

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT RAZOR BLADES KENT BLADES FARMS FOR SALE

JUST... Could It Be? Mrs. Banks—Well, I admit that I was outspoken at the Civilian Defense meeting today.

The more a man has, the more he wants—with the possible exception of the father of twins.

To Good Use "Your daughter has a great many admirers," said Mrs. Wilkins. "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Bilkins, "she puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."

Got It By Mother—Did you stamp and mail my letter, son? Johnny—Yes, that is, I slipped it into the mail box without a stamp when nobody was looking.

When armored knights met, it was customary for each knight to raise the visor of his helmet as a means of identification. This gesture has come down through all armies in the form of the salute.

Doesn't it seem more sensible? ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE. Now... CANDY COATED or REGULAR! 10¢

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Raw, bitter weather dries skin cells, leaves them "thirsty." Skin gets sore—may crack, bleed. Soothing Mentholatum acts medicinally, helps: 1) Relieve thirsty cells so they can retain needed moisture; 2) Protect chapped skin from further irritation.

MENTHOLATUM WNU-U 5-43

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Doan's Pills Raw, bitter weather dries skin cells, leaves them "thirsty." Skin gets sore—may crack, bleed. Soothing Mentholatum acts medicinally, helps: 1) Relieve thirsty cells so they can retain needed moisture; 2) Protect chapped skin from further irritation.

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MURDER at PIRATES' HEAD By ISABEL WAITT W-N-U RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$200 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day.

CHAPTER VII

Potter offered to drive as many as could crowd into his car down to the wrecked bridge, and the rest of us started for the inn.

I got a look into nearly every room—not thorough, of course, but a glance in the most likely places. Uncle Wylie bumped into me on the stairs.

I followed him down to the kitchen. Aunt Nella began hissing at him right before Lily Kendall, who'd gone out to talk with auntie because she didn't want to be alone.

They'd tossed a coin to see who'd be left behind. Albion Potter was chosen, but he seemed so reluctant to stay alone that the preacher volunteered.

As to the bridge itself, it just wasn't any more, that's all. The old wooden planks had been blown to splinters and washed away by the swirling waters below.

You see, it had to be a time bomb, Victor had explained; or else have one of the cars stop and someone get out and set off the dynamite fuse, or whatever was used. And the cars didn't stop. No one got out.

"But why couldn't someone from Rockville have blown up the bridge right after we crossed?" somebody asked. (I was told about this afterward.)

That, of course, was possible on account of the darkness. Or it might have been one of those at home on the Head that evening—Hugh or Mr. Quincy or Victor Quade or Lily or Aunt Ella or I. I felt I could eliminate my aunt, Mr. Q. Victor Quade and myself. After all, I was only sure of myself!

The general consensus was that either Mr. Brown had blown the bridge after killing Roddy, or vice versa. Only after the identification of that charred, grisly corpse could one be sure.

Victor said: "Let's try to help one another. Shall we sit on the porch? Judy, go get your uncle." So called Uncle Wylie, who came slowly back, looking rather sheepish before his guests, sitting in the hammock, the porch rockers, and even on the steps.

We were still at a standstill. Although so early in the morning, the air was warm. A land breeze had sprung up, which was rapidly dispersing the fog. At Victor's request I got Aunt Nella to join us.

"You'll only get clam chowder for lunch," she scolded, untying her blue checkered apron and taking the chair Hugh Norcross brought her. "Go ahead with the third degree. Only I didn't set the fire and neither did Wy—my husband. Here's his pipe." Bless her! as Victor would say. She held up an old corn-cob I'd never seen my uncle smoke in my life.

Wylie Gerry flushed. "That's not the one, my dear. Mine is a little briar. Had it in my pocket when I went to town. Smoked it all the evening down to the plumbin' shop with the boys until—" he contemplated his shoes a minute and then looked Quade squarely in the eye.

