straight ahead now. We ought to

then it's only an hour and a quar-

The miles flew by; Tony, wear

"Hello!" he said suddenly, rous

"Bumping! Great Scott, what a

flat!" Larry got out of the car, walked about it. "Our right rear

is as flat as a pancake," he said. And fool that I am, I've no spare!

"Well, there wasn't a garage, even back at the restaurant," Tony

"No, but I could have telephoned

one—Damn it!" Larry said under his breath. "We'd have to stop

someone and get them to telephone.

I don't know how far a garage is

or where there is one."

Tony got out and walked about

the wide pale gray spread of the

"Here comes a car—ladies, driving along pretty fast, too—no, they

won't stop; they've heard too much of roadside robbers," Larry laughed,

impressive in his tan coat, with his

thick black hair uncovered. "Here

A small car stopped; a man's

car. Tony knew this other won

a vaguely unpleasant association

open this side of San Jose now,

the man said, sympathetically, "It

may be an hour before help gets

the road there is lighted-funny

thing too, as late as this—there must be sickness," said Larry.

'We'll walk up there and use their

"I really think you'd save time."
"Who is that woman?" Tony

thought, shuddering a little in the first feeling of cold. "I know that

"Come on, we'll go telephone,"

Larry told her, as the little car drove away. "And we'll come back and wait in the car. I've got an extra coat there, and I'll wrap you

A thousand times in the days

that followed Tony was to wish that she had prevented him, had

suggested that they wait for a bus;

down these roads, even though it was only at long intervals.

No kindly premonition arrested their feet as they walked along

the fragrant highway, turned in at a plum-guarded ranch gate, and ap-

proached a pleasant four-square wooden home draped in rose vines

and shaded by two great oaks. "Oak Lawn," said a sign over the

twelve o'clock on a quiet Monday night. Larry rang the bell.

There was no answer; he tried

"It's open: there's someone here

Again there was no response: far

"There's a baby in there some

"Wait - here's someone." Foot-

steps were coming along the hall;

there doesn't seem to be any ga-rage near here."

The young man looked at them

"It's out of order-" he began

Then his manner changed. He

clutched his temple, dug the heels of his palms into his eyes, and

burst into bitter weeping. "Come in," he sobbed, "my wife's just been

murdered! I don't know what to

' CHAPTER XXII

where, Larry. They've gone away

upstairs they could hear a child

Tony, ringing again.

crying.

and left it."

man looked out."

"What do you want?"

were buses going up and

Tony

an's face, tried to place it; it had

"I don't believe there's a garage

sky and the pulsing stars.
"Bright as day," she said.

-here we are!"

back to you."

telephone."

there

in her turn; looked up at

-No spare, and miles to go!"

his breath.

ing her.
"We're bumping," said Tony.

led, rested drowsily against Larry's

be in by three?"

"Sooner than that.



CHAPTER XXI-Continued -18-

"Yes, of course! But I was wondering what she would have said if I had said quite openly, 'Larry, take me along!"

"She might not have suspected anything at all."

'Unless Caroline prompted her.' "Well—that, of course. But do you think Caroline suspects?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think she does." Again there was a long musing silence, then Tony said:
"Larry, when I'm with you I feel tremendously brave. I could do anything, because you're there to approve. But the minute we're sep-ared I feel so flat and stupid. I arated I feel so flat and stupid. feel like screaming: 'Oh, what's the difference? Who cares!' know how I'll feel tomorrow," the girl went on, earnest and fragrant and confidential in the darkness, with her arm through his, and her face against his shoulder. "And I have to make unchangeable plans "And now, and stick to them no matter how I feel when this is over.'

"We'll have dinner now." had turned off the highway to stor at a little roadside restaurant whose windows were gushing light into the night.

Tony was ravenous and found everything delicious; food brought her back color and spirit: she rest. her elbows on the table and

smiled across it at Larry.
"This is Italy, Larry, and we are
on our travels." "Will you go to Italy with me,

Tony?" "Not now. No; there's no happy ending for us," Tony said.

"There may be." "It's so horrible to have it de pend on someone's death, Larry. It oughtn't to be that way. Do you most persons' depends on someone's death?"

"I suppose it does depend on Ruth's death—that's horrible," the man said, looking up with a smile, "One always says 'unless some-thing happens." But it always means 'unless someone dies." Tony mused on this for a moment. I'll not do that. So this is our last little party, Larry. I couldn't trust myself for much of this one. One of these moony nights I'd want to give in-more than anything else — Bendy, or Mother, or what people think of me, or what I think of myself—
It would all vanish like fog. I'd

think. 'It's my business and Larry's and nobody's else!" "
"And isn't it?"

"You know it's not. But the worst of it is," Tony said with a rueful laugh, "I can make all the resolves in the world, while I'm

with you, and the minute we're separated I'm sick. "I wish there were some other

way out." "Yes, because this really isn't

any way out."

The enchanted talk went on and on. Tony's right elbow was resting on the table, and her chin in hand; her left hand lay free, and after a while Larry's big brown hand was over it, firm and strong, that their shoulders were almost touching. When Tony raised her heavy dark eyelashes and brought the glowing soft light in her blue eyes to meet his look, she found his own eyes close.

The clock on the wall said ten said eleven, and still their eyes, their hands, their souls were locked together, still they sat on in the obscure corner of the dining room with the plain white cloth stained with red wine, and the cheese and the apple peels littering the disordered plates.

"Larry, will you look at the

"Good God, is it after eleven?" "And your engagement with

Larry glanced toward the back of

the restaurant. "I'd better telephone him. I can

tell him I've had a breakdown, you realize we've been sitting here talking for three hours?" the mar demanded. "It seems like one." "It did seem like one," Tony was

what concerned until he returned from the telephone booth cheerful and reassuring. "Was it all right?" she asked tearfully. Fine. He was just leaving the

office; said we could take it up any time tomorrow. He'd tele-phoned Ruth, at the lodge, and she told him I'd started at six, so he knew I was trying to get there anyway. I told him I was delayed down here at King City-"

They walked toward the parked car; the world was whitewashed with roomshine now, and very still. "Fog all gone," Tony said, in her

THE Donny murder case took front-page headlines in all the newspapers the next day, and for many days to come. Harold Donny was in no sense an ordinary rancher; he was the scapegrace son of Everard Donny, a wealthy on the front sent again. It's been the beautiful Zelda Mhoon of

Santa Barbara, and their ranching experiment originally had been rather in the nature of a high adventure set in a background of riding horses, handsome cars, good servants, smart clothes. But they had lost money; they had had a baby; there was every reason to suppose that there had been a nervous strain upon both the spoiled young husband and wife of late years; the newspapers were agog with theories as to the woman's coldness, the man's jealousy the quarrels and threats that had gone on in the once luxurious home. Lawrence Bellamy, the well-known associate editor of the Call, who had been motoring home alone
—who had been motoring home with an unknown woman companion at twelve-seventeen o'clock on that evening—who had been motor-ing home with Miss Antoinette Taft, social editor of the Call-had been the person to discover the tragedy and had quite properly no-tified the San Jose police. Miss San Jose in about an hour, and Taft, it appeared from an amicable statement from Mrs. Bellamy, was a close friend of the Bellamy family and had spent the day with them at Pebble Beach.

No hint of scandal or surprise or blame came from Ruth. Everything had been quite as it should be; she was devoted to Miss Taft; the whole thing was only so "un-fortunate."

Quiet and rather pale, Tony went through the unreal - the hideous days. She was at the coroner's inquest, answering questions simply, with her characteristic little puzzled frown drawing the penciled brows together over her blue eyes. She and Mrs. Bellamy were friends? Great friends. She had spent the momentous Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy in Pebble Beach?

She told Aunt Meg something; Brenda little more. She told Cliff the truth.

-you mean you and Larry-?" Cliff stammered.

"And how long's this been going

"There wasn't much to 'go on.' Months, I guess," Tony said in re-

"Well, then, what's the idea of being so decent about it?" "I don't think it's exactly—decency," Tony said, with an effort. spectacled face peered out. There was a woman with a baby in her lap beside him; another woman looked out from the back of the

"It's just Ruth's idea of the best way out." "You didn't dine with them that day, then?"

"No, and neither did Larry. started before dinner, and I wait-



You Poor Kid." Cliff Said in Sud. den Sympathy.

ed for him at Del Monte, and he entrance steps. The hallway and picked me up.

hat time was this? "A little after six. We had din-ner at King City; we talked for three hours."

"Ha!" Cliff ejaculated. "And she didn't bawl you out?"
"No. She prefers it this way.

They wouldn't go away and leave the place lighted up," he said to She's protecting me, and saving him from his own ridiculous folly, and they're all going to China to-

"Will he go?" "He has to go. Otherwise she'll divorce him."

"Threatens that, huh?" "She doesn't have to threaten. It's just that-oh, she's not well, the lock rattled, and a pale young and her mother wants to go, and her niece Mrs. Polhemus is going, and if Larry won't come to his "May I use your telephone, senses and go happily along with them—well, she's just done."

"Gosh, what a mess? Maybe he'll throw her down?" "How can he, Cliff? For one thing, she really does love him; she's always been kind to me. And even if he did, that'd finish me. That'd give everyone a chance to

say that I was the girl mixed into the Donny murder and mentioned in the Bellamy divorce." "Who got you into it in the first place?

bus that night and send you "Yes; you weren't here, I rememo'clock. But you see the fact of to form solid foundations for these the bus picking me up there at that huge structures. The ground behour gave them something to work on, and then this Miss Wallister of Oakland gave them my name. She'd been in the car Larry and 1 Pittsburgh steel man. His wife had stopped before we went to the Donny house."

"An Oakland schoolteacher. did a story about her once." "The Bellamy outfit's all going away?" "China."

"When do they go?" "Day after tomorrow." "Going to see her before they

"No."
"Will you see him?"
Tony said "no," again, immediately adding: "Yes, he's to come for me here at ten tomorrow, Cliff. We're going off somewhere to talk together. It's good-by, of course, After you're married, I'm going to New York, if they'll send me, and Larry won't be back until late autumn. We'll never see each other again."

"You poor kid." Cliff said in sud den sympathy. "It's not your fault it had to be Larry you liked! It's rotten for you!"

Tony's face wrinkled, and her lip shook; she looked away, swallowing with a dry throat. She said nothing. They sat in the parked car

and stared out at the sea that was

veiled and gray under the fog. It was the quietest hour of the morning; Tony and Larry had the beach to themselves "Is Ruth bitter about it, Larry?" "On the contrary, she doesn't see, or she won't admit, anything to

be bitter about. She's very happy and very affectionate, and grateful to me for going along, and sure I'll love it all!'

"She's taken that position," Tony said, in a hard voice. "She's - yes. She's taken that

position." The girl's voice was gentler, her

blue eyes shadowed, when she spoke again. "But she knows we love each

"She never had said so. talks of what the best thing is for

all of us. For me, and for you-for all of us." "Poor Ruth," Tony said; "what other attitude can she take, unless

"Caroline and Mrs. Patterson help her to keep it up."

"Keep up—?"

"The-well, the little fiction that the whole thing is—is just something to be hushed up and forgiven and forgotten."

"Forgiven and forgotten!" Tony said, with the proud color in her

"They seem to feel that there is no question that I like you too much and you like me to much," Larry said. "But since it's Larry and Tony, they must be protected and excused. Larry's like that, and poor little Tony didn't know what she was letting herself in for, what gossiping tongues would make of

"I suppose so," Tony said dryly. 'Does Ruth believe it?"

"Ruth always believes what she wants to believe. Yes, she believes it. As far as she's concerned it's true. Much the best thing for all concerned is for us to hush it up, and go away."

Tony made no comment. She had taken off her white hat; her dark uncovered hair lay in loose rings and sprays against the man's shoulder. He could look down and see the smooth clear tan of her cheek, where the fine down of a peach showed against the white light of the strange muffled day, and the lowered thick dark eyelashes, and the curve of her fine wide mouth. Tony again was in white today; but her loose soft brown, and the small square pumps braced against the foot rest were brown, too. Larry tightened his arm about her shoulders.
"It won't be forever, Tony."

"No. Somehow — somewhere— the roads will come together again." "And meanwhile we'll think of other -and of today.

"Ah, that's what they always say," the girl said with a break in "And then they forget!" her voice. "I'll not forget. Ah, you're so sweet!" he said, with his lips against her forehead. And then, "Tony, we couldn't just run away from it all?"

"Not from Bendy and Bruce and Cliff and Aunt Meg, no. They've all hoped too much for me. done too much for me. It wouldn't be fair.'

"It's like a terrible dream that we're together now - that you're safe in my arms here, Tony-and that tomorrow that ache for youthat ache for you, will begin-and there won't be any cure!'

"No matter where we are, no matter what happens, we'll always belong to each other, Larry, won't

"You'll always be what you are now, Tony-the only person in all the world for me" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Skyscrapers Need Solid Base Skyscrapers in New York city are built in two clusters, one on the lower tip of Manhattan island Didn't Larry put you on a and the other about four miles uptown near the middle of the island. The reason for this is the presence es; you weren't here, I remembres, I got here about three both these portions of the island tween these two points was once big marsh, since filled in and covered with buildings of lesser height and weight. It is unsafe for the tall ones, which are inclined to settle because of unstable foundations.

Keeping With Science By Science Service

Farms to Feed

Our Factories of the Future Industrial Use of Farm

Products Is Great Hope

By L. F. LIVINGSTON President, American Society of Agricultural Engineers, in an Address. HE idea of the industrial

Luse of farm crops as raw materials is not new. Years of scientific research are behind it, but the depression, from which we now seem to be emerging, has given it a prominence that makes it one of the major hopes of agriculture today. World changes in agriculture are tending to make nations more and more self-sustaining, which means that somehow we must broaden our markets at home. One way to do this is by cultivat ing on American soil those agricultural raw materials we now import. The other way is by finding new uses for our crops in our man ufacturing industries. We are following both of these methods of development.

beans furnish the almost perfect example. Introduced in this country over a century ago from China, they were first grown in the South. Acreage was limited, however, and the beans were fed mainly to hogs. Practically none of the American production went into industrial use, regardless the fact that soy bean oil was being imported from China for use in the paint industry. Then research tackled the soy bean and a wholly different story may be told today.

Soy Bean Acreage Increased. In 1935, almost 5,500,000 acres in

27 states were planted to soy beans alone, and an additional acreage was planted with corn and other crops for forage. This was an increase of one-third over 1934. Almost 21,000,000 pounds of American-produced soy bean oil was used by industry. About half of this went into the making of paint and varnish. The balance went into soaps, linoleum and oilcloth, printing inks, edible compounds, various other industrial products, including automobiles. Gear shift knobs, engine distributor covers ornamental door handles and other parts of automobiles are now being made out of soy bean meal.

Casein, a dairy by-product used widely in industry and particularly in the manufacture of certain grades of paper, is another example of what may be done with many farm-produced materials now im According to the United States bureau of dairy industry two-thirds of the casein required by American factories in 1920 was obtained abroad. As late as 1929, about one-half was imported. How ever, in 1934, all but 4 per cent of our industrial needs were supplied home producers, who, chemical and engineering aid, found that what could be accomplished by the dairymen of the Argentine and elsewhere was not beyond the ingenuity of Americans,

The Farm Chemurgic council estimates that 50,000,000 acres may be planted to industrial-use crops sets himself to the task." council estimates 8,000,000 new acres to provide wood pulp for paper and paper stock, a forecast that is based on the success of the experiments by Dr. Charles H. Herty with fast-growing southern pines. Possibilities in South.

The South abounds in unexplored possibilities for new crops. In southern Florida they have found that coffee and cacao may be grown if sheltered by larger trees. Rub ber from American-grown plants is still a possibility. Artificial temperature control, to protect plants like the tung tree from winter frosts, is gradually being developed to a practical stage, and what vistas that will open to southern grow ers only the future can tell.

No discussion of industrial - use crops can be complete without mentioning cotton. Through chemical conversion into cellulose its uses become literally hundreds. Cotton seeds, once a waste, now have a value of over \$200,000,000 in a cotton crop of \$1,500,000,000. Cotton seed oil, the hulls, the linters, the meal and cake, all have pecome valuable materials. Coat ed fabrics such as "Fabrikoid" conpounds. Cotton enters into the manufacture of cements for leather, textiles and paper; into water proofing compositions, powder, gun cotton, blasting gelatin, coal mine explosives, into let articles, electric insulators, motion-picture film, golf balls and acute forms of rheumatism of the women's fingernail polish. The list joints, various forms of sepsis, is almost endless.

