

The Masked Hostess

by BLAIR STEVENSON

"So now I guess we can get down to talking business," observed Ferris, while the butler, who had brought his breakfast, walked to the end of the room but didn't go out of it. "You've found out a lawyer's name. And I'm to slip you ten grand for it. Is that the play as you figure it's coming off?"

"To a hair," replied Stefano, and looked him quietly between the eyes. "You're to pay it and I'm to receive it. When I tell you the lawyer's name, but not before."

Ferris looked at him with hate. "But you threw a wine party last night, didn't you? Is that supposed to go into the expense account?"

"Certainly not. That was a friend's generosity. Every bottle of it gratis. No, that won't be tabulated in the account."

"I'm glad to hear it," retorted Ferris calmly. "So your friend's generosity is he? He didn't size up like a very big hearted guy to me. But I guess as a business man he knows his onions."

"Who the devil are you talking about?" demanded Stefano, wondering suddenly if Ferris knew Monte was the donor of the champagne.

"I found I ain't wrong, am I? I guess I know when I've been double-crossed. What about it?"

"Pound?" and Stefano looked at him disgustedly and wearily. "I never saw Pound but once. The day I signed a lease with him. Yes I did too. Once afterward when I spoke to him about an account with his bank for a friend. Notice, don't you, that I don't regard you as a worthy lying to?"

"Yes," Ferris answered imperiously. "I notice every little thing. My clocks watched you in and out of that day."

"Oh I dare say. But not that I care a curse," Stefano's tone was careless and taunting for he was losing patience very fast. "Who else did they see there who was specially interesting?"

Ferris sat gazing at him briefly, his eyes hard as flint. Then he said:

"She's upstairs?"

"Stefano's taunting manner did not change as he put the question. But as he spoke all interest left him concerning the ten thousand dollars he had hoped to receive, and he thought only of Nathalie. When Ferris spoke again he resolved that, come what might, he would not leave the house while Ferris was in it or until he was certain beyond peradventure that Nathalie was securely out of it."

"Who's upstairs did you say, Captain?" said Ferris presently, his eyes drilling Stefano's hard. "So you want the name and all eh? All right, Nathalie Van Slaick's upstairs."

"Sure of it?" asked Stefano, as though it was of no importance.

"Dead sure," announced Ferris. "I suppose you'd like it if I took a walk up that."

"I fancy it'd be just as well not for you to attempt to," Stefano answered him at once; "I'm certain it wouldn't be in point of fact. He meant only that if Ferris

made any attempt to force himself on Nathalie he would leap at him and beat him to the floor. But Ferris misunderstood all men like Stefano. He nodded:

"That's good enough for me. I ain't trying it after last night. But I seen her with the make up off even if I did nearly eat a bullet."

This meant nothing at all to Stefano. He had no idea in the world that anyone had watched Nathalie from a tree and that she had been courageous enough to shoot at him.

He got up hurriedly as Stefano leaned back in his chair and put both hands into the pockets of his motor coat.

"Keep 'em where they are, Captain," said Ferris, shakily. "I'm on my way out. And listen. I give you credit for something. You were a clever fella when you had the steel door put in and didn't slip me no duplicate key. I ought to have suspected then that you was going to sell out to Pound but I was dumb. I think I'll take a walk over to Brookville. So long."

As he left, Stefano saw the eyes of Nicolò the spurious butler, answer the eyes of Ferris in a secret signal and it dawned on him that Nicolò was still in the long room was on guard over him and certainly armed. Nicolò's hands were in easy sight with nothing in them, so Stefano said nothing to him until he saw Ferris reach the open door at the end of the hall and go out of the house. Then he said:

"Nicolò."

"Si, Signor."

"You were present one night," Stefano reminded him pleasantly, and in Italian, "right in this room when a lady was diverted as she watched me at target practice?"

"Si Signor," acknowledged Nicolò, and remembered vividly the night Stefano had shot at a candle the full length of the house and snuffed it out. A shiver went through him.

