

Haunted to Insanity by the Sound of Drip- ping Water!

Jim Todd lived near an abandoned brickyard on the road to Barnard, Missouri, about halfway between that small town and the county seat. It



**Sloan's
Liniment**

was during the worst winter the residents of the community had seen for twenty years that he murdered his sweetheart, Mayanna Moore, daughter of a nearby farmer, because she had witnessed the killing of a peddler.

When Jim Todd struck the peddler down with an ax and hid his body in an old kiln among the bricks that had been stacked in the round room, he looked up from the body of his victim to see the woman he loved staring at him. But he loved life, too, and he could not bear the thought of facing punishment for his crime. So he made a quick decision, and seized her by the throat, choked her to death. Then he had two bodies to hide instead of one.

It was a brighter day than usual, although the snow was heavy in the trees and thick on the ground. The



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Wise Women Know
—the charm of daintiness—how it attracts men and wins popularity. And those who are truly smart use genuine Black and White Body Sweet—a snow-white cream that overcomes all body odors. Large tubes, 25c.

**Genuine
BLACK AND WHITE
PLUKO HAIR
DRESSING**

sun shining, caused the water to drip off the edge of the sloping roof, where the snow melted—drip, drip, drip, drip. He heard this sound and stuck his fingers in his ears to shut it out.

He had the love letters she had written and carried there to the kiln for him so he might have something to read during the hours they had to be apart. One of them said:

Dearest Jim:—

I know how hard it is for me to have to remain away from you at night, when it seems I need you most, so I am writing these letters for you to read, which will help you pass away the tedious and slowing dragging moments.

I love you with all my heart. I yearn for you both night and day. Be true to me, oh, my lover, and help me to find the happiness that a trusting woman deserves.

You tell me to wait and you will marry me when you make enough money for the future, and I am looking forward to the time when I can be with you, and never have to leave you, oh, my man.

Lovingly,

MAYANNA.

He read the letter over and over as he lay in his wall bunk in the cabin which represented his home. In a fit of distraction he had slain her, and now he couldn't call her back. She was gone from him forever, and was now in heaven, and there was no hope of his getting there. He was headed for hell.

To think that he had killed her, too, after killing the peddler who had spent the night before at his house. He had put that man out of the running permanently because he needed money with which to marry his sweetheart, and she was dead.

It didn't seem possible that she was dead. She would appear tomorrow morning as she always did, with a basket on her arm in which were cakes and pies that she had baked for him.

All this was a dream and nothing more. He would awaken to face the sunshine of the truth, and he would hear her sweet voice calling out to him: "Open the door, Jim. It is your own Mayanna, and I've got a lot of nice things for my boy."

Why, oh, why, had he been such a fool? Had he really slain the woman who still lived in his heart for this? He lifted the soft leather poke filled with clinking coins that he had taken off the body of the peddler and flung it across the room.

Gold! paltry gold! What was gold in contrast to love? He had thrown love away, had closed the gates of his life against it, and now there was nothing to look forward to.

For ten years he escaped the law. They had found the body of the girl and the peddler in the old kiln, but they had never traced the crimes to him because they knew of his strong, almost mad love for Mayanna.

He had gone to view the body which lay in the house of her father, and had broken down and cried like a baby. They thought he was crying because he was heartbroken with grief, which was, in a way, true, but not the way they thought.

And for ten years he lived the life of a recluse. There were no storms like the storms of that fatal winter. But little snow. He clung to his cabin and seldom ventured out. The neighbors thought he had lost his mind because of the death of his sweetheart and avoided him. He had no visitors. Few knocked at the door of his cabin.

Then came another winter, severe like the one when he had slain his sweetheart and the peddler, and the snows were deep, the sunshine scarce. It was a long, seemingly endless winter when the world was dark and somber without a cheerful ray of light. More than ever before, Jim Todd clung to his cabin.

Then one morning when he was ill with the fever, the sun came out and began to melt the snow. Drip, drip, drip, drip. He heard the water dripping off the edge of the roof into the rain barrel set under the eaves. Drip, drip, drip, drip! And the

SELECTED RECIPES

Especially for the Illustrated Feature Section

INTERESTING FOREIGN FOODS By Experts

Some of the most delicious recipes come to us from other lands. Foreign chefs have long known the use of sugar as a seasoner to blend and point-up flavors, rather than for its sweetening effect, and the following recipes are practically guaranteed to tickle the most finicky palate.

