What Luck the Lady Did Not Have Quinsy

It was the evening of an inter-esting family event, and the mas-ter of the house, who hoped it would be a son, had been pacing the floor, anxiously awaiting the doctor. When the physician en-tered the room the father seized him by the arm and demanded:

"Is it a boy or a girl?"
"Tr-tr-tr--" gasped the doctor, who stuttered rather badly. "Triplets!"

"Qu-qu-qu-" stammered the doctor.
"Quadruplets! Man alive! What

is it you say!"
"No-n-no. Tr-tr-try to take it qu-qu-quietly. It's a girl."

"I was run-down-

"...looked pale...lacked a keen appetite...felt tired ...was underweight."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition. Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

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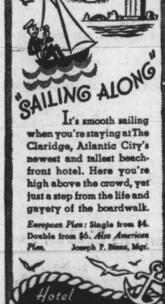
Joy and Grief That happiness does still the longest thrive where joys and



Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlins Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say, Hamling Wizard Oil rubbed it on and rubbed it in. I housands say Hamlins Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.







ATLANTIC CITY ?

(15000000)

MURDER MASQUERADE

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the har-bor town of Satuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Bray; Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter, Caro Prentisa, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Next live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly. Molly was engaged to the murdered man, Ace Blaikie. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's accretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret. All but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eight-year-old niece Sylvia Sard is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spinney. In it is a tiny log cabin. Near a stone wall is a tiny circular pond called the Merry Mere. This is the day of the masquerade and excitement is high. Mary decides to take Sylvia, who is an unusually observant child. Caro Prentiss and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Molly seems pre-occupied. Soon Blaikie, Doctor Marden and Bruce Hexson, a friend of Ace's, arrive.

- FRIDAY-Continued

Anyone looking at her, should have guessed instantly that Sylvia the possessor of a great secret. Her eyes sparkled with glee. Of course Ace, who has the intuition of the "called," or the insane, must have guessed at once.

"I wish you were going, Sylvia," he continued artfully. "It would make my evening for me. And if you were going, I should make you tell me what your costume was because of course I would never guess

which was you."
"I wouldn't tell you, Doctor Ace," Sylvia asserted firmly, "for don't you see it would be very naughty

"You wouldn't tell me!" Ace repeated in mock despair. "No," Sylvia declared, "it wouldn't be right. It would spoil everything."
"Then, I'm very glad you're not going."

going," Ace said with a convincing appearance of being hurt. "You'd spoil my whole evening for me. At this Sylvia's suppressed se-

cret almost burst its way out. "Anyway, Sylvia," Ace concluded, "as long as you're not going to the masquerade, will you promise to save me the very first dance of the very first dance you do go

"I'll give you all the dances you Sylvia vowed generously. Molly jumped to her feet. "I must be getting home," she declared abruptly, impatiently, al-

most rudely. "I ought to be going too," Caro announced gracefully, "although it is difficult to leave."

"I don't suppose we'll see you tonight, Mr. Hexson," I said as

I shook hands with him.
"Oh, it seems as though tonight would never come, Aunt Mary!" Sylvia declared the instant they were out of ear-shot.

"It's almost here," I comforted er. "We're going to have an ear-y dinner. Then after a while her. you're going to take a bath and lie down to see if you can catch a little nap. And then we'll get dressed.'

I was as hungry as usual, but of course it was all I could do to get Sylvia to eat. Presently we went upstairs. I undressed and bathed her and put her to bed. By some miracle she slept for an hour. At about eight o'clock, I heard her leap out of her bed. She came pat-tering in her nightgown and bedroom slippers into my room, where I lay on the chaise longue. As though Sylvia's footsteps had been a signal, Sarah immediately joined us from downstairs. She insisted on dressing me first. "Getting you out of the way, Mrs. Avery,"and with a conscious humor-was

the way she phrased it. Mine was a Spanish costume. The Spanish lady — as translated by Satuit—had always seemed a little conventional in type although her shawls—some actually purchased in Madrid—have been extremely colorful. I had determined to do something original—there was no touch of color in the whole effect. The gown was of black lace, a high comb for the hair—as black a tor-toise-shell as I could find. And instead of the usual mantilla, I wore a big square of black maline closely dotted with rhinestones.

