● SERIAL STORY

HIT-RUN LOVE

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Patricia McGraw—heroine. She faced a choice between the law and love.

Larry Kent—hero. He faced an even greater decision.

Tom Sweeney—prosecutor. He awaited the processes of the law.

Yesterday: Larry calls Pat's young brother, Bill, to lie about his damaged fender. Bill is willing, to help Pat. He is to testify tomorrow.

CHAPTER XIII

They sat there in the little cubby-hole of an office—Pat and Bill—while the day drew to a close around them. The boy's words had shaken Pat more than she realized. He had come to court prepared to tell a lie—a white lie as he believed—to save the man she loved.

Bill, young, idealistic, with the groundwork of his future life as a man even now being laid, waiting to sacrifice one of his standards to aid her. Pat looked at his profile there in the late afternoon light. In all probability his testimony would aid Larry, would help clinch his defense, help free him of the fate that a conviction would result in. But his testimony would also mean that for all the rest of his life he would know that Pat had permitted him to lie under oath to help the man to whom she was engaged.

Feet Of Clay

It meant as he grew older and more aware of what he had done there in court he would have to take her down from the pedestal she now occupied as head of the family—sincere, honest, conscientious, above reproach. And her feet of clay would be ugly.

She pressed her hands against her throbbing temples and twisted around in her desk chair.

"You must promise not to do it, Bill. You can't do it. If Larry is innocent he can prove it without putting you on the stand to lie for him. If—if he is guilty—" her voice trembled, then grew steady again, "then he must pay the penalty. I'll tell him in the morning that you are not to lie for him, and if he insists on putting you on the stand that you will admit that you know nothing at all about the car—either before or after the accident."

The wide-eyed wonder in Bill's eyes gave her courage. The light in them was no longer embarrassed, but proud. She had not failed him. He and Joe could continue to look up at her.

Pat sent him off home then, pleading that extra work would keep her busy. Actually she stayed to continue her own fight. The trick that Larry had meant to play with Bill shook her. He had meant to do everything in his power to get off clean. Larry would use any means.

And what if he succeeded? What if as the case continued tomorrow she saw he was winning, breaking down witnesses who thought he was the driver of the car? Had she the right to interfere? She knew he was guilty, that he had killed a woman, seriously injured a child. He had admitted the truth to her, but the admission had been to her as his fiancee. In court a wife could not be forced to testify against her husband. Larry would never have made the admission to her if he had not been sure of her love and loyalty. Yet his own love for her had not prevented him from attempting to use Bill, and would not stop him from putting her on the stand to swear to his lies.

Her Love Dead

Love was gone. She knew that now. Larry had killed her love as definitely as when he became a hit-run driver. The act of being involved in a tragedy was not what had killed her love. To have stood beside him as he faced that charge would have been her right, the privilege of her love. But running away, denying responsibility, lying—that had burned the last remnant of affection from her heart.

An aching emptiness remained. All her world had been Larry for days, weeks, months. Her future, too, had been Larry: Larry coming home to their apartment in the evening, Larry eating the dinner she had prepared, Larry introducing her to their friends as "Mrs. Kent." Everything had revolved about Larry. And now it was ended.

She slipped his ring from her engagement finger, watching the sparkling diamond catch the rays of the late sun. Tears in her eyes surrounded it with tiny rainbows.

She blinked quickly as the door of the office opened. It was Tom, his arms filled with dog-eared law books.

"Still working away?" he asked, looking down at her while she tried to blink away the tears from her eyes. She could feel his nearness, his kindness.

He put the books down on the desk, stopping suddenly as his fingers brushed the ring that still sparkled in the light. He reached for her hand, touched the bare finger.

"What does it mean, Pat?" he asked, his voice husky with feeling. "Can I help? Have you had a quarrel with—with someone?"

A Sympathetic Tenderness

She couldn't trust herself to look up. The tenderness and sympathy in his voice brought all the grief of the past week back in an overwhelming wave.

"An engagement ring——" he continued, touching the diamond. "I'd noticed it on your finger, of course. I—I didn't look at it any more than I could. I guess I didn't like it, Pat. And now it's off and you—you're crying, aren't you?"

He put his hand under her chin and raised it until he could look into her face. "You feel pretty terrible. You care for this fellow a lot. What's happened? Has he made you unhappy? What did he do?"

