

JESTER WELL PAID FOR MAKING MIRTH

The business of making the public laugh has reached large proportions. This modern career offers opportunity to gain substantial fortunes by those who know what the masses will consider funny. The salaries of broadcasting humorists now far exceed those of grand opera stars, and they not only receive big pay themselves, but substantial sums are paid to their collaborating writers. There is the offsetting disadvantage that a joke which could be used for months in a play is good for only one radio performance.

These modern jokesmiths are serious students of the psychology of laughter, who scientifically go about the business of tickling the risibility of their audiences. The gagman knows that incongruity is a great source of mirth. A chicken in a barnyard is seldom funny, but if it enters the dining room during a formal banquet it causes shrieks of laughter. Another source of humor is found in the feeling of superiority that people experience when they anticipate a joke before it is actually sprung. Then there is humor which consists of a narrow escape from harm or tragedy. Being run over, or falling and breaking a leg, does not make people laugh, but a close shave from which the victim emerges with his dignity ruffled is often funny. All these things the gagman knows and manipulates in making his comedy.

The old idea that merriment is trifling and unworthy of serious men has given way to the knowledge that a sense of humor may often enable a man to rise above his troubles. "Tell me what you laugh at and I'll tell you your mental age," said Professor Gaum, of Rutgers college. A sense of humor is a sense of proportion. Laughter at one's self is a test of character. The gagman does not often dare to use this reputed type of humor and turn the laugh on his audience, as Aristophanes did, but his strides have taken him far from the old slapstick comedy, so time may even carry him into this range of drollery.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Becomes Monotonous
A man does not please long when he has only one species of wit.



WOMEN: watch your BOWELS

What should women do to keep their bowels moving freely? A doctor should know the answer. That is why pure Syrup Pepsin is so good for women. It just suits their delicate organism. It is the prescription of an old family doctor who has treated thousands of women patients, and who made a special study of bowel troubles.

It is fine for children, too. They love its taste. Let them have it every time their tongues are coated or their skin is sallow. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients.

When you've a sick headache, can't eat, are bilious or sluggish; and at the times when you are most apt to be constipated, take a little of this famous prescription (all drug stores keep it ready in big bottles), and you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the favorite laxative of over a million women!

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

THIS WOMAN LOST 35 LBS. OF FAT

Miss M. Kainer of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Have used Kruschen for the past 4 months and have not only lost 35 pounds but feel so much better in every way. Even for people who don't care to reduce, Kruschen is wonderful to keep the system healthy. I being a nurse should know for I've tried so many things but only Kruschen answered all purposes." (Mar 12, 1933).
TO lose fat SAFELY and HARMLESSLY, take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—don't miss a morning—a bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle—but don't take chances—be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—get it at any drugstore in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Keeps the Scalp Healthy
Floreston Shampoo—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hirsch Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

MURDER By An ARISTOCRAT

Mignon G. Eberhart

"Good morning, Miss Keate," said Evelyn as I entered. "No one else is down yet, but we may as well tell Emmeline to serve our breakfast. There's no need to wait. Hilary and I stayed here last night, you know." Matter-of-fact, calm, practical. You would never have dreamed from Evelyn's manner that anything at all unusual had happened. Her gold hair was smooth and neat, her shoulders erect, her dark blue eyes steady and cool, and only the dark pockets around them showed that it had been, as it must have been, a night of anxiety. Her poise compelled my admiration, although I think it was not due so much to courage as it was to a certain lack of temperament; a faculty for seeing only the practical, material aspects of a problem. She would never harass herself with doubts or regrets or fears. She concerned herself only with expediency.

Her brown hand was very steady as it touched the bell, and her voice clear as she asked Emmeline to serve breakfast. She was pouring my coffee when Janice entered.

"Oh, my dear, I didn't expect you down so early. Here, sit here in this place. I didn't mean to usurp your place behind the coffee."

"No, no, don't move." Janice sat wearily in her customary place. "Good morning, Miss Keate. Isn't Adela coming down to breakfast, Evelyn?"

