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GOOD IMPROVED VALLEY FARMS AT \$45 to \$75 per acre. Write for list, M. A. Larson Agency, Central City, Nebraska.

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FOREST LAWN CEMETERY
CREMATION of the most modern type
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Household Hints

Place a rubber mat on the saucer under your potted plant and it will absorb the right amount of moisture from the mat.
The best way to clean lamp chimneys is to rub them with newspaper on which has been poured a little kerosene.

A teaspoonful of pulverized alum added to stove blacking will give the stove a brilliant luster that will last for a long time.

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked with cold water, as warm water sets them.

GROVE'S

YOUR ASSURANCE OF QUALITY VITAMINS
The name GROVE'S on every package of B Complex Vitamins is your bond of assurance—a symbol of guaranteed quality. Unit for unit, you can't get finer quality vitamins. They're distributed by makers of famous Bromo Quinine Cold Tablets. GROVE'S B Complex Vitamins are economical! Regular size—just twenty-nine cents. Large size, more than a month's supply—only one dollar. Get GROVE'S B Complex Vitamins today!

Bright Idea
Clerk—If you were in my shoes, sir, what would you do?
Employer—I'd shine them.

How to Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

Needless Ease

Black Leaf 40
KILLS LICE
DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

DOAN'S PILLS

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 \$800 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. After the auction the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane is found in a chest in the basement of the church, but disappears a few hours later. Victor Quade finds a golf club near the chest. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown who is supposed to have lived there, although no one has ever seen him. Uncle Wylie's pipe is found near the shed. Hugh Norcross has just told them he used Potter's turpentine to clean Bessie's coat.

CHAPTER VIII

"You cleaned it for her? With turpentine?"
"Uh-huh. Gave me a little. Don't you remember, Potter? You were working on that painting of the Quaker church and I asked if turpentine would do the trick and you said it would and gave me some on my handkerchief."
"That right, Mr. Potter?"
"Sorry, Norcross," the artist said. "I recall no such incident."

Bessie's face flamed. "I don't see what difference it makes if my coat has a spot on it or not except to me. If my brother tried to clean it off I'm sure that was very kind of him. Aren't all artists proverbially absent-minded? That's where your old turpentine went. It wasn't stolen at all. You used it up, Mr. Potter."

Albion didn't answer her but he looked shocked as he edged away to the other side of the group back of Mr. Quincy's chair.

"There's a question I'd like to ask," Victor said. "How many of you have golf clubs here?"
Hugh and Bessie admitted they'd brought theirs, and Aunt Nella reminded us that the minister had some by a significant nod. He had kept silent until the force of unspoken glances made him say:

"That shot I made on the lawn last night. Wasn't my club. Belonged to Mr. Norcross, I think. Didn't bring my own downstairs yet. Why, Quade?"
It would be a good time to search his golf bag, I thought; but Victor only shrugged again and said nonchalantly, "Oh, nothing. Just wondered whose mashie might be missing. Saw one back of Judy's hope chest in the church basement. It had blood on it."

"Blood? You could hear the gasp that ran around our piazza and made everybody lean forward with a dazed expression."
"See here, Mr. Quade," Potter said in a voice that trembled, "you had no right to keep this to yourself."

"Yes, why didn't you show us?" They were all talking at once. Hugh Norcross started down the steps. "The minister—Mr. De Witt there—just said he was using my club on the lawn. Well, if he was, I can soon prove it. All my clubs are initialed. I'll get my mashie."

"But, Hugh, where are you going?" Bessie cried.
"The tent. Left my bag in the tent and forgot to take it in afterward. Don't you remember?"
If she did, Bessie looked pretty anxious.

"Did you see any initials alongside the—the blood?" Mr. Quincy banged the railing and made us all jump.
Victor shook his head. We were all watching Hugh Norcross emerge from his tent without any bag.

"Queer. They're not in the tent. Must be upstairs after all."
Uncle Wylie, who'd been fiddling with his beloved pipe, now sprang up suddenly. "What you looking for, Mr. Norcross. I carried in those clubs. You'll find 'em in your room behind the door."

"Are yours initialed, too, Miss Norcross?" Victor asked.
Bessie inclined her head. "Hugh and I always mark everything."
"Then if the one you saw down at the church isn't initialed, I suppose it's mine—that what you mean, Quade?" The minister fairly shouted it.

