"When you deserted the party this your rival." afternoon, Mr. Kroon," Vance went maiden aunt. Would you object to first place?" giving us, merely as a matter of "Waitin' for the final odds," your aunt, and the nature of the legal documents?"

"I most certainly would object," why you should be interested in my documents you had to sign?" family affairs."

Markham swung round toward the

"That's for us to decide," he snapped. "Do you intend to answer Mr. Vance's question?"

Kroon shook his head. "I do not! I regard that question as incompetent, irrelevant, and im-

material. Also frivolous." "Yes, yes." Vance smiled at Markham. "It could be, don't y know. However, let it pass, Markaddress of maiden aunt, unknown; and slipped it into his pocket. nature of legal documents, unknown; reason for the gentleman's

reticence, also unknown." Markham resentfully mumbled a few unintelligible words and resumed smoking his cigar while Vance continued the interrogation.

"I say, Mr. Kroon, would you also speak. consider it irrelevant-and the rest of the legal verbiage-if I asked you by what means you departed and returned to the Garden apartment?"

Kroon appeared highly amused. "I'd consider it irrelevant, yes; but since there is only one sane way I could have gone and come back, I'm perfectly willing to confess to you that I took a taxicab to and from my aunt's."

Vance gazed up at the ceiling as he smoked.

"Suppose," he said, "that the elevator boy should deny that he took since your first arrival here this afternoon. What would you say?" "I'd say that he had lost his mem-

ory-or was lying."

"Yes, of course. The obvious reslowly to the man on the davenport. "You will probably have the opportunity of saying just that on the witness stand."

Kroon's eyes narrowed and his face reddened. Before he could speak, Vance went on.

"And you may also have the opportunity of officially giving or withholding your aunt's name and address. The fact is, you may find yourself in the most distressin' need of an alibi."

with a supercilious smile.

"You're very amusing," he commented lightly. "What next? If you'll ask me a reasonable question, I'll be only too happy to answer." "Well, let's see where we stand."

Vance suppressed an amused smile. "You left the apartment at approximately a quarter to four, took, the elevator downstairs and then a taxi, went to your aunt's to fuss a bit with legal documents, drove back upstairs. Bein' gone a little over half an hour. During your absence Swift was shot. Is that correct?" "Yes." Kroon was curt.

"But how do you account for the fact that when I met you in the hall Swift's passing?"

"We've been over that, too. I surmised the rest."

"Yes-quite. No crime in accurate surmisals. Deuced queer co- from all claims. In the circumincidence, however. Taken with oth- stances, I had no alternative. Four er facts. As likely as a five-horse o'clock today was the time set for win parlay. Extr'ordin'ry."

his air of superiority. "Why don't and the papers were ready. So I you stop beating about the bush?"

initely accused you of murdering ment, and at 4:15, when the hold-up had dashed up the stairs before any Swift.'

Kroon started, and his face went stairs." pale. After a few moments he forced a harsh gutteral noise in- frowned. tended for a laugh.

"And who, may I ask, has accused me?"

"Miss Madge Weatherby."

up in a sneer of hatred.

"She would! And she probably told you that it was a crime of pas- saw where I was I thought I'd come sence this afternoon lucidly and sion-caused by an uncontrollable through the garden and go down with impellin' logic. It seems that jealousy."

"Just that," nodded Vance. "It the natural thing to do . . ." seems you have been forcing your unwelcome attentions upon her, ing into the garden, then?" with dire threats; whereas, all the time, she was madly enamored of Everybody who's been up here with venom.

became too great, you eliminated

"Well, I'll be damned!" Kroon on, "you gratuitously informed us thrust his hands deep into his pockthat you were headed for a legal ets. "I see what you're driving at. conference of some kind with a Why didn't you tell me this in the

record, the name and address of Vance returned. "You hadn't laid your bet. But now that I've told you, do you care to give us the name and address of your maiden returned Kroon coolly. "I fail to see aunt and the nature of the legal

> "That's all nonsense," Kroon spluttered. "I don't need an alibi. When the time comes-"

CHAPTER VIII

At this moment Heath appeared at the door, and walking directly to Vance, handed him a page torn from his note-book, on which were several lines of handwriting.

Vance read the note rapidly as Kroon looked on with malignant reham. Present status: Name and sentment. Then he folded the paper

"When the time comes . . he murmured. "Yes-quite." raised his eyes lazily to Kroon. "As you say. When the time comes. The time has now come, Mr. Kroon."

The man stiffened, but did not

"Do you, by any chance," Vance continued, "know a lady named Stella Fruemon? Has a snug little apartment on the seventeenth floor of this building-only two floors below. Says you were visitin' her around four o'clock today. Left her at exactly four-fifteen. Which might account for your not using the elevator. Also for your reluctance to give us your aunt's name and address. Might account for other things as well . . . Do you care to revise your story?"

Kroon appeared to be thinking you either down or up in the car fast. He walked nervously up and down the study floor.

"Puzzlin' and interestin' situation," Vance went on. "Gentleman leaves this apartment at-let's say -ten minutes to four. Family doctort. Quite." Vance's eyes moved uments to sign. Doesn't enter the elevator. Appears in apartment two floors below within a few minutesbeen a regular visitor there. Remains till 4:15. Then departs. Shows up again in this apartment at half-past four. In the meantime, Swift is shot through the headexact time unknown. Gentleman is apparently familiar with various details of the shooting. Refuses to give information regarding his whereabouts during his absence. A lady accuses him of the murder, and demonstrates how he could Kroon sank back on the davenport have accomplished it. Also kindly supplies the motive. Fifteen minutes of gentleman's absence-namely, from 4:15 to 4:30-unaccounted

> Vance drew on his cigarette. "I say, Mr. Kroon, any sugges-

for.'

tions?" Kroon came to a sudden halt and

swung about. He sucked in a deep noisy breath and made a despairing gesture. "All right, here's the story. Take it or leave it. I've been mixed up in a taxi, and took the elevator with Stella Fruemon for the past year. She's nothing but a gold-digger and blackmailer. Madge Weatherby got on to it. She's the jealous member of this combination-not me. And she cared about as much for Woode Swift as I did. Anyway, on your return, you seemed miracu- I got involved with Stella Fruemon. lously cognizant of the details of It came to a show-down, and I had to pay through the nose. To avoid scandal for my family, of course. knew nothing about it. You told At any rate, we each got our lawme Swift was dead, and I merely yers, and a settlement was reached. She finally named a stiff figure and agreed to sign a general release the completion of the transaction. "I'm listening with great inter- My lawyer and hers were to be at went down there a little before four "Worth-while suggestion." Vance to clean up the whole dirty busicrushed out his cigarette and got ness. And I cleaned it up and rushing into the study, with Heath wires." up. "What I was leadin' up to got out. I had walked down the was the fact that someone has def- two flights of stairs to her apart- It was obvious that Miss Weatherby

Kroon took a deep breath and

"I was so furious-and relievedthat I kept on walking without real- ed herself with a dramatic gesizing where I was going. When I ture-"I am being held here, a prisopened the door which I thought led oner." One corner of Kroon's mouth went | into the public hallway outside the Garden apartment, I found I was said Vance, returning to his chair, on the terrace of the roof. When I "Mr. Kroon explained his brief abthe stairway there. It was really he was doing nothing more repre-

knows about it. Anything wrong with my knowing about the gate?" "No. Quite natural. And so, you opened the gate and entered the garden?" "Yes."

"And that would be between a quarter after four and twenty minutes after four?"

"I wasn't holding a stop-watch on myself, but I guess that's close enough . . . When I entered the speak to him when he returned garden I saw Swift slumped down in his chair. His position struck me here this afternoon." as funny, but I paid no attention to it until I spoke to him and got no theory?" asked Vance. "Or do you answer. Then I approached and still think that Kroon is the culprit?" saw the revolver lying on the tiles, and the hole in his head. It gave woman answered hesitantly. "When me a hell of a shock, I can tell you, and I started to run downstairs I last spoke to you I was terribly upset. . . . Maybe it was all my to give the alarm. But I realized it imagination." would look bad for me. There I was, alone on the roof with a dead man

"Ah, yes. Discretion. So you played safe. Can't say that I blame you entirely-if your chronology is accurate. So, I take it, you re-entered the public stairway and came down to the front door of the Garden apartment."

"That's just what I did." "By and by, during the brief time you were on the roof, or even after you returned to the stairway, did you hear a shot?"

Kroon thought a moment. "By George? I did hear something, now that you put it that way. I thought nothing of it at the time, since Woody was already dead. But just as I re-entered the stairway there was an explosion of some kind outside. I thought it was a car back-firing down in the street, and paid no attention to it."

"That's very interestin' . . Vance's eyes drifted off into space. "I wonder . . . But to continue your tale. You say you left the roof immediately and came downstairs. But there were at least ten minutes from the time you left the garden to the time I encountered you entering the apartment at the front door. How and where did you spend suspects. What do you make of this these ten intervening minutes?"

"I stayed on the landing of the stairs and smoked a couple of ciga-



A Settlement Was Reached.

rettes. I was trying to pull myself together."

Heath stood up quickly, one hand in his outside coat pocket, and thrust out his jaw belligerently toward the agitated Kroon. "What kind of cigarettes do you

smoke?" he barked. The man looked at the Sergeant in

bewilderment, and then said: "I smoke gold - tipped Turkish cigarettes. What about it?"

Heath drew his hand from his pocket and looked at something light on the case?" which he held on his palm. "All right," he muttered. Then he

addressed Vance. "I got the stubs here. Picked 'em up on the landing when I came up from the dame's apartment."

"Well, well," sneered Kroon. "So the police actually found something! . . . What more do you want?" he

demanded of Vance. "Nothing for the moment, thank you," Vance returned with exaggerated courtesy. "You have done very well by yourself this afternoon, Mr. Kroon. We won't need you any more."

Kroon went to the door without a word.

"A good story," Markham commented dryly when Kroon had gone. "Yes, yes. Good. But reluctant." Vance appeared disturbed.

"Do you believe it?" "My dear Markham, I keep an open mind, neither believin' nor disbelievin' . . . Prayin' for facts. But est." Kroon had again assumed her apartment. The certified check no facts yet. Drama everywhere, but no substance."

There was a rustle in the passageway, and Madge Weatherby came following and protesting vigorously. was over, I walked back up the one could interfere with her.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded imperiously. "You're letting Cecil Kroon go, after what I've told you? And I"-she indicat-

"The fact is, Miss Weatherby," hensible than conferring with Miss "You knew about the gate lead- Stella Fruemon and a brace of at-

torneys.'

"Quite so. He was breaking off with the lady for ever and ever." "Is that the truth?" Miss Weatherby straightened in her chair.

you dian't give him a chance."

The woman nodded vigorously.

"Yes, that's right. I wouldn't

"Care to revamp your original

"I-I really don't know now," the

Vance looked at the woman quizzi-

cally. "Since you're not so sure

that Kroon did the deed, have you

"Yes, yes. No subterfuge. Kroon said you were jealous of Stella. Thought I'd relieve your mind." "Why didn't he tell me, then?" "There's always the possibility

Dinitrophenol

VOU are not hearing or reading I as much now about the use of dinitrophenol for reducing weight. The fact that about one in every seven using it develops a skin rash, and that cases of cataract, collapse, and even death have resulted has naturally made overweights somewhat afraid of this drug.

dinitrophenol

any other suggestions to make?" There was a tense silence. Miss Weatherby's face seemed to contract: She drew in her lips.

"Yes!" she exploded, leaning toward Vance with a new enthusiasm. "It was Zalia Graem who killed Woody! She had the motive, as you call it. She's capable of such things, too. There was something between her and Woody. Then she chucked him over. He didn't have enough or more patent medicines on the money to suit her. You saw the way they acted toward each other

"Have you any idea as to how she managed the crime?" Vance asked quietly.

"She was out of the drawing-room long enough, wasn't she?"

"Poignant question. Situation very mysterious." Vance rose slowly and bowed to the woman. "Thanks awfully - we're most grateful. And we shall not hold you prisoner any longer."

When she had gone Markham grinned sourly. "The lady is well equipped with

new accusation?" Vance was frowning.

"Animosity shunted from Monsieur Kroon to La Graem. Yes. Queer situation. Logically speakin', this new accusation is more reasonable than her first. It has its points . . . If only I could get that disconnected buzzer out of my mind. It must fit somewhere . . . And that second shot-the one we all

heard." Vance again moved to the buzzer and inspected it with care. "No indications of a mechanism."

"It could have been removed before the repair man arrived," theorized Markham without enthusi-

"Yes, another possibility. I had thought of that too. But the opportunity was lacking. I came in here immediately after I had found the Johnnie shot . . ." "Does the buzzer connect with

any other room besides the den?" asked Markham. Vance shook his head.

'No. That's the only connection." "Didn't you say there was someone in the den at the time you heard this shot?"

Vance's gaze swept past Mark-

"Yes. Zalia Graem was there. Ostensibly telephonin'." His voice, I thought, was a little bitter. "We might get more information

from the young woman herself," Markham put in sarcastically. "Oh, yes. Quite. Obvious pro-

cedure. But I have a few queries to put to Garden first. Pavin' the way, as it were. I say, Sergeant, collect Floyd Garden and bring him here."

