

Unconfessed



By Mary Hastings Bradley
WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Well—is it yes?" he said harshly, his look holding mine.

"It's no, Mr. Harriden."

Without another word to me, without a glance toward Dick, he marched past him, out the door.

I burst out, "Oh, why did you come?" to Dick.

His gaze that had followed Harriden to the door flashed back to me.

"What was Dan doing here?"

"Trying to buy me," I said. "Offered me five thousand dollars to find out what you and his wife were quarreling about."

"Want me to toss you a yarn to win the five?" said Alan Deck with a sudden smile.

I was sorry for him, for the torment look that underlay the pride and challenge of his high-bred head. Quickly I began to talk about Rancini and the discovery of his sword cane.

I thought his interest would seize on that, but he shrugged it away. "Well, what of it? What do you think you can prove?"

At the unresponsiveness of his face I flung out, "But don't you want to find out who did it before the inquest tomorrow?"

"Let the dicks find out," he said. "They can't hold me now on a few words when I was lit. . . I'm not worrying about tomorrow."

"I want to get out of this damn house!" he broke out. "I want to get back to New York—back to my office, back to sanity and sense—I never want to see a soul here again! Except you—I want to take you out to dinner and to a theater, and I want you to go dancing with me in that blue satin gown—I want to hold you in my arms, to soft music and understand—"

and then he dropped into a chair beside the deep cushioned chair beside the little white one I was sitting in.

"Talk to me," he said coaxingly. "Talk to me, tell me about your picture sales and the fakes and the millionaires you rescue. The pre-cession millionaires. Tell me all the stories of your young art life."

Nothing that we said mattered; it was all about paintings and artists and people and plays.

The telephone broke in on it. Monty Mitchell's voice told me to come down at once.

We both went down, I expecting heaven-knows-what of revelation, but finding only that Mitchell wanted my report on the hair ornament.

I murmured that he had said I was barking up the wrong tree, but I scurried back upstairs, and this time I got the crescent with no delay, for Miss Van Alstyne was in her room and produced the gewgaw from her jewel box.

"Is there anything special about it?" she murmured, and I said lamely enough that I wanted to study the stones. I might as well have studied Plymouth Rock, for there was no blood to be found on them. If there ever had been any, she'd had all the time in the world to wash it off. . . I gave it back to her and went downstairs again, finding Mitchell and Deck deep in talk.

"I found it. Nothing," I reported shortly to Mitchell.

He merely nodded, then said earnestly, "I am telling Deck this 'I don't remember' stuff won't wash with a coroner's jury."

Deck's eyes, brilliant and hazy, played with him. "What do you suggest I say?"

Monte was ready. As I dropped down on the end of the couch beside him, he offered, low-toned, "Suppose Nora was jealous of Dan and Letty and threatened to raise the roof about them, and you warned her not to. What?"

"Got a cigarette?" said Deck. "Mine are all gone." He put the case he had taken out back in his pocket rather slowly. Casually he mentioned, "What about the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

The lawyer did not bat an eyelash. "Isn't that the truth—now that your head has cleared?"

"Why drag in Letty?"

"Why not? You'll have to explain those threats, and that does it—with no discredit to yourself."

Deck grinned. "You're a swell lawyer, Monty."

"And you need one."

Deck rose with a vague word or two. Silently we sat there and watched his tall figure sauntering away. Monty Mitchell's lips were creased in a taut line; he knew, and I knew, with heart-catching anxiety, that whatever Deck had done or not done, whatever had been between him and that dead woman, whatever danger menaced him now, he was going on in his high-bred way, to play his defiant game. And I was terrified for him.

CHAPTER IX

NOTHING happened that night. I gathered in a stout, dignified gray cat that I found promenading the hall and fed it morsels from my squab and tried to pretend that I was not lonely. It seemed a thousand years since I had looked down to those two dark silhouettes in that front window.

I tried again to reconstruct those silhouettes, hoping that some trick of memory would bring to life a forgotten detail, but I was so tired that their shapes wavered fantastically before me.

Nothing was going to interest that jury, I thought, except the finding of those diamonds inside my dress and the report of Deck's violent threats to Nora Harriden. And his absence from the table.

I needed all the rest I could get to face that tomorrow, so I took a hot bath and went to bed.

At first I slept, then as my weariness wore off, my worrying thoughts kept coming to the surface, rousing me, and at last, in the early morning, dark I lay wide awake, my mind racing like an engine. I thought of the questions they were likely to ask me and a sudden quail assailed me. I had taken it absolutely for granted that I would tell the same story which I had told Donahy about my reasons for going up to Mrs. Harriden's room, and that Deck would tell his same story, but now—

This was different, this testimony before a coroner and a jury. This was under oath.

Suppose Deck wanted me to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth"—to show that since he had asked me to go up he believed that Nora Harriden was still alive?

I had to find out, I thought, stricken with belated panic, before I went into that jury room. I would phone him for an interview the very moment it was light enough to make my call possible.

Then my mind turned to that handkerchief with the rust marks. Some time on Friday night that handkerchief had been drying on a radiator.

Now a thought came to me. I didn't know all that Donahy had asked, but I knew that in front of me no one had asked if such a handkerchief had been seen.

I made up my mind to see every maid on that floor in the morning.

It was Anson my thoughts circled about. I remembered that Anson had not volunteered anything about the open window, though its being open must have seemed a trifle unusual. She had not volunteered anything. She had given me a distinct impression of diffident reticence.

Elkins, too, had not come forward with his statements until he had had a struggle between his duty to his employers and his conscience and love of importance. I began to think it quite possible that some one has seen something that only direct questioning would bring out.

Day was a desperate laggard. Very slowly the pale oblongs of my window lightened.

Seven o'clock. Could I telephone then? No, that was far too early—I forced myself to wait till seven-thirty. Then there was no answer. The instrument was dead.

