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THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

The Story Thus Far: Honey Monroe takes the Sylvester Diamond from the handbag of a woman in a Los Angeles department store, and in an effort to keep Joe Danburne, professional thief with whom she is associated, from taking it from her, she goes to Dan Brewster, state's attorney. She and Dan are in love and she intends to justify her possession of the stone but has no chance, being forced to escape from Dan's apartment when Joe calls there. The plane she boards for San Francisco crashes in the fog and she is rescued by Art Carey, young lawyer who lives with his mother near the scene. Her fictitious name, Honey Roe, is discovered by Art but he agrees to keep her secret. He takes her to a cemetery there she buries the diamond. Returning near San Francisco, at her request, and to the Carey house, Honey sees Joe Danburne's coupe parked in front of the house of a neighbor, Mrs. Rita.

CHAPTER IX

(Continued from last week)

She nodded and turned back to her fishing. Maybe fate had led her to this place, she mused, to find Art. Perhaps he was the help she needed. If she were arrested, a good lawyer would be a necessity.

"Do we have to go over for dinner at Mrs. Riba's?" she finally asked, hoping that he would answer in the negative.

"I am afraid so. Especially, since it is for you. Don't you want to go, Honey? She is a swell cook."

"So soon?" He removed his pipe and knocked out the dead ashes. Then he refilled it. "You know, Honey, you are not the type of person to run from trouble. And whatever is on your mind is sure getting the best of you."

"How do you know so much?" she demanded rather shortly, irritated that he could read her so well. "You haven't known me very long." There was a tinge of anger to her words.

He kept on, ignoring her sharp thrust that he should be meddling in her affairs. "When you forget the boogie-bear now and then, your eyes dance with life and you smile and your hand is steady," he explained effortlessly. "Then it creeps upon you, and fear lurks in your eyes and you are jumpy, as if you were dreadfully afraid of something—like a man who has been threatened with death and expects to be knifed in the back at any moment."

She shuddered at how well he analyzed her case.

"You sound like a doctor," she told him, anger leaving her. Then quite deliberately, she lifted her head and looked straight into his eyes. "I am afraid, Art. Afraid I shall be killed by a man."

"Killed?" The look he gave her at first was one of disbelief. Slowly, it gave way to a deeper feeling of horror as he realized that she spoke the truth. He was stirred as she thought he could not be. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could say anything, she implored:

"Please don't say anything now, Art. Don't ask me questions. I can't talk, yet—and I don't want to lie to you."

"But, Honey, if you are in great danger—"

"Please, Art, let's not talk of it. I merely told you because you guessed so closely to the truth. But it is my battle for a little while longer. I don't want to bring grief to another."

The joy of fishing was gone, but they lingered at it until late. When they returned to the house, Mrs. Carey told them that Mrs. Riba had been over to say that her brother was not feeling well and the dinner was off. Honey smiled with instant relief and sat down in the nearest chair.

"She asked me again," remarked Mrs. Carey and she seemed a bit put out "if your first name was Honey and where you were from. I made up a town, my dear. She was very curious about getting your exact description."

Honey dropped her lashes over her eyes to hide what might be there and got up and walked to the window. Joe must suspect from what little his sister had revealed to him, she thought quickly, otherwise, Mrs. Riba would not have been so precise with details.

Art was saying to his mother: "Don't tell er anything. She is too snoopy to suit me."

"I don't intend to," replied his mother and threw up her head. "She acted like she didn't believe me when I said I had known you a long time."

Honey turned and smiled at her hostess and there was a wistfulness about her pretty mouth.

"It doesn't matter, Mrs. Carey. I'm sorry to have bothered you. I am leaving tomorrow."

"Oh, but my dear—" said Mrs. Carey hastily. "You shouldn't. You must rest a bit more."

"Never mind, Ma," interrupted Art. "I'm driving her to Los Angeles, myself. She has business there. Besides, I can see the city before I go back home."

Honey's eyes thanked him silently.

Mrs. Carey turned smilingly toward her kitchen.

"Well, one person hasn't a chance in an argument against two."

"Especially when one is a lawyer," Art added, grinning, and followed her out of the room.

Left alone for a few minutes, Honey was inclined to try to formulate some definite plans in her mind for her future course. But her thoughts kept reverting back to Joe, wondering if he would make any moves to find out about the guest in the Carey household.

