Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is cut off from the will of her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Barry Madison, an amateur detective, and Hunt Rogers, a professional sleuth, go to Mazatian, Mexico, on a yacht cruise with Margaret and Dwight Nichols. Arriving there they find that Elsa and her party have preceded them by plane. They dine at the rancho of Elsa's father, Sam Chatfield, whom Rogers questions about his visit to his sister Kitty, in Los Angeles, the night she died. Later Sam Chatfield addresses his guests on the subject of Kitty's death, and asks that Rogject of Kitty's death, and asks that Rog-ers conduct an examination. Rogers eross-questions the entire group and dis-evers that each has a motive.

CHAPTER VIII

"Thank you, Dwight. And you, Margaret?"
"Not guilty, Hunt," Margaret said

Rogers paused as if debating the propriety of his next question. "You told me once, didn't you, Margaret, that you too might be said to have a motive?"

"Yes," answered Margaret frank-ty. "I was jealous of Kitty; she was out to take Dwight away from

"Don't be absurd, dear," Dwight

"I'm not, darling—"
"I had a motive," said Elsa impulsively, recklessly. "I hated her.
I'd hated her all my life."

Sam Chatfield looked thoughtfully at his daughter and was about to speak when Berta, her white teeth

speak when Berta, her white teeth flashing, her eyes moving almost roguishly, declared:

"I had a motive too, and Sam; the sister was inhospitable, insulting to us. Such a scene! It made something"—she pressed her plump, beautiful hands to her bosom—"something inside very—very mad. With both of us."

In this curious haste to confess

In this curious haste to confess motives, Rogers' face was full of interest; a faint smile played about his lips, his mild blue eyes shifted swiftly from one to the other of the group as each one spoke. After Berta had spoken silence fell upon us. Rogers remarked: us. Rogers remarked:

"All these things, of course, I've "All these things, of course, I've known. There remains only Reed Barton's motive." He glanced at Reed, who sat stiffly in his leather pantaloons, as if to ask permission for what he was about to say. "Reed has said that Katherine Chatfield can be blamed for his father's suicide—it was over a matter of some mortgaged property which could mortgaged property which could have been saved by a little leniency upon the part of the deceased.

"Now, then"—he paused, as if un-certain where to go from this point —"according to the estimate of the coroner's office, Katherine Chatfield died some time before midnight; disdied some time before midnight; discovery of the body was not made until about seven the following morning. Everyone here has a motive of some sort—perhaps even Chesebro has a motive. It would be odd if he were the only person lacking one. Until he can be questioned in this connection we'll not know definitely. Moreover, whether know definitely. Moreover, whether or not he was there that night—had opportunity-

opportunity—"
"If it's Chesebro you're talking about, Hunt, he was there," came the husky voice of George Rumble. "There? That night we're speaking of? I must be certain."
"Sure he was there. I saw him come away."
"How about his going in? Did you."

"How about his going in? Did you see that?"
"No, I didn't. I'd walked down the street after I got thrown out, and when I came back by there, Chesebro was coming out. Perhaps you've noticed how he's treated me, Hunt—like a yellow dog—from the first time I contacted him. Well think that's the reason for it. He's acted like he was afraid of me, or that I might tell on him."

"That's interesting," said Rogers, rubbing the side of his large nose thoughtfully with a forefinger. "Our circle widens."

'I saw plenty of other things that night too. But they never meant anything to me until now, because I always thought the dame commit-

I always thought the dame committed suicide. You put a different light on things, Hunt."

"Whom else did you see?"

"I saw Reed Barton," and he turned a meaningful glance upon Reed. "He was coming out just as I was trying to get in to hand her the bill for my work."

"But Katherine Chaffield was alive when you got in to see her?"

when you got in to see her?

"I'll say she was alive; she was clickin' on all sixteen cylinders when I saw her."

"But you didn't leave the vicinity of her home after you—got thrown out? Is that it?"

"Right."
"Did you enter the house a second time?

"No."
"How long did you stay around thereabouts? And why?"
"I stayed because I was mad. "George," I kept talking to myself, George, 'you got to cool down before you go in again.' When I get to talking to myself you know something is burning me. And that dame sure did. My apologies to you, Chat-sleld; she was your sister." "Don't mention it," Sam Chatfield,

1

absorbed in the conversation, roused reply to Rumble. "I am aware at Kitty was a peculiar woman." "How long did you hang about?"
Regers persisted.

