# OVERNIGH HEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Bruce artment of justice operator vacation-in the Northeastern hills, where he formerly lived, ran into his previou see formerly lived, ran into his previous ones, inspector Tope, and Mrs. Tope. He occummended that the Topes spend the sight at Dewalin's Mill, operated by Bee-bewals, whom Bruce regarded very high-y. Later that night Tope phoned Bruce a come out to the aute camp and have fed Quill, a state trooper, join them. Despite the fact Bruce was to leave the usual morning, he west out to meet Tope. ment morning, he went out to meet Tope, knowing that something serious had hap-pended. He was assured that Bee was not in trouble. He was to meet them at the Faraway cottage.

#### CHAPTER II

While Tope began to get out the bags, Bee and Mrs. Tope approached the cabin and the girl proed a key. Then, as she tried knob, she said, in a surprised tone, half to herself: "Why, that's fammy! It's unlocked!"

She entered and began to raise shades and let in a flood of light, and when Tope followed, with a bag in each hand, she was explaining to Mrs. Tope:

"You see, I had all the furniture built in. It's cheaper than buying."
Tope set down the bags; and he saw beds end to end along one wall, and a chest of drawers beyond. The beds appeared to promise comfort. heds appeared to promise comfort.

The carpenter had built frames to support the springs and sheathed these frames down to the floor, so bere was no chance for dust and sh to accumulate underneath. There were windows in front and sear and toward the brook; and a areplace at one end, with birch logs dy for the match, and kindling and a crumpled newspaper under them on the clean hearth upon which, clearly, there had never been

Said Bee Dewain: "I'll open the windows. It seems stuffy. Would you like a blaze?" "I think so," Mrs. Tope agreed. "It

may turn chilly."

Tope crossed to touch a match to

e paper under the kindling; but as he stopped down, he noticed some-thing lying on the hearth, and held his hand.

It was a thing of no apparent importance. Another man, even though he saw it, would have discovered in this object no implications at all. It was simply a match which had been ed and allowed to burn down all only half an inch of uncharred good remained.

Tope's eye was caught by this match almost completely burned, and he saw two or three more, ly-ing here and there. He had an old bebit of noticing unimportant things, d suspecting importance in them; so now before he lighted the fire, be searched in the kindling and in the crumpled paper and on the bearth behind and beneath the logs, collected eleven matches which had like the first been lighted and burned almost to the ends be-are they were thrown away.

Bee Dewain was saying: "And supper will be ready at seven clock. Now if there's anything case you want—"
"You say we're the first ones to ccupy this camp?" Tope asked

very first," Bee assured him.

"I do hope you'll be comfortable."
She turned to the door. "When supper's ready we ring a bell! You'll be sure to hear!"

As the girl's steps passed out of hearing, Mrs. Tope said: "Oh, we forgot to give her the message from

"I was thinking of something else," Tope confessed; and he saked: "Need anything more out of the car?"

when you're ready. But—if you're uneasy, suppose we move on, tonight?"

He shook his head. "No, not tonight. Tomogram

"Not for just one night!" "We might stay longer," he sug-

mested, and she smiled. "Because a brook runs past the

When I see a place that looks fishy, I always want to try it out," he confessed. Something in his tone de her look at him; but he chucided disarmingly. She began to mapack the few things they would med.

"It's nice knowing we're the very He said, half to himself: "I wonder why they didn't turn on the

Why should she? It's still broad daylight!"
"Instead of using matches?" he

persisted, in a deep abstraction; and Mrs. Tope looked at him with

"I discover new virtues in you beery day," she remarked, "but you've unsuspected vices, too! It's e you quit detecting at your time life, my dear. What are you won-

dering about now?' He hesitated, said at last: "Why these!" He pointed to the mantel; the came to look, and he showed her those eleven burned stubs of matches which he had arranged in

wder there. "I found them in the he said, watching her. fireplace," not?" she protested, "Probably the carpenters or the plumbers or the electricians them there, when they were

anishing up the cabin." "They wouldn't be working at might," he insisted.

used them to see by."

