

# OVERNIGHT GUEST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WNU FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Bruce, film operator, Inspector Tope and Mrs. Tope met in the Maine woods where they were vacationing. Tope found a man murdered at auto camp operated by Bee Dewain. He was believed to be Mr. Ledford, head of New England utilities. Holdom, friend of Ledford, was found unconscious in a hospital. Holdom's chauffeur, Kell, had disappeared but was later found in the Faraway cottage. He admitted his identity but said he did not know where his wife was. The car had been found in quarries and it was believed that her body was in the car. He said that the dead man was not Ledford and that upon Holdom's orders he had hit him over the head.

## CHAPTER IX

Without a word Tope swung sharply into the Mill, into the dining-room. Adam and Cumberland followed him; and the two men at the table there looked up. Then Whitlock rose.

"Hello, Tope," he said. Tope stared at him. "I knew I'd seen you somewhere. Where?"

The other hesitated. "Are you on this thing, Inspector?" Tope suddenly nodded as though remembering. "You're from a private agency?" he guessed.

Whitlock said reluctantly: "Well, yes."

"What are you after?" Whitlock, wary as a dog in a strange yard, looked at the others here, doubt and caution in his eyes. The Inspector said insistently: "Whitlock, this gentleman is Mat Cumberland, the District Attorney. You'll have to play ball with us."

And he added: "You were here Monday night, tracing a stolen car—or so you said. Why did you come back?"

"We heard that a dead man had been found here."

"What of it?" Whitlock was silent. "Who put you on this?" The detective said nothing. "What's your outfit? Hutchins? Or Myers?"

"Myers agency," Whitlock admitted.

"You boys stay here tonight," Tope said curtly.

"You're taking a high hand," Whitlock protested. "Where do you rate, anyway?"

But Adam Bruce said quietly: "I'm from the Department of Justice. I back Tope; and so does District Attorney Cumberland, if you want to argue!"

"Oh, all right," Whitlock grudgingly agreed. "I guess you carry too many guns, Tope. We'll play!"

Bee Dewain said, "I'll show you a cabin, gentlemen!" and they followed her away.

Tope, as soon as they were gone, turned in haste toward the telephone, which was in a closet under the stairs. They heard his voice, muffled, as he put in the call.

A little later he emerged, his eyes shining; but he only said, speaking to the District Attorney: "Well, Mat, that's about all we can do tonight. You'd better take Kell along to town."

Then he turned to Ned Quill, and without any apologies to the others, drew Ned aside.

"Son," he asked the trooper, "do you know Sally Tennant—the daughter of Holdom's gardener?"

"Sure," Quill returned. He grinned. "Mighty pretty girl."

The old man nodded. "All right. Quill, go see this Tennant girl—tonight or in the morning. Her father said she was in love with Bob Flint, Holdom's pilot. Ask her when she saw him last, anything else she'll tell you."

"Oke!" Ned agreed.

Tope turned back toward the others. "Mat," he said to Cumberland, "don't forget to have Doctor Medford check on gas in the dead man's lungs, and whether he was drugged. Now good night. I'll meet you at the quarry in the morning."

Cumberland assented heavily, and turned toward the car. When they were gone, Tope mopped his brow and sighed and turned to Mrs. Tope. "I had to get rid of Mat," he said.

"Having him around is like pushing a piano. He's slow, heavy! Now I can get busy!"

The phone rang, and Adam went in to answer it. Mrs. Tope asked solicitously: "Must you do anything more tonight? You're so tired!"

"I'll rest tomorrow night," he promised, and he said with a chuckle: "Yes ma'am, tomorrow night I aim to sleep about twenty-four hours without winking. You go along."

But before she could go, Adam returned from the telephone, and Bee came back from showing Whitlock and Beal their cabin. "They're all tucked in like good little boys," she reported; and her eyes were twinkling. "So meek and mild! I loved the way you squelched them!"

