

beautiful daughter of a wealthy New York newspaper publisher, goes to Puerto Rice on an assignment for her father's paper. Also on the island are Pete Wilcox, a reporter on her father's paper, now a U. S. Army intelligence officer; Miguel Valera, a Puerto Elcan educated is the United States who is a secret U. S. agent; Richard Taussig, an engineer those identity as a German agent is sussected but not yet proved; and Russell perter, a young American engineer, and his wife, Suc. When Mr. Taussig learns that Anne suspects him he arranges to dispose of her. Pete Wilcox saves Anne, but is jealous of her friendship with

CHAPTER XIV

The shiny black limousine drew up under the portico of the Granada Hotel. Mr. Richard Taussig got out. "It's been very pleasant, and most interesting," he said. "Thank you so much. Good-by. Good-by, senorita."

It had been a mistake to allow Graciela to call Miss Heywood. Graciela was discontented, seething and highly unpredictable. Her father's idence in his continuing hold

over her was to Mr. Taussig's realistic mind stupidly unrealistic. Mr. Taussig shrugged his shoul-ders and went into the lobby. As long as it didn't interfere in his plans . . . And there had been enough interference already. He had been trying to figure that out on his

way home. It had a little of the smell of Fate to it, the more he thought about it. Perhaps it was fust as well . . . if he could figure Wilcox out properly. He was still thinking about that forty-five minutes later as he came through the iron grilled gateway into

the inner courtyard of Albert Beno ist, coffee and sugar importers, his green guide book under his arm, his green-visored yachting cap on his head. He went up the stone steps to the first-floor gallery. At the top he paused, waiting for Diego Gongaro coming out of the arched tunnel from Juan de Pinzon Street.

"I must frankly admit I was disturbed this morning," Gongaro said casually. "I was afraid our young friend might lose her footing so high above the floor. It would have been most unfortunate."

"Most," Mr. Taussig agreed equably. "However, I was watching her very carefully. Shall we go in?" "I always admire finesse," Diego Gongaro said irrelevantly.

He waited until the door was "In view of the flattering atten-

tion we have been favored with this morning by a certain member of the Military Intelligence, I wish each department to function without communication with any other, until . . . let us call it X-Day. When that comes, it will be in coordination with the concerted move-ment throughout the Caribbean area, Central and South America.

Until then, Gongaro will continue the organization of personnel for the eventual destruction of all water facilities.' He took out his handkerchief and

wiped his dark lenses. The dark man with the black mustache moved suddenly.

"I . . . wonder," he said quietly.
"I have an exhibit—two exhibits, in

fact. I think they will interest you." He went to a desk in the corner and took a folded piece of paper out of a drawer. "I saw a friend off on the strato-

liner for Rio this morning with the information for Bauer. This new filtering station here has caused us no end of trouble. I think the safest thing to do is chop up the sending unit we got last fall." He came back to the table. "When

I returned to the office from the airport, I found this under the stairs in the yard. The cat was playing with it."

He opened the folded paper and took out a small linen handkerchief. It had been white, but it was crumpled and slightly soiled, as if it had been moist.

"It's an expensive trifle. And expensively perfumed. Also mono-trammed. The initials are A. C. H." He looked up.

"It was not there when we came in last night. I turned my flashlight around the yard, to be quite

sure of everything." The silence in the room lasted for some time.

What is Exhibit B?" Mr. Taus-

sig inquired quietly.
"It is a golden hair," Albert Benoist said. "It was caught in the rough plaster on the wall under the stairs, at a height of five feet eight inches. I progress the suprage heels inches. I presume the average heels are about two inches high. In which case the owner of this would be approximately five feet six inches." Diego Gongaro knocked off the

long cylinder of gray ash from his "It is most unfortunate," he said urbanely.

"Most," Mr. Taussig said. He got wp. "Good day, gentlemen."

He went down the stairs and stopped in the courtyard, looking at the space where Anne Heywood must have been, trying to recall where they had stood the night before and what they had said. A clerk crossing the patio with a sheaf of papers in his band had at him of papers in his hand looked at him and quickened his pace, slightly startled. Mr. Taussig crossed the

court and went out through the tunnelled arch.