"Oh, maybe an hour. Not right in front of the house, Hunt, you understand. I'd walk down to the end of the block and loaf a while then come back. About the second time I done that I see Mrs. Nichols get in a car standing in front of the house and drive off."

Dwight sprang out of his chair and walked over to Rumble. He seized him roughly by the shoulder. "Are you accusing my wife of illing Kitty Chatfield?" he demandkilling

ed harshly. "No. I'm just telling what I saw that night."

"Don't, darling," said Margaret.
"He may be right at that."

"May be right?" repeated Dwight, puzzled

"Well, then, is right," said Mar-garet defiantly.

Dwight let go his hold on Rumble and straightened up, passing a hand across his face uncertainly.

"Who was it who ran out of the house, Margaret?" asked Rogers. "He didn't see me," she said. "He couldn't have known, I'm sure, that I was behind the drapery. I lost



Two men on the platform were doing the Coyote dance.

my courage; I couldn't go on with it Talk with Kitty, I mean."
"Who was it?" pressed Rogers

"Who was it?" pressed Rogers.
"I'll tell you who it was, Hunt,"
Rumble's voice replied. "I can see
she don't want to tell. But the guy
passed me down the walk a little
ways, where a street light hit him
full in the face." I glanced at Margaret. I thought that she was about garet. I thought that she was about to faint; her eyes were on Rumble, fascinated, hypnotic. Rumble took his time, realizing that he held the spotlight. Finally he said, "It was Reed Barton."

Dwight Nichols sat back with an air of relief, picked up a cigarette and lighted it, and filled his lungs with smoke. Margaret settled into her chair with a little sigh. I looked at Reed Barton. He was like a man bewildered. Suddenly he became average that we all were starting. aware that we all were staring.

"George Rumble is a liar!" he said quietly.

be lugged out into the open that night. For a time Huntoon Rogers continued to explore skillfully into the hidden angles of what already had been revealed. At length Elsa

"We're wasting the evening, Hunt," she said, getting to her feet and imploring him with her eyes to quit and let us go outside. For from out of doors came the sound of mutics of descriptions of the sound of mutics of the sound sic, of dancing feet, of voices lifted in song. The members of the house-hold, grown tired of waiting for the signal to start, were already trying

"All right, Elsa," Rogers yielded with a smile, "on the condition that I may question any one of you later, if it is necessary to clear up cloudy

points. "Of course," Sam Chatfield agreed. "And I thank you, Mr. Rogers. You've managed to throw light into several dark corners. If at any time I can be of service to you, please command me."

Rogers' reply was lost in the gen-eral movement of the group to the scene of the festivities in the open courtyard just beyond the patio wall where a low platform had been built over hollow jars to magnify sound of the nimble feet and

clicking heels. "Oh, senora," Rogers detained Berta as the others moved out of

the room.
"Yes, senor," Berta replied, pauspectantly and looking up at

"This morning," Rogers began, "near the stables an old dog was put to death with chloroform. I was told that you gave the drug to the man for that purpose. Is that trans?"

A blank look greeted Rogers' question. For a moment Berta contin-ued to stare upward at her ques-

tioner.

"No, it is not true," she said suddenly. "I know nothing about any chloroform. It is unthinkable that such a drug would be on the rancho,

senor."
"Thank you, senora," said Rogers, and he bowed to her.
George Rumble caught up with me as I strolled through the patio in the direction of the dancing platform. He put his hand on my arm and walked several steps with me and walked several steps with me

and waked several steps with the before remarking: "You know, Barry, Hunt's got me to thinking the same as he does. Somebody sure as heck croaked that old gal back in Pasadena. But why does Reed Barton want to lie about it? I ain't wrong. I'm not lying. I saw him; and I don't forget a I saw him; and I don't forget a face. He acted like he was scared to death—runnin' down the sidewalk. I think he got into a car down around the corner that night. Because there was one pulled out in about the time it would take for him to run there get in and dive off.

about the time it would take for him to run there, get in and drive off."
"Anyway, George," I said, "it's up to you to prove it. Margaret says she didn't see who it was; Reed says you're lying. Who is going to believe you?"
"You know what?" George Rumble said emphatically. "I think the old lady was dead when Barton ran out of the house."

out of the house."