"That same admirable weapon," Stefano assured him, "is in one of the pockets of my motor coat while we talk so agreeable. Which pocket, Nicolò?"

Stefano was not armed. But Nicolò made a gesture of despair and sat quietly in a chair with his hands on the arms of it and kept them there.

He did not alter their position for two hours. Nor did Stefano move at all until a sudden half-muffled commotion somewhere in the grounds surrounding The Firs caused him to spring to his feet.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Nathalie saw, unknown to them from the top of the staircase, Stefano and Ferris standing below her, and heard Ferris greet Stefano like a familiar friend and Stefano answer that he was prepared to give Ferris the information he needed if Ferris was ready to pay; Nathalie was sure that Ferris was on hand to take her into custody and that Stefano was about to betray her.

She was shocked and horrified. But had the caution to step out of the line of their vision softly and

HAZEL GREEN SCHOOL HAS BOOK CONTEST

More 4-H Clubs Are Being Organized in This District

HAZEL GREEN, November 26.—The student organization are having a contest between the boys and girls to see which side can read the most books, the losing side to banquet the winners. There are 26 boys and 13 girls. The girls plan to win. Committee in charge of contest, includes Author Clemens, Louis Zelinski and Alfred Zelinski.

Supervisor W. W. Fox visited the school Friday afternoon. He spoke to the pupils about the 4-H club-work for the boys and serving club for the girls are to be organized as soon as leaders are secured.

Pupils absent from school the past week on account of illness are June, daughter of Henry Dunnigan and Lucile, daughter of Edward Dunnigan, Jr.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wampler was the scene of a surprise party for Mrs. Wampler Tuesday evening to remind her of her eighth birthday.

Present were her father, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dunnigan Sr., brother Maurice Dunnigan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kittleson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Marian Burris and guest, Mrs. McVeigh of British Columbia, honor guest and Mr. Wampler and children Marion and Clinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Faust and son Leonard Faust and Author Clemens spent Sunday in Portland, guests of Mr. Faust's mother who has been ill since her visit here with her son.

Ralph Stephens went to Independence Sunday to see his uncle George Murphy who had two fingers broken last week. Mr. Murphy is well known in this community being a son of a pioneer

WORD HUNT

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In the English language there are THIRTEEN WORDS (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters BRU

One of them is **BRUISED**—Crushed, injured, as by a blow, without laceration.—YOU supply the others.

2	B	R	U			
3	B	R	U			
4	B	R	U			
5	B	R	U			
6	B	R	U			
7	B	R	U			
8	B	R	U			
9	B	R	U			
10	B	R	U			
11	B	R	U			
12	B	R	U			
13	B	R	U			

One that bruises a puglist. A tool used in grinding lenses.
Reported; rumored; noised abroad.
One who bruits, noises abroad.
Foggy; misty.
Rubbed, smoothed, cleaned. Also, grazed lightly or quickly.
One that brushes.
Rough and short in manner; abrupt; bluff.
Brutish. Like a brute.
To make or become like a brute; brutalize.
Process of cutting diamonds by rubbing one against another.
Savage; unfeeling; cruel; brutal; inhuman; sensual; coarse.
State or condition of brutes.

NOTE: Proper nouns, obsolete and archaic words, extremely unusual technical and scientific words, words that would offend good taste and those plurals or nouns and singular verbs that are formed by the addition of a 's', are purposely excluded from Word Hunts.

(Turn to Classified Page for Answer to Word Hunt)

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Creating Bookshelf Room.

NO ROOM in the bookcases for any more books. And no floor space left for another bookcase. But books have a habit of multiplying rapidly in the home of the booklover, whether he has space for them or not. They overflow on odd tables, and neat piles of them are mounded atop objects never intended to hold books. And with due respect to the decorative as well as the spiritual quality of books, they can be most irritating to the eye when they are cluttered pell-mell in an otherwise orderly living room.