"Wait a minute," Victor Quade interrupted, reaching into his pocket. "Is this your pipe, Mr. Gerry?" Uncle Wylie reached for the dirty old thing, then he beamed all over. Why, yes. Yes, that's it. He tucked it comfortably between his teeth. "Where'd you find it? I've hunted everywhere."

"Down by the fish shed, during the fire. Certain it's yours?" "Sartin' I'm sartin. However it got there."

Aunt Nella gasped and began to distill all over, but before she could say anything the minister cried: "There! What more do you want? Jerry lay on the bench and his pipe rolled out of his hand and started the fire."

protested. "I ought to know; he was in my car. You ought to know, too, De Witt. You saw him sitting in the car when we rushed into the inn, excited about the explosion."

"If the pipe set the fire, why didn't it get burned?" I asked. "The bench was burned to cinders." "How could the pipe have set the fire?" Hugh Norcross cut in. "No pipe stays lit that long. Besides, while we were all down there I dropped my cigarette case. Had to light a match to find it. Looked all around that bench and didn't see any pipe."

Victor was looking at him coolly. "So you lit a match?" "What of it?" "Nothing. Only you told us you were over by the Lane castle right after dark when Judy and Mr. Quincy spoke to you. Didn't take another stroll in the same direction and light another match later, did you?"

Hugh nearly fell off the railing. "Say, what is this? You've got a nerve insinuating a thing like that in front of all these people. I had a score to settle with Lane, I'll admit, but not the way things have been turning up around here. I'm not a killer. Nor an incendiary."

Bessie got up and linked her arm in his. "I'll just tell you this much, those of you who don't know. Rodney Lane and I were engaged five years ago. We—we broke it off. Hugh thought he treated me rather shabbily, but there was nothing more to it. Roddy didn't even appear to know me the other night, and I certainly thanked my stars he hadn't married me. What I'd like found out is who snatched Hugh's blue silk scarf from my bureau and Mr. Potter's turpentine. I think we've got a maniac, a kleptomaniac and what do you call 'em—pyromaniac."

For a moment we all sat trying not to look at poor Bessie Norcross, giving us the lowdown on her unhappy past. I felt awfully sorry for her. Pretty tough to go to a place where romance has touched your heart and then come back with it broken to see if it hurts any more.

"Thank you, Miss Norcross. That's what I mean," Victor said, talking rapidly to give the girl a chance to control herself. "By admitting that affair to us—being frank and open about it—you've helped us to understand some otherwise ambiguous remarks. The police may not even have to know about it."

"The police!" Bessie stood twisting her handkerchief to knots. She looked as if she'd have another breakdown any minute. Tall, dark, angular, too thin, she had none of her brother's good looks.

Hugh turned to her. "What Quade means is that, if we all come clean, this murder will be out. Evidently he thinks it's one of us. Just as some of us think it might be funny HE should turn up when he did."

Victor looked at me. "Guess I'll have to tell them, Judy." "It might be better, Mr. Quade," Victor came around where he could see us all. "I'm not too flattered none of you recognizes me," he said. "Anyone ever read 'Blood on the Necklace'?" Lily Kendall's opal beads scattered on the porch.

"I have. Gee, it was swell! Why, you ain't—? Now don't tell me!" "Or 'Window Ledge' or 'Ghost in the Chasm'?" Victor rattled on. "I've heard of them," Bessie said. "And I've read 'em all, Mr. Victor Quade." Mr. De Witt spoke up. "Mighty good reading. A fellow loaned them to me in—Once."

State's Prison, did he mean? His face was purple. Would he explain? I wondered, but he didn't. There was an uncomfortable shuffling till Victor went on suavely: "You're right. I'm Victor Quade, but my real name is Quade. Victor

Quade. The other's just a pseudonym. And I am recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever. Therefore the trailer and the rest by the sea. You can verify that much, later. Chose to come on my own name for a little seclusion so I could do another book. Well, you've given me the book."

