

THE KEARNEY COURIER

Southwest of Kearney

Mrs. Lewis Tapp spent Friday afternoon with grandmother Tapp.

Homer Curtis Stollings, who has been working at Edwin Tapp's filling station, came home sick Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Wilson Searcy spent last Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tapp.

Bodoc

Mr. and Mrs. Denham Brockman

have received the announcement of a son, on January 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Seivers of Smithville. Mr. Seivers formerly lived near Kearney.

Mr. Cleve Pence and son, Robert, were in Liberty Monday.

J. T. Holman spent the week end with homefolks in Plattsburg.

Mr. Mason Dykes was in Holt Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. David Bevins spent Friday afternoon with her sister, Mrs. Berry Shaver.

Mrs. Cleve Pence and sons, Roy, C. J., and Willard, spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Fouts.

Mason Dykes and Tom Shadden were in Excelsior Springs Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henson and daughter, Eleanor Louise, were in Liberty Saturday. While there, they called on Mrs. Henson's brother, Mr. Claude Johnson and family and made the acquaintance of little Miss Beverly Ann Johnson.

We are sure having some snow and ice. Several in this neighborhood have received frozen toes, heels, and ears.

Business is very Satisfactory. Thank you. Chas. L. Smith

Mrs. C. W. Schreiber of Kansas City came Wednesday to care for her mother, Mrs. Will Ligon, who is quite ill.

Alvin Mauzey and family and Tommy McFadden and family spent Sunday with Mrs. F. M. Mauzey.

We appreciate your calling in items.

THE SCREEN REPORTER

This Weeks Shows at the
BEYER
Excelsior Springs, Mo.
What - Where - When

Saturday, Feb 8
Zane Grey's **Drift Fence**
with Larry "Buster" Crabbee, Cartoon, Comedy, Travel and
Adventures of Rex and Rinty
OWL SHOW at 10:30 p. m.
Edward Arnold in
Remember Last Night

Bank Night Carnival Week Sun., Feb. 9 to Sat., Feb. 15
A Barrel of Fun and You Can't Afford to Miss.
Sun. \$35.00, Mon. \$35.00, Tue. as usual
Wed. \$25.00, Thur. \$25.00, Fri. \$10.00, Sat. \$25.00

Sunday-Monday, Feb. 9-10
Claudette Colbert in
The Bride Comes Home with
Fred MacMurray and Robert Young.
Robert Benchley in
How To Sleep
Color Cartoon and Fox News

Tuesday Jan. 11
If You Could Only Cook with
Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur
BANK NIGHT
You can't afford not to be here.

Wed.-Thurs. Jan. 12-13
Kearney Party Days
So Red The Rose
with Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott and Walter Connely
Musical Cartoon and Fox News

The party is on me again. With the co-operation of the Kearney Courier, I am giving a theatre party at the Beyer Theatre in Excelsior Springs Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 12 and 13, to the readers of the Kearney Courier.

There are no strings to this offer, all you have to do is present this advertisement at the door and you will be my guest for the evening. One person will be admitted with each ad.

Yours for entertainment,
T. S. WILSON, Mgr.

Friday, Jan 14 FAMILY DAY
Edward Everett Horton in
Your Uncle Dudley

Coming Sun.-Mon. Feb. 16 17
Rose Marie with
Nelson Eddy and Jeddette MacDonald

A DAILY GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT

PUBLIC SALE

Having rented my farm I will sell at auction on the A. J. (Jack) Hall farm 1 mile east of Kearney on the Kearney - Excelsior Springs gravel road,

Friday, February 14th,

beginning promptly at 1 O'clock, all of the following described property:

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 Team Mules | 1 Disc Harrow | 1 Grindstone |
| 1 Smooth Mouth Mare | 2 2 section smoothing Harrows | 2 Sets Work Harness |
| 1 Horse, Age 7 extra good | 1 Single Shovel | 1 Lot Collars |
| 1 16 in. John Deere Riding Plow | 1 McCormic-Deering Mower | 1 Low wheel Wagon and Hay Frame |
| 1 6 shovel John Deere Cultivator | 1 Deering Mower | 1 Grain Wagon |
| 1 Rock Island Riding Lister | 1 McCormick Hay Rake | Small quantity Oats Straw |
| 1 14 in. walking breaking Plow | 1 6 Shovel Cultivator | 125 Bushel Ear Corn and many other items too numerous to mention |
| | 1 Disc Cultivator | |