I decided to dress and go downstairs. Dressing took time. I combed my tuft of hair into decorum and put on a subdued lipstick. Then, just as I was ready to leave, came a knock at my door and the breakfast tray.

I asked my maid what rooms she looked after. "Why yours, miss, and the next when it is occupied."

"Then you aren't very busy now?" I suggested.

"I assist with the linen. The mending, I mean," she explained.

Mending and the third-floor rooms—and mine was the only one occupied on the third floor. No use going into the questions about the handkerchiefs, now, though I decided to ask Mitchell to see that the question was asked at the inquest of every one. I hurried through my breakfast to get downstairs.

I took the staircase to the left. One flight down I saw Anson standing in talk with the maid who did my room, and I quickened my steps toward her.

Her arms were piled with fresh towels and the feminine in me could not resist paying attention to those towels, they were so lovely.

Anson's pretty face was troubled as she turned it to me. I said, "Oh, Anson, there's something I want to ask you," and the other maid slipped away. Anson said, "Just a minute please. I'll be right out," and turned

into the door of Prince Rancini, with a quick, preliminary knock. I didn't want to stand there waiting so I walked on down the hall, past the closed door where Nora Harriden was lying, then turned and sauntered slowly along.

Ahead of me I saw Anson come hurriedly out of Rancini's door her hands to her disordered hair, and behind her the prince made a Jack-in-the-Box appearance, popping back as he caught sight of me but not before I had glimpsed his flashing, amused smile.

Anson was breathing quickly. "Those foreigners!" she threw out, tucking in the loosened edges of her starched white frill. "He can keep his hands off!" she added, resentment stirring her out of her reticence.

"Why don't you complain to the princess?" I suggested wilyly.

That started Anson more than Rancini had done. She looked at me out of shocked eyes. "Oh, the maid is always wrong," she said with cynical succinctness. "If you'll excuse me, miss, I'll be going back for my towels," and she cast a look, troubled for all her recovered composure, at the closed door of the room.

"Just a moment, Anson. I was waiting to see you. I want to ask you something."

"She kept her face away from me. 'I'll be telling all I know at the inquest this morning.'"

"I know, but I want to speak to you first. You know you said to the inspector that you could not say that Mr. Deck had been in Mrs. Harriden's room—when you saw him in the hall—you remember you said that, don't you?"

"I remember," she said almost reluctantly. "I didn't like to say anything else and make the gentleman trouble—I didn't know what words he had been using to the poor lady then."

Her voice changed to such sternness that I said quickly, "But perhaps Elkins didn't understand—"

"He's not one to misunderstand," she told me firmly. "I'm promised



"You Lie So Convincingly."

to Elkins so I might say I know him. He didn't like to say what he had to say, but it was his duty. A man making such threats—"

All sympathy for Deck was gone from her now. I went on anxiously, "And there's another thing. Did you happen to see a handkerchief drying on a radiator in any of the rooms last night?"

I wished I could know what that change in her face meant. Had I hit on something—or was she merely startled at the idea? Her answer seemed slow in coming and when it did it was oblique.

"Will they ask me that, miss?"

"Yes, they will ask you that. But if I could know first—"

"I'll tell everything they ask me downstairs," she said at last. "It's my duty. I know, though I'm sorry enough—any one might have washed out a handkerchief—"

I said more; I urged her eagerly but the girl was immovable. She only repeated that she would tell all she knew later.

It is quite futile to look back now and think, "Oh, if I had only done that differently, if I had only found the right word!" I see her there, in her pretty black and white, that secret knowledge which she was so reluctant to reveal in her troubled eyes, and I think that if only I had been able to induce her to share it, perhaps—

But she moved away determinedly, and I went on upstairs to my room where I wrote a note to Mitchell, asking him to have that question put about the handkerchief, and another to Deck, asking him to come to see me as soon as possible. I rang for the maid and asked her to deliver them. Then I waited, hoping desperately that each moment would bring Deck.

He didn't come. He might be testifying. He might be being kept incommunicado. . . I mustn't let myself look so worried; I must seem natural and at ease before that jury.

I was in a tense state of nerves when they finally came for me. My heart was beating sickeningly when I entered that dining room, and for a moment the faces turned to me seemed like blurs in a fog. Then I steadied and took in the groups. I saw a knot of people writing away busily on little pads, newspaper people, I supposed, and I saw Mitchell

and Donahy. The six men of the jury were lined along the dazzling black table and the coroner, a tall, thin man with a drooping mustache, was at the end, and a court reporter, writing away, sat beside the vacant chair for the witness, across from the jury.

"Do you solemnly swear that the testimony that you shall give in the case now on hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?"

I swore it. I told myself to put out of mind any idea of a change of testimony, to hold fast to everything I had already said. I sat down in the witness chair, as I was told, and faced the jury. They were tradespeople from the small, nearby town.

There is no need in going over my testimony. They asked me everything, bit by bit, and I told them all I had told before. About the scene at the window. About meeting Alan Deck in the picture gallery. About being summoned down to dinner. They tried to get me to lame the time that Deck had been absent from the table but I said I couldn't say.

When it came to my going up to Mrs. Harriden's room I could feel the attention tightening about me. I tried to shut out of my mind every fear of Deck's change of testimony; I repeated word for word what I had told Donahy.

The coroner put a question, I hadn't foreseen.

"Have you anything in your possession, among your chemicals, that would take blood stains out of a handkerchief?"

"Why yes," I said honestly. "Just peroxide often does it."

My voice was breathless sounding. I was grateful when they went on to the noise I thought I had heard in the night, and why I had not reported it.

"Why you know how it is about noises in the dark," I explained. "The only sounds I could be sure I'd heard were those footsteps out in the hall, and I thought those belonged to a guard—the inspector had said the place would be guarded."

"That is all, Miss Seton. . . Witness is excused."

I was the last. No one else was called; the jury rose and withdrew in the coroner's wake, out to the drawing room. I looked about uncertainly and Mitchell came up to me.

"You're one of the best witnesses I ever saw. . . You lie so convincingly," he said.

