Pajamas That Give



ered as calmly as the merest bit

of current gossip would be dis-

"According to what I hear," con-

tinued the narrator, "Sawdy and

some of Bill's friends choked the

story out of Barney. Sawdy got

cut up in the fracas with him-

Cat. Jane, rousing herself from a

beat, staggered to her feet, dazed,

and supporting herself along the

aisle with her hands alternately on

the backs of the seats, stepped

Bull Page, who was in with the

team and buckboard to take her

home, reached for her handbag,

'No. Bull," Jane said quietly. "I'm

"Stavin' in town?" stammered

"Drive me to the hotel," Jane said

wearily. "I'll take a room there.

You drive home and come back for

It was ten o'clock. Assigned to a

room. Jane freshened herself after

the long, dusty car ride, bathed her

face and temples again and again

in cold water, and tried to collect

It all seemed like a hideous

dream. Surely it could be shaken

off; surely men could not be so

fiendish as to plot fire and so hor-

rible a death as would follow to

Her father! She shuddered. This

Of one thing she felt certain: if

it were true, she could no longer

live under the same roof with him.

He knew the truth. No doubt re-

mained in her mind on that point.

No need now to ask why he seemed

worried and changed. Was he only

waiting, trying to decide how to tell

She threw open her window and

kneeling before it, looked out upon

"Let Me Put That Bandage Back

its myriad of heavenly lights. The

cool air cleared her head. But what

could loosen the deadly grief and

shame that clutched at her pound-

When Dr. Carpy walked into his

office from the dining room after

breakfast next morning, he saw

Jane Van Tambel standing before

"Why, Jane!" he exclaimed.

'What brings you here so early?'

She looked around at him in si-

lence. The doctor walked over to

her and laid his hands on her shoul-

ders." "Jane," ne asked, "what has

The grief in her sunken eyes was

"Oh. doctor!" The exclamation

came like a burst of suffering long

He saw the fat was flatly in the

the window, looking out.

happened, girl?"

too apparent.

Where It Belongs."

thought was most horrible of all-

blindly down to the platform.

not going out tonight."

"Not going out?"

Bull, vastly surprised.

me tomorrow afternoon."

her throbbing thoughts.

sleeping men.

incredible—and yet

lips confronted her.

say? What would he do?

"I'm staying in town."

cussed on a street corner.

with a knife."

CHAPTER XI-Continued -13-

"Yes, you can, damn you, and you will. Let me put that bandage back where it belongs-and you keep it there. Don't talk about eyesight unless you want it back. Where the hell do I come in? What am I getting out of this?" It was battle between two strong wills, and it was long in the waging. But when Carpy, wiping the sweat from his forehead and, himself almost unstrung, left Denison's side, his atlent had ridden out the storm and had promised quiet till the two could think of what might be done, pledging in the interval mutual and absolute secrecy.

Secrecy, however well pledged. grows more difficult to control in proportion to the number of perons pledged.

Carpy swore Sawdy and Lefever to it very easily. McAlpin and Ben Page were warned that if the story leaked out, it might become unpleasant for both. As for Bob Scott, no one was ever known to worm a secret out of him; Barney, of course, dared not talk.

Yet it will easily be understood that too many people had the story; and only the continual efforts of Dr. Carpy in silencing, through threats of what might happen to them, one or another of the con spirators kept it under cover.

Jane, after the usual storm with her father, who knew what she was doing, rode next morning into town to make her visit to the hospital.

Denison was a poor actor. In his endeavor to make Jane feel there had been nothing to upset him, he as over solicitous. Carpy did | etter; but he was compelled to admit that Denison had not been doing quite so well-since Jane could see that for herself.

Her father continued taciturn and loof. Jane knew she was defying him by continuing to visit Denison, yet being of much the same tenaclous will as her father himself, she reckoned little of it.

But her visits and ministrations to the injured neighbor of Gunlock Ranch became so frequent, and she herself was so wholly indifferent to comment, that the situation became food for local gossip. Here was Van Tambel a deadly enemy her he could not marry her-that of Denison's, with his daughter her father had blinded him-that openly showing a very special in- they must part? terest in Denison's condition at the hospital-carrying to him delicacies and spending with him half the silent, far-stretching desert with her time in town.

* Things were at this pass when one day Van Tambel told his daughter he must go to Medicine Bend on some bank business. Jane knew that he was not able to make the trip-Carpy had told her more Chan once that the old man's life hung by a thread. She pleaded withher father, found out what the business was, and offered to go in his

She took the morning train for Medicine Bend, secured the further time on his notes at the bank, spent the night at the Mountain House, and took the afternoon train west for Sleepy Cat.

