

OVERNIGHT GUEST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE STORY THUS FAR: Adam Bruce, FBI operator, and Inspector and Mrs. Tope met while on vacation in the North-eastern wilds. Tope discovered the body of a murdered man at the auto camp of Bee Dewain, a friend of Bruce's. Bruce, State Trooper Quill, Nat Cumberland, D. A., and Dr. Medford were called. They decided to keep the murder secret during investigation. Mrs. Tope told her husband that she recognized the body as that of Mr. Ledforge, head of New York utilities. However, New York reports showed that Ledforge was at his office. Doctor reports showed that man died of ruptured appendix, while tied up. A car believed used by murderer was found.

CHAPTER VI

He looked at Joe Dane in mild triumph. "So that was pretty good for a stab in the dark, Mr. Dane!"

"What's that about heel-plates?" young Dane demanded.

"Well," said Tope, "somebody with heel-plates has walked through the woods near Faraway; and a man with heel-plates left some tracks up at the quarry; and Kell, Holdom's chauffeur, had a pair of shoes with heel-plates on them. They're in his closet down at Holdom's right now."

"Then we want Kell!" Dane exclaimed. "And—Mrs. Kell? Was she running around with Ledforge? We've got to find her too!"

Tope nodded. "It would help a lot," he assented, "if we could talk to her." He took Mrs. Tope's arm. "Let me know when you're ready to salvage the car, Mat. I want to be there. I'll be at the Mill if New York calls."

And despite Dane's efforts to detain them, he and Mrs. Tope went down the stairs, and got into the little roadster at the curb. When they were under way, she said thoughtfully:

"I don't like that young man, but he's right about one thing: You've got to find Mrs. Kell, make her tell you."

"I guess we'll find her," he replied grimly. "But I don't expect her to tell us anything!"

She looked at him. "You know where she is?"

"Well," he confessed, "there were two or three little things I didn't tell them! That gray suit in Kell's closet, I looked at the name on the tailor's label. The name was Ledforge."

She uttered a low ejaculation. "But Mr. Ledforge might have given it to Kell—when Kell worked for him."

"It wouldn't fit Kell," Tope told her. "Kell's a big man. His uniforms were big. This suit was small."

She frowned in bewilderment. "But even so," she insisted, "what has that to do with Mrs. Kell? Where do you think she is?"

He said heavily: "I think she's in the coupe in the quarry."

"Why?" she whispered, in a still terror. "Why?"

"Adam and Bee found a man's tracks leaving there," said Tope. "Shoes with heel-plates. But there were no woman's tracks! And that gray suit in Kell's closet, there was blood on the sleeve of it, and the dead man hadn't any cut or wound that would have bled at all!"

When Mrs. Tope and the Inspector reached Dewain's Mill, Tope himself went indoors, but she stayed outside. The camp seemed deserted, till Adam Bruce and Bee Dewain, hearing the car arrive, came together from the direction of Faraway.

"Well, you located the car. That's good."

Adam said: "Yes. And I don't know when I've ever had to do anything that scared me more than diving down into that gray water; but I felt the axle, and a wheel." He added: "And while I was doing that, Bee found the man's tracks. What do they mean?"

"You're as bad as Joe Dane, always asking questions. Son," he roared, "how long are you going to hold out on me?"

Adam protested: "Hold out? But his face was red."

"Why, yes—just that. Why, for instance, does Balsar Vade dislike you?"

"He's just a harmless crank," Adam insisted.

The Inspector relaxed in his chair. "All right, son," he said. "You do as you like about telling me."

Adam hesitated in some distress. "Any idea yet who the dead man may be?" he asked at last.

Tope answered mildly: "Yes, in a way. Mrs. Tope thinks he's Ledforge, the Utilities—Why, what's the matter, Adam?"

For at that name, young Adam Bruce had come to his feet in quick astonishment, stood now leaning over Tope, and cried out:

"Ledforge?"