She said briskly: "Nonsense! You've too much imagination! Are

you trying to—scare me?"
"No, no!" He stood by the mantel, his back to the fire, looking
thoughtfully this way and that as
though he sought something. Yet in
this small place nothing of any size
could be concealed. There was no
hiding place walks. hiding place—unless perhaps the box-like under-structure of the beds. under-structure of the beds.

What is it you're looking for?"

she asked.
"Nothing," he insisted, mendaciously. "Which bed shall I take?"
"The one nearest the fire."
He nodded, and went to the foot of the bed, built against the wall.
"I never saw anyone yet who tucked
in my covers at the foot the way I
like them," he remarked.
"I'll do it!"

"Not even you!" She laughed softly. "All right," she assented. "You're fussy as an old maid! I'll be down by the brook, if you're bound to be so independent. Come out when you're through!"

Mrs. Tope left the inspector inside, and walked toward the brook and sat down beside the water,



"Now, if there is anything else you

relaxed and at her ease. It may have been ten mintues before she heard his step behind her.

"Well, ready for supper?" she asked.

He was a moment in answering.
"Yes, I am." She looked at him intently, and he added: "But you know, I don't like this cabin, I wonder if Miss Dewain would let us change to one of the others, nearer

"Why? You act as though Fara-way were-haunted!"

He said in slow apology: "You'll have to get used to my notions. I go a lot by them."

"We'll ask her when we go to sup-per," she promised; and after a mo-ment she said, not looking at him, looking at the dark water: "Of course, I know something is bothering you and I know you'll tell me when you're ready. But-if you're

ight. Tomorrow, maybe; but not tonight."

Her eyes were grave, but she made no comment; and they came down to the Mill together, came into the bright dining-room. Bee Dewain was here alone, and Mrs. Tope said

"Miss Dewain, may we change our minds about Faraway?" And she explained, smiling apologetical-"Mr. Tope lived in an apartment before we were married; and now he isn't happy unless he can hear traffic going by. He wants to be nearer the road."

"Of course," Bee assented, "I'll have Earl shift your bags while we eat supper.

Tope asked: "Have you a pay station here?"

The girl said: "Yes indeed!" She showed him the phone in the closet under the stairs.

When he emerged, he said at once: "You know, Miss Dewain, I think we have a mutual friend. Adam

Bruce?" The girl cried with quick interest: "Do you know Adam?"

"Known him for years," Tope clared. "I've heard him speak of declared. you! In fact, he advised us to stop We had lunch with him in Middleford today. He said he'd seen you just yesterday. He sent you

Bee, her eyes dancing, tossed her head; and Tope said watching her: "He warned us not to mention his name; said if we did, you wouldn't

take us in!" "Adam's an idiot!" said Bee Demight," he insisted.

"At night? Of course not! But they'd be smoking, lighting pipes and things."

"Adam's an idiot? said Bee Dewain, her cheeks hot. While Tope was at the phone, the supper bell had been rung violently by some one at the kitchen door; and as Bee

Whoever lighted these matches spoke, perhaps summoned by the bell, the gray-haired violinist ap-peared in time to hear her words. "Adam?" the newcomer echoed.

"Our young friend Bruce?" His tone was sardonic, hostile.

was sardonic, nostile.

Bee introduced him; and he bowed, smiling. "Balser Vade, otherwise known as the Lone Wolf," he explained. "I have the dignity of a cabin named after me, as Miss De-wain may have told you." And he asked: "What particular idiocy has our Mr. Bruce committed now?

No one answered him, but Mrs. Tope saw her husband's glance rest upon the violinist, a lively specula-tion in the old man's eye. Then oth-ers came trooping in. The Murrell twins and their father and mother Mrs. Tope had already seen; but there were others, new arrivals, men. Miss Dewain introduced them. Whitlock, she said, and Mr. Beal.

The supper was a good one and most of them ate in a silence that was to some degree enforced; for Mrs. Murrell, almost from the first, monopolized the conversation. Once Tope interjected a question.

