## Jones Family Leaders in High Achievement

Persons named Jones should be carrying their chests swelled to the limit. No fewer than sixty-two members of their family have been adjudged significant contributors to the making of America, and as such are recorded in the just published teath volume of the Dictionary of American Biography. The list begins with Abner Jones, free-lance sky pilot of New England, and runs through to Willie Jones, free-thinking Virginia planter and member of the Continental congress, Hadiway stands "Mother" Mary Jones, tiery tabor leader, burled in Mount Olivet, Ill., Among the others are Alexander, who sent the first news message by telegraph and devised a scheme for telegraphic market reporting; Anson, last president of the republic of Texas; David, fighting chaplain of the wars of the Revolution and 1812; John Paul, the naval hero; John Taylor; Rev. Sam, preacher and forerunner of Billy Sunday, Assuredly, a picturesque clan of varied careers, these Joneses. The family which keeps up with them will have to hump !-- St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

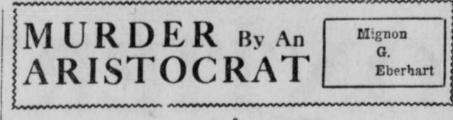


The stomach is not to blame when a child is finicky about food. Nor is every sluggish girl or boy constipated. Instead of a lot of medicine, give a little pure syrup of figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours! in a couple of weeks, your youngster will have the appetite of a young animal!

It's true, mothers, for it's Nature, California syrup of figs is bottled health for the little ones.

l'ale, sickly children whose tongues are always coated, and who are never really hungry, are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon; a colon clogged with waste. They need the "California treatment." You can give this treatment yourself, any time, anywhere; it's simple. Every druggist has California syrup of figs all bottled, with full directions for a babe of two years or child in his teens. Its delicious taste makes it delightful to use; no child ever tired of it.

Start tonight, giving enough



in the hall, for I heard a murmured word or two, and Emmeline appeared at the doorway ushering into the room a fat, ruddy, jolly-looking man who proved to be Frank Whiting, the local undertaker. He lost his color abruptly as he bent over the body.

I did not linger, of course, but went directly upstairs. I did, however, turn for a moment at the doorway to take a last look at Bayard Thatcher. People say a nurse grows callous to death, but it isn't true.

At the top of the stairs I turned at once into Bayard Thatcher's empty room. My instrument kit was in the bathroom, with various bandage scissors and my thermometer scattered about. The room was orderly, the bed smooth save for the outline made by the pressure of Bayard's body on it early in the afternoon. I felt a little sick and dizzy as I looked at that, but even so I was quite certain about the condition of the room. Not a thing was out of place.

I went straight into the bathroom to get together the various articles of mine that lay about. The room was small, and in reaching behind the door for my bag I had closed that door. It may have taken two or three minutes to place the small articles in their respective pockets, and I remember smoothing my hair before the mirror and pinning my cap more securely on my head. I had a drink of water, too, letting it run from the faucet for some time so it would be cold. Perhaps altogether it was five or six minutes before I emerged into the bedroom again - a bedroom which looked exactly as if a hurricane had struck it.

I could not believe my eyes. The bedding was torn from the bed, the pillows out of their linen cases. Even the mattress had been pulled about. The cushions had been jerked off the chairs, every drawer in the old fashioned dresser was out, the contents flung hurriedly about, even the rugs were flung back, and the pictures crooked on the walls.

He must have met someone righted itself, and things were nearer normal. I was again Sarah Keate; was inside myself again, intact.

But still frightened.

Adela lay in the middle of an enormous old bed. Janice and Evelyn had got her into a lacy bed jacket; a glass with still a little sherry in it stood on the bedside table. There was a pink spot burning feverishly in each cheek, and her eyes were very bright. Janice sat beside her, still and white, and Evelyn, ever practical, was moving about the room, arranging clothes on delicately scented hangers, and telling Emmeline to send up a tray with dinner for Miss Adela and Miss Keate.

And again, blandly and reasonably, they overrode my protestations and persuaded me to remain. It was done without undue pressure and very deftly. "Just for a few days, Miss Keate, until we can get on our feet again," said Evelyn at last. "This is a terrible shock to us all."

At which Adela sighed and said faintly:

"Terrible. Terrible. I suppose it's all over town by this time. Oh, Evelyn, what will people say?"

"Hilary stands to lose more than any of us," said Evelyn a bit crisply.

"Oh, I can't bear all this," cried Janice. She rose, pushing back her dark hair with both hands in a curiously despairing gesture, and walked to the window. "How can you talk so! Of Hilary. Of what people will say. Of the effect on his bank! Suppose people do talk! What does it matter! We can't help it. You don't say a word of the real horror of it. The real-"

"Janice! Janice, darling! You are overwrought. You are hysterical-

"Janice." Evelyn took both the younger woman's hands in her firm brown clasp and spoke with great earnestness.

### O'NEILL FRONTIER

sheriff say? Had Higby seen Dan gave him something to No Race Without Its anyone about? Sit down. You look dreadful. Did you have any dinner?"

He did look bad; his plump face was pale, and his eyes hollow, and his hands none too steady. He dropped into a chair, rubbed his eyes wearily, and said:

"Do you mind if I smoke, Adela?'

"Not at all. Not at all. What did Higby say?" And as Hilary looked at me and hesitated she added: "Don't mind Miss Keate. Speak freely, Hilary."

"Well," said Hilary in a reluctant way. "Higby said there wasn't anybody near all afternoon. That he mowed the lawn the whole afternoon and that Emmeline was in the summer kitchen, working near the window. That he didn't stop mowing once, and of course, he was on the same side of the house as the windows to the library. He said he didn't hear a sound except the telephone once. We asked him if the sound of the lawnmower so near him might not have muffled the sound

of the shot." "What did he say to that?" "He said, maybe, but he'd heard the telephone ring distinctly. That it broke off in the middle of one of the peals."

"But he was closer to the house then," said Adela. "He was at the edge of the lawn by late afternoon. I doubt very much if he could have heard the shot above the clatter of the lawnmower. I've been telling him to grease it for the last two weeks. And he's rather stupid. I think it very likely someone could get past into the library windows, or even in the back door, without his seeing them."

Hilary nodded.

"That's what I told Jim Strove. Strove thought so, too. Dan Bouligny didn't think it so likely. But Strove has sent out telephone calls to all the nearby towns. He's doing everything he can to get a line on the thief."

"When will they have the inquest?"

"Tomorrow. Dan said for you not to worry about it." Adela considered that for a

make him sleep. Quiet his nerves. Dave, you know," he continued, turning in an explanatory way to me, "is a sort of invalid. Has been for years. Not well at all. Anything like this-a shock of any kind-and his nerves go all to pieces."

"Indeed." It occurred to me that Hilary's own nerves were none too good.

He sat in silence for some time after that, and finally left. Just as he reached the door Adela said a peculiar thing.

"Don't let Dave - " she paused, touched me with her eyes and said-"don't let Dave go to the cemetery tomorrow." She stopped again, and then added, "The sun is bad for him."

I couldn't see Hilary's face. He said:

"Very well. I'll be up again with Dan before you go to sleep."

The soft summer night came on slowly. Presently I lighted the shaded lamp on the table. Adela lay without speaking. She had in her hands a long string of turquoise beads, and I remember how she twisted them, pulling them through her fingers, playing with them absently. They made a bright varying patch of blue against the white sheet and her laces. Her eyes looked a little like the beads.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock Dr. Bouligny and Hilary came again to the room. This time, finding they still had not eaten, Adela asked me to go and tell Emmeline to bring up some coffee and sandwiches. I did so willingly enough.

And it was owing to that that I inadvertently caught a glimpse of that sad and tragic complication which, unsuspected by anyone, played such an important part in the dresdful entanglement of human motives and relationships of which Bayard's murder and the shocking things that followed it were the prolonged climax. I say unsuspected by anyone: I must make an exception there. I've always thought that Evelyn knew of it almost from the beginning, and with her hard common sense recognized it as a factor to be taken into account; she allowed for it, I'm sure, with a sort of mathematical precision, and did not try to brush it aside or propound a fanciful and impractical solution as a more imaginative or even a more sensitive woman might have done. Toward the end, even, she was frankly sympathetic, although she always deplored it; perhaps she permitted herself sympathy because she knew so well that Janice possessed the unbending loyalty and pride that Evelyn herself possessed. It was only a glimpse I had that night, but it was a glimpse of something real and touching. All the lights were blazing through the wide rooms. I had found Emmeline, managed to make my message heard, and left her slicing bread and measuring coffee, and I was returning to the stairway. I felt rather uneasy as I passed the open library door; there was a bare space on the floor near the table, where the rug on which Bayard had lain had been rolled up and taken away, probably to be cleaned. I was thinking how strangely empty and lonely all those brightly lighted rooms were when the screen door leading to the dark porch opened and two figures entered the light of the hall. They did not see me; I was at some distance, and they were directly under a light.

# Idea of Sweet Sounds

Ancient whistles were made of bamhoo, or any hollow piece of wood of tubular form. The ancient Aztecs used pottery for making whistles and flutes of various kinds. The Greeks hollowed out and blew across the top of a series of pipes of various lengths. The instrument was called a "Syrinx," and is generally accepted as the original "Pipes of I'an.'

It is a pleasant speculation to decide when the Peruvian Indians of the Andes learned the principle of organ playing. They have a combination of pipes on a hollow box and a set of flat keys on the top. The "Saron," from Java, is carved of wood in the shape of a dragon. about four or five feet in length. On its back are seven or eight bars of wood of varying length. This was surely the precursor of the modera xylophone, which is a comparatively new instrument to western ears,

There are many others which early man used, but which are now only to be seen in museums, which throw much light on early musical culture.

#### UPWARD READING TREND

The use of libraries has increased beyond any parallel in their history. Reading rooms are crowded day and evening. The number of books borrowed in New York state jumped from 48,000,000 volumes in 1930 to about 60,000,000 in 1931. Demands for serious books in economics, history, political science and on the various trades and professions have increased beyond proportion .- Frank L. Tolman, director, extension division, education department, New York State library.



The medicinal and healing proper-

ties of the Soap not only thoroughly

cleanse the skin, but are most benefi-

cial and helpful to it. If you are trou-

bled with pimples or other skin erup-

cleanse the colon of every bit of ; poisonous waste. Then a spoonful or so, every other day, until the child's appetite, color, weight, and general health tell you all sluggishness or constipation has been conquered.

When a cold or severe sickness has sapped a child's strength and stamina, remember California syrup of figs.

If you want to get real results, get the real California syrup of figs. Do not accept any bottle which does not say CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.

#### Must Strike a Balance No man who ignores small things ever accomplishes any very great

ones.



**Complexion Curse** She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But no one admires pimply, blemished skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of *clogged* bowels— poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let **NR** (Nature's Remedy) afford complete, thorough elimination and promptly case away beauty-ruining poisonous matter. Fine for sick head-ache, bibous conditions, dizzmess. Try this safe, dependable, all-veetable correc

tive. At all drug-gists'-only 25c. "TUMS" Quick relief for acid indiges-tion, heartburn. Only 10c.



Miss Rea M. Haines of Dayton, Ohio writes: "I weighed 180 so started to take Kruschen. I never was so surprised as when I weighed myself the first week—I lost 7 pounds. I just bought my 3rd jar and am down to 145—am still taking them and never felt better in my life." (June 17, 1982). To take off fat—tal. one half tea-

spoonful of Kruschen Salts in a lass of hot water in the morning before breakfast-one bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a few cents -get it at any drugstore in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the SAFE and harmless way to lose fat-your money gladly returned.

But be sure and get Kruschen Salts-imitations are numerous and you must safeguard your health.



And all this had been done in five minutes, and so silently that I, in the very next room, had heard nothing of it.

It frightened me.

There was something ruthless, something incredibly sinister in the swift, silent destruction in that room.

Without warning one of those strange moments of keen perception came upon me; one of those terrifying. chilling moments when you suddenly see yourself in relation to existence and wonder at yourself and what you are and what you desire and why-and that leave you feeling inexpressibly futile and perplexed. It is as if, for the barest moment, veils had dropped from your eyes and you caught a glimpse of reality, and there is always a feeling of apprehension, a need to grasp desperately for your sense of personal identity, as if that, too, might escape you. But this time that subconscious terror had something definite and objective to fasten upon.

All at once the house was a prison to me. I felt I must escape. I would tell Adela Thatcher that I could not stay.

Emmeline appeared on the threshold. If the frightful disorder in the room shocked her, she did not give any evidence of it.

"Miss Adela says will you come to her, please."

I followed Emmeline. Somewhere along the hall the kaleidoscope shifted again,

### Law Preventing Sale Of Firearms Urged

Memphis -(UP)- The need of a federal law to prevent the sale of firearms was urged by Commissioner Cliff Davis as he viewed 1932 homicide figures that are expected to regain for Memphis the title of murder capital of the world.

Memphs' total number of homicides for last year is 105, or 41.5 per 100,000 population. In 1931 Memphis lost to Birmingham, Ala., the title of murder capital of

"You don't know what you are saying, dear. You must try to control yourself. Think of the family name. Think of my boys. Think of-"

"Evelyn, why don't you and Janice go into Janice's room and try to rest? Or go downstairs and get Dave and Hilary to eat something. Evelyn " Adela's high-pitched, deliberate voice stopped abruptly, but she could not have said more plainly, "Get Janice out of here—before she says too much."