The Pullman cars were crowded. Jane was forced to find a seat in a day coach. Here she placed her handbag in the seat beside her, bought a magazine, and resigned herself to a long afternoon and eve-

ming. Two men had taken the seat directly behind her. Jane resumed her reading until in the conversation between the two men her attention was attracted by catching the name of Bill Denison.

Her curiosity once aroused, it was easy to follow the drift of their talk. Presently she heard mention of her father's name. Aroused now to keen interest, Jane was torn between the feeling that she ought not to listen and the impulse that she must.

"Of course, nobody can prove it." were the words she heard. "I didn't say they could. That old bird knows too well how to cover his tracks. But everybody knows how he deviled Denison's brother when he lived there-tried to buy him out, then scare him out, and then smoke him out. The old devil has been crazy ever since he owned Gunlock to get hold of that little Spring Ranch. Why? Account of the water. It's the biggest spring in the hills. Now that he's back from the hospital, the first thing he Wthinks of is to get hold of that

spring." Jane listened with bated breath. "Why, it's common talk in Sleepy Cat," the narrator went on, "that pent. "I know everything." ne paid Barney Rebstock to set Bill's ranch house afire and came fire, indeed he had long had only a faint hope of keeping the facts from Jane. His real hope had been damned near burning Bill up in it." fire Her heart stopped beating as she a it heart the dreadful recital, deliv-fro

till he could save Denison's eyes and thus cushion the horrid shock that the facts must bring to an innocent sufferer.

She had thrown her arms on the table in front of her. Her head sank between them.

Dr. Carpy rose, walked around to standing beside her, supported it in his arms. "Jane," he said sloweyes, "from what you tell me, I see that you have heard loose stories floating around.

"You, too, have heard them, Doctor. Why, oh, why didn't you tell

"Jane!" exclaimed the doctor, driven from his last stronghold of reserve by the polgnancy of her grief. "How the hell could I tell you a story involving those it did in such an affair? Actually, nobody knows just what the facts are. Now we must get started right. First you tell me all you heard. Then I'll tell you all I've heard-is that fair?"

Brokenly, and pausing at intervals to control her voice, Jane gave him the train story.

Sawdy was laid up in the hospital Carny had howed his head. for a month. Barney's a mean devil "Well," he commented as she The train was pulling into Sleepy looked soberly up, "that's not far from what I've been told myself. stupor, her breath choking her, ner But, Jane, I'm not a bit sure we heart ready to burst with every have the facts in these stories. They all depend on the word of one of the worst characters in this country. Barney Rebstock wouldn't hesitate at anything low down in the whole range of crime-anybody in town will tell you that. He's not only an ex-convict but the biggest liar in this whole country."

"Doctor," she said solemnly, "does Bill know all that you and I know? "Jane," he answered in like, "Bill knows all that you and I know."

"Oh, I knew it. I knew it. To think that poor I should have brought this horror into his life!" "Jane, that's not so. This might

all have happened if you never had seen this country." "I want you to do one last favor for me, Doctor. Will you?" asked

"What is it. Jane?" "I want you to say to Bill that I freely release him from his promise of marriage; that I beg him to

forgive me all I have innocently caused him to suffer-and that I will leave here forever-"Jane!" exclaimed her listener. She raised her hand, "I've not fin-

shed yet." "Go on!" he snapped, bluntly.

"My father has made me his heir to Gunlock ranch: he has no other heir. This morning I will make my will and bequeath whatever I inand the terrifying duty of learning herit from my father to William the revolting truth from his own Denison, to atone as far as I can for the wrongs my father has done

And her lover-Bill, blinded Bill -what now of him? Could she ever "Well?" remarked Carpy coldly. face him again? What would he "That is all."

> "And that is what you want me o tell Bill?"

"That, Doctor, is what I want Bill to know. Oh, if I had another to do it for me, dear Doctor, I

wouldn't put it on you." Carpy rose to his feet. "Jane, you're sending me on a fool's errand. But seeing I'm noth- lieves it," she said, trembling. ing but an old fool, I expect I'm just the man for the job. I can tell you now what he'll say as well as if

that wouldn't satisfy you. So I'll go-and go now. "Now promise," he repeated, in parting, "you will stay right here in this office till I get back."