Tope interjected a question.

"You say you've been here two
weeks, Mrs. Murrell? I thought
most people just stayed overnight."

"Most of them do," Mrs. Murrell
agreed. "But Mrs. Priddy, the cook
here, is my stepsister; and I always
did say I'd and the says. did say I'd rather eat her cooking than anybody's. Poor thing, she hates working all day in the kitchen; but she married that good-for-nothing Earl Priddy, and she's had to support him ever since."

Some pot or pan rattled angrily in the kitchen, and Mrs. Tope suspected that Mrs. Priddy had perhaps been meant to overhear. Bee said hurriedly:

"Of course, we have a lot of peo-ple here in the course of a week-coming and going all the time."

"I suppose the week-ends are your busy times?" Tope suggested. "Well, yes," Bee agreed. "There were six cabins full last night, and

eight Saturday night."

But Mrs. Murrell, not to be silenced, turned her catechism to
Whitlock and Beal; and Mrs. Tope

saw that Tope watched Whitlock with an unobtrusive eye. After supper, without apology or excuse, these two men went out of doors; and Tope turned to Mrs. Tope, almost brighty most briskly.

"Shall we go to our cabin, my dear?" he asked. "I thought you might read aloud to me a while." Mrs. Tope had never read aloud to him; yet she betrayed no least surprise at this suggestion. "We must finish our book," she agreed,

and rose. Inspector Tope turned with Tope toward their new cabin. It was called Cascade. On the stoop, he called Cascade around. Dusk cloaked them from every view. He made sure of this; and he said in a

low tone: "Go inside, my dear. Talk, turn on the lights, draw the blinds. Read aloud. I'll come soon." And without waiting for her assent, he slipped away, his feet silent on the carpet of pine needles.

Mrs. Tope was half impatient with this mystery, and half alarmed. Nevertheless after a moment she obeyed him. She went in, and drew blinds. Then in sudden hastethe darkness was affrighting-she switched on the lights, and found a magazine in her bag and began obe-diently to read aloud. Alone in the cabin, her voice went monotonously on and on.

on and on.

But her eyes did not stay fixed on
the page. Her nerves were steady
enough; yet the steadiest nerves
might have been shaken by this nemight have been shaken by this necessity of sitting alone, in a small closed cabin with drawn blinds.

Adam found the door open. He went in, turned on the lights, closed the door. Some embers of a fire still glowed on the hearth, and he added fresh wood, and stood with his back to the fire, intensely alert, listening for any sound outside, won-dering where Tope was, and what the old man had to tell, and how soon he would appear. But almost at once he heard soft footsteps on the turf—not on the gravel drive—outside; and then, without knocking, lope opened the door. He came in, Mrs. Tope behind him.

"Hello, Adam," he said mildly. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon," Adam confessed, gripping the other's hand. "Hello, Mrs. Tope. Inspector, if this is a wild-goose chase, I'll take it out of your hide. I'm supposed to be back on the job at noon tomorrow."

"You'll have a job here." Tone told him. "Let me give it to you in order, Adam," he explained. "So I'll get it straight in my own mind." And as Adam nodded, he went on

slowly, as if weighing each phrase.
"When Miss Dewain put us in this cabin, she said it was new this spring; and that no one had ever spent the night in it. She had a key to unlock the door here; but the door was already unlocked."

"Probably whoever cleaned up after the carpenters got through for-

"Maybe," Tope assented. "But— I don't like that word 'propably'! Here's the next thing. I started to light the fire, and saw a match on the hearth. A burned match. It was burned clear down; but not the way a match is burned when it is used to light a cigarette.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**IMPROVED** UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

Lesson for December 9

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THE CHRISTIAN'S PLACE IN THE LIFE OF HIS NATION

LESSON TEXT: Matt. 5:13-16, 43-46; I Peter 2:13-17. GOLDEN TEXT: Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.—Psalm 33:12.

Men make up nations. Human beings in a land like ours determine by their interests and attitudes the direction in which the entire social order moves. That in turn determines what kind of government we have.

