

THE FICTION CORNER
FOLLOW THROUGH
By HAL MARQUETTE

"AND SHOULD you encounter this man, exercise care. He's dangerous. Any further news that comes in will . . ."

Jerry Anderson snapped off the radio. He'd heard the particulars of the brutal strangulation of Mrs. Prescott and the description of the suspect several times this evening. After that wordy, unlovely portrait of the man, he felt that even he would recognize him if he ever contacted him, but he hoped that he wouldn't. Jerry was no coward, but . . .

After Jerry's recent discharge from the hospital, he decided that he wanted to live out at the cottage while making his plans for the future. His family objected, not without cause, and it wasn't until old Doc Crowder, the family friend and physician, convinced them that it would be a good thing for Jerry to do under the circumstances, that they finally yielded to his wishes. Jerry had spent every summer of his life there, until his enlistment, and he loved the old place.

So, when his mother and Lucy reluctantly left him this afternoon, he was glad. Not that he did not appreciate the things which they had been doing for him, but he wanted to be on his own. He had plans to make and this change and the quiet that he would have would be perfect. He had tried, during his month at home, to apply his own "self-reasoning" method, but to little avail. He felt confident that it could be tested properly by facing his problems independently.

Jerry sat near the window for quite some time trying to make a start at some of that "self-reasoning," but his mind kept reverting to the broadcast he had heard earlier. If the woman only had had a gun, he thought. She probably would have been afraid to use it, though; most women were. He thought of the empty Luger in his bag and wished that he could have tried again to get some ammunition for it. He loved that gun, a gift from one of his buddies who had not come back.

Jerry went into the bedroom and took the gun from his bag. He fondled it and then slipped it into his pocket. He smiled when he realized just how foolish that was. He came back to his chair and then lit his pipe.

He had been sitting there for just a few minutes when, suddenly, he heard the back door being opened, and then the click of the light switch. He sat still, wondering who it could be, a dozen thoughts chasing through his mind. He felt the useless gun in his pocket and took it out, gripping it firmly. Now, if ever, he could test himself on several of the things which he had learned during his rehabilitation.

In less than a minute, it seemed, he heard the ice-box door being opened, and a low chuckle came from the intruder. Then he heard things being put on the table. He knew that whoever was in the kitchen seemed sure of himself. He must know, he thought, that even with the whole house lighted, it was practically impossible to see in from any side.

The minutes dragged while he listened to the man eating and drinking. From the noise he was making, slamming the ice-box door and moving his chair, the man

undoubtedly thought that he was alone. Perhaps he had seen Lucy and her mother leave hours before and had waited for darkness to come.

After what had seemed an hour, he heard the man get up from the table and walk toward the hall which led into the living room. Jerry knew that his safety depended upon what he would be able to do within the next few minutes. It wasn't a very pleasant spot to be in, but . . .

He thought of the broadcaster's remark, that the killer had not used a car, and that it was suspected that he was making a getaway by the county back-roads and woods. This could be the man. For as long as he could remember, no ordinary tramp had ever strayed so far away from the main



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highway. He must have come upon the house by accident.

When Jerry heard a hand moving along the wall groping for a light-switch, he stood up and pointed the gun toward the door. Then it happened—the living room light was snapped on. He heard a hoarse cry of surprise.

The man's breathing was heavy as he stood motionless, facing the gun. He had a fear that Jerry could sense was genuine.

"Get 'em up! Who are you and what do you want?" Jerry was an officer in the infantry again as he made the demand.

The man was shaking when he spoke, "You're a cool one, brother. Put that gun down, please, before you hurt somebody." He took a step forward, and Jerry raised the gun and moved it slightly from side to side. Looking toward the man, Jerry was not sure of what he should do next. Then all the admonitions of his teachers came back to him: SHOW NO FEAR—THINK FAST—SPEAK WITH CONVICTION — REASON — FOLLOW THROUGH . . .