"It's All Over"

Somehow she controlled herself. "It's all over, Tom. I'm a lot better off. It—it just wasn't meant to be. I see that now. I'm glad I found out in time."

"I don't know who he is, but I do know he's a fool to let something take you away from him. I wouldn't if I were in his place. I'd fight to keep you. There wouldn't be anything I wouldn't do if I were this chap."

"That's because you're different, Tom. You're—you're just you; honest and kind."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes—everyone knows it. You can't be swerved when you know you're doing what's right. You can't be bought off. You're honest, true."

"I'm honest when I say I care for you, Pat. Maybe now isn't the time to say that, not now when your world has crashed and you're so unhappy, but it's true. I care for you more than I've cared for anyone before in my whole life. All these weeks over here I've watched you, wanted to be near you, waited in the morning for you to come in the courtroom, planned so that I could eat when you were ready, hung around late just to say goodby in the afternoon. I love you. I didn't think I had a chance before, but now, Pat—now—do you think I have?"

She put her hand over his, feeling his strength and courage, his gentleness and understanding. "I've never known anyone like you, Tom. I wish I could think. Only everything is so mixed up, so—so horribly confused."

can wait and I will. Tomorrow, or next week, or next month—sometime, though, perhaps you'll let me tell you more of what I feel."

She nodded. "Knowing that you care helps right now. Yes—later I'll be able to think clearer, and then—"

Tomorrow Coming

He touched her hair and picked up his books. She heard the door close after him. Tomorrow or the next day, he had said. Tomorrow there would be other things to think about. Tomorrow the case would continue. Larry would be found innocent or guilty. Tomorrow Tom would either be due for congratulations for beginning his winning crusade against traffic offenders, or he would slip back into the role of inefficient prosecutor who lost an important case.

She put her work away, slipped into her wraps and went down on the street. She walked to try and see the threads of the pattern. Larry and his secret that she shared. Tom and his love and belief in her. Before her loomed the big Municipal Hospital, its stone front grimy with the smoke and dust of the city, its steps cluttered with people coming and going, some on crutches, others with bandages on heads and arms, some with tear-reddened eyes, others clasping wilted flowers.

A peddlar stood near the curb with a little cart heaped with spring blossoms. Suddenly she stopped, looking at the daffodils, the peonies, the violets. She bought a big bunch of flowers and turned into the hospital.

"Jean Gillespie—" she said to the clerk at the information desk. "Could I see her?"

Sense of Peace

"On 10 minutes left in the visiting period. She's in the children's ward on the second floor."

Pat went up through the long corridor odorous with disinfectant. Through partly opened doors she caught climpses of crowded rooms—beds, drawn shades, dingy walls. The children's ward was only a little brighter.

Someone motioned her to a bed in the corner where a small body lay quiet, motionless, in the hubbub. A worn toy lay unnoticed on the sheet. The child was drowsy with pain and medicine.

A nurse came by. "She's still a sick kid. Are you a member of the family?"

"No—only a friend." She laid the flowers on the bedside table and touched the hot, pale cheek with her fingers. The child moved and opened her eyes. They were dull with fever.

"Mama—" she said thickly. "I want my mama."

Pat turned and walked away. The lump in her throat was too big to swallow. Her heart ached within her, but there was a sense of peace in her being that she had not experienced for weeks. The path ahead that had been so confused with shadows had suddenly become clear again.

(To Be Continued)

A few drops of ammonia in the water will lighten labor when washing blankets.

RADIO NOTES AND NEWS

GOOD FRIDAY EVENTS

Three of the most solemn days in the Christian year will be celebrated by all networks beginning Good Friday, April 7, at 2 p.m., over NBC with a performance of Brahms' Requiem. The Requiem will be sung by the choir of St. Thomas Church in New York and will be directed by the veteran Dr. T. Tertius Noble who was organist of historic York Minster in Englang before he emigrated to the United States many years ago.

Other Good Friday events will include the Symphonic Chorus of Ohio State University in a performance of Randall Thompson's "Peaceable Kingdom" to be heard over CBS at 2.30 p.m. The last episodes of "The Living God," a dramatization of the events of Holy Week, will be broadcast over NBC on Friday and Saturday at 6 p.m. Walter Connolly is starred as the roving announcer who has lost his faith and who is transported back to the days of the Crucifixion. Pedro de Cordoba and Mary Carr are also in the cast. CBC will broadcast "The Trial of Jesus" on Good Friday at 8 p.m., and will sponsor a broadcast of Faure's Requiem from Montreal at 10 p.m. At the same hour the Calvary Baptist Church Choir of New York will sing Dubois' "Seven Last Words" over the Mutual network, and the Lindsborg Choir will sing portions of Handel's "Messiah."

Easter programmes for Saturday, April 8, include the Pasadena Boys Choir over CBS at 3.30 p.m., and a Russian Orthodox service over CBS at 12.15 a.m. Easter dawn in the Hollywood Bowl will be described over Mutual on Sunday, April 9, at 8.00 a.m. This will be followed by a service on the slopes of Mount Rubidoux at 9 a.m., and by the Los Angeles Choir singing Easter music at 9.30 a.m. Easter Fashions on parade will be described from New York at 11 a.m., and the famous Fifth Avenue parade itself at 12.30 p.m. Radio and screen celebrities will be introduced at the microphone.

TO BE HEARD . . . April 8, 7 p.m.—Formal Opening of Station CBA at Sackville, N.B. . . . Two-hour programmes with Hon. C. D. Howe and Premiers of N.B., N.S., and P.E.I. and David Sarnoff of RCA. . . . April 9, 5.30 p.m. NBC—Readers' Guild, book review programme, makes debut. . . . 8 p.m. NBC & CBC, Chase and Sanborn Hour. . . 9 p.m. CBS—Ford Sunday Evening Hour . . . April 10, 8 p.m. MBS—New Quiz Programme, "Name Three" . . . April 11, 8.30 p.m. NBC—Information Please . . . April 12, 8 p.m. NBC & CBC, "One Man's Family" . . . 9.30 p.m. CBC—Music by Faith . . . April 13, NBC, 8 p.m., Rudy Vallee.

Cotton Shirtmaker Frock

For Home and Summer Wear
By Louise Lennox

This simple, one-piece classic cotton shirtmaker, fastens down the front in smart coat-like effect. It has a neat little girl collar and a tailored pocket for contrasting hanky! Made of a bright print, inspired by tropical flowers of the sunny West Indies, it repeats the deepest tone of the print in the buttons. You'll enjoy it for home wear now and later for the beach and country. It's such an easy dress to sew.

Style No. 2056 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material.

Send Fifteen Cents (15c) (coin is preferred) for Pattern to Louise Lennox, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly your Name, Address and Style Number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Green Tea At Its Best

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 32

Women Really Thick-Skinned

If you've ever been troubled by the fact that women can stand higher temperatures than men you can set your mind at rest because it all has a scientific explanation, according to Dr. Charles Sheard, director of Biophysical Research at the Mayo Foundation, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Sheard said women nomally produce from 10 to 15 per cent. less heat than the opposite sex which enables them to remain comfortable when the thermometer is soaring, while the male perspires and becomes uncomfortable.

Better Insulated

"A woman has more fat on her body, for one reasons," Dr. Sheard said. "It might even be said she is more thick skinned than man, and the lower metabolic rates in the female enable her to stand greater temperatures.

Real Beauty More Than Skin Deep

It Is Soul Deep; Emphasis On Externals is a Big Mistake—Spend More Time Developing Whole Personality

The common standard of feminine beauty is now so high that no girl dares to fall far short of it. Few girls have to. Any girl with a face one degree prettier than a Cheddar cheese can come so near conformity to the international standard, as recognized in London, Hollywood, New York, Paris, Rome, Berlin and Calcutta, that the difference does not matter. Thanks to chemistry, and thanks to her own time and trouble, she is a pretty girl, like all the rest. The real beauty of women is far more than skin deep; it is soul deep.