I could feel the blood receding from my heart. "Why—did Deck—?" I caught myself up, but I could not turn my eyes away from his knowing dark ones.

"No, he didn't reveal anything," he told me, and my relief was so poignant it must have looked out all over me.

He added, "But I'd give a plugged nickel to know what he really said to you that night—about taking no steps."

Then he told me kindly, "I was deceiving you, my dear, when I said that you lied well. To the untutored eye you may appear carefree, to one who knows you—But you made a darned good impression."

"But Deck—"

"Not so good. Elkins' story impressed them. Deck was a fool not to produce an explanation. And Deck didn't put through any call to his paper that night. At least the telephone girl has no recollection of being asked for a New York number that night."

I asked him if he'd got my note about the handkerchief and if the question had been asked the maids. He told me that no one reported having seen any handkerchief drying.

I was puzzled. "But Anson—didn't Anson—?"

"Anson wasn't there. Hiding out somewhere; reluctant to give testimony, I suppose."

I told Mitchell about my conversation with her, and her words. "She said that she'd be sorry enough to have to tell it. That any one might have washed out a handkerchief."

"But she didn't say where she saw it?" he said quickly, and I said she hadn't.

"Can't Anson be found?" I wanted to know, and he said that of course she'd be found.

He seemed to be thinking of something else as he spoke, "Donahy was allowed to put in all he's got from her—about seeing Mrs. Harriden at eight and the probable time she did the room, and its condition then and about seeing Deck in the hall. . . He'll give Anson hell, though, for evading the law."

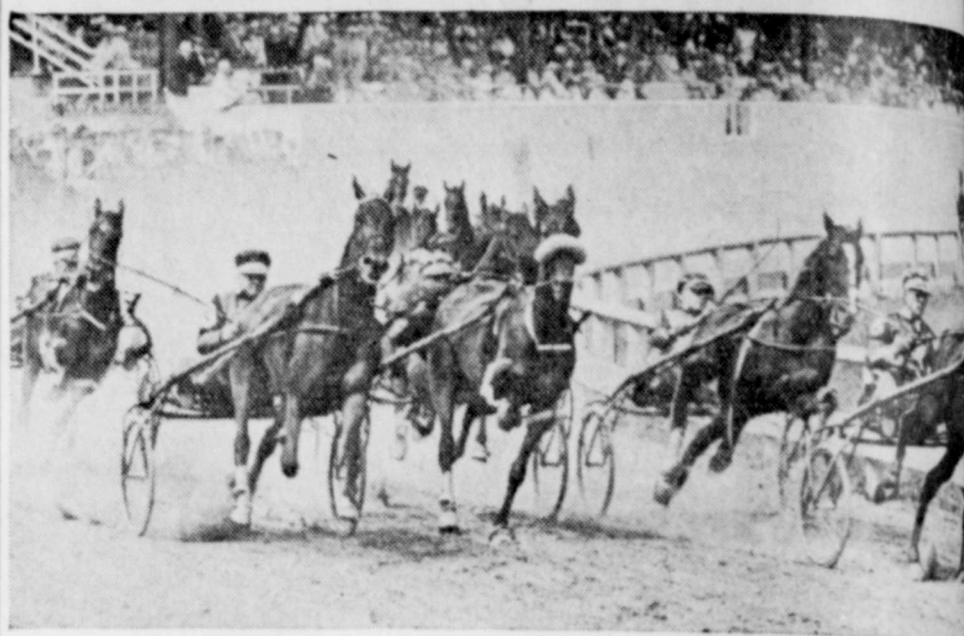
Deck came in at last. He came directly over to us.

"Got a cigarette?" he asked casually of Mitchell, and Mitchell offered his case. I was to remember that afterwards. Then his eyes smiled down at me. "How do you like your first inquest, Miss Seton?"

"I don't like it at all," I told him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

1936 Grand Circuit Season Opens in Rio



Trotters swing into the stretch with their smooth stride eating up the ground during the Rio Grande trophy race, one of the events at the opening of the Grand Circuit meeting at Rio Grande, N. M., April 10.

"I Christen Thee McDougal"

SHRINE POTENTIAL



Miss Caroline McDougal Neilson of Springfield, Mass., shown about to smash a bottle across the bows of the U. S. S. McDougal, 1,850-ton destroyer, launched in a shipyard at Camden, N. J. Miss Neilson is a great-granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral David Stockton McDougal, after whom the vessel is named.

Judge Clyde I. Watson, temple, Detroit, imperial potentate of the The Masonic body held a convention in Seattle, Wash., voted to continue its care and treatment of the Shrine hospital.

