BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE



Beware of Imitations

GENUINE Bayer Aspirin, the kind that doctors prescribe and mil-Dons of users have proven safe for over thirty years, can easily be identified by the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe and sure; always the same. It has the unqualified endorcement of physicians and druggists everywhere. It does not depress the heart. No harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

Headaches	Neuritis
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Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid.

Overdue

Tourist-What's all the excitement?

Native-Everybody claims it's about time for something to happen in this town.

A big word may attract attention to your thought when a little word won't.

Few men are wise enough to render one little word sufficient.



THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

Sam said. "Through. Finished."

"Just the same," Hubert Hand replied, "there are a lot of answers that are going to have to be given, sooner or later. You heard Mrs. Ricker say that I was Martha's father-"

"Never mind that, now, Hand," Sam interrupted. "I've known, since the first week you came to the ranch, that there was, or had been, something between you two. You'd been her lover, I suppose. Well -men do. That's all. I never went around thinking you, nor any man, was a plaster saint. I reckon you deserted her, eh? And treated her like hell, generally. And she found a refuge here. And, later, probably, heard that you were in trouble, and sent you a letter and told you to come here. Put you wise about the chess racket. Helped you. Made a refuge for you. Women do.

"I suppose she slipped poor Martha in, in place of the child she'd got from the orphanage-used the same papers. Well-to keep on repeating myself, mothers do. You and she have both lived straight and acted decent for the years you've been here. If the two of you want to keep on living in this hell-hole, and keep on straight and acting decent, you'll get the same treatment from me you've always got. If you are Martha's parents, that's more reason, not less, for my not wanting to break up our family here, or make trouble for either one of you."

Hubert Hand pushed back his chair, got up, and walked to the window. "By God, but you're a white man, Sam! he said. "You're so damn white that you make every one around you look yellow as sulphur by contrast.

"I'm done with questions," | dying, we could likely have saved her. We'll never get any place with this thing. Nobody will. Look at us, messing around with a lot of damn fool clues, and suspicions, telling one lie to cover anotherlike a batch of gossiping old grannies, while Martha was lying there, dying. And me growling and snarling at her all afternoon. I'm a fool. I'm a damn sight worse-I'm an an old fool. A girl got killed on the Desert Moon Ranch. A boy killed himself for love of her. The killer got clean away. So far as I'm concerned, it is going to rest there. I'm closing the book. Soon as I can, I'll sell out the damn place. lock, stock and barrel."

"That doesn't go for me, dad." John said. "And I think you'll change your mind. I'm not willing to go on the rest of my life with half a dozen people thinking that I killed Gabrielle. No sir, not with one person thinking it. Hubert Hand seems to be in a sort of sentimental mood, right now. How long's he going to stay that way? When he gets over it, what's he going to do with the club he has in his hand? Nothing? Maybe. Depends on how much he might need some cash, sometime in the future." Hubert said, "I'm no damn

blackmailer." "What did you serve your second term in prison for?" "None of your busines."

"All right."

"No. Hold on, I'll tell you. It's up to me to tell things to-day, and I'm telling them. It was forgery, all right; but, like I was much to blame. I'd just the same, I don't feel, yet, gotten in with a rotten crowd, and-"

"Never mind. Let it go at that. Here's another thing, dad. Danny honestly believes that, someway or other, you are mixed up in this thing.

have been trying to reach a decision. I have reached it. I

> have come here to confess." CHAPTER XXXIII

Another Confession Before I came to the Desert Moon—" she began but Hubert Hand stopped her.

"Never mind, Ollie. No need confessing, as you say, any of that. Sam knows all about us. He'd guessed it, or most of it, years ago. I've just now told him the rest. It is all right with him. I mean-he realizes it's all long past. He thinks, as I do, that the best thing we can do is to forget it; as he says, keep on living straight and decent."

"Do you know all of our story?" Mrs Ricker lifted her faded eyes to Sam.

