

# SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOSS-HERRMAN COMPANY

## A TRANSFORMATION

**SYNOPSIS.**—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and sedate Miss Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Rochdale, rich and well-connected. Barbara is adventurous and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cut-and-dried conventions of her small town. They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost. Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two great-uncles build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently a savage. Croft rescues her.

### PART TWO—Continued.

He could see now, in the stronger light, that all were armed with long spears, two also carrying bows and arrows. The third, an old man, wore round his neck a large clam-shell disk—emblem of the rank of chief—and through his nose-cartridges a dark stone. Rings, probably of tortoise-shell, hung from his ears. Croft wondered if this were a visit of negotiation, with a view to a compact of friendship with visitors to their island. He recognized them for members of the huge scattered family of Melanesians, or Papuans, which have some undoubted connection with the African blacks, and are to be found in numberless South Sea islands as well as in Melanesia proper. Although their dialect is more or less local, there is sufficient similarity to make it fairly intelligible to any one accustomed to the variations.

A few minutes, and Croft's illusion of a friendly compact was destroyed. Hostility was evident. He soon realized that an attack was being organized for the following night, though he could not distinguish the plans being laid.

Emboldened by the absence of any sign of their enemy, the men remained standing for several minutes, gazing down the slope at the solitary hut wherein Barbara lay unprotected. At last, after an indistinct colloquy, they moved slowly forward in its direction. For a moment Croft's heart seemed to stop beating. To expose himself, unarmed, would mean certain death, and the consequent abandonment of the girl, whose life now rested upon his to a fate probably far worse. Inside the hut, if he could but reach it, lay the suitcase containing his revolver. Should he risk all and dash from his hiding place or—? A sigh of relief escaped his lips when the men suddenly halted. For what seemed an eternity he watched them confer together, evidently divided in opinion on the wisdom of their venture. When at last they turned and made off toward the south of the island, he found his clenched hands were shaking and his brow was wet. He hurried down to the hut, where he found a white-faced girl ineffectually barricading the door with suitcases.

"How do you escape? Where were you? What can we do?"

To his own amazement perhaps as much as hers, he laughed—almost happily.

"They have gone away," he replied. "We can't do anything at present."

She gazed at him in some bewilderment, knowing nothing of the reaction which had caused that strange light in his face; and he laughed again, boyishly; then leaned farther in for a closer inspection of the blue-clad figure with its cloud of hair.

"You are better?" he asked.

The paleness of her cheeks changed suddenly to red under his scrutiny.

"I—I'm all right," she muttered, turning away.

"I will go back for the water," he remarked; and his face disappeared from the aperture.

Barbara's mind was uncomfortably confused. Safe in some refuge she had seemed to be sleeping for hours. When she awoke she instinctively sought for a hand which proved not to be there. Throughout the terrified moments that ensued, vague impressions of some midnight event chased elusively through her brain. They were intensified by Croft's appearance. Vainly she tried to capture the threads; to separate the real from the chaos of delirium. All was con-

fusion, jumbled repetitions of accumulated horrors. She caught first at one thread; then lost it and caught at another. But ever at one point her cheeks burned. How much was true? Surely not—. The more she thought, the more convinced did she become of its incredible reality. . . . How could she face her companion? He alone could place the unraveled threads in her hands. But how to make him do so? How—

So engrossed were her thoughts that she started violently at the sound of his voice again at the window.

"Your nerves are awfully weak," he remarked.

"They are not!" she snapped indignantly. Was she always to feel foolish and, above all, appear so, with this man?

Opening the door, she took in one of the basins, without looking up. A scented, steaming bath could not have been more welcome than that little basin of cold water. The freshness invigorated her, reviving a girlish interest in appearances. Unpacking a tiny traveling mirror, she proceeded to do up her hair, dressing in one of the cool washing frocks intended for Australia.