Landing Planes in Blinding Fog With Television

New Patent Claims to Flash View of Airport

WASHINGTON.-How television may eliminate many of the hazards of blind landings in even the densest fog and blackest night by figuratively providing the pilot with fog and night-piercing "eyes," is revealed in a United States patent granted to John Hays Hammond, Jr., noted for his inventions of navigational guide systems, and son of the famous mining engineer.

Bridging the fog-filled gap be-tween plane and airport, radio waves traveling with the speed of light carry a picture of the landing field to the pilot, simultaneous-ly with data of the exact position of his plane over it, the direction of his flight, his altitude, wind velocity and wind direction-all the data he needs for a safe landing.

How It Works. The sending of the picture is accomplished with the aid of television which some experts say will be here on an every day basis with-

in two to five years. Here briefly is how the inventor's

patented system does it:
As the airplane approaches the field, it sends out radio signals. These, or the roar of the plane's propellers, are picked up on the landing field by delicate direction finders, like those used by armies to detect and trace the position and direction of flight of enemy

The direction finders, operating complicated mechanism, trace this information by means of a tiny light bulb, which moves over a photograph or facsimile of the airport and the surrounding landscape with its hills, river, forest, high chimneys and church steeples. At any instant the position of the light bulb on the facsimile indicates the exact-position of a plane over the field while an arrow hooked up with the bulb points in the direction of flight.

Picture Appears on Panel.

A television transmitter now televises the whole picture from the airport via radio waves to the pilot, together with the other data already mentioned. This picture appears before him on the television receiver attached to the instrument panel of the plane. The aviator, therefore, will always have in front of him a view of the landing field and the surrounding country with a bright spot of light indicating the position of his plane over the

Soviet Scientists Transfuse Animal Blood Into Human Patients

MOSCOW, U. S. S. R.-Experiments in transfusion of blood from goats, bulls and hens into human patients are being carried on by a number of Soviet scientists. The object of these transfusions is not to replace blood lost in accident or disease, as in the case of transfusions of human blood, but to stimulate the body to greater activity in fighting off disease.

Stomach ulcer, certain forms of rheumatism, various forms of blood poisoning and chronic anemia are among the conditions which, it is claimed, may be helped by animal blood transfusion by the method of these Soviet scientists.

The blood from the animals is specially treated in order to make The it safe for injection into the human patient's vein. In the case of the bull's blood, only the red cells are used, on the theory that the albumen of the blood plasma, rather than the red cells, is the part of the animal blood that would prove most incompatible with human blood and therefore most injurious.

This is the explanation given by Professor Galpern of the Dniepro petrovsk Medical institute, who is said to have been the first to make experimental transfusions of large doses of animal blood to men.

Further Details Follow. Doctor Bogdassarov explained the method in non-technical terms as follows:

"The idea of transfusion of animal blood to men in order to raise the activity of the organism in its struggle against the disease and to stimulate the increase of production of blood by the organism, belongs to the French scientists Cruchet, Cassimon and Ragot, who advanced this idea in 1928. However, this method of treatment found practically no development in the medical practice of Europe, while extensive research and practical work has been conducted in this field during recent years in the USSR.

"A year and a half ago, the Central Institute of Haemathology and Blood Transfusion in Moscow used for the first time goat's blood for transfusion in cases of ulcer of the stomach, chronic and semichronic anaemia. etc."

Pawning Wives Great Idea Till Mates Want 'Em Back

Husbands of Peiping, China, who thought the idea of pawning their wives a great one, now are appealing to the police to get their mates back. They say that when they were ready to repay the loan they could not redeem the wives. The trouble is not with the lenders, but with the women themselves who re-fuse to return to their erstwhile

husbands on a variety of pretexts.

Above all, they accuse their husbands of harboring the design of sending them to Manchukuo next, and state that, although they are prepared for everything in reason, that is a step to which as patriotic Chinese women they can never agree. There is no law dealing with this particular form of pawn-broking.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Sleep After Toil

Sleep after toil, port after stormy eas, ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please .- Spenser.



What They Should Be

If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves and teach our children to be not what we are but what they should be .- Penn.



Avoid risk of infection; enjoy instant relief from pain and quickly, safely remove your cornsuse Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They soothe and heal; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters. At all drug, shoe and department stores—only 25¢ and 35¢ a box.



Valiant Conqueror

He is a wise man than can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that



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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get reilef now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

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