Tope chuckled; and then he asked: "Miss Dewain, do you know anything about a lodge back in the hills somewhere? Ledford's place?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Why?"

"Mr. Eberly's there," Tope exclaimed. She uttered an exclamation at once of relief and of surprise; and Tope asked: "Adam, you know where it is?"

Adam shook his head.

"Miss Dewain, you tell him," Tope requested. "I want to see Mr. Eberly." And he added: "You might give me that letter to him from Mr. Ledford. I'll give it to him."

Adam said: "I'll give it to him."

Dane, big with the dignity of a

Bee did so, readily enough. "How do you know he's there?" she asked; and Tope said: "Kell told us." And he added, his tone all reassurance: "Now that you've tucked Whitlock and Beal in bed, do as much for Mrs. Tope, will you?" He looked at Mrs. Tope. "Unless you want to sleep in the Mill, my dear?"

"No, I prefer my own bed," Mrs. Tope decided.

So she and Bee departed, and Tope and Bruce were left alone. Tope mopped his brow, and he asked:

"Sleepy, Adam?" Adam hazarded: "Up to see Mr. Eberly?"

Tope smiled. "Well, yes. But first we'll get these two detectives, take them along."

"What for?" "To introduce me to their client," Bruce asked sharply. "Client? Eberly?"

And Tope said, his eyes sober: "No, Adam! Miss Ledford."

Mrs. Tope woke in the first gray of dawn, and looked across the cab-



"What for?" he asked in a dazed tone.

in, expecting to see the Inspector there abed. But the bed was untouched; and she thought how weary he would be after a sleepless night, and lay awhile wakeful, waiting for the sound of the car. But it did not come; and at length—the sun had not yet risen—she rose and dressed quietly, and went out of doors.

Now a car did come along the road, with three or four men in it; a moment later it turned in at the drive, stopped beside the Mill and its passengers tumbled out. They had not yet seen Mrs. Tope when Earl Priddy came out of the kitchen door, and they swarmed about him instantly. Mrs. Tope, watching with amusement, saw Priddy suddenly the hero of the hour, important, erect, facing their questions and then their cameras with a high head and steady eye. She came near enough to overhear—understood that these were reporters, that the tragedy was public property now.

Then Bee appeared; and later Ned Quill on his motorcycle roared into the drive outside. Before his engine died, the newcomers were out to meet him. Mrs. Tope and Bee watched them from the Mill door, till suddenly, at some word from Quill, they went racing away.

Quill grinned and came toward the Mill, and Mrs. Tope asked: "What did you tell them?"

"I found the limousine," the young trooper explained. "Hid up in the woods. The number plates are gone, so they can't make anything out of it, but there's blood on the floor. I told 'em about it to get them out of the way, so I could see Tope."

At a little past ten, Tope did return, with Adam, and a quiet, elderly man whom Bee greeted warmly.

"Why, Mr. Eberly!" she cried; and she said in affectionate reproach: "You gave me an awful scare, when I telephoned to Ed Priest and you weren't there!"

But Mrs. Tope was attentive only to the Inspector. His eyes were red and tired. He asked: "Anything new?"

"Trooper Quill says they'll raise the car out of the quarry about noon," she explained.

Tope's eyes quickened, and he turned to the other man. "Mr. Eberly, you stay here, will you?" he requested.

When Joe Dane set out to fetch Holdom back to North Madderson, he took with him Ed Pringle, a detective attached to Mat Cumberland's office. They came at length to the private hospital to which Holdom had been taken, and presented their credentials to the physician in charge. The doctor insisted that Holdom could not safely travel till morning. So it was a little past eight that Joe and Pringle and the doctor went in to see him.

Dane, big with the dignity of a

small man, spoke. "Mr. Holdom," he said, "my name is Dane. I'm Assistant District Attorney of Highland County. Mr. Cumberland, my chief, sent me to bring you up there."

