

who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$800 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. She suspects, in turn, each of the guests at the inn where she is staying. They are the Reverend Jonas DeWitt, Lily Kendall, Thaddeus Quincy, Albion Potter, Hugh Norcross and his sister, Bessie, and Victor Quade, a writer who has just arrived. Judy bids for the church and gets it. After the auction the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane is found in a chest in the basement of the church. Hearing Aunt Nella cry for help the guests have gone to the rescue.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER IV

"Here, he's dead!" came a muffled wail from the vicinity of the old fish-shed. The light Mr. Quincy and I had seen earlier had vanished, but we followed the sound.

Soon we found Aunt Nella, tugging at the inert form of her husband, who was lying prone on a bench near the door of the shed.

ry," Hugh said. "He'll be all right." "Give us a hand," Mr. Quade "You old fool," said Aunt Nella,

"Not dead-dead drunk, Mrs. Ger-

chattering. "Not you, mister. I mean Wylie." "'S queer the old codger who

lives in this shed hash't poked his head out-what with all the noise," Lily Kendall commented.

"Deaf as a haddock," someone

"Why bother the old man?" Hugh called over his shoulder. "Asleep, probably. Anyway, he'll keep till morning."

"I imagine the police will question him then," Mr. Quade said. "Unless -aren't there any boats here at the Head?"

"I can answer that," Lily said. "Wanted to go rowing over in the cove one day, and they said there warn't a boat in the place."

"Lanes used to have boats," Aunt Nella volunteered. "Our boat-the Eleanor-leaks."

Back into the living room we all trooped. "Is everybody at the inn here?"

Victor Quade asked me. I looked around and saw Mr. De Witt, Hugh Norcross, Albion Potter, Mr. Quincy and Lily Kendall. "All but Miss Bessie Norcross, asleep

upstairs, and my aunt and uncle." Mr. Quade and Thaddeus Quincy held a consultation. Then Mr. Quinthumped for silence and leaned back in his chair with an eager, pleased look on his withered face. I could vow he was enjoying himself.

"Mr. Quincy and I think a committee should be chosen to go down to the old church where Miss Jason made her-her terrifying discovery a while ago to verify it. Not that we doubt you, Miss Jason," Victor Quade expatiated. "But, after all, you did enter that basement alone and saw what you think you saw by two flaring matches. You might have been mistaken. You did not touch that-"

"No-no! But-it stuck out-allall stiff."

He looked at me queerly. "If you're right, that would mean rigor mortis-long enough for it and not too long afterward." "You appear to know plenty about

such things," Hugh said. "If one is planning to write mys-

teries-" Mr. Quincy broke in, "Wasn't you

running through the Lane estate right after dark, was it, Norcross? Judy and I called to you?' I held my breath. Hugh changed

color. He looked as if he'd been caught stealing lump sugar.

"May have been. What of it? I went to my sister's room and-well, she was gone. Thought she might have strolled over toward the sea and ran after her, but just then her light came on and I ran home again. Any harm in that?" He turned to me, "If I'd heard you speak I'd certainly have answered.'

Victor Quade whispered in my ear, "Could you make a note of that?" Aloud, he said, "Such questions are for the police, provided Miss Jason's right. The first thing isn't mutual recrimination, as I see it, but a trip to the church."

Mr. Quincy's cane thumped. "I appoint Mr. Quade, Mr. Potter and the Reverend De Witt. Keep close together and come straight back. We'll wait here. Judy, got a flash-

light?" I made Albion Potter come with me while I found Uncle Wylie's, out

on the shelf in the back pantry. "This kind of business makes me sick to my stomach," Potter said, pop-eyed. "Could we have something hot when we get back-coffee or cocoa?"

"Sure. I'll make it for you." Lily Kendall stood in the kitchen door. "Mr. Quincy says he wants his malted milk."

He could just wait. I went back with the flashlight and I gave it to Victor Quade. Then Lily and I returned to the kitchen and put the kettle on. I let her slice a fresh loaf of bread and then wished I hadn't. she cut such chunks of slices.

We made coffee and malted milk for Mr. Quincy, and I sent up a cup to Aunt Nella.

We went back to the living room to wait for the committee and talked

in lowered voices. A short laugh reached us from

they reached the steps we could hear Mr. De Witt's admonishing boom: "-mustn't be too hard on his room. "Good night, all. Sweet her-giddy young woman-imagination."

Thaddeus Quincy's eyes sought mine, questioningly. Then his mouth quirked and he muttered a single

Now the committee came into the room. Jonas De Witt beamed at us as he spread his hands. "False alarm, dear friends. The young lady's imagination got the better of

Albion Potter nodded in agreement. "There certainly wasn't aa hand sticking out of the sea chest. Or-or anything in it. Mr. Quade looked. It was quite empty."

"That's right. Miss Jason, in that dark basement at night it's no wonder your imagination played you tricks. If you saw anything it's not there now."

There they all sat in a circle, staring at me as if I were nuts. I stood up and said tartly, "All right, I'm glad I'm wrong. I had a daynightmare, I suppose. Only remember this: Roddy came to the Head to



attend the auction and wasn't there. He engaged breakfast here and didn't show up. There's been no light at the castle. He did wear a square-cut diamond like the one I imagined I saw on-on a hand sticking out of the sea chest. And the bridge was blown up!"

Had they forgotten that in the larger issue? I could see Victor Quade's eyes twinkle.

"Maybe I imagined that, too." I had to say it. "Maybe it wasn't blown up at all. It just collapsed when one of your cars backfired, accounting neatly for the noise and everything. That's just dandy Now none of you will have any reason for leaving Auntie in the lurch. Shall I get the coffee?"

"Please do," Victor Quade said, looking hard at me.

Lily left the room with me, highly elated at the turn of events.

"Been a killer round that church I'd a-seen him," Lily said, piling sandwiches on a tray, "I was watching the sunsquat, remember." I remembered there wasn't any sunset -just a miserable panorama of clouds and gathering fog from the sea. The sun had died at suppertime, but I didn't say anything.

When I brought in the coffee, Albion Potter was explaining to Mr. Quincy that the committee had gone from the church to the castle, and, failing to rouse anyone there, had tried the fish shed. Both were locked and silent. That's what had taken them so long. They'd wanted to be sure the person Judy thought she saw wasn't hiding somewhere else-

ill, maybe, or wounded. "Perhaps he's in your trailer. Mr

Quade," I said shortly. Lily giggled. "Yeah, how chummy! There ain't no other place he could be less it's in the Pirate's

Victor Quade looked blank When he learned about that slit in the cliff he wanted to go down right away. But the rest of us forestalled him. Almost inaccessible in bright daylight, it would be suicide at night. One had to be very careful of those tricky footholds. A slip, and blooey-down into the foamy depths! Morning would be time

"Who's imagining now?" I accused him.

enough.

Lily yawned. "Shucks!" she said. 'Tomorrow the Rockville street department will fix the bridge. There won't be any publicity to amount to beans. No murder, no pictures on the front page. Me, I'm going to

"Good idea. Ought to sleep well outside. Voices, cheery. The men after our little excitement and the

me his empty malted milk glass and began to wheel himself across to

One by one the party followed suit, going to their respective rooms. The inn wasn't large, having been originally, as I've said, a private house. Upstairs we had only five bedrooms, with two and a cubicle on the third floor. This is how we bedded our guests:

Mr. Quincy had the front room opposite the parlor on the first floor, as a special concession, as before related. Above him was the Rev. Jonas DeWitt. Across, in the other front bedroom, slept Lily Kendall. Bessie Norcross' room came directly behind hers, and then Hugh's, a tiny one, even smaller than Albion Potter's self-styled studio at the rear.

Aunt Nella and Uncle Wylie occupied the room on the third floor directly above the Rev. Jonas De-Witt's. My nook, next them, had two windows, sawed-off and rattly, but I could see the ocean from one and the long, curving Neck toward town from the other. Across the tiny hall was a storeroom full of oddments to delight antique collectors, the Salvation Army and the junk man. It seemed as if Auntie never threw away a thing. She hadn't used a butter churn for years, but there was one in the attic beside an old bustle, neatly wrapped in newspapers and marked-"Aunt Code's bustle." I'd never even heard of Aunt Code.

Hugh Norcross had put up a tent on the lawn, where he sometimes slept on warm nights. With the inn on one side and the castle on the other and woods at the rear, it faced virtually the whole Head-a gorgeous spot which he himself had selected. I wondered if he'd sleep out tonight. He and his sister were apparently having an argument about it in the hall. "Nothing to be afraid of," I heard Hugh explode. But he went along upstairs just the same, the poor, henpecked brother.

Victor Quade waited till they were all out of hearing. "With your permission I'll sleep here on the davenport tonight. I know you haven't an extra room, but a blanket, perhaps?'

He couldn't be afraid! "Of course," I said. "You don't mean you're beginning to believe I didn't imagine things."

"Go to bed and forget it. No use worrying over-" "But I'm not worrying. Are you?

And-and do you always carry stacks of \$20 bills?" He looked at me puzzled, then his

forehead unpuckered. "Oh, you

want me to pay in advance. Is

"Certainly not. I'll get a blanket." If he'd sent me the auction letter he was a good actor. I came back with the blanket, and he followed me around while I locked up. There were only the back and front

Perhaps I should have described the inn before. A narrow hallway ran down the center of the lower floor, with the parlor (so ugly!), dining room and kitchen off the left, as you enter; Mr. Quincy's room, my office and a string of downstairs lavatories off the right. At the end of the kitchen was a builton woodshed. The old barn across the drive served as a garage, workshop and storage for the Eleanor That's all there was to us. The castle, with its stables, boathouse and garage, all in one, and the eyesore of the Smedley fish shed, were the remainder of the Head. Except, of course, Mr. Quade's trailer. A narrow beach skirted the bluff from the church to our woods below the barn, though you couldn't see it.

"I hope you'll be comfortable." I said to Mr. Quade.

"I hope you won't be nervous."

"Nervous? Well, wouldn't you be if you felt sure something pretty terrible was going on and no one believed you?"

"I believe you, Miss Jason," he said, quietly. "But there's nothing to be done tonight. That's why-why I let it slide about your seeing things Would you feel too badly about this Roddy Lane?"

I shrugged. "Not from what I've heard. Broken too many hearts. But why the change of face?"

"You'd be scared to death. You'd lie awake all night and worry." "Behaved terribly so far, haven't I? You tell me this instant or-or

I'll scream." Victor laughed. "It's just this. There's a car in the Lane garage. I peeked in the window with the flash. Green it was. That his?"

"Lord, yes. And if he'd left the Head he'd have gone in it." "Exactly Having no boat Came in it, didn't he?"

I nodded and put a pillowcase over the softest sofa cushion. "Do the others know? Potter and Mr

"Sure they know. They must have seen it, too. But there's something else they don't know."

We were almost whispering. finished making up the best bed I could on that slippery old daven port and sat down, wide-eyed. "Who at this house plays golf?

Victor demanded. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Work of Champion Quilt Maker Is a Challenge to All Sewers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



many weeks now, with accessories, jackets, coat linings and even skirts made warm as well as attractive by the quilting technique. Home sewers, with a tremendous quantity of quilted fabrics available by the yard, have been having fun turning out their own quilted creations.

Of course, you may not want to tackle anything so ambitious right away, but the quilt illustrated in the above picture gives you an idea of what can be done by one who makes quilting her hobby. An illness which, ten years ago, confined her to her home for many weeks, has brought to Mrs. Bertha Stenge of Chicago national recognition as champion quilt maker.

While she was idle and unable to carry on her usual activities of caring for her home and her flower garden, Mrs. Stenge noticed a Chicago newspaper was promoting a quilt-making contest. She decided to enter the contest, just to get started on a hobby and keep herself occupied.

contest, but the quilt she entered won a prize at a later contest and since that time she has made 20 quilts, all of which have won cash awards and blue ribbons throughout the country.

Mrs. Stenge has won nearly 40 prizes in her ten years of entering contests. She has never sold any of her quilts although she has been requested many times to place a sales price on one or another of them. She says she cannot evaluate in dollars and cents the six months or more of effort it takes to make a quilt.

Her Bible quilt has won repeated awards in various contests. In this design, she has pictured incidents of the Bible-Moses in the bulrushes, Daniel in the lion's den, Jonah and the whale and others. Still another unusual design is her Fam-

insets show other motifs from Mrs. blood cells under the microscope. Stenge's quilts.

\$750 won at the New York World's present, are encountered. fair. Recently, she won the regional contest of \$100 and the sweepstakes prize of \$1,000 in a national needlework contest conducted by locate the position and composition Woman's Day magazine,

Mrs. Stenge has won state prizes in Kentucky, home of the appliqued quilt and where fine quilt making is taken as a matter of course. She has won top honors in state, urologist will carry out a complete county and city contests in Illinois and just to prove she has abilities instrument with lamps and mirrorin other directions, one year at the Cook County fair she won three bak- (the two tubes carrying urine from ing prizes as well as four quilt kidneys to bladder), study of the prizes.

sweepstakes prize in the Woman's urines collected from kidneys and Day contest was a Victory quilt, an bladder. original design. It has a shield outlined in blue and appliqued with white stars around an American ea- tion and nature or organisms presgle in blue, with the Liberty Bell in blue above it. Red V's are placed at each corner with the Victory sign the formation of more stones. -three dots and a dash-beside each V. Blue stars are used as a border around the quilt.

An alphabet quilt for a child's bed is another consistent prize winner. And now she is working on a "quilt of quilts." This will display miniature replicas of standard and famous quilt patterns.

University of California, where she rushed for the intern on duty, and majored in art. Her husband is an attorney. They have three daughters and two grand-daughters.

Released by Western Newspaper Union,

Expertly Styled



This season's fur coats are noted for their versatile styling. The flatter furs are taking on the suave lines of tailored cloth and the fetching details that give interest to fabric handling are being matched in fur technique. In the high-styled ocelot coat here shown this point of expert styling is clearly demonstrated. The rolled collar, facing, pockets and tie-fastening, which is drawn through slits at the side and tied in front (leaving the back loose), give a very youthful effect.

Fringe-Trimmed

In the new collections many charming print frocks are seen that are trimmed with fringe. In the ranged in two tiers on the skirt

Feature War Stamp **Prints for Spring**

Prints will have an exciting story to tell, judging from advance showings. Perhaps the most unique and outstanding at this stage of the game is the new war-stamp print. It has boutonnieres of war stamps spaced all over the background. A dress made of this print with tiefastenings of self fabric is very ored, is exceedingly attractive.

Cross-stitch prints for children's dresses are something to consider when buying wash materials for home sewing. You'll love these prints and they authentically reproduce colorful cross-stitch embroidery effects.

Border prints are being used most intriguingly, sometimes with flowers massed at the waistline or along onegown is made of the simple farspaced little design.

Satin Sports Frocks Make

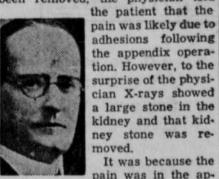
Debut in Spring Showings Here's the latest! It's the charming little sports frocks that have just made their debut in the early spring showings. Fashioned of lustrous cotton-and-rayon slipper satin they are in the most delectable pastels you can ever imagine.

Their sophistication is in the strict simplicity observed in their styling. Some button with the new pottery buttons in the same shade as the satin. Others indulge in self-fabric ties all the way down the front or side fastening.

newest technique the fringe is ar- delightfully wearable later on as sports frocks.

KIDNEY STONES

A patient consulted a physician for a pain in the region of the appendix. As the appendix had been removed, the physician told the patient that the



It was because the pain was in the appendix region and

there was no pain in the back or pain following the course of the tube carrying urine from kidney to bladder, that caused the physician to mistake kidney stone for adhesions. Thanks to the X-rays the removal of the kidney stone

brought complete relief from pain. The above, however, is an "exceptional" case as most cases of kidney stone that cause symptoms can be recognized.

Dr. Charles Pierre-Mathe, San Francisco, director of the department of urology, St. Mary's hospital in "Clinical Medicine" says:

"A sudden, severe pain in the QUILTING has been an important | ily History quilt. From old por-small of the back or abdomen which part of the fashion scene for traits, Mrs. Stenge worked into the radiates to the groin should be design, pictures of her father and looked on with suspicion by the atmother, herself as she started to tending physician. All patients sufschool, her husband and her daugh- fering from kidney stones have red ters, as well as incidents of her blood cells in the urine which can married life. In the above illustra- be detected by making a microtion Mrs. Stenge is displaying a scopic examination. I have never portion of the Family History quilt seen a patient suffering with kidney and the original photographs. The stone whose urine did not show red In many patients, crystals, usually Her top honor up to this year was of the variety found in the stone

> While the family physician with the aid of X-rays, microscopic examination of urine, use of dyes, can of the stone or stones, Dr. Mathe advises, and most physicians will agree, that a genito-urinary specialist-urologist-should be called into consultation in these cases. The examination including cystoscopyuse of a catheter up into ureters amount of urine coming from each kidney, and a complete study of the

After removal of stone or stones, they are examined to find composient so that the proper diet and antiseptics can be used to try to prevent

Diabetic Coma And Insulin Shock

Some months ago a moving picture showed the inside of a hospital in which a patient was undergoing Mrs. Stenge is a graduate of the diabetic coma. The floor nurse had on arrival the young physician injected insulin and ordered salt solution. The physician in charge of the case when told about the patient's symptoms was furious, and told the young intern that the patient was suffering from insulin shocks, too much insulin, and the patient's life was endangered.

The young intern suggested that they both take a look at the patient and he was found to be in a normal condition.

The point of the story of the picture does not concern us. However, there are now so many diabetics, all of whom know how to treat themselves when at home or at work, who may be placed in new looking and, being prettily col- strange surroundings when they are suffering with diabetic coma (acidosis) or with insulin shocks. The treatment is very simple in either case, but, as the two conditions are exactly opposite in character, the treatment for each case is different.

What is diabetic coma and what is insulin shock? How can one tell the difference if a known diabetic is found unconscious?

Diabetic coma is a condition brought on by overeating-that is, side fastenings that extend from the patient himself may eat too neck to hemline. The rest of the much food-or the body, due to an overactive thyroid gland or infection which eats or burns up the food too rapidly. Treatment is therefore by insulin injection. Insulin shock or reaction is due

to too much insulin, to taking too little food after insulin has been taken, or taking too much exercise and using up the food eaten too soon. The treatment is to give some starch or sugar at once.

. . . HEALTH BRIEFS

To prevent psittacosis, parrot fever, government authorities in 1932 adopted U. S. Interstate Quarantine Regulations. These regulations recommended that every interstate shipment of parrots, love birds, and parrakeets be accompan-You can get these adorable ied by a certificate from the propdresses in such ravishing shades as er health authorities. This certificate copper pink, aqua, ice blue. For stated that: "The bird or birds in winter up north they look charming the shipment have come from dis-under fur coats, and they will be tributing establishments free from infection.

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