



KATHLEEN NORRIS W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER XXI—Continued

"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."

"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 separated I feel so flat and stupid. I feel like screaming: 'Oh, what's the difference? Who cares!' So I 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."

"I suppose it does depend on Ruth's death—that's horrible," the man said, looking up with a smile. "I don't believe there's a garage open this side of San Jose now," the man said, sympathetically. "It may be an hour before help gets back to you."

"Wait a minute—that house up 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 telephone."

"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 face!"

"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 up."

"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."

straight ahead now. We ought to be in by three?"

"Sooner than that. We'll be in San Jose in about an hour, and then it's only an hour and a quarter."

The miles flew by; Tony, weary, rested drowsily against Larry's shoulder. "Hello!" he said suddenly, rousing her.

"We're bumping," said Tony. "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. "No spare, and miles to go!"

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

"You got out and walked about the car in her turn; looked up at the wide pale gray spread of the sky and the pulsing stars. "Bright as day," she said.

"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—here we are!"

A small car stopped; a man's 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 car. Tony knew this other woman's face, tried to place it; it had a vaguely unpleasant association, somehow.

"I don't believe there's a garage open this side of San Jose now," the man said, sympathetically. "It may be an hour before help gets back to you."

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 with an unknown woman companion at twelve-seventeen o'clock on that evening—who had been motoring home with Miss Antoinette Taft, social editor of the Call—had been the person to discover the tragedy and had quite properly notified the San Jose police. Miss 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 "unfortunate."

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? Yes.

She told Aunt Meg something; Brenda little more. She told Cliff the truth. "You and he—you mean you and Larry?" Cliff stammered. "Oh, yes."

"And how long's this been going on?" "There wasn't much to 'go on,' Months, I guess," Tony said in reply. "Well, then, what's the idea of being so decent about it?"

"I don't think it's exactly—decent," Tony said, with an effort. "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. He started before dinner, and I wait—"

"They seem to feel that there is no question that I like you too much and you like me too 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 it."

"Who's she?" "An Oakland schoolteacher. I 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 go?" "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 sudden 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."

"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 other?"

"She never had said so. She 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 she wants to let you go?" "Caroline and Mrs. Patterson help her to keep it up."

Keeping Up With Science By Science Service

Farms to Feed Our Factories of the Future

By L. F. LIVINGSTON

THE idea of the industrial use 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.

Soy 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.

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.

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 imported.

The Farm Chemurgic council estimates that 50,000,000 acres may be planted to industrial-use crops within the next ten years if man sets himself to the task.

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.

No discussion of industrial-use crops can be complete without mentioning cotton. Through chemical conversion into cellulose its uses have become literally hundreds.

Skyscrapers Need Solid Base Skyscrapers in New York city are built in two clusters, one on the lower tip of Manhattan Island and the other about four miles up town near the middle of the island.

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 between plane and airport, radio waves traveling with the speed of light carry a picture of the landing field to the pilot, simultaneously 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 within 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 planes.

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 field.

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.

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."

Pawning Wives Great Idea Till Mates Want 'Em Back

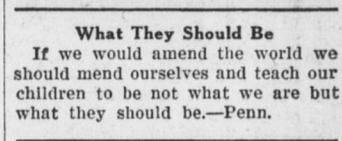
Husbands of Peiping, China, who thought the idea of pawning their wives a great one, now are appealing to the police to get their mates back. They say that when they were ready to repay the loan they could not redeem the wives. The trouble is not with the lenders, but with the women themselves who refuse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

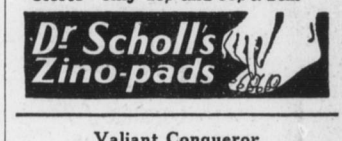
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Sleep After Toil

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please.—Spenser.



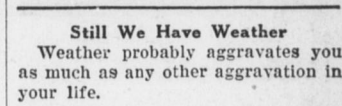
What They Should Be If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves and teach our children to be not what we are but what they should be.—Penn.



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 can conquer it.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief 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.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

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