

### 50,000 at Mass Observe Constitution Day



Denis Cardinal Dougherty is pictured during celebration of solemn pontifical high mass in the Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, at which more than fifty thousand Catholics commemorated the 150th anniversary of the Constitution of the United States. Cardinal Dougherty returned thanks for the "Divine protection of the Constitution" which he has vouchsafed to this nation during the hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since the adoption of the Constitution. (Central Press)

### Hope to Trace Crime Cause in Spinal Fluid



Dr. S. W. Brownstein, Warden Frank Sain and Dr. M. H. Levy making spinal test

Hoping to prove the existence of a mysterious "crime disease" in every criminal, two Chicago surgeons, Dr. S. W. Brownstein and Dr. M. H. Levy, plan tests on prisoners. By examining nine prisoners in Chicago's county jail, the doctors said they had been convinced that a person's criminal

tendencies may be traced in the spinal fluid. Extracting a small amount of the fluid, the doctors found in each instance the cell count was much higher than in "law-abiding" citizens. The surgeons are shown above, with Warden Frank Sain, making a spinal test on a jail inmate.

### Radio Picture of Pirate Submarine Parley



This general view of the conference held by European powers to combat the mysterious pirate submarines which have sunk a dozen merchant ships in the Mediterranean, was flown from Nyon, Switzerland, to London, then radioed to New York. It shows Yvon Delbos, French Foreign Minister (in background, holding sheaf of papers), addressing the gathering. Tension was added by refusal of Germany and Italy to attend, and Russia's threat to take matters into its own hands if the powers did not end the submarine menace. (Central Press)

### 'Miss America' Entry



Mary McLaughlin

In contrast to the streamlined entries from the east, Wyoming sends this well-proportioned, yet slightly heavy miss to Atlantic City, N. J., as its entry in the "Miss America" beauty contest. She is Mary McLaughlin, and she weighs 138 pounds. Miss McLaughlin is from Riverton, Wyo.

### China Drops Back



Map shows Chinese secondary defense lines

Chinese armies defending Shanghai have marched back into made-to-order second defense lines, as pictured on the map, during the Japanese to follow. The secondary lines, 30 miles northwest of Shanghai, were set up so that only a frontal assault could be made. Map also shows where Japanese made attacks on Chinese at Yanghang and Hongkew.

# DEAD RECKONING

By BRUCE HAMILTON

READ THIS FIRST:  
Tim Kennedy has been writing a suicide note to himself in his wife's handwriting.  
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

## CHAPTER 2

TIM LOOKED out of the French windows on to the lawn, and saw that Esther was safely established in a deck chair with the Sunday paper. He rose, thrust the papers into a drawer, and locked it, slipping the key into his pocket. . . . He was back again in two minutes, with Esther's pen, two or three sheets of her own paper with an envelope matching it, and a pair of thin rubber gloves which he had got from his own room. Then he unlocked the drawer again, took out the contents, and put on his rubber gloves. They felt a little awkward at first, but after a few minutes' practice, he was satisfied that they did not impair his dexterity.

For the next half-hour he worked steadily, folding the model over as he proceeded, and pausing at the end of every line to rest his hand. For all that his wrist was aching by the time he finished. But it was worth it. He looked at the letter and saw that it was good. It would be impossible for anyone to imagine that it had not been written by Esther's own hand.

He looked out of the window dreamily for a few minutes. He was not going to permit himself any premature exultation; it was necessary to keep his mood to something quite different. But it was impossible to restrain altogether the excitement rising within him. By this time tomorrow it would be over. A month or two of assumed grief and decent gravity; then he would be free to pursue his heart's desire. And he had no doubt of the success of his quest.

He took up the envelope, and wrote upon it, with the same meticulous care, one word—TIM. Then he put the letter in the envelope, and had just sealed it up when there came a knock on the door.

Without undue haste, he slipped off the gloves and thrust them, together with the papers he had been working on, into one of the pockets of his Norfolk coat, fastening the leather button over it. Then he called out "Come in!" and when Adams entered he had started a letter to a London hotel, booking a double room for the following Friday night.

"Well, what is it, Adams?" he asked, without looking up.

"There's a man to see you, sir—a policeman."

His heart stood still. In an aphasia lasting a full minute, he could only look down on the sheet of note paper before him, contemplating blankly the meaningless characters he had written thereon.

"Shall I tell him you're busy, sir?" said Adams at last.

The sound of Adams' voice set his brain going again.

"Did you say a policeman, Adams?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder what he wants."

"I think it's their sports, sir—at Bradstock next Saturday."

"Sports, eh?" He began to come back to life. This was ridiculous—he would have to face something more formidable than a village policeman presently. But the thing had been timed so curiously.

"Of course. . . ." His voice rose to a note of gaiety. "Well, they'll have to do without us this time, eh, Adams? Mrs. Kennedy and I



His heart was thudding as he undid the button.

will be on the high seas on Saturday, won't we?"

"Yes, sir," replied Adams, at attention.

"Still, we must get the tickets as usual. Perhaps you would like to go, Adams, with one of the girls?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Tell him I'll be along in a minute. . . ." The aftermath of shock remained. . . .

But in the surge of relief from he knew not what his spirits ran high, and he talked to the policeman pleasantly for five minutes. By the time he had finished it was close on the lunch hour. He replaced Esther's pen and note paper, and as it seemed to be getting hotter all the time, he went to his room and changed his heavy Norfolk jacket for a light one of gray alpaca.

He had been at the table five minutes, talking with an easy gaiety of the coming holiday, before he remembered, with a sensation of sickly panic, that he had left everything in the pocket of the Norfolk jacket. Prudence told him to sit tight till lunch was over; but he could not wait. He made an excuse and almost ran up the stairs. His heart was thudding as he undid the button and pulled out the papers. It was all right: they had clearly not been disturbed. But he was very quiet during the rest of the meal.

Directly it was over he strolled out into the orchard, made a bonfire of garden refuse, and put the papers on it—Esther's notes, his own experiments in forgery, and the final model. He did not stir from the bonfire until they had all been consumed, and then he ground the ashes with his shoe.

Only the essential letter was spared, and he was now afraid of keeping it about his person. So he went to the library and locked it safely away in the drawer.

Tim had graduated into homicide from the school of armchair murderers.

The fact is exceptional enough to be worthy of record, for this class of people, nearly always recruited from the middle station of

life, is habitually taken with so little seriousness as a potential menace to society that it is considered safe to indulge and even pamper it. It is given fairy tales in the form of the detective story. History is provided through the medium of lengthy reports of trials and inquests, and for those of a scientific bent, instruction in technique is made available by books on "criminology" and manuals of medical jurisprudence. . . . And the indulgence, save for about one case in 10 million, is abundantly justified. The middle class, taken as a whole, lacks the toughness required for murder. It is frequently strong in imagination, but fearful of any action that has not the sanction of class tradition. Besides, it is squeamish about electrocution. . . . There are many who brood wistfully on the benefits that would accrue from the removal here of a redundant wealthy uncle, there of a superfluous husband or wife, who has enslaved their very soul. But give them an overwhelming motive, a golden opportunity, and a virtual guarantee against detection, and they will hold back. If fundamental humanity does not restrain them, fear will. In the last issue, they know their musings for what they are—the poetry of the respectable.

Nevertheless, society sometimes throws up a "sport"—a rare being able to cast off the shackles of tradition and inhibition, who will regard the most dreadful of crimes as preferable to the loss of conventional good opinion and the economic consequences it entails. Then you get the true middle-class murderer, a figure of awful menace and awful fascination. Most frequently the subject has always had a screw loose somewhere—a streak of congenital depravity. Less common is the type, normally of pacific and unassuming disposition, who sets, however, a definite limit to what he is prepared to endure, and once that limit is passed will hazard everything, disgrace, and even death, to relieve himself of the burden. To this type it seems that Tim Kennedy belongs.

(To Be Continued)

### Wife Preservers



Pineapple and cucumber make a refreshing combination for salad. Either shredded or sliced pineapple may be used. Dice cucumber and use equal parts of each. They may be molded in gelatin or simply served on lettuce with mayonnaise.

### Mattern Reports



Jimmy Mattern, noted American flier, is shown leaving the Soviet Embassy at Washington after reporting on his search for six Soviet airmen lost in the Arctic. Mattern searched the polar wastes for seven-teen days in a vain attempt to locate the men, who disappeared on a Moscow-U. S. flight over the North Pole.

### SPANISH WAR LORD AT HOME



General Francisco Franco, wife and child  
This intimate photo taken at Salamanca, Spain, shows the Spanish insurgent chief, General Francisco Franco, with his wife, Carmen, and daughter Carmencita. This is the first picture taken of Franco's wife and child since the civil war began.

### NOAH NUMSKULL

YOU'RE STUCK WITH THE PERMANENT CHAIRMANSHIP!

DEAR NOAH—IF A CLUB CHAIRMAN WERE TIED IN A CHAIR, WOULD HE BE A CHAIRMAN OR A PRISONER?  
MRS. GED. HUFFSTICKLE, BELMONT, N.C.

DEAR NOAH—IS THAT JAPANESE GARMENT CALLED ESKIMONO DURING THE WINTER?  
OTTO MEINERKE, NILES, MICH.

DEAR NOAH—COULD A SAFE CRACKER MAKE A SANE FOLKLORE?  
C. GABLE STUBBS, ST. PAUL, MINN.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SEND THOSE NOAH NUMSKULLS, CAME, THIS PAPER

### NONSENSE

I FERGOT WOT MA ZENT ME DOWN HERE FOR?

THINK HARD, SONNY

ICE HOUSE

LOOK GALS! ELIZABETH STEPHENSON OF SOUTH DENT THIS IN.

### NOAH NUMSKULL

YIPPEE! YOU MISSED ME AGAIN!

DEAR NOAH—IF THE OSW GETS CRANIC AT MAKING TIME, WILL THE MILK MAID GET A KICK OUT OF IT?  
MARGARET WILSON, VALE, N.C.

DEAR NOAH—IF POP DIDN'T TASTE GOOD TO ME, WOULD I SCREAM?  
MARGUERITE HOUSSNER, FALLON, ILL.

DEAR NOAH—IF A PRINTER FORGETS TO WRITE HIS GIRL, WILL HIS TYPEWRITER?  
A. BECKMAN, POST OFFICE, N.C.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SEND THOSE NOAH NUMSKULLS, CAME, THIS PAPER

### NOAH NUMSKULL

STUCK ON THIS KITE BUSINESS

DEAR NOAH—SHOULD I USE FLY PAPER TO MAKE A KITE?  
LEONARD SLUCK, TOLEDO, O.

DEAR NOAH—IF I WENT FROM GREECE TO SPAIN, WOULD I BE JUMPING FROM THE FAT INTO THE FIRE?  
MRS. R. H. BRITTON, S. DAK.

DEAR NOAH—IF THE PRICE ON PENCILS GOES UP, WILL WRITING PAPER REMAIN STATIONERY?  
B. C. BALDWIN, TRYONE, PA.

POSTCARD YOUR NOTIONS TO NOAH