"You may be right."
"You know"—he paused, as we reached the grilled doorway to the open courtyard, "I'll bet I could run open courtyard, "I'll bet I could run that thing down—find out who killed that woman." Someone passed us in the darkness, and Rumble reached out to detain him. "Chatfield, I was just telling Barry that I think I could figure out who killed your sister. I'm going to try it, anyhow." "Well—I wish you success, Mr. Rumble," replied Sam Chatfield courteously. "Don't you want to come on out into the plaza now? I'll find you a seat. We've got some interesting dancers among the workers on the rancho. They are put-

ers on the rancho. They are put-ting on most of the show for us. A few people may come out from town to join in or to watch, as they feel like it."

"Sure, we're coming. It's busi-ness with me. I'm always looking for talent. I never know where I might find something or somebody I can promote—like I have Elsa."

"There's a Yaqui dance just get-ting started. You mustn't miss it." Rumble and I found seats on tumble and I found seats on a bench in an enlarged circle under the open sky. There was an air of festivity pervading the crowd. The air was heavy with perfume drifting down upon us on the soft night air. A burst of firecrackers startled the adds of the crowd, but they tled the edge of the crowd, but they soon popped themselves out. The odor of cooking came from the kitchen where in the ruddy glow of charcoal fires women still were pat-

Two men on the platform were doing the Coyote Dance. To the beating of a flat drum, and the chanting of the lone drummer, the dance ers, swinging lowered heads, their feet moving in an intricate sidewise shuffle, backed slowly to the rear of the platform. To a brisker tempo they galloped forward, only to re-peat the maneuver over and over. Coyote skins stuck with feathers of the turkey, eagle, woodpecker and hawk hung down their backs. As the dance began to take on a mo-notonous air, Rumble wearied of it and got up from the bench and disappeared. A moment later Elsa crowded in beside me.

rowded in beside me.
"Did you just get here?" I asked.
"Yes," she answered in my ear,
nd snuggled against me. I put my arm around her and we sat for some minutes while the beating of the drum and the chanting Yaqui voice went on.
"I'm not the same person in Mex-

ico, Barry, that I am at home. This is a man's country, not a woman's. So what does all my talk about economic independence mean down here; and finding myself, and running until things go dizzy inside of me? Was I being silly, Barry? Mexico gives me a sense of deeper more fundamental things—"

"You're just being Elsa," I said "Adorable as always, and desirable and lovely.'

and lovely."
"Please, don't say things like thet,
Barry. I feel very contrite for my
madness this morning. I went in
just now to apologize to Jimmy the
Cheese. Even though I still hate
him enough to kill him, I thought I
should apologize for my unladvlike should apologize for my unladylike behavior this morning. It was very humiliating for me to have to beat him like a dog. And, honestly, I didn't know about his heart. That's what makes it so embarrassing for me now.

"And did you apologize:"
"He was asleep. I spoke to him "He was asieep. I spoke to hir but he was lying very quietly, and oh, so bandaged! Did I do that Barry? I came away without disturbing him. Probably the next time I'll not feel contrite and he'll never know that I want to applogize."

The dancing continued; the drum the chanting voice, the dancers who each were now astride a long bow which they beat, as they would flog a horse, with a split bamboo stick as they shuffled nimbly and galloped about, began almost to weave spell upon the spectators.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY | CHOOL I -esson

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

Lesson for April 2

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SAUL BECOMES A NEW MAN

LESSON TEXT: Acts 9:1-9, 13-19a.
GOLDEN TEXT: If any man be in Christ
he is a new creature.—II Corinthians 5:17.

The lives of great men inspire us with an eagerness to make our own lives count for God and for country. Particularly is that true of the life of the apostle Paul, for he combined personal greatness with an absolute surrender and devotion to Christ, which made his life doubly effective.

We recall, however, that this peer-less leader for Christ was at first the bitter enemy of everything Christian and we ask, "What changed this man?" The answer is the redeeming grace of God—but that is the story of our lesson. He became a changed man as he went—

I. From Threatening to Trembling

The enemies of God and of our Christ are often loudmouthed and terror-spreading individuals, who, for a time, strike fear into the hearts of men. Such was Saul of Tarsus, and such are the antichristian leaders of our day. They seem to be so powerful and able to sweep all before them.

But wait! Luther said of God's But wait! Luther said of God's archenemy, "One little word shall fell him," and it is true. See what happened to Saul. Off on his journeys of persecution and destruction, bold and determined, he met Jesus on the Damascus road, and the great threatener is found to be "trembling and astonished" (v. 6).

The Lord is still on His throne, and one day every mouth shall be stopped (Rom. 3:19), and all His enemies shall tremble before Him. Would that they would do it while there is time to repent.

II. From Persecuting to Praying

(vv. 2, 8, 9; see also v. 11).
Paul utterly devoted to the rooting out of this hated sect of Chris-tians was on his way with letters authorizing their imprisonment. It was all very official, zealous and marvelous in men's sight, until he met Jesus, and it all blew away.

Ananias, that faithful layman (may his tribe increase!), was called of God to go and speak to the stricken Saul. When he feared to go, God encouraged him (v. 15), for the powerful persecutor had now become a panient prayer (v. 11). come a penitent pray-er (v. 11).
That's what a face to face meeting with Jesus did for Paul—yes, and will do for any man or woman.

III. From Scoffing to Suffering (vv. 1, 13-16).

Saul doubtless gloried in the breathing out of threatenings and slaughter of which we read in verse 1. He was riding high in the seat of authority and of official approval. It was satisfying to his fleshly pride to make known his dreadful purposes of destruction and imprisonment for of destruction and imprisonment for these helpless Christians.

Did we say helpless? Oh, no, they had on their side all the power of the Eternal One. He who touches the people of God touches the Lord Himself. Paul thought he was fight ing a little sect of Christians, but found that he was fighting the Lord Himself (v. 5).

But now that he had met Jesus

and was ready to turn in devotion to was ready to turn in devotor to His sacred cause, he was to learn what it meant to suffer. Let us note well that suffering for the sake of one's faith may be entirely within the will of God yes and for His the will of God, yes, and glory.

IV. From Spiritual Death to Spiritual Life (vv. 17-19).

Men have tried to explain the ex-perience of conversion on the ground of psychology, as a cataclysmic change in the life of an individual who has gone through some great sorrow or trial, but it simply will not go down. There is in real conversion a regeneration which means a completely changed life. Saul did have a sudden and mov

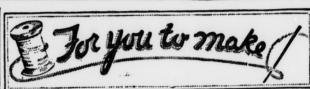
ing experience on the Damascus road, but it was not just because of a blinding light and a mighty voice. It was a light "from heaven" (v. 4), and the voice of the Lord.
Saul was "filled with the Holy
Ghost," and received his sight. He

was ready now to be used of the Lord as the greatest missionary evangelist and theologian that the world has ever known. This change was one which reached down into his inmost being and transformed his beliefs. The

Jesus he had hated, now became his all consuming passion and love. He no longer looked to his works to save him, for now he knew the per-sonal Saviour.

What happened within showed it-self in his attitude toward those without. It always does. He now came to love the very people he had hated and persecuted, and turned every bit of his strength and ability into the task of working with them in the spreading of the gospel throughout the world.

Men and women—yes, boys and girls—today need this same change from death to life. Too long have we been trying to polish up the ex-terior of lives unchanged within.





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ASK ME ANOTHER

A General Quiz

The Questions 1. What is the average tempera-

ture (in the temperate zone) at 35,000 feet up? 2. Would a Russian be likely to

eat, ride or wear a droshky?

3. The external face of a build-

ing is called what?
4. The famous cathedral of St.
Mark is in what city? 5. Can you name three Biblical characters who committed sui-

cide? 6. Which is the highest navigable

7. Where is located the center of population in the United States?
8. The small flag or streamer

o. The Small lag of streamer that flies from the masthead of a ship is called what?

9. What is the Mohammedan equivalent of a Christian church or a Jewish temple?

10. What did the early New Englanders use in their windows in place of glass?

The Answers Seventy degrees below zero.
 Ride. A droshky is a four-wheeled carriage.

3. The facade.

4. Venice.
5. Judas, Samson and Saul. 5. Judas, Samson and Saul. 6. Lake Titicaca (between Bo

livia and Peru).
7. A point about two miles south east of Carlisle, Ind.

8. A banderole.
9. A mosque.

10. Oiled paper.

"and McKesson mak

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