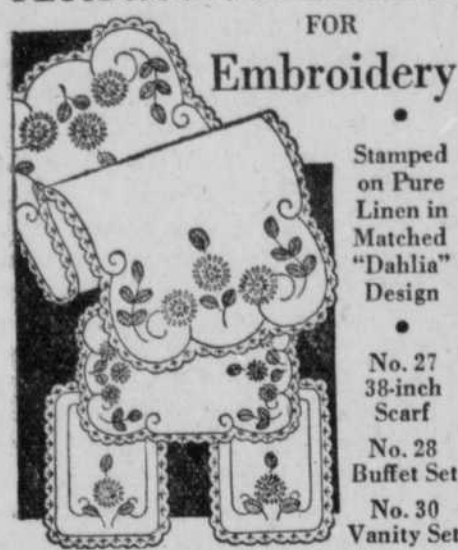


Attractive Linens



FOR  
Embroidery  
Stamped on Pure Linen in Matched "Dahlia" Design  
No. 27 38-inch Scarf  
No. 28 Buffet Set  
No. 30 Vanity Set

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

This set is quite a temptation for the woman who wants to add beauty to her home surroundings at little cost. The material is pure linen and all three are useful articles. Use 2, 3 or 4 strand thread. Work the leaves in one or two shades of green, the flowers either in several shades of one color or several colors that blend. Work the lines around border in a dark brown or black. The entire design is simple and is worked in outline and lazy daisy stitches.

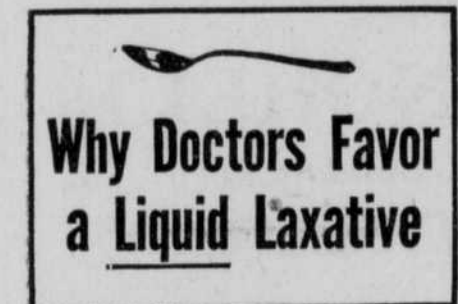
Write our stamped goods department, inclosing remittance, if you want to work some of these pieces. 30c for one number, 55c for two or 75c for all three.

Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply, when writing for information.

Address—Home Craft Co.—Dept. A—Nineteenth & St. Louis Ave.—St. Louis, Mo.

No Formality

"When poverty comes in at the door it never wipes its feet."



A doctor will tell you that the careless use of strong laxatives may do more harm than good.

Harsh laxatives often drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys.

Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form. The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured. The action can thus be regulated to suit individual need. It forms no habit; you needn't take a "double dose" a day or two later.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin gently helps the average person's bowels while nature is restoring their regularity. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is little "convenience" in any cathartic which is taken so frequently, you must carry it with you, wherever you go!

Its very taste tells you Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is wholesome. A delightful taste, and delightful action. Safe for expectant mothers, and children. At all druggists, ready for use, in big bottles.

Next!

He—"One kiss from you, and I could die happy." She—"Well, here's your kiss."—London Answers.



Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund your money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion.

Suffered Very Much with Tetter

Healed by Cuticura

"I suffered with tetter on my head which would itch and burn. My scalp became rough and red and I scratched for two weeks. I suffered very much. I could not sleep and could barely lay my head on a soft pillow. My hair came out.

"I tried several remedies but got no relief. Then I wrote for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought more and after using three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, the tetter was gone. I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ada Tatum, R. 1, Box 116, La-Rue, Texas.

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

Believe the Ads

They Offer You Special Inducements

Sometimes in the matter of samples which, when proven worthy, the merchandise can be purchased from our community merchants.

The KENNEL MURDER CASE



by S.S. Van Dine WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, is called in to investigate the supposed suicide of Archer Coe, District Attorney Markham and Vance go to Coe's house. They find Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also a Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is clothed in a dressing gown, but wears street shoes. Vance says it is murder. The medical examiner finds evidence of a crime. He says Coe had been dead for hours when the bullet entered his head. A small wound is found, which had bled internally. It is proved that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed. They find a wounded Scotch terrier. Vance takes the dog to a veterinarian, declaring the animal should prove an important connecting link. Gamble says Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, left for Chicago the previous afternoon.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Vance was silent for a moment. There was the suggestion of a frown on his forehead; and I knew that something was troubling him. Without change of expression he put an apparently irrelevant question to Gamble.

"Did you, by any chance, see Mr. Archer Coe after you returned to the house last night?"

"No—I didn't see him, sir." There was a slight hesitancy in the reply, and Vance looked toward the man quickly.

"Come, come, Gamble," he admonished severely. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, sir—it's really nothing; but when I went up to bed I noticed that the library doors were open and that the lights were on. I thought, of course, that Mr. Archer was still in the library. And then I noticed the light in Mr. Archer's bedroom here, through the keyhole, and I took it for granted that he had retired. So I went back to the library and turned out the lights and shut the doors."

"You heard no sound in here?"

"No, sir."

Vance yawned mildly.

"By the way, there's a question I forgot to ask. Did Mr. Brisbane Coe take a walking stick with him when he set forth for Chicago?"

"Yes, sir. He never goes anywhere without a stick. He's subject to rheumatism."

"So he's told me a score of times. . . . And what kind of stick did he take with him?"

"His ivory-headed stick, sir. It's his favorite. . . ."

"The one with a crooked handle and the carvings?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're quite sure, are you, that he took this particular stick with him to Chicago?"

"Positive. I handed it to him myself at the door of the taxicab."

Vance kept his eyes on the man, and stood up. He walked very deliberately to where Gamble sat, and looked down at him searchingly.

"house and hang it over a chair in the hall?"

"But, Mr. Vance, sir," the man persisted in an awed tone, "he once reprimanded me for hanging it over a chair—he said it might fall and get broken. Why, sir, should he hang it over the chair?"

"Less noisy, perhaps, than chucking it into a brass umbrella holder," Markham was leaning over the desk scowling at Vance.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Vance lifted his eyes slowly and let them rest on the district attorney.

"I opine, my dear Markham," he said slowly, "that brother Brisbane didn't want anyone to hear him when he returned here last night. He started for Chicago on a night when he knew no one but Archer would be home. And then he missed his train—to speak euphemistically. He returned to the house—with his stick. And here's his stick. . . ."

There was an undercurrent of bitter passion in it. "Or perhaps," she added, "Uncle Brisbane went ahead on his own."

"That might bear looking into," smiled Vance. "The only difficulty is that Gamble tells us Mr. Brisbane hopped to Chicago at five-thirty last evening."

"That doesn't mean anything. Uncle Brisbane has dabbled enough in criminology to prepare a perfect alibi in the event he himself contemplated a flutter in crime."

"What takes him on these periodical trips to Chicago?" Vance asked.

Hilda Lake shrugged.

"Heaven knows. He never mentioned the matter to me, and I never asked." She leaned forward. "Perhaps it's a lady!" she exclaimed in a taunting tone. "If he told anyone, that person was Uncle Archer. And I'm afraid it's too late to get any information from that quarter now."

"Yes, a bit too late," agreed Vance. "But let us suppose that after Mr. Brisbane announced his intention of going to Chicago last evening, he remained in New York all night. What would you say to that?"

Hilda Lake scrutinized Vance shrewdly for a time before replying. Then she answered gravely.

"In that case you may eliminate Uncle Brisbane as a suspect. He's much too smooth and canny to leave any such loopholes. If he planned a murder, I'm sure he'd arrange it so as to escape detection."

At this moment Gamble passed the door on his way upstairs, with a small covered serving-tray in his hands.

Vance stood up.

"Ah! There are your muffins, Miss Lake. I shan't keep you any longer."

"Thanks, awfully." She rose and went quickly from the room.

Vance stood at the door until Gamble returned from the third floor, and ordered him to wait in the lower hall. When the man had gone below, he glanced at his watch and strolled back into the room.

"I'd rather not go on till we hear from Snilkin. Do you mind waiting, Markham?"

quite sure he intended to go. And if he didn't go, something unexpected kept him here."

"But his being in New York doesn't connect him with Archer Coe's murder."

"Certainly not. . . . But, Markham, that last-minute decision of Brisbane's to get out of town had some connection with Archer's death—I'm sure of that. He knew something—or feared something. Or perhaps. . . . But, anyway, he intended to go to Chicago last night. And maybe he did go. . . . but I want to be sure."

The phone rang. Heath answered it, and after listening for several minutes, replaced the receiver on the hook.

"The suitcase is there, all right," he announced. "The bird at the window says a middle-aged nervous guy checked it around six last night, saying he'd missed his train—and he was shaking so he could hardly lift the bag to the counter."

Vance nodded slowly.

"I was afraid of that—and yet I was hoping it wasn't so. Markham, I don't like this situation; I don't at all like it. Something unforeseen has happened; unforeseen—and sinister. It wasn't on the cards, Brisbane Coe intended to go to Chicago last night—and he didn't go. Some terrible thing stopped him. . . . And something stopped Archer Coe before he could change his shoes. . . . Don't you see what I mean? Those shoes of Archer's—and that stick of Brisbane's."

"That stick!—in the front hall! It shouldn't have been there. . . . Oh, my precious aunt! . . . He threw his cigarette into a tray, and hurried toward the door.

"Come, Markham. . . . Come, Sergeant. There's something hideous in this house. . . . and I don't want to go alone."

As he spoke, he ran down the stairs, Markham and Heath and I following. When he had reached the lower hall, he pulled the portieres aside and opened the library door. He looked round him, and then passed into the dining room.

After several minutes' search, he returned to the hall.

"Maybe the den," he said; and hurrying through the drawing room where Wrede and Grassi sat near the window, he went into the small room at the rear. But he came back at once, a bewildered look in his eyes.

"Not there." His tone was unnatural. "But he's somewhere—somewhere. . . ."

He came again into the front hall. "He wouldn't be on the third floor, and he's not on the second. There's his stick," he said; "but his hat and topcoat. . . . Oh, what a fool I've been!"

He brushed Gamble out of his way, and walked swiftly down the narrow corridor along the stairs until he came to the closet door at the rear of the hall.

"Your flashlight, Sergeant," he called over his shoulder.

He pulled the door open, revealing only a great rectangle of blackness. Almost simultaneously, the circle of yellow light from Heath's pocket flashlight penetrated the gloom.

"Lower, Sergeant!" came Vance's dictatorial voice. "The floor—the floor! . . ."

The light descended; and there, in a huddled heap, his glassy eyes staring up at us, lay the dead body of Brisbane Coe.

Though the sight was not altogether unexpected, in view of Vance's strange actions and even stranger comments, I received a tremendous shock as I gazed down into the closet. Even to an amateur like myself the fact that Brisbane Coe was dead was apparent. The stiff, unnatural pose of the body, and the hideous fixity of his gaze, together with the drawn bloodless lips and the waxen pallor of his skin, attested to violent and unexpected death.

And as I looked at it, temporarily petrified by the horror of this new development, I could not help comparing the dead body of Brisbane with that of Archer. Whereas Archer had died with a peaceful expression on his face, and in a natural and comfortable position, Brisbane had a shocked, almost wild, look in his eyes, as if he had been startled and frightened at the moment of death.

Vance spoke, and his voice, usually so calm, sounded strained and unnatural.

"It's worse than I thought. . . . I had hoped he might still be alive—a prisoner, perhaps. I didn't altogether expect this."

Vance closed the closet door.

"It's very strange," he murmured, looking at Markham yet past him. "He is without his hat and topcoat; and yet his stick is hanging here in the hall. And he is dead in the closet. Why not in his own room?—or the library?—or anywhere else, but in there? Nothing fits, Markham. The whole picture has been painted by a crazy man."

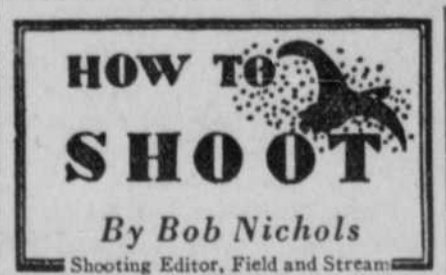
Markham said in a dazed voice: "I can't follow any of it. Why did Brisbane Coe return here last night? And who knew he was going to return?"

"If only I could answer those questions!"

Burke and Gamble were sitting on a hall bench near the drawing room door. The butler had not seen the dead man in the closet, for our bodies had shielded him. But it was obvious that he suspected the truth.

Vance went to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



By Bob Nichols

Shooting Editor, Field and Stream

UNTIL a gunner learns to shoot with both eyes open he can never be rated as a first-class upland field shot. You cannot accurately judge angle, speed, or distance, with one eye closed. Nature gave you two eyes for exactly this reason. Even if it handicapped you in no other way, squinting one eye tight shut when shooting introduces a certain amount of muscular and nervous strain that certainly adds nothing whatever to your speed or accuracy.

With one eye closed you are immediately deprived of the advantages of "universal focus" which is so necessary to quick and accurate gun pointing. You do not see everything in your field of vision. Your one-eyed vision is too intently concentrated on the flying target. A sudden swerve or dip, such as is characteristic of the flight of the woodcock and the jacksnipe, will almost certainly fool you into a miss.

With both eyes wide open, not focused too intently on any particular object, you are alertly aware of everything that moves and everything that happens. If the game darts to right or left from its initial line of flight, you are so instantly aware of the change that you shift your gun pointing with lightning-like speed. All of which frequently means the difference between a clean kill and an exasperating miss.

Quite frequently you will find the "one-eyed" shot a slow shot. The sudden elimination of 50 per cent of his eyesight, on the rise of the bird, makes it necessary for his single-aiming eye to take extra time to adjust itself to carrying all the burden of watching game and gun. The good two-eyed shot will have the game down before Mr. One-Eye can let off his gun. The man who closes one eye is at his best where the shooting is in the clear open spaces. But let him flush his quail or grouse in the woods, or in dense brambles thick and there he begins to get into difficulties that are quite often beyond him. I have seen a two-eyed shot shooting a pump gun on quail knock down three birds on a rise of the covey, and yet with all this would be able to tell where most of the remaining birds went. Let the squint-eyed shot, wedded to his idols, try to accomplish this!

Learning to shoot with both eyes open is particularly difficult if you have the misfortune to have your "master" eye on your gun side. I have been through this and can speak with experience. A right-handed shot, my "master" or controlling eye happens to be on the left. The English gun makers try to make allowance for this, in fitting a gun to a shooter, by supplying what is called a "cast-off" stock. That is, the stock is bent in its vertical plane so as to bring the breech of the gun in nearer to the middle of a man's face, or nearer to the sighting line of the "master eye." This does help to a certain extent, although I personally feel that a stock so bent is likely to prove something of an interference to quick, instinctive gun pointing.

The partial cure I suggest is to shorten the stock somewhat below its normal length of about 14 inches. My own favorite stock is just exactly 13 1/2 inches. With this shortened stock I can bring the butt clear in to my shoulder where the base of my neck will prevent it from coming any farther in. Then I cut my comb down somewhat until I can get most of my jawbone pretty well over the top of it. With the gun in this position I can use both eyes wide open without tilting my head too far over to the right in aiming. In my opinion the head should not be tilted over anyhow. Angles, speeds and distances are best and most accurately estimated with the head erect—the normal position in which you are accustomed in the ordinary ways of life to look at anything.

In any event, whether your "master" eye is on your gun side or not, seat your gun butt clean in on your shoulder as far as it will go when mounting your gun. There it will have the solid support of your body. Many shooters catch the butt on the upper part of their arm—a moving support—and this causes many an otherwise unexplainable miss.

Western Newspaper Union.

Implements of Iron and Stone Age Exhibited

Funeral urns, in which ashes of Vikings' ancestors have rested since placed in Denmark some 3,500 years ago, form part of a collection of Stone and Iron age implements on view at the American Museum of Natural History, says United Press.

There are in the collection approximately 3,500 implements, among which figure weapons with which these primeval men fought.

Consisting of daggers, spear heads and scrapers of primitive planes for smoothing rough wood or bone, the oldest implements in the collection are of flint. Razors, molded on much the same pattern as the modern ones, came later and were of bronze, dating about 1,500 B. C.

Nanking Permits Widows Freedom of Remarriage

Another step in the emancipation of Chinese women has been recorded by an order issued at Nanking by the Kiangning Hsien, or district government. Under this order a widow has complete freedom of choice whether she shall remarry or remain single.

Under the old custom a widow could remarry only under direct orders of the family of her late husband. In the Kiangning district it has been customary for families to force a widow to remarry in order that they might recover the money which her late husband had paid out to her family when she was a bride.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv. a

Wise Cracking

Wit is a sharp pencil that breaks when it is hard pressed.

THIS CHANGE gives Children a Chance

Perhaps you have tried nearly every sort of way to keep a child's bowels in proper condition, and failed.

Yet, almost any child who has been convalescing in a hospital, will usually come out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

The average mother gives any laxative the family may be using, while doctors give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount.

Make the change now to pure, California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you risk no more violation to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. You'll have a safer, more satisfactory result, too. Those little upsets and complaints just disappear and the child is soon normal again. Try it!

THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

On a Quiet Sector "That boy never seems to have much to say. What part does he take in college life?" "He's the chess club cheer leader."

For good digestion

There is nothing that can take the place of your own gastric, digestive secretions. Frequently, poor digestion is due to lack of tone in the stomach walls—because of low blood strength. S.S.S., the great, scientifically-tested medicine, is specially designed to fill a two-fold purpose in this respect. . . . it aids in stimulating the flow of natural stomach secretions. . . . and by building up deficient red corpuscles, with their hemo-glo-bin, it restores to a more normal functioning the secretions of the stomach digestive juices. . . . so necessary for good digestion. This double value of S.S.S. is important.

By all means try S.S.S. for better health and more happiness. Its benefits are progressive. . . . accumulative. . . . and enduring. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food and good digestion. . . . sound sleep. . . . and renewed strength. This is why many say "S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again."

Do not be misled by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.



Face "Broken Out?"

First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore pimples with soothing

Resinol

WNU-U 43-34

"INSIDE INFORMATION"

For indigestion or CONSTIPATION CLEANSE INTERNALLY the tea-cup way. Garfield Tea acts promptly, pleasantly, MILDLY. Not a cure-all, but certainly effective in relieving constipation. At drug stores—25c and 10c.

FREE SAMPLE Write to: Garfield Tea Co., Dept. 12, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GARFIELD TEA