I am a tall woman. Once I was slim, but perhaps I had better say now that I am thin. My hair is jet black. It has always been abundant and as I have never cut it, I still have a great deal. My eyes are gray. I am forty-six years old. And that, I fancy, is all that is necessary to say about me. However, I myself felt that my costume was becoming and Sarah was en-

Sylvia is little, even for her eight years; frail and honey-haired; pearly and freckled. Sarah loosed her hair from its two tight pig-tails; combed out its waves; mounded it on her head. Then she drew on the white lace dress. It was so long that it dragged on the

an amusing picture we made as we stood before the long mirror in my large then, my surprise when,

my tall tester bed with its beautiful chintees in Development Reflected back of us was ful chintzes in Pompadour blues and pinks; the light here and there in the room, spreading into golden pools on the polished tables or the polished floor; Sarah's warm, dark face above the shining gray poplin of her uniform; Sylvia's tiny fragile silvery figure and my tall, filmy dark one, both of us a-light with sparkles, from our veils. I hated to

put Sylvia's mask on.
As I did not want to keep Sylvia up too late, I started early for the party so that she might see the whole show. And to make it the more thrilling to her, I improvised great mystery in our approach to the Stow house. A little before nine, we emerged, hand in hand, from my back door. I took Sylvia down the driveway to the road in front of the house, walked toward the ocean and then up over the Head, passing the Fairweather house, the Eames house, the Mar-den house, the Geary and the Bray houses to the Stow house. We entered there by the back door.

It was a beautiful night. Many regretted that the moon was to be late. But I did not regret it, for I love the stars. The air was soft and warm. As we walked, Sylvia's trusting little hand in my hand and her chattery little voice in my ear, I could hear the long, slow booming sweep of the incoming waves and the long rattling pull-back of the outgoing ones. I explained to Sylvia that I had started early on her account so that she could her account, so that she could watch everybody appear and that we might be the very first to arrive. I



Of Course She Did Not Identify Every Mask.

told her that-in order that nobody could guess who they werethe Stows always left their home before their first guest appeared and returned after the party had

Three or four times in this brief walk, we met policemen, the first just beyond the park. We greeted them all and they responded with smiling, mystified appreciation.

When we came into the big Stow kitchen, the usual crowd of colored girls filled it; the Stows' and Caddie, the Eames' Lulu and Lily, sisters by the name of Lamb; the Gearys' Jennie Snow and Win-Tompkins; Big Hattie Doane and slim little Alice Robinson who were always available for extra work; Bessie and Sarah.

The house looked lovely. Mattie has an exquisite taste in decoration and she is an accomplished gardener.

Several had arrived before us. There was that air of tingling constraint — excited half-suppressed mirth—which always hangs over the beginning of a masked party. Three men, an Indian, a pirate, an Uncle Sam, immediately surrounded us, walking slowly about and surveying us gravely from ev-ery point of view. In one corner a pair of pierrots, a pierrette, a columbine, all in black and white, were fussing with the radio. In the opposite corner, behind a screen of firs, the orchestra sat with its instruments ready. Suddenly a bedlam seemed to break loose outside as a group of arriv-ing automobiles, honking horns, crunched the gravel. Presently a motley—a big group of French peasants—poured into the room. The orchestra started. People began to dance. I found a couch in a corner which commanded the whole scene and retired to it with Sylvia. We sat there watching.

Sylvia did all the talking. I did all the listening. I was willing enough to listen. I was conscious that I was going through one of the most curious experiences of a lifetime. It was almost eerie.

I have never had the slightest skill in identifying my friends at the Stow masquerade; for they can always make me believe they are what they are pretending to be. We do not unmask until about eleven; and up to that time, our main enfloor. I cannot tell you how charming Sylvia looked.

I think I shall never forget what

I think I shall never forget what

almost as fast as they entered the hall, Sylvia began to tell me who the maskers were.

I remember reading somewhere that prestidigitators dread, more than any other, an audience of children, because they are at the same time less suggestible and more suggestible than adults. In other words, the quickness of movement, which deceives the adult eye does not always seduce the childish eye. Flowing robes, strange headgear, darkened skins, wigs, masks were without avail to deceive Sylvia.

It began almost immediately.
"Mrs. Burton!" she whispered as a magnificent Elizabethen court lady-in stiff distended skirt, stomacher and ruff-entered the room. Immediately I saw under this brocaded panoply the graceful swan-like gait of Leda Burton. When presently there passed an East Indian rajah in a flowing robe, a coiled, jeweled turban of golden tissue, a belt bristling with knives, "Mr. Burton," her little voice whispered whispered.

Presently appeared a great po-tentate—I took him to be an Arabi-an. Before him, walking backward and wielding an enormous longand wielding an enormous long-handled jade green feathered fan, fleshed fellow with sleek, straight jet-black locks and a tiny sleek mustache, his trousers and shirt of embroidered orange linen. can they be?" I was helplessly thinking when Sylvia's whisper came in my ear, "Uncle Peter and Aunt Mattie!"

From where I sat I could see the tall grandfather clock. It was near-ly ten o'clock. People were pouring in now, but Sylvia's steady, accurate observation constantly clicked names to me. Of course she did not identify every mask. Unlike me, she did not know ev-erybody in Satuit. And naturally there were some who were strangers to both of us for, as always, people brought house guests. But my intimates she recognized instantly. It was a fairly magical performance.

The room had, of course, filled up. Between dances, people spilled out on the wide piazzas. The protective silence which had produced the vacuum of that first half hour had broken into laughter and talk. People were still disguising their voices however, as I, who was now on the inside of so many secrets, realized. I was enjoying myself immensely. Several strange masks asked me to dance, but I declined all invitations. I did not particu-larly want to dance. I did not want to leave Sylvia, and especially I wanted to enjoy the scene.

I always take a particular de-light at costume affairs in the picturesqueness of casual groupings.

Three times during the evening of the Stow party, I saw groups which delighted me to the tingling point. Once it was a trio; a slen-der golden-haired Psyche in white Greek draperies; a cavalier in a great gray-feathered hat, gray velvet small clothes with slashings of ruby; a tall slender dark girl in balloon-like skirt of white muslin, dappled with big orange dots; bands of brown fur about her wrists; a man's silk hat on the black hair which curled at the neck Another time a white-clad Botticelli angel, carrying a golden lyre, hobnobbed with an Indian in a magnificent flamingo-pink war bon-net and a flaxen-bobbed ballet dancer in many skirts of pale blue tarletan.

I kept calling Sylvia's attention to these pictures. When she turned her face up to mine, I could see eyes shining as though stars were boiling up from the depths of their blueness.

Once she said to me, "Oh, how I wish I had brought Dorinda Belle!"

Fortunately, however, the right reassuring idea occurred to me.
"Oh we couldn't have brought Dorinda Belle," I declared in a
shocked tone. "Don't you see, Sylvia, everybody would have known Dorinda Belle. And then they would have guessed who we are!'

"That would be dreadful," Sylvia whispered. "Perfickly dreadful! But I'll tell Dorinda Belle all about t-every word of it!"

Just at this mement there came another entrance crash of the or-

There strode into the room a magnificent male figure, a Roman warrior of the period of Julius Caesar. He wore a short white military tunic, overlaid with long tabs of gilded leather; a golden helmet; golden shoes. At his belt, hung the short sword-as became an officer, on the left side. The costume was superb. The man himself was equally superb with his height, his shapeliness and the bold, free carriage of his splendid body. Only one man in Satuit could have carried off that costume. Even my imaginatively-led mind registered his identity before Syl-via said, "Doctor Ace!" And then the sword caught my eye. I rec-ognized it. The first time Ace visited Rome, he had had a Roman short sword made for him.

Doctor Ace stood on that ruffle of applause, calmly surveyed the m. His eyes stopped on Sylvia and me. The music started up. Instantly he came over to our ner, bowed before Sylvia. "M ner, bowed before Sylvia. "May I have the pleasure of this dance, senorita?" he asked. Sylvia arose and stood before the gigantic Roman warrior; a thrilled, trembling little figure—like a little silvery fountain which had burst through the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL UNDAY

JCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for November 8 THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

LESSON TEXT - Acts 19:8-12, 18-20; Ephesians 6:13-20.
GOLDEN TEXT—Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Eph. 6:10.
PRIMARY TOPIC—When Paul Preached

in a Schoolhouse.

JUNIOR TOPIC—In a Schoolhouse in Ephesus.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC Weapons of the Christian Soldier.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC

The Gospel Facing the Forces of Evil.

War, war! The whole world is war-conscious in our day. Nations are watching one another with sus-picion, and in the meantime arming themselves for conflict. Hatred and suspicion are rife, and as long as sin rules the hearts of men we long

sin rules the nearts of men we long in vain for peace, which cannot come until that day when the Prince of Peace himself shall reign.

Yet every Christian hopes and works for the peaceful solution of the nations' problems. Right thinking men do not want war be-tween the peoples of the earth But tween the peoples of the earth. But there is one warfare that we do seek to foster and promote. We encourage it, and as Christians make a holy resolve to battle to the end. That is the warfare against Satan and his hosts. As long as he rules in the hearts of men, and sin and wickedness are here, we say, "Fight on, my soul."

Christian life and service are pre sented in Scripture as a fight, and we do well to learn the methods and the weapons of this great spiritual conflict, not stressing a belligerent note of strife against one another, and particularly not between the divisions of God's army in the earth, but standing shoulder to shoulder in the battle against the Evil One.

Our lesson presents a picture of I. The Lord's Warrior (Acts 19:-

Paul, who is now on his third missionary journey, comes again to Ephesus, the leading city of Asia Minor, and the center of the worship of the heathen goddess, Diana. He tarries there for about three years.

Like a good tactician he began his campaign at a strategic point, the synagogue. He brought forward his God-given weapons, "reasoning and persuading." Some he won, others disbelieved — the sad fact which even this greatest of all

preachers had to meet.
God attested his work by miracles. The soldier of the Lord does not go into battle alone. Nor does he fight in his own power. God gave him

II. A Mighty Conquest (vv. 18-

20).

When a man's profession of faith
with it an open in Christ carries with it an open forsaking of his confessed misdeeds -a true change of life as well as a declaration of belief—there has been real dealing with God.

Notice, that they burned the bad books found in their homes, even though they were valued at thou-sands of dollars. Christian, how many books or magazines are there in your home now that minister only to the lowest in your nature? Oh, yes, they may be "literature," they may be in beautiful bindings; you may even read them "in the original," and regard the reading as cultural. But if they are bad books, are you ready to follow the Ephesians in destroying them? Finally we have from Paul's let-

ter to the Ephesians the glorious presentation of the Christian's

III. God-Given Weapons (Eph. 6:13-20).

This is a familiar, but none the less rich and instructive, passage. We have space to note only that there are (1) five weapons of de-fense; namely, the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of peace, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and (2) one mighty weapon of offense, the sword of the Spirit—the Word of God. A glorious and impenetrable armor and equipment for battle!

But it will do us not the slightest good unless we obey Paul's ad-monition and put it on.

Christian, are you wearing and using "the whole armor of God"? Judging From Appearance Men in general judge more from

appearance than from reality. All

men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.-Macchiavelli. God's Way The strength and the happiness of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and go-

Acts That Bring Results No act falls fruitless; none can tell how vast its power may be; nor what results, enfolded, dwell within it silently.-Bulwer.

A Friend Indeed Keep close to thy Best Friend, and He will refresh and cheer thee. -Spurgeon.

God's Holiness

ing in that way, too.

We must not only bless God for all his benefits: we must rejoice in his holiness.-McIntyre.

The Redheaded Invader

By VIC YARDMAN

Associated Newspapers.-WNU Service.

L AURIE, Sam Edgwater's pretty daughter, brought in "There's a nester squatting in our

lower range," she said. "He's build-ing himself a home, and when I told him to pack up and get out he laughed at me. More than that he was rude and insulting." Sam Edgwater took one look into

his daughter's angry eyes and sent for Tex Tremont and Chuck Wellington. Tex and Chuck had worked for him for more than twenty years. They were veterans of the plains, sun-browned, wizened, bow-legged. Both were experts with a sixshooter.

Sam explained briefly what Laurie had said, and added: "We'll ride down and warn him off. No violence this first trip. But we'll make it clear he ain't going to be allowed to stay. This here's my land by right of settlin' it. Government or no government, we gotta teach these nesters once and for all they ain't

A young man was hewing logs in a clearing when the trio rode up. He drove his axe into a tree trunk and looked up at them, smiling pleasantly. He was a red-headed young man, well built, with a humorous mouth and a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Howdy gents," he said. "Climb down and squat awhile."

"Never mind the formalities, mister," Sam Edgewater rapped. "I'm Sam Edgewater and I own this property. We don't tolerate

"You better write to Washington about that," said the young man. "They told me I could come down here and pick myself a home. It'd be mine if I improved it some. And I aim to improve it."

Sam's face grew purple. He turned to Chuck and Tex. "Boys, you for-get what I said about warnin' this jigger. We're gonna have a show-down right now. Kick him out."

Tex and Chuck climbed down from their horses.' Tex said: "Mister, pack up your stuff and get out!" And he reached for his gun. Reached and that was all. None of them saw the redhead move, but suddenly he had a gun in his hand. It exploded and Tex was staring down at his shattered wrist

The redhead wasn't grinning. He looked at Chuck. "Well, mister, I guess you're Edgewater's hired gunman, too. How about it, want to

try earnin' your pay?"

Chuck looked mad, but helpless. He wasn't a fool. Sam recovered after a moment from the shock of what had happened. He ordered his men back on their horses. "O. K." he said. "You win this play, Red, but we'll be back. You ain't gettin' away with nothin."

"Yeah," jeered the redhead.
"Next time bring a dozen with you

-you big heroes." Eight days later Sam rode down to the lower range at the head of

seven grim-faced punchers.

The nester had the roof and two walls built onto his cabin. He was working when the riders came up. "Son," said Sam Edgewater, "Son," said Sam Edgewater,
"we don't want to hurt you none,
but we aim to kick you off this land.
You must have sense enough to realize you ain't got a chance, play-

ing a lone hand."

The redhead grinned. "The government," he said, "allowed I could have this here land. If I'm killed protectin' it you'll have to account with them, Mr. Edgewater. How-ever, you look to me like a square shooter, so I'll make you a square proposition. I'l take on any three of your heroes single handed — and agree not to marry your dau if they beat me."

Sam's eyes bulged. "Agree not to what!" he bellowed.

The redhead looked surprised.
"Shucks," he said, "I thought
Laurie had told you we're fixing to get married. You see, I kissed her the first day she come down here and that sort of settled things-Sam grew purple again. Some-

thing pretty serious might have hap-pened if at that moment Laurie herself hadn't appeared in the doorway of the unfinished cabin. She stood there, regarding them all, her eyes flashing. Sam Edgewater said: "Laurie! Is what this young

whippersnapper says, true? Is it?"
Laurie looked at the young whippersnapper, then at her father, then back at the young whippersnapper. "He did kiss me that first day I came down," she said. "That's why I was so mad." Sam stared at her and swore un-

der his breath. He looked to right and left and straight ahead and there was a helpless, defeated expression in his eyes. After a moment he turned his horse and galloped away and the punchers galloped after him. Laurie confronted the redhead and her eyes were angry.

"That," she said, "was about the most—the most—" Her expression softened, because Red was grinning and the same thing about him that had excited her father's admiration excited her own. More too. "The most unromantic way of proposing," she finished

"I can do betier," said Red. "Want me to?" Laurie didn't answer. She didn't

have to. It was much more interest-ing listening to Red "doing better."



"Has she kept her sirlish 'Kept it? Man, she's doubled

"But, constable, I didn't knock him down, I pulled up at the light to let him cross and he just

WENT OVER



"Was it a good speech?" "Fine."

"What did he say?" "I don't remember. All that I recall now is that he said it well."

Fit Guaranteed

Drowning Man - Quick, throw me a life belt: Rescuer (tailor)-Yes, sir. What size round the waist?

As Per Instructions The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to treat a

"I'll bring you a shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this

The apprentice did exactly as he was told, but he never hit a blacksmith again!



Training Babes
To be perfect, the training of children must begin with the very cradle. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children.

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Individuality Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—Richter.



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