

OVERNIGHT GUEST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

W.N.C. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Bruce, FBI operator, on a trip to his old home, ran into his previous boss, Inspector Tope and Mrs. Tope. Tope told a man murdered at auto camp operated by Mrs. Dewain. Mrs. Tope said the man was Mr. Ledford, head of New England utilities. Holdom, friend of Ledford, was found unconscious in hospital. His employee, Kell, had disappeared. Tope believed Mrs. Kell's body would be found in bottom of quarry in Holdom's car. Ledford was said by his office to be in New York. Priddy, who worked at the camp, came running in and said that there was a man in the cottage—Tope and Bruce found Kell looking where the murdered man was found.

CHAPTER VIII

The big man looked from one to the other. "Why—yes, sir," he said miserably at last. "My name's Kell."

"That's much better," Tope commented. "Where's the Holdom limousine?"

But Kell responded with a counter question, his cheek suddenly purple, his whole body shaking with a sort of passion.

"Where's my wife?" he cried. "Where's Mrs. Kell? Where is she? What have you done with her?"

Tope said simply: "We haven't seen her, Kell. Was that why you came here? To look for her?"

"She's gone!" Kell cried desperately. "She's gone! I heard in the village that there was some one dead here. I thought it might be her—"

The Inspector looked at Kell's feet; and he demanded:

"Let me see your shoes—the bottoms of them."

Kell, after a moment, lifted one foot, standing on the other; and Tope turned the lifted foot with his hand to look at the sole. Kell toppled and almost fell; and Tope released his ankle, caught his arm, steadied him. Then the old man asked:

"Do you ever wear heel-plates?" Kell's eyes flickered. "No sir!"

"Sure?"

"Why—I've got an old pair of shoes with plates on them."

"Worn them lately?"

"No sir."

Tope nodded; and he said: "Kell, there were some things in the pockets of those overalls this dead man wore. A valve-clearance gauge, and a knife with a steel handle marked in a scale, inches and centimeters. Did you ever see a knife like that?"

Kell shook his head stubbornly.

"Well, that's funny," Tope protested. "That's queer! You work for Holdom; you're his chauffeur. You live over his garage. Well, this dog blanket came from his garage; and the overalls and sweater came out of the machine shop behind the garage, where you keep your work clothes. I think they are yours. They're big enough to fit you. You're an Englishman. That knife came from England. I never saw one like it in this country."

"I heard that the coupe came here," Kell muttered. "And she was in it. She drove it away from the house."

"Well," said Tope, "I don't know where she is, but I can tell you where the car is. It's in the quarry hole, up in the mountains above the Holdom place. We're lifting it out tomorrow."

Kell uttered a low, startled ejaculation; and Tope stopped, expecting the man to speak. When Kell did not, the Inspector demanded:

"Know anything about that?"

"No sir." The answer was prompt.

"I suppose you didn't put it there?"

Kell cried harshly, on the verge of breaking: "No!"

"All right," Tope said sharply, pressing his advantage. "Why didn't you bring Holdom and Ledford up here to their homes last Friday?"

And, quickly: "Now, don't lie! We know you left New York, with them in the car; and we know you got home alone. What did you do with Ledford and Holdom on the way?"

After a moment Kell answered: "Why—I had engine-trouble, sir. It looked like a long job to fix it; so they hailed a car and got a ride to Springfield, told me they'd come on home by train. I got the car fixed quicker than I expected, and came on, and met the train at Middleford, but they weren't on it."

"Bah!" said Tope scornfully. "Took you long enough to think of that! Where have you been since then?"

"Looking for Mrs. Kell—places I thought she might be."

"Where?"

"Well, one was in Boston, and one in Worcester. Then Mr. Ledford had a lodge back in the hills where he sometimes went for a rest. I thought she might be there."

"Why?" Tope demanded; and Kell hesitated, did not answer. Tope cried: "Well, was she?"

"No sir," said Kell, and Tope demanded sharply:

"But you found some one there?"

"Mr. Eberly was there. But he hadn't seen her."

"Eberly?" Tope looked at Adam.

"He's there now?"

"Yes sir. He and Mr. Ledford sometimes went there together."

Tope frowned, startled and disturbed. "Did Mr. Eberly know Mrs. Kell?"

