

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

The Prime Minister nodded. "Certainly. I feel sure that I am voicing the thoughts of everyone present when I say that we, as the rulers of this country, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to you, Mr. Chipstead. Now, please."

The Secret Service free-lance took up his tale untroubled.

"One of the reasons why I have hazarded the guess that Jarvis Stark is mad," he resumed, "is because, my cousin being a rather well-known alienist on the other side, I have been able to dabble somewhat extensively in the subject myself. Of course, I do not pretend to be a mental specialist, but Jarvis Stark during the past few weeks has afforded me many glimpses into his mind; there were certain unmistakable signs."

"But, gentlemen, I will not weary you with information that really belongs to a medical textbook, and which you will hear later from your own experts. Instead I will come to facts."

"Naturally, when my friend Sir Robert Heddingley asked me some weeks ago to give him what help might be possible in this perplexing affair, which had already assumed very grave proportions, I was anxious to do what I could. That it was not an ordinary criminal with whom we had to deal was apparent. I early realized that the person directing this campaign of systematic blackmail was a man highly placed himself. He was a man who moved in circles where the most exclusive information could be obtained."

"This conclusion was forced home to me by the fact that, only a few hours after I had received Sir Robert's confidence, a warning not to interfere in the matter was delivered at my flat."

"Calling at Scotland Yard the following day, I made a rather queer discovery. Whilst talking to the Deputy Commissioner a clerk entered the room and placed some type-written documents on his desk. Although not wishing to be inquisitive, I could not help noticing that the machine used for these reports was fitted with the type known as elite. Now, although machines fitted with this type are very common in the United States, not many English business men employ them. I believe also that such machines are not favored in your Government offices?"

"The Home Secretary spoke for his colleagues."

"That is so."

"There were two other coincidences which made me regard those reports with some significance," continued Chipstead. "One was that the letter w was out of alignment, and the second that a green ribbon had been used." He paused to look around the room, and then added: "In the unusual communication I received some hours previously the machine used had been fitted with elite type, a green ribbon utilized, and the letter w in the word 'warning' was out of alignment."

"If this story of mine was taken from fiction instead of real life," said Chipstead, after another pause, "you would all say that the detective in the case had blundered in a miraculous fashion upon the very clue he wanted. But my experience goes to show that in crime the most obvious facts are generally the most misleading ones. The coincidence I have mentioned were, in a way, somewhat remarkable, but it would have

been ridiculous for me to have assumed that, in the whole of London, there was only one typewriter which could produce the similarities mentioned.

"What interested me more than the typescript on his desk was Jarvis Stark himself. The man, I had always heard, was odd in his manner, but his behavior that morning was so peculiar that I could not help retaining the memory."

"After leaving the building, an idea, so bizarre as to be credible in only the most sensational novel, came to me: what man in London was in a better position to become a blackmailer on a high plane than a Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard?"

"You gentlemen will remember the case of the Austrian Colonel Redl, who shot himself a few years ago," went on the speaker, after astonishing the company with his last sentence. "Colonel Redl, you will recall, was a very highly placed officer in the Austrian Intelligence, who used his position to sell his nation's secrets. I happened to be in Vienna at the time of his arrest, and it was through receiving a postcard from a friend now living in that city that the idea I have mentioned first assumed definite shape in my mind."

"I had to keep this startling suggestion entirely to myself; I dared not tell even Sir Robert. But during the weeks that followed I never allowed the possibility, that the man I was after might be Jarvis Stark, to escape my notice."

"I will not waste time by narrating how I kept Stark under constant supervision, but after a while it became plain to me that he must be the directing force behind this gang of crooks."

"It was an extraordinary discovery to make, but I waited because I wanted absolute proof. Bit by bit I obtained this, until it became perfectly clear that an outwardly respectable Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard was also an exceedingly dangerous criminal, who, within a few months, had gained such a hold over the underworld that he was the recognized 'big noise' of crime. For the explanation of this phenomenon you must listen to your experts."

"Did the man Juhl know who Stark really was?" asked a listener.

