

Household Questions

When potatoes have been over-boiled and gone to broth, lay a strong cloth in the colander and simply the contents of the saucepan into it. Gather up the cloth as if for a pudding, and squeeze tightly until every drop of moisture is out, and you will find that you have a light, floury ball.

Dates filled with cheese or nuts make a good accompaniment to serve on fruit salads.

Mix ingredients for ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water. It improves them.

A clove of garlic rubbed around the salad bowl will season the salad, but will not give it too strong a flavor.

Instead of sewing ribbon belt to a buckle to be worn on wash dresses, use a snap fastener. Buckle may then be easily removed when washing.

Crumbled dried bacon is delicious when added to egg omelet. Left-over bacon can be used this way.

Don't whisper in a sick person's presence, and don't look gloomy after the doctor's visit. Imagination runs riot when one is ill and sick people miss nothing.

To remove marks on paint which have been made with matches, rub them with lemon, then with whiting and finally wash with soap and water.

Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

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ONLY LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS will do these 3 things... Clear your head, Soothe your throat, Help build up your ALKALINE RESERVE WHEN A COLD STRIKES!

Failure, Then Success Failures may be the forerunner of greater success.

Don't put up with useless PAIN Get rid of it! When functional pains of menstruation are severe, take CARDUI. If it doesn't benefit you, consult a physician. Don't neglect such pains. They depress the tone of the nerves, cause sleeplessness, loss of appetite, wear out your resistance.

REAL LIFE STORY Tired all the time? She told him what to do! FEELS LIKE NEW! THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE.

NO TO NIGHT! Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

Don't delay! Use Don's Pills. Don's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by generalists and country doctors. Get them from any drugstore.

Don't delay! Use Don's Pills.

DEPUTY OF THE DEVIL

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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SYNOPSIS

Dr. Greeding, a wealthy and talented middle-aged surgeon, is possessed of seemingly supernatural powers. Occasionally he can wish for something extraordinary to happen and have the wish fulfilled. Greeding meets Ira Jerrell, a wealthy business friend of his own age, who tells him he loves his daughter Nancy and would like to marry her. Dr. Greeding is pleased and tells Jerrell he has a clear field. Nancy, however, is in love with Dan Carlisle, a professor at the University who has little means. They discuss marriage, but decide to delay talking to her father about it. Nancy, who has been playing tennis with Dan that afternoon, tells her father she had been playing with a girl friend. Greeding knows this is untrue and is secretly enraged. Stepping into his wife's room, his eye falls on a marble statuette which he dislikes. He picks it up, wishing he could smash it to bits. Suddenly it is snatched from his grasp as by an invisible force and burst asunder. Mrs. Carlisle is greatly disturbed over the mysterious destruction of the statuette. The doctor reveals that Ira Jerrell wants to marry Nancy. On the way to a dinner party a car cuts in front of Greeding's. He angrily expresses the wish that the driver would break his neck. An instant later an accident occurs in which this very thing happens. At the dinner the Greedings meet Prof. Carlisle, Dan's father, and his daughter Mary Ann. Dr. Greeding is intrigued by Mary Ann, who is a surgical nurse. Mrs. Greeding tells Prof. Carlisle about the destruction of the statuette and he indicates it might have been caused by a "poltergeist," a "racketing, mischievous spirit." Dr. Greeding induces Mary Ann to take a position in his office. Eventually he finds he loves her. Jerrell continues to see Nancy, whose love for Dan is unchanged. The Greedings invite the Carlises to dinner. Dr. Greeding discusses with Prof. Carlisle the subject of "poltergeists," the doctor telling of some of his own experiences, but attributing them to a friend.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"That's outside the bounds, of course," he commented, not smiling. "I wonder whether it is," Doctor Greeding stubbornly demurred; and he said thoughtfully: "You know, the human body has an infinite capacity to rise to emergencies. If a man loses sight, or hearing, or his other senses—become more acute. If a vein is destroyed, even the jugular, others take up the burden. If fingers are amputated, the thumb redoubles its usefulness. Isn't it possible that in some cases, when a man approaches old age and the impairment of his muscular strength, he may by way of compensation develop such a—power?" "Old men acquire wisdom," the professor pointed out. "That is weapon enough!" "But in a primitive society," Doctor Greeding urged, "old men, when their increasing weakness made them a burden to the tribe, would have been eliminated, unless their strength failed they learned other ways to defend themselves. For instance, to imagine a wound, and have that wound appear—"

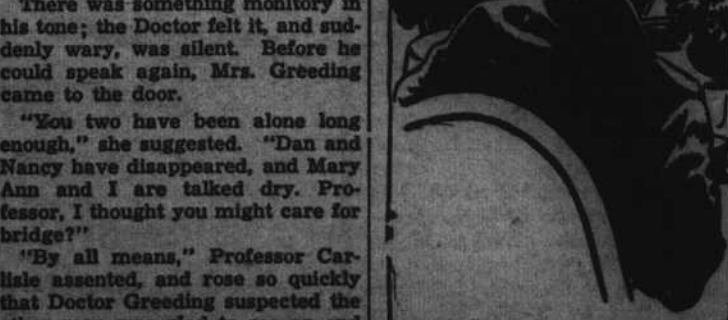
And he said, his eyes gleaming strangely: "A man able to do that would be a dangerous enemy."

