THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

Honey Monroe successfully steals the fabulously valuable Sylvester Diamond from the handbag of a woman in a Los Angeles department store. Her friend Joe Danburne, professional thief, tries to get it from her but is prevented from doing so when he gets in a fight with the man she loves, Dan Brewster, district attorney. She takes a plane for San Francisco but it becomes lost in a fog and lands in the sea just off shore. She is picked up, the lone survivor, by a young lawyer, Art Carey, who lives with his mother near by. She gives them the name Honey Roe, but that afternoon when she and Art get the newspaper her real name is listed among the victims.

CHAPTER VII

(Continued from last week)

"There is a spot near there that I must get to right away. Will you drive me there tonight- Please! It is most urgent. I was going to it when the plane crashed. I don't want to stay, however."

She did not lower her eyes as he searched them for a clue to her request. Then he smiled down at her.

"Of course."

Together, they went forward to meet Mrs. Riba, a dark and lovely woman much younger than Art's mother.

"This is Art's friend, Mrs. Riba," said Mrs. Carey and her eyes danced with merriment that the neighbor did not see. "Miss Roe. She is visiting us for a few days."

"How nice to meet a friend of Art's," cooed Mrs. Riba sweetly, her eyes alive with animation. "I can see how pleased he is at having you here. There is that love interest in his eyes." She wagged a teasing finger at Art.

Honey felt color creep into her face at the woman's words, but she answered pleasantly: "I am very glad to be here, Mrs. Riba."

The woman looked vaguely familiar, but Honey could not place her, and it was disturbing to her peace of mind. She watched the woman from veiled eyes, wondering where she had seen her before, or if they had met.

"We're driving up to San Francisco, Ma," said Art after a moment. "I think we'll leave now and eat a bite on the way."

"Why not take my coat, dear, instead of your light one?" asked Mrs. Carey pointedly, and gave Honey a quick glance of warning. "It will just about fit you."

"If you don't mind, I will, Mrs. Carey," responded Honey.

In a few minutes they were on ther way. Honey took a nice deep breath, and let it out in a long sigh. She felt like she had just escaped another near disaster.

Art grinned in amusement.

"Mrs. Riba is very friendly, but a bit on the curious, snooping side. If you had come out in Ma's coat she would have drawn all kinds of conclusions. The way it is, she probably thinks you didn't know it was so cold out here and neglected to bring a heavy one along. She'll try to get your life's history before she goes home. But Ma will stall her. She is awfully close about her own life, however."

* * *

"She looks familiar, but I am sure I have never seen her before."

"If she had seen you, she would remember it."

Honey changed the subject by saying: "Your mother is very nice, Art. I like her. And before I leave I will try to explain about my name and other things. I really hate lying. I have never done it before. But right now I can't talk."

Many miles flew by before she said in a very still voice:

"I want to go to an old cemetery, Art."

"The cem——." He closed his lips over the word he was about to repeat, and Honey, watching him closely, saw him square his shoulders and lift his chin. "All rigth."

The gates of the cemetery were closed, of course, but Honey had expected that. There was no reason why she could not get over the wall with a little aid from Art, and he was willing to assist her.

"When I get inside, Art," she said in a hushed voice just before he lifted her to the wall, "you drive around for a while so people will not get suspicious and stop and ask questions. No one must know that I have been here. No one but you, and I know you will not give me away. Come back in an hour. Oh, wait!" She just remembered something that was vitally important as he swung her to the top of the wall. "Have you a screwdriver or something like that in the car? I want to borrow it."

* * *

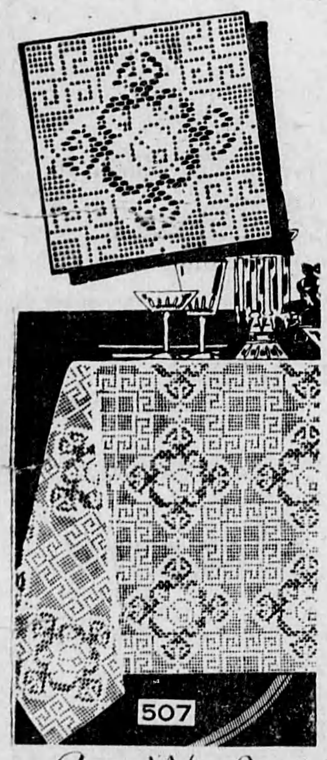
"I have." He went back to the parked car and opened the trunk.

Silently he gave her what she wanted and then saw her safely into the cemetery. It was dark and quiet, and the white tombs stood like sentinels guarding those who slept in peace. She felt almost like an intruder.

Honey shivered as she heard Art start the motor and drive off, leaving her alone in that place.

Inside the quiet graveyard, Honey turned and walked along the high wall surrounding the burial ground to the big entrance gates to get her bearings. She had never been in the place at night before and she was faced with the difficult task of locating the spot she wanted to find; especially hard since there was no moon to light the way for her. From the gate she walked carefully but hurriedly, making her way among the graves.