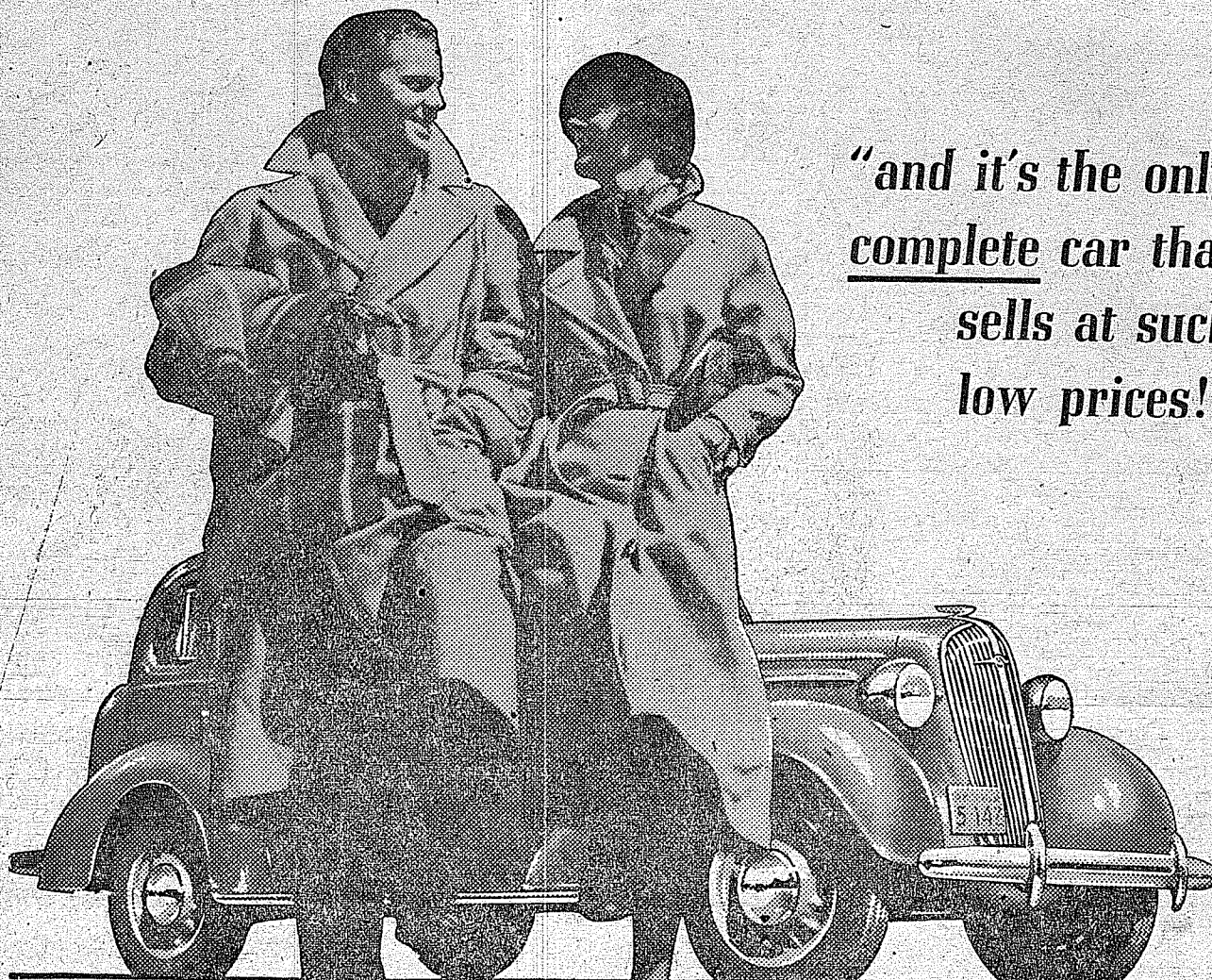
Terms Cash

Col. Chas. Thompson, Auctioneer

A. J. Hall, Owner.

THE KEARNEY COURIER

NEW CHEVROLET FOR 1936



"and it's the only
complete car that
sells at such
low prices!"

MASTER DE LUXE SPORT SEDAN

NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

the safest and smoothest ever developed

SOLID STEEL one-piece TURRET TOP

a crown of beauty, a fortress of safety

HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

giving even better performance
with even less gas and oil

IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*

the smoothest, safest ride of all



Think of all the good things you get in the new Chevrolet, and *don't* get anywhere else at Chevrolet prices, and you will readily understand why people call this *the only complete low-priced car*.

It's the only low-priced car with *New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes*, which are essential to maximum driving safety—

The only low-priced car with the *Gliding Knee-Action Ride**, which brings you comfort and safety beyond compare—

The only low-priced car with *Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top*, *Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation*, *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine* and *Shockproof Steering**—all of which are essential to complete motoring satisfaction.

Good judgment says, *Buy a new 1936 Chevrolet—the only complete low-priced car.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

6%

NEW MONEY-SAVING
G. M. A. C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices
and low monthly payments.

GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION IN NEW TURRET TOP BODIES

the most beautiful and comfortable bodies
ever created for a low-priced car

SHOCKPROOF STEERING*

making driving easier and safer than
ever before

ALL THESE FEATURES AT CHEVROLET'S LOW PRICES

\$495

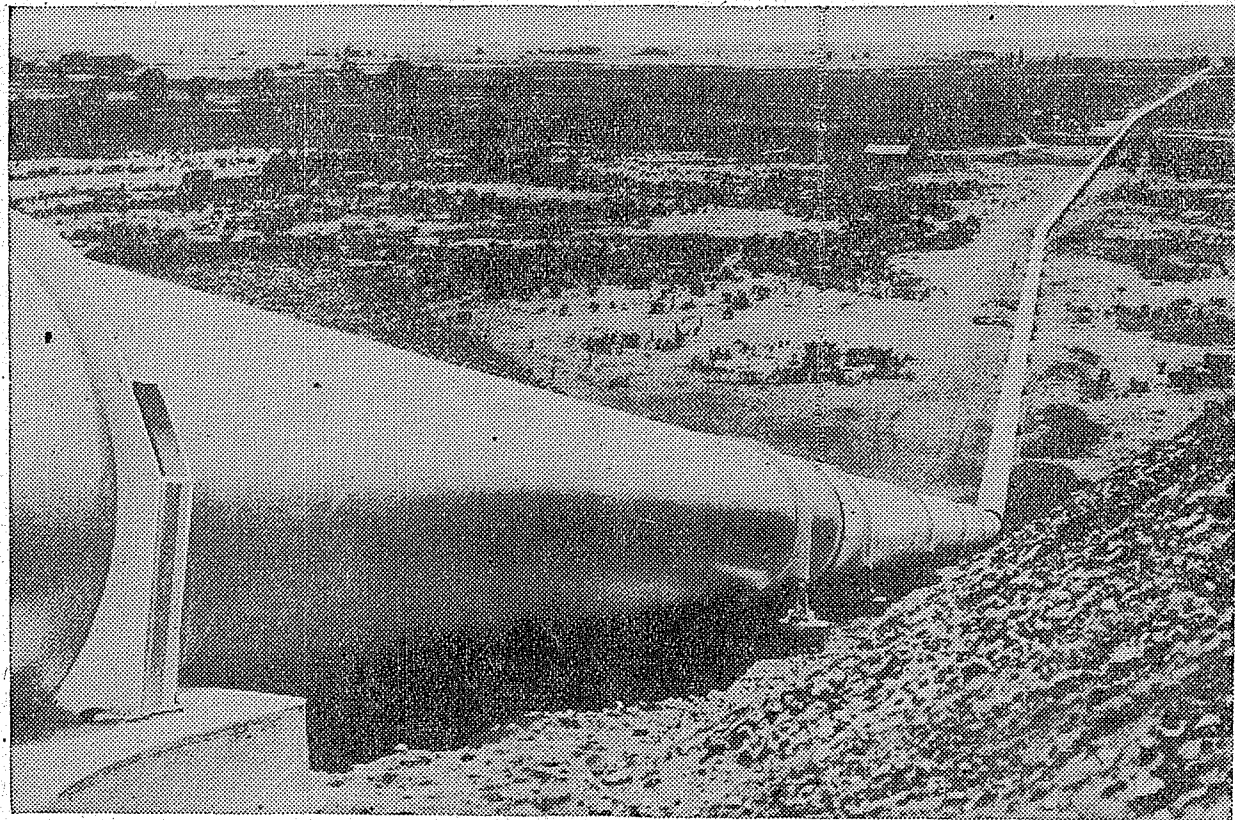
AND UP. List price of New Standard Coupe at Flint, Michigan. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is \$20 additional. *Knee-Action on Master Models only. \$20 additional. Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.