Tongue in Aspic

Wash and scrub the beef tongue in salted water and boil until tender. Remove skin and place the tongue in a saucepan. Add two onions, one stalk of celery, four cloves, and salt and pepper. Cover with liquor in which tongue was boiled. Add one blade of mace, one bunch of thyme, one bunch of parsley and one teaspoon sugar. Simmer for two hours. Remove tongue. For each pint of the liquor add one tablespoon of gelatin that has been soaked in cold water. Stir for two minutes over very low flame. Strain and pour over tongue. Chill thoroughly, garnish with watercress, and serve.

Peas and Onions

Cook separately, until tender, one and a half cups shelled peas and one-half cup little onions. Heat four tablespoons thick cream in a saucepan. Add the peas and onions. Shake lightly until well covered with the cream and very hot. Add one-fourth teaspoon yagar. Mix thoroughly and serve.

ORANGE, TOMATO AND CELERY SALAD

1 orange
1 small tomato
lettuce
1/2 tablespoon diced celery
French dressing

Arrange alternate slices of orange and tomato on lettuce. Sprinkle with celery and serve with a small portion of French dressing.

BOOK NEWS

In the January issue of Harper's Magazine, Walter White, a leading Negro author and prominent official of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, writes an article entitled "The Supreme Court and the Negro."

The article is more or less a brief survey of the progress of the Negro group in terms of the decisions handed down by the United States Supreme Court. It is excellently written, in that the author has a very clear and comprehensive style of presentation.

Those who have been fortunate enough to read his "Fire in the Flint" and "Rope and Fagot" will agree that anything that Mr. White has to say is bound to be authoritative and carefully thought out.

This article is highly recommended as one of great interest and significance.

sound began to haunt him over again as it had done when it rained in the past. Finally he felt his mind going blank and in the last throes of his consciousness he scribbled down his confession on paper, confessing the double murder. Then he closed his eyes to the sound of drip, drip, drip, drip. The sound had given him mad. He added this to his confession:

"Drip, drip, drip, drip. The sound of dripping water. Just like the melting snow ran off the roof of the kiln where I hid those bodies, dripping, it seemed, drop by drop. Drip, drip, drip, drip—"

The neighbors found him when a someone noticed that there was no smoke coming from the chimney of his cabin, and they led him from the building a raving maniac. But his confession told the story.

HER HUSBAND LEFT AND BROKE HER HEART

She was a pretty girl when she got married...so active and happy...so full of pep. But after a year of married life something went wrong. Her health began to get poor. Her eyes became hollow. She lost weight. She looked haggard and worn. She was constantly sick and ailing. And her husband broke her heart for he got tired of her and left with another woman. It's a pity that men are like that...but they are and you can't change them. So don't let poor health break up your home. Take St. Joseph's G.F.P.

and keep strong, healthy and physically attractive. This rich, vegetable tonic invigorates and strengthens you, and helps to give abundant vitality, energy and strength. Start taking G.F.P. today. You'll feel better than you have in years. Your dealer sells the big \$1.00 bottle on a money-back guarantee.

**St. Joseph's
G.F.P.
The Woman's Tonic**

ORANGE, ONION AND GREEN PEPPER SALAD

1 orange
lettuce
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
French dressing

Peel orange, cut into slices and arrange on lettuce. Chop onion and green pepper very fine and mix them thoroughly. Sprinkle over orange or place a small portion on each slice. Serve with a small amount of French dressing.

PRAISES DOCTOR AS INDIGESTION PAINS VANISH



"For seven years I kept trying medicines, hoping to get relief from indigestion," says Mrs. Grace Wheeler, 153 Church St., Highland Park, Detroit, Michigan. "Nothing really helped me. I got so I never felt quite right; was tired and weak. I would bloat and have awful sick headaches after every meal.

"Now it's a different story. I got back most of my lost weight in a few months and feel fine. Nearly everything agrees with me. When anything starts to disagree, a tablet of Diapepsin has me comfortable in a minute.

"My doctor ordered me to take these wonderful tablets and I sure thank him for his advice. They're just like candy to eat; but they work better than any medicine I could find."

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