Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA"
TEA
515

**When the United League season opens the gamblers are offering 200 to 1 that Pop Clark's New York Blues will not win the pennant. Terry Burke is the only sports writer to give them a chance. He bets $10 at Tony Murallo's restaurant in the Broadway district. In the Blues' first game Whitper, the Philadelphia pitcher, is killed with a bullet through the heart after smashing out a home run. Both Burke and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie shortstop, for whom Clark's pretty daughter, Frances, had shown her preference over Whitper, are suspected at first by Detective Kelly. It is Burke who discovesr it was Sid Stream, notorious gunman, who wrecked a taxi with a bullet through a tire and injured four Boston players as the Blues are to open a series. Then Dirkin, Chicago star, drops dead, after hitting a homer, from poison on a phonograph needle fixed in the handle of his bat. Pietro, Chicago's bat boy, disappears. Clark sends Doyle to Newark but he is soon sold to Boston. When the Blues go to St. Louis, Scotter, the Rubes' star pitcher, is found dead from a gas given off by a mysterious powder in the box with a jigsaw puzzle sent to him. Each time Burke has a beat on these sensational happenings and masked gunmen truss him up, question him and warn him he knows too much, Rawlins, the manager, is sick when the Blues go to Chicago, and New York wins the first game. Burke bets Mullins, another sports writer, $5 the Blues will win the second game if Rawlins is still ill. He is absent again.**

Hover had gone to the hotel manager's office after dinner and had spent most of the evening there. At nine o'clock Rawlins' nurse had called for the manager and insisted that he come upstairs. He had been gone for ten or fifteen minutes and Hover had gone to find him.

The nurse was upset because Rawlins was not in his room. She had gone off duty for an hour because he said he was tired and wanted to sleep. When she came back the bed was empty. She called several rooms and could not locate any of the men on the team who roomed at the hotel. She then became alarmed and called the manager. There was no trace of Rawlins anywhere. They looked in the courtyard first; they searched the hotel from top to bottom. There was no sign of a struggle in the room. The bed covers were thrown back as if he had slipped from the bed. His slippers were under the bed and his bathrobe was on a chair. His clothes were hanging in the cupboard.

The house detective was called in. The maids on the floor had not seen anything unusual in the halls and none of them had seen a man in pyjamas wandering about. One of the maids, however, could not be found. She was not in the linen room nor on any of the other floors.

The search then became two-fold, but neither the maid nor Rawlins could be found. Then the police were called in.

By a series of questions the police unearthed the following facts: Huette, Rawlins' assistant, went to see Rawlins right after the game and was with him for about fifteen minutes; Rawlins was pretty sore at him because of the Butchers' second successive defeat, and Huette went away sulking; one or two of the members of the team stopped at the door to inquire for nim; his talk with Huette had tired him and he refused to take his supper when it was brought in; he wanted to rest and the nurse had left him for about an hour. That was all that turned up from the police efforts. The missing maid was checked and had not left the hotel by the usual means. Her clothes were in her locker and there was no reason to suppose that she was anything other than she appeared to be. She lived in South Chicago and had been employed by the hotel for over four years. She was competent and well liked by the management.

"Now you've got the whole story," Hover said when the bottle was empty," and know as much as I do."

Both Terry and Craven looked to Doc Biers for confirmation. Biers nodded.

"It's true," Hover said. "You can wire your papers if you want to, but Doc and I beat you to it." He lurched to his feet and ambled toward the door. "Come on Doc, I'll buy you a drink."

Doc Biers smiled and followed Hover through the door.

"It's crazy," Craven said. "The whole thing is a crazy nightmare. What will happen next? Know anybody here, Terry, anybody at headquarters who would give you the inside dope?"

Terry shook his head. He knew no one and was glad of it. He was secretly glad that for once he had not been in the thick of the mystery. He heaved a sight of relief.

"I know one of the bulls here," he said. "Maybe he can help us out. I will call him in the morning."

They both sent wires to their papers and sat talking about the probabilities of Rawlins' vanishing. It was just eleven-thirty when Terry's telephone rang. It was Doc Biers. He was having trouble getting Hover to bed and called for help.

They both went up to the eighteenth floor and were working over Hover when they heard a horrified cry in the corridor. A cold chill ran down Terry's spine. The three men looked at each other in startled amazement. Doors were opening all along the corridors and they heard excited voices. Craven raced down the hall, following Terry.

The hotel was one of the older Chicago hotels, as things go now, but new enough to be one of the first of the moderns. It was one of the first to put in service doors. They were not like the more recent ones. They were longer and deeper than the new ones and there was no chance of squashing a suit nor was it necessary to flatten out your laundry-bag in order to get it in the door.

A bellboy stood shaking in the centre of a crowd before an opened service door. The inner half of the door was open, and outlined against the light which came from a lighted window across the court dangled the body of a man.

The body was hung from the hook meant to hold coat-hangers. The head was bent forward on its chest and the long pyjama-clad legs hung limply down into the room beyond.

Craven knelt down and looked up at the face.

"It's Rawlins," he whispered to Terry.

There was the sound of excited voices and three men came hurrying down the corridor. They were Clayton, the manager, Ternan, his house detective, and the night clerk, who was just going on duty.

"What's the matter, Carter?" Clayton asked the still shaking bellboy.

The boy pointed to the body in the doorway. Ternan whistled and moved forward to have a better look.

The house doctor came hurrying up just then, went into the room and closed the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**BLACKHEADS**
Don't squeeze blackheads — dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store and rub gently with wet, hot cloth over the blackheads. They simply dissolve and disappear by this safe and sure method. Have a Hollywood complexion.

**Ladies**
Send us your name, and receive absolutely FREE, sample of our Highest Quality, Hospital Sanitary Napkins Hygeia Products, London, Ontario.

## Horses Brought $175

Some crops are scarce at times in sections of Alberta and it may be the car and tractor have given the horse quite a run for continued existence, but the horse buying season is about over for the year and Alberta has done well. Good drafters which two or three years ago were bringing from $75 to $80 have been bringing over $150. A car of good grades shipped from Alberta to Vancouver recently was said to have brought an average of $175.

## Chickens Turn To Gold Digging

### Large Nugget Found in Crop Of Bird To Be Eaten

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., —Just about 50 years ago a report that gold had been discovered in the shore sands in the vicinity of West Point, P. E. I., created considerable excitement throughout the Maritime Provinces. A big boost in land values of the locality where the gold was said to have existed ocurred, but the gold did not "pan out" to expectations and the excitement abated. The value of farms in the vicinity reverted back to normal prices of good farm lands.

But now real gold has been found Not long ago while one of the household of Neil Boulter of West Point was preparing a fowl for the table a large nugget of almost pure gold was found in the crop of the bird. Mr. Boulter's nephew, Howard Livingstone was present when the gold was found.

After he returned home he told his mother of the circumstances and expressed wonderment as to where the gold could have come from. His mother then related the following:

"When my grandfather Boulter came from England, he settled where Neil now lives. He had some gold coins which were kept in a corner cupboard. These disappeared but were afterwards found by the granddaughter to whom they were then given. She rolled them up and again put them in the cupboard. Some 40 years ago they finally disappeared. It is believed they were gathered up with waste paper and thrown into the stove and later the melted gold was taken out with the ashes and Neil Boulter's hen's have become gold diggers."

## *Ginger and Fred Are "Knock-Kneed"*

PASADENA, Calif.—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire both are knock-kneed!

The California Osteopathic Association was told it was one of the secrets of their dancing success.

"Their dexterity, or the grace of ballet and esthetic artists like Theodore Kosloff or Fanchon Wolfe," said Dr. William F. Madsen, of Pasadena, "is due to the fact that they are knock-kneed.

"In fact, one could make the startling assertion the best dancers are knock-kneed. The anatomy of the pelvis, thighs, knees and legs put these members in a knock-kneed position when they properly support weight."

