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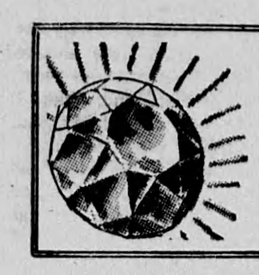


THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

The Story Thus Far: Honey Monroe takes the Sylvester Diamond from a woman's handbag in a Los Angeles department store and that evening confesses the theft to Dan Brewster, state's attorney, with whom she is in love. She hasn't time to explain why she took the stone before Joe Danburne, professional thief whom she has known several months, comes to Dan's apartment and she is forced to escape. The plane she takes to San Francisco crashes en route and she is rescued by Art Carey, who lives with his mother near the scene. Her presence there is discovered by Danburne and she persuades Art to drive her back to Los Angeles. They are followed by Danburne and when he tries to stop them their cars collide and Honey is knocked unconscious.

CHAPTER X

(Continued from last week)

Art glanced at his speedometer and it registered 70 miles an hour. Then he lifted his eyes to the rear-view mirror.

"The car is keeping up," he informed her, and his tone left no doubt but that the motorist behind them was trailing intentionally.

"It is Joe, then. I'm terribly sorry to have involved you in this affair, Art. There is more to it than you can guess."

"A little excitement is good for me, Honey. I haven't had any in nearly two years."

"I am still sorry," and she meant every word of it. She felt she could never forgive herself if something happened to him because he befriended her.

"I am glad," and his voice sounded eager.

* * *

He slowed the car down, for driving was much too hazardous for such speed in the soupy weather they were encountering along the way. Neither spoke for some minutes. Every nerve in Honey's body was on edge and she kept saying to herself:

"Please don't let anything happen to me until after I see Dan!"

Art's voice came low as if he feared he might be heard by the man behind them.

"Watch for the next highway marker and tell me the minute we pass it. Then I will know just where I am. There is a chance we may be able to shake Mr. Danburne."

"If only we could," she breathed prayerfully.

She wiped the tear mist from her eyes so she could see clearly and turned her head to keep a close vigil for the sign. But she never had a real opportunity to look for it. As if divining their intentions, the car behind shot around suddenly and slowed abruptly in front of them. Too late, Art realized Joe's aim. There was a terrific crash as the two cars came together.

Honey was engulfed in blackness.

CHAPTER XI

"You little fool! You little fool!"

Honey heard the voice repeating the words over and over in a monotone and it was like the beat of a tom-tom, hammering away at her brain, recalling her to the conscious world. She did not need to open her eyes and look to know that it was Joe who spoke. Though she had never heard him use quite that tone of speech before, it was definitely Joe Danburne berating her.

She kept quiet and waited, her heart beating a tattoo against her ribs. Maybe he would think she was dead, she thought hopefully, and go away. But he didn't. He seemed bent on expounding his opinion of her, regardless of whether she was dead or alive.

"You fool!" he went on relentlessly. "You cheap, little double-crosser."

* * *

Finally, Honey could stand the cramped position she was lying in no longer, or the irritation of the words that flowed on and on, upsetting her nerves. She moved her body slightly and discovered that she was on the hard ground. She opened her eyes to the darkness that enveloped the earth and moved her head to look around, expecting to see Joe hovering over her, ready to kill her at the first sign of life. To her amazement, Joe's long form was stretched on the ground near her. He was not moving. Only a voice issued from his still body. She shivered in the cold as she remembered the crash of the two cars.

But before she could give it much thought, she heard footsteps and saw Art coming forward to kneel by her side. He touched her gently on the arm.

"Are you hurt, Honey?" he asked solicitously, seeing that she was conscious.

* * *

"I think I'm all right," she whispered, moving each limb separately to see if any bones were broken. There was no pain and everything seemed intact. "Nothing wrong. And you?"

"Just a scratch on the head," he told her, dismissing it as nothing.

"What about Joe?" she lifted her hand to point to Danburne. "Is he hurt? He lies so still."

"Very badly," he told her in low tones and his voice implied more than his words. "I think it's internal. He wants to talk with you, I believe. At least, he's been talking at you for some time. Something is really on his mind." He started to rise. "I'll go watch for someone to come along and pick us up. We've got to get him to a hospital and both cars are ruined."

He left them alone.

Honey sat up, feeling a bit dizzy at first from her recent shakeup. In a moment, however, her head cleared and she felt all right.

"Joe?" she called softly and crawled a little closer to the still form. "Joe—how do you feel?"

"Honey——you fool!" His voice reached out to slap her. "Were you trying to double-cross me? You took the diamond from Mrs. Sylvester. What did you do with it? Where is it now?"

(Continued next week)

Operator—Get Me My Teacher—Although confined to her bed for the past seven months with rheumatic fever, Barbara Stuart still keeps up with her classes. A leased telephone wire from her bedside to her schoolroom enables the 11-year-old girl to be part of her class. She can hear everything that goes on and recite when her turn comes.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Ever since the day I married my husband, three years ago, he has found fault with whatever I do. It's the house, or the baby, or my friends. I can't take much more.

"I try hard to keep my home clean, but it's such a big place! My baby is 13 months old, and I'm expecting another. I tire quickly. As for my friends, when they come he leaves the room, taking the radio, and bangs doors and dishes around so that my guests feel unwelcome. Now I have only two close friends who come at all!

"He isn't a bad man, Anne Hirst. He used to drink, and he's stopped that. He used to mistreat me, but he doesn't now. His worst fault is nagging. And how much can a wife take? I don't want to leave him. I couldn't take my son from him, for they love each other so. And I love him. But I haven't told him so in months because he hurts me every day.

"He was in combat duty in the war, and I try to allow for that. He had a unhappy first marriage, and I allow for that, too. But now I'm at a point where I believe he just likes to act mean and be a big bully. I'm trying to hold our marriage together; but I don't mind telling you that if this letter doesn't do any good, I'm giving up. I'm still young, and perhaps I can make a new life for myself. (I wasn't going to show my husband this letter, but now I think I will. You give good advice.)

WORRIED"

A CRISIS

* If ever a wife needs loving consideration and the assurance that she is precious to her husband, it is when she is expecting a baby. (If a man could bear just one, he would need no explanation.) She needs his tenderness, and his constant attentions, to lift her spirit and convince her that her coming trial is worth all it will cost her.

* He should help her every hour he is home, as much as he can, in taking over the housework and, in your case, helping care for the baby you have. This is the time he should conceal any dissatisfaction he feels, and be as considerate as though he were her father. He should know that she needs the diversion of her friends, and any amusements her health permits. In other words, he should be her protector, the staunch pillar of strength against which she leans.

* If this nagging of your husband has persisted so long, it is possible that he is not a well man. He should be checked up, and perhaps put himself under the supervision of his physician; perhaps his nerves can be calmed, and so make him less sensitive to everything that annoys him now. He would be a happier man, which surely would make his easier to get along with. With this nagging habit so entrenched, he certainly is not happy now.

* Your marriage is really at a crisis. When the new baby comes, your burdens will be heavier. Now is the time for your husband to face that fact, and show how much he appreciates all you are, and all you have done for him. If he realizes that he may lose you if he fails, it will rouse all his efforts.

* As I so often say, it takes so little to keep a woman happy. Any man who knows women, knows that. A husband who doesn't give that little is too absorbed in himself to try, or cares so little for his wife that he believes it isn't worth the effort. Under all his criticisms, I believe your husband does love you; but he has been too self-centered to realize it. If he will understand this, it will prove that, even at this late day, he has it in him to be a MAN.

* It takes two to make a marriage good. I hope he will read this, and determine from now on to do his part. You certainly have done, and are doing yours.

* * *

Any man who doesn't try, intelligently, to keep his wife happy doesn't deserve a good wife. Sometimes he only needs a hint to change. Anne Hirst has given that hint to many a careless husband. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I resize an Axminster rug?

A. Stretch the rug tight and tack face down on a floor. Sprinkle with a solution made by dissolving ¼ pound of flake glue in ½ gallon of water. Allow rug to dry at least one day. Care should be taken not to put on so much glue that it will show on the right side.

Q. How can I clean suede shoes?

A. Clean suede shoes by wiping with a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar. To restore the nap that has become worn, apply sandpaper gently.

Q. What is the best way to apply lip stick when the lips are chapped and dry?

A. Try using a very greasy lip stick. Or, rub a little cold cream on the lips before using the stick.

Q. How can I prevent rusting of steel articles?

A. Put a lump of freshly-burned lime into the drawer or box when storing away steel articles, and it will prevent them from rusting.

Q. How can I stuff dates and prunes?

A. First wash, dry, and stone the fruit, then cut almost in half and fill with a half marshmallow, blanched almond, or chopped nuts and raisins. Roll in sugar.

Q. How can I relieve the pain of frostbite?

A. Rub the frostbitten parts vigorously, and bathe in cold water until the blood circulates freely; then rub with mutton tallow.

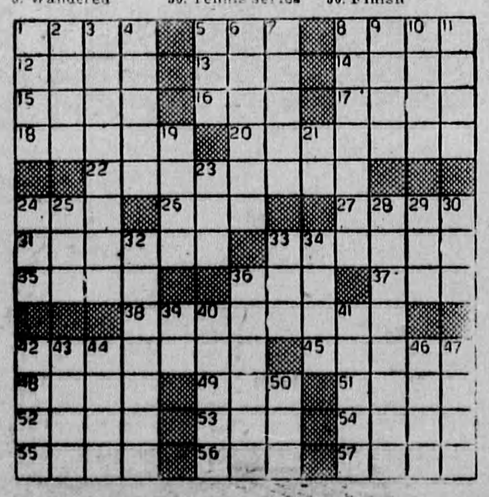
Q. How can I prevent woolens from shrinking when washing them?

A. The shrinking can be greatly reduced by observing three things; use warm water, use mild soap, and allow the woolens to dry slowly.

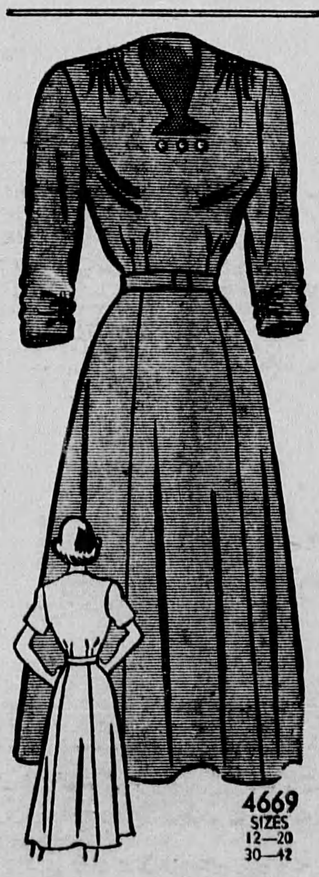
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Nuts
5. Parrot
8. Insult
12. A single time
13. Steal
14. Sound
15. Nee
16. Extinct flightless bird
17. Roar of the surf
18. Scythe handle
20. Cooking utensil
22. Ancient stringed instrument
24. Small candle
26. Legal matter
27. Epic poem
31. Burning
33. Sober
35. Working parties
36. Fish
37. Kitchen utensil
38. Written exposition
42. Sires
45. Succinct
46. Artificial butter
49. Consumed
51. Wharf
52. Back
53. Number
54. Japanese box
55. Female horse
56. City in Nebraska
57. Grows old

DOWN
1. Crowds
2. Presently
3. Article of food
4. Canvas shelters
5. Fortify
6. Perches
7. Diminish
8. Wandered
9. Weaving machine
10. Pay one's part
11. Nobleman
19. Injure
21. Comparative ending
23. Confederate general
24. Flounder
25. African hemp
28. Doing interior decorating
29. Indian
30. Tennis series
32. Irish word for darling
33. Drunkard
34. Supervise a publication
36. Small wheel
39. Concerning
40. Poetic Muse
41. Rich brown
42. Shape
43. Title of Athena
44. Rip
46. Dry
47. God of love
50. Finish



Answer elsewhere in this issue



ANNE ADAMS

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ISSUE 7 — 1949

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