Professor Carlisle said reflectively: "I expect he would be more dangerous to himself than to others. The world seems to be organized for the general rather than the individual benefit. Probably some counter-force would arise to deal with him."

"Yet it's a fascinating thought," Doctor Greeding insisted. Professor Carlisle retorted gravely: "I should be inclined to remind such a man that he who eats with the devil will need a long spoon!" There was something monitory in his tone; the Doctor felt it, and suddenly wary, was silent. Before he could speak again, Mrs. Greeding came to the door. "You two have been alone long enough," she suggested. "Dan and Nancy have disappeared, and Mary Ann and I are talked dry. Professor, I thought you might care for bridge?" "By all means," Professor Carlisle assented, and rose so quickly that Doctor Greeding suspected the other man was glad to see an end to this conversation. They settled at the table in the other room, the Doctor and Mary Ann as partners.

But almost at once the telephone rang, and Ruth came to call Doctor Greeding. When he returned, it was with apologies.

"I'll have to break up the game," he explained. "This is a call I can't very well refuse. Up in Kennelshank. An old friend, an emergency." He looked at Mary Ann, smiling. "It's a grand night for a drive, Miss Carlisle," he suggested. "But if you'd rather not—" "I'll come, of course," Mary Ann assented. "You will want the kit—" "We'll stop by for it," he said. Mrs. Greeding protested: "Ned, it can't be necessary to subject Mary Ann to this—no yourself at all. You could send Doctor Mayhew!" Mary Ann insisted: "Oh, I don't



"That's Outside the Bounds, of Course," He Commented, Not Smiling.

beyond, the road led smoothly on. They drove swiftly. Once he thought she slept, but when he looked at her, she was watching him. Or rather her eyes swung to meet his. He had never felt so awake, so alive. He nudged the fact that they came presently to their destination, and had a task to do; and he attacked this business in haste, eager to be done and on the road again with her; and Mary Ann became an automaton, supplementing his own hands with hers, anticipating his least desire. An hour of this, like machines. Then low-toned conversation with the Doctor, words of reassurance to the patient's wife, instructions to the nurse. So toward two o'clock in

the morning they set out on the return to Cambridge. They had been urged to stay the night, but Doctor Greeding would not. "I've five cases scheduled for the morning," he explained. "On the road again, Mary Ann said: "You might have been wiser to stay. There aren't five cases. There are only two, and Doctor Mayhew could do them." Doctor Greeding chuckled. "He shall," he assented. "I intend to sleep till noon. But I wouldn't miss this drive home with you."

"I expect a night's sleep would have done you more good," she insisted, smiling as though his words were a jest. He shook his head, intoxicated, alive; and after a little, he began to talk. He was in a confidential mood; and he found himself telling her about Ira Jerrell and Nancy. "But don't repeat this to Dan," he warned her. "That brother of yours is so conscientious he might feel bound to step into the back-ground and give Jerrell a clear field. I don't want him to do that. I want Nancy to make up her own mind, freely, between them."

"I know Dan feels he—Isn't good enough for Nancy," she admitted, and added loyally: "Personally, I think she's lucky to get him. Dan's a peach!" She looked at him, surprised. "But I didn't know you knew about them?" she said. "I have Nancy's confidence," he retorted; and she nodded. He continued: "Did I take the right attitude? Would you have said the same? Do you feel that—a girl makes a mistake to marry a man twenty years her senior?" She was silent for longer than he liked. He looked at her, smiling. "Tell the truth," he insisted. "Not if she loves him," said Mary Ann at last. She added, almost reluctantly: "Not if there is no reason why she shouldn't love him." And after a moment she remarked, half to herself: "Sometimes a girl is wiser to choose a proved man. Then she knows what she is getting. Young men may change as they—mature."

He laughed in a sudden swift delight; but when she asked why he laughed, he would not tell her. Silence embraced them again, drawing them together; the car ran smoothly. The moon now was low; and Doctor Greeding's eyes fixed upon the flowing road in a sort of fascination. He drove automatically, his thoughts elsewhere. It may have been that for a moment he slept. But at a certain point where the road forked and their way lay to the left, he kept straight ahead; and where just beyond the fork, this right-hand road turned, he did not turn. The car plunged through a shallow ditch and into the meadow beyond. His foot jammed home on the brakes, and he came to a breathless stop, thrown forward against the wheel, Arron in a heap on the floor of the car beside him.