(Continued next week.)



Laura Wheeler

Use your spare time and spare pennies to good advantage! This square, quickly memorized is beginner-easy crochet. Very useful.

Fit that rich cloth or spread into your budget! Do a few of these squares a week. Pattern 507; crochet directions.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Needlecraft Dept., 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Incites
5. Grassland
8. Mark of a wound
12. Defense work
13. Limb
14. Early Hebrew rabbi
15. Traveling
17. Arenose
18. Sudden pull
19. Maize
20. Mug
22. Station porters
25. Sour
26. Mysterious Biblical word
27. Pronoun
28. Unit
29. Resounds
30. Palm leaf
31. Fish
33. Poetic muse
35. Box
36. Musical composition
37. Corpulent
37. Horse feed
38. Seed container
39. Incline
41. Lubricated
44. French river
45. Tint
46. Pipe
47. Insects
48. Finish
49. Egyptian god

DOWN

1. Salamander
2. Sticky stuff (slang)
3. Kind of cheese
4. Narrow body of water
5. Raw-boned
6. Work unit
7. Print
8. Stiffening
9. Flowering plant
10. Besides
11. Beam
16. Tavern
17. Soft drinks
19. Stringed instrument
20. Not easily moved
21. Town in India
22. Lasso
23. Oriental dish
24. Set out
26. Chairs
29. Talk idly
30. Nocturnal animal
32. Public storehouses
33. Layers
35. Slipknot
36. Petition
38. Raised
39. Weep
40. Recline
41. Airplane throttle
42. Central American tree
43. Lair
45. The boy

Answer elsewhere on this page

'Dear Santy Claus"—In all parts of Canada pencils have been busy in little hands as youngsters, like this group, wrote to Santa Claus, telling him they'd been SO VERY, VERY GOOD all year, then filling in the rest of the letter with one long sentence that started — "I want . . ."

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Happy Christmas, Everybody! Isn't that just the loveliest greeting? If it comes from the heart what more could one wish even for one's nearest and dearest? There are different ways of expressing one's Christmas wishes just as there are different ways of celebrating the Yuletide season, but if it all adds up to "A Happy Christmas" then it covers all that we could possibly wish for one another doesn't it?

Several weeks ago a friend asked me this question—"What is your first thought in connection with Christmas?" It was one of several on a questionnaire which she had been asked to have completed. The query intrigued me and I in turn put the question to several of my friends. Now I am asking you—"What is your first thought in connection with Christmas?" Give yourself an honest answer and you will know just what Christmas means to you. In the meantime perhaps you would like to know some of the answers that were given to me.

One young fellow said that to him Christmas and carols were synonymous. Carols . . . a lovely thought . . . it would be hard to think of Christmas without them, wouldn't it? Remember, as children how we loved to sing—"Away in a manger?" That lovely little carol is still the same, isn't it—but now we watch and listen as another generation carries its message in song and story.

"Joy to the world . . ." another lovely carol. I remember lying in bed, alert and listening, in my little room across the Atlantic waiting for twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. The big clock in the Church on the market square would strike the hour, then almost immediately, away in the distance I would hear "the Waits" playing well-loved and familiar carols. Sometimes it would be the town band, sometimes the Salvation Army—then as the last strains from the musical instruments faded into the distance, carol singers would carry on, spreading the glad tidings with their joyous and willing voices. Once again the challenge would ring out—"O Come all ye faithful . . . O come, let us adore Him."

Another answer to my question this time by the father of a grown family. "My first thought in connection with Christmas is the getting together of one's family, and the remembrance of other Christmases past and gone. To me Christmas has always been a landmark in my life—I can look back now and recall almost every Christmas—at home with my father and mother; in France during the war; in hospital; and later with my wife and children around me. Yes, Christmas to me is just that—a family circle as complete as we can make it."

Possibly that answer will be repeated many times over by those who read this column. Perhaps it is the simplicity of that Christmas so many years ago—of Joseph and Mary and the Infant Jesus—a complete family picture—perhaps it is that which seems to make a family gathering so exactly symbolic to us of what a Christmas ought to be.

Looking back through the years, if we can remember Christmas in our homes as a happy time—a time of loving and giving; of consideration for the old and understanding for the young; then we can be quite sure the Christmas message of Peace and Goodwill definitely had a place in our hearts and our homes. If we have such memories then we have much for which to thank our parents.

Yes, it is surely a wonderful thing for a grown person to be able to look back to a happy childhood, symbolized by many happy Christmases, even though there might not be too much of this world's goods to do with.

But if your are young, with most of your life before you, and with little children in your home, then whatever you do, give them memories . . . memories of Christmas to treasure through the years. If you are in doubt as to whether you are giving your children the right kind of Christmas, ask yourself this question—"When my children are grown up what will their first thought be in connection with Christmas?" The answer depends on YOU.

And so again—"A Happy Christmas" is my wish for you—a Christmas abounding with carols, good fellowship, family gatherings . . . and MEMORIES.