But modern fashion, in reviving an old mode, comes to the rescue. There may not be floor space for a bookcase, but if there is wall space a happy solution is possible. Hanging shelves can be made to fit any available space, and of a size to accommodate the few or many books with no place of their own. The set of shelves may have space for two or three rows of books, and it may be placed over some furniture filling up floor space—a desk, table, couch or armchair.

Some of the best-looking shelves are so sturdily made that they look built-in, rather than hung up. And this is rather essential for otherwise a well-laden shelf will look insecure and about to totter.

Then there are shelves which actually are built-in, and not hung. They consist of three rows, the top being flush with the ceiling. In fact, since this type can be added from time to time as needed, it is possible to use only such shelves in a low-ceilinged small room, and eventually have the upper half of air the walls thus lined. All books in convenient reach but occupy no extra space—merely sections of wall that might otherwise be used for pictures. For bookcases are a problem in the small living room—hanging bookshelves are not.

TINY PLANE DIVES 10 FEET IN GROUND

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—(AP)—The little English combat plane he was testing for the navy hurried Lieutenant George T. Cuddihy to death today from nearly two miles above Bolling field.

The veteran speed and test pilot was buried with the ship's engine and fuselage 10 feet below the soggy earth. Some who saw the plunge said the plane sliced through the clouds at about 10,000 feet elevation, dived approximately 1,000 feet and then went screeching into a widening spiral as part of the plane whirled off.

The ship hit a low section of Bolling field, softened by a recent snow. Walter filled the hole dug by the plane almost at once and two hours passed before navy enlisted men could extricate Cuddihy's body.

HENRY FORD FIRED

DEARBORN, Mich., Nov. 26.—(AP)—Henry Ford tonight submitted his resignation as a member of the Dearborn board of education, after a resolution was introduced to declare his post vacant because he did not attend board meetings.

CARDINALS TO BE NAMED

VATICAN CITY, Nov. 26.—(AP)—Pope Pius, at the secret

consistory December 16, will appoint two or three more cardinals than those already announced, making seven or eight in all. All of the additional ones will probably be Italians.

Claims totaling \$1,409.65 have been paid to Statesman subscribers by the North American Accident Insurance Co. These claims were paid on the \$1.00 policy issued to Statesman subscribers.

By CLIFF STERRETT

OIL TANKER BLOWS UP; DAMAGE GREAT

GLASGOW, Scotland, Nov. 26.—(AP)—The oil tanker British Chemist which arrived at Grangemouth this morning with a cargo of 10,000 tons of crude oil exploded tonight. Three terrific blasts shook the whole town but only one man had been taken to a hospital late tonight.

A ship lying at an adjoining dock caught fire and the flames spread to the tanker. Many persons had narrow escapes as wreckage was flung into the streets of the town by the explosions. Six members of the crew saved.

Read the Classified Ads.

MAKE THIS HOLIDAY ONE OF JOY, HEALTH

Dr. Copeland Sends His Thanksgiving Message, Urging That This, First of Our National Holidays, Be One of Thanks and Recreation.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

As I write this my ears are made glad by the ripples of a beautiful stream. Here I am in the back yard of the home where all my young days were spent.

It takes some weeks for these articles to get to the printer and then to you. For this reason they are prepared in advance of the time you read them.

So here I sit and project my mind forward to the frosts of November and the joys of Thanksgiving Day. You will get this message on the day preceding this, our first national holiday.

It is easy for me to picture what will take place on Thanksgiving, 1929. In Michigan the weather will be cold and blustering by late November. I have known this stream to be frozen over before Thanksgiving. Many a time I have adjusted my skates right where I am writing.

In imagination I can hear the gobbling and grumbling in the barnyard around the hill. The brothers and sisters of the head of the turkey flock are wondering where their kingly brother has gone.

But I am not wondering; I can catch the tantalizing aroma of that baking turkey! As mother opens the oven door to baste the bird the perfume rushes out to fill the air with appetizing fumes.

