

Mrs. Lucas—did. Just sit down here at the desk and make me a copy of the note. Take as much time as you want—don't let me hurry you."

The butler jerked at his trousers legs and seated himself at the desk. He inserted a clean sheet of paper into the typewriter with a nervous hand, then looked at the original note. Then, to the vast amazement of all of us gathered there in the room, he typed off the words with consummate ease and an expertness which told of long experience.

The Inspector, I could see, was definitely non-plussed. "I suppose that you, too, were a secretary at one time," he said sarcastically to the butler.

Hutchinson shook his head. "No," he said, "never a secretary. But once, long ago, I worked on a newspaper. I learned the touch system of typing in high school."

"So that's that," the Inspector sighed. "Neither one of you wrote this note, then?"

The housekeeper and the butler silently shook their heads.

"All right," said the Inspector, "let's be getting back to the bedroom. There might be something there we've missed."

"Pardon, sir." A patrolman saluted the Inspector. "There's a phone call for you. The Bureau of Standards. They rushed the examination of that rug and are waiting to give you the results of the tests they conducted."

"That's fine." The Inspector went to the telephone. He listened in silence for a few moments. Finally we heard him say, "Soluble salts of arsenic, huh? In the coffee? Are you sure—absolutely sure—they couldn't have been in the rug before the coffee was spilled on it? All right. Many thanks—you did a splendid job."

He turned to us. "The Congressman was killed," he said, "by a poisonous solution of some arsenic salt. This salt was placed in his coffee this morning—

by whom,—we don't know. Now let's see—who made that coffee? Hutchinson, didn't you tell me that you did?"

"Yes, sir, I did."
"Wasn't that a bit unusual? I mean, have you always made the Congressman's coffee for him?"

"Since I've been with him, sir. He had a special way he liked it—a special drip process he used. I always attended to it, sir, every morning."

"I see. So this morning you dropped a little arsenic into it while it was dripping, didn't you?"

Hutchinson shrank back in horror. "No sir, Inspector, I swear I didn't. I tell you I had no cause to harm him. He was my employer, his death leaves me without a job, and almost penniless. Why should I murder him? It's preposterous."

"On the other hand, it might be made to seem rather logical," the inspector argued with him. "We can't tell what your motive was, but we do know certain facts—in- criminating facts. In the first place, you fixed Mr. Lucas's coffee, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."
"No one was near it but you?"

"I couldn't say as to that, sir. But I watched it almost constantly, and saw nobody put anything into it."

"You intentionally spilled the coffee onto the carpet, thinking that the contents of the fatal cup couldn't be analyzed then, didn't you?"

"Of course not. That was purely an accident. We were moving Mr. Lucas's body from his chair to his bed."

"Then your conscience is absolutely clear?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"That's fine. Maybe, then, you can explain why it was that you attempted to escape through that window when this reporter started to call the police? Doesn't that indicate that you didn't want to be found here?"

"Well, you see, sir, my mind was sort of in a muddle. I could hardly realize that the Congressman was dead, and yet I knew enough to be sure that if the police came, they would immediately accuse me. And I had no defense—no alibi—ready to offer them. I was equally sure that the real murderer would have an airtight alibi. And I figured that I wouldn't get half a chance—I'd either go to the chair or to jail for life. The only thing that occurred to me at the moment was to try to escape. I didn't realize then that that would only get me in deeper. My mind wasn't

"I see."
The Inspector looked down upon the dark, quivering little butler, a knowing smile playing about his face.

"I'm afraid, though, Hutchinson, that I'll have to arrest you anyway for the murder of Representative Paul Lucas. Almost every bit of evidence that we've uncovered points directly to you. The one and only point not yet cleared up is that of the note we found, and who wrote it. But, after all, that's only an unimportant detail. Even if we found the author, we would have nothing really definite on him."

"Hey, Inspector!"
One of the patrolmen called from a back room. The Inspector, sensing some important discovery, motioned two detectives to guard the housekeeper and the butler, and went to the rear of the apartment, whence the sudden call had come.

He found two patrolmen there, holding between them a young man of perhaps twenty-two, a young man who in facial features and coloring bore a remarkable resemblance to the dead Congressman.

"It's Lucas's son!" the Inspector shouted. "Where did you find him?"
"In this closet, hiding behind a pile of women's dresses, sir," one of the patrolmen informed him.

Is Representative Paul Lucas's son mixed up in this baffling murder case? Could he be guilty or having killed his own father? Is he the author of the mysterious note which was found on Lucas's desk? Don't miss next week's installment of this thrilling story.

Look and Learn

What is the freezing point of wood alcohol?

ANSWER

144 degrees below zero.

Embarrassing Moments

SUBWAY TRAGEDY

Coming home from work, I sat in a crowded car, holding on my lap a loosely tied parcel which contained a soiled pair of working shoes. When I noticed an elderly woman standing in front of me, I offered her my seat. She had barely seated herself, when the train started forward, causing me to lurch to one side. In doing so, the package became untied, and the shoes were deposited in the woman's lap!
D. S.

COURTING TROUBLE

I had to appear in a traffic court in answer to a summons. When my name was called, I answered, "Guilty," thinking I would get off more easily by doing that. The judge listened to my story, and then said something which I did not catch, but which I understood as, "Case Dismissed." I immediately thanked him and started to walk out of the room. I had gone only a few steps, when I was halted by the gruff voice of the judge, saying, "Come back here and pay that fine!"
J. P. M.

Fall Season Best Time to Plant Shrubbery in Yard

These are the days when one's spare moments are occupied in the yard or garden, for in the establishment of fall bulbs, the shrubs and small trees at this time an early start is gained next spring.

For one thing, shrubs can be moved about immediately after the frost has assured their being dormant. The hedges can be spaded and weak bushes replaced. Around the house itself, the shrubs should be trimmed of all dead or overgrown branches.

Quite likely there will be a spot that is overcrowded and another that has been found this summer to require shielding. Given the choice, flowering shrubs are to be preferred. Among the fragrant shrubs may be suggested the Carolina allspice, Japanese quince, sweet pepper bush, rose Daphne, Russian olive, fragrant honeysuckle, mock orange or syringa, fragrant sumac, rosa ceae, fragrant viburnum and the many species of lilacs.

Of particular advantage in adding the shrubs now is the fact that the sap starts flowing so early in spring that much of next season's growth is lost if planting is delayed until the ground can be worked in the spring.

A Daily Menu

MORNING
Orange Sections Powdered Sugar
French Toast
Syrup
Cereal and Milk
Red Raspberry Jam
Coffee Milk

NOON
Individual Mushroom Omelet
Buttered Peas
Whipped Turnips
Orange Bread
Apple-Nut Betty
Milk Tea

NIGHT
Pot Roast with
Potato Balls, Sliced Carrots, and
Little Onions
Crackling Corn Bread
Red Cabbage Salad
Caramel Icebox Cake
Coffee

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

If you feel soggy and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas floats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul. Your skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c at all stores. © 1931 C. M. Co.

Bright Sayings of the Children

What Do Yours Say?

Send them to us and they will be published.

The other day while I was visiting at a friend's house, the conversation turned to fur coats. She said that she wanted one, but her husband had told her that he could not afford to get her one this year. Her small daughter, overhearing the conversation, spoke up: "Mother, if you roll on the floor and cry you will get it."
DOLLY.

I was telling my four-year-old niece a story about kings, princesses, and giants, to which she listened most attentively. Her dad, sitting in the same room, asked, "Rosy, what is a king?"
Rosy replied, "It's a card."
J. W. F.

My little sister was helping me dry the dishes when she found a glass fruit jar that had no cover for the top. Holding up the jar, she asked: "Where is the hat that belongs to this?"
N. S. W.

FRIEND IN NEED

By GLADYCE SMITH

If you are in need, perhaps I can help you. If you have household articles or clothing you can no longer use, please inform me. I can place such things with needy families. Do not inclose letters or other written matter when you send the package through mail unless the proper postage has been paid. Packages in which letters the inclosed must be sent first class mail. Names and addresses of applicants for aid provided if requested. Send full name and address to Gladycy Smith, Friend in Need, the AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Danna writes how grateful she is for the box sent her. We certainly were happy to be of service. She also states that she is desirous of work. Any kind—household nursing, or even going away to work for the winter. If anyone knows of such an opening, please write The Friend in Need Editor.

We hope to hear from others to whom we've sent packages. We would like to know that they were received. THANK YOU.

THE HUMAN THING TO DO

Y-L: fur coat may substitute for a wrap over your evening dress if you attend a college dance which follows an out-of-town football game. If you can take along a wrap, however, a new Edwardian type of velvet cape will place you high on the lists of "prom week."

A small compact club sandwich may be picked up in the fingers. A double-decker one, dripping butter and sauce, however, should be cut through with the knife and eaten with the fork.

One Sure Way to End Coughs and Colds

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth. Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the infected membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (Adv.)

Your Face Shows It!



Right through your make-up the condition of your stomach shows up in your complexion. Sparkling eyes, a fresh, unblemished skin come naturally with a clean, "regular" system. Cleanse internally with Garfield Tea. It's pleasant, prompt, harmless—Nature's own beauty aid. (All Druggists) Sample 10c. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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a natural laxative drink....

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Ease that sore spot and SLEEP



"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."
"I hope so. I've hardly slept since this last damp spell started."

DAMP-DAY PAINS —stiff joints

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Warm those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot, kills the pain, relaxes the stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world... and costs only 35¢!

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If you want the popularity that a beautiful complexion always brings—use Black and White Complexion Powder. Fine, fragrant, soft, this luxurious powder is made by a special new process that makes it delightfully different from any powder you ever used. Powdering with Black and White is like the stroke of an artist's brush. Each movement brings fresh beauty and charm, youthful beauty that lasts for hours because Black and White not only blends magically but clings lastingly. Choose your flattering tint from White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette, High Brown. Try Black and White Complexion Powder just once—from then on it will be a regular habit.

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No matter how much you pay you simply can't buy a finer face powder than Black and White Complexion Powder at 25c.

BLACK AND WHITE COMPLEXION POWDER

25c