The only complete low-priced car

Dagley Motor Company,

Phone 51 R2 Kearney, Missouri

Oregon Has the World's Largest Siphon



THE axiom that water seeks its own level is the principle behind the siphon. The one shown above is the world's largest, yet in principle it is no different from the little glass siphons used in chemistry laboratories. The Malheur river siphon of the Owyhee project in Oregon is built of steel pipe 80 inches in diameter, and is more than four miles long. It carries the main canal of the Owyhee project through Malheur river valley and over a low range of hills beyond, without requiring any pumping.

BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

LIGHTFOOT DOES THE WISE THING

ALL the rest of that day the hunter with the terrible gun lay hidden in the bushes of the pasture where he could watch for Lightfoot the Deer to leave the place of safety he had found when he swam across the Big River. It required a lot of patience on the part of the hunter, but the hunter had plenty of patience. It sometimes



Lightfoot Got Up and Stepped Out Under the Stars.

seems as if hunters have more patience than any other people.

But this hunter waited in vain. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun sank down in the west to his bed behind the Purple Hills. The Black Shadows crept out and grew blacker. One by one the stars began to twinkle. Still the hunter waited, and still there was no sign of Lightfoot. At last it became so dark that it was useless for the hunter to remain longer.

Disappointed and once more becoming angry, he tramped back to the Big River, got into his boat, and rowed across to the other side. Then he tramped home and his thoughts were very bitter. He knew that he would have shot Lightfoot had it not been for

Dinner Ensemble



Mme. Suzy poises a black jet bird on the tiny pillbox hat of black antelope that is worn with Marcelle Dormoy's new black broadcloth dinner ensemble. The dress is floor length and is slit from nape to waist in the back. The hip-length jacket is slightly flared.

the man who had protected Lightfoot. He even began to suspect that this man had himself killed Lightfoot, for he had been sure that as soon as he had become rested Lightfoot would start for the woods and Lightfoot had done nothing of the kind. In fact, the hunter had not had so much as another glimpse of Lightfoot.

The reason the hunter had been so disappointed was that Lightfoot was smart. He was smart enough to understand that the man who was saving him from the hunter had done it because he was a true friend. All afternoon Lightfoot had rested on a bed of soft hay in an open shed and had watched this man going about his work and taking the utmost care to do nothing to frighten him.

"He not only will let me, no one else harm me, but he himself will not harm me," thought Lightfoot. "As long as he is near I am safe. I'll stay right around here until the hunting season is over, then I'll swim back across the Big River to my home in the dear Green Forest."

So all afternoon Lightfoot rested and did not so much as put his nose outside that open shed. That is why the hunter got no glimpse of him. When it became dark, so dark that he knew there was no longer danger, Lightfoot got up and stepped out un-

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a locomotive?" "Steam puff." © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

der the stars. He was feeling quite himself again. His splendid strength had returned. He bounded lightly across the meadow and up into the brushy pasture where the hunter had been hidden.

There and in the woods back of the pasture he browsed, filling his stomach. But at the first hint of the coming of another day Lightfoot turned back, and when his friend the farmer came out early in the morning to milk the cows there was Lightfoot back in the open shed. The farmer smiled. "You are as wise as you are handsome, old fellow," said he.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

SOME GOOD RECIPES

IF YOU like the Chinese dishes this will be one to prepare for the guests who also enjoy them:

Crab and Egg Omelet. If the fresh shrimps or crab is used, cook and cool. Shred one cupful of crab or shrimp. Cut one cupful of lean pork into inch long narrow strips. Use scissors for the cutting. Soak one-fourth of a cupful of dried mushrooms, then cut into strips. Slice one large mild onion and cut fine into strips. Fry the pork in two tablespoonfuls of peanut oil until tender and brown. Add onion, one cupful of bamboo shoots and mushrooms, a tablespoonful of soy sauce. Just before dinner beat six eggs, add the finely cut crab or shrimp and the vegetable mixture. Fry in a small amount of peanut oil, in small bits like a pancake.

Lobster Club Sandwich. Toast bread cut one-third of an inch thick, butter and keep hot. Allow two slices for each person to be served.



"I pity the midget," says fisherwoman Fannie, "because he can't show you how big the one that got away was."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

THE THINGS YOU THINK

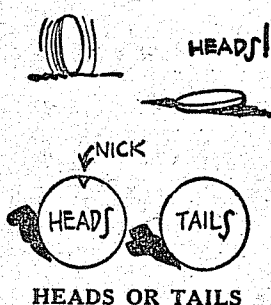
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE things you think men care about
When you stay home, when you step out,
Are not the things, it may befall,
That people care about at all.
Some are so careful of their dress,
Yet guilty of the carelessness,
Some merry night, some busy day,
Of what they do and what they say.

The things you think that callers note,
And long remember when remote,
Are not the things remembered then
By other women, other men.
Some are so careful that the drapes
Are certain colors, certain shapes,
And yet their house may be a place
Without a single Christian grace.

The things you think that men discuss
When time has had its time with us
Are not the things that men relate,
Our worth, or wealth, to estimate.
Some are so careful that they leave
A great estate to those who grieve,
And yet their monument shall be
Not money, but a memory.
© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH
Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.