Something would have to be done now, and rather quickly, he was thinking. She couldn't have been alone, unless she was braver or a greater fool than he thought she was. And that meant one thing, obviously: that Wilcox had been with her. They must have followed him out of the restaurant, though he'd thought they were both so absorbed in what obviously a pretty tense quarrel that they weren't aware he'd

He hailed a taxi. "La Granada," he said.

That would explain Wilcox's appearance at the Central. In that case, nothing had been said that he had regarded as evidence. It meant that she had talked, however, though what she could say he didn't know. And G 2 was hardly likely to listen to her suspicions in the face of his credentials.

He looked at his watch. The ques tion was whether to go to Mrs. Por-ter's or let it ride for a while. If Anne Heywood turned up, it would be a waste of time. On the other hand she might not come . . . or he might manage it before she got there. All he needed was half an hour in his own room with the specifications. He could return them after he'd got a microscopic photostat, and no one would know the dif-



fortable chat," he said.

ference. After that he could look at churches and schools to his heart's content.

"I'll go on," he said as he say the crushed raspberry and cream outline of the Granada through the "I'll give you the address." palms. He took out his notebook.

The magazine Sue Porter had been trying to force herself to read slipped off her lap into the white string rug. She sat perfectly still for a moment; then her face crumpled and she buried her head in the cushions, unable to keep the tears back any longer. He wasn't com-She'd known it all afternoon. ing. And she shouldn't have phoned. Half a dozen times since five o'clock she'd forced herself not to, but the

last time she couldn't help it. "-I'm sorry, Mrs. Porter. Mr. Taussig came in an hour ago and left right away. He didn't say when he'd be back." The telephone girl at the Granada had recognized her voice, and Sue could hear her laughing as she put down the phone. Her cheeks were burning. The girl thought she was running after Taussig because she'd phoned so many times and left messages he'd not bothered to reply to. If Russell knew he'd be furious. He didn't get angry often, but when he did he

was terrifying. Sue raised her head and dabbed at her eyes with her moist wadded handkerchief. She'd planned it so carefully. The silver tray with the decanter and glasses on it was out on the kitchen table. The ice cubes would be melted by now and the canapes soggy and unpleasant-look-And she'd rehearsed it in front ing. And she'd rehearsed it in front of the mirror a hundred times dur-

ing the day. She'd be casual and charming "-Why, Mr. Taussig! How awfully nice. I really didn't think you'd have time to come, you're so terribly famous. Do sit down and let me see if I can find something for you to drink. It's been ghastly hot all day, hasn't it?" Then she would say Russell had been called away unexpectedly, and get around to the specifications. She glanced wretchedly out into the dining room where

the corners of her mouth trembling. Suddenly she straightened. There was a step on the porch. She flashed up and around. Mr. Taussig was standing in the door, smiling, his hat in his hand. Sue stared at him. She hadn't heard him come up the stairs or cross the wide veranda.

she'd put them on the sideboard,

"My dear Mrs. Porter, I thought you expected me," he said pleasant-

"Oh, I did, but I . . . I thought you weren't coming." It came out before she realized she was saying "My dear child!"

Mr. Taussig laughed and wiped the perspiration off his broad pallid forehead.

"I'm a business man, and when I come across anyone as promising as your husband I'm hardly likely to mi miss an opportunity to talk to

Sue flushed. "But he's not hereshould have told you," she said "He had to go to St. Thomquickly.

She'd planned it so differently, She'd been going to say, "You'll think I'm dreadful not letting you know my husband isn't here. He's frightfully sorry. You see, the Navy's having water trouble and needed somebody really good, so Rus-sell had to fly over to St. Thomas to give them a hand."

Mr. Taussig's disappointment was obvious, but his recovery was more than gallant . . . perhaps because he had known all that before he

"Then you and I can have a comchat," he said. He sat fortable down on the sofa where he could keep his eye on the front steps. "In fact, I think it's probably better. Because—if you don't mind my saying so—the trouble with your husband, my dear girl, is that he hides his light under a bushel. He's too modest. He needs somebody to push him a little. He's so off the beaten track down here that unless he lets people know what he can do, he'll find himself in a rut. Men not half as well equipped as he is will be picking the plums, merely because they're on the spot."

"I know," Sue said eagerly.
"That's what I've tried to tell him. But he thinks if he does a good job the company will know it, and-'

"And keep him down here where they won't lose him and don't have to pay him what he's worth," Mr. Taussig interrupted calmly. "I know all about that."

He took a cigarette out of his case and lighted it thoughtfully.

"Of course I'm interested in him particularly," he said. "I was tremendously impressed by what was said the other evening. And very selfishly, I'd better add. You see, we have a project—a very big one— with a problem not unlike the one you have here. I don't want this to go farther.'

He looked appraisingly at her.
"—How discreet are you, Mrs. Porter?"

"I can be very," Sue answered quickly. She realized she'd been holding her breath, waiting, and that she had to be calm so he wouldn't see how much it meant. He tapped the ash off his cigarette.

"Well, this is it, Mrs. Porter. I heard about the construction down here, though not about your hus-He wasn't mentioned. I've band. been looking for a man for the last fifteen months. I'm not sure, of course, that you'd be interested. The living conditions won't be easy. I ought to tell you that. That's one of the reasons we want a young The salary would only be about twenty-five thousand a year, but the man who went would be known throughout the civilized

Sue closed her eyes. All the things they could do . . . for themselves and for the children! She held her breath again.

"I'm not sure your problem here can be done, of course," Mr. Taussig went on equably. "If it can, your husband is the man we want. suppose the thing to do is wait until the job's finished, and see . . . if we can wait."

"But the specifications are all drawn up!" Sue cried. "Russell says they're absolutely perfect! Oh, why don't you just look at them? You could tell, couldn't you?"

Mr. Taussig shook his head skep-tically and waited. She jumped up, ran into the dining room and came back. Two bright pink spots burred in her cheeks, her blue eyes were as full of hope as the dawn.

"Just look at them a minute!" She thrust the thick roll of linen prints into his hands. He unrolled them without haste, and studied the top one deliberately. He could hear her breath coming quickly and see the pulse pounding in her throat as she sat there beside him. After a moment he looked up at her with a

"Mrs. Porter, I really wouldn't be surprised if your husband isn't exactly the man we've been hunt-ing from one end of the world to the

other," he said simply.
"Oh, I'm so glad!" Sue whispered. "You don't know how I want him

to get away from here!"
"Of course I'll have to go through
all these, rather carefully," he said. "It's a complicated setup. I wonder . . . No, I don't suppose we could do that." "Do what?"

"I was just thinking that if could lay them out on the dining room table," Mr. Taussig said, "I could see them all at once. But someone might come in, and it's better to keep this to ourselves."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for January 23

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-ted and copyrishted by International ouncil of Religious Education; used by

JESUS TEACHES IN PARABLES

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:1-9, 26-32. GOLDEN TEXT—If any man hath to hear, let him hear.—Mark 4:23.

Parables were often used by our Lord, particularly when He had truth to reveal which was not for unbelieving hearts that had hardened themselves against it (see Matt. 13:10-16).

The method is that of telling an earthly story, true to life (hence, not a fable), which is placed alongside of the spiritual truth it is designed to teach. It thus differs from an allegory, which gives the meaning with the story (see John 15:1-6).

Jesus used parables in our lesson to teach the truth that the good seed of the Word of God will be received in various ways and will bring forth widely differing results. He—the Lord—was the Sower, and the field was the world (Matt. 13:37, 38). We note first that in that field

here were and are—
I. Four Kinds of Soil (Mark 4:1-9).

The reception of the seed is determined by the condition of the soil. The great field was essentially of one kind of soil, but it had become widely different in its ability to take in the seed and bear fruit.

The interpretation of this parable is given by our Lord in the verses immediately following (vv. 3-20). It has striking application to our day.

A road, or beaten pathway, was a common thing in the fields of Palestine. On such hard soil a seed found no place to grow, and the birds carried it away. Such is the condition of a man who permits the heavy and sinful traffic of this world to harden his heart against spiritual truth. If our heart has reached that stage we should ask God to break The birds (always a symbol of evil in the Bible) are Satan and his emissaries. They are always busy about carrying away the Word of God when it is truly preached.

The rocky soil was a thin layer of good soil on a rocky ledge. At first this caused rapid growth, but without deep roots it could not survive the heat of summer. This is the one who enthusiastically responds to the gospel appeal, but being without real conviction and repentance, he has no stability when persecution comes.