HELD BY NAZI



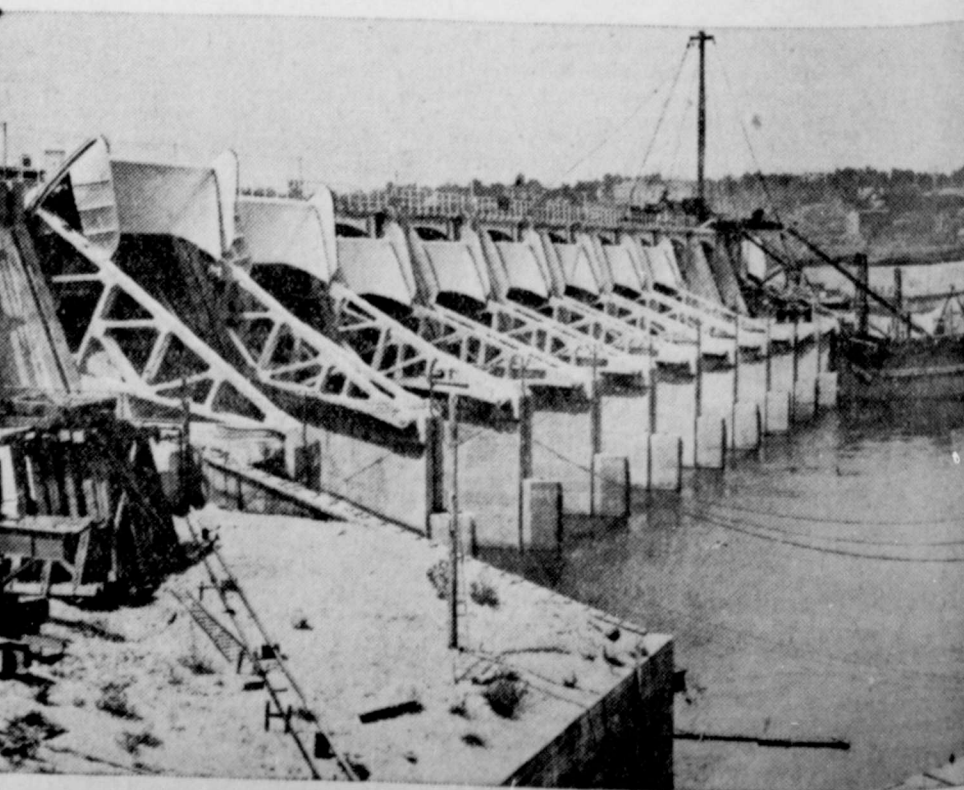
Arrested in Hamburg more than a year ago on a charge of possessing anti-Nazi documents, Lawrence Simpson, seaman on the U. S. S. Manhattan, has been placed on trial.

Bursting Water Main Floods Station



Photo shows workmen trying to clear tracks at the Union Station in Chicago of a flood estimated at three to ten feet deep. A 30-inch main burst putting 14 railroad tracks out of commission. The also flooded portions of the new post office. Passengers and urban trains were forced to alight from inbound trains about a mile from the station. Damage was estimated at \$200,000.

Speed Work on Mississippi Navigation Dam



One-third of the great navigation dam across the Mississippi river at Alton, Ill., has been completed. Work on the remaining section of this the longest and highest of the 26 dams projected to aid navigation on the Mississippi between here and St. Paul, Minn., is progressing swiftly. The dam's 80 gates will be the largest of their type in the world. The dam proper will be 1,724 feet long in addition to the width of its completed lock on the Alton shore. View shows a general view of the dam project with the completed lock in the foreground and a coffer-dam in mid-stream, in which the second series of gates will be built.

The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Thornton W. Burgess

THE MERRY MUSKRAT
The end of the week he had ceased to think of traps at all.

The result was that now Jerry thought of nothing but the good things to eat and scrambled up on the bank and the old log which lay partly in the water, as carelessly as he had been in the habit of doing before the stranger appeared. His one thought was to get those good things the stranger so thoughtfully left there for him. No longer was he troubled by any uncomfortable suspicions.

"I don't believe that this is the trapper of whom Billy Mink and Bobby Coon warned me," thought Jerry. "It must have been some one else who set those traps for Billy Mink. This is a friend. I don't know why he takes so much interest in me and brings me all these good things, and I don't care. I hope he'll keep right on bringing me apples, carrots, and such things. They certainly do taste good to me. Yes, sree, they certainly do taste good to me."

Sometimes the stranger came early in the morning and sometimes he came late in the afternoon. Always he left something for Jerry and Jerry was very grateful. Those feasts saved him a lot of time and trouble hunting for food. This gave him more time to work on his house and make it ready for winter. Jerry had a feeling that the winter was going to be a hard one, and he intended to be fully prepared for it. So he worked hard making the roof and walls of his house thicker than usual and making his tunnels in the banks of the Smiling Pool so that no matter how hard the winter might be, he would be quite comfortable.

Jerry so lost all fear of that stranger that sometimes he would work when he knew that the stranger was watching him. However, he always took care to see that the stranger had no gun with him. Had the stranger had a gun Jerry would at once have been suspicious and would have kept out of sight. As it was, he would keep right on working until the stranger left, and then hurry over to see what he had left for him. Jerry was very happy and quite without fear.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Odd Pals at Santa Monica



HARDTACK, a white Pekin duck, and Fritz, a wire-haired fox terrier, pets of a woman in Santa Monica, Calif., are fast friends and make daily appearances at the local pleasure pier. Hardtack's favorite diversion is nipping Fritz's short hairs.



"The doctor told her she must walk after each meal," says willow-winnic, "so now she dines at the cafeterias."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

EVEN SUMMER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHO has not seen a summer rain
Sweep swiftly o'er a sunlit plain?
Bright was the morn
And soft the breeze,
Yet gales are born
Of even these.
And suddenly the sky is gray,
Yes, even on a summer day.

Who has not seen some summer hour
Grow darker with a sudden show'r?
Yet shall your own
Be always fair,
And loss unknown,
And hurt, and care?
Shall life be always joy to you,
The sky the same all summer through?

Who has not seen the rain appear?
Who ever lived a cloudless year?
The dripping leaf,
The fallen nest,
So comes grief
To ev'ry breast—
And even so to you it may,
Yes, even on a summer day.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a nomad?"
"Mexican jumping bean."
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

forehead. Then request him to place both fists on the table. Turning about, you immediately point out the hand that holds the coin. To accomplish this, merely look closely at both hands. The blood will have left the hand raised to the forehead, hence it will be lighter in color.

WNU Service.

Eve's Epigrams

A Woman considers it a successful party if her jaws ache when she gets home

Power of the Sun
The power of the sun to cause sunburn is six times as great in summer as in winter, according to an authority.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service

I am writing this on a hot day—a very hot day. The thermometer on my porch informs me that it is a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. I could believe that it is very much hotter than that.

The people that pass my door have taken off their coats—if they are men. The women, who refuse to be beaten even if they can't really keep cool, are wearing filmy raiment, but they don't pant the way men do.

But while I admit that I am inconvenienced, and wish I could be in Alaska and lean against an ice floe like a polar bear, I know that if I stop thinking about the weather and go to work I will soon lose myself in my job.