"Enough," Sam sort of sighed. "I don't care about details. All but-I was kind of wondering what became of the brown-eyed baby, named Vera, who the papers from the orphanage were made out for." "I found her a home with

the mother and father of one of the nurses in the hospital. They thought that she was my own child. They loved her, and were kind to her. Until she died, during the influenza epidemic in San Francisco, in 1918, I sent half of my salary to them, for her, each month."

"I always knew you were a good woman," Sam said. "Now what do you say we forget it, let by-gones be by-gones?"

"No," said Mrs. Ricker "Martha did not kill Gaby, as you think she did, Sam. I killed her."

Sam dropped his pipe.

There was another of those dead, awful silences.

"The guilt," Mrs. Ricker went on, "is entirely mine, All of my life I have been cursed with an abnormal jealousy, and with the violent temper that usually accompanies such jealousy. Martha, you all know, possessed both of these traits—a heritage from her mother-without the balancing power of an adult mind." She turned to Hubert Hand. "Have you told about Nina Ziegelman?"

"No," he spoke sharply. "I wouldn't, Ollie. No need-"

"But I would," she said, and continued, more rapidly. "About four months before Martha was born a woman named Nina Ziegelman betrayed us - Hubert and me. I had given her a confidence, and she betrayed it. When I found what she had done I went to her hotel room and tried to kill her. I did not succeed. I shot her; but she recovered. For many reasons, of their own, she and her friends proffered no charges against me. I went free. But I had marked Martha for murder. She was powerless against it; as powerless as she would have been against any evil physical inheritance. She can't be blamed. No one could dare blame her for that. It was I, who planted those seeds of violence, jealousy, hatred, and murderous intent, who killed Gabrielle. Martha was only the helpless instrument." I was sorry that there was eagerness, mixed with the pity in John's voice, as he asked, "Did Martha tell you that she committed the murder?" "No. Other parental heritages of hers were a lying tongue, and slyness. She persisted in her denials, to me. But it is all so evident. "Gabrielle joined Martha at the rabbit hutch. You know how one sits down on one's heels to peer in at the rabbits in the low hutch. I think Gaby must have been squatting, so, when Martha jumped at her and overpowered her. Martha was strong, you know. Her hands were very strong. You remember, Mary, how she could open fruit jars that neither you nor I could budge? She had hated Gaby ever since Gaby had come. Martha had said to me, dozens of times, that someday she thought she would kill Gaby. "The marks on her throat, I thought, and so did the coroner, looked as if she had been caught by someone who had been standing behind her. Seized unawares, it would press intense surprise and are posi-

tive they could not possibly have told you, that you have confused them with somebody else.

As a general rule vague people

marry people who are not vague. And then for the rest of their lives

they are called to the telephone in

the midst of interesting parties and

told to come home at once as din-

ner has been on the table half an

hour. But when vague people mar-

ry vague people they have no set

hour for meals and instead simply

eat when they are hungry. They forget to collect the laundry and send it off, so that they do not have clean things when they need

not take long to strangle a person. Martha must nave done it in two or three minutes. She took the bracelet then, rolled the body under the clump of berry bushes, right there, and came straight into the house.

"She showed no feeling of guilt, because she had none. At that moment, we should all have suspected something. We should have known that girl would not, suddenly have given Martha the bracelet. Later, she told you about it, didn't she Sam? And you left Chad in the barn, to hoodwink Hubert, and came up and hid the body for her?"

"By God, I did not," Sam said.

"No need to deny it, now, Sam," she said. "It was the deed of a good man. Martha was never responsible-but courts might not have understood. Now we will all shield her-keep her secret. Chad's confession will satisfy the world. Danny must know, I suppose; but no one else need ever know-"

"But I tell you-" Sam shouted.

I don't know how, without raising her voice, she made it sound through his shouting, and silence it, but she did. "Sam don't. Why can't we be honest, now, among ourselves? You see, I know that both you and Martha were on those stairs when the body was put there-"

My thoughts jumped out into words. "Chad must have known it, too. He must have decided that he'd rather die than betray either Sam or Martha."