Holdom—his head swathed in bandages, his eyes swollen and weary—looked at Joe slowly. "What for?" he asked in a dazed tone.

Dane glanced at Pringle as though calling the other man's attention to his discretion. "Mr. Cumberland will tell you himself," he said, but could not resist adding, "if you don't already know!"

"I don't know anything," Holdom said. "But I'm due at my office."

"I'm afraid that isn't possible," said Joe Dane importantly. "But if you wish, I'll let them know that you will be away for a few days."

"A few days?" Dane smiled grimly. "A euphemism!" he murmured; and felt Pringle's amused eye upon him, and colored hotly.

But thereafter he held his tongue, and Holdom made no new objection, and presently they were on the road, Pringle driving, Dane and the hurt man in the seat behind. Holdom for a while sat staring straight ahead with dull eyes; but presently he went stupidly to sleep, his head back, his mouth open. Sometimes when the car struck a bump, his face twisted as though he winced with pain.

When toward noon they reached the courthouse in North Madderson, Dane and Pringle, supporting Holdom, who was weak and unsteady on his feet, went up the worn old stairs; and Dane flung open the door of Cumberland's private office, with some notion of making an entrance in style.

But Cumberland was not here to be impressed, and the office was in charge of Janet Cumberland, Mat's niece; a meek, colorless young woman in whose eyes Uncle Mat was an old and rather stodgy man, while Joe Dane was young and handsome. She looked up at him with shy delight, and Joe tweaked her ear and said loftily:

"Hello, Jan! Office get along all right without me?"

"We've missed you, Mr. Dane," she told him. "There's been so much going on. They caught Kell, you know. He's the chauffeur. And they found the car in the quarry. Oh, and Mr. Dane, I have a telephone message for you from Earl Priddy. You know, down at Dewain's Mill. He says he has some important evidence!"

Dane chuckled. "Earl's the biggest liar in the county. But I might run down to the Mill, see if he's got anything. Be back soon, Ed," he told Pringle. "You keep Holdom here."

Dane found Priddy peeling onions in the kitchen under Mrs. Priddy's watchful eye. At sight of Dane, Earl came starting to his feet.

"Joe!" he cried. "High time you come! I got something to tell you—"

Mrs. Priddy thrust her husband forcibly back into his chair. "You can set right there and tell it!" she exclaimed. "I want them onions skinned!"

"Now, Ma, this here's private and confidential," Earl insisted. "Joe, you make her—"

"Let him step outside with me, for a minute, Mrs. Priddy," Joe suggested. "I know you wouldn't want to obstruct justice."

She yielded grudgingly. "Just because he seen them people when they fust come here—" she began.

Earl, his hand through Dane's arm, was already at the door. "And it was me see this here Kell sneak into Faraway too!" he boasted, and dragged Joe outside.

"Saw what people?" Joe demanded.

"That feller and the woman Friday night," Earl retorted, and told the tale of the stolen car; and then he gave his version of the capture of Kell, and of Tope's midnight departure; and Joe asked many questions.

"I ain't a hand to listen," Earl said loftily. "Only in the line of my dooty! But like Murrell, he snoops around all hours of the night. He heard this woman that was in Little Bear Friday night—they that stole the car—and she was talking to the feller with her, begging him not to do it, whatever it was. Ike heard her call him by name. Name of Rupe!"

Joe was instantly alert. "Rupe?" he echoed. "Say, was it Rupe? Rupe? Does Tope know about this?" Rufus was Ledford's name.

They found Isaac; and Joe questioned him rapidly.

Isaac and Earl between them recited the tale.

"I hear the car come in," Earl explained. "Late, after everybody was abed. I showed 'em up to Little Bear, and he gave me five dollars."

"I know, I know," Joe said impatiently. "You told me. But Murrell, what were you doing up there?"

"Why, I don't sleep good," Isaac Murrell meekly explained. "And sometimes I go out and walk around; and I heard her begging him not to do something or other. I heard her say: 'Oh, no, don't, Rupe! Please don't, Rupe!'"

(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 27

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#### A PEOPLE AT WORSHIP

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 25:1; 25:4-6, 20-22. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.—Matthew 4:10.

A nation which knows God must have a place and a plan for worshipping Him. The history of Israel has moved forward in the account in Exodus where the people delivered from bondage are established as a theocratic nation; that is, one governed by God.

The covenant at Sinai (ch. 19) was followed by the giving of the law (chs. 20-23), and then in chapters 24-40 we find the worship of God established. Two elements are necessary—a way in which God may be approached and a place to meet Him. The former is provided in the ordaining of the Aaronic priesthood, and the latter by the building of the Tabernacle.

#### I. God Provides a Way to Worship (25:1).

The appointment of Aaron as high priest, and his sons to serve with him, provided for the proper conduct of the worship of God which was to take place in the Tabernacle.

The sinner coming into the presence of God must approach by way of the brazen altar where sacrifice could be made for sin. This called for a priest set apart for this holy duty, which would open the way for the repentant one to enter into the Holy place, and ultimately to know that his sin was covered in the Holy of Holies.

Consider the grace of God in thus providing for the deep spiritual need of His people. All of this pointed forward to the day when Christ the true High Priest was to make the perfect and final atonement for sin by the sacrifice of Himself on Calvary's tree.

The symbolic dress of the priest and his consecration for his duties are all very instructive, but we do not have space to comment at length. Suffice it to say that the one who is to serve in the conduct of the worship of God is to be a called, cleansed and consecrated man, set apart for a holy calling and eager to be used of God to lead men into fellowship with Him.

From these first provisions for the worship of God we thus may learn many of the high principles which are to guide the church regarding the call and separation of men to the ministry. The gift and grace of God shown in the man's character are far more important than intellectual or social standing.

#### II. God Provides a Place of Worship (25:4-6, 20-29).

The plan for the Tabernacle was given by God to Moses in much detail. A close study of it will bring rich reward.

Although the plans were made by God (Exod. 25-27), note that He gave to the people the privilege of providing the materials. They recognized it as a high privilege and not a burden, and they came enthusiastically with their gifts.

That thought bears application to the believer, for we know that God still loves a cheerful giver (II Cor. 9:7). Those who groan and grumble about the money and material needed for the worship of God have not caught the real spirit of Christian giving.

The children of Israel brought more than enough of their most treasured possessions and of the labor of their hands; in fact, they had to be told to stop (Exod. 36:1-7). Imagine having to tell people to stop giving! That would be a novelty!

The Tabernacle was duly built, and thus there was provided for Israel a place of meeting (Tabernacle literally means "tent of meeting"), beautiful and appropriate for their days of sojourning in the wilderness.

The significance of the Tabernacle is both interesting and important.

(1) It is a symbol of God's presence with His people. All who were defiled were excluded because God was there.

(2) It is a type of God's method of bringing sinners to Himself. There must be a sacrifice for sin before communion can be established.

The furniture of the Tabernacle is therefore significant. The altar of sacrifice and the laver of cleansing come first in the outer court. Then on his journey from the sacrifice to the communion of the Holy of Holies, the one who seeks God is fed by the showbread, lighted by the candlestick and sustained by prayer, of which the altar of incense speaks.

Christ is the Bread of life, the Light of the world, our High Priest and Interceding Advocate.

Within the Holy of Holies the mercy seat typifies the covering of a believer's sins by the blood of Christ.

(3) It is a symbol of the incarnation of Christ of whom it is said that He "tabernacled" with men.

(4) It is a symbol of heavenly things. Christ now appears in heaven for us as our minister and high priest (Heb. 8:1-5).

(5) It is a symbol of God's dwelling with men in the ages of eternity (Rev. 21).

## Modish Trimmings Aid Home Sewers

### Braid, Buttons and Ruchings Add 'Touch That Tells.'

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Not only braiddings, buttons and ruchings add the touch that tells to spring fashions but cordings and lace and applique motifs and nail-head novelties and many more trimming items are being shown in the stores, which goes to show that the trend to trim is growing, and that a very pretty feminine styling characterizes the new fashions.

Home sewers will find that it makes the problem easier when they make use of the neat and pretty trimming accents available, such as ornamental braids and cording which give an expert look to the simple little suit made at home. Laces, ruchings, buttons, applique, felt cutouts, handsome embroidered monogram motifs and endless other finishing items lift the garment you make into the smart dressmaker class.

Trimmings are not limited to dresses alone, for all spring apparel seems to be in a dress-up mood. Many of the new suits and coats are handsomely braided. If you are making yourself a simple little wool suit-dress it will add greatly to its style prestige to braid the revers or the pockets or both. This season more braids are on the market and excellent transfer patterns are available. Then too, frog fastenings are very smart and they will give a new and finished look to the jacket you are making.

Ruching makes a smart trim this season, especially on print frocks. Lingerie sheer white ruching which you can buy by the yard finishes off necklines very smartly, and also may be used to outline pockets effectively. A new trimming for print dresses is box-pleated ruching of self fabric. Take the material to a professional pleater. Use it to outline peplums, pockets and so on. A striking dress shown in the new collections had a wide ruching of self-print about the skirt hemline.

Pleating is everywhere in the style picture for spring, which is a boon to the home dressmaker. Take advantage of the present flair for pleatings, for it always gives a dress fine finesse when it is trimmed with plenty of pleating.

Another new item on the market that will be welcomed in the home-sewing realm is handsome nailhead braid, which is sold by the yard just as sequin trimming is sold during the winter. The nailhead accent is popular with the teen-age. Just a touch of it on a pocket or cuff adds a smart accent.

More buttons will be used this year than ever. They are used in a decorative way so cleverly that only seeing is believing. From very small pearl buttons to enormous plastics they all play an intriguing and most important role.

### Button Magic



To transform a simple black jersey into a glamorous evening blouse you merely use gilded plastic buttons which are fashioned like flowers. Let them light up the neckline and encircle the sleeves. You can make earrings to match by simply prying off the button shank with a nail file, attaching the loosened button with household cement to either an old or a new earring back.

### Fads and Fancies

Royal navy (brighter than navy) is news for spring.

Something new in way of decor which enhances many smart new felt hats coming in is embroidery done in dainty little shells, in the same manner as colorful stones were designfully used on winter felts. The shells are in versatile shapes and in natural, also pastel tints. Chokers to match repeat the shell embroidery.

Here is something strikingly different. It is an evening draped satin turban beautifully starred with multicolor jewels. The news is that it highlights the decorative use of natural hair, being slit across the front to allow the coronet braid coiffure of its wearer to show through like a tiara effect across the top. It is really very charming and certainly most unique.

(6) It is a symbol of God's dwelling with men in the ages of eternity (Rev. 21).

## SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

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### It Seems Einstein's Theory May Become Too Simple!

Albert Einstein was to lecture in a small town. The place buzzed excitedly in anticipation, but few knew why he was important.

"Why he's the guy who invented relativity," explained one.

"Relativity?" asked another. "What's that?"

"Well, I'll explain," said the expert: "If you sit down on a hot stove for a minute it seems like an hour—but if a beautiful blonde is sitting on your lap for an hour it seems like only a minute. That's relativity."

"My goodness!" said the small voice, "he makes a living from such nonsense?"

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### THREE O'CLOCK . . . AND I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK!

WAKEFUL NIGHTS—how the time drags! Minutes seem like hours, we worry over things done and left undone. After such a night, we get up in the morning more tired than when we went to bed. Nervous Tension causes many a wakeful night and wakeful nights are likely to cause Nervous Tension. Next time you feel Nervous and Kept Up or begin to toss, tumble and worry after you get to bed—try

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