A little way down the street is a fire-engine house. The firemen have rigged a pipe up in front of the building and from its mouth spouts a continuous man-made geyser. All the children in the neighborhood, and they make as much noise as all the children in town, are stripped to their little buffs and are shouting joyfully as they bend down their backs and let the spray from the pipe run over them.

Every time there is a lull in the proceedings to change children—for there are too many of them to soak all at once—a flock of sparrows alight to have their turn at the cooling process.

But in the suburban town where I live, and in the great city which is not far away, men and women are doing their regular work.

If a fire should break out in another part of the town, the firemen who are now watching the

children enjoy their shower baths would mount their ladder trucks and man their engines, and be off with a blare of sirens to do their appointed job.

If they decided they didn't want to get any hotter and stayed where they were perhaps the town might be consumed.

Men and women can do in a pinch what they have to do, whether the temperature is up or down.

When the need arises, especially the need to help others out of danger, their courage crops out and they all become heroes for the time being.

And I, who have nothing to do for the present but pound a typewriter machine would do well to forget the fact that it is uncomfortable, and stop breathing hard and making continuous trips to the refrigerator for ice cubes to fill my glass.

Rain or snow, cold or hot, one is easier in his mind if he forgets the discomforts that are bound to come, and to continue with his work.

And the more indispensable work he has to do, the more easily he will withstand the steaming streets and the torrid skies. As long as it is not humanly possible to change the weather, the only intelligent thing to do is to forget about it.

Heavy Stuff

The neutron, the infinitesimal particle of matter being used to bombard the nucleus of the atom in the hope of releasing its energy, is so heavy that a thimbleful of them would weigh about a million tons.—Collier's Weekly.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab ovo usque ad mala. (L.) From the eggs to the apples; from the beginning to the end.
Avanti. (It.) Come in.
Beaute du diable. (F.) That transient type of beauty doomed to fade early with loss of the glow of youth.
Comme il faut. (F.) As it should be; perfect; in good taste.
Les affaires sont les affaires. (F.) Business is business.
En plein jour. (F.) In broad daylight.
Facon de parlor. (F.) A manner of speaking.
Genus irritabile vatum. (L.) The irritable race of poets.
Ipsa facta. (L.) In the fact itself; obvious from the facts in the case.
Homme d'affaires. (F.) Business man.
Deo volente. (L.) God willing.

Skin Sufferers

find ready relief from itching of eczema, rashes and similar ills, in the gentle medication of
Resinol

TAKE MILNESIAS
Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK



THREE GOOD RECIPES

HERE is a good ice-box cookie, which is always a good one to keep ready for any occasion:

Sugar Cookies
Cream one cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sugar, add two teaspoons of vanilla, one of lemon extract, two teaspoons of nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of salt, three eggs well beaten and four tablespoons of cream. Beat three minutes then add four and one-third cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar well blended. Shape into two rolls two inches in diameter and roll in waxed paper. Place in the ice chest 24 hours. Cut into thin slices and bake in a quick oven.

Caramel Jelly
Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of cold milk for five minutes. Pour one-half cup of sugar into a smooth iron frying pan. Heat slowly, stirring constantly until a light brown sirup is formed, add one cup of boiling water and

cook five minutes, stirring frequently until well dissolved. Add the gelatin mixture and one cup of boiling milk. Cook slowly until the gelatin is dissolved. Add one-half cup of cream, pinch of salt, one and one-half teaspoons of vanilla and pour into molds to stiffen. Turn out and serve sprinkled with shredded almonds.

Orange Cream
Cook together the juice and rind of a lemon, one cupful of orange juice and four tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one-half cupful of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs and cook until thick. Cream one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of powdered sugar and add to the cooled custard. Lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Line the bottom of a pan with lady fingers and pour in the orange mixture. Set aside to cool and serve garnished with whipped cream.

Drought

LITTLE MINDS ARE TAMED AND SUBDUED BY MISFORTUNE, BUT GREAT MINDS RISE ABOVE IT.—WASHINGTON IRVING



TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH
Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.



This is one trick that becomes more and more bewildering if you repeat it. People will think that luck aided you the first time; but the longer you repeat the more bewildered they become. Give a person a coin. Turn your back, tell him to hold the coin in one hand and raise the hand to his

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4.50-21	7.75
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5.00-19	8.80
5.25-17	9.45
5.25-18	9.75
5.50-17	10.70
5.50-19	11.20
6.00-17 H.D.	14.30
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SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	66.00
4.75-19	6.00
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Listen to the Voice of Firestone, Monday Evenings, over N. B. C.—WEAF Network

Fashion Back to Femininity Trend

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MANNISHLY tailored to the pink of perfection during the practical hours and for sports? Decidedly so, if you would be smartly in fashion. However, it is an entirely different story which the mode is telling "what to wear" at festive midsummer events that take place amidst glamorous settings. Comes then into the style scene as lacy and lovely and sheer costumes-beautiful as ere graced fashion picture.

Garden party dresses when they are as fanciful and airy as the one to the right in the picture make one think of a fairy-story princess, stepping lightly across her garden. The dress is pure white, in organza most beautifully embroidered to the skirt and on the sleeves. The gown is simply cut, its graceful lines taking on an added touch of the exquisite in that a double row of bicche lace borders the wide skirt working up into a deep point in the front in combination with the embroidery. The treatment of the puffed sleeves is fittingly quaint.

Lovers of beautiful lace will adore the gown shown centered in foreground. It is one of the loveliest from among most lovely dresses brought over on the maiden voyage of the royal steamship Queen Mary and shown at the display of exclusive British fashion creations recently presented here in America. It adds to its interest to know that it was one of four Reville creations approved for the royal garden party of King Edward VIII at Buckingham palace. The gown is of exquisitely fine lupin-blue cellophane lace. The girde is of forget-me-nots, matching the crown of the hat in the same color. It would seem next to impossible to imagine anything prettier than this fantasy of lace and flowers which is done all in delicate blues.

In the present back-to-femininity trend, the garden party dress has its important place, especially when in the instances cited in this group it is just as perfect for country club or roof dancing on summer evenings.

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Chic Frock Slenderizes



Pattern 1889-B

There is nothing smarter for cool summer wear than silk linen, novelty crepe, dotted swiss, or printed silks, especially when fashioned into a slim and trim model like this stunning design.

Who isn't excited about the new wider shoulder width that tends to slenderize the waistline and a pattern that goes together as quickly as a slide fastener. Note the unusual bodice lines, the panel extending to the hem, and the kick pleats that contribute dash and ease. The natty turn-down collar affords versatility and this is where your discriminating taste becomes apparent. It's an opportunity to show the "earmarks" of your creative ingenuity and personality. The cost is small, yardage scant, the effect

superb, and sewing simple. Send for this gorgeous frock now.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1889-B is available for sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 1-8 yards of 39-inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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Smiles

Right the First Time
Little Mary—I'll bet you can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in.

Mr. Hidebound—I haven't a single idea, Mary.
Little Mary—Oh, you guessed it.

That's the Trouble
Quink—Do you believe that all money is tainted?
Guppy—Yes. Money in fact is double tainted. 'Tain't your's and 'tain't mine.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Why He Needed Job
"Am I bright? Why, I've won several newspaper competitions." Prospective Employer—Yes, but I need a boy who is smart during business hours.

"Well, this was during business hours."

Reverse Charges
Mrs. Luna—I want to get a divorce.

Lawyer Habeas—What are your charges?

Mrs. Luna—Oh, I'm not going to charge anything. I'm willing to pay you to get it for me.

© Western Newspaper Union.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 16 SOWING AND REAPING

LESSON TEXT—Galatians 6:7-9. GOLDEN TEXT—Be not deceived; God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6:7.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How to Behave. JUNIOR TOPIC—When We Choose. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Sowing and Reaping. (Effects of Alcohol).

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Sowing and Reaping. (Effects of Alcohol).

Satan is "the god of this world." And as such he has wrought confusion in every realm and particularly in the field of moral distinctions and responsibility. Instead of clear-cut lines of right and wrong, white and black, he has managed to befuddle the minds of many so that they see only a twilight gray of moral indifference. He has lulled many a man and woman into a false security that somehow sin may be yielded to with impunity. To some he says there is no God, and no punishment for sin. To those who will not yield to such a bold attack he more subtly suggests that God is love and that there will be no judgment. Some there are who think that formal association with religious organizations will somehow atone for all their carelessness of life. How great is the need to emphasize the truth of this lesson that "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (v. 7). These are eternal and immutable principles.

The epistle to the Galatians expounds Christian liberty as based on justification by faith. This life of liberty is a life in the Spirit, and this means walking in the Spirit. The chapter before us (ch. 6) states the attitude of the Christian toward others, and toward his own life in the light of his responsibility to God.

I. The Christian's Attitude Toward Others (vv. 1, 2).

The spiritual concerns of life are far more important than the material, therefore the writer points out that the believer is:

- 1. Considerate in spiritual matters (v. 1).
- 2. Sin in the world. Men, even Christian men, fall. Who is to help them? Fellow sinners and spiritual weaklings cannot help. Sanctimonious and "holier than thou" folk will only criticize and hinder. The spiritually strong must help the weak, doing it gently, not judging severely, for they too are only sinners "saved by grace."

But not all the problems of the world are spiritual and the Christians will be:

- 2. Helpful in bearing the burdens of life (v. 2).
- 3. The Christ spirit leads a man to bear his neighbor's burden. In this "grabbing" selfish generation we need a revival of Christlike burden-bearing.

II. The Christian's Attitude Toward His Own Life (vv. 3-6).

The true believer is characterized by:

- 1. Humility (v. 3). The man who is wrapped up in himself is always a very small bundle.
- 2. Self-judgment (v. 4). Compare I Cor. 3:10-15. God will one day judge our lives. We do well to judge them now in the light of eternity.
- 3. Self-reliance (v. 5). The one who is quick to bear another's burdens is slow to ask others to bear his.

- 4. A sacrificial spirit (v. 6). The true disciple will honor his teacher and will share with him not only his material things, but also the good things he finds in God's Word.

III. An Eternal Law of Life and Conduct (vv. 7-9).

1. The law stated (v. 7). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We never question this law in the realm of nature. We expect no wheat when we sow wild oats. But, fools that we are, we think God is less exacting, less true to his perfect holiness and righteousness in the realm of the moral and spiritual. Let us awake before it is too late!

2. The law illustrated (v. 8). The flesh stands for self-will, or selfishness. The man who lives for himself and his own pleasures reaps "corruption" even in the present world.

3. Its obedience rewarded (v. 9). God is gracious. Well doing is not only its own reward, but in future prospect there is a reward at his hand for those who are not "weary in well doing."

IV. A Summary and Conclusion (v. 10).

This gathers up the truth of the entire context, reminding us that "as we have opportunity" (and sometimes it really knocks only once) we are to "work that which is good" (and it may take effort and sacrifice) "toward all men" (even if we don't like their nationality, or color, or creed, or lack of creed), "and especially" (and now we come into the intimate family circle) "to ward them that are of the household of faith."

Peace and Self-Denial

We shall never acquire any great capacity for joy; the blessed peace of God will never possess our mind and heart, as long as we shrink from self-denial.—D. March.

"PAX" SILK PRINTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Prints continue to hold sway in the world of fashion. The lure of them is stronger than ever. Shown in the picture is one of the very interesting and unique "pax" (pax being the Latin word for peace) silk prints designed by a member of the board of directors of the international league for peace. These really handsome silk prints are available to women who are interested in adopting the peace-in-fashion movement. The dress pictured is of a blue and white silk sheer with the word pax so skillfully used as a motif it becomes a part of the patterning. The wide white-bordered cape-bertha is pleated and shirred in accord with the latest styling trend.

FROSTED JEWELRY LEADS THE VOGUE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Summer's newest jewelry is "white and frosty." Rings, bracelets and necklaces that look as icy as a cool drink are being worn at fashionable summer resorts. Crystalline and opaque whites are frequently combined. Crystalline alone adds a glamorous note to costumes in the new smoky pastels. Opaque white is good with copper-brown, and with the south-sea batik prints or flowered challis.

Choker necklaces are staging a come-back. Large frosty rings are frequently worn to match. To set off the rings, nails are adopting shades of smoky red polish. Massive couturier rings with multi-colored stones are also smart, and require bright nail lacquer such as robin red or coral to give the hands the proper balance.

For moments when the urge to be feminine has you in its grip, try yielding to the rage for flower jewelry. Fabric flowers, raffia flowers, carved flower motifs, are used—even the real thing straight from the florist. Any flower goes, from daisies to forget-me-nots. Some of the necklaces tie demurely at the back of the neck with a ribbon.

New Mode in Smart Sports Dresses for Daytime Wear

Smart dresses for daytime wear during the summer include grand new sports and spectator sports outfits. Molyneux has scored with a new design made for his private clients, who include several Americans known for their elegance. A suit of beige woolen has a most interesting belt which is made of natural tree bark and is fastened with a sheaf of dried grass. Another successful number is a dress of navy and white linen tweed with the skirt of wide, flat pleats. It is worn under a navy wool redingote.

DIZZY DEAN takes a boat ride!

BOYS! GIRLS! Join Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Valuable Prizes FREE!

Just send one top from a full-size yellow and blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for new membership pin and certificate and illustrated catalog of 49 nifty free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in the U.S.A.)

A Post-Cereal—Made by General Foods. The same fine cereal in a new package!

Younger Generation

The other evening we heard a woman ask what in the world would become of the younger generation. That's an easy one, declares the Anthony Times. They'll fall in love, get married, have children and trouble and all that sort of thing, and as they get older they will worry about what's to become of the younger generation.

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CARBON PAPER—The Messenger

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness during the prolonged illness and recent death of our beloved husband and father. May God's richest blessing rest upon you.
Mrs. L. M. Vickers and family.
33-1tp

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To the GARDENERS, FARMERS and TRUCKERS

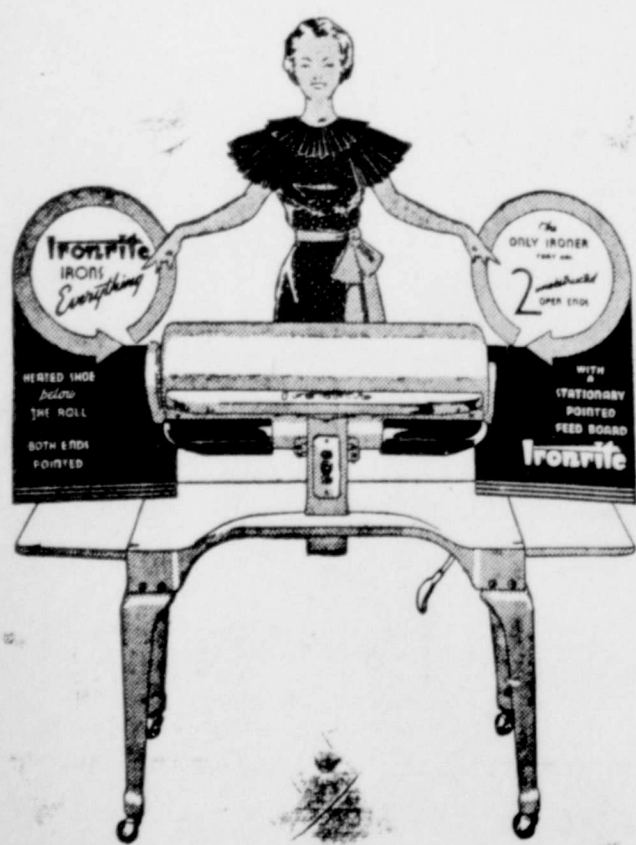
I favor the amending of the present Port of Entry Law so that no truck entering New Mexico, empty or loaded with unprocessed agricultural products for sale in New Mexico, or to purchase unprocessed New Mexico agricultural products, will be charged either road tax or license for hauling those products in New Mexico.

(SIGNED)

John H. Mullis

Candidate,

STATE SENATE FROM CHAVES COUNTY



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LOCALS

J. U. Meador was a Hagerman visitor last Tuesday.

Col. and Mrs. Tom McKinstry were Roswell visitors Monday.

Miss Ruth Walden visited her sister Miss Wilma Walden Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. White and children were Roswell visitors Saturday.

Jewel Davis and family are visiting relatives in Arkansas this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Langenegger attended the show in Roswell last Sunday.

Mmes. Johnnie Allen and Johnnie McAllister were visiting and shopping in Roswell Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Kiper were shopping and attending to business affairs in Roswell Saturday.

Bill Langenegger made a business trip to Cloudercroft Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe King went to Hobbs Tuesday for a few days visit with their sons Jim and Bill and families.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Newsome of Wheeler, Texas, are visiting their father, G. B. Newsome, since last Wednesday.

Mrs. Alice M. Hedges spent the day with her daughter, Mrs. Will Walden and family of Lake Arthur Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Cornett and daughter Bette made a trip to Alamogordo, the White Sands and Cloudercroft Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer Lankford of Mt. Blanco, Texas, came in last Wednesday in response to the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. Erma Crippen was able to return from the hospital at Carlsbad the latter part of the week, following an operation.

Johnnie McAllister and his brother-in-law, Earl Porter of Indianola, Oklahoma, visited the Carlsbad Caverns Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Veddard Brown and young son Louis Veddard and Mrs. Charles Michelet enjoyed a trip to Cloudercroft Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King and Neal and Mr. and Mrs. Dacus Parker went to Roswell Friday night to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Boykin, Mrs. R. H. Boykin and Johnnie were visiting and shopping in Roswell Saturday, later attending the show.