"I must leave very early in the morning," she decided. "Get away from here before he is up. I'll take my chances and try to see Dan as soon as I get there."

With dinner over, Honey found herself sitting in the living room, listening to a funny experience that Mrs. Carey was telling, about the time she went to Europe, and she was laughing harder than Art, for her hostess was a good story-teller.

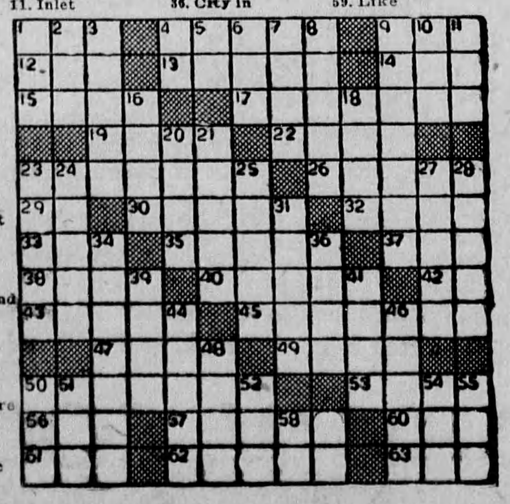
Suddenly her laugh broke off in mid-air and she turned deathly pale. But she recovered herself so quickly that the spell was over before either of her new friends detected it. She continued to smile, but her eyes watched the front window from under lowered lashes and her hands were like chunks of ice in her lap.

(Continued next week.)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Suitable
4. Map book
9. Light touch
12. Stitch
13. Silk fabric
14. Greek letter
15. Frozen rain
17. Course
19. Green
22. Drudge
23. Permitted
26. Comes
29. Perform
30. Of one's birth
32. Stain
33. Salutation
35. Small engine
37. Go to law
38. Enlivens (slang)
40. Staircase post
42. Compass point
43. Hears judicially
45. Meant
47. Male deer
49. Lasso
50. Toward the end
53. Poem
56. Help
57. Hawaiian food fish
60. Girl's name
61. Work party
62. Card game
63. Light moisture

DOWN
1. Tree
2. Vegetable
3. Ribbed fabric
4. Exist
5. Author
6. Edge
7. English murderer
8. Counterirritant
9. Folds of skin
10. Filipino
11. Inlet
16. Wild animal
18. Hurries
20. Was dizzy
21. Western mountains
23. Adjust
24. Ardent admirer
25. Placed as to time
27. Stir up
28. Horse
31. Reduce
34. Incident
36. City in Nevada
39. Goes down
41. Canter
44. Leaves port
46. Neither hot nor cold
48. Insect
50. Taxi
51. Stretch out
52. African antelope
54. Lyric
55. Beheld
58. Exists
59. Like



Answer elsewhere on this page

Wartime Still Brings Responsibilities—While more fortunate yongsters are playing, this little lad has to act as protector for his younger sister. The unfortunate children are Arab refugees from the Palestine hostilities, seeking peace in a tent city at Lebanon.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I don't always agree with your answers. Why is it always the woman who has to change her ways to suit the man, as you lately told 'Lorette? I have worked hard at marriage for over 20 long years, and if this kind of life is called love, I'm through with it.

"For all those years, I've prepared three hot meals every day and on time. My husband sits down with never a word of appreciation. Devours his food in silence, with no attempt to make conversation. Then to his chair and newspaper, until he stalks off to his room, with no affectionate advances. In plain language, I am the cook, housekeeper, and dishwasher.

NO FUN AT ALL

"He doesn't go to church or picture shows; he doesn't enjoy singing or dancing—all of which I'm fond of. He has never taken me to any kind of entertainment!

"All these years I was busy raising my children. Now that I have teen-age girls, they want someone to take them places. It falls to me, of course. And when I take them to a show or a dance, he pouts—actually for weeks afterward. Part of the time my mother and father are with us, and he pities himself and says I'd rather be with them than him. Well, no wonder! He never has a smile for me or a kind word.

"Now that my children are moving off, I'm wondering if you will say: Stick it out until death do us part, no matter how rough it gets—and it does get worse.

"I married young; I'm not 40 yet. I'm sure I could get by on my own. Some people say that's mighty tough going, but I'm wondering whether it could be worse than this?

"I imagine that when this school term is out, no matter what anyone says, "I'll be on my own. (I wonder if other husbands are like mine?)

"MARY"

* "SOME OTHER husband are. Friendly and charming to everyone else, but their families find them hard indeed to live with. And many a wife never breathes the truth, either from pride or from shame.

* Women make more compromises in marriage than men do because marriage means more to them They wrap all their personal happiness around the figure of one man; in him lie all their hopes and dreams of home and children, their security, their dignity as his wife. If they are subtle and wise, they can usually mold him to a proud pattern, and they learn to adjust their thinking and habits to his design. They do this out of their love, out of their patience, and the stake they know they have in keeping him a contented husband.

* Some men, like your husband, completely fool the girl they marry. They exhaust all their charm and affection during courting days, and only after they are safely married do they reveal their true selves. Your husband probably was always as churlish as he is now; but he made very sure you did not know it before you married him. It is not likely he will ever be different.

* Whether you will stick by him for the rest of your life or seek a pleasanter scene for yourself and your girls, depends on how you feel about a permanent separation. If it does not offend you, then it does seem that you are young enough to strike out for yourself, and make a very different life for your family, too.

* * *

A MAN can make his marriage a beautiful experience—or an unbearable ordeal. Many a puzzled husband consults Anne Hirst. If you are one, write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Lost And Found

Sarah's surly spouse would sit for hours, without speaking, whenever he was the least bit miffed about something. One evening after he had spent the day without a word to her, she lit a candle and walked round and round the room. All at once he growled: "What the devil are you looking for?"

"Your voice, Henry," she answered sweetly. "I'm so glad you found it."

ANNE ADAMS

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ISSUE 4 — 1949

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Jesus and the Preparatory Ministry of John

Matthew 3:4-17.

Golden Text:—Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. —Matt. 3:2.

Before Jesus entered upon his ministry a great and picturesque man prepared his way. John, whose mother was a cousin of Mary, was a few months older than Jesus. He came into the region of the Jordon preaching and baptizing. He was unique. Clothed in camel's hair, supported by a leather girdle, his food was wild honey and a species of insects similar to grasshoppers. He came in the spirit and power of Elijah.

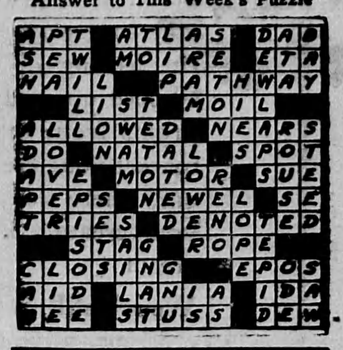
Great throngs went out from Jerusalem and the surrounding areas to hear him. His preaching was as rugged as his appearance. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," he cried. Nor was he content with a form of repentance. "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," he demanded of the leading religionists of his day, warning that the axe was standing by the tree in readiness to hew down that one that bore no fruit. Neither dare they take refuge in the fact that they were Abraham's descendants for, said he, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

John was a fearless preacher and he had results. Perhaps we of this day are too delicate, too careful not to offend. Imagine us saying "O generation of snakes."

The highlight of John's preaching was the announcement that a greater person was coming; so great that John was not worthy to carry his shoes. He would baptize with the Holy Spirit. It was a memorable day when this great One, Jesus Christ, appeared where John was preaching. John at first declined to baptize Jesus for He had no sins to confess. However, Jesus desired it. The opened heavens and the descending Spirit confirmed to John that this was, indeed, God's Son.

A great tribute to the effectiveness of John's ministry was the fact that his own disciples on seeing Jesus followed Him. He had successfully pointed out the Lamb of God. So should we be all our lives; not exalting self but lifting up Christ our Savior.

Answer to This Week's Puzzle



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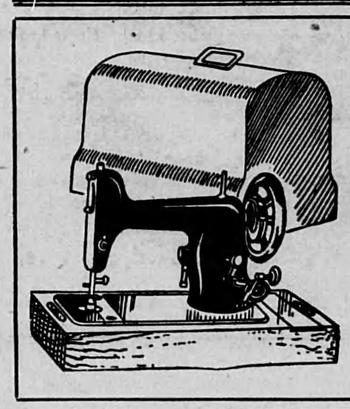

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