Croft was thumping on the hut, demanding breakfast, before the completion of this toilet. His quick glance took in her dainty and very civilized appearance down to the gray suede shoes; but he made no comment.

Again the contents of the old tin box proved invaluable, with the addition of bananas and coconut. They spread their store upon the ground outside, in the early morning sunshine.

Conversation languished. Croft seemed abstracted, deep in thought. Her riddle of the night lay unsolved.

After several furtive glances at his face, she made a plunge.

"I want to know—"

"Yes? What?" Quickly his eyes searched her own, causing her to lower them confusedly.

"I can't remember what happened—I'm afraid I—did I behave rather stupidly, last night?"

He stretched out his hand for a banana, peeling it with irritating deliberation before replying.

"You were, naturally, slightly unhinged after all your experiences."

This guarded reply was unsatisfactory.

She felt exasperated. Looking across at him, she fancied the suspicion of a smile hovered around his lips.

"You realize, of course, that anything I did—or said—was because—I mean, it was not my normal state!"

"Oh, I quite realize that!" His tone caused her to look up quickly again.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked uneasily.

"Why are you so afraid?" he retorted.

Nonplused, she took refuge in a dignified silence. Finishing her breakfast, she looked round the bay—at the rugged hill beside them, the palms and dense forest trees in the background, the coral shingle and white sand stretching down to the magnificent blue of the lagoon, in the distance the reef and vast stretch of limitless sea; the intensely vivid colors and contrast shone in the sunlight with extraordinary brilliancy.

"It's all very beautiful," she said at last, conversationally.

"It is!" he agreed warmly, rising to his feet. Bringing his mug filled with water, he sat down close beside her.

"Now, please mend my head."

Barbara was concerned over his palor and the lines surrounding his eyes.

"You look worn out!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"Not a wink!" He glanced quickly up at her. Whereupon her unraveled confusion returned fourfold; and she finished her job in silence.

"I'm going up the hill to the wireless," he observed. "You need not fear the natives. They won't return until they have mustered their numbers."

At her look of alarm he continued hurriedly: "I've got a scheme for scaring them off altogether. I shan't be long away. If you shout, I shall hear."

There was no suggestion of her company being required. She watched him disappear, with a sickening sense of the oppressive loneliness that she dreaded; but pride forbade her uttering a word to detain him. Then, with unconscious imitation of Croft, she threw her head a little back; clenched her hands; and entered the hut. . . .

While the natives hurried to the south, to prepare for battle, the man sat on the ground beside the transmitter, starting out to sea, his brain working on the scheme to which he had just alluded; his mind torn between conflicting decisions. In this predicament, at the mercy of a tribe of hostile savages, there were but two for-

er belonging to the wireless outfit, he broke the sticks into short stakes, showing Barbara how to cover them. This done, he proceeded to fix them firmly in the ground round the hut, then attached the aerial to the top of each; thus forming a wire circle a few inches above the ground, as far from the hut as the amount of aerial permitted. The two ends were carried through the entrance and connected to the transmitter within.

"Now!" he exclaimed, "when I wave, press the key on the transmitter here, and watch the result."

He went out to the wire; and, kneeling down, placed one hand about half an inch above it. Raising the other, he gave the signal.

She pressed the key as directed. Immediately, a series of bright blue sparks flashed, like fireflies, from the wire to his hand, which he repeatedly jerked away; then, delighted with its success, he returned to her.

"You see," he explained, "the volume of current is always large with wireless, therefore takes effect by sparking at the moment of contact. The human body is, of course, a conductor. Our visitors will get the shock of their lives—especially as they usually approach any object of attack by waddling along on their stomachs!"

He chuckled with the anticipatory enjoyment of a schoolboy over a practical joke; then suggested having some food.

Mechanically she fetched Aunt Dolly's box and drew out tins of beef and coffee, heroically trying to share in his confidence.

He talked on, compelling her to attend, diverting her thoughts until the meal ended, covertly watching her every expression. Then he drew her within the hut, to rest.