HEADS OR TAILS

THIS puzzling experiment has the merit of proving more intriguing the more often it is repeated, for it perplexes those persons who think they can solve it if you do it again.

You let some one spin a coin on the table. Your back is turned while the coin is spinning. As soon as it stops twirling, you announce whether the coin lies heads or tails. Your guess is right.

A lucky guess? Not at all, for each time the trick is repeated you tell the result correctly. That is why it grows more and more bewildering.

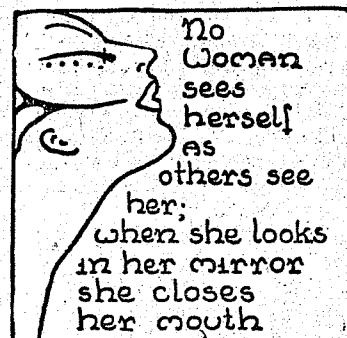
You must use your own coin for the trick. Make a nick with a knife in the edge of the coin, on the head side. Listen carefully every time some one spins the coin. If the coin rattles to a slow easy stop, heads will be up. If it stops with a abrupt click you know that tails is the answer.

WNU Service.

mix with two hard cooked eggs chopped. Into this stir one-half cupful of mayonnaise and fill the cups. Decorate with mayonnaise and small shapes cut of green pepper. Serve very cold on crisp lettuce with toasted biscuit and cheese.

© Western Newspaper Union.

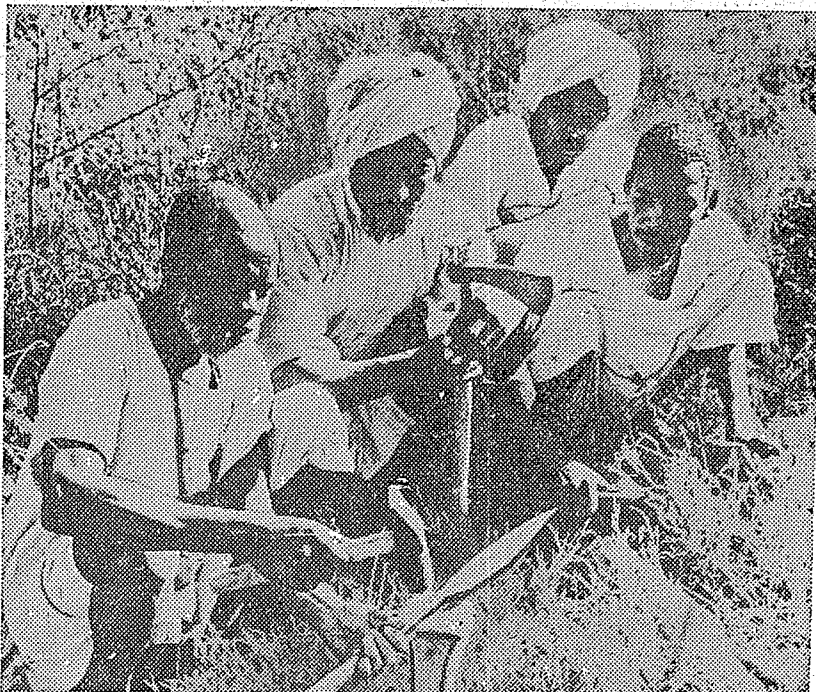
Eve's Epigrams



U. S. Marines Enlistment

To be eligible to join the United States Marines the applicant must be an American citizen between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five years. Parents' consent must be given for the enlistment of a boy under twenty-one. The United States Marine corps is a branch of the United States navy, with headquarters in the Navy building, Washington.

Getting Ready to Jab Italians



THESE Ethiopian soldiers are taking time out to repair their spears and swords. An expert armorer, the man wearing beads, is showing them how to do the job.

Gay Garden Prints Herald Spring

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



GARDEN prints, as cool and colorful as an English countryside, will be worn by smart women for cruise and resort wear and early spring. Leading designers are turning out youthful costumes made of these refreshing prints in soft silk crepes with a supple draping quality that endears them to all. It is this type of frock that centers the stage at the present, for it answers the call for a springlike touch with midseason furs and coat.

Of course, if you are going or have gone south you will like the idea of a jacket ensemble styled after the manner of the models here pictured. Note that the silk to the left has a white background, which makes it admirable for southland resort wear. Then, too, these pure silk prints that pattern color against white have the "new" look which says at a glance that they are of this season's vintage. The tulip motif of the garden silk selected by the designer for the fashioning of this dress is in realistic colorings that make the thrills of spring pulse through your entire system. An insert trim, in form of a hand-piped teal motif, enhances the blouse-bodice. Other significant style details are the subtle front flare in the skirt, the medium length open sleeve and particularly the tuxedo front of the jacket ending in a clever pocket arrangement. The hat is of white toya with grosgrain band trim.

The beauty of the other two-piece ensemble pictured is that the rich dark tone of its background tunes it to immediate wear under the winter fur coats of those who are not trekking southward this season. This marguerite print tells you something interesting—that the daisy patternings are

being featured in many of the new silks. Then, too, the message of grosgrain ribbon bindings is conveyed in the revers. This use of grosgrain ribbon to finish edges is pronounced throughout the field of dress design for spring. A most welcome gesture it is, too, for it keys a color scheme to perfection in that the grosgrain ribbon repeats, thereby emphasizing a dominant color-tone of the print. That is, if you want your costume to look navy or brown or green or deep red, assuming that the print carries the color itself, trimming touches of matching grosgrain ribbon turn the trick to a nicety. In the instance of the model pictured an unusual neckline is achieved with a bow trim of grosgrain ribbon such as binds the wide revers of the short jacket.

In a number of cases the new garden prints employ multicolor effects, with one tone dominating, the other bright, "springy" refreshing hues introduced to achieve contrast and variety. Then, again, two-color schemes are carried out in a great many instances such as cerise florals in solid tone drifting over navy blue or large white daisies silhouetted against a dark ground.