Garden came into the room uneasily and looking slightly haggard. "What a mess!" he sighed, sinking dismally into a chair. "Any

"A few fitful illuminations," Vance told him. "By the by, it seems that your guests walk in and out the front door without the formality of ringing.'

"Oh, yes. But only when we're playing the races. Much more convenient. Saves annoyance and interruptions." "And another thing? when Miss

Graem was phoning in the den and you suggested that she tell the gentleman to call back later, did you actually know that it was a man she was talking to?"

Garden opened his eyes in mild surprise.

"Why, no. I was merely ragging her. Hadn't the faintest idea. But, if it makes any difference, I'm sure Sneed could give you the information, if Miss Graem won't. Sneed answered the phone, you know."

"It's of no importance." Vance brushed the matter aside. "It might interest you to know, however, that the buzzer in this room failed to function because someone had carefully disconnected the

"The devil you say!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Origin of Beer Making

The origin of beer making is lost in antiquity. Probably the ancient Egyptians were the first civilized people to engage in brewing, and a barley wine or beer is believed to have been known in that country as early as 3,000 B. C. Herodotus ascribes the invention to the goddess Isis. Ale or beer was never used to any extent in Greece or Italy, partly owing to the abundance of wine there, but Xenophon mentions it as being used among the inhabitants of Armenia, and the "I've known about it for years. "Ah!" The woman's eyes glared use in Germany in the time of fat foods.

It is perhaps fortunate, generally

speaking, that many are afraid to use because its use by anybody and everybody without a physician's supervision is dangerous.

However, Dr. W.

G. Campbell, chief

of the federal food

and drug adminis-

tration (Washington), points out Dr. Barton "that dinitrophenol

now forms the basis of a half dozen market. The indiscriminate use of these preparations will most likely be followed by poisoning."

Fortunately one of the physicians who has done most of the research work on dinitrophenol, Dr. M. L. Tainter, Los Angeles, outlines in the Journal of the American Medical Association a form of treatment for those poisoned by this drug. "As there is no special drug that overcomes dinitrophenol, the treatment is directed toward getting the drug out of the body. When the patient is first seen the stomach should be washed out with large volumes of water containing baking soda (about a tablesponful to the quart of water). A large amount of water may be left in the stomach to take the place of the water lost by profuse sweating. If pure oxygen is available the patient should breathe it in through a mask. To reduce fever, the victim should be placed in a bath tub containing ice water or in an ice pack."

The point then is that by washing out the stomach and putting the victim in a bath tub of ice water-a treatment that can be given at home-the lives of these victims

may be saved in many cases. Poisoning Cases Rare. However, poisoning occurs only at rare intervals and usually from using doses that are too large. Dr. Tainter and his associates, Drs. A. B. Stockton and W. C. Cutting, who vears report as follows on its value for the treatment of overweight: "One hundred and seventy selected overweight patients (20 males and 150 females) were given sodium dinitrophenol by mouth for an average of 88 days, each being given an average daily dose of 51/4 grains. The average increase in metabolic rate (rate at which the body processes work) was about 11 per cent for each 11/2 grains daily dose. The average loss of body weight was 17 pounds for each patient with an average loss of about 11/2 pounds weekly. Their food intake was not reduced but they were not to eat

more food than had been their custom." Now why were these physicians able to get such excellent results from dinitrophenol? It was because the drug was free from impurities and the patients were under super-

vision at all times. These research physicians from results obtained feel justified in giving dinitrophenol to almost all overweights as it will promptly and certainly increase the rate at which the body processes work, greatly increase the heat and thus reduce weight in a manner and to an extent not approached by any drug previously tried. It has the disadvantage, however, of producing undesirable reactions in some patients which cannot be known beforehand and which occasionally are alarm-

Dizziness

When an attack of dizziness occurs there is often the feeling on the part of the patient that there is something wrong with his heart. As a matter of fact most cases of dizziness come from a disturbance in the ear or in the liver. Generally but not always when the objects about the patient seem to be going "around and around", or the patient himelf seems to be going around and around, the trouble is in the ear, whereas when things appear to be going up and down or the patient feels that he is going up and down the liver is at fault.

When the ear is at fault, that is, the part of the ear that "balances" the body, it is very often due to some trouble in the nose and the sinuses adjoining the nose. Acute or chronic catarrh, or infection of the sinuses immediately behind the nose are the commonest causes of this dizziness which is usually accompanied by nausea or a "tinkling" noise in the ear.

Treatment during attacks consists of any quieting medicine such as phenobarbital. While this is a most helpful drug, there is the chance that the patients may acquire the "barbital habit."

The attacks of dizziness due to Gauls were also acquainted with it the liver are prevented or controlled in early times. It was in common by cutting down on rich starch or

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The Candy Girl

By JANE OSBORN McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

WHEN Martha was in college she made up her mind that if she ever did have to earn her own living she would do it in some unusual way. She would go into some sort of business that didn't attract other college graduates. Thus she, with her superior education, would compete only with obviously inferior, uneducated people and her financial success would be assured. Martha was the one member of her family who had gone to college - that was doubtless why she held such an exalted idea of the value of the degree for which she was working. Until the end of her senior year there didn't seem to be the shadow of a chance that she ever would have to earn her own living. She had inherited from her father large tracts of farm land-but somehow through an involvement of business that Martha couldn't quite under-

her acres was out of the question. Martha took stock of her accomplishments. All around the campus she was known as the candy girl. That settled it. If there was one thing she excelled in it was in making candy. Undoubtedly she had a gift-and this gift she would put to good account. She had never heard of a man or woman with a college degree going into the candy business. But, she decided, the vast majority of her competitors in this business would not be blessed with superior education

stand any immediate return from

such as hers. On the last day of college Bertram Ross had proposed to Martha. A few days before another of her class had proposed. Two or three others would have done the same if she had given them an opportunity. But Martha was not especially impressed by this epidemic of proposals. She felt that her popularity was due to no personal charms, but rather to her ability to make candy. So she told Bertram Ross that she didn't want to marry him because she wanted to go into the candy business. All that summer Martha worked

at her scheme. She made a little candy in a little room she had hired in the city and she sold it at the exchanges and at the counters of one or two grocery stores, making enough barely to cover expenses. She couldn't meet much more of a demand until she set up a larger workroom and hired a have studied this drug for over five girl or two to help with the work, and she couldn't afford to expand her plant in this way unless she was assured of orders. So Martha went forth with samples and took orders. She went to the buying agent for a large chain of newsstands. He cautiously expressed approval of the candy, but if he took any he would take a great deal. He would want a contract and a guarantee that she would continue to use the same ingredients that she did then. Of course Martha used the best materials.

Martha looked over the terms of the proposed contract. The price seemed a little too low, but the buying agent said he would not consider a deal at a higher figure and Martha knew he meant it. He wanted to have her sign at once but Martha held back-she would have to do a little figuring first.

Martha went elatedly back to her dingy workroom and read the proposed contract over carefully. She had stopped to get wholesale prices on her way home. Some things in the contract she did not quite understand. Then it occurred to her that Bertram Ross was working in a law office, studying law at the same time. He could easily explain the few things she didn't understand in the contract. Martha knew Bertram was in the same city but he had said that since she would not marry him he didn't want to see her. He had seemed so incredulous about her plans that she wanted him to see this contract anyway-wanted to show him that within a few months she had won success.

So it was that the next day Bertram Ross called at Martha's candy kitchen to talk over the contract. Martha gave a little gasp as he appeared. She had forgotten how very attractive he really was. With the contract spread out on

bending over it in her pink work smock they read it slowly together. Bertram asked a few questions and did some quick figuring. Then he looked at Martha. "It can't be done," he said. "They tried to sew you up with a losing deal. Either you have got to use

less expensive materials or you've

got to get more for your candy, and

if you sign this contract and don't

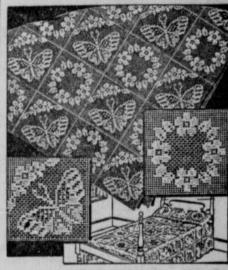
one of the work tables and Martha

make good you'll be in a pretty fix." Martha began very gently to cry. The whole fabric of her dreams seemed to fade away, and all she knew or cared about just then was that Bertram was beside her, that he had his arms around her, and that he was telling her that even while he was studying law he could afford to support her as his wife

"You know that early marriages even on a limited income turn out best-you learned that in college," Bertram told her.

"I know I did," agreed Martha happily.

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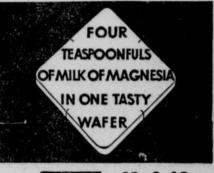
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