Mechanically again, she entered, going to the little window and looking out, dreading, toward the palms. He fixed up the door, then came over to her.

"You don't feel at all nervous?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Oh, no! . . . I forced me, no! . . . Of course not," she answered, with terrific emphasis.

"That's all right! You're a plucky soul for a girl!"

She flashed an indignant look at him, which, in spite of herself, faded as she met the unexpected laughter in his eyes.

"You wanted adventure!" he reminded her. "You wanted to 'feel life,' to learn the 'meaning' of things, to sound the 'deep chords.' Well! You have your heart's desire—at the very bedrock of nature! Selze it, Barbara! Drink to the very dregs! Then tell me if you have discovered what—is missing."

Surprised, she listened slyly. He turned away, laid one of their coats just inside the door, and threw himself down upon it. Within a few minutes he was sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

But the girl sat for long under the little window, lost in thought, wondering over his words. And ever her mind reverted to one sentence. A few words of praise from whose opinion you have unconsciously learned to respect, and what a world of courage do they bring in their train!

There are no pleasant hours at twilight in the tropics. The sun sets, and soon the world is wrapped in darkness. It had disappeared behind the west hill, and already a few stars were showing in the swiftly darkening sky, when Croft came out of the hut to where Barbara was collecting the remains of their supper. He carried something in his hands.

"Do you understand a revolver?" he inquired.

She turned round, mingled fear and relief in her face. "Have you one? No; I have never fired one in my life. I wouldn't dare!"

"Well, I want to show you how to use this little beast, in case anything goes wrong and you are left—"

She laughed, miserably.

"If they manage to kill you, they will soon finish me off!"

He regarded her in silence, for a moment.

"They wouldn't kill you," he said quietly. "Do you understand my meaning?"

Her face went very white. For a few minutes she pined up and down, hands clenched, facing this new terror, striving to control herself before this man whose very look discouraged weakness. The coolness of his bearing, as he stood playing with the weapon in his hands, calmed her, bracing her to a simulation of the same fearlessness.

"Show me," she said, going to him.

This is interesting. How will a girl of Barbara's upbringing react to these primitive conditions?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Symbolic Indian Masks**

According to the Bureau of American Ethnology, tribes of Indians throughout North America wore masks at religious festivals and at some social gatherings. Sometimes the priests alone were masked, though in other cases the entire company would appear in masks. The false faces generally represented supernatural beings. The simplest form of mask was one prepared from the head of a buffalo, deer, or some other animal. The mask stood, not for the actual animal, but for the type of animal and its supernatural characteristics, and the person wearing it was for the time being endowed with the distinctive quality of the animal.

He clenched itself upon her knee; the faint color drained away, leaving her face quite white.

"Can't we go—hide somewhere—on the reef?" she urged, turning dark eyes of fear upon him.

He shook his head. Very thoughtfully, from every point of view, had he considered the position. Should they, by hiding, elude the natives to-night, it would be but a respite. The same danger would surround them every moment they spent here; for some reason these natives were hostile; something must be done to overcome their hostility. Until and unless a friendly compact could be made, they must be forced to leave the two white people alone, through fear. All this he explained to the girl, who recognized the wisdom of it, as well as what she deemed the impossibility.

"Two! Against, possibly, hundreds! How can we make them fear us?" she asked hopelessly.

"Through their superstition," he replied promptly. "Once make them believe we deal with the supernatural, or possess magical powers, and they will make us tabu. The dread of death or disease, from violating a tabu will cause them to shun us like lepers."

Barbara, inexperienced in natives' ways, was only half convinced. She listened incredulously to the scheme he propounded, her knowledge of electricity being limited.

"I will get some sticks," he concluded, rising; "and place everything in readiness; then I shall turn in for a bit. This afternoon we'll strengthen the walls of the hut; and I'll put up a partition. Then we shall each have a room until we can build another hut. Plenty of work before us, if rescue doesn't come soon!"