"She seems to be sleeping late," replied Evelyn, handing me my cup. "It's just as well. Adela's not as young as we are."

"Thanks." Janice took her own cup, drank some of the coffee, and began to look a little less drained of life. Except for its look of terrible burned out fatigue, her face was rather cold and rigid and as immaculate of feeling as her white frock. I could detect nothing of the passion that had written itself into her letter; of the extremely sentient and aware look that had lit her face with so spent and tragic a beauty only the night before, when she'd left Allen standing there in the hall looking as if his heart and his every hope went with her up those stairs. She was not beautiful that morning; I think she was controlling her every thought.

"Did you sleep?" asked Evelyn.

"No," said Janice briefly.

"Where's Hilary?"
"He went home to shave and get fresh clothes. He ought to be back in a few moments. Allen is coming with him. I thought we might as well have breakfast here together. Dr. Bouigny said he would stop in to tell us about the inquest—when it's to be, and all. Dave is sleeping late, too."

"Yes."
Rapid footsteps along the hall preluded Hilary's appearance at the door. He was, as usual, immaculate; his thin hair carefully brushed so as to make the most of what there was, his tie neatly knotted, his light suit looking as if it had just come from the tailor's, his face freshly shaved and powdered. But the night had not been kind to him; his eyes were puffy and red from lack of sleep, and there were heavy pouches under them; his whole face seemed to have sagged and lost its pinkness, and his hands were not steady as he pulled out a chair and picked up his napkin and took the cup of coffee Evelyn handed him.

"Good morning, Janice. Miss Keate. There's some mail on the hall table for you, Evelyn. Thank you. No cream."
"Where's Allen?" asked

Man Became Wealthy After He Reached 65

Noblesville, Ind. — (UP) — A O. Sample, 72, who died at his home near here recently, became wealthy after he was 65 years old. Four years ago he was living on 38 acres of land, four miles south of here. He sold it to Arthur Court, Indianapolis, for \$20,000. Court had won \$10,000 on an English horse race a few weeks before.

Sample bought a modest home and invested most of the remain-

der of his money in the artificial ice business in Texas, with a son as partner.

It is said that the Sample interests now control the artificial ice business in the Lone Star state.

Egypt Will Assume Nation's Farm Mortgages

Washington — (UP) — The Egyptian government will assume approximately two-thirds of the nation's farm mortgages to avoid foreclosures, the Commerce De-

partment has been informed in cables from Cairo. The government's plan includes close co-operation from the interested mortgage banks. Banks are reported to have given their provisional agreement to the mortgage relief program which would extend the mortgage period from 10 to 30 years, including arrears with capital sums owed.

The government will take two-thirds of the arrears, paying the banks with treasury notes. Debtors will repay the banks who in turn will refund the gov-

ernment with two-thirds of each annual installment until the government has recovered its advances.

Q. What gift did the United States present to the French republic recently? K. J.

A. It was "France Defiant," a colossal figure by Frederic MacMoulines, for which thousands of American school children contributed their pennies. It was accepted by Premier Herriot at the dedication on the Marne battlefield near Meaux.

But Evelyn, always literal, finished.

"By the time they do come home, the whole thing will have blown over. I think Allen is right, Hilary. Do you?"

"Yes," agreed Hilary in a relieved way. "That's exactly right. I leave it to you, Evelyn. Now, then, Dan, if you have finished your coffee—I've got a thousand things to see to this morning. Suppose you go to the office with me. I'll ride in your car. They'll need mine here, likely. Did you say the inquest is at 10? It's nine now. Allen, you bring the girls, will you? And Dave, of course. And how about Emmeline and the nurse, Dan? Had they better come too?"

"Why, yes," said Dr. Bouigny. "You don't mind, do you, Miss Keate?"

"Oh, not at all," I said promptly. A little too promptly, perhaps, for I caught Allen smiling at his plate.

"I will probably have only a few questions to ask you, if any," added Dr. Bouigny. "Since the cause of death is so—er—clear, we'll make the inquest as brief as possible. Tell Adela, Evelyn, not to be alarmed or nervous."

"Don't worry about Adela," said Hilary. "She'll be cooler than any of us. You can always count on Adela."

"At 10," repeated Janice thoughtfully. "That doesn't give us much time. I'd better get the grocery order off. You and Hilary and Allen will eat here today, won't you, Evelyn? We'll want to be together in case—" She did not finish the sentence and rose.

Hilary turned at the door. "I may not see you again before the inquest," he said. "But I'll meet you there at the courthouse. I'll go now with Dan, and we'll fix up the—the line of inquiry. Just answer what you are asked. Don't—" he warned, his eyes on Janice — "volunteer anything. Be careful what you say."

"If you mean that for me, Hilary," said Janice — she spoke gravely and not at all sharply as her words might imply—"you can trust me. I'll not let you down. In public, anyhow."

"There, there, now, Janice," said Hilary fussily. "I didn't mean that, at all. I only meant not to tell anything that might—that is, not to make any indiscreet—not to—"

"You're making things worse, Hilary," said Allen coolly. "Do go along. We'll be all right. Come on out in the garden, Janice. It will do you good. You too, Evelyn," he added as a polite afterthought. But Janice would not. She had, she said, to see to the grocery order.

"Heaven only knows what's in the refrigerator for lunch," she said. "Emmeline has her own notions, and I've got to be sure you'll have something to eat."

"I don't imagine any of us will be exactly hungry," said Allen, rising.

I rose too. Hilary and the doctor had, of course, gone; Allen and Evelyn strolled toward the hall, and Janice disappeared toward the kitchen. I think it was the word refrigerator that, without my knowing it, impelled me to follow Janice, for when I turned to go into the kitchen I'm sure that only the thought of arranging a dainty breakfast for Adela was in my mind.

Back of the dining room was a generous butler's pantry, and beyond this and through a swinging door a large, clean kitchen with starched white curtains and shining floor. It was a big old room, only fairly modern in its appointments, but obviously meant for cooking, for the preparation of generous meals, and the storing of bounteous supplies. It was as vital and essential a part of the life of the house had known as was its library with its worn books. Show me a woman's kitchen, her books, and her dressing table, and I can tell you much of the woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

But I gave the room only a brief glance, for Janice was standing at its far end; her back was turned toward me, and she had not heard my entrance. Emmeline was not to be seen.

Janice was standing directly before the large refrigerator. Its heavy door was open. The girl's head was bent over a large brown wicker basket, and I could see that she was exploring its depths with her hand. It was, I had no doubt, the egg basket in which Emmeline had found the revolver.

There was a noise at the side door, and Emmeline entered. At the sound Janice's head went up with a jerk and turned, and I could see how paper-white her face was, as if the frightened racing of her heart had drawn every drop of blood from it.

Emmeline stopped still when she saw Janice.

"Oh, it's you," she said harshly. "What do you want?"

"Emmeline," said Janice breathlessly. "Who has been in the kitchen? Has Jim Strove been here?"

"What's that?" said Emmeline. "Talk a little louder."

Janice gave her a hopeless look, became conscious again, it seemed, of the egg basket, and turned and replaced it carefully in the refrigerator.

"Better put those eggs in a pan," she said loudly and closed the door of the icebox with a muffled bang and turned and saw me.

It gave me a sort of pang to witness the stark terror in her white face, the sudden flaring of it in her wide dark eyes, the way her hand groped backward as if for support. I advanced at once.

"I came to get a breakfast tray for Miss Adela," I said. "Perhaps you would better ask Emmeline for it. She is not accustomed to my voice, and I have difficulty making her understand. I think your sister will want something hot to drink as soon as she wakes."

It gave her time for recovery. She needed only a few seconds. She repeated my request to Emmeline.

"Oh," said Emmeline. "Then Miss Adela's got back."

CHAPTER VII

She walked stiffly toward a cupboard and took down a tray.

"I'll fix it right away," she continued. "She'll be tired."

I found my voice. "Got back? Why, what do you mean? Did she go some place? I thought she was in her room. I thought she was sleeping."

