SYNOPSIS

Since Pop Clark disbanded his famous Blue Fire-eaters ten years ago he has been vainly trying to win the United League pennant with his Royal Blues. Sport writers give them little chance.

After a short delay, Bill Swfit went to the mound for the Phils in the last half of the ninth .He was rattled and showed it. He walked Joie Brown without ever once coming near the plate. The next man up was Reynolds, the left fielder and brother of Sid Reynolds, the reporter from Brooklyn. Reynolds settled the issue of the game with a screaming double down the third base line, and Brown, who had taken a long lead off first, ran home. The Blues had won their first game of the season.

The press box was wondering about Whitper and what had caused his collapse.

"I'll bet Terry has his nose into a piece of good news and will leave us flat,' Bierce mumblde.

"You sent him," Craven came back. "Funny he should be so long, though."

CHAPTER VI

When Whitper was carried from the field, a curious eager crowd of players from both teams rushed over to see what had happened. The doctor pushed them back and after a moment's inspection called Pop Clark and the Philadelphia manager and held a whispered consultation. Whitper's body was being carried on to the clubhouse just as Terry Burke arrived, breathless from running. The men with the stretcher passed Terry and for a moment Terry's alert eyes caught a dull spot spreading on Whitper's shirt. Pop Clark, Walsh, the Philadelphia manager, and the doctor were talking rapidly.

"We'd better go on with the game," Pop suggested. "There's no point in letting them know out there what has happened. If we don't finish the game, there's apt to be a riot."

After a hurried consultation, Pop and a substitute for Walsh strode out onto the field to take charge of the waiting and excited men.

Terry followed the doctor into the clubhouse and waited while he called the police. Outside, the fans were still shouting for the game to go on. There was a lull in the roar and Terry thought he heard the sharp crack of a bat hitting a ball. There was a lusty shout and then quiet. The doctor ripped Whitper's shirt off and made another examination. He shook his head.

"Deader than a doornail," he replied to Terry's quizzical look. "Shot right through the heart, too—clean as a whistle."

"But——" Terry began to protest.

"I was in France and I know a bullet hole when I see one."

"Then he was murdered," Terry said.

"Looks like it, and whoever it was certainly knows how to handle a gun."

Terry was overcome by the news and for a moment was a human being and not a newspaper man. "Murdered!" he muttered; and then suddenly, as if the word set off some secret spring of action, he became all alive again, his eyes glowing.

"You're sure, Doctor?"

"I was never more certain of anything in my life."

"Is it a revolver wound?" Terry asked.

"Use your head, young fellow. Did you see anybody pull a gun on the field and shoot him?"

"No."

"He was shot through the heart, a perfect shot, and no gunman, I don't care how good he is, could have done that from the stands with a revolver."

"But——" Terry began a protest.

"A rifle is the only thing that could have insured the accuracy of the shot."

"Then it could have been almost anybody, anywhere."

Terry made a dash for the telephone booth and gave his paper a scoop on the tragedy and a chance for a screaming head. Half an hour after the murder, the Star presses were running a sensational story of the crime. Terry's brief conversation with the doctor had enabled him to give a version of the crime which none of the other papers had until the police released their findings.

When Terry returned from the telephone, the door opened and one of the special police came in with Detective Kelly of the Homicide Squad.

"What's happened?" Kelly asked.

"He's been shot," the doctor replied.

Kelly walked over to the body and looked at it for a moment. "Made a first-class job of it, didn't they?"

"I called the police." the doctor said. "I didn't believe you would get here so quickly."

"I was taking my afternoon off and came up to see the game. I came in here to see what had happened. Did you call the local station?"

"I just told the operator I wanted the police," the doctor explained.

"Then you will get the local station."

Kelly went to the telephone and called Centre street, reported the case and asked permission to work on it. He came back looking rather satisfied. He was a tall, heavy-set man with thinning blond hair. He had a square-set jaw and rather mild blue eyes which gave the lie to the determination of his chin and straight-cut, rather cruel mouth.

"I'm going to work on this case," he announced to the doctor; and then running to Terry, "Who are you?"

"Terry Burke, of the Star."

"And you?" Kelly turned to the manager. "Why, you're Walsh, the Runners' manager, aren't you? It's a tough break for you. I'm sorry, old man. You needn't stay here now unless you want to—there's nothing you can do for him, poor devil."