Bessie glared at her and said: "Teh! Teh!" Uncle Wylie drained his pipe noisily, till Aunt Nella nudged him. It was Albion Potter who brought us all back to normal.
"Look at that cloud effect," he said. "There, that's just what I was trying to put into my picture. Cumulus. My, I wish I'd bought some extra turpentine."

Bessie turned on him, anger in her biting tone. "If you're trying to remind us that your turpentine was used on my coat—why, I think you're plain dirty mean."
Goodness, were they going to fight over such a small matter—at a time like this?

Mr. Quincy beat a tattoo. "We can't all shout!" he shouted. "Let Mr. Quade continue."

Victor gestured from the foot of the steps. "My friends," he began in a voice so imitative of President Roosevelt! that even at that tense moment everybody recognized it and smiled, "let's have a quiet little freestyle talk. We all of us have things to explain. Take myself. You have only my word 'I'm who I claim I am. I had, perhaps, the best opportunity of anyone to commit this crime. Certainly I arrived at the crucial time. I can't find my publisher's letter or any other credentials to establish the fact I'm a well-known mystery writer—Vidor Quinn. And that title—'Murder on the Bluff'—could anything be more pat? Now, I ask you. The club may be mine. The rest of the committee didn't see it behind the sea chest. Perhaps I put it there. I don't happen to have



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had the pleasure of knowing this Roddy Lane, but that can come up later.
"Of course," Victor went on, "he may be quite all right. We've nothing to prove he didn't go to Rockville last evening and stay there, or try to return to the Head and find the bridge out. But an old man—to go off like that and leave a light burning. You're sure about the light, you two?" He looked from Mr. Quincy to me, and we both corroborated.

"That there ear trumpet—he never went nowhere without it," Uncle Wylie said. "Not even fishin'. Had it tied over his shoulder some way."
"Suppose you describe the man?"
"Suppose you describe the man?"

"Not so very. Warn't short, neither. Kinder medium, and stooped-like. Come to think of it, I usually saw him settin'—either on the bench in front of the shack or over on the rocks back of the church."
"Was he light or dark? Old or young?"
"Warn't rush me. You know he was old—as old as the hills. So old I thought he hadn't oughter be livin' all alone by himself and asked him why he did. But he answered as always, sticking that ear-thing into my face and turning his sideways. 'Hey? I'm a little hard of hearin'. Speak louder.' You'd think he'd stepped out of some Yankee play. 'The Old Homestead' or 'Way Down East.' Character, he was. Old-timer. Only other thing I ever heard him say was 'Fishin'. Liked to fish off the rocks when he first come."

"And when was that?"
"Not so long ago. Just afore you tourists, warn't it, Nella?"
"How sh'd I know? Nobody saw him come. Just saw a light there one night, and you went over and there he sat on the bench, twiddling his thumbs and blinkin' at the sea," Aunt Nella replied.

"Blinking, did you say?"
"That's what Wylie said—behind his thick glasses. Wylie lit his pipe—" she broke off abruptly, as if a memory of the fishhook and her husband's pipe were too painful to go on with. "Said he was poverty struck lookin'. Old and deaf and hunched up and quavery sort of. I said if he made a nuisance of himself before my guests I'd have him fired out of there, but he never did. Squatter, you said, Wylie."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

is my own. I can assure you it has nothing to do with this story. Nothing whatever."

"Course it hasn't," scoffed Aunt Nella. "Even if the poor man did lose every penny when the Lane Bank blew up, and Roddy swiped—"
"You keep still," advised my uncle, for once in his life. "Mind your own business."

"True, ain't it? Tell 'em it's true, Reverend."
"Ye's, it's true. When that crooked son of the Old Man's cleaned out the bank, I lost everything I'd saved from years of hard work. But others lost, too."

"Why, wasn't it insured?" Victor asked.
"Nobody knows exactly, but what insurance there was didn't cover Roddy's supposed embezzlement. People couldn't prove young Lane did steal the funds; he was never brought to trial because there wasn't anything to go by. But the money was gone. The bank failed. The Old Man shot himself."

"Roddy hid it in the Castle, if you ask me," added Aunt Nella.
"Now, we're getting somewhere!" Victor said. "How many of you people lost money in that fiasco?"
Nobody spoke. Mr. Quincy was drawing imaginary circles on the porch with his nervous cane. "You can't expect us to answer a question like that, Mr. Quade. Practically admit a motive for killing Roddy Lane? You're crazy!"

