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"SALADA" TEA

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

THE STORY: A series of clever deductions have brought Clyde Dawson, of the Canadian Intelligence Department, from Newfoundland, where one spy was hanged for murder, to Chicago, where his confederates make their headquarters. The girl in the case, who may hold the key to the spy ring's operation, has agreed to meet Dawson secretly, after a first meeting in which Dawson knocks out her insulting companion. At the agreed meeting place, Dawson narrowly escapes a hail of bullets from a car in which the girl and two men are riding.

* * *

A "SHOCKING" DISCOVERY

CHAPTER VII

Indecision had never been one of Clyde Dawson's failings. Even as he washed the blood from his face and dabbed iodine on the scalp cut, his mind had gone to work on the immediate problem of what to do next.

The twisted knee was swelling rapidly but Dawson found he could still walk. There was work to do, right now. He felt his would-be assassins, not knowing his fate, would hardly return to that limestone house without pausing somewhere to establish an alibi.

And Dawson intended paying that house in Homewood an uninvited visit.

Stopping the taxi a block from his destination, Dawson tugged at his hat brim and turned up his coat collar. As he limped to the opposite side of the street from the house, the investigator glanced at his wrist watch in the light of a street lamp. It was five minutes after 10.

He inspected the lock with a vest-pocket flashlight. The third key did the trick and the door swung open . . . and Dawson halted abruptly as he saw a partly opened door at the end of a long hall leading into a lighted room.

Leaving the light on, Dawson walked heavily across to the stairs. From the lighted room came sounds of motion followed by steps in the hall. Quickening his step, he mounted as rapidly as aching knee would allow.

He was barely in the shadows at the top when the tall, dark housekeeper reached the bottom, looked upwards and said something that sounded like a guttural "Good night." Dawson grunted deep-throatedly in reply and wheeled into the first room, whipping out his revolver as he did so.

Inside, he located the switch and turned on the light, jumping quickly to one side. But his precaution was needless—the room was empty. He returned to the door and laid an ear against the jamb, listening intently.

* * *

His bold entry had evidently worked. The housekeeper clicked off the hall light and walked back along the hall.

The room looked uninteresting—obviously a man's room. He devoted only a few minutes to examining it before slipping into the hall and tiptoeing to the next room. It was a girl's room — a photo of a couple on the wall told him it was Carole Fiske's. Beside her in the picture was Darwin Lemoy in a baseball uniform. It looked like a newspaper photo snapped at a game as Lemoy was standing beside the box seats talking to the girl.

Working in speedy, experienced fashion, Dawson gave the room a thorough search but without result. He even probed gingerly through multi-colored articles in bureau drawers with the forlorn hope of finding some letters.

The next room lay behind a locked door. A brief inspection told Dawson skeleton keys wouldn't work here. From a vest pocket he produced a strip of celluloid about six inches long and two and one-half inches wide. Praying that the door was held only by a single spring he poked into the minute opening . . . ah, he was in luck! The lock slid back easily.

Slowly opening the door, Dawson explored the interior with the thin ribbon of light from his flash before turning on a switch.

He whistled under his breath at the sight that greeted him. The room's walls were covered with air charts and assorted diagrams and photographs. There was a large radio receiving set, two desks, an unusually big world globe, a filing cabinet, and three bookcases containing reference books.

* * *

The air charts interested him. It took only a few minutes for him to decide what they were—the charts, marked with numerous "probable routes," dealt with the Royal Air Force Ferry Command operations. Varie-colored pins were tacked on points throughout the United States and colored string ran from one to another—it was notable that most of the ones in the U. S. A. converged on Chicago.

He looked above to the right—noting the course through Montreal and up to Newfoundland. It had the right location of the secret take-off airport. Six black pins were situated at a number of points and Dawson glanced at an index on the wall.

"Black pins," he read, "indicate reported locations of known crashes to date."

Other lines puzzled him—hazily, he recalled having seen ones like them somewhere. Then he remembered. They had been on the charts in the meteorologist's department at the Ferry Command airport in Newfoundland — nests of concentric ovals in black lines were the "isobars," lines of equal barometric pressure. Across these, great curves, drawn in crayon, indicated warm and cold fronts . . . a large red covered book on the nearby desk confirmed his opinion. The book contained weather reports, from Newfoundland to Florida, dating back over the past nine months.

* * *

Beside the book a mimeographed sheet caught his eye—a publicity release from the News Bureau of Nova Scotia, with an address in New York City.

The release stated that "no restrictions on off-shore fishing along the Nova Scotia coast have been suggested as yet and no license cards are required and fishermen go out daily as before the war." It went on to state that unless something very unforeseen occurs no restrictions would be put on the pastime in 1942.

Evidently the lads are interested in off-shore fishing along the Atlantic coast, Dawson noted for future consideration.

Time was passing with dangerous rapidity but the large filing cabinet demanded a brief study. He tugged at the handles but all the drawers were locked. He studied the top lock carefully before selecting a tiny key resembling a twisted hairpin from his skeleton collections.

Bending down, Dawson shoved the key slowly into the key hole—suddenly he felt a tingling sensation followed by one of sinking into an ocean of feathers. The sound of a clanging bell came to his ears from across an eternity of distance . . . growing dimmer and dimmer.

When consciousness returned, Dawson found himself mentally alert although little devils seemed to be pounding at his head. Almost instantly he recalled the filing cabinet and the queer sensation—he cursed himself for having neglected to anticipate an electrical guard device . . . then he realized he was bound hand and feet and that there were people in the room. From his position he couldn't see anybody, but two shadows on the wall were those of men.

* * *

Almost imperceptibly, he tested the bonds holding his wrists. They didn't budge. A good job had also been done on his ankles.

There was only one thing to do—play possum until a better opportunity cropped up.

For fully half an hour he remained in that position before the two men came over to him. He felt a hand being pressed on his heart.

"The dog got a good shot of juice . . ." said a gruff voice, John's beyond a doubt . . . "He's still out cold. The meddlesome fool, whoever he is. Grab his feet and we'll carry him into the storeroom. Sammy will be around with the truck some time tomorrow and we'll ship him off—he's too damn nosey to leave alive. Let's go!"

Through scarcely opened eyelids he saw he was being carried through the hall, up a short flight of stairs and into a storeroom. The men dropped him on the floor with a painful thud. His injured knee screamed in protest and Dawson fought to control his facial muscles.

John's rasping voice came again: "Sleep tight, my clever one!"

A blinding flash of pain surged from Dawson's heart and red hot flames seared his brain—he felt this was death but fight was gone from him. All he wanted was escape from that crushing agony.

(Continued Next Week)

A YOUNG TWO-PIECER

By Anne Adams

For a nine o'clock scholar—the favorite two-piece style—Pattern 4176 by Anne Adams. The long or short-sleeved jacket may be in cross-grain or contrast. The skirt is gathered onto a yoke top. Optional contrasting collar and cuffs.

Pattern 4176 is available in girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10, jacket and skirt, takes 2¼ yards 35-inch; ⅜ yard contrast.

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.

TABLE TALKS

School Lunch Box Suggestions

We hear much about nutrition these days and how essential it is for our daily menus to fill our nutritive needs. And it is equally important for mothers to see that the contents of their children's lunch boxes are also nutritious.

Since sandwiches form a main part of the school lunch, their preparation is most important.

Wholesome breads should be used for sandwiches, Graham, whole wheat, oatmeal, brown, raisin, and nut bread are excellent. Cold bran or whole wheat muffins or filled rolls are also tempting.

Fillings of the sandwiches require special preparation. Cheese, meat, eggs, nuts, dried fruits or vegetables should be put through the food chopper. Cream cheese, peanut butter and other compact substances should be thinned with cream. Ground meats, eggs, and vegetables should be moistened with a small amount of salad dressing or cream and vinegar. Succulent vegetables should be provided, if possible. Finely chopped celery, lettuce, water cress or sliced tomato may be used alone or with cottage cheese.

Jellies, jams and conserves make sweet sandwiches or a tiny jar of the fruited sweet may be tucked into the lunch box.

And please don't forget to include a thermos container of milk, and some kind of fresh fruit — such as an apple, pear, orange, banana, etc.

Care should be taken in the packing of the lunch. All foods not in containers should be wrapped separately in waxed paper before being placed in the box. The neatly wrapped articles should be placed, so far as is possible, in the order in which the food will be eaten, so that those found first may be eaten first without disturbing the remainder. The heaviest foods, however, should be placed at the bottom.

Select a lunch box that can be kept clean. Lunch boxes should be washed, scalded and aired daily. Those made of light-weight metal are best. Many atractive boxes are now made with a vacuum bottle which fits the box. These are highly desirable. A lunch box should not be air-tight, as a circulation of air prevents the mingling of odors.

Paper napkins and cups are essential lunch box accessories.

Russia Ready For Sacrifices

(By Wm. Henry Chamberlin in Harper's Magazine)

Both physically and psychologically the Russians are a tough, resilient people. I was visting a Cossack vilage in the Kuban region of southeastern Russia in the autumn of 1933. It was the aftermath of a great famine. In the first house which I entered there was an old woman, her daughter and the latter's newly born baby. The daughter's brother, his wife and five children died of hunger. But this young woman herself was full of energy and will to live. She had borne a child in this terrible year. And she had gone back to work in the collective farm as soon as possible after giving birth.

The toll of death in this famine was staggering. It might have been a mortal blow to a western country with a stationary or declining birthrate. But in Russia, as in China, the progress of recovery from such a natural catastrophe as war or famine is amazingly swift.

Willing To Sacrifice

One can imagine how much this quality of toughness has been cultivated since 1914. Russia has lived through two major foreign wars, a violent social revolution, a ferocious civil war, and two disastrous famines. A people to whom death, sometimes in very horrible forms, has become so familiar would not shrink from any sacrifice in a struggle for national survival.

While the French thought of the incomparable beauties of Paris and surrendered their capital without firing a shot, the Russians were willing to throw into the melting pot of total war their first industrial achievement, the Denieprostroi dam and electric power pant, together with the westernized architecture of Leningrad and the more eastern glories of Moscow, the Kremlin, and the Church of St. Basil.

OVER-BUYING OF COAL UNFAIR TO COMMUNITY

Buying up all the coal in sight means that you deprive someone else in your community. So be patient as far as your full winter's requirements are concerned for, when the present rush is over, every householder will have some coal in his bin and dealers will be able to catch up with the demand and fill your future orders promptly. And when ordering, specify 'blue coal'. Then you'll be sure of better heat all winter—and you'll save money, too. Why not task your nearest 'blue coal' dealer for further information. Phone him today.

ISSUE 43—'42

HELP CANADA KEEP FIT

"IT RATES A1 WITH ME"

In peace or war, two Nabisco Shredded Wheat with milk is a favorite breakfast dish with men who like to "keep fit". Nabisco Shredded Wheat is *100% whole wheat*, retaining all the bran and wheat germ. For general fitness—keep well nourished. Eat tasty, convenient Nabisco Shredded Wheat regularly!

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls, Canada

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

Languages

The total number of present day spoken languages, exclusive of minor dialects, says pathfinder, is placed at 2,769 by Prof. Mario Pei of Columbia University's romance language department.

Arctic Weather In Summertime

Engineers at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation laboratories said they had created polar climate in a New Jersey test cell, designed to prepare aricraft engines for use this winter in Iceland and other "iceboxes" of the world. Working through the hot summer months in collaboration with research workers of the Standard Oil Company, the fur-clad engineers encountered a synthetic winter when they entered a cold chamber. Even at its warmest the cell was more than 100 degrees colder than the outside temperature.

GOOD EATING NEWS

Start the day the better way with a good hearty breakfast which includes a plateful of hot, sweet-smelling All-Bran Muffins. Add spices and molasses for an extra-delicious muffin that pairs off beautifully with hot coffee. Here's the recipe:

All-Bran Spice Muffins

2	cups All-Bran	1	teaspoon soda
½	cup light molasses	1½	teaspoons cinnamon
1½	cups milk	¾	teaspoon ginger
1	egg	15	thin slices raw apple or other fruit
1	cup flour		Cinnamon and sugar mixture
½	teaspoon salt		

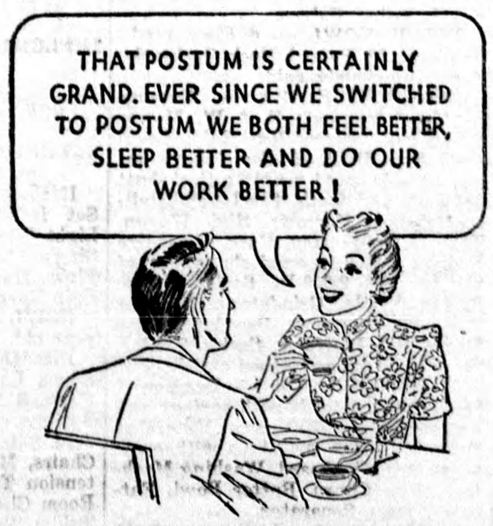
Add All-Bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together and combine with All-Bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Dip apple slices in cinnamon-sugar mixture and place on top. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes.

Yield: 15 muffins (2½ inches in diameter).

Enjoy Its Robust Flavor

POSTUM is a grand beverage for mealtime or bedtime. Its flavor is delicious and satisfying.

Postum contains no caffein or tannin to upset nerves or stomach. It's a safe beverage for adults and children alike. And there's no waste or fuss because you prepare Postum right in the cup, quickly and easily. Postum is economical and helps save on sugar.



POSTUM BRAND

4 OZ. SIZE MAKES 50 CUPS — 8 OZ. SIZE MAKES 100

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