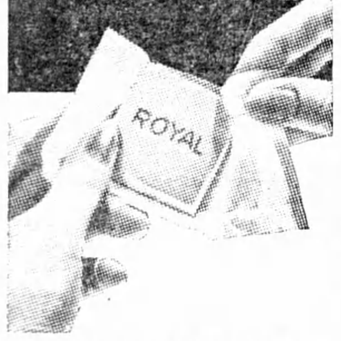
"I'll be back in a minute. This thing has done something to me." Walsh hurried away.

Kelly turned again to Terry. "How did you get in here?'

"I ran down from the press box to see what had happened.'

(To be Continued)

EACH CAKE SEALED AIR-TIGHT



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Prairie Teacher May Be First Ordained Woman

Miss Lydia Gruchy Has Ministered to Foreigners for Years—Overjoyed at News

MOOSEJAW—Miss Lydia Gruchy, who probably will become Canada's first ordained woman minister, is thoroughly British, although born in the suburbs of Paris. Her parents' home was on the isle of Jersey.

Pleasant, smiling, smart and fair-haired, she looks younger than her 42 years and was pleased, if not excited, when word came from Ottawa that the United Church was to be first in Canada to ordain women ministers.

"I've hoped for that for a long time," she said, recalling that she conpleted her theological studies in 1923. "I knew it would come some time."

She has conducted church services for years, principally among new Canadians in Saskatchewan settlements such as Insinger, in the Yorkton district, at Veregin, Kamsack and Wakaw. Doukhobors, Ukrainians and Hungarians have known her influence.

After her ordination she will be permitted to perform marriages, administer sacraments and officiate at baptisms — privileges not just now accorded her.

Leaving Paris when 12 years old, she attended Seaford Ladies' Colloge, Sussex, England, for four years, then entered the British civil service as a clerk in London saving banks. In 191' she came to Canada with her father and four sisters, settling at Strasbourg, Sask. Her mother died while Miss Gruchy was still a child.

She received her normal school, university and theological training all in Saskatoon.

Britain's largest airport at Croydo England, will have a radio landing system.

Famous Last Words

As a matter of fact I drive better when I've had a couple.

No one ever makes ME dim my headlights.

He's gaining—I can see him in the mirror.

It's all right, she's not in gear.

At last, darling.

You really must look at that sunset.

If you brake carefully, worn tires don't matter a bit.

. . . every inch of this road.

Look, here's the thousand just coming up.

Thanks, I can light my own—this car steers itself.

Quick, that's our corner.

I've ridden bikes for years and never had a light.

I love the early morning—the roads are so empty.

Anyway, the hand-brake's all right, I think.

She's about due for an overhaul now.

—From "You Have Been Warned," by Fougasse and McCullough.

In A Railway Station

(Daniel Whitehead Hickey in the N.Y. Times)

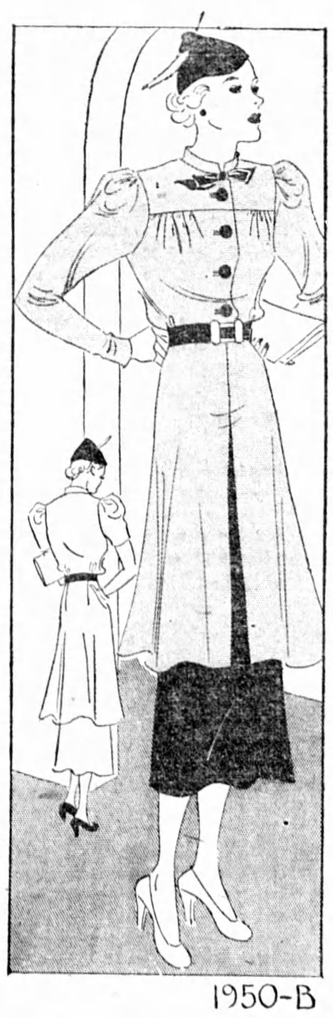
Running beside your train and breathlessly
Waving farewell and throwing a kiss to you
Watching the lantern fading in the twilight
Till you are lost and no lantern is in view.

I turn, bewildered, knowing East nor West—
For you are gone, gone from me like the sun
Whirling acres the stretches of the earth
Leaving it dark and lonely, I the lonelier one

On Killing Wives

A Russian named Alex Kerdziuk, age 30, killed his wife—his sixth wife—not long ago, and the Soviet court sentenced him to serve 10 years in prison—the same punishment now being meted out to petty speculators. Murder is no longer a capital offence in Russia, unless some interest of the State is involved. If this man had tried to kill Joseph Stalin, he would have faced a firing squad. But the killing of one's wife is only a comparatively minor offence.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Glamorous Tunic Easy For Home Sewing



1950-B

The tunic as you desire it! Flared skirt, small waist, broad shoulders and long or short sleeves. The pride of your wardrobe, the envy of your friends all wrapped up in a little pattern waiting for your beck and call.

See if you aren't pleased with It's charm, chic, and the brief time required for making it. Plenty of bodice fulness, made by gathers of the blouse at the square yoke while the uppity sleeves contribute their share toward ease and comfort. The neckline is topped off with a small stand-up collar and dainty bow, shiny lacquared buttons and a kid belt add fashion highlights.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1950-B is available for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 14 (32), for the tunic, requires 3 1-8 yards of 39-inch material, for the skirt 2 yds. In monotone it requires 5 1-8 yds.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving nnmber and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully and address your order to Barbara Bell, Room 230, 73 Adelaide W. Toronto.

Issue No. 43 — '36

Any Time is Tea Time
"SALADA" TEA
304

Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT

Rich Goodies

Halowe'en parties have to be gay—the fun even goes to extremes and menus and table decorations may run into riotous contrasts. The more original the food the better, and spirited fun and romping gives real appetites. Of course, the color schemes are yellow, orange, brown and black. Black can be worn by the paper witches, coats and owls, but orange and brown should predominate in the cakes and candies.

Tiny hot Cheese Biscuits, crisp golden doughnuts, a fine gingerbread, little spice cakes, chocolate and orange layer cakes, all suit the Hallowe'en tradition Coconut southern style in orange color is very effective and toothsome for cakes either large or small.

From among these recipes you can choose some goodies that will please even the most disgruntled guest — the guest who has come out worst in all the contests or have been the butt of many jokes. These cakes will put him in high, good humor.

Ginger Bread

2 cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt 1-3 cup butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, unbeaten, 2-3 cups molasses, ¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk.

Sift flour once, add baking powder, soda, spices, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then molasses. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350' F.) 50 minutes. Serve plain or with whipped cream flavored molasses.

Party Devil's Food Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour, 2¾ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, well beaten, 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well; then chocolate and beat until smooth. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350' F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Spread Orange Mist Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Orange Mist Frosting

2 egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, 4½ tablespoons orange juice, ½ tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Combine egg whites, sugar and orange and lemon juice, in top of double boiler, beating after with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire and beat until thick enough to spread, adding orange rind before spreading on cake. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter. When frosting is set, pour chocolate mixture over cake, letting it run down on sides.

THIS WEEK'S WINNER
Sweetheart Cookies

1 cup shortening, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 5 cups flour.

Cream, shortening and sugar, add eggs, well beaten. Then sifted flour, salt and soda. Divide in two parts and roll rectangular shape. Fill with date filling and roll like jelly role. Let stand over night. Slice in ½-inch slices and bake in quick oven.

Filling: ¾ lb. dates, cut fine. 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, scant.

Cook until thick. Cool and add 1 cup nuts, cut fine before spreading. Mrs. W. L. Matthews, Colborne, Ont.

ATTENTION!

Send in your favorite recipe for pie, cake, main-course dish or preserves. We are offering $1.00 for each recipe printed.

How to Enter Contest

Plainly write or print out the ingredients and method and send it, together with name and address to: Household Science, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Plane Too Slow For 97-Year-Old Woman

WINNIPEG—Ninety-seven years of age, Mrs. Kate Davison of Winnipeg decided it was about time she took an air-plane ride. Her comment after a ride over the city was: "I enjoyed it very much but we were going very slow."

Born in Trinidad, reared in Boston, and trained in European movies, pretty Jean Fenwick has landed a Hollywood studio contract. Daughter of an importer in the British West Indies, the actress' real name is Siegfreda Harriet Krauth

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