But she was ill prepared for what she saw when the office door was opened half an hour later and Dr. Carpy pushed Denison ahead of him into the office. Bill's eyes were bandaged. He groped a little with his hands, while the doctor guided him to a chair.

"Here he is, Jane," announced Carpy bluntly. "He can speak for

She had not an instant to wait. No sooner did Denison feel himself seated in a chair than he held out his arms and said, apparently not with deep feeling, not with pained emotion, but in the most commonplace, every-day, matter-offact manner: "Where's my girl? Come here!"

The old doctor watched Jane run timidly to Denison's side. "Bill!" she exclaimed brokenly. "Here I

"What's all this talk I hear about your quitting me, Jane?" he asked unsteadily.

"Bill, I thought you ought at least to have a-"

"Well, I've had my chance, haven't I? And this is my answer. Till death us do part! Nothing less, nothing else goes! Is that plain, girlie? I gave you a chance the other day to quit me-what was your answer?"

CHAPTER XII

TANE did not go home that afternoon. She sent Bull and the buckboard back with instructions not to come in for her until she sent word. She wrote a brief note to her father, merely saying that she had attended to his business and would be home in a few days Van Tambel, in an impatient rage, sent Bull back with an order to Jane to come home at once.

The harsh message made less impression on his daughter than he had intended; but it did bring back the answer that she would be out

When the buckboard next day other.

that she might not hear the truth drew up at the ranchhouse door. Jane alighted with a fast-beating heart.

Fortunately, when she got home, her father was out in the hills. Her welcome came from Quong; it sort of broke the ice of the home-coming. But she went to her room, got out her two old sultcases, dusted the other side, lifted her head and, them off, laid them on her bed and, stripping the hooks of her closet and opening the drawers of her ly, looking down into her pitiful dresser, began almost furiously to

While she was at this, she heard the heavy uneven steps of her fa-



"Bill, I Thought You Ought at

ther in the living room, and the next minute his huge bulk darkened the open doorway of her bedroom. "Hello!" he snapped.

She turned. "Hello, Father," she

esponded simply. "What are you doing?"

"Packing." "What f'r?"

"Preparing to go into town." "What you goin' in town agin

"I've got a job in town, and I'm

going there to work at it." "What kind of a job?" he snorted. "I'm going to study nursing at

the hospital."

"What the hell you goin' to do that f'r?" "Because things have been done

from here that make this place hateful to me. I couldn't stand it here any longer." "What things you talkin' about?" She looked at him steadily. "I'm

talking about burning Bill Denison's ranch house."

"What's that got to do with your quitting home?" "Everything. Everybody's talking

about that fire. Barney Rebstock has told that you paid him for setting fire to a neighbor's ranch house with men sleeping in it." "Why, that fellow's the worst

- liar in Sleepy Cat. Nobody believes anything be says." "I can tell you everybody

"Do you believe it?" "Father, I am forced to unless

you can convince me you had noth-I'd seen him and given him your ing to do with it. This wretch nas message. But I know, of course, had a pocketful of money."

Van Tambel regarded her with perfect poise. "Why, I did give him a little money. I'll say I've been sorry for him. I know he hates Bill Denison—a good many folks in this country's got no use for that-"

"Stop!" cried Jane. "Don't say anything against Bill Denison, He saved my life!"

"-that damned, dirty, ornery rustler and thief-"

Jane's eyes blazed. She stamped her foot. "Don't you dare!" she cried. "What you're saying about him is what every one in this country says about you."

"Yes? There's some damned mean people in this country," thundered her father. "Just look out for yourself, my lady. I don't know any more about that fire than you do. If Barney Rebstock wanted to get even with Denison, that's his business, not mine. You shut your trap."

"That's not all." "More lies, eh?"

"McCrossen has told in town that you once tried to get him to set the house on fire and he refused to

do it." "He lies! He did do it! I gave him five hundred dollars to do it. He agreed to do it and took the money to do it. If he hired Barney Rebstock to start the fire that's his lookout! I left you here to watch things, and McCrossen has been running off my steers ever since I went to the hospital. He knows I know it. He knows I'm going to get after him. And I will," he shouted with a frightful oath. "Now look here! I'll tell you where you get off. You're not going a step to town! I know your scheme; you're going to live with that man

"Father!" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Nations Seek Monopolies The enterprising and commercial nations of the world know there is far more money to be made securing and establishing for themselves a monopoly in the undeveloped regions of the earth than in peaceful and competitive commerce with each *********

STAR DUST

Movie · Radio *** By VIRGINIA VALE**

FRED ASTAIRE, when he and his wife arrived in New York after their European vacation, staged what may be called either an outrageous attack of temperament or a burst of completely justified anger.

He was willing to pose for photographers for newspapers and news reels, but his wife was not. Somebody snapped her anyway - and Astaire proceeded to raise the roof until he got the plate. He explained that Mrs. Astaire

does not want publicity; that she is not a Hollywood celebrity, but his wife, and does not want to be anything else. She feels, apparently, that the public can have no interest in her.

Astaire would seem to be right. And there's a question as to whether he'd ever have got that plate if he hadn't made himself very disagreeable in order to do so. Perfectly calm and even-tempered people have discovered, the moment they came into contact with the motion picture business, that they weren't taken seriously unless they flew into a rage every so often.

Madeleine Carroll, whom you'll see in "The General Died at Dawn,"

(that is, you'll see it if you want to see a swell picture) is in pictures because she wants to be, not be-cause she has to earn a living. She is the wife of Capt. Philip Astley.

who was considered one of the greatest catches in England before they were married. At that time she had not

Madeleine Carroll made a name for herself; she was just one more girl

who was doing all right in pictures. She went right on doing all right in them. Hollywood discovered her, and claimed her. Beautiful, intelligent, talented, she manages both her career and her marriage very well indeed. One thing she couldn't manage-she and her husband had planned to go to their castle in Spain last summer, and the revolution spoiled their plans.

We're always hearing about the effect that the gowns worn in pic-

tures have on fashions. So it may interest you girls to know that at the presentation of "Fashion Futures" at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. held recently by fashion authorities, these were among the dresses chosen

from pictures which, Joan Crawford it is said, will be modified for the rest of us to wear this year: Joan Craw-

ford's red velveteen robe, worn in "The Gorgeous Hussy"—it has huge sleeves, mink reveres, and braided cuffs and shoulders. Loretta Young's blue challis, with shirred skirt and sleeves and a ruffled petticoat. worn in "Ramona." And Olivia de Haviland's bouffant organdie, with a pleated flounce for a hem worn in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade."

When the football broadcasts get under way Albie Booth, who was chosen for the All-American team when he played at Yale, will describe them for WHN. New York.

Last fall he attended one of the big games in the party with your correspondent. And, unlike many men at football games, he just watched the game. He didn't call plays, he didn't express opinions about players, he didn't even say what he thought of the game.

Jane Hamilton, RKO actress, bought a new coupe the other day and went into a huddle with the salesman over having it painted a special shade of gray. She couldn't decide on the shade, and was thinking it over when a gray car was

"Well," says Jane. "I think that color will probably do." "It should," retorted the sales-

man. "That's Clark Gable's \$20 .-000 Dusenberg." ODDS AND ENDS . . . Joseph M.

Schenck, who is chairman of the board

at 20th Century-Fox, has imported a Shetland pony for Shirley Temple . . . The pony's name is "Samuel of Spleen" ... They're making pictures fast with Shirley these days, because she's growing up . . . In two years Robert Taylor has become Metro's most popular play-er . . . If you've read "Gone With the Wind" don't you think that Miriam Hopkins ought to have the role of the heroine when the book is filmed . . . And Clark Gable is perfect for the hero... Loretta Young has gone off to Honolulu, alone... Rumor had it that she and Eddie Sutherland would travel there on their honeymoon . . . "Swing Time" has been held over for the third week at New York's Radio City Music Hall-that's how good it is . . lack Oakie is very funny on the radio (did you hear him with Bob Burns during Bing Crosby's absence?), but for some reason sponsors don't appre-ciate him. Western Newspaper Union.

Ease and Warmth

Thinks about

Praising California.

TERNALIS, CALIF—They

flowers had no real smell, and

that California birds had no

song-and that's a lie because

the resident mocking bird feels

it his Christian duty to get right

under my bedroom window and

sing all night-and that Cali-

fornia grown foods had no

It's true California still produces

one pear which suggests a low

which

size of a derby hat Irvin S. Cobb

But we can grow apricots and

cherries and nectarines and peaches

as toothsome as you'd ask for; and

noble berries and luscious prunes

and delectable grapes; and, on this

great ranch, about the finest mel-

ons I ever ate. There's likewise a

red onion which has a taste all

right-eat it raw and you taste it

And if you think our flowers don't

Troubles of a Pioneer.

IFE in these parts is just one

thing after another, and some-

times it's several things after an-

other, all at once-such as the rush

of the autograph collectors upon a

poor, shy movie star, or the yelp-

ing onslaught of our estate beagles

when a visiting nobleman incau-

tiously intimates that he might

But complications also pile up for

a life-long resident who has been

here, as I have, nearly two years

now and so is qualified to join the

Early Pioneers' California society.

Here I go and take on a radio pro-

gram-and I did so hope to fly east

to see what Mrs. Harrison Williams

will be wearing this fall. At times

the temptation just to drop every-

thing and start has been well-nigh

Reducing Motor Accidents.

W E'RE great people at starting something, but, just then,

along comes a new crusade or a

new movement or a new style in di-

vided skirts and we trail off after

that, forgetting the issue which had

seemed so passionately important.

Last January we were all enlist-

ing to make 1936 a safer year on

the highroad. With the year nearly

three-fourths gone, what have we

done to reduce the appalling mor-

tality? And what are we going to do

before all of us, except the idiots

and drunkards, who are supposed to

be the special ward of providence,

I'm reminded of the colored man

in Mississippi who was convicted

of murder, and his lawyer forgot

to file an appeal, and finally the

condemned man sat down and wrote

this letter: "Dear Guvnor: Please,

suh. I is on the middle of a purticu-

lar fix and onlessen you do some-

thin' right away, they hang me

Friday-here 'tis Wednesday al-

Saving Your Teeth.

THOUGH thy teeth be but state-ly ruins, with English ivy grow-

ing all over them and bullbats nest-

ing in the hollows, fight off for as

long as possible those who think the

root of all evil is the bottom of your

remaining bicuspid. Don't let 'em

be too fast about photographing

No man ever yet had an X-ray

picture that flattered him. Particu-

larly is that true when it's an in-

Because, the next thing you know,

a gentleman in a white smock is

testing some forceps and saying,

"This may hurt-just a little." And

then the next thing after that, your

I did so and the result is that, no

matter what else is on the menu, I

go in for the Cobb pink plate spe-

cial. A fellow does get tired of

having everything he eats taste like

@-WNU Service.

Sausage in Caesai's Time

their own particular type of sausage,

made from fresh pork and white

pine nuts, chopped fine and seasoned

with pepper, bay leaves, herbs and

cumin seed. So popular was this

sausage, in fact, that it became

identified with Lupercalian feasts

and the early Christian church suc-

ceeded in getting it prohibited as a

heathen and licentious instrument

during the reign of one of the Chris-

tian emporers of Rome, possibly

Constantine the Great. The prohibi

tion was lifted, however, when it

was found that bootleggers were thriving and the sale of sausage was going forward undisturbed.

The Romans of Caesar's time had

IRVIN S. COBB.

terior view of the human face.

uppers are as false as Judas.

have been mowed down?

ready!"

your jaw either.

rubber.

overpowering.

sell his trailer and buy a lot.

smell enough, try our politics.

flavor.

grade of damp cot-

ton batting, and one

variety of fig which

could pass for li-

brary paste, and a

certain tropical

makes you think

you've been licking

postage stamps. And

there's a special

breed of mushrooms

which is about the

and tastes like one.

for days and days.

pawpaw

used to say that California



1923-B

This suavely tailored club style pajama set is the essence of sim-Whether your cotton, satin, silk crepe, po gee or rayon is expensive or not you won't be taking a chance with pattern No. 1923-B for step-by-step sewing instructions are included and guarantee to guide your every stitch.

College girls approve its conservative styling — busy house-wives find them adequate to greet the unexpected guest and the business girl revels in their comfort and ease assuring details. The trousers are amply cut and the soft blouse roomy enough for any 12 to 20's daily dozen. A natty pointed collar, wide cuffs and belt add an air of distinction to your

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"Disagreeable surface pimples and bright red patches broke out on my face and forehead. They itched and my appearance made me miserable. I tried several ointments to no avail. Then I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three weeks my complexion was clear and smooth again." (Signed) Miss S. Fortier, 959 Worcester Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

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Watch Your Kidneys

OUR kidneys are cons

YOUR kidneys are constantly ing waste matter from the stream. But kidneys sometimes their work—do not act as natureded—fail to remove impuritie poison the system when retaine. Then you may suffer negging ache, dizziness, scanty or too fro urination, getting up at night, put under the eyes, feel nervous, a ble—all upset.

le—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Do

Don's are especially for pr

tioning kidneys. They a

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood