

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If thawed too quickly meat that has been frozen will likely be tough.

Felt hats will last longer if brushed with a brush made of hair and not with a whisk broom.

A small leak in an aluminum pan may be repaired by placing a flat piece of heavy iron on one side and lightly hammering the hole together on the other side.

When patching a print dress match the patch with the print so that it will be less noticeable.

Save the water in which you have boiled rice. Pass any small articles through it after washing; it will semi-starch them.

Set a five-gallon pail of old crank case oil in the tool shed, into which small tools may be dipped after using, this to prevent rusting.

You can freshen up drab waste baskets by pasting on some gay motifs cut from wall-paper, then using a white shellac over the paper.

NOW MY WHOLE FAMILY CAN TAKE VITAMINS

Yes, GROVES' economy price now enables vitamin A, B, D protection for your entire family! Regular size—over two weeks' supply—only 25¢. More than ten weeks' supply—just one dollar. Potency—quality guaranteed! Give your family the protective benefits of GROVES' Vitamins A and D plus famous B₁ to help maintain body resistance, strong bones and teeth, healthy appetite, steady nerves, vigor, vitality. Get GROVES' Vitamins A and D plus B₁ today!

GROVES' A, B, D VITAMINS

MAKERS OF "BROMO QUININE" COLD TABLETS

Get Into Action For Full Victory!

Relief At Last For Your Cough

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.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

If you know a Navy man, don't ever call him a "gob"—sailors consider the name an insult. You can get on the right side of him though if you offer him a Camel—better yet, send him a carton. Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy (Army, Marines, Coast Guard, too, for that matter) based on actual sales records from the service men's stores. Local dealers are featuring cartons of Camels to send to any member of our armed forces anywhere. Send him that Camel carton today.—Adv.

WNU-U 7-43

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood. If good health is to endure, when the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages are sometimes further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use **Doan's Pills**. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

MURDER at PIRATE'S HEAD

By ISABEL WAITT W-N-U RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$300 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. 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 Hugh Norcross's golf club near the chest. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown. Uncle Wylie's pipe is found near the shed. Suspicion hovers around Uncle Wylie's head as he tells of his own meeting with old man Brown. Wylie is speaking.

Now continue with Judy's story.

CHAPTER IX

"Told me he had permission to stay in that shack long as he liked. Didn't ask him who from. None of my business. Old shed ain't been used since bootleggin' days, when the police rounded up a cache of liquor."

"Hush, Wylie. That ain't got nothing to do with this. You only saw the poor old feller once after that, didn't you?"

"Time he was fishin' off the rocks, you mean. Funny thing about that, my uncle ruminated. 'Cloudy day and he was over near the Pirate's Mouth. I was afraid he might fall in. There's a path, but it's mighty dangerous. I yelled at him, and by thunder—maybe 'twas a coincidence—but he looked around and saw me. Then he disappeared. I tore after him, but he wasn't in the Pirate's Mouth. Climbed up the other side, I guess. Anyway, I saw his light time I got back."

"Do you mean that old man got back to his shack before you did? Beat you to it?" Victor asked incredulously.

"Not exactly. It was cloudy and dark, the way it suddenly does when it's fixin' up to thunder, but I could see he wasn't in the Pirate's Mouth, nor sloshing around in the waters below. I wanted to take a look at the church, knowing about the auction and all. Nella—Mrs. Gerry's always hankered after that location. I was wonderin' if 'twould pay to turn the building into a bungalow and sell the inn. Nella ain't so spry as—"

"I don't see—" Bessie Norcross got no farther.

"The police will see plenty," Victor said. "Mr. Gerry, you'll certainly give them much to think about. Thank you for telling us about this mysterious Mr. Brown, who's neither short nor tall, wears thick glasses, uses an earphone, but turns when he's unexpectedly yelled at, comes from nowhere just before things begin to occur on the Head, is old and apparently feeble, yet could climb into and out of that Pirate's Mouth so rapidly that he'd disappear by the time you reached the spot, though you tore after him. H'm'm'm, very interesting, don't you think, Mr. Quincy?"

"Beats the way I manage without my chair."

I was having a conniption over what Uncle Wylie had said about buying the church. It was ridiculous to suppose he'd sent me the money.

I leaned over and whispered into Uncle Wylie's ear: "Did you send me that mazuma?"

"Huh?"

I repeated the question, only substituting the word money. He acted dumb as anything, and started fishing in his pocket, and drew out some change.

"How much you want? Only got 73 cents."

I excused myself and ran into the house. It was high time I told Victor about that letter. He could do stunts with it; make them all write their names and compare the penmanship or something.

The rooms were a mess. We'd have to quit this business and clean up the inn and start lunch, pretty soon. Some of the beds had been tossed together in my hasty search for Roddy's diamond ring, but that was all. My own room didn't even have the clothes airing. I flung them back in a heap and ran to the bureau.

The letter was gone!

I couldn't believe it. Maybe it wasn't the top drawer, where I stuck it under the paper lining. I tried the others, knowing the futility. Then I went back to the top one again, tossing my belongings helter-skelter. There was no doubt about it.

I got down on my hands and knees and looked under the bureau. I even moved it from the wall. No dice. What a sap I'd been to leave it in my room. Well, anyway, I could repeat the contents. But now there'd be no way to get a slant on the writing. I recalled how sprawling it had been, backhanded and every which way, in the attempt to disguise it. There could no longer be doubt about that.

I began suddenly to be terribly afraid. Did the person who tried to use me have any connection with the foul deeds which followed? Was I dealing with a killer? A murderer who knew I still had half a thousand dollars of his in my possession? Why the Old Harry should a perfect stranger wish to present me with a tearroom, anyway?

Not Aunt Nella. She'd never let anybody do her bidding, nor pass on a sum like that. Uncle Wylie I discarded. Roddy Lane? But why should he want the old church? He did, I knew, because he'd said so. He'd also said he was planning to

bid at the auction. "Prepare for some lively bidding," he'd said that night at supper. Would he mail me cash and then bid, too? Not likely. Not unless—could he be that subtle? Could he have chosen this method, for reasons of his own, and be hiding around the Head? In which case he'd blown up the bridge and killed Brown. The fire might have been an accident, but the hand I'd seen in the sea chest wasn't. There's something about a dead hand—Ugh!

I could feel little chills creeping up and down my spine. Any minute I expected to hear a voice demand back its \$500. I ran into the hall, and, as the old stairs creaked behind me, I paced down, nearly losing my balance, and screaming as I went.

The whole piazza rose in a mass and came running to meet me.

"Judy!" Aunt Nella cried.

"What's the matter, Judy?" Hugh met me at the stairs and caught me to him. "Are you all right?"

"Sure she's all right," Bessie got between her brother and me.

"I—I'm nervous, I guess," I faltered, sitting down on the stairs.

"It's nothing, really. Go—go on with your seance."

"See anyone upstairs?" Lily wanted to know.

"Of course not." Goodness, I mustn't give way like that. "I don't know why I screamed. Got to thinking of—of what I saw in the chest."

"We're all pretty much keyed up," Auntie said. "Judy, you come out to the kitchen and help me start the chowder."

But I wouldn't. I signaled to Victor Quade, and when he came over to my side I whispered: "Just you. Come."

I went on into my little office, and he scattered the rest. Didn't



Told me he had permission to stay in that shack."

they all want a breathing space? Why not go in a body down to look at the Pirate's Mouth, and also at the golf club, to see if someone had borrowed Mr. Norcross's? Would they wait for him? Meet at the steps in ten minutes?

They would. Unanimously.

"Well, Miss Judy, what's bothering you?" Victor sat down in the old Morris chair where Uncle Wylie often retreated with his pipe when things got too warm for him in the kitchen.

I closed the door. When I turned and saw Victor Quade's glowing eyes boring darkly into mine, I was struck again by his odd resemblance to Roddy Lane. If Lane had had a brother—! But I knew better. And when he smiled at me, how different from the Lane leer. Such magnificent teeth! I sighed faintly, thinking for a moment how handsome the man was. Then I plunged into the strange incident of the letter.

"An anonymous letter, you say?"

"It was merely signed—'A Friend.' Included were forty twenty-dollar bills."

"May I see this epistle?"