Nearly every print dress has its hip-length jacket of self fabric, either in loose boxy types or in models semi-fitting, that have two or three buttons at the waistline. As a rule a very simple styling is given to the skirt. The all-around pleated skirt is on the program, but for practical about-town wear the narrow silhouette with a subtle unobtrusive pleat or shirred device, just enough to permit freedom of action is first choice.

© Western Newspaper Union.

IDEAL SPORT HAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here is one of the newer sports hats. Mary Carlisle, known in film stardom, wears this new spring hat with her smart checked tailored suit. Here you get a "perfect picture" of what is to be this spring. Indeed, suits are front page news, especially the man-tailored sort with brief jackets neatly buttoned and plentifully pocketed. The hat is of spuntex felt with a loose zigzag yarn stitch, in rows forming a pleasing contrast as well as being highly decorative.

Hostess Gowns

The smartly dressed hostess will wear all sorts of charming frocks, varying from the loose tea gown with its sweeping draperies and angel sleeves to the trig semi-evening frock with elbow sleeves and neck slightly rounded at the front and cut to the waist in a slit or very narrow V at the back, which is equally appropriate for daytime or evening entertaining.

NEW COLOR SCHEMES SEEN ON PARISIANS

Striking color combinations are featured by all leading dressmakers. In addition to black, which is always enhanced by vivid touches, there are many new color schemes, often daring but always effective. One combination that is more fashionable than ever is the use of moss green or water green with dark reddish brown. Rochas combines a subdued tone of blue with a faded old-fashioned red for morning and day models.

Another fashionable combination seen in many houses is great enhancing pale blue. Mainbocher shows several unusual color schemes, such as gray with red-brown and lapis, dark green with burgundy, violet with gold, gray with red, brown and lapis blue; green with coral and shell pink with gold.

For Resort and Spring

Colors Will Be Brilliant

The vogue for strong colors which was launched last fall influences the colors used for spring and resort wear. Palm Beach colors slated for importance are yellowish tan, sun orange, chartreuse, dusty pink, strong blues, gray blue, "Rose of the Rancho" rose, wine with a yellowish cast. White is also slated for an important position.

Prints are also influenced by the demand for color. Hand-screened and hand-blocked prints permit new and interesting color combinations.

Fur Hats

Mink and Persian lamb are used frequently to make the beguiling fur hats enjoying such popularity this season. Many wearers will bless their milliners when bitter, tricky, winter winds begin to blow, and the little fur hat stays snugly just where it is supposed to stay.

Knitted Dress Popular

Two-piece knitted dresses are widely sponsored for fall wear.

HONEYMOON MURDER

CAROLYN WELLS

Copyright by Carolyn Wells.

WNU Service.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"What else is there to think?" and Carleton looked sulky. "If there was no one else there to kill him, why wasn't it his wife?"

"What is your business, Mr. Carleton?" Stone asked sternly.

"I'm a lawyer."

"Then you must know you haven't a case against the lady. Now, why do you want one? Why do you hope to find one?"

"I don't," Carleton blurted out, looking with a trace of fear at Tony Gaskell's lowering face.

"Now, gentlemen," said John Lovell, in his placating way, "all this will get us nowhere. To suspect my daughter of murder is too absurd. I am not afraid of such suspicions, but I am afraid that the man who could imagine such a thing as that could bring harm of other sorts to her. She is not unprotected, I'd have you know, and any dishonest east upon her name will be duly dealt with."

"I am interested to know Mr. Carleton's or Mr. Farman's theories as to murder," Stone said, suavely.

"Whoever or whatever did Corey Malden, his wife had no hand in it," Gaskell declared.

"You say that," Carleton said, "because Corey is—was—your friend. He was my friend, too. I admired his wife—she is beautiful and clever. But that does not preclude wickedness. She—"

"She is entirely above and beyond suspicion," Stone said, slowly, "but that is not what frees her; she is free from any chance of having done evil because she couldn't have done it. How could she? What was her weapon? What became of it? Why would she kill a man she loved so dearly? Yes, we know of her love for him—you do not. We know her young, innocent girlish character—you do not. And, moreover, we know that this dastardly hint of suspicion, aye, more than a hint, is the work of a malevolent old woman, a jealous half-demented person, who hates without cause and accuses without reason. Incidentally, we know that you, Mr. Carleton, have joined issue with the unscrupulous Farman, and your game is to bring disaster to the stricken bride of the murdered man, and obtain from your helpless client ill-gotten gains for yourselves."

Part of the knowledge set forth by Stone, in his quiet but forceful language, was obtained from facts and hints brought to him by Bob, and the rest he had cleverly and truly deduced from what he had learned.

Stone saw that many of his shafts struck home. Yet he had learned nothing new. To be sure, Carleton's face exhibited an unwilling assent to all the darts the detective flung at the objectionable Madame Malden, but this got them nowhere.

"What's this about the elder Mrs. Malden taking cyanide into the room of her daughter-in-law?" he asked.

"I've heard nothing that made me pay any attention to it. Merely the vaguest of rumors."

"Rumors to what effect?"

"Look here, Mr. Stone, I am not here to be quizzed by you. I am not here as a witness; I am here as a co-executor of Corey Malden's will, and unless we get at that work and attend to it exclusively I consider it unnecessary for me to stay here. I do not know why you are at this meeting, anyway. It is a meeting of the executors. Nor does Mr. Lovell belong here. But Mr. Garth should be here. It seems to me the gathering is irregular."

"It does seem so, doesn't it?" and Stone looked round the room. "Isn't it odd how often the wrong people get in the right places, and vice versa?"

"I do not intend it shall happen again. When will Mr. Garth be home?"

"He's not coming till about Christmas time," Tony replied.

"So, Mr. Carleton," Stone took up his quest again, "what were these rumors you were talking about?"

Carleton looked grave. "If we are to run this affair without Garth," he said, "we may as well go to it. Never mind rumors, let's get down to facts. I can tell you, gentlemen, that unless steps are taken to prevent it you will find the young and innocent Mrs. Malden in serious trouble—even danger."

"Danger of what?" asked Stone.

"Of arrest for the murder of her husband."

"Do you know what you're talking about?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Stone. And so do you. The arrest is pending, I may say it is imminent."

"Who will bring this charge?" Stone was not frightened, but he was anxious.

"Madame Malden, of course. She has a case, without any doubt. But as I told you, Farman is the lawyer, and he will be here in a few days."

"Will Mrs. Malden, senior, come?" Stone inquired.

"Sooner or later, if required. Not unless it is necessary," and Stone's face wore a somber look. "I'm sorry you've taken this step, Mr. Carleton; you will deeply regret it. When will the affair come off? Shall we wire the motor party to come back at once?"

"Oh, don't rush things so," cried

Tony. "Carleton can't dictate. We must wait for word from Farman."

"Better be ready," Stone went on. "I think I'll send a night letter—"

"I object," and Gaskell scowled. "You can't go ahead like that without agreement by all the executors."

"Let's adjourn till tomorrow," said Lovell, in his bland way, "and then see about it."

• • • • •

A small and exclusive and very delightful place to live is the village of Scottstown, not far east of Columbus, Ohio. As Perilla's motor party was about to start from Warren, Ohio, on Friday morning, Hilda somewhat timidly mentioned this fact.

"Why, that's where your sister lives, isn't it?" asked Perilla, "the one who married the Hayfield?"

"Yes," and Hilda smiled. "You see," she said to the others, who were gathered on the hotel veranda, "my sister Rose married a man named Harry A. Field. As he usually signs it H. A. Field, of course he's called Hayfield. They live in Scottstown and their place is Rosecroft. Now, I'm wondering," she looked appealingly at Perilla, "if you wouldn't all spend tonight at Rosecroft instead of going to a Columbus hotel. I know Rosy could make you comfortable—she has lots of room—"

"And how will sister like a horde of Assyrians coming down like a wolf on the fold?" asked Garth, smiling at the impulsive invitation.

"Oh, she'll adore it! What do you say, Perilla?"

"I think it would be the most awful imposition, but if you guarantee us a welcome, I'm ready to go if the others agree."

Hilda clapped her hands. "I'll go and ask Buckle to send some telegrams," and in 10 minutes the whole affair was in Buckle's capable hands.

Perilla asked Hilda to ride in the car with her, that they might talk it over, and Jack Dunstan and Roger Garth rode with them.

"You'll love the Fields," Dunstan said. "They never know what they're going to do next; we'd better telephone them in the afternoon, when we know about what time we'll arrive."

Telegrams from their enforced host and hostess were received en route, and were all glad hospitality and welcome. They were expected in time for a late dinner, they were told when they telephoned later.

On the minute they drove in at the great gates of Rosecroft, lovely in the gathering twilight.

Hayfield, a big man, and the embodiment of boisterous good nature, checked his merriment at the advent of Perilla. But she, never a sportsman, met him halfway. Rosy, a blond doll, pounced upon her sister, and sent the rest to their rooms under guidance of servants.

"Back to the lounge in twenty minutes," she told them. "Come in pajamas, if you like, but don't waste time prinking." They obeyed her almost literally, and gathered for cocktails at the prescribed time.

The dinner was admirable and of just the sort calculated to interest a lot of hungry motorists.

"Come on, girls," said Rosy rising, "we'll have our coffee in peace by ourselves, and the men can come in when they are ready."

But before Perilla left the table Hay said to her in a low voice, "Don't disappear until I see you again. I have a word for your ear alone."

She nodded and went on to the comfortable lounge, where coffee awaited them in front of the blazing log fire.

When the men came in Hay, going straight to Perilla, led her off to his own small den.

"You see, it's this way," he said, after he had made her comfortable and closed the door, "I never knew your husband, but it chances that two of his friends are my friends also. At least, they have always appeared to be. But I am beginning to doubt one of them."

"Do I know these two friends?" asked Perilla, fearful of what the answer might be.

"I think you do, but I'm not sure. One is Richard Carleton, who is, I think, in New York tonight, and the other is Roger Garth, who is here with you."

"I can understand the idea regarding Mr. Carleton. But we should be sure. Is he the one you are doubting?"

"Yes; there is also another. Do you know Mr. Carmichael?"

"Yes, I do. He was one of my husband's dearest friends."

"And I know nothing about him, personally. But I only want to warn you to be careful how you take up with men pretending to be friends of your late husband. They may be sincere, and they may not."

"Mr. Field, for the last week or more I have been continually warned against this man, that man and the other man. I am obliged for these warnings, I am willing to obey them, but what can I do? I have not been subjected to any disrespect or rudeness from them; how can I take steps to avoid them when they never come my way?"

"Haven't you run up against Carleton?"

"No, I have never seen him except at his own house, the day we went

there to a tea. Don't you think I am almost too watchfully taken care of?"

"You are in a dangerous position, and while you are in the hands of capable advisers and assistants, they don't seem to get you anywhere."

"Where do I want to be got to?"

"Where you will be free from the slanders and lies of that poison-tongued old woman, Madame Malden."

"You really think she wants to annoy me, then?"

"Not only annoy you, but get you accused of your husband's murder, and then get you convicted."

"But why—why does she want to torment the girl who loved her son and whom her son loved?"

"That's just it. The old woman really believes you killed Corey. She is not making believe; she is in earnest. You must quash that lie, and if your lawyers can't accomplish it for you, then you must try other lawyers."

"Who told you all this? I expect to see Madame Malden on my return."



"Who Told You All This?"

home and find out the exact truth about that woman."

"That's more like it! All I ask of you is ordinary precaution, and from those men the same."

"Do you know Madame Malden?"

"I have met her, but it was some time ago. She was sane then—I think she is sane now, except on the one subject of her son. It is not unheard of for an old woman like that to idolize an only child, and to read into the simplest conditions an intention to injure or kill him. She holds that, as you were alone with him when he died, you were necessarily the cause of his death. Mrs. Malden, you can't altogether deny that appearance of evil."

"Don't you suppose I know it? Don't you suppose that's what's driving me mad? I know it better—far better than anyone else. Nor do I blame the old lady for believing it, if we grant she is a little demented. But sane, she couldn't act like that."