"You mean you're goin' to put us all in a book? How thrilling!" Lily squealed. "I don't know. If I do it would be nothing personal—nothing you'd not wish that your friends might identify you by. A writer can change a story so you wouldn't recognize it as ever having happened to you. But that's not here nor there. Being Victor Quade doesn't give me an alibi."

"I'll say it doesn't," Quincy shot at him. "However," Victor ignored the interruption, "it does place me—give the rest of you something to go on." "How do we know you didn't cook up the whole thing? Get even with Lane and hide behind your vocation?" I was ashamed for Mr. Quincy.

Victor only smiled and showed his fine white teeth at me. "Miss Jason hinted something or other of the kind—" "I did not," I stammered. "I never really thought—" "In your eyes, my dear. I told her, as I'll tell you, that when I plan a murder I won't park my trailer on the spot and leave my car to get away in down in the Rockville garage. I'd just like to say this, as a manufacturer of mystery stories there are certain aspects of this one which are only too apparent. Used them myself in fiction. Now, do you wish me, or shall someone else, act as spokesman so we can clear up some of the muck? Believe me, the police will run the gamut of all your—our lives."

There was a unanimous decision that he should go ahead. Even Mr. Quincy appeared to have less animosity. He banged the rail with his cane. "I've been hoping, Mr. Quade, if we let you talk you'd give yourself away. Now you've done it, and there's a chance you're O. K. What do you want to know? I'll spill the beans after you show us a few credentials. Can you do it?" "I don't know," Victor said, fishing in his pocket. He pulled out a billfold, but stuffed it back again. "Guess you've got me. Thought I had a statement from my publisher, but I must have left it at home when I dumped the rest of my pockets. That's a good one. You'll have to take me on faith, mingled with doubt, of course—unless it's in another pocket in the trailer. Shall we go see?" He shrugged. "Personally I can think of a dozen more important—" "Well, I can't. You come to the Head and hell busts loose. Give Judy and Norcross the keys to your trailer and let 'em look. Only take a jiff." Mr. Quincy tapped the end of each sentence with a cane.

All we needed was direction. No sooner said-than-done stuff, to relieve the tension. The two of us ran up the pasture to the lovely new trailer. I'd never been inside one before. Compact? Why, it had everything. Everything but the publisher's letter. We locked it up again and hurried to report.

"No letter," Norcross said. "Put's you on the same spot with me, Mr. Quade." "Except that he did have a typewriter. And—there was a sheet of paper in it," I said.

Hugh Norcross said accusingly: "Go on, Miss Jason. Tell what he'd written—" "It said—it said—there was just a title in capitals." "Yes. And the title was—'Murder on the Bluff!'" Hugh finished for me. "Now was that a coincidence or was that a coincidence?"

Thaddeus Quincy thumped furiously. "Either he's the maniac or it lets him out and he is Victor Quade. Mystery story, don't you see? I move we let it lie and go on. Mr. Quade will have to stick around where we can keep an eye on him, anyway. What were the dozen more important things you spoke of a moment or two ago?"

Albion Potter leaned forward, wide-eyed. "May I say something?" He seemed awfully self-conscious, speaking up before us all. "It's about—you'll think me foolish, at a time like this, perhaps—but—but—don't forget, he took my turpentine. If I'd only discovered it before I went to town I could have bought some more."

I saw Victor give me a half glance, then turn his attention to Bessie Norcross. "The fire does make that missing turpentine seem more portentous. You—you didn't try to clean that spot off your white coat with a little of Mr. Potter's turpentine, did you, Miss Norcross?" "What spot?"

Bessie twirled around to look where we were all looking. There, sure enough, was a big, black, greasy-looking smudge, fading away into yellowish rings. "Good grief! How did I get that on there?" She pulled at the offending skirt and murmured regretfully: "My new white coat!"

Hugh stared fixedly at the spot. "That's my doings," he said. "Sorry. 'Fraid I made it worse, Bessie." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO By VIRGINIA VALE Released by Western Newspaper Union.

IT IS difficult to know just which bouquet to toss at "In Which We Serve"; people agree that it is a really great picture, but they praise it for different reasons—for its direction, the excellence of the production, the remarkably good acting, by a cast in which Noel Coward's is the only well-known name. I think that it is great because of its sincerity—watching it, you don't think "That's a good performance"; you feel that you are actually watching real people, taking part in their lives.

Signs of the times: An announcement from Metro's New York office that the theater where "Tennessee Johnson" is being shown is heated with coal, so patrons will be assured of comfort while viewing this picture about the 17th President of the United States.

The glamour girls who are sweethearts of the armed forces have nothing on Baby Snooks; she's the land-based mascot of the officers and men of the submarine U.S.S. Snooks, the enlisted men wear insignia presented by her on the backs of their overcoats.



BABY SNOOKS Dorothy Lamour's first male protege has red hair and freckles and is 6 1/2 years old. He's the son of Dorothy's secretary, and Dorothy's grooming him for important child roles. You'll see him making his film debut with her in "Dixie."

A screen role became a real one for Fay Bainter the other day, when her only son, Reginald S. H. Venable Jr., announced that he had enlisted in the army and was about to begin officers' training. In "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" she portrayed the mother of a boy who enlisted in the armed forces. She's working now in "Salute to the Marines."

Whoever gets the rights to film Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's life will know that he's won out over stern competition; even before Captain Rickenbacker's recent and famous adventure in the Pacific the major studios were interested in his life story.

Dick Martin, the young RKO actor, was discussing "Bombardier" with photographer Ernie Bachrach. "I sure hope I can get a part in that picture," said Martin. "It's going to be terrific." "I understand that Walter Reed has a good role," said Bachrach. "Good role!" exploded Martin. "Why, he kills off Randy Scott, bombs Tokyo, and gets Anne Shirley—what more could an actor ask?"

Henry Travers, who played the rose-growing station master in "Mrs. Miniver," has been cast to portray Dr. Eugene Curie, father of Pierre Curie, in Metro's "Madame Curie," starring Greer Garson. It's the third consecutive film in which Travers has appeared with her—he played the country doctor in "Random Harvest."

ODDS AND ENDS—Dinah Shore's been signed to appear with Danny Kaye in Samuel Goldwyn's "Wish Flying Colors" . . . Lesley Woods of the "Joyce Jordan, M. D." air show, has been dashing about New York during the cold weather in sequin trimmed ear muffs . . . Sheldon Leonard plays a rocketeer in "Lucky Jordan," because Hollywood thought him the ideal gangster type—but when he appeared in "Margin for Error" on the New York stage the minions of the law voted him the ideal policeman. . . Alice Veveer's the fastest-moving waitress on the screen in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour"—she's had experience as one.



FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE By ROGER B. WHITMAN

You may not be able to replace worn or broken household equipment. This is war. Government priorities come first. So take care of what you have . . . as well as you possibly can. This column by the homeowner's friend tells you how.

LAUNDRY TUB LEAKS ARE USUALLY IN SEAMS

THERE are frequent complaints of the leaking of laundry tubs made of slabs of concrete, soapstone, or something similar. These leaks are usually in the joints. To close them, the joints should be opened by scraping them with the handle end of a file, to make a groove into which a patch can be forced. A patch that lies only over the surface of a joint will not be permanent. A joint in a tub made of concrete slabs can be closed by packing with a mixture of one part portland cement and three parts clean building sand, with only enough water for the mixture to be plastic.

Before applying, the concrete of the tub should be thoroughly soaked with water, and the patch put in by hammering with the flat end of a tool like a large screwdriver. As soon as the patch hardens, the tub should be filled with water until the patch is covered and left filled for two or three days, to give the cement time to attain full-st density. A leaking joint of a soapstone tub should be cleaned out in the same way, and then packed with soft cotton string smeared with white lead paste. This should be allowed to dry for several days until the paste has hardened.

Repainting Old Linoleum Question: What is the best way to repaint an old kitchen linoleum, and what is the best type of paint to use. The linoleum is good, but the paint is worn off on the traffic lanes. The present color is a combination of green, black and cream. Now I want to repaint it in a combination of red and white.

Answer: Use a solvent type of varnish and paint remover. Apply with a brush, taking two or three yards at a time. When the old paint has softened, remove with fine steel wool. Wash the area immediately with lukewarm water and a neutral soap. Rinse well and allow to dry. Finish the whole floor in this way, giving it ample time to dry. If you use one of the inflammable types of remover, be sure to extinguish the pilot light of your range; the flame of a gas refrigerator also should be put out. Have plenty of ventilation in the room. Before applying paint wipe the surface with turpentine.

Any good floor paint or floor enamel can be used in two coats. A solid color shows footprints. This can be offset by stippling; that is, the spotting of the floor color with paint of another tone. For a kitchen floor, a practical combination is medium brown for the ground color and tan for the stippling. Stippling is one with a sponge having a flat surface, which can be cut with a sharp knife. When the ground color is dry, the stippling color is painted on a piece of board; the sponge is pressed on the wet paint and then on the floor. The pattern of the sponge thus is transferred. The process is learned easily and is quick in application.

Cleaning Tapestry Chair Question: How can I clean a tapestry-covered chair? Answer: Use soap jelly in the form of a stiff lather, which you can raise by beating a quantity of soap jelly in a bowl with an egg beater. Apply the lather with a soft brush to a rather small area, brushing continuously and adding more lather until the area is clean. (The lather should not be too wet.) Then wipe off the lather with a cloth wrung out of clean water. Wipe dry, in the direction of the nap. Continue in this way, being careful not to leave uncleaned streaks. Before using this method, apply the lather to some obscure part of the fabric to find out whether or not the colors are fast; if the colors come off, you should use a dry-cleaning method. Grease spots should be taken out with a cleaning fluid.

Books on Construction Question: Could you recommend a book that would be a source of information to an amateur builder? Answer: The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill., and Theodore Audel and Company, 49 West 23rd Street, New York city, publish such books. I suggest that you write to these houses for their catalogues.

Paint in Cold Weather Question: Does mild freezing (20 degrees at the lowest) injure paint? Answer: I suppose you refer to paint in cans. It will not, but do not attempt to use paint at temperatures below 50 degrees; it becomes very heavy when chilled and does not spread well.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz The Questions

- 1. Alluvial gold is what? 2. What is the correct name for the German secret police (Gestapo)? 3. What are the colors of the rainbow? 4. Which is the right bank of a river? 5. What is vegetable ivory? 6. What is a fellah? 7. If a man is sartorially correct, he is what? 8. Tabasco is a state in what country?

The Answers

- 1. Gold found in the sands or soil of stream beds. 2. Geheime Staats Polizei. 3. Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. 4. The bank at one's right when facing downstream. 5. The seed of the tagua nut, which looks like and is used as ivory. 6. A peasant in Arabic-speaking countries. 7. Dressed in good taste. 8. Mexico.

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Between 28 and 33 per cent of the road service cells answered by AAA clubs are in response to tire trouble—flats. Battery problems cause the second largest number of road calls for help.

American synthetic rubber will fill 90 per cent of the country's rubber needs, within two years of Pearl Harbor, according to a rubber chemist. This will be a speedy transition from natural rubber, Germany which started synthetic rubber development prior to 1914 can now only take care of 75 per cent of its rubber needs with synthetic.

Rubber tired trucks have been hauling about the pact as many ton-miles as the railroads, ODT officials say. Until gasoline rationing was applied as a brake, the car owners of the country were wearing off 750,000 pounds of tread rubber from their tires every day, a government statistician asserts

In war or peace B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER