John all jumped up from their

chairs and started toward me.

John reached me first, and

couldn't get any further.

her some coffee, dad. Quick!

Here, sit here. Turn on that

fan, Hand. Get some water-"

Ricker said—It isn't true. It—

it can't be true. Not our

Sam answered, gruffly, to

keep the choke out of his

voice. "It is a damn shame,

Mary; but, it is true. The boy

shot himself, not fifteen

minutes after we found her.

Wait," he went on quickly,

"before you think anything.

I want to tell you what I have

told the others. It is God's

truth. That poor boy is as

innocent of any connection

my ugly, twisted old face down

I will say that the men did

pretty well, just sitting quiet,

and leaving me alone, and

letting me have my cry out.

It seemed to me I never was

going to be able to stop; but

they didn't bother me with

comforting, they let me get

clear through to the sniffling

and swallowing stage. I was

"What," I said, "are we

"We are going to do a lot,

Mary," Sam said. "We are

going to keep Chad's name

clean. Sure," in answer to my

protest, "we all know. But,

just the same, I'm mighty

thankful that I have his alibis

for him, myself. A suicide looks

bad, you know. That is, it

would until we find Canne-

wasn't let out of San Quentin

until yesterday morning, he

couldn't possibly have got

way up here that same even-

thousand times," Hubert

said. "But if I ever get that

long distance call through,

you'll find that Canneziano

was released a day or two

early. She met him yester-

Sam?" I questioned. "You re-

member there were no tracks

on the road except the sedan

Hubert Hand snapped me

Sam spoke, before John

could answer. "Son," he said,

"did you, by any chance, as a

favor to one of the girls, bring

that skunk here yesterday?"

" He got here, then, as I've

said all along. Horseback,

across the deserts. And he

murdered the girl. By God,

he'll hang for it, if it takes my

last dollar. He killed Chad,

too, as much as if he'd shot

him down. We aren't over-

looking a couple of murders,

not here on the Desert Moon.

Not right yet. She went out

to meet him yesterday, I tell

you. She brought him into the

house, for some purpose;

through the back way and up

or hearing them?" Hubert

"Without anybody seeing

"Nobody was looking nor

listening, as I remember. You

know damn well that, with

the doors shut, nothing can

be heard from room to room

in this house-let alone up-

stairs to downstairs. I tell you,

he killed her there on the

stairs, and he made his get-

"If you think that," I said.

'Why aren't you out hunting

"Hell!" Sam exploded. "Why

ain't I out hunting last night's

lightning? The girl had been

dead anyway two or three

hours-more likely longer,

when we found her. He had

that head start on us. And he

could ride. God, how that

skunk could ride; no mercy

for a horse! He's gone. He

went straight across the

deserts, hell bent for Sunday.

He'll need food. He'll need

into the attic."

away-"

him?"

Hand questioned.

"I did not, dad."

short. "Did you have a pas-

senger up from Rattail, yester-

"How'd he get up here,

"We've told Sam that, a

"All right, all right," Sam

"But, Sam," I said, "if he

ziano. This is his work .-- "

the first one to speak.

going to do?"

ing.'

Hand said.

day-"

tracks-"

day, John?"

"Sam!" I managed, and hid

with the murder as I am."

Chad-"

in my arms.

"No, no. Tell me. Mrs.

"Chad-" I began, but I

"There, there, Mary. Pour

put an arm around me.

# THE DESERT MOON **MYSTERY**

## BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

Our road-and it is that, since Sam had it graded himself, and pays for having it kept up-runs north, straight as a string, with Sam's fields and fences on one side of it, and sagebrush covered deserts on the other side of it, for ten miles to where it joins the Victory Highway. Sam has a sign at the junction with the highway; so no one has any reason for using this road unless he has business with the Desert Moon Ranch.

We drove to the highway before we turned around. We had come back about a mile, when the wind, that always ushers in a storm in these parts, came hawling up, blowing the sand and dust in thick clouds, jerking and snapping the sage and the greasewood, chasing and bouncing the tumbleweed balls. The sky turned black. The thunder growled, mean as a threat, in the distance.