"And Tope suddenly was calm. 'Kell,' he said. 'I'm sorry about your wife. Don't think me—impertinent, unkind. But—had she any faults? Were you jealous of her?'"

"She was all right, sir," Kell protested. He added: "But I couldn't help being jealous of her. She'd go away, week-ends when I'd be at home, and when I couldn't go with her, with Mr. Holdom keeping me busy all the time."

"Where would she go?"

"She always told me where she was going, but—I tried to telephone her, sometimes, and she wasn't where she'd started for." He wiped his brow heavily. "It made me crazy, sir," he confessed.

Adam realized—and his hair prickled at the thought—that Kell spoke of Mrs. Kell in the past tense, as though she were dead!

Tope asked: "Where were you last week-end? Ten days ago? Up here, or in New York?"

"In New York, sir. Mr. Holdom couldn't get away."

"Mr. Ledford in New York?"

"I don't know, sir."

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tant consideration for this harried man, and something like sympathy.

He said straightforwardly: "Sorry, Kell! But I'm acting for the law in this matter; and Mr. Bruce here represents the Federal Government, Department of Justice. I suppose you know that you're involved in a serious affair. Kidnaping is serious, Kell. And so is—murder. I won't press you; but if you told us a little more, it might help in straightening things out, and—in finding your wife!"

Kell stood grimly silent, twitching and shaking.

"Some one," Tope urged, "telephoned the Ridgcomb police that the coupe had been stolen—telephoned from New York. You didn't do that, did you? You weren't in New York Saturday morning, were you?"

"No sir," said Kell.

Then they all heard a car on the drive, and Tope spoke to Adam. "That may be Mat," he said; and to Kell, while Bruce turned toward the door: "This is Mr. Cumberland, the District Attorney, Kell. I'm afraid he'll lock you up." He added: "If we get any trace of Mrs. Kell, I'll let you know."

Then Cumberland came in, Mrs. Tope beside him. Adam admitted them both, shut the door.

Tope made explanations—summed up Kell's statements—and silences. Mrs. Tope spoke quickly.

"Inspector," she suggested, "Kell would know Mr. Ledford if he saw him."

Tope's eyes quickened. "That's right," he agreed. He chuckled. "Ma'am, I never thought of that. Of course he would." He spoke to Cumberland, eagerly. "Let's get up there—let Kell see him, see if he knows him."

A moment later they were all in Cumberland's car, and soon they turned into the byway that led to Amasa Dewain's farm. The ambulance of Will Banion, the undertaker, was backed up to the kitchen door; a laden stretcher was just being wheeled out of the kitchen as they arrived. Amasa Dewain, heavy, ponderous, silent, stood in the lighted doorway.

They approached the stretcher; and Cumberland said to the undertaker: "Will, let this man see him!"

A sheet was turned back; an electric torch threw its beam on the dead man's white face. Tope and Adam thrust Kell forward.

"Look at him, Kell," Tope directed.

And Kell—though they could feel the muscles in his arms—contracted—looked steadily enough upon the dead man.

"That Mr. Ledford?" Tope demanded.

Kell shook his head. In the waiting silence his hoarse tones were clear.

"No sir," he said sullenly.

When Will Banion heard Tope speak Ledford's name, he pressed nearer, incredulous, astonished. He cried:

"Ledford? The Utilities man?"

Mat Cumberland started to speak; but Tope interrupted him. "You're Will Banion?" he asked crisply.

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to forget what you've heard," Tope sternly directed. "This isn't Ledford. You heard Kell say so. Now get along to town. Doctor Medford here?"

"He's gone ahead, going to meet me at my place," Banion said meekly, and turned to his task. When the ambulance was gone, Tope spoke to Cumberland. "Heard from young Dane?" he asked.

"Yes, he telephoned awhile ago that Holdom can make the trip tomorrow. They'll be here by noon."

Tope nodded, and he spoke to Cumberland. "You'll want to lock Kell up, of course. Drop Mrs. Tope and me at the Mill, and then you can take him along to town."

Back at the Mill, they found Ned Quill talking at the door with Bee Dewain. The trooper reported to Tope: "Well, sir, I've been up at the quarry. Got some wreckers on the job. They say they can get the car out of there tomorrow morning."