The thorny ground-where the growing grain was choked by weeds -typifies the professed believer who lives in worldliness. The friend of the world is God's enemy (James 4:4). Note the things which destroy spiritual life (v. 19), and shun them. In the good ground-open to receive and ready to yield itself for the growth of the seed—there is abunint harvest. Even here there is a difference in the amount of fruit. Why not be a "hundredfold" be-

Changing the picture a little our Lord now speaks of-II. Normal Growth and a Good

Harvest (4:26-29). This parable, found only in Mark, has a lesson for the sower. He is not to expect the harvest immediately after the time of sowing. There is a period of patient waiting while God is producing the growth (and an do it!) harvest.

There are many lessons to learn here. We who serve the Lord in teaching or preaching the Word are too impatient, too eager to be able to announce results. God is always willing that things should mature naturally and in due season. Let us wait for Him and be at rest in our spirits (v. 27).

Then let us be glad as the seed begins to show signs of maturing, but let us not be slow to gather the harvest when it is ready. Some forget to gather the spiritual fruit of their labors, possibly having long since lost patience and interest.

We should also be encouraged by this parable to continue sowing the seed, knowing that it will find place in the hearts of some and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

Next we are warned to be on our guard against accepting or approv-

III. Abnormal Growth and an Evil Harvest (4:30-32).

The mustard is an herb, not a tree; hence this parable gave warning that there would be an over-grown religious system calling itself Christian. The birds are (as in the parable of the kinds of soil) evil men, or "isms," or organizations eager to take shelter in a religious

system without spiritual power.

The church had such an abnormal growth when Constantine espoused Christianity as a political move, mixed it with paganism, and ele-vated it to a position of worldly

All this was and still is contrary to God's plan for the church. He wanted a spiritual body distinguished by lowliness, meekness and service. These are the things that mark the true Christian spirit. The marks of Christianity are always those of likeness to Him who said: "I am meek and lowly in heart," who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister."



Pure-Bred Sires Help Conserve Feed

Better Grade Animals Give Higher Return

Marketing inferior animals and the use of improved sires will help in partially solving the feed shortage and at the same time bring great improvement in livestock development, says E. H. Hostetler, in charge of animal industry research for the North Carolina state college experiment station.

A recent test shows that when nondescript cows were bred to a purebred bull, their calves averaged 53 pounds heavier at weaning time. 53 pounds heavier at weaning time. In the feed lot, these calves required less feed per unit of gain and made cheaper gains than those calves produced from bulls and cows of in-

ferior breeding.

Furthermore, the carcasses of the cattle sired by the purebred bull were fatter and contained a higher percentage of tender meat.

Hostetler suggests that the sow of poor conformation and those consistently producing small litters be sent to market. The beef animal that is a "shy breeder" or below the average quality of the herd can be sent to the butcher.

Good sires cost money and there is often a question in the mind of many cattle growers as to how much they are really worth. In the test referred to above the purebred bull added about \$10 more per head to the value of the calves and with a herd of 25 cows the annual return on the bull would be about \$250 as compared with an inferior bull.

In poultry farming, too, superior sires are worth the cost. The importance of good cockerels can be shown by citing the performance of two birds when mated with two separate hens. Male No. 40 had 86 daughters whose average annual production was 186 eggs. Male No. 4815 had 146 daughters who averaged 249 eggs per year. Each daughter of Male No. 4815 laid, on average, 63 more eggs than the daughters of Male No. 40. At 45 cents per dozen for ungraded eggs, each daughter of Male No. 4815 produced \$2.26 more income than the daughters of Male No. 40.

Neither of these two males was rated above the other in appearance and handling qualities, and their dams had laid about the same number of eggs. Actually, No. 40's dam laid 282 eggs and No. 4815's dam laid 246 eggs. The difference was that No. 4815 was from a family which had been tested for several years by the performance of entire

groups of sisters without culling. Many other instances could be cited, offering further proof that superior males will pay in any kind of animal husbandry.

Midget Bull



"Mr. Pee Wee," believed to be the smallest bull in the world, weighs 260 pounds, and stands only 34 inches high. He is a cross bred Jersey and Holstein, and is four years old. Stockmen say he is perfectly proportioned and normal.

'Off-Flavor' in Pork

Properly processed tankage, when fed to hogs, will in no way cause an off flavor of the meat. The same is true for properly processed fish meal. In the case of feeding fish, however, where there is a high oil content, this will cause the development of an off, or rancid, flavor in the meat.

Farm Notes

WFA points out that farmers can save money and at the same time make a substantial contribution to the war effort by buying higher analysis fertilizers. . . .

Formaldehyde is now available for agricultural uses, according to the AIF News, publication of the Agri-cultural Insecticide and Fungicide



LABOR AND CAPITAL CAN WORK TOGETHER

LABOR IS, and has been, a polit tical effort has been made to solve the labor, capital and management problem. Political parties have, for years, pronounced against consider-ing labor as a commodity, but no effort has been made to put labor on any other basis than as a commodity in our industrial production.

Because labor represents votes its real problem has been ignored, it has been encouraged to run wild, and a very considerable portion of it has wound up in the hands of racketeers with whom the politicians consort as a means of securing votes. If that condition continues labor will kill American industry and when it does labor will have killed itself.

There is a real solution for the la bor, capital and management problem that can be found if an honest and unprejudiced effort in that direction is made. Such an effort has been made with varying degrees of success in a number of industries. In all such experiments, labor has been considered on the basis of a partner in production, entitled to an equitable percentage of production income, with a definite knowledge of what that income amounts to. The results have proven satisfactory to capital, to labor, to management and to the consuming public. These experiments can be the foundation upon which to build a general policy, backed by basic, protective, laws under which the courts can render decisions in individual or collective cases without entailing interminable delays. Such an effort will not be made so long as political parties want to play to a labor gallery, want to use the labor problem as a vote attractor.

Labor today, in the aggregate, receives even more than a fair and equitable share of our productive revenue. Management and capital expect labor to be satisfied with a statement that such is a fact. Labor wants to be shown and as a partner in production would be in a position to know.

It is easy to name reasons why a three-way partnership in production impracticable or impossible, but if honest and capable men, with unprejudiced minds, attempt to find the way it can be done they will surmount all of the obstacles and produce a basis on which such a partnership can be built. When that is done, when there has been enacted a basic law providing for the recognition and operation of such a partnership, the labor problem will have been solved, the day of strikes and production stoppages will be over, the place of the labor racketeers will be gone.

SERIOUS MISTAKE IN RICH FARM STATE

IN THE EARLY SPRING of 1941 the government began building a large high explosive plant in a Mis-sissippi valley state. As a site many thousands of acres of good farm land was purchased. The farmers were moved off, the farm buildings razed and then, when the plant was laid out, it was found some 15,000 acres more land had been purchased than was needed. Some one had made a mistake. That mistake had caused something like 90 farm families giving up their homes, being moved away to strange localities among strange associates. It had cost the American people a sizable sum of money to pay for needed land. It had deprived the nation of the food product of 15,000 acres of the best of corn land. the last three seasons that land has produced only a bountiful crop of veeds.

I AM ONE of a favored few who once each month receive a copy of a small publication, "Washington Close Up," issued by the Citizens National committee. It is filled with factual information regarding the activities of government. The facts it contains should be in the hands of all the American people, and if they were, it would obviate all danger to our American form of government, our American way of life. A way should be found to give such non-partisan information a far wider circulation.

I HEAR "The Solace of Nature" mentioned as the subject of a "paper" read at a woman's club. I de not know what the lady said but I get mine by looking over the green lawns, the flowers, the palm trees and remembering the cold and snow and howling blizzards I encountered at this season for so many years.

CLASS ROOM THEORIES are all right in the class room but for government, in times like the present, there is needed sound horse sense rather than the trial and error testing of bureaucratic theories. Give us more men equipped with a prac-tical "know-how" and less of those equipped only with untried theories and dreams.

THOSE WHO OFFER ALIBIS for their own shortcomings should be willing to accept the alibis of others but they seldom do.

Thievery by Nazi Troops Amounts to 36 Billions

In the invaded countries, the Nazis have taken over, chiefly for their own private profit or pleasure, property valued at more than \$36,000,000,000, according to a re-cent official estimate.

Nearly \$2,000,000,000 of it repre sents movable works of art, such as oil paintings, sculptures, tapestries and altarpieces, that they have stolen feloniously and re-moved to Germany from family collections as well as from mu-seums, galleries and cathedrals

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Romans Started It Early Romans were the first to eat asparagus.

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