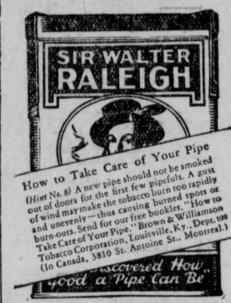
"He might have thought it,' Sam said, with a lack of emphasis that edged stupidity "He could not have known it It is not true."

"Mrs. Ricker," John ques tioned, "what makes you think that dad and Martha had both been on the stairs?"

"Sam's pipe ashes wer strewn about. And there was an old tatting shuttle, with which I had been trying to teach Martha to tat, that morning. She had it in her pocket. It must have dropped out. I think that Mary tried to clean the pipe ashes away They were gone when I sav the body the second time.] should have tried to do it, but I didn't think. I had no time I was frantic with fear. "Wait," she answered ou looks and our exclamations of astonishment. "I will explain Martha and I, as you know were alone here in the house while the rest of you were out looking for Gaby. Martha was sleepy. I was worried about her sleeping so much, and tried all sorts of ways to keep her awake until bed time. I kept sending her out to look at the sky, to see whether a storm was coming to spoil her fireworks. She would run out and right in again, to curl or the davenport and try to sleep. Finally, though, she stayed outside, for a long time. But for Sam's pipe ashes, I would think that then she had managed to drag the body upstair: by herself. Still-though I believe that she did have strength enough to move the body, I do not believe that she would have had wits enough "When the wind rose, 1 looked first for Martha. I called her several times before she answered. Finally she came around the house from the direction of the rabbit hutch, again. Surely, you must have noticed, as I did, that she had seemed strangely excited during all the late afternoon and early evening. At the time I thought it was because she had been given the monkey charm, and because she was to have the fireworks.



T'S utterly unfair, of course. But if a man will smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant - yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-sniffer. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleighas you'll discover when you try it.



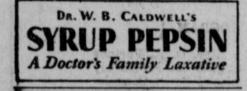
O'NEILL FRONTIER

There May be Poison in YOUR Bowels!

STEP out tomorrow morning with the fresh buoyancy and briskness that comes from a clean intestinal tract. Syrup Pepsin-a doctor's prescription for the bowels-will help you do this. This compound of fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other pure ingredients will clean you out thoroughly-without griping, sickening or discomfort.

Poisons absorbed into the system form souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue: foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drug stores sell.



Just Sister

The Sunday school teacher noticed Jerry enter the room hand in hand with a little girl. "Who's your little friend?" she asked.

"Aw, she's not my friend," replied Jerry. "She's my sister."

Scandai continues to be the fashlonable society game.

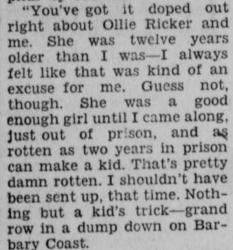


burn, nausea, sick headache, bilious. Promptly restores good appetite and digestion, and regular,

Ends thorough elimination.

DYSPEPSIA/

good Quickly;



"My mother was dead. My dad was | a high-hatter. He went back on me, cold, after that. Found my room locked when I went home. I went back to Ollie. She kept me pretty straight for a while. I ought to have married her, and I know it, before the kid was born. But she was so tealous that she made life a living hell for me. I-well, I wouldn't marry her.

"It was her fault that I got sent up the second time. She talked to a girl friend of hers, and the girl snitched. Up to that time, I think that Ollie Ricker talked more than any living woman. She took a vow, the day they got me, that she'd never speak an unnecessary word again in her life. I'll say she's kept that vow pretty well. I wish to God I'd taken the same vow, before I shot my mouth off about John, the other day."

"You don't think that I did it, then?" I wished John could have seemed less eager.