E. W. Hart, who has made an extended visit here with his sisters, Mrs. M. A. Dorman and family, returned to his home at Post, Texas, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lang and niece Verna Moon of Los Angeles, California, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Langenegger and family Thursday.

Mrs. Freda Paulk and children, Mary Eunice and Glyndale, left Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Denham of Lubbock, before returning to their home in Albuquerque.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McInnes, Miss Bonnie Mae Jones, Mrs. Pratt and Miss Anna Nihart of Roswell were in Hagerman on Sunday afternoon to attend the L. M. Vickers funeral.

Mrs. Frank Christensen and Roy Dollahon, Jr., came in Sunday night from Cove, Arkansas, in response to the illness of their grandfather, T. E. Dollahon. At the present writing we are glad to report that Mr. Dollahon is very much improved.

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The following candidates submit their announcements, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary:

For State Representative:

C. N. MOORE, Dexter

For State Senator:

J. H. MULLIS, Roswell

For Commissioner, District No. 3:

JOHN W. HAVEN, Lake Arthur

LEVI BARNETT, Hagerman

For County Clerk:

D. P. GREINER, Roswell

Health Column

Conducted by Dr. J. R. Earp, Director, New Mexico Bureau of Public Health.

Gone to Earth

In my mind's eye I saw a vision and lo a hole in the ground! On the one side I saw the pack of public health hounds who had been hunting syphilis, tuberculosis, rickets and all manner of diseases. On the other side I saw the pack of social workers who had been hunting poverty and misery and crime. Beneath this picture was the caption: gone to earth!

Unless this vision is to be attributed to the heat, it must have been due to reading a monogram from the Children's Bureau called "Institutional Treatment of Delinquent Boys." The study was made upon 751 boys five years after they had left the reformatories where they had or had not been reformed. At that time one third of them "seemed to have failed entirely to make the hoped-for adjustment to community life." another third "had achieved adjustment of such doubtful character as to make it very uncertain whether the community could count on having no further difficulty with them."

We quarantine a carrier of diphtheria even when there is not more than a five per cent chance that he will pass on the disease. Yet we release from quarantine carriers of crime when the chance of spreading crime is at least ten times as great. The writers of the monogram do not suggest longer quarantine, however, but improved treatment in the reformatory.

And so one gets to pondering. Is this the way; is that the way? Whence infection? Whence disease? Whence malcontent and maladjustment? Whither runs that hole into the ground? I forgot to mention that in my vision it seemed to be called The Home.

Egyptian girls have few rights.



Ralph Sheehan COUNTY CLERK

Who is conducting a courteous, fair campaign, respectfully solicits your support in the primary next Tuesday for reelection, on his record of the past two years administration.

IN SOCIETY

Phone 17

(Items for either this column or the calendar must be turned in by not later than Wednesday noon)

Social Calendar

The 4-H club will meet at the home of Miss Ida Langenegger on Monday, August 17th.

Girl Scouts will meet on Tuesday, August 18th, at Presbyterian church basement for flower mounting, canteen covers and swimming.

Presbyterian Ladies Aid meets on Wednesday, August 19th.

GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Girl Scouts met on Tuesday afternoon at the Presbyterian church basement, with all leaders present, including Mrs. Jack Menoud, Mrs. Raynal Cumpsten and Miss Mary Burck. About fifteen Scouts were present. Flowers were mounted and most of the afternoon was spent in song composition.

The Scouts are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Michelet for helping to take them to Ruidoso recently, and for so much help in entertaining. They had a cabin very near the Indian Reservation line, where all of them stayed. Each day while there, they took hikes, and the evenings were enjoyed around a huge fireplace in the living room, which easily seated thirty people. With them were Mrs. T. D. Devenport, Miss Mary Burck, Mrs. Raynal Cumpsten, Mrs. I. E. Boyce and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Michelet.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Nazarene Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Oscar Kiper last Wednesday afternoon. The time was spent at a business meeting and working on a quilt for their Orphan's home. Those present were Mmes. George Weaver, E. L. Askins, Newt Campbell, R. F. Adams and H. A. Basden.

Elmer Graham and Miss Marteel Graham left Tuesday for Norton and Densmore, Kansas, where they will visit relatives. Willis Graham who has made quite an extended stay out there with relatives will return with them.

ROBINSON'S LAST WORD

It has been impossible to see all of the 10,000 voters in Chaves county. On that account I wish to thank the helpful friends who have understood and passed the word about my candidacy for Treasurer of Chaves county. Every kind act as every vote will be deeply appreciated.

WILL ROBINSON, Candidate for Treasurer, Chaves County.

Homer Bartrum, a nephew of Clyde Peterson and Bob and John Patterson of Mobeetie, Texas, visited in the Langenegger home last Wednesday. Mr. Patterson is planning to locate here.

Messenger Want Ads Get Results!



Given in the drinking water through the hot weather will keep their appetite good, prevent them becoming diseased from germs and worms, keep them free of blood sucking lice, mites, fleas blue-bugs. Make moulting easy and insure good health and egg-production at a very small cost. You don't risk a penny. Your money back if not satisfied.

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VOTE FOR Will Robins

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FOR

COUNTY TREASURER

Forty Years a Friend of Hagerman Whole Pecos Valley

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES AUGUST 18

Vote For J. M. H. CULLENDE FOR State Senator

Support A Man Who Is Backing Roosevelt, the New Deal and Recovery

HE FAVORS

Repeal of the PORT OF ENTRY LAW, and will oppose any which hampers trade with other states and places restrictions on commerce and tourists.

Ratification of the "Child Labor Amendment" to prohibit employment of children in factories.

He Will Demand A Just Share of Road Construction in Southeastern New Mexico

SUPPORT A MAN WHO WILL DO THINGS FOR YOU!