★

POOR DAD

Two little girls on their way home from Sunday School were solemnly discussing the lesson.

"Do you believe there is a Devil?" asked one, just a bit frightened.

"No," replied the other soothingly. "It's like Santa Claus; it's your father."

★

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"One hears so many stories about stepmothers, Anne Hirst, "writes a happy man, "I think it's about time your readers learn of one who was perfect. I married her.

"My first wife died when our second child was born. The children had to be separated, one living with my family, the other with hers in another country. They grew up hardly knowing each other, though I got them together when I could. It was six years before I met the girl I later married.

"Those days, a long engagement was considered proper. But my girl would have none of that. She wanted to bring these separated youngsters together, and make a home for us all. We married the same fall that we got engaged.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

* "IT IS not easy for a young woman to take over strange children, two who had been raised in different families. My wife gave it her best. She was firm but always fair, and they grew to appreciate that. She was wiser than I.

* "Other children of our own came along. Never was there any difference made among them. These younger ones never knew the others were half-sisters and half-brother until one day a neighbor's child told our eight-year-old daughter I remember that she rushed home crying out against it, in sheer disbelief. Her mother and I had some explaining to do, I can tell you.

* "So it went through the years —a happy family, guided by a woman unselfishly devoted to us all. The children married, and have children of their own. And I am proud to say that the two older ones honor and love my wife just as her own have done.

* "All stepmothers aren't like Cinderella. Yet in my work as a doctor I have seen enough of them to realize more and more, as the years pass, how lucky I and my children have been. Stepping into another woman's house, taking over her ready-made family, meant sacrificing other interests and good times she must have missed, yet she has never mentioned it once.

* "I am grateful to be able to offer her this tribute while she is still beside me to read it. (She doesn't know I'm writing to you). If you can find the space for it, thanks, and good luck always."

To "WILLIAM": It gives me pleasure to make room today for your tribute to your wife. She knew what a home together, and with their father, could mean to your little children, and she loved you enough to make the sacrifice. Your continued devotion, and the appreciation of all your children, is her reward.

The way of a stepmother is hard indeed. If she indulges her stepchildren, she's neglecting them; if she exercises proper discipline, she is cruel. It takes a great love for their father, and real strength of character in herself, to do the job your wife has done. She, at least, is not unsung.

* * *

A happy family life is not accidental. It requires discipline, unselfishness, courtesy, an unfailing watchfulness. Parents are only human, but when their efforts are appreciated that is all they ask. Anne Hirst understands. If you need comfort or reassurance, write her at 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

She's "Ideal," They Say—We have popularity contests based on pretty nearly everything these days; and in case you're interested, Patsy Miller, above, "Ideal Farmer's Daughter."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Apocalyptic Literature in The Bible

Rev. 21:1-7; 22:1-5, 17

Golden Text:—The Kingdom of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. Revelation 11:15.

The quarter's lesson appropriately conclude with a study of apocalyptic literature. The word apocalypse is derived from a Greek word which means to uncover and refers to an uncovering or disclosure of hidden things, especially with regard to the future. In addition to the Book of Revelation, parts of Zechariah, Daniel and Ezekiel are apocalyptic. Apocalypses have been called "tracts for bad times." Their main purpose was to encourage the people of God in times of stress. Extensive use is made of symbols and imagery of various kinds.

Beware of the man who professes to understand all the details of each apocalypse. The very mystery of them ought to incite in us a sense of awe. God's ways and thoughts are above ours.

John's vision of the new heaven and the new earth are extremely beautiful. Some passages bring great comfort as, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain . . . There shall be no night there." The description of heaven is followed by an earnest invitation to all, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

We too often live as though this world was all. Actually, it is but the place of preparation for our everlasting abode. How important then that we should study the Bible which points the way to heaven. Jesus commanded, "Search the Scriptures."

MATTER OF FACT

My creed as a scientific worker rests on an almost religious conviction about the goodness of measured facts; that all facts are good; they may be facts about bad things, but if they are facts they're good and valuable. I believe that the measured facts of basic science, the observed relations among them, and the tentative theories based on these relations, should be published for everyone to know.

Sir Robert Watson-Watt.

Answer to This Week's Puzzle

E	G	G	S		L	E	A		S	C	A	R
F	O	R	T		A	R	M		T	A	N	A
T	O	U	R	I	N	G		S	A	N	D	Y
		Y	A	N	K		C	O	R	N		
S	T	E	I	N		R	E	D	C	A	P	S
T	A	R	T		S	E	L	A	H		I	T
O	N	E		P	E	A	L	S		O	L	A
I	D		E	R	A	T	O		S	P	A	R
C	A	N	T	A	T	A		S	T	O	U	T
		O	A	T	S		B	U	R	S		
S	L	O	P	E		G	R	E	A	S	E	D
O	I	S	E		H	U	E		T	U	B	E
B	E	E	S		E	N	D		A	M	O	N