The room was quiet after they left. Adela lay motionless, staring at the ceiling with blank blue eyes. I remember I moved uneasily about, taking her temperature, feeling for her pulse, from a vague notion that I must be doing something rather than from any particular need on her part for nursing care. Once or twice I caught her watching me silently, a curious look of speculation in her still blue gaze. And I marveled to find myself still in that house and thought how singular it was that I felt rather like a prisoner. Which was absurd. Yet -to be a prisoner in that house where murder had walked would be no pleasant

Emmeline brought two dinner trays to the room. Her hands were still faintly purple from fruit stain, but she'd put on a fresh white apron, and her thin face was immobile. The trays were daintily arranged, and I was a little astonished to find myself eating, and even to see Adela sit up against her laced pillows and touch this and that. She put the tray definitely aside when Hilary entered the room.

thing.

"No, don't go, Miss Keate," she said as I rose. "Stay here. Have you discovered anything, Hilary? What did the

the world, but the record number of homicides in 1932 is expected to regain for Memphis the title. In 1031 there were 85 homicides here.

Gambling was the motive behind the largest number of deaths. Liquor ran a close second and immorality third.

# **Girl Students**

Are Made Internes New Orleans - (UP) - Two gir! medical students have been picked as internes at Charity hospital long moment, while Hilary smoked nervously. Then she said:

"Have many people called?" Hilary nodded.

"The town's crazy with excitement. A fellow out on Muddy Creek phoned in that there was a suspicious looking man out there, and Strove deputized a bunch of fellows and sent them out. They haven't come back yet. And Mrs. Whiting says she saw a tramp running to catch the 5:10 freight; Strove telephoned to Naper to hold him, but when the train got in the bum was gone. If there was one. You know Pearl Whiting. She'll have everybody in town under suspicion by this time tomorrow."

Adela nodded. "I hope you told Frank

Whiting exactly what happened.'

"Lord, yes. I've had Emmeline tell everybody that you were ill from shock-had a trained nurse- couldn't see anybody. Dr. Lyman came; brought a cake from his wife. I don't know what in hell she thought we'd want of a cake." "Hilary, don't speak so. She's

your pastor's wife, and she meant it well. Have you sent a telegram to the boys yet?" "No," he said rather hesi-

tantly. "No, I haven't. I'll let Evelyn do it. She's so-matter-of-fact about things. And I thought we could let the other telegrams go until morning."

"Yes. Yes, that is right. We don't want the house full of relatives for the funeral-I suppose we'd better get it over quite soon."

"Yes. Yes, Adela. That's what I thought."

"Have you had anything to eat? You'd better try to eat. And Hilary-where is Dave?" Hilary examined his cigaret carefully.

"He's in his room, Adela.

here, and after July 1, Dr. Virginia Webb, of Calvert, Ala., C: Dr. Margaret M. Schoch, of Austin, Tex., may be seen clinging by a strap to the back seat of a speeding ambulance in the streets here.

Both young women are bobhaired and attractive. They were included in the list of 56 internes chosen by Dr. Arthur Vidrine, superintendent of the hospital. They will receive M. D. degrees in June from the medical school of Louisiana State University.

(TO BE CONTINUED) Don't We All? From Pathfinder.

Artist: Wl:atever success I have, owe it all to the telephone. Friend: How's that? Artist: Well, while I was waiting for them to give me the right number, I practiced drawing on \$ Dad.

Brothers Have

**Identical Names** 

Ludlow, Vt. - (UP) - Though their Christian names are identical. John Sargent of Ludlow, John Sargent of Danby, and John Sargent of Chester are brothers.

They are distinguished by their middle names - Garibaldi, Wesley and Rubari, respectively. John Garibaldi Sargent was attorney general in the cabinet of his lifelong friend the late Calvin Coolidge.

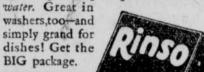


# last 2 or 3 times longer

CINCE I stopped abusing my clothes Devery week-since I began soaking out the dirt instead of scrubbing it out against a metal washboard—I must have saved at least \$100. For clothes washed the safe 'scrubless' Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. And they come shades whiter, too-even without boiling!"

The Rinso way of washing clothes is the modern way. So easy on you-so easy on your hands-so wonderfully easy on the clothes!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps-even in bardest



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