## Private Jobs Up In U. S.

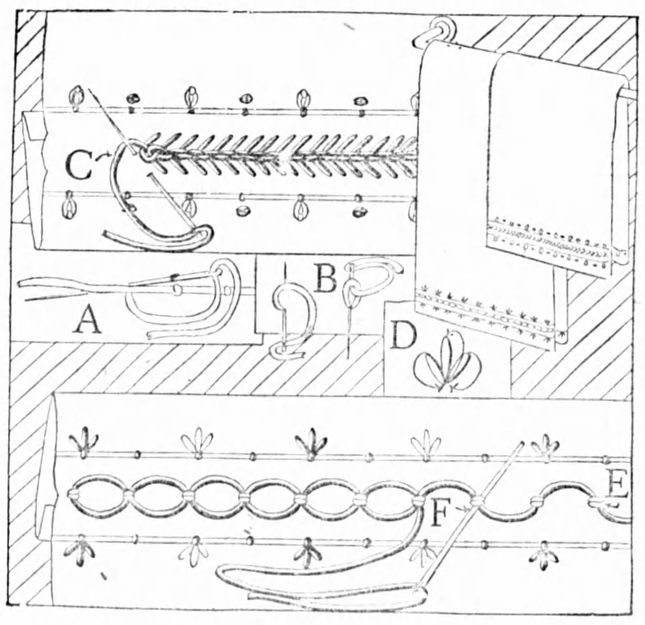
WASHINGTON — The United States Employment Service during May found the largest number of jobs in private industry for unemployed persons of any month in its history and listed the lowest number of job seekers on its rolls, Secretary Perkins reported.

The number of persons placed in private work was 240,703. The figure was 80 per cent above May, 1936, and nearly 10 per cent higher than April of this year.

The gain in placements over the previous year has been continuous for 15 months

"Britain would not have emerged a victor from the World War except for the assistance from the United States before and after her entrance." —Earl of Lothian.

## Bright Hand Embroidered Borders For Gift Towels




An unusual version of some ordinary thing is always a more acceptable gift than a gadget that bears the blight of being useless. A towel of the right color to harmonize with the color scheme of a friend's bathroom will not be one of those gifts saved for another year and shipped off to someone else who doesn't want it either.

The embroidery for the towels shown here is done with six strand mercerized embroidery thread. All six strands of the thread are used. The simplest stitches are combined in straight rows across the towel to make a border design. No stamping pattern is needed. The borders sketched here are exactly the size of the actual border.

The top one is done in royal blue and turkey red. First, straighten the end of the toweling, then crease a 1 3-4 inch hem. Draw a thread of the material at the top of the creased hem. Draw another thread 1 inch below the first one. Thread your embroidery needle with the red thread, then place a long piece of the blue thread over the drawn line and couch it down as at A. Make the couching stitches exactly 3-8 inch apart. This gives you the two straight side lines of the border. Outside of these lines make a vertical loop stitch in blue at every other couching stitch. The two steps in making a loop stitch are shown here at B. Between each of the red vertical loops make a tiny horizontal blue loop stitch. Next, make a line of fish bone stitch in red through the centre of the border. The method of making the stitch is illustrated at C. It is a good plan to crease the material along the threads of the goods to make lengthwise guide lines to keep the stitches even. Hem the towel by hand sewing to the back of the top row of couching.

To make the lower border in orange and yellow, straighten the end of the material and crease a 1 3-4 inch hem. Draw threads and make couched lines as for the top border using orange thread to couch light yellow in place. Now, outside of these lines, make a group of 3 ray stitches in the orange thread at every fifth couching stitch. The ray stitch is shown at D. The centre stitch is made first and the arrows indicate where the thread is brought through and points where the needle is placed in the material each time. Between each group of orange ray stitches make a group of yellow ones. Next make a row of yellow running stitches with double thread exactly through the centre of the border, spacing them 3-8 inch apart. Starting at the right weave orange thread in and out of these stitches as at E. When the other side is reached, work back again as at F to complete the loops of a chain. Hem the towel to the back of the couching stitches as for the first border.

**NOTE:—Mrs. Spears' new book, "Sewing For The Interior Decorator," contains 47 other fascinating things to make for the home with step-by-step instructions. Now ready for mailing upon receipt of 14c (10c plus 4c postage). Address Mrs. Ruth Wyeth Spears, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.**

## Jitters Defined

DENVER.—Reduction of jitters to terms of volts of electricity was reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science here.

Platinum-iridium wires, so fine they can be stuck into a muscle or nerve without causing pain, pick up the electric current constantly flowing in human tissues.

Five to 10 millionths of a volt marks a very tense person. These currents are stepped up to read on a dial.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of the laboratory for clinical pathology, Chicago, who made the "neurovoltmeter," said it should be useful when a doctor wants to know exactly how nervous or tense his patient is.

Even the effect of imagination shows on this meter. Dr. Jacobson said that imagining you are lifting a 10-pound weight causes a strong deflection of the needle.

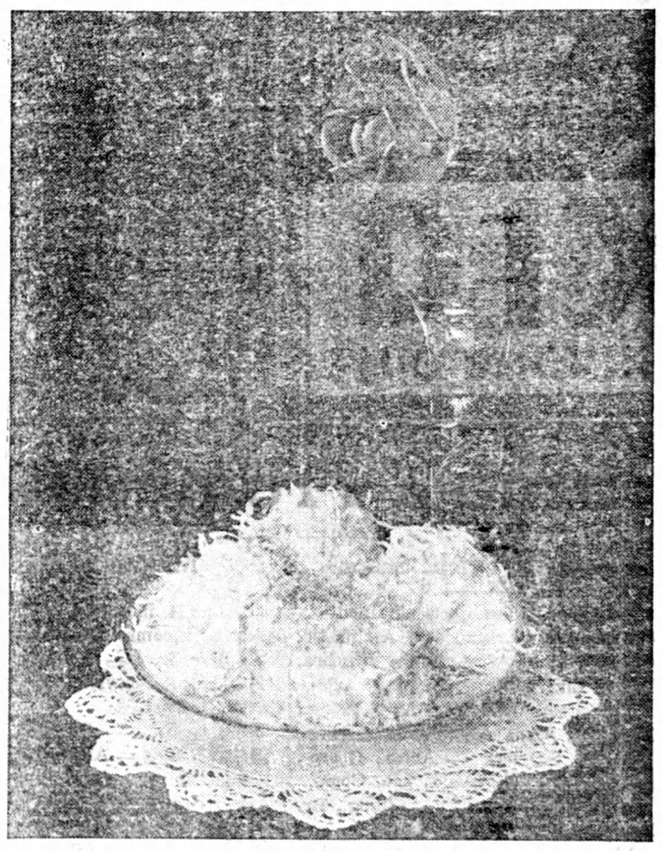
In a bale of cotton there are over 45 billion cotton fibres.

BABY'S OWN
• SOAP •
Best for You and Baby too

Issue No. 28—'37

## Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT



### Coconut Dainty

Coconut, in almost any form, is a favorite. There are so many uses for these delightful, moist shreds of goodness that every housewife should keep a carton or sealed tin of it on hand. She should also be careful how she buys coconut because its goodness is lost if it isn't perfectly fresh. The only way to be sure that what you buy is the best is to get it in sealed tins or cartons which are especially constructed to retain all the moisture and freshness of the coconut.

There are two kinds of coconut, Southern style and premium shred. The first is used for topping desserts, sprinkling over frostings and fruit cups, for fluffy whips and meringue mixtures and the second is used more for fluid or semi-fluid mixtures, such as pie fillings, custards and puddings and as an ingredient in cookie mixtures. Though in most recipes, either style may be used, it is best to use the kind called for, as it is especially adapted to that particular recipe.

Here is a delicious idea for the tea hour in the form of fluffy coconut balls which are a treat when made with fresh coconut, and fresh coconut is the real secret of the success of any recipe calling for coconut.

### Coconut Jelly Balls

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons hot milk
3-4 cup tart jelly
2 can coconut, southern style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Beat eggs until very thick and light and nearly white (about 10 minutes). Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, a small amount at a time. Add milk, mixing quickly until batter is smooth. Turn at once into small cup-cake pans which have been greased very lightly on bottoms. Bake in moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Remove from pans. Beat jelly with fork until of right consistency to spread. When cakes are cool, spread with jelly; roll in coconut. Makes 36 cakes.

## Uncrowned Kings

A Tribute to Sir Robert Borden

Above the petty things
That mock and mar this glorious life,
They walk our ways, the Uncrowned Kings,
Freed from earth's strain and strife.

Like mighty mountain peaks
Above the mists and fogs below,
Their feet upon our humble streets,
Their heads in Heaven's glow.

The vision splendid leads
To deeds that make an hour sublime,
To lifting wings toward sun-lit throne,
Unheeding place or time.

Their helping hands have pressed
Against the world's slow-moving gate;
Done daring deeds—endured life's test
Unarmed,—have conquered fate.

—Dorothy Sproule.