I felt full of confusion. What an idiot I'd been to leave it in a bureau drawer—the first place anyone would look. I had to admit I'd been a chump; that the letter was gone.

Victor began to rock backward and forward in the gawky old chair, sitting up on the edge of it now, as if the swaying movement helped him think. He shook his head slowly and smiled at me: "You couldn't know, of course, but I'm afraid you did pull a boner."

"But he said, 'Don't tell a soul.' Oh, I'm not excusing myself. I know it was stupid. The sentimental reasons got me. And that's another thing—before the auction, when we, the guests, I mean, were all discussing bidding in the Rev. Jonas De Witt used those very words."

"Sentimental reasons." He'd like, he said, to own the old Quaker church for sentimental reasons.

"Used to hold services there, didn't he?"

"Said so. Not since my time, though he had the Rockville congrega—"

Victor stopped me with a gesture. "I know. We want to get going with the rest of the crew. We can investigate the minister and his prison record later. Think you could remember most of that letter? Where was it postmarked? Notice the date?"

Three questions. The postmark had been Boston. The date was blurred, but I'd found it in the letterbox the day before the auction, which was, as he knew, July 3. "Good heavens! Was it only yesterday?"

Victor nodded, prompting: "So the letter came in the regular mail, July 2? Who has come to the inn since then?"

"Nobody but you," I said. "Roddy came at suppertime that night."

"H-m-m-m," Victor considered, his strong white hands patting noisily together. "Quite a coincidence. You get the wherewithal to buy the church from an unknown. Roddy Lane arrives. There's rumor he's hidden bank funds somewhere on the Head. Lane disappears, though his car is still here. An old recluse is burned to death, who may have discovered Lane's secret horde, or seen him uncovering it."

"But—but you're forgetting the diamond ring!" I cried. "Roddy'd never leave that. Mr. Quincy noticed it that night and said it was a very valuable stone, remember?"

"Judy, before you do anything else, jot down the letter. I'll go along out now. You might tear out the page of signatures in your inn register. Copy that, couldn't you? Maybe the writing of one of them would give you a clue."

I began to shake. "You think one of our guests did it—a double murder?"

"Don't go jumping to conclusions like that. We've only one corpus delicti. There may be another in the sea. If ever we get into communication with the mainland, we may find out."

"If we had some mush we'd have some mush and milk if we had some milk."

"Exactly. Meanwhile, whether Lane killed Brown and swam the gut, or vice versa; or whether one of the inn crowd did them both in and is still with us, the fact remains your letter is probably connected with it. The police will tear the church to pieces. Dig up the basement. Blast the cliff. You get that letter down, and suppose—" He checked himself, staring at me in a frowning way that made me wonder where I'd failed until he said: "The rest of that money. Five hundred? Judy, he may want it back. That keep-the-change stuff might not go for so large a sum." (My very thought.) "Have you a safe here?"

I laughed at the idea. "We're poor," I reminded him. "Taking boarders!"

"Well, don't keep it on your person. Were they new bills? In sequence?"

"In sequence? The numbers? I didn't think to look at them very closely. They weren't new. Old, I'd say. Not in order as you might get them from a bank."

"They wouldn't be. Whoever sent them is far too clever. Put them back in your drawer. Might be a good idea to tell everybody about the letter you received, its loss, and that whoever took it would find the cash in the same place. I don't want you to go away by yourself after this. Keep with somebody you can trust all the time—like your aunt or your uncle."

It was then I confessed Aunt Nella was really no relative of mine, nor her husband, either.

I could trust him, Victor said, and the way he glanced at me made me blush till I was afraid he'd see it. I reached for the register to hide my confusion, and opened it at the blotter.

"Mr. Quade, look! All the signatures have been torn out!"

We examined the torn ledger, hunting fruitlessly in the waste-basket.

Victor's eyes gleamed. "That's where he made a boner. Did—did Lane register that night?"

"No. I put his name down, though. See, back here. He was only a mealier. 'One supper—75 cents. There it is.'"

"And I suppose everybody's been in here to telephone."

"Uh-huh. Even you—when you found the wires were cut."

He inquired then when I'd missed the letter, and I had to admit I'd only just discovered it wasn't there when I went up to get it to show to him. I hadn't looked at it since I hid it under the paper lining in my bureau drawer.

Somebody wasn't taking any chances of having his or her signature compared with the letter-writing. Maybe he was afraid of not disguising some peculiarity enough. Experts can tell every time. But now there's only the contents, as you remember them, to go by."

"Then how did he make a boner?"

"Just this: If Old Man Brown came in here he'd have been seen by one of the guests. Mr. Quincy is usually on the piazza. That Kendall woman is ubiquitous. No, Brown didn't get in. I doubt if Lane did. His handwriting wasn't there, you say. But somebody's was. Somebody who was sparring for time till he found and destroyed the letter he'd sent you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jewels and Dinner Hats Lend Enchantment to Simple Gowns

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THAT charming custom has been revived of wearing flattering, prettily feminine little dinner hats for dress-up and semi-formal occasions, together with important jewelry to give drama and finesse to the costume.

Just now it's the fashion to dress to please the men in uniform home on furlough, and it seems according to their "say so" that they want and really need the uplift and inspiration of seeing their wives, their sisters, their sweethearts, their cousins and their aunts look their most charming selves.

In the spirit of patriotic conservatism that now prevails it is not so women are not buying so many gowns as heretofore, but for now and throughout the duration they plan to arrive at chic and charm and versatility by means of a carefully selected wardrobe of interchangeable accessories. Especially in matter of their dinner gowns and street-length semi-formal frocks are they relying upon glamorous accessories to prettify their costumes and give them style distinction and allure.

To add to the zest for this smart formula of a simple frock topped with a fetching millinery confection, plus striking jewelry ensembles, comes the assurance that fashion's stamp of approval is on dinner hats and swank jewels worn with either street length or longer dinner clothes.

In the illustration the magic of a pretty hat that flatters, the efficacy of choice jewelry that will glorify even the simplest frock, is dramatically set forth. A gay little flatterer is the tiny wisp of a hat shown to the right in the picture. It is made of curled feathers in pale blue and brown. As to the jewelry, it is outstanding. The gold loop clip has clusters of rubies terminating in a

diamond sunburst effect. The wide gold bangle bracelet has a tailored bow design set with matching jewels. The ear clips are large gold flowers centered with clustered rubies.

The adorable little dinner hat shown at the top tells its own story in a little sealskin pill box that takes on a side ruffle of exquisite black lace that flatters, whether it is worn with a pretty pastel frock as you see it here or with a slim-cut black dinner gown. The earrings, necklace and bracelet are loops of gold with clusters of pink garnets, and the gold clips are set with the same stones.

Everywhere at gala occasions women are wearing entrancing little flower hats that make the entire scene take on a springlike freshness this season. Most notable is the dramatic play that centers about rose themes. There is a wealth of beauty expressed in the dinner hat of black net and red roses illustrated below to the left in the group. The gown with which it is worn is a sleek black dinner dress with flatterer of the shoulder neckline. The rose corsage is gorgeously colorful. The jewel ensemble is of Ceylon sapphires, aquamarines and diamonds.

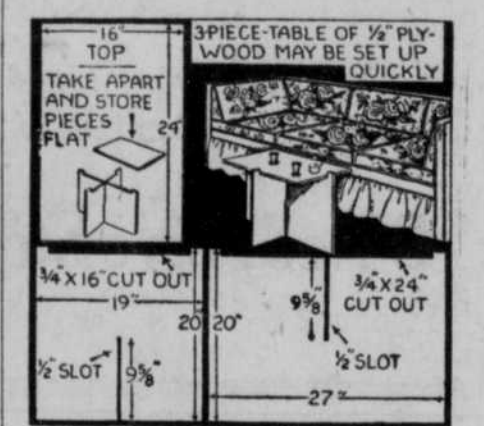
Little white dinner hats worn with ropes of pearls carry out the now-so-fashionable black and white vogue. Also, the present fad for pink and black is leading to a favor for necklaces of huge pink pearls which, ensembled with a pink pearl bracelet and a modish little turban of rose-pink feathers, lives up to fashion's "be pretty" formula to perfection.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Fold-Up Coffee Table Made Without Nails

IF THERE is one piece of furniture for which our own period will be famous it is the low coffee table. Our own generation has discovered that low tables are not only convenient but give a greater feeling of space in a room than high ones.