John drove fast; but we barely made the ranch before the storm broke. When we came out of the garage doors, the first drops of rain, big as butter cookies, had begun to fall; and, just as we reached the front porch, the rain came pouring down as if all the sky were the nozzle of a big faucet and someone had turned it on, full force.

"This will bring her in," Sam said, as we ran up the steps. "She'll be there, high and dry, when we get in."

She was not. Chad and Hubert Hand had come in, and they acted as if, since we had set out to get news of Gaby. It was a wonder we had not done it. Martha was awake. and sobbing because she could not have the fireworks. Mrs. Ricker was showing a little last minute sense by hurrying around and getting the house closed against the storm. She should have done it when the wind first came up.

Sam went and touched a match to the fire, ready to be started, in the fireplace. I ran upstairs and closed the bedroom windows, and turned the fans off. I don't care for buzzing fans during one of our electrical storms. I had come downstairs, ready to take my rest, when I remembered the attic, with all its windows wide to the drenching rain.

My corns had been hurting me all day; so, Chad being handy, I asked him to go and close the attic. He went up the stairs, and almost at once came back to the head of them to call down that the attic door was locked.

One of my principles is, that if you ask a man to do anything about the house for you, you do it twice yourself. I thought, again, how true that was, as I went on my aching feet up the stairs to prove to him that the door was not locked, never had been locked, and, likely, never would be.

It was locked. Chad stood by, pleased as Punch, when it would not give to my shaking and pulling. He walked off, saying that he would see whether someone downstairs had locked it and had the key, or, if not, whether he could find another key to fit it.

I stood there waiting. I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief. There was a key. It fitted the lock. I opened the door.

About half way up the steps, Gaby was lying in a huddle of pink wrap. Her hat had fallen off. I thought that she was asleep. I spoke to her. She did not answer. I ran up the steps and put an arm around her, trying to lift her. Her head rolled to one side. I saw her throat. It was saffron color, with great blue black bruises at its base. I touched her swollen face. It was cold.

For an instant, my only sensation was one of violent

Overdone Grammar,

Heywood Brown, in The Nation.

leads us into error. For a month

I have kept careful but silent count and I find that "me" is almost never put in the wrong place. I am not scoring such over-technical errors as "It's me," for that, I hold, is notical to a propose the control of the

entirely permissible. Generally speaking there is a widespread popular belief that "me" is always essentially plebelan and vulgar. Mis-

takes arise in seeking to show off

with "I" and place it in spots where it by no means has the right to go. "It was so good of you to take Mac and I to supper," says the

It is the urge for elegance which

nausea. I tried to scream. My throat had closed. I must have shut my eyes, for I remember thinking that, if I did not open them, the dizziness would sweep me off into unconsciousness. I opened them. I saw, there on the red carpet of the steps, something that shocked my reeling senses into sanity. Dropped all over the bright beaded bag lying there, were the burned tobacco and the ashes from Sam's pipe.

All of my horror concentrated into a frantic desire to get those ashes cleared away so that no one else could see them. I shook them from the bag to the carpet. I brushed them from the carpet into my handkerchief. Just as I got to my feet from my knees, Chad came up.

'Call the others," I said. "Gaby is here-murdered." I stuffed the handkerchief

filled with ashes into my pocket, and, for the first and last time in my life, I fainted dead away.

#### CHAPTER XVII Suicide

The next thing that I knew I was lying on my back listening to someone screaming, above the voices of Sam and Mrs. Ricker. I realized that those awful sounds were coming from my own throat. I tried to stop them; but I could not. I put my hands to my throat to make it stop the noise. Sam's voice came, clear and strong then-real, like a light in the dark.

I sat straight up. The screams ceased. "What," I managed, "is the matter?"

"Everything on God's earth, that could be," Sam answered. "But Mary. Drink this, Get some sleep. Nothing to be done, now. We'll need you, tomorrow. Some water, Mrs.

He shock a powder in my mouth, Mrs. Ricker held a glass of water to my lips.