"Sit down in that chair," Jerry roared, surprised at his loud voice. This gave him a bit of confidence. Then he thought of his next move.

"A nut," the man ventured, half under his breath, and he obeyed. He kept his eyes on the gun as though hypnotized by it.

"Shut up and sit still." "You're a smart . . ." The man glanced away from the gun just long enough to see if there was anything near that he could grab.

"Wot you going to do? Let me

go. I ain't done nothing but eat some of your grub. Honest, mister, I'll get out of here quick if you'll put that gun down." This was the voice of a frightened man, but not the voice or true dialect of a hobo. Jerry relaxed slightly, and the man in the chair moved. This was the time to "follow through" if he was ever going to do it.

"Get up and do exactly as I tell you," he commanded.

The man cringed but rose slowly, his eyes still on the gun. He hated guns; he was afraid of guns, and he knew now that this man knew it, too. If he could only knock it to the floor . . .

"Keep your hands high, get to that telephone beside the door, and do as I tell you. Any monkey-business . . ."

The man advanced toward the door and the telephone without looking from right to left. Jerry moved to his side as he passed him. He could feel the man's body tremble, as though he were having a chill, when he touched him with the gun.

"Now put your left hand on the receiver, lift it off the hook and

put it to your ear. When the operator answers, tell her to connect you with the Helm road district police. When they answer, tell them to come immediately to the Anderson cottage off Helm road."

The man lowered his arm slowly and took the receiver off the hook. He'd stall, he thought; maybe the nut would give him an "in." But hearing the sound of regular breathing and feeling the pressure of the gun against his back, any illusions that he might have had regarding an "in," were shattered.

"Operator, gimme the Helm road police station." His voice quavered, and his hand was shaking. He couldn't keep the receiver close to his ear.

The man was conscious of the gun at his back, and he spoke in a deep hoarse whisper, "Come to the Anderson cottage off Helm road right away."

"What's up?" Jerry heard the officer ask.

"Tell him," he snapped at the man.

"I've got the man you've been looking for."

Jerry heard the quick break of the connection at the police station. "VISUALIZE—CHANCE IT—DO—FOLLOW THROUGH" . . . He had the answer . . .

"Drop that receiver and get your left arm up." He hesitated, then ordered his prisoner to go back to the same chair and sit down.

The killer had a dogged smirk on his face as he turned and moved toward the chair. He felt positive that his captor was a "nut," and with that gun . . .

Seconds passed as he continued to glare at Jerry. Then he thought of an old trick that he would try in order to get Jerry off guard. He wondered why he had not tried it when he first came into the room. Stiffening himself and settling back in the chair, he broke the silence with a tirade of oaths.

"Keep it up and keep them up, too," Jerry ordered.

This was not the reaction that the killer had hoped for. He then quieted and began to talk more coherently, and soon was telling of the crime for which he was being hunted. He spared none of the details.

Then Jerry heard the purr of a motor and men's voices. A slight wave of relief swept over him. Almost immediately, there was a sound of crackling shrubbery and running feet. The front door opened and two officers, with guns drawn, rushed in. They saw their man and covered him.

"Good work, Mr. Anderson, good work."

When the officers yanked the man to his feet and they had started for the door, one of them said to the prisoner, "You're lucky to have had this extra living time, him spotting you and with everybody in the county ready and willing to shoot you on sight."

The prisoner did not comment, but he scowled and was shaking and snorting with anger.

"The gun was not loaded, officer, and I could recognize him only from his story . . . you see I am blind," Jerry said softly.



RAILROADING DELUXE

The trend in railroad car designing has us dizzy. It's all very well to spring a new de luxe car once or twice a year but when they come out once or twice an hour it is too much. Having done about everything possible to the outside of our trains, the boys now are working wonders with the inside. One road has just come out with a recreation car which includes (cross my heart!) a game and reading lounge, a children's inclosed playroom, an automat lunch, a sunken buffet lounge and a news-reel theater!