He was in dismay. "Are you hurt?" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry! I must have gone to sleep!" She scrambled up on the seat again. "I don't think so," she declared, laughing. "No, I seem to be all here. My eyes were closed. I had no warning—" "I must have gone to sleep," he repeated. She touched his hand, on the wheel. "You're so desperately tired," she said gently. His blood, at the touch of her fingers, raced through his veins. "Let me drive. I'm awake now."

He looked at her hand on his, at her. "I'm not tired," he said huskily, breathlessly. She withdrew her hand, abruptly; but his eyes held hers. He thought that even in the moonlight he could see her cheeks flaming. Then she spoke defensively, laughing, her head high. "Give me the wheel," she insisted. "You men are all idiots—don't know when you're tired. Come!"

He did not trust his voice. Without speaking, he got out of the car and went around to take the other seat. She backed into the road again. "Now shut your eyes and do go to sleep," she commanded. He obeyed her; he did shut his eyes. But he did not sleep. It seemed to him he had never been so wide awake before. There may be in the mere circumstance of sharing together even a passing peril something mystic and compelling in its effect on man and woman. For a moment, it might have happened that he and Mary Ann would die together; it seemed to him now that after that moment, their two lives could never take completely separate ways again.

But if Mary Ann had any such thought or feeling, she did not betray it. Somehow she found the proper road again; somehow she brought them back to Cambridge. For all that time he neither spoke nor opened his eyes; but his thoughts were a millrace. Only when she stopped the car did he rouse from his abstraction. "Can you manage the rest of the way alone?" she asked lightly then. "Or shall I take you home and tuck you in?"

They were, he saw, at her father's door. "I can manage, of course," he assured her. She alighted; and he got to the ground, and extended his hand. "Thanks for taking care of me," he said. "I needed some one." Her hand was in his. "Anything might have happened," he confessed. "But nothing did!" she reminded him, smiling. "Except that it's almost daylight, and we've lost a lot of sleep."

Impulsively, he lifted her hand to his lips; and then he saw the steady light in her eyes, and was quick with a word to make that gesture meaningless. "This is for a good little girl," he said. "Good night!" She turned away, quickly, in something like flight—darted toward the house. He waited till she had disappeared, before driving on toward his own home. The car he left at the side door. Upstairs, he undressed slowly, trying to face and measure this new passion in his life. When he came into the bedroom he and Mrs. Greeding shared, gray dawn was in the windows. His wife roused sleepily; her face was an unlovely mask of cosmetics, her hair awry. "Ned?" "Yes, Myra," he said shortly. "What time is it?" He protested irritably: "What difference does that make?" "It's ridiculous," she protested, "for you to be out all night. You could have sent Doctor Mayhew!" He got into his own bed without replying. "I believe you like this sort of thing," she asserted. "I declare,

Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

Work Known to Millions; Column Popular in This Newspaper.

New York, N. Y.—With the death of Arthur Brisbane Christmas morning, the world lost its most widely known and most widely read newspaper writer and editor. The veteran commentator, whose column "This Week" appeared regularly in this newspaper, died of heart disease while he slept. He was seventy-two. True to the Brisbane tradition, he kept up the terrific pace of his work to the last. When he was stricken late in the afternoon of Christmas eve he had almost finished his column, "Today," which appeared in many large daily newspapers, principally those of William Randolph Hearst's string. He was forced to call upon his son, Seward, 22, to complete it. It was the first time in his life Arthur Brisbane had not finished what he had set out to write. Millions of Readers. It was only a few hours afterward Mr. Brisbane fell asleep in his Fifth avenue apartment. At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse. In the apartment his entire family had gathered—his



Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

Crochet Tot Snug and Warm Three-Piece Set. Pattern 1097. Miss Five-to-Twelve will be snug, warm and proud in a hand-crocheted cap, scarf, and muff-set of plain crochet, with picot-stitch trim. Pattern 1097 contains directions for making the set in 5 through 12 year size (all given in one pattern); illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements. Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 62 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Gild Their Teeth. The ladies in old Japan and also of today, to some extent, gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of the Muscovite may be, she would think herself ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese used to have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown. —Chicago Tribune.

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE Got Quick RELIEF From Pain. If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

WIZARD OIL For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDS. Blood Is Strongest Blood will tell, especially if it knows that it is "blood." Still Coughing? No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Conscience Better Guide One's conscience often knows better than his brain.

When You Need a Laxative Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation. If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE.

A FARMER BOY ONE of the best known medical men in the U. S. was the late Dr. H. W. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., who was born on a farm in Pa. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has for nearly 70 years been helping women who have headache and backache, and is a most reliable and powerful medicine. It is a most reliable and powerful medicine. It is a most reliable and powerful medicine.

MORNING MISTRESS. A woman who is a morning mistress is a woman who is a morning mistress. A woman who is a morning mistress is a woman who is a morning mistress.