When I opened my eyes again, it was gray dawn. I saw that I was in Mrs. Ricker's room. She was sitting by the window tatting. Yes, tatting; darting the shuttle back and forth, back and forth, with her long, white fingers. I watched her for a full minute before memory seized me, and I cried out with the pain of it.

"Sh-h-h," she warned me, in a whisper. "You'll wake Martha. She is asleep on the couch."

I got out of bed, shook my skirts down and fastened my corsets under my dress. I felt in my pocket. The ball of handkerchief was still there. I went into the hall bathroom, washed my face and hands, and drained the last crumb of tobacco with the water out of the washbowl. I washed the handkerchief, scoured the bowl and went back to Mrs. Ricker's room.

As I opened the door, she warned me against waking Martha.

"Was the shock too much for her?" I asked, going and standing beside Mrs. Ricker so that we might talk in whispers. She stopped to pick a knot out of her thread before she answered me.

"I didn't allow her to go upstairs. She followed Chad out of the house and saw him shoot himself. He died within ten minutes. It was terrible for Martha I. had to hold her, while Sam gave her the nar-

"No, no," I protested. "What -what are you saying? Not Chad? What was it you said about Chad-"

"He walked out and shot himself, through the head." She pulled the thread looser on her shuttle.

I rushed out of the room, away from her. I staggered down the stairs into the

kitchen. Sam, Hubert Hand, and

beautiful blond from Mr. Ziegfeld's show. I hasten to add that the beautiful blond is entirely fictional. She exists, of course, but the author of this essay is not the "you" of the sentence. And she may add, "Between you and I she's a good kid and I would hate to see her go out with anybody who wasn't a per-fect gentleman."

Gladwys, you see, was frightened as a child by a grammar lesson. She didn't quite get the idea. It is her notion, and the notion of all the insufficiently educated, that there is something fundamentally coarse and crude about "me." It is not a lady's pronoun. And so Gladwys always strings along with "I" where there is any doubt and even if there isn't. This would not be the best of all possible worlds if every man from porter to president exchanged the morning's greetings in a finished Harvard accent. I suspect that life would be easier and more natural if nobody ever undertook to hold his fellows up to grammatical and lin-guistic perfection. In fact, if no more eyebrows were ever arched we night all speak with far more forthight vigor. The natural man will find his way more readily to elo-quent and truthful expression than

the one who lives in constant terror of the lash of ridicule. Some of the most fascinating talk-

water, worse. I've telegraphed to every town within two hundred miles of here. They are watching. I've 'phoned every ranch. I've kept that 'phone hot for six solid hours I've got posses at every water-

"Listen, Sam," I said. "You shouldn't have doped me up with that sleeping powder. Because, unless after he murdered her, he walked downstairs, with none of us seeing or hearing him, and into the living-room or the kitchen, and put the key in my pocket, Canneziano is not the guilty man."

Sam's pipe fell out of his mouth. I shivered. During all of his talk, I had clear forgotten about those pipe ashes dropped all over the beaded

It was Hubert Hand who put the question to me about the key. He made me fee! guilty. My explanation to them that the key had been in the pocket of my dress, the dress I had been wearing since morning yesterday, had the feeling of a confession.

"Still," Hubert Hand said when I had finished, "that does not, necessarily, disprove Sam's theory. If Cannezianc was let out of prison in time to get here yesterday, he could have murdered her, as Sam insists, and he could have given the key to some of us to put in your pocket. Chad, for instance, or-"

"No!" Sam thundered. "That boy, I tell you, is as innocent as I am."

The telephone bell rang. Hubert Hand and John followed Sam into the living room. I stayed where I was. ? had to have a minute to think. The ashes on the bag? The key in my pocket? Sam?

"Mary Magin," I told myself, "for twenty-five years, ever since Sam Stanley took you, a snivelling, pride-broken deserted bride, into his house, and gave you a chance to make a life for yourself, you have never seen him do 3 mean trick to man, woman, child, or beast. You never even heard of a questionable not an unkind action of his. And you never will, for the simple reason that the ingredients for anything but honor and decency aren't in him. If they were, he would not be San Stanley, any more than bean soup would be bean soup if it was made out of gooseberries and ginger. That being the one certainty you have, at this minute, you had better hang on to it tight; stop thinking and guessing; keep your mouth shut; and you won't go far wrong. Good resolutions are easy to make. So is lemon meringue. Both are almost impossible to keep.

I went right on thinking. It Sam, I thought, had found it necessary to murder Gabrielle Canneziano, he had probably done it to keep something worse from happening Sickened at myself, for that thought, I found another way

of thinking, not much better It did seem to me remembering the pipe ashes on tor of the bag, that Sam must have been there on the stairs at some time after she had been murdered and before ! had found her. He must, ther be keeping some secret concerning the murder. It did look as if, considering his talk he must be shielding the murderer, with every ounce of his horse-sense and ingenuity, both of which he had plenty. But who would he shield to that extent? Chad alive or dead? No. Martha! Yes. But Martha could not have done it. John? Not unless there was something to it than one of us dreamed of Hubert Hand, or Mrs. Ricker? No. Danny? I thought not

Myself? I couldn't be sure. The men came back into the kitchen. Sam looked ten years older than he had looked ter

minutes before. "It was San Quentin," he said to me. "Canneziano was positively not released from there until nine o'clock yesterday morning."

"That," I said, "lets him out."

(TO B. CONTINUED) ers I know are men and women with scarcely a shred of grammar, Sucely it is more important to talk in a wise and interesting manner than to speak correctly. "Why not do to speak correctly. "Why not do both?" you suggest. It can be done but there are barriers. Too great a preoccupation with form is apt to

### And Every Hour, Too

From Tit-Bits.

war against the substance.

"Did your husband follow my directions? Did he take the medicine "I'm afraid he didn't, doctor. In fact, he swore every time I gave him a dose.

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

BEST VEGETABLES If you have ever wished for some guiding hand to help you to select the best varieties of vegetables for crowing in your state and the surrounding territory, as you turned through the richly illustrated catalogs of the seedsmen and read the growing accounts of excellence in growing accounts of excellence in quality and yield of each and every vegetable obtainable, here is some help for you. Is your choice bush beans? Well, then, select Pencil Pod Black Wax or Wardwell's Kidney Wax for wax or yellow podded varieties and Bountiful or Stringless Green Pod for the green podded Green Pod for the green podded kinds. Kentucky Wonder Wax and Kentucky Wonder are the recom-mended pole beans. Burpee Im-proved Bush, Fordhooks Bush and Henderson's Bush obviously are the bush limas, while the following are the pole limas, King of the Garden Pole, Early Leviathan Pole and Car-pinteria Pole. Lina beans require a longer growing season than ordinary beans and pole limas need a longer maturing season than the bush limas. All of us are interested in the best in tomatoes and cabbage. There is a wide selection possible in tomato varietics, The recommended sorts in-clude Bonny Best, Earliana, Mar-globe, Stone, John Baer and Greater Baltimore. Two tomatoes deer Baltimore. Two tomatoes designated as wilt-resistant are Marglobe and Marvelosa. The former is a red one and the latter pink in color. As for cabbage, choose Copenhagen Market, Golden Acre and early Jersey Wakefield for early cabbage. Late Flat Dutch and Danish Baltheed are good late cabbages. Bailhead are good late cabbages. Carrots, beets and turnips find a place in every garden. And how much more enjoyable they are if the best varieties are planted. Satisfactory carrots are Chantenay, Ox-Heart, Danver's Half-long and Amsterdam Coreless. Choose either Crosby's Egyptian or Detroit Dark Red beets for the table and for pickling. Purple Top White Globe, Purple Top Strap Leaf, Early Milan and Early White Flat Dutch are the names of the best turnips. Per-Ballhead are good late cabbages the names of the best turnips. Per-haps parsnips should have been added to this list, therefore we men-

tion Hollow Crown and Guernsey

PROFITABLE LATE LAMBS

Corn belt farmers who are handling farm flocks appreciate fully the ing farm flocks appreciate fully the advantage which early lambs have on the spring market. In some sections late lambs, particularly those born in April and May, are neither desirable nor wanted. They come too late to be marketed in May and June, when the price is best for spring lamb, and stomach worms and extreme heat make summer feeding unprofitable. But out in the feeding unprofitable. But out in the short-grass country, which lies be-tween the corn belt and the ranges, the late April and May lambs have found considerable favor with many farmers. Feed crops are not always certain in the short grass country. Should a feed crop be raised the late lambs are ready by harvest time to utilize the crop to good advantage. Should the crop be a failure the owner has feeder lambs for the country when a good demand sale at a time when a good demand exists for them. Late lambs have many advantages over early lambs in such sections. Ewes carrying late lambs can be wintered more nomically with regard to both feed and housing. Creep feeding of lambs is not necessary, as the lambs can be easily grown on their mothers' milk and grass. The short grass country is more arid than the east-ern sections of the country and as such is not as susceptible to the rav-ages of stomach worms. Heat does not affect such lambs to a great extent because they are not on fattening feeds. The successful opera-tion of a flock under such a plan suggests the use of hardly fine-wool ewes and the same kind of pure-bred mutton rams of good type and quality that are used in the corn belt for the production of the early lamb. The small flock of 50 to 150 ewes is impractical under this method because the distance from market demands that the economical movement of the lambs, either as feeders or when finished, be made in carloads lots. Many farmers are using this general plan with con-

NIGHT SPRAYING Spraying at night is not a pleas-nt task but may sometimes be necessary. Information provided by the spray service and other agencies of the various states has to a large extent defined the time limits for effective spraying. This information often shows the time effective spraying to be surprisingly short. Unfortunately rain or wind frequently restrict the time when spraying may be done to even narrower limits of time than those prescribed by the spray service. In order to insure himself against variable weather conditions the grower is forced either to provide himself with extra equipment for spraying or to double up on the use of his available equipment. Many growers have solved this problem by srpaying at night as well as during the day. By the aid of good lights furnished by some of the more powerful headlights the task of directing the spray be-comes almost as easy as it is in the daytime. In orchards where the contour of the land is fairly level and the surface not too rough, night spraying seems entirely feasible. Some growers in the middle west and other sections are using this means to keep down the overhead cost which would result from the installation of extra equipment.

siderable success.

TWO-WAY FARM INCOME A switch to beef production is one of the remedies proposed for the increasing butter storage. Over much of the corn belt dairy herds have displaced beef cattle during the last five years, dairy expansion having been accelerated by remunerative prices for cream. A partial switch to beef on a yearling basis could be made with celerity and economy by putting beef-bred bulls into some dairy bergs, thereby cutting down dairy herds, thereby cutting down milk production and putting farm revenue on a two-way basis. cent experiments demonstrate that the progency of Angus bulls and Holstein cows make creditable fat yearlings at the 700 to 800 pound stage where dairy conformation is

MAN'S VALUE IN EGGS

One authority says a man is composed of the same ingredients eggs are made of and that the analysis are made of and that the analysis of one average man equals the analysis of 1,200 eggs. Another authority says 1,000 eggs. There is a difference in the sizes of men and eggs. There is no way of making a bad egg better. It's at its best just as the hen lays it in a clean nest. The poultryman only has to keep it clean and send it to market with eggs of its own size and color in an attractive carton appropriately labeled. That's the poultryman's luck—his product is as good as it can be without his putting his hand on it. Eggs are a finished product. If cess butter production could checked and rurther depletion beef supply arrested. The experiments have been solely with Angus bulls, but a Shorthorn or Hereford cross would serve the same purpose. Adoption of this policy would check the sacrifice of innumerable milk cows of the boarder type that do not pay for their feed at the pail, but give sufficient milk to feed a calf susceptible of development into a fat yearling worth round \$100 to the butcher. The major problem in corn belt agriculture is utilization of annual production of pasture cured roughage and coarse grains, the urban outlet for hay and oats having practically vanished. Resource to this method of curbing swelling milk production will create a job for cows that must otherwise be sacrificed, will utilize farm products such as hay and coarse grains, and will create for Angus, Short-horn and Hereford bulls a demand that has all but disappeared in con-sequence of liquidation of the range cattle industry.

BEST SELLING ASPARAGUS Many an asparagus grower can get an additional 50 cents pre crate by using more care in grading. First of all, a suitable container for your market. Practically all markets now show a decided preference for the pyramid crate containing one dozen two-pound bunches. Most large shippers mark "Net weight two pounds' on their wrappers or labels but actually pack them to weigh two and a half pounds, and apparently it pays to have the overweight bunches. Sizing is highly important as there is a big premium on large asparagus. The sizes in the bunches should be kept uniform and then bunches of the same sized stalks should be packed together in the same crate. According to the Unit-ed States department of agriculture grades, Very Small means stalks of less than one quarter inch in diameter; Small means one quarter to nine sixteenth inches. Medium means nine sixteenth to three quarter inches. The Large grade sells for double the price of the small. Ungraded asparagus packed loose in the crate without being bunched sells for relatively low prices. Strange as is may seem, producers still persist in sending muddy asparagus to market, although it is almost certain to reduce prices from 50 to 75 cents per crate. Although canners prefer white asparagus the fresh market has shown an ever increasing preference for green asparagus in recent years and other things being equal the greenest asparagus will outsell the white, purplish or partly green.

POULTRYMEN, READ THIS During the last seven years many experiment stations have been exposing glass substitutes to very rigid tests. These studies have been made from the two-fold standpoint of actual value in poultry raising and correct installation for years of service. The tests have proved that these window materials have a very beneficial effect upon growth; in preventing leg weakness in baby chicks; on hatchability; increasing egg production and health in the laying flocks. The reason for these benericial results is found in the fact that reliable glass substitutes let through the ultra-violet rays of sunlight which glass and many other materials keep out. In their studies, the experiment stations have found that glass substitutes years of service when proper instal-lations are made. They have also found that these materials wear out if needlessly exposed to summer weather when glass substitutes are not needed. In bulletins issued by these stations, recommendations are made that where the glass substitutes are made in a wire mesh base, they should be tacked to frames so hinged that they are always in a vertical position. These frames should be hinged to swing in and to the side, or up under the roof, or they should slide down into a box arrangement in front or in back of the openings. Excellent ventilating conditions are thus provided, and at the same time the glass substitutes are given adequate protec-tion when not in use. Poultry keepers who can not follow these suggestions should remove the frames dur-ing the summer months and store them under cover.

STICK TO PROVED SIRE As a rule, when a sire has been used in a dairy herd for two years, it is sold to the butcher. Frequently, this results in making one of the most serious mistakes that can be made in building up a high producing herd. If you are trying to improve your dairy cows through the grading process, you should be con-stantly on the lookout for an old bull, one that has been used long enough for his daughters to have proved themselves to be better producers than their dams. An old bull is not necessarily better than a young one, but if he is healthy and manageable, has a good pedigree, and his daughters have proved themselves to be better producers than their dams, one runs no risk in buying such a sire. He has proved what he can do, and may be confidently relied upon to repeat his past performances. A young buil of equally good pedigree may prove equal to the old, but there is no givarantee of that. This is why an old bull, if he can qualify as a sire of high producing daughters, should be sought and bought by those who are anxious to improve their herds as rapidly as possible. Don't discriminate against such a bull even if he is four or five years old. Keep on the lookout for his kind. Very often such bulls can be bought at a low price, and some people shy at them for that very reason. Never hesitate to buy a well bred, bull that has proved his value as a breeder, provided, of course, he is healthy and of reasonably good dis-

INTERESTING DAIRY FACT Many records on the performance of dairy herds show that the feed cost of keeping the dairy cow is almost invariably 55 per cent of the total cost of supporting her.

they are fresh, they are salable, or rather, in these days of cold storage marvels, if they taste fresh, they are and advertise themselves and their grower. Eggs are a recom-mended food for deficiency diseases Doctors order them for everybody. It would be interesting to know what changes in the demand for eggs would come about if poultrymen knew as well how to advertise their producct as the patent medicine manufacturers know.

WHY NOT APPLY IT A dressing of fine manure applied to the lawn will improve the grass