Tope nodded, and he said: "Quill, this man is Kell, Holdom's chauffeur."

"Sure, I know him," Ned agreed.

"We caught him in Faraway awhile ago," Tope explained. "He probably came in the limousine, left it around near here somewhere. See if you can find it."

"O.K.," Quill assented.

The District Attorney suggested, almost regretfully: "You know, Tope, if this had been Ledford, we could find plenty of people around that might have had a grudge against him. Most of us put money into his securities. Amasa Dewain, for one."

"Whoever killed this man, it wasn't anyone around here, Mat," Tope said shortly.

"How do you know?"

"Because some one from outside is checking up on it. I told you there were two men here Monday night trying to trace the car—Whitlock and Beal. They slipped away early. I'd like to talk to them; but there's no telling where they are now!"

Bee Dewain said triumphantly: "Oh, yes, there is, Inspector! They're here—came back a few minutes ago. Mrs. Priddy's giving them supper right now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago,
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for January 20

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THE LAWS OF A PEOPLE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:1-17.
GOLDEN TEXT—I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.—Psalm 119:47.

Law is necessary to order. Basic laws have been laid down by God for the orderly administration of His universe.

Physical laws are of great importance, but of even deeper significance are the moral and spiritual laws which control the human life. There is in the world a moral law—a distinction between right and wrong—which man may ignore only to his own sorrow, and which he cannot abrogate or destroy. All laws of men which are true and right are founded on this underlying moral law, and they are in reality simply a development and interpretation of "God's Code of Morals"—the Ten Commandments.

These fundamental laws were given to Israel at Mount Sinai, but they speak to us with remarkable freshness and directness. They merit more extensive study than we can give them in this limited space, but we can note their broad outlines and certain practical applications. There are two divisions—one concerns man in his relation to God, and the other in his relation to men. We have:

I. A Right View of God (vv. 1-11). The first and most important question to be asked regarding any law is, "By whom was it established?" Legislation by an unauthorized person or organization has no power over others. Who gave the Ten Commandments? Verse 1 tells us "God spake all these words."

Men may sneer at theology as being outmoded, but the fact is that Christian doctrine is the only safe foundation for Christian character.

1. Whom to Worship (vv. 2-5). There can be but one true God, and He alone is to be worshiped. He is a personal being, ready to enter into communion with each one of us. No image or likeness can take His place. Bowing down before idols, no matter what they may be called, is expressly forbidden by God.

2. How to Worship (vv. 6, 7). We are to love Him and to keep His commandments. There is to be no sham about this, for no matter how sweet and pious may be the praise and prayer of man, he has taken the Lord's name in vain unless he keeps the Lord's commandments by holy living.

3. When to Worship (vv. 8-11). God has ordained that man should not incessantly bear the burden of toil. He is to have a day of rest and a time for worship, undisturbed by the duties and responsibilities of daily labor.

America needs a mighty stirring up about the desecration of the Lord's day. The stalwarts of the last generation fought a valiant battle against a rising tide of secularism and worldly pleasure. Now no one seems to care. Do you? "Six days shalt thou labor." Give God one day out of seven.

II. A Right View of Man (vv. 12-17). To be right with God means that we will also be right with our fellowman. Conversely, the man who is manifestly wrong in his relation to his fellowman is either not right with God at all, or he is not living out his Christian life in practice. This should show in:

1. Family Life (v. 12). The fifth commandment has to do with the relation between child and parent. There is a plain and direct command that father and mother should be honored. Only in respect and obedience to parents can the child possibly find true and proper development.

Parents who have permitted children to go astray during the war years will need to stress anew the God-required obedience to their authority.

2. Physical Life (vv. 13, 14). God is interested in our bodies. Already we have noted His provision for a day of rest each week. Now we are reminded of the sanctity of human life. "Thou shalt not kill," and remember there are many other ways to kill a man other than shooting him.

Let us be sure that we are not a party to the destruction of anyone's life either by reason of carelessness or greed.

Note the emphasis on adultery. Moral uncleanness, which is so awfully common in our day, is one of the most effective methods of destroying the body even while degrading and defiling the soul with sin.

3. Social Life (vv. 15-17). "Thou shalt not steal"—and remember any dishonest appropriation of what does not belong to you is stealing, call it what you will. And "false witness"—how it has honeycombed our very civilization! Not a little of it is found within the church, more shame upon us! Lastly, we come to "covetousness"—which has been called one of the "respectable sins of nice people." It is subtle and often hidden. Let us root it out of our own lives by God's grace.

Smart Skirts Can Be Bought as 'Separates'

They Come in Black Crepe And Satin for Evening.

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Now that blouse-and-skirt costumes have become topflight fashion in the evening mode, it's good to know that beautifully styled evening skirts can now be bought as "separates."

This mixing and matching of separates is a thrifty gesture and fascinating as well. It's amazing what can be done in way of stretching one's wardrobe to do multiple duty just by keeping a collection of smart and versatile blouses on hand, together with several skirts that include both short lengths and formal evening types. The problem has been greatly simplified, now that one can buy handsome evening skirts in the skirt departments.

You can get these skirts in rich materials such as fine quality black crepe, satin and black velvet. The crepe type is probably the most popular. These are variously styled, but the favorite is the one-side drape type with a cascade of the material falling in graceful lines. It's news too that it is often possible to get a smart short-length skirt styled in the same manner.

With a stock of pretty blouses on hand, one can readily see the possibilities of building a whole wardrobe of day and evening gowns.

In assembling your blouse collection, you will find that it is wise to buy a simple black waist-length sweater blouse. This will always be ready for every evening occasion, and the big idea is to give it drama with lots of gold jewelry, for black and gold are very smart this season.

You will be wanting also a lovely white blouse either in crepe, jersey or satin. The prettiest types are glitter-embroidered, or very new types are allover braided, highlighted with the glitter accent. Wear a white ermine headband and carry an ermine evening bag with your white glitter blouse and handsome skirt, and you will have a perfect evening ensemble.

Less formality but not less chic is expressed for smart restaurant wear in the costume that is made up of a short-length skirt topped with a satin blouse in a delectable pastel. When you wear the pastel blouse with a formal evening skirt, you will look charming for dinner if you top your costume with a provocative little hat done in pastel ostrich.

One blouse you surely will prize to wear either with the short skirt or the one of formal length is the tunic type made of vivid stripe satin or crepe.

Corselet Waistline



To have introduced a voguish corselet waistline into this chic lounging costume presented by Chicago Fashion Industries is a stroke of genius, for it achieves a refreshingly new and most attractive slant in pajama styling technique. The handsome wide-striped material used reaffirms the importance of stripes in the current mode. The deep armhole sleeves and the gathered peplum are newsworthy style details.

Style Notes

Pleated, gathered or gored is advance news for skirts.

Officer coat with buttons and semi-fitted lines heralded for spring. Junior and college girls like the new short nightshirts.

Print suits for spring are styled with gathered-in at the top sleeves. Hand bags and compacts of cork make news for spring. Two-tone effects are favored. The mountings are also of cork, the top handles being wound with cord. Both bags and vanities are leather lined. Comes news that cork accessories are planned for spring. These will link up with cork-sole play shoes, giving a gay note of color to town clothes and sportswear.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK

Strawberry Potholders Look Real



No. 5333

NICEST pot holder in the country—this ever popular strawberry crocheted of bright red thread, "seeded" with green and

having natural looking green leaves which are crocheted separately and then sewn to the berry. Measures 7 by 7½ inches.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Giant Strawberry Potholder (Pattern No. 5333), send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

Due to an unusually large demand and the current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
1150 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y.
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern.

No. _____
Name _____
Address _____



Date-Bran Muffins, good as cake!

(Take no sugar, no shortening!)

These delicious, new ALL-BRAN muffins made with chopped dates will have a big appeal for the "sweet toothers" in your family! They're so moist. And they're so tender—so good. That's because KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is milled extra-fine for golden softness.

3 cups Kellogg's ALL-BRAN 1 cup sifted flour ¼ cup molasses ½ teaspoon soda 1½ cups milk ½ cup chopped dates 1 egg

Add KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients and fruit. Fill greased muffin pans.

two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 15 light, luscious muffins.

Good Nutrition, too!

ALL-BRAN is made from the VITAL OUTER LAYERS of finest wheat—contains a concentration of the protective