We have come to a point on our railroads where everything is so cozy that a passenger finds life drab and unbearable when he gets off.

This latest recreation car has everything except a bowling alley, squash court, swimming pool and fishing lodge. The motif is so swanky that when a conductor enters he seems almost an intruder from the other side of the tracks. Noting the "In case of emergency" cord a passenger is apt to interpret it as an emergency when a cardtable wobbles, the griddlecakes are underdone or the movies are blurred.

Nobody will deny that for years there has been a crying need for improvement in railroad cars, but the present pace in modernization is dazzling. Changes come out so rapidly that a passenger no longer is surprised if an orchestra pit and sunken garden are added during a station stop.

The result is disquieting. We like comfort and a little swank, but when we board a choo-choo these days we feel as uncertain as when we are going through a night club on which the workmen still are busy. We have a feeling the conductor may ask us at any moment to step forward while a new rumpus room is installed.

When we take a de luxe train we keep wondering whether we are going to be disturbed by paper hangers, rug layers and interior decorators between stops. We observed a puzzled lady board a super-duper train recently and ask, "Can you direct me to the railroad car?"

Our trains are becoming Alice-in-Wonderland studios in pastels, murals, panels and upholstery trends. There are moments when we are not sure whether we are going places by railroad or by Good Housekeeping and Vogue.

And then there was the case of the two girls who disgustively exclaimed after walking through four cars, "What! No floor show?"

John Ringling North says he will not permit general broadcasting of the circus by television. This is a source of relief to countless housewives. Once the elephants come stomping into the living room by video it will be a frightful job sweeping the peanut shucks from the rugs.

And it would be confusing too. At times we couldn't be too sure which was Gargantua and which was the radio commentator.

PRAISE FOR U. N.
It's weak and sick,
It's pale and thin,
But it's a darned good league
For the shape it's in.

The Country Editor Says:
Jason Wiggs who used to worry over things like saving tinfoil and cigarette pictures now is a leader in the Save Europe campaign.

Deke Bumble broke his silence in the 1948 political campaign this morning and came out for the first candidate who doesn't grin much.

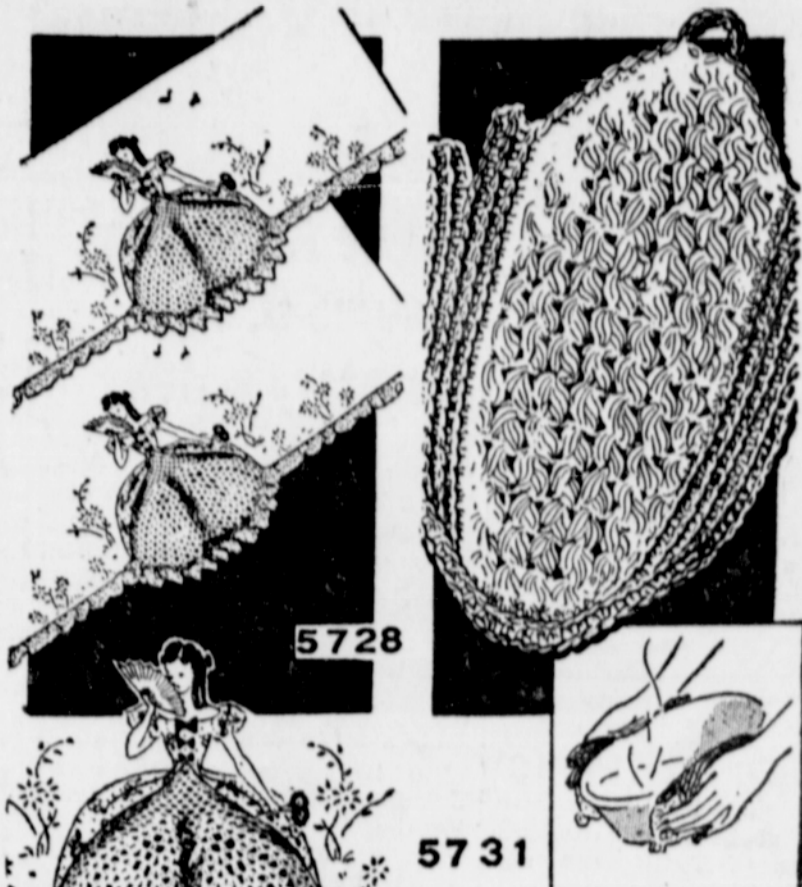
Mr. and Mrs. Luke Whipple are recovering slowly after a long spell of trying to assemble their new prefabricated \$10,000 home.