Here is a little coffee table that is as modern as tomorrow. You can make it yourself from a three by four foot piece of half inch ply-



wood with straight cuts of the saw. It requires not one scrap of hardware. Just cut the three sections according to the dimensions given here; place the slot of the narrow piece of the base through the slot in the wide piece; put the top on, and there you are! When not in use the pieces take up no more space than a large serving tray.

NOTE: Readers who have sent for copies of the series of booklets numbered one to eight, prepared by Mrs. Spears, will be pleased to know that BOOK 9 is now ready. This new book contains 32 gay and thrifty things for your home with illustrated directions. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10

Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 9.

Name

Address

Crop of the Sea

Submarine gardens on the Pacific coast which thrilled visitors in glass-bottom boats in peacetime are now being visited by men in diving helmets, picking clumps of sea fern from the lush underwater growths. This is agar sea fern, one of the very essential products that Uncle Sam wants these war days.

Agar-agar, the gelatin made from the fern, gives smoothness to ice cream and contains cheeses. More important, it's the one essential gelatin for which no substitute has been found, in making laboratory tests of drinking water, milk, and food to safeguard American civil and military health.

Olivia de HAVILLAND
star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Strawberry Blonde," recommends Calox Tooth Powder for teeth that shine.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Noble Nature
A noble nature can alone attract the noble and retain them.

Use at first sign of a **COLD**

666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, COUGH DROPS.

Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

—Buy War Savings Bonds—

IT'S GOOD-TASTING!

Children Like This Better Way To Take Cod Liver Oil!

Mothers!—children need the vital elements in Scott's Emulsion to help promote proper growth, strong bones, sound teeth! So give them good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily—they're sure to like it. Tones up system. Contains natural A and D Vitamins. Buy today—all druggists.

Recommended by Many Doctors

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

Yarn Embroidery



For that fuel rationing that we needs must plan for in terms of warm clothing you will find a "comfy" knitted outfit like this very attractive sweater ensemble will prove ideal. Because gray is so smartly in fashion the designer chooses a gray wool for the skirt. The sweater is in matching gray. The colorful yarn embroidery that highlights the neutral gray conveys an important style message. By the way, if you have a sweater that you would like to touch up with color just give it a dash of gay yarn embroidery. You can do this easily, even if you are not an expert with the needle. The yoke effect suggested in this model is very smart. The red knitted peaked cap completes a most charming color scheme.

Dyed Wool Lace

Some of the most attractive pastel crepe frocks have yokes or sleeves of wool lace in identical color. Sometimes the wool lace yoke is finished off with fringe, and at the waistline yarn tassels are added.

Here's How You Can 'Get in the Scrap'

The idea of making the most of what you have is spreading. It is really growing to be quite a pastime to "make over" or to utilize scraps left over from sewing.

Gay accessories can be made, such as quilted hats, drawing bags, gloves, for which patterns are easily available. An interesting way to make use of small fabric pieces is to block them together (seam them up on the sewing machine if you will) and then fashion a smart sports skirt from this new yardage you "manufactured."

This patchwork fabric has also been successfully and attractively worked into a pretty blouse. You can take yarn, form it into pompons to place button-fashion down the front of your jacket blouse. A cutout from your print frock can be appliqued on a dark blouse.

Striking Buttons, Ties

Highlight Side Closing
The side-drape fastenings give a new look to incoming print frock fashions. Sometimes the self-fabric tie closing is employed. Then again the button vogue is played up. For the simpler frocks plastic floral buttons are used all the way down the side opening from neck to hemline or along the under arm seam.

For dressier modes the newest effect is the print that emblazons colorful tropic florals against black, the side-drape fastened with gorgeous rhinestone buttons. Black and white prints (black for the ground) but toned in this way with brilliant jeweled gadgets are of outstanding appearance.

Shorter Jackets

The trend for brevity in jacket lengths is noticeable in the newer models coming in. The new etons have lost inches and many smart jackets are only waistline depth. The bolero tunes perfectly into the new movement and it is scheduled for smart promotion this spring.