"Mary was a sweet thing until I got her in my clutches with too much tea and coffee. She developed caffeine-nerves. Her eyes fairly flashed fire all the time. Then some meddler told her what was the matter and persuaded her to try Postum and I lost out."

• • •

Headaches, nervousness and sleeplessness are the warning signals of caffeine nerves, caused by drinking too much tea and coffee. Delicious and particularly economical. Instant Postum is entirely free from caffeine. Made instantly in the cup, there is no fuss, no bother. Ask your grocer for Postum.

F132

POSTUM


## Britain Finds Use For Old Balloons

The straw in the thousands of palliasses on which the British Army sleeps is now regularly turned into paper as fresh straw takes its place. In the old days, the straw would just be burned. Today, it is laid out to air thoroughly, then packed up in bales and sent off to the paper mills.

Jute from tattered sand bags goes on from the Army salvage depots to the paper makers, too. There is not much that the depots do not collect. Every week one of them alone handles 500 tons of iron, steel, aluminum and tin. It sorts out empty bottles and sends them back to the brewers, the distillers and the wine merchants. Thousands of old batteries are returned to the makers that the carbon may be reclaimed.

Old barrage balloons become strips of rubber sheeting made into watertight covers for tanks shipped overseas. Cotton reels sent in by the Women's Voluntary Services and the Girl Guides are used by the Royal Engineers for cable rests in laying temporary telephone and telegraph lines. More than 15,000 of them have come along

Last year, this one depot collected 859 tons of army paper for salvage and sold it at £5 a ton; in all, the Army got £100,000 for its salvage in a year and passed the money on to war funds.

## Says U. S. Expects Japanese Air Raid

War Secretary Henry Stimson said recently the War Department considered a Japanese air raid on the United States to be inevitable as a return blow for the attack on Tokyo and other Japanese cities.

The Secretary told his press conference the Army is doing everything possible to meet the expected attack, which he indicated was anticipated on the west coast.


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● SERIAL STORY

# MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

**LAST WEEK: In England, Greg is sent to Aldershot Camp, where he buries himself in work for the next three days. He is given a premature leave of absence, decides to go to London. He is low in spirits when he arrives, since, before arresting Joan, he had agreed to meet her in London at the "Welcome Snail" inn. When he arrives in London, he takes a cab, doesn't know where to go. Finally he tells the driver to take him to the "Welcome Snail."**

* * *

JOAN IS WAITING

CHAPTER XII

For fully 15 minutes the little taxi twisted and turned through the night, Lieutenant Rollins remarking to himself that the gray-haired driver must have cat's eyes. At irregular intervals, two-decker buses roared by and melted again into the darkness. There were few, if any, autos other than taxis. Astonishingly few, too, were evidences of air raid damage.

Finally, his cab drew up beside a curb.

"That will be two bob, and tupence for my tip," the driver said over his shoulder. "Just walk straight ahead and feel for the door."

Rollins eventually found the door knob. The door opened out. He pushed aside the curtain and stood blinking in the quaint little place, familiar to decades of London tourists.

A chubby little Frenchman in impeccable formal attire greeted him. "Bon soir, Monsieur. I am Pierre . . ." Then looking over Greg's shoulder, "You are alone, oui?"

The officer smiled. "Oui, I am alone."

"This way, Monsieur." Pierre turned toward the curiously narrow dining room, then stopped abruptly. "You are not, by any chance, Lieutenant Rollins, non?"

Greg halted in surprise. "Yes, I am Lieutenant Rollins, but how in the world . . . ?"

Pierre's face fairly beamed. He waved excitedly toward a table in the corner, and Greg's heart stood still. It was a dream. It must be . . . a cruel dream that . . . But, no, she was actually smiling at him and beckoning to the other chair. It was Joan Davaar!

* * *

As if in a daze, Rollins approached. Automatically, he removed his cap, tucked his cane under his left arm and bowed. Still automatically, he sat in the chair as Pierre placed it under him.

She was smartly attired in civilian clothes—a bottle green tweed suit topped by a sailor Breton. Her face was flushed with pleasure.

"Good evening, Greg, aren't you glad to see me?"

Rollins finally found his tongue. Impulsively he reached out his hands and clasped hers. "Of course I am, Joan. I'm so glad I could . . . no matter what . . ."

She laughed happily. "I knew you'd say that. You are a very lovable person, Greg. I phoned out to Aldershot this evening and found you had gone on leave. There was only one place I could hope to meet you, and even then I doubted—but you remembered."

Greg's face was troubled, but he still held her hands in his across the table. "Forget it, Joan. You must have escaped, and you are in danger. What can we . .?"

She laughed again, gently removing one hand. "Just a minute, Sir Galahad. I'm disobeying the strictest of orders in showing you this paper, but I'm a woman, too, and, I'm afraid, rather in love." She opened a folded letter from her purse.

* * *

Greg's eyes widened as he read. It bore the letterhead of the British Intelligence and was signed by one of the most famous names in England!

The letter was addressed to "Agent R-72 Joan Connaught" and contained warm personal congratulations for "your most commendable counter-espionage work in connection with Troopship Convoy MX."

Mixed joy and bewilderment stood out on Greg's face. "But, Joan, what . . . ?"

"Not so loud," she warned in a low tone. "There are many things I can tell you, and I know they will remain a secret." He nodded. "I haven't the time to go into detail so I'll be brief.

"I was planted in the German Embassy at Ottawa through devious channels 15 months before the outbreak of the war and, shortly before you sailed, I drew another assignment, to play the role of a nurse—with the name Davaar—on 'T 9.'

"Evidently the Intelligence had information as to which ship the Nazi agent was on, or, had a counter-espionage agent on each troopship—that I don't know. The matron, a Winnipeg woman, had no choice but to accept my official credentials as a nurse on 'T 9.'

* * *

"The first night on deck—the night I had to lie about smoking—remember?" He grinned. "I knew I was on the right track because I saw the flashes, evidently to some other agent on land. But the party managed to slip away before I could cover the distance from the forward end of 'A' deck. Anyway, you popped up, and I had to make an excuse so that an alarm wouldn't be spread and the agent go into a shell.

"I kept watching the light flashes from the battle cruiser in order to keep in touch with what was going on. I knew the code and was on guard lest the cruiser see the nightly searchlight business and warn our O. C."

Rollins interrupted. "Then the Nazi agent must have been . . ."

She made a motion for him to lower his voice. "Yes, it was Harry Miley. Poor Tees found out first!"

"That explains," murmured Rollins, "why he was so curious about you. He must have seen you approaching that night on deck, put two and two together when he saw you studying the cruiser signals and was on the watch for any secret discussions between us, just in case I was with you."

* * *

"Check. And, the night I caught him red-handed, there was no choice but to shoot him when he tried to go for his gun. I had just taken the flashlight from his hand when you came up from the rear. I couldn't reveal my identity to you, but did so privately to the colonel after you left. Secret papers were found in Miley's gas mask. He claimed to be British, but he was really a German educated in England.

"It was on my suggestion that the quarantine scheme was employed. We had to cover up in order to let one of our men take Miley's place on shore until the seat of the Nazi ring is found in England. His job had evidently been to flash regularly each night at the same time from a high deck to guide any prowling U-boat flotillas.

"Suicidal? Perhaps. And, if he got through, he was probably supposed to speed information of the convoy's arrival, what trains, how many, and so on. It was a remote chance, but the Nazis had some idea of the course we might be taking. The flashes the night before we sailed were undoubtedly to inform an agent on land that the ship was getting up steam."

Greg squeezed her hands. "That's the grandest news I've ever heard. Now how about us?"

"Not so good, Greg. I'm leaving on the midnight train. They've found another job for me—in the Balkans this time." She searched Greg's troubled eyes.

"But they can't, Joan, dear," he said in a hoarse whisper. "I've only found you again. Not so soon . . ."

"It's no use, Greg," she injected tenderly. "This is war, and I must go."

Rollins had already shown he could act when action was necessary.

"Then what would normally take months must be done in two hours." He spoke in measured tones. "Will you marry me tonight—now?"

There was no hesitation on the girl's part. She nodded.

Rollins jumped to his feet and picked her up from her chair. His arms crushed her to him, and their lips met in the ecstasy of a first kiss. The "Welcome Snail" drifted away and in its place, they stood in a romantic heaven all their own. Unheeded, outside, the sirens were wailing an "Alert."

Pierre was tapping their shoulders, his face reflecting supreme embarrassment. "Monsieur, Mademoiselle . . . pliz, you are in the 'Welcome Snail' . . ."

He turned as a gale of laughter swept through the little restaurant. Pierre, being a discerning head-waiter, quick to appreciate the moods of his customers, shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of tremendous helplessness.

"C'est la guerre!" he apologized.

— THE END —

## NOTHING TRIVIAL

Hitler's Hangman, Reinhard Heydrich, is more seriously wounded than the Germans would have had us believe. Justice caught up with this Gestapo killer on a Prague street in the form of bullets from high-powered rifles.

## NEW ECONOMY FROCK

By Anne Adams

Matrons! Save time . . . save money . . . save fabric, with this slimming "economy" dress, Pattern 4052 by Anne Adams. SIZE 36 TAKES JUST 2⅞ YARDS OF 39 INCH FABRIC! In a cheery rayon-and-cotton print, this frock costs only about $1.44. Note the cool in-one bodice and sleeves.

Pattern 4052 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

## Want-Ad Romance

By TOM HORNER

Modern
Romantic
Adventurous

**Beginning Next Week**

## Britain Has Had 1,000 'Black' Nights

Daylight of May 28 brought to an end the first 1,000 nights of the blackout in Britain. The period of restricted outdoor lighting began Sept. 1, 1939, when Hitler invaded Poland, two days before Great Britain and France declared war on Germany.

## GOOD EATING NEWS

Simplest way to tell a good cook is to sample her meat and poultry stuffing. If it's light, crisp and well seasoned, then she's mastered the art. Of course, there are different recipes, but a fine one to use is the following, the favorite of a famous chef.

**All-Bran Stuffing**

12 cups ¼-inch bread cubes
1 cup All-Bran
3 tablespoons minced onion
⅓ cup fat
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1½ cups stock or water

Combine bread cubes with All-Bran. Saute onion in fat and add to bread mixture. Add seasonings and stock which may be made by dissolving 2 bouillon cubes in 1½ cups hot water. Mix well.

Use with poultry, crown roast or press into baking dish and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

★ Here is a baking powder that has a double action. First, it raises your batter in the mixing bowl, then in the oven. Makes light, fluffy cakes and biscuits. Economical too!

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DOUBLE-ACTING



AVOID WASTE when you make tea!

You will get best results both in quality and quantity if you carefully follow these simple directions:

1. Scald out the teapot to warm it.
2. Use a level teaspoon of tea for each cup of tea to be served.
3. Use the exact amount of *FRESH* water you require and see that it is *BOILING FURIOUSLY* before you pour it into the pot.
4. STEEP 5 MINUTES

## How To Crochet Bag For Kitchen

Easy To Make, Says E. G., In Christian Science Monitor

Gay little bags to hang in the kitchen or out on the back porch are nice to hold onions or garlic. They have the advantage that as the air strikes the contents it eliminates the odors that make onions and garlic so objectionable.

Carpet warp or heavy string and a No. 4 steel crochet hook are the only necessary materials. The bags are crocheted in simple filet design, which is made entirely of a chain stitch.

Begin with a chain of six. Close with slip stitch. Make a chain of five and go in loop. Repeat five times. Next row: make a chain of five and go in each third stitch until there are twelve loops. Continue round and round the twelve loops with five stitches in each filet for twelve rows. Break thread and tie on another color—red or blue or any harmonizing color—and make six rows of that color. Break thread, tie on the white again and make six rows of the white, then six more rows of the color and twelve rows of the white.

Make one row of ten stitches each group for a beading. Four more rows of five each in the white thread—two rows of red. If desired you may finish with a row of picots—three chains and a picot (chain three and go in first stitch for the picot). Make a chain of about one hundred stitches for a drawstring. Wrap thread around four fingers twenty times to make a tassel. Cut one end and tie to drawstring. Make a tassel for the other end and one for the bottom of the bag.

## Starving Greece

A meal in Greece costs the equivalent of $20, a loaf of bread about the same amount, and an egg, $2.50, says an escaped Greek naval officer who has reached Britain. He tells of food scarcity, the result of Axis pillage, and of German and Italian operation of a Black Market with food that remains. They fix exorbitant prices.

"Commander Anthony Fara," as the officer will call himself until the end of the war, says starving Greek children, poking in garbage heaps for food scraps, are a common sight. Just as common is their disdain for bread crusts tossed by jeering Germans.

## Bees Are Getting Sugar Ration Cards

Even the bees in Jackson and Bartholomew counties have their sugar ration cards, says Chester Shepard, deputy state bee inspector for the Indiana Department of Conservation. Heavy rains have washed the nectar out of clover blossoms and bees are starving. Owners are getting special rations to furnish food for the bees until they can get their regular food again.


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