We have looked over that new half dollar critically. Our verdict is that it is not worth a nickel.

There are times when General Marshall must wish he was back in a nice, big war where he could get some place.

Warren Wright, who takes most of the derbies with his super racing stable, is a baking soda tycoon. Thus, in a way, is the home linked up with the turf. When we think of Citation we think of mother in the kitchen making bread and cookies . . . at the mention of Coaltown our mind centers on thousands of housewives baking a cake or preparing a potpie. We love horses and it comforts us to dwell on the fact that there is such a strong tie between a horse and a cruller.

Old Fashioned Lady for Cases
Corn Potholder Is Decorative



Practical Potholder
An amusing and very practical potholder in the shape of an ear of corn to brighten your kitchen. Crocheted of yellow cotton in a pebbly-like stitch, the green leaves are simple single crochet. Large enough to take care of all sizes of hot pots.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions, stitch illustrations and finishing directions for Corn Potholder (Pattern No. 5731)

Old Fashioned Lady
A quaint old fashioned lady makes a charming design for a pillowcase or bureau scarf decoration. Little Missy wears an adorable ruffled crocheted over-skirt which combines beautifully with the embroidery-etched bodice.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions, stitch illustrations and full directions for 'Little Missy' designs, (pattern No. 5728)

Send 20 cents in coin, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and PATTERN NUMBER.

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FIRST AID to the AILING HOUSE
by Roger C. Whitman

QUESTION: My hot-water tank is not a year old and I have rusty water coming out of my hot-water faucets. Can you give me any suggestions on the subject?

ANSWER: One reason may be that you're heating the water too much. A temperature of 130 to 140 degrees is hot enough for domestic hot water. When water is heated more than that, sediment is stirred up that is carried along in the water supply. You could prevent overheating by installing an automatic control. Also, your water supply may contain a great deal of sediment, which could be controlled by a water filter.

QUESTION: We are planning to put up a frame cottage of five rooms next summer. Regarding cement blocks for foundation, people have cautioned me against buying blocks that are made during the winter. Is there any reason for this?

ANSWER: It is true that cement work should not be allowed to freeze during the process of manufacture or construction. Reputable cement block manufacturers do not allow this to happen, however, even during the winter.

QUESTION: We are decorating three rooms. Could you tell me how to get cold-water paint off?

ANSWER: If it is old-fashioned calcimine, it should come off by washing with warm water containing a little ammonia, to be followed by thorough rinsing. If the paint is one of the newer types with a resin base, you can paint right over it with oil paint after first applying a varnish size. If you wish to hang wallpaper, coat it with a glue size.



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Evenly Brownd Crust	4/20
Tender Crust	4/20
Tender Crumb	4/20
Velvety Even Grain	4/20
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Many Infallible Proofs
Grace Noll Crowell

Oh, many there are, but in my heart alone
There are a thousand shining proofs that
Christ
Is a living force today, for I have known
The white infallible ones that have sufficed
To blot away all doubt: He is so near
That I can touch Him with my reaching hand,
He is so close to me that I can hear
Him speak the simple words I understand.

"Many infallible proofs," He showed to them
As they walked and talked with Him on their
way.

But I have often touched His garment's hem,
And felt His healing power as well as they.
Oh, not alone to them came proof on proof—
He shares my loaf, He lives beneath my roof!