"On the square," Hubert answered, "I don't see who else could have done it. That makes no never minds. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut, on account of Sam-

"Leave me out of it," Sam growled, "and forget it. Forget the whole damn thing, if you can. I'm through. If I hadn't been so busy playing the fool while Martha was

Vague People.

From Baltimore Sun. The world is full of vague people. They call you up to ask if you did not say half past 7 on Thursday when, as a matter of fact you said 7 on Wednesday. And then, as like-ly as not, they will turn up on the wrong day.

Vague people know in a general way where you live and are sure they can get there. But a few min-utes after the time you expect them they call from a drug store to say they are about two miles out of the They describe rather vaguely way. location of the drug store and how to reach

We can't marry, with a thing like that between us. I guess it doesn't make any difference in the way we feel toward each other; but it makes a barrier, just the same, that will have to come down before we marry. I haven't talked it over, exactly, with Dan, but I'm dead certain she feels the same way I do about it."

"You think Danny is coming back here, then?" Hubert questioned.

"How do you mean?" "I'm not looking for her to come back-that's all."

"You're crazy with the heat. They read a telegram to me, not an hour ago, saying that she'd get in on number Twenty-one Friday afternoon. "I'll bet she's not on it."

"Say, Hand-"

"Keep your shirt on, John. We all know that Danny is innocent of the crime, and that she is a good little scout -a lot better than Gaby was, if not half as charming and attractive. But-she knows more than she wishes to know. She knows more than she's going to tell. Maybe more than she can tell, in safety. For the love of Mike, folkscouldn't you see that she had some reason for working up that case against Sam? Cutting it out of whole cloth. If she'd been trying to shield John, do you think she'd have used Sam for that purpose? Not on your life she wouldn't have, she'd have pinned it on me, or Mrs. Ricker, or even on Mary. She did try to pin it on Chad-"

Mrs. Ricker came tottering into the room. Sam jumped to meet her, and helped her over to his own big chair at the head of the table.

She leaned forward, her long black-sleeved arms stretched straight in front of her over the white cloth, her hands clenched into fists. "For hours," she said, "I

there. After that in all probability they return to their motor car to discover that the starter will not start or they have run out of gas. Misfortunes of that kind always attend vague people, but they do not

seem to care. Vague people often hear interesting pieces of gossip. But they cannot quite recall who told them, And then they are not certain that the gossip is about the persons whose names they have atta hed it to. Then they are always reading things somewhere, but do not remember just where they read them When, later, you remind them of what they have told you, they ex(TO B) CONTINUED)

GEORGIA COW SETS RECORD Athens, Ga. - (AP) - Yielding 707.42 pounds of butterfat and 15,-490 pounds of milk, Raleigh's Zilla, Jersey cow owned by J. C. Wooldridge, has just completed the highest butterfat production record ever made by a 12-year-old cow in Georgia. The test covered a period of 265 days.

them and have to go out and buy new ones. And their children's clothes are pathetic and everyone feels sorry for the children, whose constitutions are being undermined through their sitting up until all hours. But the children rather like that sort of vagueness.

Vague people are very irritating and give others any amount of trouble. But it is impossible to get angry with them, because they are so good-natured and do almost anything for you except give up their vagueness.

South Carolina ranks second ir the nacking of oyster

IT'S 15¢-and milder

Which Ones?

Customer-"How much does this fish weigh?" Clerk-"I don't know. Look at the scales."

Make dresses bright as new!

DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; NEW. Never a trace of that redyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes owe their superiority to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make. Surely. But you pay no more for them. All drug stores-

Diamond Dyes Highest Quality for 50 Years

Impossible Task

You can't blame a woman for feeling her husband is unreasonable when he insists on her loving him as he does himself. That's one thing a woman can't do-even with a hairpin.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some persons simply cannot save a dollar; and it is doubly unfortunate if they are men.



effective in smaller doses SAFE SCIENTIFIC,

Had Him Guessing "How old are you, my little man?" "I don't know. Mother was twentysix when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

Sometimes

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." "Gets very smooth, though."-Louisville Courier-Journal.