If the totalitarian philosophies have colored our thinking and caused us to forget the importance of the individual in the life of our nation, let us turn at once to the right view.

Particularly important is the bear-ing which individual Christians can ing which individual Christians can and should have on our national life. We have tended to draw back and fail to use the power and position which we have by God's grace. Nowhere does that show more than in our failure (perhaps one should say shameful failure!) to

bring Christian principles to bear upon the appalling liquor problem. This is temperance Sunday. Do not fall to stress that phase of Christian citizenship today.

How should Christians make their

influence felt in the nation? By being what they ought to be and contributing to its life. Note these things in our lesson—the Christian

I. Salt (Matt. 5:13). We are the salt of the earth, and the pungent savor of Christ is to be evident in us as we touch life round about us—in the church, in the home, and in the nation.

True salt is antiseptic and purifying. It fights corruption wherever it is found. How effective the spiritually salty Christian and church should be against the corrupt political system, the liquor industry, vice and sin of all kinds. Have we lost our savor (v. 13)?

II. Light (Matt. 5:14-16). A light is intended to give illumination to all round about it. It always does unless someone hides it under a cover, and then it becomes not only useless but dangerous.

A life lighted by faith in Christ will shipe to the very ends of the earth and, as a missionary once said, "The light that shipes farthest shines brightest at home."

We are the light of the world, but if we cover our light we deny the very essence of our natures. Here is no thought of proud or selfish display. Light does not shout about itself, it just shines.

Who will deny that there is need of some real spiritual light in some of the dark corners of our national life? Who is to shine in such places but you and me, fellow-believer?
Then, too, let us not forget that

God has sent us out to light other lights. We can best serve our na-tion, and best meet the challenge of liquor by turning men to Christ.

That doesn't mean that we should neglect other "good works," but it is well to keep "first things first." III. Love (Matt. 5:43-48).

"Love your enemies" (v. 44); that is the standard which Christ has established for His followers. While the love one has for the brethren is without doubt a more intimate relationship than the love one may have for an enemy, we must not should have even for those who

curse and revile us. It is to move us so deeply that we not only treat them kindly, but also pray for them. Humanly speaking such a thing is impossible, but in Christ it is not only possible, it has actually been demonstrated in life.

It is so easy for Christians to speak with derision that borders on hatred about "the devil's gang," and to lose all love for the crowd that hangs around the tavern and the gambling house. Let us hate their sin, but may God help us to show that we really love them.

Love will do more to reach the world for Christ, and more to direct our national life into right channels than any other influence we can bring to bear. Let us do all we can, but let us do it all in love.

IV. Loyalty (I Pet. 2:13-17). The loyalty of the Christian to right authority should be glad and free, not by necessity or by co-

ercion. The believer will see in all men the image of God and will honor them even though he may not be able to respect or approve their way The dignity and position of the individual is always recognized by Christianity.

The brotherhood of true believers should call forth a peculiar love. We need to renew that brotherly affection between believers. Fear of God, that is, the desire to

do His blessed will, shows itself in the best kind of citizenship. Government would serve itself well if it encouraged every effort to win its The Home Town Reporter in WASHINGTON By Walter Shead WNU Correspondent

What Is Future of Price

R ECENT removal of the five-cent-R ECENT removal of the five-centa-pound subsidy on butterbrings into focus the whole question
of government subsidies insofar as
they apply to farm products. Will
these subsidies be rapidly removed?
Will the change-over be a gradual
one? And whose policy will prevail—
that of Secretary of Agriculture Anderson for a complete elimination of
food subsidies as rapidly as conditions warrant, or the more cautious tions warrant, or the more cautious policy of OPAdministrator Chester Bowles, who wants to keep prices down with the help of subsi-

Support System?

Farm-minded congressmen and government officials concerned with the operation of the subsidy program, mostly agree that subsi-dies were all right as a wartime practice, but that they have no place practice, but that they have no place in a peacetime economy. Farm organizations, particularly the dairy interests, have been outspoken against the subsidy practice, especially against those subsidies known as "consumer subsidies," and have declared that the consumers are stell able to nee for such as a subsidies. well able to pay fair and fixed prices without the benefit of a subsidy paid out of the federal treasury.