Silently, she helped to collect sticks, an extraordinary numbness pervading her mind. Croft's spirits rose. He had faced and eluded death too often to fear it. His confidence in this simple ruse puzzled her.

Collecting the rubber shock absor-



## Jessica's Come-Uppance

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

JESSICA HASTINGS' grandmother was a very precise old lady, who sat all day in her geranium-filled window and lived in the past. The busy world might go rushing by without, but it did not interest her in the least.

Times changed, but not for grandmother. And Jessica, for whom there was no intervening generation, was frequently hard put to it for her good times and innocent girlish desires. Both Jessica's parents had been killed in a steamer collision, and her father's mother had taken the curly-headed little girl and brought her up according to the standards of forty years ago.

"Oh, Gram, please let me have my dress three inches shorter, at least!" she begged at the time of her senior high school ball. "Gram" yielded an inch, but no more, and did that with her usual old-fashioned admonition. "Look out, my dear. Girls that go contrary to their elders always get their come-uppance!"

"Come-uppance!" How Jessica came to hate that homely word! And yet love for her grandmother and a very real appreciation of all she had been to her through the motherless years often checked on her lips the quick retorts.

And a little extra money all her own would mean so much. Yet she could foresee the tussle with her grandmother which such a suggestion would entail.

Yet, in the end, Jessica had her own way. Something happened to one of the companies with which their frugal investments were placed and their income was temporarily curtailed. Even her grandmother could see that any salary Jessica might bring in, however small, would help bridge the gap, and she could not ask the healthy, eager girl to pinch and do without—as she in her day would have done—rather than join the ranks of wage-earners.

"Only remember, my child, that you are a lady. Be modest and maidenly. Otherwise, you will surely get your—"

but Jessica, overwhelmed at being at last allowed to follow her inclinations, was too overjoyed to mind the loathed warning.

Each day now she departed for work full of happy anticipation, and every evening returned contented and cheerful. Untrained, she had not secured any remarkable job, yet one that suited her—that of clerk in a bookshop—and daily it became more interesting.

Especially after Cowles Dayton appeared on the scene. That breezy young reporter, with a keen nose for news and a tongue ready with the latest slang and smart journalese, was a bosom friend of the book store proprietor. And after he met Jessica, it did not seem to bother him if, when he dropped in at the noon hour, his bosom friend was out for lunch and only Jessica and a long-legged boy of all work remained.

There came a day when Jessica suspected, although Cowles had as yet said nothing, that he was beginning to care for her, and her great problem loomed up of how to get her grandmother used to him. She feared that, however warned in advance, his tendency to call a spade a spade, or to revert to the language of short cuts and telling phrases would hide his really fine qualities from her grandmother.

However, from time to time, she usually mentioned Cowles, and even let her grandmother know that she had actually lunched with him, although she forbore to mention that the meal had been unchaperoned except by the eyes of the world in general as it foregathered at a popular eating place.

Then occurred the theater fire, creating a crisis in the lives of at least two people. Jessica and Cowles were on their way home from Rigoletto when the fire trucks dashed by as they were about to halt a taxi.

Simultaneously the two looked at one another.

"I ought to cover it," murmured Cowles.

"Let's go," said Jessica.

The blaze proved to be a destructive and spectacular one, completely destroying a large moving picture place. Time slipped by unheeded, and when at last only smoldering charred walls remained, Jessica was horrified to find that the small hours of the morning were well upon them. Frantically she hoped that her grandmother would have gone to bed long ago.

"She'll be worried to death!" she told Cowles as the speeding taxi bore them homeward.

"I suppose," and he regarded Jessica whimsically, "that in your grandmother's day a gentleman who kept a lady out all night would be expected to marry her?"

Jessica looked startled. "Oh—I—imagine so," she said.

"Then," and he reached for her hand, "the very least we can do to satisfy the old lady is to become engaged. How about it, little girl, whom I have loved for a long, long time?"