What a day Thanksgiving was! If the family gathering was not in the house up the hill it was held at grandfather's farm, two miles away. I can never forget those glorious holidays. Uncle and grand-cousins by the score, and grandmother beaming on the group! What a memory!

We need these days of justification. Life must not be too staid and stumpy an experience if we are to be happy and glowing with health. As I view it, it is a sad mistake to make such a business of life that a holiday seems a "waste of time."

The race is not to the swift always. But even though the goal is a few feet, what difference does it make if you miss it?

As a matter of fact, however, you are more likely to win if you can serve your precious body. Each of us needs and must have an abundance of recreation.

The very word "recreation" means "re-creation." We must have stress and leisure to permit the muscles and nerves to store up new strength. There must be frequent re-creations if we are to live long and have the physical endurance to fight life's battle.

Then, on the spiritual side: isn't it right, meet and our bounden duty to stay our earthly affairs long enough on occasions to offer up to Almighty God sincere thanks for what He has given us?

Thanksgiving Day is a day for thanks to the Creator and a day to permit nature to do her work of re-creation. I trust you will live up to the highest ideals of what this day should be to you and yours.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. R. J. E. Q.—Will you kindly advise whether or not it is wise to use a 2% solution of — in the nostrils every day (being careful not to swallow it). I find it helpful for a sinus condition, using just a drop or two at a time.

A.—No, I do not advise it. If you have sinus trouble your doctor will outline the necessary treatment. A catarrhal condition can be relieved by a cleansing spray. For full particulars read a self-addressed and stamped envelope and repeat your question.

M. S. Q.—Are bowlegs hereditary?

A.—No.

V. M. Q.—What should a girl of 15, 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh?

A.—What should a girl of 23, 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh?

A.—She should weigh respectively: 114 and 123 pounds.

E. H. Q.—What should a girl of sixteen years weigh, if she is 5 ft. 9 in. tall?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 140 pounds.

R. L. M. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 16 yrs. old and 5 ft. 3 in. tall?

A.—What should a girl weigh who is 8 yrs. old and 4 1/2 ft. tall?

A.—She should weigh respectively 117 and 89 pounds.

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POLLY AND HER PALS



"No Problem Stew Big For Cocoa"



"A Thankless Job"



By RUSS WESTOVER

TILLIE, THE TOILER



"The Detective Detective"



"A Difficult Decision To Make"

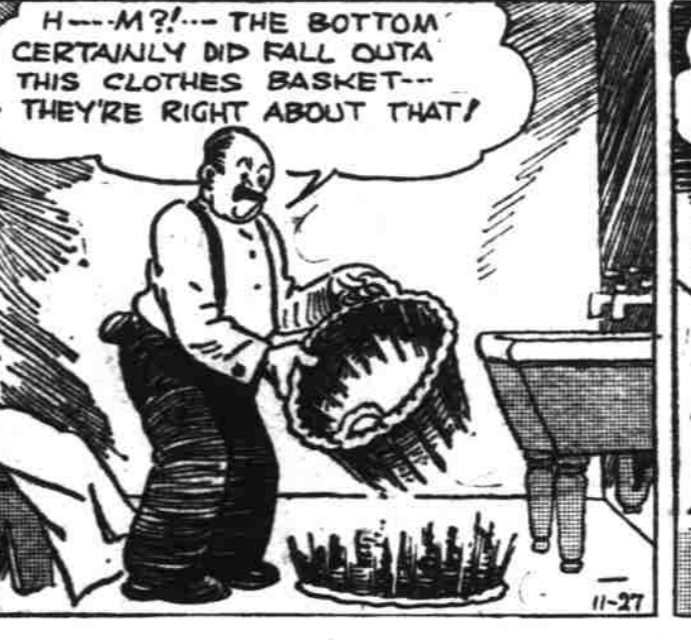


By BEN BATSFORD

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY



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