#### Costs 2 Billions a Year

The whole subsidy program has cost the government, and that means the taxpayers, approximately two billion dollars a year. It is agreed that the roll-back subsidies during wartime have helped to absorb abnormally high wartime production costs and keep prices on a "reasonable" plane. Whether the subsidies, however, have saved the general public any money in the long run is a most question upon which not all are agreed, although testimony before one of the congressional committees was to the effect that, for every dollar spent in government subsidies from three to five dollars would be saved in the price of food at the retail level. If this is true, then based on an annual two billion dollar outlay, this would mean a yearly saving of at least six billion dollars to consumers in the retail stores of the country.

Government subsidies are of two Government subsides are of two classes and work both ways—one, the consumer subsidy, paid to hold down prices, and the other the price support or incentive subsidy, paid to hold up prices and to increase production in certain products.

Will Prices Hold Up? The question which remains unanswered is—will removal of subsi-dies bring about a drop in prices to farmers? Or will supply and de-mand help keep up the parity prices which the farmers are guaranteed?

The best opinion here is that there will be a compromise base adopted on consumer subsidies, and that they will be finally eliminated, but on a piecemeal or gradual program, with the sugar and flour subsidies probably the last to be eliminated. nated.

Besides these, commodities subsidies are in effect on wheat, milk, peanuts, cooking oils, beans, meats and a few other items. There is also a subsidy paid by the RFC to a certain class of oil operators. This alone has cost almost a hundred million dollars.

The RFC also has handled the subsidy on meats, butter and wheat, and at the end of 1944 these payments had been approximately 660 million dollars on meat, 117 million dollars on butter and 86.1 million dollars on wheat and flour.

## New Base Wanted

While the program for elimination of subsidies goes forward slowly, farm organizations are busy organizing themselves for a fight to set up a new base for arriving at parity prices for farm products. On the theory that the present parity price. which means farm purchasing pow-er equivalent to the 1909-1914 period, no longer fits the picture under present increased costs of production and living, action may go along two courses:

1. Setting up an entirety new set of figures for determining parity, or demanding 100 per cent of parity instead of the 90 per cent now guar-anteed under the law, or

2. Attempting to add farm labor costs into the parity price as pro-vided in the bill introduced by Congressman Pace (D., Ga.).

A measure attempting to do this rick was defeated in the senate during the 78th congress, although from this writing it appears the Pace bill may have a good chance of passing the lower house.

And in the meantime, there is considerable bickering and difference of opinion on just how long present prices are guaranteed un-der present laws. It is pretty gen-erally agreed that on wheat, cotton, rice, corn, tobacco and peanuts, the parity figure is guaranteed for three years. (Two years after January 1 following official end of the war.) SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

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## U. S. Has 101,000 Model Railroads in Operation

The 1,000 American men who own a model or miniature railroad with a steam locomotive consider themselves in a different class from the 100,000 who own an electric model, says Collier's. As such steam locomotives and their rolling stock cannot be bought, they are made by their owners on scales ranging from 1/4 inch to one inch to the foot.

Therefore, owing to their size and power, steam systems, unlike electric models, are installed outdoors. For instance, a typical one inch-to-the-foot locomotive weighs 300 pounds, requires a 4% inch track and is capable of pulling a one-ton load.

Due to an unusually large demand current conditions, slightly more time required in filling orders for a few the most popular pattern numbers. Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 82 Eighth Ave. New York Enclose 16 cents for Pattern

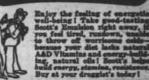
Word 'Gas' Individual; Most Countries Use It

The word "gas," in its true sense, is virtually in a class by itself because it was not derived from any other word, being the outright invention of Jan van Helmont, the Dutch chemist, who coined it about 1625.

As the languages of the world then contained no word of similar meaning, the majority of them have since adopted "gas" as their term for the gaseous form of mat-

**Gas on Stomach** 





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