"Not so crazy as you think. Why should an innocent person hesitate? A matter of record, isn't it?"
Uncle Wylie removed his pipe. "If 'twas, this might not have happened. Only record is personal bankbooks. Nella and me—we've got our'n. But the ledgers of the Lane Bank vanished along with the funds. Nella's nuts to say they were hidden in the Lane Castle. Authorities scored the place high and low, at the time. Couldn't find a thing. That was after the old man shot himself, which some thought, as didn't know him, was tantamount to a confession. Might a-been at that—for his son. But Roddy got off scot free. No proof against him. Want to see our accounts? Joint they was."

"Later, Mr. Gerry. You weren't afraid to speak up."
"Who should he be!" Auntie snapped. "The savin's didn't make him half so mad as the fight over the boundary line."
There she went—making things worse for poor old Uncle. The police would have a sweet time twisting him around in their net. Not only the lost savings and the old boundary feud, but the damning evidence of his having been intoxicated, the finding of his pipe at the scene of the ruined fish shack he'd threatened over and over, quite publicly, to burn down some day. Was Victor Quade also adding up these things to make harmless Uncle Wylie Gerry into a killer?

But Victor struck everybody silent when he said: "Mr. Gerry, you're the only one here who knew this man Brown. Is that right?"
That was correct, Aunt Nella only having seen him a few times at a distance.

"Of course," Victor went on, "he may be quite all right. We've nothing to prove he didn't go to Rockville last evening and stay there, or try to return to the Head and find the bridge out. But an old man—to go off like that and leave a light burning. You're sure about the light, you two?" He looked from Mr. Quincy to me, and we both corroborated.

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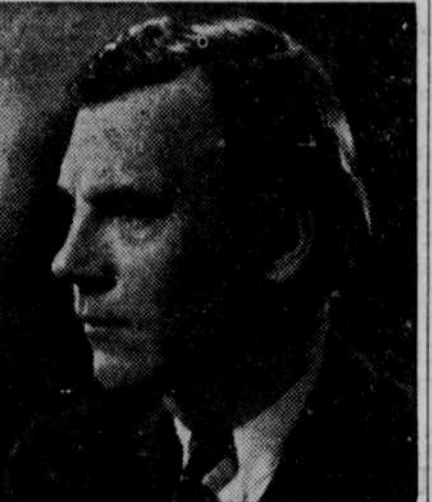
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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

A FEW years ago a radio producer, an actress and an actor formed a trio to produce an act in a series of transcriptions called "Story of Martha Blair." Results: the producer married the actress, who became famous on the stage and screen. The actor made a name for himself in the movies, as well as on the air. The director stepped right ahead also. He's Carlton Alspop, producer of "Abie's Irish Rose," now transcribing 15 quarter-hour programs for the Red Cross. She's Martha Scott, who did one of them with the young actor. He's Joseph Cotten, star of the new Hitchcock thriller, "Shadow of a Doubt."

Samuel Goldwyn has signed Walter Huston again to play a leading role in "The North Star"; it's his first Goldwyn picture since "Dodds-



WALTER HUSTON

worth." Huston is now working at Warner Bros. in "Mission to Moscow," appearing as Ambassador Davies.

For six years Cheryl Walker was stand-in for stars; then she was given the romantic lead in Sol Lesser's "Stage Door Canteen," and did so well with it that she stepped straight into stardom; CBS paid tribute to her on "Women's Page of the Air" as a result.

If you have income-tax trouble you'll enjoy "The Spirit of '43," in which Donald Duck tackles his Income Tax stint. It's the new Walt Disney short, made at the request of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. Five hundred prints will be distributed and shown under the auspices of the War Activities Committee of the motion picture industry.

When Jean Arthur does kissing scenes the set is closed; she's a bit shy and doesn't like having an audience at such times. But she and Joel McCrea exchanged fervent kisses before an audience of 21 men the other day, for "The More the Merrier"; they were soldiers, being shown through the studio.

Jean Brooks has come up the hard way, via hard-riding westerns and cliff-hanging serials. She scored in a featured role with Abbott and Costello, in "Buck Privates," and now she's won the feminine lead opposite Dennis O'Keefe in "The Leopard Man."

Eddie Cantor receives \$10,000 per broadcast; his daughter Marilyn gets \$50 a week, but she's the radio industry's first girl staff announcer, and proud as punch of the job. She's on WNEW, a local station in New York; she makes commercial announcements, introduces band numbers, and puts records on the studio timetable—and has ruined her father's gag about the cost of supporting five girls.

