

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 tenth volume of the Dictionary of American Biography.

When CHILDREN - don't gain weight - don't grow strong - don't keep well

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.

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 so one admires pimply, blemished skin.

MAKES WOMEN LOSE FAT 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."

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Removes Dandruff- Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

MURDER By An ARISTOCRAT

Mignon G. Eberhart

He must have met someone 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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, righted itself, and things were nearer normal. I was again Sarah Keate; was inside myself again, intact.

sheriff say? Had Higby seen 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."

"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."

Hilary nodded. "That's what I told Jim Strove. Strove thought so, too. Dan Bouigny 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 long moment, while Hilary smoked nervously.

"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 hesitantly. "No, I haven't. I'll let Emmeline 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.

Dan gave him something to 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 faces. Her eyes looked a little like the beads.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock Dr. Bouigny 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 dreadful 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't We All? From Pathfinder. Artist: Whatever success I have, I 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 a pad.

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.

No Race Without Its Idea of Sweet Sounds

Ancient whistles were made of bamboo, 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 Pan."

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 modern 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 45,000,000 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.

Head COLDS Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve congestion and clear the breathing passages. MENTHOLATUM

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WHITER? YOU BET! IT WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING

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