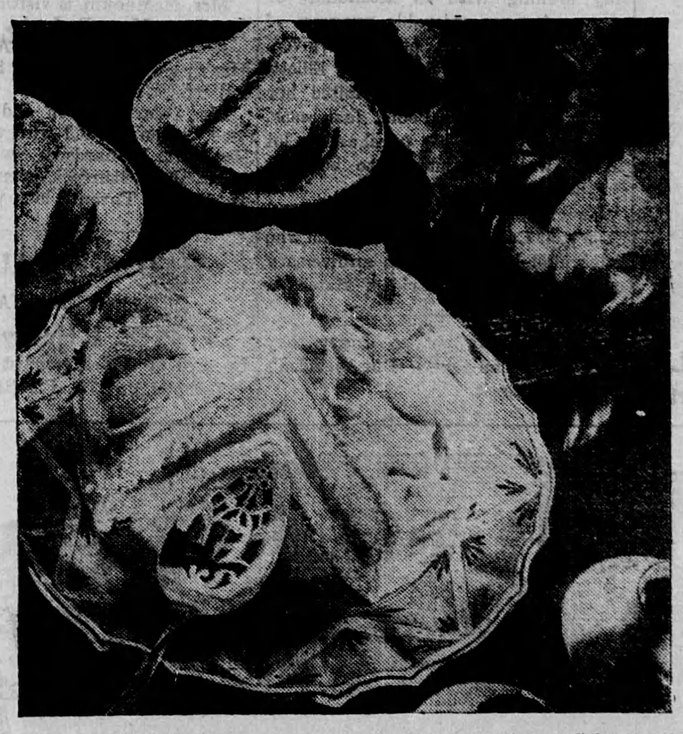
The more aids to outward beauty are brought within the reach of all women the better. But for girls to look on that as an end itself, and to give all their leisure to cultivating it, seems to be the biggest mistake that this generation has made.

Less time should be spent in making up her face to resemble everybody else's face and more time in developing her whole personality.

This remedy for tired feet is practiced by ballet dancers in training. Tilt over on to the outer sides of the feet and stand like that for about 5 minutes. This trick can be done anywhere at any time, and not only rests the feet but strengthens the ankles.

« Household Science »

KATHERINE BAKER



A bowl of Spring flowers and this delicious Orange Cream Cake herald Spring and the Easter season. Serve the cake as a dessert or for afternoon tea.

ORANGE CREAM CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ cup butter or other shortening
1½ cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add lemon extract. Fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Orange Filling between layers and White Mountain Cream on top and sides of cake. Decorate top with orange sections, free from all white membrane.

ORANGE FILLING

1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons cake flour
Dash of salt
½ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup water
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons grated orange rind
2 teaspoons butter

Combine sugar, flour, and salt in top of double boiler; add fruit juice, water, and egg, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from boiling water; add orange rind and butter. Cool. Makes enough filling to spread between two 9-inch layers.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CREAM
(Boiled Frosting)

1½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon light corn syrup
2/3 cup boiling water
2 egg whites, stiffly beatn
1 teaspoon vanilla, or
¼ teaspoon orange extract

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Bring quickly to a boil, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly, without stirring, until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add flavoring. Continue beating with rotary egg beater 10 to 15 minutes, or until frosting is cool and of consistency to spread. Use wooden spoon when too stiff for beater. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

Do This If You're

NERVOUS

Don't take chances on products you know nothing about or rely on temporary relief when there's need of a good general system tonic like time-proven Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots.

Let Pinkham's Compound help build up more physical resistance and thus aid in calming jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's—over 1,000,000 women have written in reporting glorious benefits—it MUST BE GOOD!

Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Speedy Relief

Here is a clean stainless penetrating antiseptic now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will bring you speedy relief from the itching and distress of Eczema, Itching Toes and Feet, Rashes and skin troubles.

Not only does this great healing antiseptic oil promote rapid and healthy healing in open sores and wounds, but boils and simple ulcers are quickly relieved and cleanly healed. In skin diseases—the itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum and other skin eruptions.

You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any modern drug store.

Issue No. 14—'39

NEED BUILDING-UP?

Miss Doris Cook

IF you are weak, thin, or pale, take a tonic to build yourself up. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic that will stimulate your appetite and tend to improve your digestion, so that food—the natural body-builder—will strengthen you. Mrs. Rose Cook, 101 Walnut St., So., Hamilton, Ont., says: "My daughter Doris was in a very weakened condition. She was quite thin, was restless, had no appetite, and had pimples on her face. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped to build her up. She ate better, gained weight and the pimples cleared up too." Ask your druggist today for it—in liquid or tablets.

CHEST COLDS

Here's Quick Relief from Their DISTRESS!

Rub soothing, warming Musterole well into your chest and throat.

Musterole is NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"* containing old-fashioned cold remedies, oil of mustard, and other valuable ingredients, in a clean white ointment.

That's why it gets such fine results—better than the old fashioned mustard plaster. Musterole penetrates, stimulates, warms and soothes, helpful in quickly relieving local congestion and pain. Used by millions for 30 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. *Made in Canada*, in three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. All druggists, 40c each.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER