

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 \$500 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. She finds, in an old chest, the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane. Lily Kendall is found dead, with Hugh Norcross' scarf around her neck. Judy accidentally brushes against the wet paint on a picture of the church just finished by one of the guests, Albion Potter. Under the picture of the church is a portrait of Lily Kendall's niece, Gloria Lovelace. Potter is revealed as a famous movie director, Albert Parker, whose wife ran away with Roddy Lane.

CHAPTER XIX

"Tell me," Victor said. "You killed Lane the night he came to the Head, didn't you? Rigor mortis must have set in, judging from the way Judy described that hand. How did you happen to leave him there?"

"I wanted the body. Had to have a body for Brown. Used all Mrs. Gerry had in her kerosene can and the gas from Lane's car. That was stupid of me, but I wanted a big fire, and De Witt's breaking the window of the garage made it easy. She burned like tinder, as you saw. Took off the ring and put it in Judy's bag."

"Hurry, man! It was you that Quincy and Judy saw running along the bluff last night?"

"No, that must have been Norcross," he said. "He'd gone the back way, through the woods, up the strip of beach and climbed to the church."

"But you took me to town!" Wylie objected.

"Be quiet!" commanded Victor. "Hurry, Potter. You drove to town three times, didn't you? Afternoon to the movies for the stub alibi. Again with Wylie and De Witt after supper, when you knew your chance had come because Lane had come to the Head. But you only stayed until dark. Then you came back, after phoning the milkman to cooperate for a reward. Told him it was a Fourth of July prank at the bridge."

"Right. He said the old bridge needed repairing and that was one way to get it done."

"So you left the time bomb, knowing you'd pick up Wylie Gerry, and the only other car out was the minister's?"

"De Witt had said he'd be back early. Wasn't much of a chance. Left my car in the woods, off the road near Gerry's barn. Luckily, I met no one on the Neck, and no one at the Head saw me. Kept my lights out. Then I made for the church, after reconnoitering a bit, through the basement door via my pass key. Miss Kendall was asleep on the church steps, worse luck, but I had to take a chance to get Lane out of the chest and into the shed."

"He was in the chest, then? Since the night before? While the auction was going on? Why?"

"Listen, will you? Can't you see the way this tub's filling? The night Lane came I was hidden in the church basement. I was disguised as Old Man Brown. I watched Lane digging where his treasure had been taken out by me. Then I came out of the shadows and told him who I was. 'Get up and fight like a man!'

I cried. He was an awful coward. He fell at the first blow of my fists, then he pulled a gun. But I got it away from him and struck him with it. He went down and didn't get up again. I had a skeleton key that would unlock anything. I wanted to go get my little cart from the shack and drag Lane's body there, but I heard someone coming. That Kendall woman was always hanging around the church steps. So I opened the chest and dumped him in. He was quite dead. As evidence against Lane, the gun might come in handy, so I kept it. Later it seemed best to hurl it into the sea. I was afraid to fire it for fear of being heard by the person outside, and I wasn't sure it had been fired—to make it look like a murder weapon. Besides, I had to be sure the body wouldn't be recognizable before leaving the gun. Then poor Miss Kendall—" he broke off.

But Lily Kendall had seen it on the rocks near the Pirate's Mouth, just as Victor had; only Victor'd kept still about it, while Lily showed her suspicion.

"And she thought it was yours, Quade," Potter was saying. "She told me to get that revolver. She believed you'd killed Lane with it. She never had any fear of me, when I asked her to show me where. But when she leaned over, I struck her with a rock I had ready. She screamed once and my heart stood still. She didn't scream again. I had Norcross' blue scarf in my pocket, and you know what I did with it. Then I scrambled around the cliff, to the beach, to the woods, to my car in Gerry's barn. Heaven alone knows why none of you caught me, though the beach isn't visible from the inn. Same as the night before, after dragging Lane from the chest to the shed in the cart I'd bought for the purpose, which burned up in the shed. Then I put out the shed light and went through the woods to my car, drove to town and picked up Gerry. Saw De Witt's car and got him to help me persuade Gerry, who was tight, to come home. Strengthened my alibi. But Judy nearly caught me in the church basement. If she'd come out

the rear door she'd have stumbled over my little wagon."