"Now, that's the real point. Can you honestly subscribe to that? For there are sane people ready to believe that your 'exclusive opportunity,' as it is called, brings about suspicion of you. Remember, the people in Richmond do not know you as we do, do not love you as we do—they only know that Corey married you—and Corey died."

Perilla raised a piteous face to look into Field's eyes.

"I can't help feeling," she said, "that I have enough to bear in the loss of my husband, without the terror of this monstrous accusation. But since it is in the air, it must be reckoned with. I thank you for telling me frankly, as you have done, the danger I am in, and I hope it may be averted. But I fear that cannot be, so long as Madame Malden is free to pursue her wicked ways. She has, too, an able assistant in that lawyer of hers, Mr. Farman, who is ready to swear black is white if she says so."

"Yes, I know. Now here's what I want to tell you. Don't take this thing lying down. Buck up, and fight fire with fire. You have able lawyers—Garth and Gaskell are wizards. And then you have the famous Mr. Stone; surely he will find out anything that seems to us mysterious. From what Hilda tells me of your father, I gather he's a fine backer, and if you hold your head high and show no fear of anybody, I'm sure all will be well."

"You're awfully kind, Mr. Field, and I do appreciate it. And truly, I've been keeping up a bold front, but in the last day or two I've felt disheartened. Now, your good advice will help me, I'm sure, and I shall do my best to follow it. I thought this trip would be a good thing for me, and take my mind off my troubles. But I almost wish I'd stayed at home."

"Now, now, don't feel like that. And don't call me Mr. Field. Why, my sister-in-law was your bridesmaid—that makes us related."

"So it does—Hay." And Perilla gave

him one of her old time smiles. "Now, let's go back to the crowd."

"Well, for the love of little pancakes," cried Bob, who seemed to be patrolling the corridor, "I thought you'd never come out of conference."

"All over, Bobby, come along, this is our dance," and Perilla, tucking her hand through his arm, led him to the lounge where some dancing was going on.

"You really think she wants to annoy me, then?"

"Garth is hunting for you," he whispered as they danced, "but you can't go till this dance is over; you said it was mine, and it is."

"All right, but don't hold me so closely. I can't breathe!"

"I can't help it. Just to have you near me—and now, to hold you in my arms—oh, Perilla, do—do give me a grain of hope! Do say that after a long time—after a year, you'll let me tell you—"

"Stop it, Bob. If you talk like that I won't let you talk to me at all, until after a year. Now, behave yourself. Take that look off your face and just grin—now, a gayer grin—there, that's better. Now, take me over there by Rosy."

Bob managed to control himself and even to grin in the way ordered, and duly deposited Perilla by the side of her hostess.

"I've been having a session with your very nice husband," she said to Rosy, "and as I'm not sure I remembered my manners you tell him I thank him lots for his good advice. He's a dear, and so are you. To let a wild horse descend on you and utilize your home—why, it's unprecedented."

"My, what a big word! I'd do anything to be unprecedented!"

"Well, you're it. Now, I think soon we must be going upstairs. Sure you have room for us all?"

"Nonsense! I've loads of room. This place was built primarily as a guest house. Want to start now? Do plan to stop on your return trip. Hay, you look after the men."

CHAPTER VIII

About the time that members of Perilla's motor party turned out the lights for the night at Scottstown, Ohio, Fleming Stone and Tony Gaskell were waiting in New York city in the Grand Central station. Waiting to welcome unwelcome visitors, and looking none too pleased about it, either.

That afternoon Tony had received a telegram that Madame Malden and the lawyer, Farman, would arrive at midnight, and that she would expect to be entertained by Mrs. Corey Malden, while the lawyer would put up at a hotel.

Mrs. Corey Malden being away from home, Tony asked the Lovells if they would receive Madame Malden, but at this Ellen Lovell rebelled.

"Take into my home the viper that slanders my daughter!" she exclaimed; "I should say not! Take her where you choose, Tony, ship her back to Richmond or send her to a lunatic asylum, but my doors shall never open to admit her!"

There had not been time to acquaint the would-be visitor with this change necessitated in her plans, so the men had to meet her with the news when the southern train came in.

It was late, and they sat in taciturn silence until the passengers appeared in the station waiting-room. Tony went forward to greet Madame Malden and found she had brought with her a maid and a nurse, besides the pompous and self-important lawyer.

Stone was introduced. He informed them that Mrs. Corey Malden was away on a long motor trip, from which she would not return for several weeks.

Madame Malden was extremely angry, and ranted and raved over Perilla's heartlessness in going on a pleasure trip so soon after the death of her husband.

"She had to go," Stone declared, "the doctor ordered her to seek some diversion, lest she be driven insane by your dreadful statements and insinuations. I am glad she is away, for she might feel it her duty to have you at her home."

"Holy-toity. Mr. Man," she said, peering into his face with sharp, angry eyes. "Who are you who has so much to say?"

"I am engaged by Mrs. Malden to look after her interests. Now, if you will select a hotel, I will send you there, and tomorrow morning I will meet Mr. Farman and have a conference."

"Send me there, indeed! I am not accustomed to being sent to places. As you are looking after Perilla's affairs, you will take me there, and see that I am comfortably taken care of. I do not know your hotels; I wish to go to one of the best."

Stone decided he wanted to go with her anyway, and piloted his charges to the New Knickerbocker. Farman took rooms there, too, and Stone invited them to have a little supper with him.

Under the influence of a little stimulant and with some delicate dishes Madame Malden seemed to warm toward the detective and soon was chatting pleasantly with him. He found out several things he wanted to know, one being that Madame Malden had no intention of going back home at

once, even though Perilla was not in the city. Nor did she intend to stay at an expensive hotel.

"Since my daughter-in-law is not at home," she said, "tomorrow I shall go to stay with Mrs. Lovell. She, of course, takes Perilla's place."

With an unmoved countenance Tony listened to hear how Stone would get out of this awkward moment. But Stone merely said, carelessly:

"No, Mrs. Lovell cannot have you. In fact, she does not want you. She deeply resents your attitude toward Perilla and she doesn't care to entertain you. You will pardon my speaking so plainly, but if you are staying in New York I think it better that we understand each other."

"You certainly make yourself easy to understand," said the old lady, dryly. "Naturally, I am no more interested in Mrs. Lovell than she is in me, but for family reasons we must be civil."

"What are your plans, as to legal proceedings?" asked Tony, who could repress his curiosity no longer.

"I think we must let such questions wait over until tomorrow," said Farman, not unreasonably. "Madame is weary, and we are all tired from a long train ride."

Stone agreed to this, and after making an appointment to meet, he and Tony said good night and went home. Tony was staying at a hotel, declining to make use of Stone's hospitality any longer, though Stone had never failed in cordiality.

Stone was awakened the next morning by the entrance of his man, bringing a telegram. His heart grew chill as he read it:

"Bob Coles died during the night. Mysterious conditions. Come at once or as soon as possible. Use own judgment about letting Lovells know. Perhaps she will go to see Mrs. Coles. Perilla well, but everybody shocked beyond words. No plans till you come. Hurry."

"Garth."

Stone telephoned an order for an aeroplane, had a light breakfast and, hastening to the aerodrome, was soon on his sky trip to Scottstown.

If Corey Malden's death was strange and mysterious, Bob Coles' taking off was even more so.

Everybody at Rosecroft had gathered for an early breakfast with one exception. Bob's place was vacant, and after a time Rosy sent the waitress up to knock on his third-floor door. But the maid returned, saying she had no answer.

"Buckle is in the hall; send him up," said Perilla.

Buckle returned in a few moments, saying, "I got no answer, and no sound from the room at all. The door is locked on the inside."

"I'll go," said Hay, rising from his place. "Come on, Buckle."

The two went upstairs together and Hay banged on the door.

There was no result, and Hay began to look anxious. "Shall we break down the door?" he said, doubtfully.

"How about a window, Mr. Field? Or is there any other door?"

"No other door, and I doubt if you can get in by a window. They all have patent fastenings that can be regulated at any width of opening, but they can't be manipulated from the outside."

Buckle suggested a ladder and breaking a window, instead of smashing the door. He found Mike, the Fields' chauffeur, who said there was no ladder long enough.

"And those doors lock on the inside," went on Mike, "and we can't get at them from the hall. Not a key, you know, a snap lock that turns on the inside."

"All right, then," said Buckle, "we'd better go back and report to Mr. Field."

"All right," said Hay. "Can't you cut out the whole lock, Mike?"

"Yes, sir, I'll get some tools."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Reason for a Mile

How many yards in a mile? Seventeen hundred and sixty—that's right. But that is an odd number of yards, isn't it? Why not, say, 1,800 yards? It's like this. Up to the time of Elizabeth we used the Roman mile of 1,000 paces ("mile" comes from the Latin for thousand), and each pace was reckoned as roughly five feet. But the people in various parts measured the thousand paces differently, states Pearson's Weekly, of London. To end the confusion that resulted, an English mile was introduced—consisting of eight furlongs, or furrow-lengths, from the length of a furrow made on farm land. Those furlongs were 220 yards long, so we got our 1,760-yard mile.

Robins Winter in U. S.

Robins winter in the southern states and in northern Mexico. They are to be seen in flocks in winter through in the Gulf states, and are often killed in great numbers there, as they are in very good condition in the winter season. The migratory instinct is not so strong in this bird as in some others, and it often remains in sheltered places all winter. Its attachment to familiar spots is very strong.

Who Are You?

The Romance of Your Name

By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

A Brown?

IT WOULD be a superhuman task to attempt to corral all the Brown ancestors into such a brief allotment of space, but one can state very sketchily the very beginning of the name and some of its prominent bearers in the early period of its history.

The name itself signifies the color brown, and persons who first assumed it as a surname did so because it suited their eyes, hair or garments.

In England the first record is of Gamel al Brun and John Brune of Stamford, in 1377.

Most of the early settlers of America bearing this name came to New England, and most of the Browns of New England are descendants of Thomas Brown and his wife, Mary Newhall. Thomas was born in Lynn, Mass., 1628. His father was the "settler," a mariner, son of Edward Brown of Inkborough, Worcestershire, England. He was at Lynn, Mass., in 1638, but removed to Reading, Mass., in 1663.

The three sons of Thomas Brown and Mary were Thomas, John and Eleazer. Thomas lived in Stonington, Conn. His ten children established the foundation for a long line of descendants in New England, as did also his brother, John's family of ten.

John Brown of Brimfield, Mass., was a Revolutionary war soldier, and his descendants hold to the tradition that he was a descendant of John Brown, the Covenanter, who suffered martyr-

dom for his religious principles in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The story is told that he was shot down before his own door and in the presence of his wife and children by one Claverhouse, a leader of a company of soldiers sent to seek him out. He had been kept hidden, but revealed himself when the guards began to torture his little daughter by hanging her by her thumbs in order to force the secret of her father's whereabouts.

He was told that he had only five minutes to live, which he spent in prayer. This so impressed the soldiers that they refused to fire upon him. Their leader, Claverhouse, then cruelly fired and killed the unarmed and innocent man. This incident occurred in Ayrshire, Scotland, where a monument is erected to the memory of this martyr.

The descendants of this John Brown were George, Henry and William, sons of the widow, Christian Brown, who settled in New England, George in Haverhill and William and Henry in Salisbury, Mass.

George Brown of Salisbury was a soldier in King Philip's war and a representative to the general court of the colony.

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A Cromwell?

THE Cromwell family is a very ancient one and is of Welsh extraction. The original name was not Cromwell but Williams, and Morgan Williams was the progenitor of the family in England.

The story is that Morgan Williams, a Welshman, married a sister of Thomas (Lord Cromwell), who later became earl of Essex. In accordance with a rule of Henry VIII to abolish all distinction between the Welsh and the English, he requested that Richard

Williams, a descendant of Morgan, take the name of Cromwell. The grandson of this Cromwell (or Williams) was Sir Oliver Cromwell, who was an uncle of the Lord Protector of England.

It was through Sir Oliver that the American Cromwells are descended. His descendant, John Cromwell, came to America with the Huguenot colony about 1696, and settled in New Rochelle, N. Y.

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