Jeanette MacDonald has no sympathy for those stars who regard service-camp entertainment tours as a hardship; she thinks they're fun. But at 14 she was dancing in a Broadway revue, taking singing and ballet lessons between times, and modeling fur coats to pay for the extra lessons. She says that an army camp tour is just a vacation by comparison.

Since fire destroyed Bing Crosby's home thousands of people have offered to replace his losses. One offered a complete collection of Bing's records; an army sergeant said every time Bing smoked a pipe in a picture he'd bought one just like it, and offered the singer his choice. A vaudevillian said he'd break up his trained dog act to replace the spaniel the children lost in the fire.

ODDS AND ENDS—Gary Cooper will sing "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," his next picture. . . . Cary Cooper has signed a new contract with RKO calling for five pictures over a long-term period. . . . Some day one of those press agents who announce that a box-office star will join the W.A.A.C.s, WAVES or SPARS will get the shock of his life, when she actually goes through big red broadcloth purse on which is pinned insignia of every branch of the service, given her by service men; while making "Broadway Daddies" she added six more pins to the collection.

ON THE HOME FRONT
With RUTH WYETH SPEARS



HOOKED IN SOLID COLOR WITH OUTLINE IN A DARKER TONE
DARK AND LIGHT COLOR USED FOR SHADED EFFECT
HOLD STRIP UNDER WORK WITH LEFT HAND

YOUR rag bag contains the best possible material for making attractive pads for chairs and foot stools. These may be hooked in the same manner as rugs are made. Cut or tear old materials into strips and draw loops through either burlap or canvas with a rug hook as shown at the left. Either cotton, wool, silk or rayon may be used. The strips may be cut from three quarters to one and one-half inches wide, according to the weight of the material and how fine you wish the work to be. If some color is desired that you do not have on hand goods should be dyed to carry out your room color scheme.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To take black stains out of a hardwood floor, scrub floor vigorously with hot water and javelle water, using a stiff brush. For persistent stains repeat process.

Left-over meat, minced, with cream or salad dressing makes a popular sandwich filling.

Pipe cleaners are handy in the kitchen to clean gas burners, lemonade sippers, funnels, etc.

If a child's birthday is forgotten till the last minute, fix a novel gift for him this way: Stick pennies, nickels or dimes into a shiny red apple, tie a ribbon bow on the blossom end, and the gift is ready.

pieces of work may be stretched over an old picture frame and thumb-tacked. Flowers and leaves may be hooked in outline as at the upper right, or two or more tones may be used for a shaded effect, as at the lower right.

NOTE: BOOK 5, of the series of home-making booklets prepared for readers, contains directions for making your own flower designs and for hooking rugs. BOOK 6 contains directions for a hooked, a braided and a crocheted rug all made from old clothing. Copies are 10 cents each. Send requests for booklets direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for each book desired.
Name
Address



FRED MACMURRAY

If you're concerned about what sort of gift to send a friend or relative in one of Uncle Sam's branches of the services, your worries are over. If he smokes a pipe or rolls-his-own, the answer is a pound of tobacco. Numerous surveys made among soldiers, sailors, marines, and Coast Guardsmen show that tobacco ranks first on his gift list. Local tobacco dealers are featuring Prince Albert in the pound can for service men. Prince Albert, the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco, is a big favorite among many men in the service. —Adv.

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A NEW DISCOVERY... of perfection in baking results is being made by the hundreds of women who are turning, every day, to the baking powder that has been the baking day favorite of millions, for years and years.
HULMAN & CO. - TERRE HAUTE, IND.
Founded in 1848

DARLING... YOU HAD THAT CHURCH SUPPER BEGGING FOR MORE!
COOK: Even the school cooking teacher said they were the best rolls she ever ate.
MARY: She should know the new way I made them! No kneading, mind you... and extra vitamins in them, too, when you use Fleischmann's Yeast!
TEACHER: When it's so easy, Mary, to put Vitamins A and D, as well as B, and G, into bread... why not use Fleischmann's? It's the only yeast with all those vitamins.
I'M FREE! SEND FOR ME. FLEISCHMANN'S NEW 40-PAGE BOOK OF 60 BRAND RECIPES. SCADS OF NEW BREADS, ROLLS, DELICIOUS DESSERT BREADS. BUT DO IT NOW—TODAY!
Fleischmann's makes us extra good. All the vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast go right into us with no great loss in the oven!
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