have an excellent pass key. Let's go up and try it."

Curiosity dragged me along with her and Sam, though every bone in my body protested.

Miss MacDonald's key unlocked the door. The three of us went into the room.

The blinds were tightly drawn. The electric fan was whirring and buzzing away in the gray gloom.

Miss MacDonald crossed the room, quickly, and snapped up the blinds. There was one long, hard, dusty shaft of yellow sunlight. Sam walked through it to the bed where Cannezzano was lying, huddled up under the covers. I looked the other way.

I heard the rattle of Sam's pipe as it fell on the floor. I heard the rustle of Miss MacDonald's quick movement. I heard a queer, throaty note that she uttered. Something dragged my hot, aching eyes open. I looked toward the bed. I saw Cannezzano's swollen, discolored face. I saw the deep yellow throat, with great brutal bruises at its base. The shaft of sunlight moved up and down, up and down, carving through the swaying blackness like a long sharp knife.

I felt Sam's hands on my shoulders, pressing me down into a chair. I heard myself saying, shrilly, over and over, "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

It was Miss MacDonald's voice, cold and clear as spring water that brought me to my senses. "We are going to find the murderer on the Desert Moon Ranch."

Sam said, "You're damn right we are. And we are going to have half a dozen hemen detectives on this place by to-morrow night."

"Very well," Miss MacDonald answered. "Will you telephone, at once, for the coroner, Mr. Stanley?"

"Hell!" Sam said. I had my face covered; but there was a hollowness in that oath of Sam's that told me, plainer than any looking at him could have told me, that he was frightened; scared to the marrow of his bones.

It took Miss MacDonald, though, to understand the reason for his fear.

"Yes, Mr. Stanley," she said, "these men, when they come this time, in spite of their friendship for you, are not going to be as easily satisfied as they were last time. They were able to blink at one murder. They can't keep on

blinking. They dare not—even in Nevada."

"Who wants them to blink?" Sam bluffed.

"You do. We all do, for the present."

Sam did not answer that. He stood, and looked stupid.

"Won't you listen to reason," she urged, "before you go downstairs to telegraph for other detectives? In talking to you this way, I am putting all of my pride behind me, and I am violating my own code of professional ethics; so I want to say, first, that if you will allow me to remain on this case, I'll take not one cent in payment. Wait—Let me have my say out, and then you may have yours. My motives are not entirely unselfish—motives seldom are. For one thing, I have never been dismissed from a case. It is a humiliation I would pay any price to avoid. I have other reasons—but no matter. That is my side of it."

"Your side of it is this. If, when the coroner and the others arrive today, you confess that no progress has been made, they will undoubtedly step in and take matters into their own bungling hands. I think that they would make an arrest. That would be fatal, now. For I am positive that they would arrest an innocent person, and that the guilty person would then have an excellent opportunity for escape."

"I have a certain reputation, Mr. Stanley, and these men—particularly the sheriff—respect it. If you will keep me on this case, I will tell them that I am making definite progress. That I believe I shall be able to turn the criminal over to the state within a comparatively short time—"

"Would that be the truth?" Sam demanded.

She hesitated. "If you mean, is that what I believe now—my answer is yes. I may be wrong. I have, at least, a very definite suspicion. I have no proofs."

"You wouldn't," Sam questioned, "give these men that assurance if you knew that I was going to get some men detectives up here to work with you?"

"I couldn't," she said. "I can speak only for myself. I do not, can not work with detectives not of my own choosing. I would give any one you brought here my notes—the definite results of my investigation so far. I would have no right, now, to give him anything else."

"In other words," Sam said, "you don't care a whoop about having the murderer discovered unless you can do the discovering yourself, and get the credit for it?"

"Sam Stanley!" I said. Her cheeks flamed. "Please get your detectives here as soon as possible, if you wish them to consult with me before I leave for San Francisco."

John's voice came calling down the hall. "Dad? Are you up here?"

"Wait!" Miss MacDonald commanded. "Tell him to wait a moment."

Sam opened the door a crack "I'll be with you in a minute, son." He closed the door, and stood looking questions at Miss MacDonald.

She walked quickly across the room, and stopped close to Sam, facing him. "I'm sorry I lost my temper, just now. I'm not going, unless you force me to go. Please don't. Please give me your chance. Do you realize what it means to be tried for a murder, even if one is acquitted? I am not asking this for myself. I wouldn't stoop to beg for anything for myself as I am begging for this, now. I am sure you mean to be a fair man. Be fair to me, and

CHAPTER LIV Delay

I myself heard the sheriff say to Sam, late in the afternoon of the day we had found Cannezzano, strangled in his bed, "I tell you what, Sam, this is pretty dirty business—all of it. If you had anyone but Lynn MacDonald on the case, I reckon it would be up

to all of the innocent people here on your ranch. I don't say that other detectives might not be able to discover the murderer. I do say that I am certain they would do irreparable harm before they succeeded. . . ."

"If you stayed," Sam had the cheek to question, "and worked along with them—that was my idea—couldn't you prevent their doing any harm?"

"I could try to. I will try to, if you insist. But I am doubtful of my success. Consciously, or unconsciously they work against me, because I am a woman. You don't know them as I do. You don't know their methods, as I do. If you feel that you must have others here, working on the case, allow me to send, at my own expense, for my own assistants; the girls whom I have trained—"

"We don't need any more girls around here," Sam said. "It is pretty certain that we do need someone to protect the lives of all of us on this place—"

"When you telephone the coroner," She said, "won't you telephone for a locksmith to come out with him, and bring strong bolts for all the doors—"

"You admit, then, that we are all in danger?"

"Nothing of the sort. You are all perfectly safe—at present. I do believe that before long, my own life may be in danger. I want no one to think that I suspect that. I need protection of the bolts. It must seem that I think that everyone needs the protection."

"You believe," Sam questioned, "that your own life is in danger. And yet—"

"Please re-consider, Mr. Stanley. Please allow me to have the case alone, at any rate for a little while longer."

"Game!" Sam had muttered it to himself, but I had heard it. I knew that she had won, for the present, at any rate.

"You honestly think," he questioned, "that you can manage this single handed, and keep us all safe, and produce this murderer—pretty shortly?"

"I do, Mr. Stanley." "And you honestly think that other detectives coming here now might make a peck of trouble, arrest the wrong person, and mess things up generally?"

"I have never been more certain of anything. I think the fact that you dismissed me, now, and sent for others, would be damning evidence against innocence, to the men from Telko."

"Let me meet them, in my professional capacity, today, Mr. Stanley. Let me meet them, not as a failure, but as a person confident of success. I know that I can manage them, and send them away satisfied. Mary, can't you say something? Won't you help me to persuade Mr. Stanley?"

"You don't need any help," I told her. "He's persuaded." "Is that true, Mr. Stanley? May I have the case alone, for a little while longer? She was breathless with eagerness."

"Drat it all, yes," Sam said. "I'm damned if I know what I ought to do. But you are dead game. I—Well, shake on it Miss MacDonald. You'll do the best you can for us, I know that."

The hand she held out to him was trembling, and her voice as she thanked him trembled. But still I was amazed when, right after Sam had gone out of the room, she said to me, "Mary, I believe on my soul that I have just had an experience that is too strong for me," and hid her face in the crook of her arm and began to cry.

CHAPTER LIV Delay

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to us boys to step in and take a hand. But she has sure given us some pretty good dope—and we're waiting. She's got the rep. There's that Doling-fetter movie murder. She put that through when all the police force and all the dicks in the country had failed for a year. And the Van Muter case—and a dozen others. I know you're square, Sam. All us guys around here know it. But I'm damn glad you've got Lynn MacDonald on the job to prove it to the country."

As I say, I heard that conversation with my own ears. And yet, in the week that followed, I had times of thinking that, anyway, Sam had likely made a mistake in keeping Miss MacDonald on, alone.

I couldn't begin to describe the horror of that week. It is I suppose, what books call a paradox to say that the worst thing about the week was that nothing, just nothing, happened. To all outward appearances the Desert Moon Ranch was as peaceful as an empty grave: hollow peace, false peace, and all of us con-ning at the falsity made it worse.

One day, for instance, when we were all at dinner, Zinnia dropped the teakettle in the kitchen. We women all screamed. Sam whipped his six-gun from his back pocket. John rushed to the kitchen. He came back, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Zinnia dropped the teakettle. It didn't hurt her."

We all looked foolish, and began to be very busy, passing things, and pretending that our actions had all been the ordinary, conservative actions of people who had heard anything heavy dropped.

Sam locked up the house early every evening. Then trying to make it casual, one and another of us would go sauntering around to make sure that he hadn't overlooked a door, or a window. People were constantly jumping, and starting, and looking behind them at nothing. None of us women ever went far from the house, except Mrs. Ricker to visit Martha's grave. For one thing, Sam had increased the guard around the place, and I never felt sure, when I ran down to the dairy, that one of the cowpunchers wouldn't think I was trying to escape and take a shot at me. For another thing, though both murders had been done in the house, there was a feeling of safety about four walls that I couldn't get in the open air.

As I have said, Mrs. Ricker went every day to visit Martha's grave. She went alone. I would not have gone with her for any price. I was afraid of her. I was afraid of Hubert Hand. By Wednesday of that week I was afraid of everyone in the house except Miss MacDonald and Sam. Friday found me doubtful of Sam.

Losing my mind? Of course I was, or it was losing itself in the black shadow of crime by which Desert Moon had been eclipsed. A mind can't go straight, in darkness, any more than a body can. None of our minds went straight those days. I am sure that the mind of each one of us on the place—always excepting Miss MacDonald—did as mine did. It went groping in the dark; it bumped into obstacles of doubt; it tripped over fear and fell into senseless stupidities; it lost its way, and wandered into wild suspicions. I tell you, there were times, during those frightful days, when I found myself seriously considering whether or not I had committed the two murders.

On Thursday evening of that week, Mrs. Ricker said to me, with no concern at all in her manner, "I wish I knew just how that lethal chamber that they use for executions in this state, felt. Whether it hurts to be executed that way, and how long it takes to die in it, and all about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Lucky Find

When we find some slight help makes a marvelous improvement in a child, we wonder why we hadn't thought of doing it long ago.

Here's a good example: "My little girl was doing fairly well," says Mrs. M. Seltenbach, 5605 Emile Street, Omaha, Neb., "but I noticed she didn't eat right and didn't have much energy."

"Our doctor had recommended California Fig Syrup, so I gave her some. She improved so much I wonder I didn't do something for her stomach and bowels before. She has a good appetite and digestion and plenty of energy, now."

To point up a child's appetite, increase energy and strength, assist digestion and regulate the bowels there's nothing like California Fig Syrup. Doctors advise it to open bowels in colds or children's diseases; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue, etc., warn of constipation.

Emphasize the name—California when buying, to get the genuine.



Colonial Jurisdiction

Hinterland is defined as the region lying behind a littoral country dependent for trade or commerce upon it. As a political term the expression came into prominence during 1883-85, when Germany insisted upon her right to exercise jurisdiction in the territory behind the parts of the African coasts which she occupied. The doctrine of the hinterland was that the possessor of the littoral was entitled to as much of the back country as was dependent upon the coast land, geographically, economically or politically. The doctrine speedily led to the partition of Africa among the various European powers.

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.



Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

Clever Tongue

"Mrs. Sidney Webb, though her husband, the Socialist leader, has gone into the house of lords, refuses to use his title," said a magazine editor. "In fact, she didn't want him to take a title at all."

"They want to make me a peer," Webb said on coming home one night after the Labor government had got in.

"You mean they want to make you disappear," Mrs. Webb retorted. "Oh, Mrs. Webb is always saying things like that," the editor went on. "Once she said to me:—"

"Yes, indeed, Mary used to be considered quite a beauty. That was before her father failed in business."

Carry Your Medicine In Your Handbag



Our Vegetable Compound is also sold in chocolate coated tablets, just as effective as the liquid form.

Endorsed by half a million women, this medicine is particularly valuable during the three trying periods of maternity, maternity and middle age.

98 out of 100 report benefit.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Extension Workers Honor Farm Women

Five Master Homemakers Selected by National Magazine

Ames, Ia.—Five Iowa farm women, whose lives have been spent in successful home building, were honored at Iowa State college when the third annual master homemaker

recognition services were held.

The master homemakers were selected by the Farmer's Wife, national farm women's magazine, in co-operation with the home economics extension service of Iowa State college. The 1930 master homemakers are: Mrs. Etha B. Koehler, of Van Meter; Mrs. Alvern S. Wendel of Bronson; Mrs. Albert S. Jacobson of Jewell; Mrs. Raymond Sayre of Ackworth and Mrs. Clarence Decatur of Grinnell.

Miss Neale S. Knowles, state leader of home economics extension in Iowa, presided. In speaking of the

master homemakers, she referred to them as women who "have enlarged their homemaking far beyond the line fences and of whom we think as mothers of the community as well as mothers in the home." The good homemaker, said Miss Knowles, is a builder for health, social and religious life and educational interests and is one of the fundamental factors in the development of good citizenship.

POTATO ACREAGE DROPS
Pierre, S. D.—(AP)—South Dakota farmers had 47,871 acres plant-

ed to potatoes this year, a decrease from the 56,338 acres recorded in 1929 and 53,411 in 1928. Frank D. Kriebs, state secretary of agriculture, reported. This year's potato acreage is an increase, however, from 1920 when 45,635 acres were planted.

BIG DIFFERENCE IN COWS
Galveston, Tex.—(AP)—H. Stoneking, Arcadia dairyman, finds that he has been getting \$20.79 above feed costs from one cow and only \$7.51 for the same period from another of the same herd, purchased at the same price.