"That squeaky door! I shuddered as Potter half-grinned at me. If I'd taken the cliff path!

"While you were pushing Quincy's chair out the front way, I was loading my burden onto the wagon. I knew it was now or never. I'd meant to go back the night before and finish the hiding of that body in the shed, but—well, maybe I got cold feet. The little cart was right behind you on the path—at a safe distance, of course. It was well greased; didn't rattle. I hid behind some bushes while you investigated the shack where the light was still on. The minute you passed, did I hustle! You'll find the thick glasses if you hunt in the brush."

"You'd cut the phone wires earlier?"

"Before going to town the first time—after supper, that is. And the boats were hacked the night Lane died, when I got the gas for his pyre. Norcross, your club I'd picked up where De Witt had left it. Used it as a blind to confuse the issue. Also your sister's coat. It was lying in

"I shrugged. 'Sell it if I can.' 'Will you? That's what I hoped. I'll buy it. Grand place to write mystery stories. So full of—atmosphere. Do you know short-hand?'

My heart gave a great bound. "No, but I could learn."

"Bless you! You'll have to. But we'll try to get through this one straight to the machine. Type, can't you?"

"After a fashion. Why?"

"Because, now that the police have wound up this case, I want to get busy right away. You remember my title—'Murder on the Bluff'? Not bad, do you think?"

"Not good, either. Not distinctive enough. 'Murder at Pirate's Head' doesn't sound so—so much as if it had been used before."

Victor's hands gave a loud clap. "I knew it! You'll be invaluable to me. You will help me, won't you? Mrs. Gerry'll have to get a new hostess. We'll turn the church into a studio. Trailer always annoyed me; too much in it. A man likes to pace while he writes."

"I'd love to help you, Mr. Quade."

"Why Mister me now, after all we've been through, Judy? Vide, my friends call me—Victor Quinn."

"You'll always be Victor to me," I said, and saw how pleased he looked.

"This case will write itself," he said, "all but one thing. What did Potter do with the gun—throw it into the sea the second time? Hardly think so. He seemed pretty nervous about those fingerprints I guessed at."

"Wait," I said, recalling the green bead near the hollow stump. The bead had been in the mixed string which had caught on Potter's button when we were going over the auction, and I remembered that he'd only run for the Eleanor after he'd started tearing down toward the willow. As the idea clicked I got Victor to hunt down the path. We searched thoroughly and found Lane's revolver hidden in the hollow stump. The little green bead must have clung to his coat by the broken strand and dropped when he bent to toss the gun from his pocket.

"That," Victor said, "fixes everything. Potter was afraid to hurl this into the sea lest he miss again or have someone see him."

"Everything except the fingerprint he left in my powder compact. I didn't see any."

"Naturally," and how his teeth gleamed as Victor grinned at me. "Bless you! There wasn't any."

THE END

"Get up and fight like a man!" I cried.

the hammock all last night. I wore it part of the time, in case I should be seen running through the darkness. Sorry about the spot. I really tried to cleanse it."

He gave the oars a shove into the sea. The police boat was within hail, and shouting at us. We didn't shout back. The drama unfolding before our eyes left us paralyzed. The water had crept up until it seemed as if Albion Potter must drown where he sat.

"Jump for it, man!" begged De Witt.

But Victor said not a word. The police boat was almost upon the Eleanor. Would it reach there in time? Just as I was wondering, she slipped into the sea.

The police launch came chugging up after it was all over. From then on convulsion reigned at Pirate's Head. I think I answered a million questions, not that it did any good.

But the town had to bury Roddy Lane!

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Bessie Norcross, despite all that had happened, grew sentimental. She wanted to take charge of his funeral. Hugh wouldn't let her.

"Judy," he said to me, the night before they left, "she's headed for another breakdown right this minute. I'm taking her off on a cruise so she can't make a fool of herself here. When we get back—and this has all died down—there's something I want to ask you. Will you write me, dear?"

Poor Hugh! With that sister of his he'd never have a chance to ask a girl anything. It was the second time he'd called me dear. "I'll answer all your letters," I said.

Hugh's dark eyes held mine soberly. Then he leaned over and kissed my hand. We could both hear his sister calling:

"Oh, Hughie! Come close my trunk straps."

Victor Quade was standing in the doorway. Had he seen Hugh kissing my hand? Evidently he had, for as Norcross hurried away to his Lady Simon Legree, Victor said,

"Parting is such sweet sorrow! Going to miss him? And me?"

It had come then. Victor was stepping out of my life. I couldn't conceal that I cared, and didn't try.

"Of course I shall miss you—both. When people have been through all we have together—"

"Exactly. Judy, what'll you do with the old church?"

I shrugged. "Sell it if I can."

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HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Neat Trick for Stretching Meat-Scrapple

(See Recipe Below)

Make Red Points Work!

Making red points fit your menus and still give you plenty of valuable proteins and fats on which to do a man-sized day's work is like working out a jig-saw puzzle. But you remember how they all can come out if you try hard enough? The answer is in budgeting your points before you spend them, getting meats with low point value, and extending flavor of meat as much as possible.

First of all, let's realize that meat is a high quality protein, and that the body needs it for repairing and building tissue—which is a full-time job. We designate proteins as complete and incomplete, the ones which are complete do a complete job of body building and repairing. Complete proteins are meat, cheese, fish, poultry, eggs and milk.

Incomplete proteins are those which can do just part of the job, and in this class we have breads, cereals, beans, peas and nuts. Of course we can use these foods alternately or in combination with meat, when we cannot get enough meat to fill our requirements. But, always, please bear the difference in mind.

Pork is our foremost source of thiamin or vitamin B₁—sometimes called the pep and energy vitamin because of its important contribution to mental health. Here pork sausage is combined with a cereal for a really delicious "stretched" dish:

All-Bran Scrapple.
(Serves 8)

1 pound fresh pork sausage
2 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon powdered sage
Few grains cayenne
½ cup cornmeal
½ cup bran cereal

Brown sausage in heavy skillet, stirring occasionally; pour off and save fat. Bring water to a boil, add salt, pepper, sage and cayenne. Stir in cornmeal gradually; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add bran cereal and sausage and mix thoroughly. Pour into dampened loaf pan; chill until firm. Unmold. Cut into ½-inch slices and brown in sausage fat on hot griddle. Serve with maple syrup or apple butter.

Chicken is a complete protein—and goes a long way, nicely in this delightful fruity salad which you'll enjoy serving company or Sunday night supper guests:

Stuffed Veal Hearts.
(Serves 5)

2 veal hearts
2 tablespoons chopped onion
¼ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups fine bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup water
3 tablespoons shortening
2 cups stewed tomatoes
2 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Clean hearts by cutting through side to center, open with a sharp knife, cut out all veins and arteries. Wash well. Make a dressing by cooking onion and celery in shortening. Add crumbs, salt, pepper and water. Stuff the hearts with dressing and tie together with string. Roll hearts in flour, brown in shortening. Add tomatoes, cloves, bay leaf. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with tight fitting lid and cook on low heat for 1½ hours.

Lynn Chambers welcomes you to submit your household queries to her problem clinic. Send your letters to her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Farm Topics

Guarding Fertility Farms' Best Resource

Replacement of Mineral Food Very Important

Regardless of how good a cropping system may be, it cannot of itself completely maintain the fertility of the soil. Moreover, the more efficient a farmer is in maintaining high production, the more rapidly will fertility leave his land, according to Dr. C. O. Rost of the Minnesota agricultural experiment station.

Most good farmers are like a merchant who opens a store with well-filled shelves and by vigorous selling methods rapidly disposes of his goods, but neglects to order new stock. His stock of staple goods is soon depleted.

The staple goods first drained from the farmer's store in the soil will be nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, lime and organic matter. All crops, livestock and livestock products remove fertility from the farm. In Minnesota alone, it would be no exaggeration to say that the equivalent of at least 500,000 tons of commercial fertilizer is removed each year from the soil in the form of cash crops and livestock products. The situation in Minnesota is typical of what occurs every crop season throughout the United States.

But this is not the entire story. Scientists of the department of agriculture have estimated that 63 million tons of plant food materials are removed each year by erosion from the fields of the United States. Much of this loss is directly traceable to wasteful cropping methods, to failure to replace fertilizer elements or to grow cover crops and follow rotation systems.

In the majority of cases, losses from erosion can be largely eliminated by the use of proper crop rotations, special cropping systems and good soil management practices which include the use of fertilizer. These, when combined with other supplementary practices such as contour plowing and strip cropping, can help eliminate erosion.

The problem of replacing mineral plant foods drained away by crop production is serious and should receive serious attention. A part of the nitrogen removed may be replaced by growing inoculated legumes, but minerals cannot be replenished unless they are supplied in the form of commercial fertilizers. Surface soil contains the major part of the organic matter and a large part of the readily available nutrients.

He thinks our increased food production is a military secret.



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Agriculture in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

HOGS

So valuable are all the hog fats that even the water used in the packing house is strained to retrieve floating greases. From these come liquid oils, pasty grease and hard tallow which is sold as lard, manufactured into salves, cosmetics, candle stock, metal polish, soap, lubricating oils for engines, explosives, burning oils and animal feeds.

Pepsin is produced from the linings of the stomach of hogs. Glands produce the drug insulin, and liver extract comes from hog liver. Only the large packers can market glands for pharmaceutical uses since they must be marketed quickly in large quantities before deterioration begins.

Blood of slaughtered hogs is used in refining sugar, printing calico, in making buttons, shoe polish, fertilizer and animal feed. Bones are cut into ornaments, buttons and combs and ground into bone meal and oil, animal feeds and glue.

Bristles from the hog are used as brushes. Hair from the body goes into felting, mattresses, upholstery, air filters and insulation for refrigerators. The skin is marketed for leather goods, razor strops, belts and gloves.

Rural Briefs

Large cows of any breed, when given an equal opportunity, average out better in milk production than small ones.

Nowadays stress is placed on growing green and yellow vegetables and tomatoes, high in Vitamins A and C, and on doing more canning, drying, freezing and storing of home-grown fruits and vegetables.

A Cinderella Chair Gaily Steps Out

HERE is how you can play Fairy Godmother to a kitchen chair. Pad the back as shown here, using at least three layers of cotton batting for the front of it and one for the back. Next, cut an 18-inch circle of cardboard and use it for a pattern for marking the shape of the round seat on boards or



plywood. Cut out the wooden seat and screw it to the chair. Save the cardboard pattern.

Cover the front of the chair back next, tufting it with covered buttons sewn through the back with a long needle. Sew the back of the cover in place with stitches hidden under welting. Tack a strip of muslin around the seat, and sew the ruffles to it. Now, pad the round cardboard; stretch covering fabric over it; then sew it in place on the chair.

NOTE: Readers are writing to tell us that the new BOOK 9 should be called the Victory Book as it contains so many ways to make pretty things for the home that could not otherwise be had for the duration. Copies are available by mail post-paid for 15 cents. Address:

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JUST THINK

The Real Problem

Hubby—Have you ever wondered what you would do if you had Rockefeller's income?

Wife—No, but I have often wondered what Rockefeller would do if he had mine.

No Moss on It

"What's that stone in Ann's engagement ring, Joyce?"

"A rolling stone, my dear. I had it once."

Was He Surprised!

"Who was that pretty little thing I saw you with last night?"

"Will you promise not to tell my wife?"

"Surely, I promise."

"Well, it was my wife."

Selfish Thought

"What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, nothing much!"

"Don't be so self-conscious."

Literate Fellow

"I must find another tailor. This one reads too much."

"Reads too much?"

"Yes. Every time he writes to me he begins, 'On going through my books!'"

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