"Mrs. Tope says so," the old man hissed. "She saw Ledforge once at a stockholders' meeting."

Adam relaxed; he chuckled. "You startled me for a minute," he confessed.

"Yes, I noticed that!" said Tope dryly. "Matter of fact, I meant to!"

"But Mrs. Tope is wrong, Inspector," Adam declared. He hesitated. "I telephoned our people in New York this morning, from Ridgcomb, to ask about Ledforge. He's in New York! I checked on that!"

"Yes, so did we," Tope assented. "Ledforge is in New York, all right. But Adam, how did you happen to

think it might be Ledforge?" He looked at the young man shrewdly. "I'm wondering," he said, "if Balsar Vade—you said he was a letter-writing kind of a man—ever wrote a letter to Ledforge?"

Adam surrendered. "All right," he yielded; and he grinned. "I give in. Here it is. But I think Vade's harmless, Tope. Only, Ledforge ruined him, ten years ago, in a water-power project. Since then Vade has been a little cracked on the subject of brooks and streams. I told you about that. He blames Ledforge for spoiling the rivers. Ledforge's office sent over to our people half a dozen letters, pretty wild and extravagant, from this society for the protection of rivers, signed by Vade as secretary, and threatening Ledforge with—fire and brimstone! One of them said something about snatching him up in a fiery chariot, like Elijah or whoever it was; and that suggested kidnaping, so I came up here to see Vade."

He added: "Vade admitted writing the letters, and he dared me to



"No, the dead man isn't Mr. Ledforge."

arrest him. He seemed to want to be persecuted, seemed to want publicity, and a chance to tell the world what sort of man Ledforge is. I think he'd like to play the martyr, but Ledforge didn't want to prosecute." He added: "I suppose Ledforge was as anxious to avoid publicity as Vade was to get it."

Tope nodded understandingly. "But after that, naturally you thought of Ledforge."

"And I checked up," Adam agreed. "And Ledforge is in New York."

Tope beamed. "So this can't be he," he assented. "And Mrs. Tope's mistaken." And he went on to recite to Adam the discoveries of the day. He told the tale of the stolen car, and of Whitlock's inquiries, and of the visit to the Holdom place, and of Miss Nettie Pineyard.

"And Mrs. Kell and Kell have disappeared," he explained. "Holdom was expected home Friday, but he didn't come. Kell came, in the limousine, and drove away in it afterward; and Mrs. Kell drove the coupe away."

Adam ran to quick conjecture. "And Kell joined her later, came with her here? Then they dumped the coupe in the quarry and headed for Canada?"

"Well, maybe," Tope admitted. "What was it? Jealousy? Is Mrs. Kell the flighty kind?"

The Inspector said reluctantly: "Well, it looks as if she spent last week-end—ten days ago—with Ledforge somewhere. And if she'd go away with him, maybe she'd go with others. Maybe this dead man—long as he's not Ledforge—was one of them." He slapped his knee in sudden recollection. "We ought to have sent a tracer out after the limousine that Kell drove away in. Adam, do that, will you?"

Adam nodded. "Yes. What else?"

"Why, it just might be that Ledforge is really missing, and they're covering it up in New York."

"I'll find out," Adam promised.

"And one other thing, Adam: May not have any connection, but I'd like to know. Holdom had a plane—pilot named Bob Flint—and it crashed in Long Island Sound on Saturday morning. Flint, he was killed. I'd like to know what made that plane crash. Maybe you can find out through the Department of Commerce."

Adam said: "Sure."

Then they heard voices outside; and Mrs. Tope and Bee Dewain appeared in the open doorway. Bee had sandwiches wrapped in a napkin, and a glass of milk.

Tope chuckled, and looked at Mrs. Tope. "I declare," he exclaimed. "I forgot all about food!" He took the sandwiches and began to eat them comfortably.

Adam said: "Bee, I've 'ot to do some telephoning; don't ant the

neighbors listening in. Want to run me to town?"

"Take our car," Tope suggested. "No need to bother Miss Dewain. I want to tell her what's been happening." He added with a chuckle: "You'll get back quicker if I keep her here!"

So Adam drove away alone; and Tope told Bee what there was to tell. The girl listened silently till he finished. Then she said:

"No, the dead man isn't Mr. Ledforge. I had a letter from him this morning. Or rather Mr. Eberly did!" And she explained: "You see, Mr. Eberly and Mr. Ledforge are old friends. The bank had some Utilities bonds, and that was one reason it had to close; but Mr. Eberly never blamed Mr. Ledforge. Mr. Eberly left Saturday morning to go fishing in New Brunswick, and I used to be his secretary—he arranged to have his mail delivered to me so I could take care of it. He's not married, so he often does that when he goes away."

Tope listened without questions, and she went on:

"This letter came this morning from Mr. Ledforge. He wants Mr. Eberly to come over and fish with him in the trout-pond above his summer place, tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Ledforge wrote the letter himself."

"You sure?"

"Yes, of course. I've never seen him, but I know his handwriting. I'll show you the letter."

Tope said mildly: "Why, I'd like to see it." And he asked: "Any way you can get in touch with Mr. Eberly, Miss Dewain?"

"Telephone," she said. "Or telegraph."

"I wish you'd call him up, tell him about this invitation." And he added disarming: "If he doesn't want to come back to fish with Mr. Ledforge, ask him to fix it so I can go in his place. I like to fish."

"All right," she assented, amused; and Tope asked:

"Mr. Eberly seen Ledforge lately, has he?"

She shook her head. "No. Mr. Ledforge called him up about ten days ago—Saturday, I think it was. Wanted to see him; but Mr. Eberly was in Boston over that week-end. The operator knows I handle some things for Mr. Eberly so she shifted the call to me."

"Where did Ledforge call from?" Tope wondered.

"Up here, I think," Bee replied. "He said something about 'dropping in.' Something casual. Not as if he were in New York."

Tope nodded, and then they heard a car turn in and stop by the Mill, and Bee looked out and said: "It's Mr. Cumberland, and Joe Dane."

"Call them up here," Tope directed sharply. "Before the whole world knows they're here!"

He came to the door as Bee made haste down the drive; but she was too late to avert the danger Tope foresaw. Joe Dane was inflated by the prospect of handling what promised to become a celebrated case. So when they turned in off the road and stopped beside the Mill, where Earl Priddy was working, Joe called in important tones:

"Hi, Earl! Where's Inspector Tope?"

Priddy straightened up and scratched his head and stared. "Inspector?" he echoed, his eyes wide. "Inspector of what? What's he Inspector of, Joe?"

Bee, arriving just then on the spot, hushed him sharply. "Never mind, Earl! It's none of your business. Go on with your work." She summoned Joe away; the car moved on to Cascade, where Tope waited, and the two men alighted there.

Tope looked at Dane in mild disapproval. "Young man," he said, "you advertise too much!"

"It's all right," Bee said reassuringly. "I told Earl it was none of his business!"

Tope chuckled. "Why, that's fine, miss," he assented. "After that, Earl Priddy won't give it another thought, I know! You certainly fixed that." And he added gently: "You go along now and telephone Mr. Eberly. And let me see that letter." And as the girl turned away, he said: "Come in, Mat. Come in, Dane. I guess Earl doesn't matter. We couldn't keep this thing dark much longer."

And he added slowly: "They've located Holdom. He's in a private hospital down near Hartford with a broken head, a concussion, maybe a fractured skull."

Cumberland nodded, and he explained:

"New York says Ledforge and Holdom started up here last Friday, in Holdom's limousine, with Kell driving. They left New York early, about nine o'clock. Holdom went around to pick Ledforge up at his apartment; and the officer on the beat saw Ledforge come out and get in."

"They don't know when Ledforge came back, but he was in his office Monday morning, and he was at the bank and in his office this morning."

Tope nodded, and Cumberland went on:

"Well, today, when they had made sure about Ledforge, they sent a man to Holdom's office, and the staff there was all excited, because they had just had a telephone message from Holdom. He's in this private hospital in a little town just this side of the Connecticut line."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for January 6

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

A PEOPLE OPPRESSED

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 1:8-14; 1:23-25. GOLDEN TEXT—And He said, Certainly I will be with thee.—Exodus 3:12.

God never forgets His people. We can be assured of that even though at times we must wait for His coming to bring us deliverance.

The history of Israel repeatedly demonstrates the faithfulness of God; hence the lessons of this next quarter concerning them will be a source of real blessing to all who need and seek God's help.

The family of Jacob—or, as the Bible calls them, the children of Israel—prospered in Egypt particularly as long as Joseph and the rulers who remembered him were alive. But they soon learned one of life's bitter lessons, namely, that:

I. Prosperity Is Not Always a Blessing (1:8-11).

The Hebrews were a peaceful, law-abiding people. They were God's chosen people, and as He blessed them they prospered, and thus innocently they brought upon themselves the hatred of the suspicious Egyptians.

Prosperity is never an unmixed blessing. We as a nation know that to be true. Not only does it lead to a certain softening of the sinews, but all too often it results in a weakening of the moral fiber, which makes man easy prey to the attack of the enemy of our souls.

We have just passed through a great war which has demonstrated to the world that in a time of crisis America can be strong, but now that it is over we are ready to fight one another to gain advantage. Many who have profited by war are not content to have less gold in peacetime, and so the old delusion, the love of riches, is about to ruin many lives.

It should be said that the Egyptians had reason, humanly speaking, to fear this great nation which was growing up in their midst. The new rulers did not know Joseph and had forgotten the spirit in which he had brought his family into the land. The leaders of the Egyptians therefore made plans which appealed to their brilliant leaders as politic and wise. But they reckoned without God, and the burdens and the afflictions they placed on the Israelites only served to bring further blessing.

So Israel learned a lesson which our present sorry world can profit by, that:

II. Persecution Is Not Always a Burden (vv. 12-14).

The people of Israel did not appreciate it, but the bitterness of their bondage was a blessing in disguise.

1. It Kept Them Separate as a People. Affliction often serves to keep God's people separated from the world. It is doing so today.

2. It Disciplined Them and Prepared Them for the Hardships of Their Wilderness Journey. We, too, do well to remember that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and that if we are properly "exercised" thereby, our sorrows may yield rich fruit in our lives.

3. It Threw Them Back upon God. Many are the saints of God who have found that the fiery trial, the burden so hard to understand, or some affliction of body, has caused them to bring their burdens to the Lord. We have traveled far on the road of faith when we have reached the place where we learn that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

They had only one place to turn. They were hemmed in on every side, but, as ever, they found that no man can close the way up. They called on their God.

III. Prayer Always Brings Deliverance (2:23-25).

Does God really know when His people suffer? Does He really care? Yes, He does. "They cried," and "God heard" and "remembered." That's all we need to know. The groaning of His people had already stirred God's gracious and tender heart. But He waited to hear their cry before He answered. Such is the law of prayer. May we not forget it. Far too often we turn to everyone and everything else, and finally, in desperation, to God. Why not turn to him first?

Does God hear and answer prayer? Yes, but remember that real prayer is the cry of faith coming from the heart of an obedient child. God may answer other prayers, but He always answers the prayer of faith.

His answer may not be in accord with our opinion of what it should be, for His wisdom is infinite. He knows better than we what the answer should be. Let us trust the Judge of all the earth to do right (Gen. 18:25).

A world thrown into unspeakable fear by the development of the atomic bomb is now recognizing that the only hope for the future is a spiritual revival. Many who scoffed at the idea of prayer to God are ready now to bear the witness of a church that really knows how to pray and to bring deliverance from the hand of God.



Man in Search of Hotel Room

Applicant.—Can I get a suite?
Clerk.—You're in the wrong line; the pycopathic cases are in that other one.

Applicant.—I'm not crazy; I'm just over-planning.

Clerk.—Please stop annoying me.

Applicant.—Very well, I want to be reasonable. . . I'll forget the suite and take a double room with bath.

Clerk.—You just wish to be real fair?

Applicant.—That's it. I might even consider a single.

Clerk.—For what week next July?

Applicant.—Don't make it that difficult. I've got to have a place to sleep tonight.

Clerk.—Anybody who sleeps here tonight has been booked since Pearl Harbor.

Applicant.—There must have been somebody cancel since that time.

Clerk.—There is no such thing as a cancellation any more. If a man decides not to come he raffles off his reservation.

Applicant (confidentially).—Listen, I have a reservation. I wrote in four months ago.

Clerk.—What was the name?

Applicant.—Eisenhower.

Clerk.—There are 28 Eisenhowers here now.

Applicant.—Come to think of it, my name is Chester Bowles.

Clerk.—We have 11 Chester Bowles, 18 General Marshalls and 7 MacArthurs ahead of you.

Applicant.—You look like a fellow I went to school with back in Ansonia.

Clerk.—That's an old one.

Applicant.—How's your mother?

Clerk.—That's been tried, too.

Applicant.—What of democracy? . . . the pursuit of life, liberty and indoor sleeping?

Clerk.—Don't rub it in. I tell you flatly there are no rooms.

Applicant.—Then why do they put clerks at these windows?

Clerk.—We're being DISCIPLINED!

THOUGHTS IN A HOUSING CRISIS

The woodchuck now seems smart to me—

On me he has the laughter: He digs himself a winter home— And pulls the thing in after!

I'm even jealous of the skunk— His odor I'm forgiven: I'd gladly smell that way if I Could dig a place to live in.

The housing crisis has reached a point where it is suggested that "Tenting Tonight" or "Home, Sweet Home" was an American folk song.

Six Argentina autoists have completed a trip from Buenos Aires to New York by automobile over the Pan American highway. They report the most disturbing feature of the trip to have been those constant cracks, "Hey, where do you think you're going!"

The German general staff ranked Ike Eisenhower as the greatest military man on our side, with Patton the most feared commander in the field. They reached the conclusion upon recovering consciousness.

Elmer Twitchell is writing a book about congress. Title: "Forever Yammer."

Henry Ford is considering an annual wage for employees instead of a weekly one. Under such a plan a worker will know that there will be no season of the year when he will be driving in neutral.

The Office of Price Stabilization says the cost of living increase since January, 1941, has been 33 per cent. You can tell from this that it hasn't tried to buy an apple pie, a pair of socks, a bathtub faucet or toy for Junior in all that time.

Barney Oldfield has remarried the wife he divorced almost a quarter of a century ago. The old models are the best.

MacArthur's war criminals hunt is now so close to the throne that Emperor Hirohito must feel as if he were sitting on one of those disappearing chairs at Steeplechase Park.

There is every indication that among their New Year resolutions for 1946 many people took a pledge to give up working.

Travel Note

Let grandma tote the suitcase, Let baby fetch and carry, For now, alas, the Red Cap Is purely legendary.

The sentence imposed on Yamashita ends the philosophy of the Japs that no noose is good news.

One billion, three hundred and six million dollars were bet on horses at the tracks this year. This is not hard to explain: Horses were the only things not hard to get.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK Strawberry Motifs to Embroider



Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
1155 82nd Ave. New York, N. Y.

Enclose 16 cents for Pattern

No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Japanese Pay Tribute To Fujiyama Volcano

The Japanese people worship a mountain peak 12,395 feet high called Fujiyama, 70 miles from Tokyo. Each citizen of Nippon considers it his duty to climb the steaming volcanic peak—once in his life.

The last eruption from the crater occurred early in the Eighteenth century.

ONE of the loveliest designs you've ever seen for embroidering on pillow case tubing, on a guest bed sheet, on guest towels or on luncheon cloths. Each strawberry is one inch in size, to be done in red silk or cotton. Leaves are 1 1/2 inches, outlined in green thread—blossoms are in white satin or outline stitch.

To obtain transfers for the three Strawberry designs (Pattern No. 5842) color chart for working, amounts of threads specified, send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

Household Hints

Lamb chops taste better if they are dipped in lemon juice before broiling.

Take your outmoded gauntlet or your elaborately trimmed glove and cut it down to a wrist-length shorty—this season's favorite.

Windows will gleam if washed with water containing a little witch hazel.

Squeaky floors can be made noiseless by sifting talcum powder between the boards.

Keep a pair of clean gloves near your supply of hosiery during the winter, and don them before putting on hose. It will save many snags caused from hands that are roughened by cold weather.

Never starch linens that are to be stored, since starch tends to make the fabric crack. Wrap in blue paper to prevent yellowing.

Mattresses should be turned from top to bottom one week and side to side the next to prevent sagging.

For boring small holes in plate glass or ordinary window pane, a triangular saw file makes a good drill. Apply the file with light pressure and dip in water from time to time.

GRANDMA SPEAKIN'...

ARE LUNKINS says a real friend is somebody who knows everything about you, but will be seen right out in public with you anyway.

SAVES ALIVE when you use the words "Table-Grade" on a package of Margarine. You know it's top quality. No-Maid Margarine's Table-Grade made especially for use on the table.

A PRESIDENT is a person who goes lookin' for trouble with a magnifying glass and a bottle of aspirin.

WHEN AUNT AGATHA wants her cakes and pies to be extra-good, she won't use neither lard nor butter. She uses No-Maid Margarine's Table-Grade. For the best bakin', she sets you gotta use a shortening that tastes good. Taste your shortenin' the next time you bake.

NU-MAID TABLE-GRADE MARGARINE

PACKAGE SOAP

Use in Hard or Soft Water. Case 12 1/2 boxes \$1.25. Case 25 1/2 boxes \$2.50.

IMITATION PEPPER

Five 2 1/2 packages \$1.50.

Shipped prepaid if paid in full with order. C.O.D. plus all charges. DEALERS & AGENTS WANTED. HOUSEHOLD SALES CO., INC. ALBANY, GEORGIA.

Yours FOR BETTER BAKING

Bring your favorite recipes right up to date by comparing them with the basic recipes contained in

TODAY'S BAKINGWAYS

Your name and address on a post card will bring you this new baking guide plus a copy of The Clabber Girl Baking Book, both free.

ADDRESS
HULMAN & COMPANY
Dept. W Torrington, Indiana

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

"THREE O'CLOCK . . . AND I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK"

WAKEFUL NIGHTS—how the time drifts. Minutes seem like hours, we worry over things done and left undone. After such a night, we get up in the morning more tired than when we went to bed. Nervous Tension causes many a wakeful night and wakeful nights are likely to cause Nervous Tension. Next time you feel Nervous and keyed up or begin to tremble and worry after you get to bed—try

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

DR. MILES NERVINE helps to ease Nervous Tension—to permit refreshing sleep. When you are keyed up, cranky, flustered, wakeful, take Dr. Miles Nervine. Try it for Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion.

Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your drug store. Effervescent Tablets, Large Package 15¢, Small Package 5¢; Liquid, Large Bottle 1.50, Small Bottle 25¢, both equally effective as a sedative, both guaranteed to satisfy or your money back. CAUTION—Take only as directed.

DR. MILES NERVINE