Before she could protest he had captured both hands, which at first struggled to escape, then lay quiescent in his.

"Oh," breathed Jessica, and let him draw her head to his broad shoulder, "grandmother always said some day I would get my come-uppance, but I didn't dream it would be you!"

# Ginger Snaps!

so good that each one calls for more

1/2 cup sugar (granulated) 1/2 cup self-rising flour  
1/2 cup molasses 1/4 cup shortening 1/4 teaspoon soda  
1/2 cup shortening 1/4 cup ginger  
Heat molasses to boiling point. Add soda when removed from fire. Pour hot molasses over shortening. Mix ginger with flour and combine mixtures. This will make a stiff dough which is easily handled if thoroughly chilled before rolling very thin. Cut and bake on greased pans in moderate oven.  
NOTE: In making rolled cookies of any kind, it may be necessary to add more flour to make dough stiff enough to handle.

A book of delightful recipes is offered below, send for your free copy

WHO doesn't love old fashioned ginger snaps—those nut-brown cookies with that tang of spice and fresh molasses? Light enough to be healthful, spicy enough to be appetizing, tasteful enough to make you want to eat a whole jarful—how the folks will enjoy them if they're made from good self-rising flour.

It's real fun to make ginger snaps, hurry-up cakes, doughnuts, waffles and dozens of other delicious things if you use self-rising flour. Like plain flour, it comes in a number of different grades and sells at various prices—the grade determining the price you pay. To save you time in cooking and to insure you light, tasteful bakings, pure phosphate baking powder has been added.

Buy self-rising flour that carries the blue symbol of the Soft Wheat Millers' Assn. This Blue Shield on a bag of self-rising flour means you are buying pure, healthful, wholesome flour that has the hearty approval of food officials, dieticians and baking experts. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the baking results, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SOFT WHEAT MILLERS' ASSN., Inc., NASHVILLE, TENN.

## USE SELF-RISING Flour

It's Healthful Economical

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

Every bag of self-rising flour bearing this Blue Shield of purity is fully guaranteed by the Soft Wheat Millers' Assn., Inc. The contents are absolutely pure and wholesome and comply with all Pure Food Laws. If you are not satisfied with your baking results, the Association will cheerfully refund your money.



### Get this Free Book of Recipes

Home Economics Dept.  
Soft Wheat Millers' Assn., Inc., Nashville, Tenn.  
Send your FREE book "Fifty Ways to Use Self-Rising Flour" to:

Don't fail to send for this valuable and handsomely illustrated book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(Write or print name and address plainly)

© 1934 S. W. H. A. 1370-2

**The Biggest Incubator**

A gigantic incubator that will hatch 508,000 eggs at a setting is under construction in California. All work in the hatchery is to be done by electricity. The owner believes that electrically hatched chickens are sturdier and healthier and mature earlier than chickens hatched by any other method. He expects to ship 25,000 a day or 3,000,000 in a season.—Youth's Companion.

**Smarting, scalding, sticky eyes relieved by morning if Roman Eye Balsam is used when retiring. 373 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.**

**High Pay for Orchestra**

The lowest sum earned by any one member of a famous co-operative dance orchestra of New York last season was \$16,000.

**Teaching Japanese**

"The McKinley high school" sounds as though it might be just around the corner in one's own home town. This particular one, however, is in Honolulu, where the school department is about to start two courses in Japanese. This is the first time an oriental language will be studied in the territorial public schools.

**For Cuts, Burns, Poisoned Wounds,**

any sore, mosquito bites, bee stings, use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Antiseptic and healing. Three sizes; all stores.—Adv.

Like fragile ice, anger passes away in time.—Virgil.

About all a pessimist is good for is to sit around and anticipate misery.

Don't waste your money!  
Why pay more when you can get—in DAVIS—full raising strength, absolute purity and good baking results for less money?

Bake it BEST with

# DAVIS

## BAKING POWDER