Apparently Emmeline did not hear me, though she gave me a sharp and comprehensive glance. Janice, too, looked surprised and alarmed.

"What do you mean, Emmeline?" she said quickly. "Isn't Miss Adela in her room? She said nothing to me of any errand. Tell me at once what you mean. Where did she go?"

But Emmeline was very deaf indeed. She said: "The grocery list is there on the table, if you want to order, Miss Janice. I thought the family would all be together likely for meals today. What would you think of pressed chicken with cucumber salad for lunch? And maybe a lemon cream pie."

Janice turned rather helplessly to me. "Will you see if Adela is in her room, Miss Keate? I can't imagine what Emmeline means." She took up the grocery list, absent-mindedly scanning it, and I went to the door. It was entirely by accident that I caught my skirt in the swinging door and was obliged to linger a moment to release it. And I heard Janice say clearly: "Tell me at once where Miss Adela went."

And Emmeline replied hoarsely: "Cemetery. What about the lemon cream pie?"

"What do you—no, not pie. Hilary can't eat it. His blood pressure, you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Corner Stone of Nation in Home

Most thoughtful persons look with regret upon the passing of the old-fashioned home, with its community of interests, its interlocking family life. Modern life is centrifugal. Parents and children fly off at the tangent of individual interests, and the home has become little more than a lodging house. Economic conditions, social pressure, the demands of present-day education, the lure of commercialized amusement, the growing individualism of our social philosophy, have all combined to make the family life of the past impossible.

So far have we gone that some of our social philosophers would have us look forward to the complete disappearance of home life, and the herding of families in vast caravansaries, beehives of swarming parents and children, eating at a common restaurant, sharing a common parlor, common playground and recreation rooms, and living a life as private and cultural as that of a school of sardines.

For our own part, says the Minneapolis Journal, we suspect that age-old instincts will not be denied, and that the pendulum is far more likely to swing back to a fuller recognition of common interests and mutual purposes in the family life. After all, there are no folks like our own folks.

No doubt, many of the economic functions of the old-fashioned home have been permanently superseded. The baking and brewing, the weaving and sewing, the washing and much of the cooking can be better done outside. The formal processes of education are likewise better in the hands of trained experts. But there is one thing which a true home can furnish, and there is no substitute. That is a background, moral, social, cultural.

Every individual needs the consciousness of moral support with which to face the world. He must needs have his roots deep in some earth. The man who goes to his office, the child who goes to school, the woman who works for her club, will be the more truly individual for the knowledge of a common sympathy and understanding in the home from which they set out.

Above all, it is the home that can furnish an all-enveloping atmosphere of comfort and beauty, of good books, good pictures, tasteful furnishings, such as no education can afford. Happy the child whose earliest years are spent in such surroundings, whose taste is formed and whose mental life is awakened in such fashion.

It may be that the emancipated woman, when she has grown weary of her new freedom, will come once more to realize that there is no higher calling, no finer art, no worthier ambition than to be the maker and inspirer of such a home. It need by no means absorb all her energies, or limit in any way her self-expression.

BUILD UP THE BLOOD

WHEN run-down, anemic and in need of a blood tonic—or if you're troubled with indigestion, weak stomach, weight below normal and you feel tired-out and weak, follow the advice of Mrs. Marie Gotoski of 1800 Jefferson St., Waterloo, Iowa, who says: "I was in a general run-down and weakened state of health brought on thru a complication of ailments. I suffered from weak stomach and indigestion, my blood was thin and in an impoverished condition, and I was weak and miserable. But just a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery relieved me of these ills and restored my health."



Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Salt Rheum Formed Water Blisters on Baby

Healed by Cuticura

"My sixteen months old baby was bothered with salt rheum. It started with a rash and then formed a water blister, and the more he scratched the more it itched until the blister was broken. Then it would break out in another place. As soon as I put his night clothes on he kept up a steady whine and could not sleep. It affected his whole body and he was a sight.

"My druggist told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I purchased some and after using them a month or two my baby was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Doris Hardy, 13 High St., Boston, N. H., August 11, 1932.

Cuticura Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

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