"No. Stark used the deep cunning of the unbalanced man. No one employed by him succeeded in penetrating his disguise. His chief hold over those who worked under him was that he could utilize his power as a police official to have them arrested if they tried to trick him."

"And do you seriously think that it was Stark who hounded poor Ferraby to death?" the Premier inquired.

"I have no doubt, as I have already said," replied Chipstead, "that Jarvis Stark was the power behind this campaign. He confined himself to blackmail, however. The scheme of attempting to terrorize the whole Government through the new disease belonged to Juhl."

The Home Secretary drummed with his fingers on the arms of the chair.

"I think you will agree, sir," he said, looking at the Prime Minister, "that it was a good idea in the circumstances to leave the investigation in the hands of the

Intelligence people. Heddingley, we are much indebted to you."

"There's the man who must have the credit," the Secret Service chief replied, pointing to Chipstead. "As a matter of fact, I was completely in the dark myself principally because I was given so little information which was of any value."

The Prime Minister rose. "We will not pursue the subject further," he announced; "the affair has been exceedingly unpleasant. Once again, Mr. Chipstead, allow me to thank you on behalf of the Cabinet."

"There are just three things I should like to know, Chipstead," Creighton and the Secret Service free-lance were walking down Whitehall. "The first is, why did Stark kill Sir Simon Baste?"

"Because the millionaire refused to pay him blackmail. Baste had had a very speckled past, but he felt himself to be sufficiently strongly entrenched in the good opinion of his fellowmen to resist the demands. But in the end he paid—with his life."

"And do you think that Juhl first approached me because he wished to have a cat's paw for murder?"

"Quite likely. In fact, looking back, that is the most probable reason why he telephoned you. Of course—with a grim smile—he never intended to pay you that five thousand pounds."

"Why did Stark betray himself in his own house?"

"Because he must have had a sudden brain storm. His plans had miscarried, he knew the end was approaching, and seeing you was the final straw. But why worry? The gang is broken up now, and you are a free man. The girl Xavia is to be deported, and the scandal of Hathway Steers will be hushed up. I had the news this morning that he died from a heart attack. There would seem to be nothing to prevent you now from being quite happy."

Two hours later Creighton walked with Margery Steers in the peaceful garden of Roughmoor.

As they turned the corner, the sun came out from behind a cloud and shone full upon them.

To them both, as they stood silent, it was a symbol: from the darkness they had passed into the light.

The End

Montana Hunters Had Good Season for Elk

Great Falls, Mont. — (UP) — Five hundred and fifty elk, most of them old bulls, and 98 deer were killed by 1,275 hunters in the Sun river district this year, according to a report by Forest Ranger Ben Martin and deputy State Game Warden Bruce Neal. Two hundred and fifty-nine of the elk killed were bulls, 240 cows and 51 calves.

Queen of the Sun



It is only fitting that the Queen of Sunshine should warm the world with the sunny smile she displays here. She is Miss Anita Perry, of New York, who was recently crowned queen in the annual selection of its reigning beauty by the senior class of the Miami Beach, Fla., High School.

Airways' President Predicts Air Liners

St. Louis — (UP) — Air transport that carry 20 or more and travel more than 200 miles an hour within two years are predicted by Lester D. Seymour, new president of the American Airways Inc.

Airplane travel has increased steadily during the past few years despite the decrease in other means of travel, Seymour said, and predicted the next few years would witness an even greater pick-up in airplane travel.

Living Proof.

From Hummel, Hamburg. "How long can a man live without brains?" "Well, you'll soon be forty-two."

WILDS TO LOSE AGED SECRETS

Tulsa, Okla. — (UP) — Hugh Davis, young Tulsa naturalist, will see unusual animal life in the African wilds from the air as a member of the latest Martin Johnson exploring expedition to the Dark Continent.

Davis, assistant director of Tulsa's zoological gardens before joining the expedition, will operate a new type of electric still camera from planes carried by Johnson. Photographs of African animal and native life heretofore impossible will be obtainable by aerial photography, the Johnsons believe.

Besides Davis, the Johnsons will be accompanied by Robert Moreno, son of Antonio Moreno, film star; Arthur J. Sanial, sound camera engineer, and two pilots. The flying equipment will be a 12-place Sikorsky amphibian and a smaller five-passenger plane.

Davis said the Johnsons expect to penetrate regions hitherto closed to exploration because of the inaccessibility of the country and the hostility of the natives. The party expects to be gone two years, living in their planes most of the time.

YOUR CHILDREN

By Olive Roberts Barton

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TRAIN THE BOYS IN COOKING
Co the boys are learning to cook. The paper carried a whole page of pictures recently of high school boys in caps and aprons, bending over biscuit pans and mixing bowls.

I do think there is one mistake about all this. If you want to make a real cook out of anybody you've got to catch 'em young. Not at an age when anything out of the prescribed routine will be approached with self-consciousness or even disgust.

However, they are learning in spite of themselves. And what does this tell us? That the inevitable has happened. If women are compelled to go out and make a living in the business world, it is quite as fateful that men will on occasion have to assume domestic responsibility.

It's a Good Thing

Nothing ever happens until the times say, "It has to be done." Then we get busy and start a new wrinkle.

To be less facetious, this matter of men knowing about cooking is about the best thing that can happen. If I were the domestic science teacher I should include a course in baby feeding, too, scalding milk, boiling bottles, cooking cereals three hours and straining them, making custards and junket, codding eggs, fixing orange juice and tomato juice, and concocting that old stand-by when fevers come up, orange juice and strained white of eggs, known as orange albumen.

And then let them clean up the mess, brush out bottles and boil them, scrape out strainers and scald them, learn to do everything the girls are learning to do these days, and that young mothers bend their weary backs over day after day.

Because you never can tell what may happen. The world is full of young fathers today with sick or employed wives who find themselves utterly helpless in looking after the baby.

Must Face Facts

It is too bad that men have to turn to these things. I am not one who thinks the male is at his best or happiest doing housework and playing nursemaid.

But what we have to face are facts. Facts tell us that when things are in utter chaos as they are, now with unemployment, or illness, or both, it's a case of catch as catch can. If mama happens to have landed a job and papa can't get a thing, it is up to him to act as holder-down-of-the-house, pro tem at least.

These boys are probably thinking, "Oh, heck! How silly! We'll never need to cook."

We hope not, but who knows what is ahead? Even if times boom again and Pippa can once more sing her song, there may be another cataclysm waiting. I have seen many panics. I have seen young married couples go through all sorts of soul-trying times. And I have seen untrained men hopelessly trying to turn out food in a smoked and cluttered kitchen while their wives battled with illness in a bed upstairs.

Besides, I think it is fine for a man to know what work cooking is. Perhaps then he won't come home on wash day and fuss about the biscuits being hard. Cooking is work and our future men may as well know it and give credit where it is due.

Lifer Still Contributes

To Family's Support

Boston — (UP) — Though Albert L. Harvey, 57, is serving a life sentence in state prison, he contributes regularly to the support of his wife and six children.

During the 10 years that he has served, he has devoted all his spare time to making dolls and toy boats. Prison authorities have sold his handiwork and Harvey has thus earned enough to give his family \$1,502.15 within the decade.

For Sunday Night Supper, or Lunch

Well to Keep Supply of Canned Delicacies on Shelves.

Whether you keep house seriously or "kitchenetically," as some put it, you are almost certain to keep a supply of canned crab meat, tuna fish, salmon and lobster meat on hand. They are called on then for main dishes and salad, for lunch and for Sunday night supper and for canapes and for entrees—if you go in for formal dinners.

Of these four foods, lobster perhaps has the more distinct flavor. A very good brand of canned lobster must be selected on this account. Packs of lobster vary more than packs of the other fish unless it is the crab meat, which is of two distinctly different kinds. The Japanese crab meat comes in larger pieces, keeps its natural flavor, and is packed in such quantities that it is used largely. It is particularly good for salad whenever large pieces are desirable. Personally, a household authority says, I like both lobster and crab left in fairly large pieces when a salad is prepared. At least a third as much celery as fish is used for these salads, and mayonnaise is mixed with them. Tiny capers or minced green olives improve these salads. Tuna may be used the same way. When salmon is used as a salad, it is better left in larger pieces—as it comes from the can. Plenty of mayonnaise should be arranged, with hard-cooked eggs—cut into lengthwise eighths—around the salmon. Eggs are, of course, often used to garnish the other fish salads. Any one of these fish may be put into an aspic jelly with celery and sliced stuffed olives. A ring of salad of this sort may be served with cucumbers cut into dices and mixed with mayonnaise or with a mixed vegetable salad dressed in the same way.

For canapes, the fish is usually finely minced and well seasoned before it is spread on rounds of toast or fried bread. Sometimes the salad mentioned above is molded in tiny molds not more than one inch in diameter. When these are turned out of the mold they are put on toothpicks and eaten with canapes, as an appetizer.

For a creamed dish, or for its richer relation the Newburg, lobster and crab are the favorites. The creamed fish is served on toast in patty cases, or is put in ramekins or in a large baking dish, covered with crumbs and browned in a hot oven. When high seasonings and pimientos and green peppers are added to a creamed dish,

it is sometimes known as "deviled." Any of these fish make delicious timbales and souffles. One is as good as the other. Sometimes a Hollandaise or a Tartar sauce is served with these hot dishes.

One other delicious use for these sea foods should be mentioned. They make such delicious cream soups as "bisques," as they are called. Of course, they are a little heavy for dinner, but I know of one household where this is a specialty of the hostess and where guests are always hopeful of having a meal begin with her famous lobster bisque.

In either of the recipes given, of product can be used to better advantage, but we are quite likely to find good use for them often in their canned form.

Salmon Timbales.

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 slices pimento
½ cup ripe olives, minced
1 cup flaked salmon
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter

Heat two tablespoons butter and add the flour, gradually add milk and stir until it thickens. Add salt, parsley, onion juice, pepper, olives, pimentos and salmon to mixture. Pour into buttered ramekins, cover with crumbs over which one tablespoon of melted butter has been poured. Place ramekins in a pan of hot water and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) until the crumbs have browned. Garnish with parsley. This recipe may be doubled for a luncheon dish.

Spinach Ring Filled With Lobster and Crab.

2 cups cooked or canned spinach
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
2 eggs
2 cups cream sauce
½ cup fine bread crumbs
1 cup flaked lobster meat
1 cup flaked crab meat

Chop spinach fine and add grated onion, which has been browned in butter. Season with salt, black pepper, paprika and add the well-beaten egg yolks. Mix the spinach with one and one-half cups of cream sauce and fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Place in a buttered ring mold and dust with bread crumbs. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes. Loosen the spinach by pressing from the side of the mold with a knife, turn out on a hot platter and fill the center with lobster meat and crab meat heated with rest of white sauce. Garnish with strips of pimento or slices of lemon or hard-cooked egg.

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How Old?



He doesn't look a day over fifty.

And feels like forty.

At the age of 62.

That's the happy state of health and pep a man enjoys when he gives his vital organs a little stimulant!

When your system is stagnant and you feel sluggish, headachy, half-alive—don't waste money on "tonics" or "regulators" or similar patent medicines. Stimulate the liver and bowels. Use a famous physician's prescription every drug store keeps. Just ask them for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin.

This appetizing syrup is made from fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. One dose will clear up almost any case of headache, biliousness, constipation. But if you want to keep in line

shape, feel fit the year 'round, take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin every few days. You'll eat better, sleep better and feel better in every way. You will never need to take another laxative.

Give the children a little of this delicious syrup two or three times a week. A gentle, natural stimulant that makes them eat and keeps the bowels from clogging. And saves them from so many sick spells and colds.

Have a sound stomach, active liver and strong bowel muscles that expel every bit of waste and poison every day! Just keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin on hand; take a stimulating spoonful every now and then. See if you don't feel new vigor in every way. Syrup pepsin isn't expensive.

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