THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis.

The story tells how Honey Morton, newly rising football smooth in her theft of the Sylvester Diamond up to the point of sitting in from a woman's handbag in a Los Angeles department store, stopping out of the street, and getting back to Joe and the office. Honey's boss, Dan Brewster, is a big-time stockbroker, and Honey's job is to keep him from the false time engrossed by asking her until what time it is. Then she hides the diamond under her mattress and waits for the call from Joe Danburne, which she knows will come. It does come, and Joe demands to see her at once.

CHAPTER II

When the doorbell rang some 10 minutes later Honey was just lighting a cigarette.

Hilda came through the room to answer the door and Honey stopped her with a hand gesture.

"After you let Mr. Danburne in go down to the drugstore and get a carton of cigarettes for me and a quart of strawberry ice cream. Charge it. And take your time."

"Yes'm." Hilda opened the door. "Good evening, Mr. Danburne," she said, and took his hat.

Swiftly he turned to Honey and his eyes gleamed with a bright fire of anger.

"The Sylvester diamond was stolen a few minutes ago." He said it like he was exploding a bomb in the room.

Honey sat up and opened her eyes in startled surprise. She even managed an audible catch in her breath that he could hear.

"Stolen?" she repeated in an awed whisper. "Are you sure, Joe? Couldn't there be some mistake?"

His head jerked in the negative. "I am positive it was stolen. It came over the radio—edition news broadcast."

"But how?" she demanded.

"I don't know exactly. But somebody had plenty of nerve to take the woman's purse in the department store with a floorwalker on every side. Imagine! Even I, who have more than my share of nerve and daring, wouldn't pull it that way." He narrowed his eyes to slits. "I'd give anything to know who has that stone."

* * *

He stood up suddenly and paced the length of the thick rug while Honey watched him from under her long eyelashes. There was a delighted gleam hidden in the depths of her eyes.

He spoke again. "We've got to find where it is and get it quick. There is no time to lose—not a minute." He was in a dither.

"Have you any ideas, Joe? Who knew that she carried the diamond around with her?" Instantly, she wished she had not referred to the woman's habit.

Joe pounded a fist nervously in the palm of his hand.

"I could have sworn that no one knew she kept it with her except me—and you, of course." His eyes opened wide as if from sheer shock and he sat down abruptly, leaning close to her. Honey's heart jumped with fear. "Where were you at 5 o'clock, Honey?"

"Walking through that door," and she pointed with a red-tipped finger to the place of entrance. "Why?" Then she forced anger into her blue eyes and she was a good actress at the moment as her eyes blazed at the insult of his implication. She straightened her shoulders. "You don't think——" Her voice rose.

"No, of course not," he assured her hastily and smiled as he patted her hand affectionately. "I didn't mean to imply a thing, my dear. Please forgive me."

Honey drooped back against the cushions and relaxed, but she knew well enough that he would ask Sonny what time she had returned from town. That, however, was taken care of.

She smiled to show that he was forgiven, and then with a deep concern in her voice, asked: "What is your next move, Joe?"

"To find out all the police know about the case."

"But mightn't they start investigating you if you become too curious?" she inquired, astonished at the chance he would be taking if he talked with the police. "They would want to know what interest you had in the stone."

"That is where you come in, Honey."

* * *

She sat up with a start, eyes electrified with surprise. "What do you mean?" and she was not putting on an act this time. She was really frightened.

"Your reputation is clear, Honey. You are above suspicion. So you are going to pump the police for 'me.' He gave her a charming smile of encouragement and she relaxed, her fear receding to the background. "When you get a fair description of who stole the diamond, then we will get to work on that angle. Remember, we haven't any time to lose. Once Sophpia Sylvester gets it back, there will never be another chance at that jewel."

"How am I going to pump the the law?" she asked very curiously. "I wouldn't know how to start to ask questions."

"Socially," he told her. "You know the district attorney. He's a friend of yours, isn't he? Well, drop by tomorrow and see him at his office—just a friendly call since you are in the vicinity of the courthouse. He'll talk to a beautiful girl like you."

"I see." She smiled more to herself than to him and there was a mischevious gleam in her eyes that made them dance. "I am to be a siren, only I am not a brunette."

His eyes blazed instantly with jealousy.

"Just remember that I am the one who is in love with you. And don't forget that you are going to marry me when this job is finished." There was no mistaking the warning in his words.

"I haven't forgotten," she answered languidly.

"Good." * * *

"It is nice I know Daniel Brewster," she mused. At the thought of the attractive young lawyer color leaped into her cheeks and sent her heart racing. She liked the district attorney awfully well, but Joe did not know that.

The telephone rang sharply at that moment. Joe jumped; his nerves seemed to be on edge. With an unhurried movement Honey reached for the phone.

"Miss Monroe speaking. Oh!" There was real surprise in her voice and she was instantly all attention to the voice at the other end. "Hearing your voice is a real treat, Dan Brewster." There was another long pause at her end of the line while Joe sat on the edge of the divan, his hands clinching tightly. Finally, she said: "Oh, yes, I'll be delighted, Dan. Good-by."

She replaced the receiver and eyed Joe with an amused grin, enjoying the stew he was in to know what the district attorney had said.

"I am sorry I have to break our date tonight," and she lay a hand on his arm to soften the blow. "But Daniel Brewster is calling to see me. He hasn't been out for weeks and I just couldn't refuse."

Joe jumped to his feet excitedly.

"The chance for you to see him came sooner than I hoped for. Find out every little detail he knows." He took up a cigarette. "He will probably try to pump you about me. That is why he is coming." He shook his head at her. "You don't know a thing, Honey. Not a thing," he insisted emphatically. "Remember that."

"I have a good memory, Joe," she said, and stood up. She walked with him to the door, and as he was going out he paused and very smoothly remarked:

"Another thing, my sweet—just don't forget that Dan Brewster means nothing to you. Nothing except a well of information for me."

Honey closed the door slowly and waited until she heard the elevator stop for Joe, to make sure that he was really gone, then she turned back to the divan and slumped down in one corner, thoughtfully.

"Is that all Daniel Brewster will ever mean to me?" she asked herself. She shook her head. "Not if I can do anything about it, and I can certainly try."

(To be Continued)

732

Laura Wheeler

Such fun—this doll is just your little girl's own size! 32-inches high, she wears castoff size two clothes. She's so real!

A girl's best friend is this dolly! Pattern 732 has transfer of 32-inch doll only.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Box 1, 123-18th Street, New Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

THE PURPOSE of this column is not to find positions for unemployed people. But I am deeply concerned over youngsters who are seeking their first job, and the difficulties that face them after they're landed it. Their experiences are often discouraging to the point of heartbreak.

This fall the usual letters have been pouring in, telling of their efforts, dwelling on their disappointments. One 17-year-old girl complains:

"I was to go to college, but things happened at home which made me grateful that I could go out to work. I got a job all right, but the other girls in the office aren't friendly. I do my work well, I know, but I'm really miserable!"

And a lad of the same age writes: "I've been trying to get a job since Easter! Every time I answer an ad, the people say the job is filled, or they want somebody with experience. I'd like to know how I am to get experience if I can't get a job!"

Courage and Tact

If a young man has trouble finding work in the field he prefers, sometimes it is smart to apply to one of the public service utilities or large industrial organizations. They are always on the lookout for bright young people who are willing to start at the bottom and keep an eye out for larger opportunities.

They employ thousands of people in dozens of departments, so if a new employee isn't happy in his first connection he often can be transferred to another department which attracts him more.

Even if one stays only a couple of years with the company, if he is industrious and ambitious he can learn a great deal. Meantime, he has accumulated the experience that his next employer demands.

Friendly, Not Forward

A new employee who is not welcomed by her co-workers must examine herself frankly. Often the others there are afraid she may be casting longing glances at their own desks, and they freeze accordingly. If she watches her manner toward them, is friendly but not forward, keeps her mind on business and doesn't try to interfere, they break down and accept her.

She should remember that a business office is not a social group, and not expect any special favors. She should avoid gossip as she would the plague, and never discuss business affairs outside the office. She should offer to help others out when they're buried under a pile of work, yet not expect the same courtesy in return. Her clothes should be simple and modest, she should wear a little makeup, and keep her opinions to herself until they are asked for.

- To "A Job Hunter": If you are not trained for special work, take what you can get, not only what you think you'll like. Any experience is counted as experience, you know, and you can learn something from every position you hold.
- To "Discouraged Betty": Girls often seem brusque when really they're only busy. Don't take offense easily. Stick to your job, and don't expect every new acquaintance to become a close friend. Watch the girls work, so you can learn from them, and be pleasant but casual. They'll come through.

* * *

The first few years in business take all the aptitude, determination and energy a youngster has. If you are puzzled by any specific problem, tell Anne Hirst about it — write to her at 123-18th Street, New Toronto.

First American steel plow was made by screwing pieces of steel saw blade to the wooden plow frame.

First of Its Kind—It looks tame enough, but it's actually a wild Hungarian partridge, held by Grace Mound, daughter of the manager of the Ontario Government's bird farm at Normandale. It is one of the first lot of these patridges captured in the Ottawa district, and they will become breeding stock in a plan much similar to our pheasant re-stocking plan.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. What can I do with a wire clothesline that has rusted?

A. Paint it with aluminum paint.

Q. How can I stake a tree so that the wire or rope will not cut into the tree?

A. Run the wire or rope through a short section of old garden hose, and it will protect the tree.

Q. How can I remove lint from clothing that will not come off with the clothes brush?

A. Try using a dry sponge, instead of the brush.

Q. How can I prevent book mold?

A. Book mold can be prevented by sprinkling a few drops of oil of lavender on the book shelves.

Q. How can I prevent dough from sticking to the fingers when kneading it?

A. By rubbing the hands with a little fat or lard before beginning the work.

They Know Now

When the white man discovered this country, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. And the white men thought they could improve on a system like that!

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

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

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Spatter
4. Ventilate
7. Muse of lyric poetry
12. Given name
13. Extinct bird
14. Gas of the air
15. Tries to hear
17. Egg-shaped
18. Maple genus
19. Scotch cake
21. Soldiers' quarters in India
23. Workshop
27. Higher
29. Cereal
30. Rigorous
32. Helos
34. Dressed
36. Detect
38. Handile
40. Obliterate
41. Test metal
43. Charles Lamb
45. Lawful
47. Heading down
50. Worst-up
52. Eat
53. Grow old
55. Keen back
56. Outfit
57. The being (Gr.)

DOWN

1. Fundamental
2. Orch
3. Heather
4. Bar in a loom
5. Rice-paste
6. Particles
7. Scamp
8. Chief of magicians
9. Ice-cream delight
10. Literary fragments
11. Wicked child
16. Unlined
20. Hackneyed
22. County in New Mexico
23. Attorney
24. Annoy
25. Organ of sight
26. Strain
28. English city
31. Ocean
33. Forge tob
35. Wrong
37. More irksome
39. Lift
42. False name
44. Burn
46. Anxious
48. Ninth nacelle
49. Ancient
51. Wrath
54. Light bed
55. Follow

Answer This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Drama In The Bible

Job. 1:1; 2:1-6; 42:1-6, 10a

Golden Text:—H knoweth the way that I take; When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.—Job. 23:10.

Job, more than any other book in the Bible may be called a drama. The more dramatic part tells of the series of disasters which suddenly sweep away everything that Job had (1:13-19). There is nothing else in Scripture which can compare with this in dramatic effect except perhaps the tense scene where Esther plead for her life and the lives of her people.

The prologue and epilogue of the book of Job are in prose; The bulk of the book—Chapters 4:1—is poetry. The changes to be observed are internal and mental, consisting of Job's changing mood, and of the increasing boldnes with which Job is wrongfully accused.

Job was the world's greatest sufferer with the exception of Jesus Christ who bore our sins. There were then no Holy Scriptures from which he might derive comfort. Nor did he know that his faithfulness would be forever a lesson to all mankind. He was unaware that Satan had secured God's permission to test him to the point of death. God had described Job as "a perfect, and an upright man, one that feareth God." Satan purposed to make Job curse God to his face.

The plot failed. Job maintained his integrity. He did not know why he must suffer so. He did not need to know. He knew God knew and that it all must work for his good. Such faith!

A friend suffered a stroke and was confined to bed for months. He is very feeble and his financial support is small. Speaking of his illness he said, "I never realized the Bible was so wonderful. I wouldn't have had this illness left out of my life for a million dollars. It has drawn me so much nearer to God." Suffering can be a blessing to us and fit us to be a greater blessing to others.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. In what way can one discriminate between the people to whom wedding invitations are to be sent and those to whom announcements are mailed?

A. Invitations are sent to the close friends whom one really wishes to attend the wedding. Announcements are mailed only to those not considered sufficiently close to be invited to the wedding. But do not send an invitation and an announcement to the same person.

Q. Is it permissible to interrupt a conversation between two persons in order to introduce another person?

A. No; one should always wait until there is a pause in the conversation.

Q. Should two different kinds of food be placed at once on the fork?

A. Only one morsel of but one kind of food should be placed on a fork at one time.

Q. Is it all right for a man to talk with a woman when crossing her on the street, with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth?

A. No; it would be ill-bred to talk with either a woman or a man with a cigarette or cigar dangling from the lips.

Q. When passing your plate for a second helping, should you leave your knife and fork on it?

A. Yes. Be sure the handles are far enough on the plate to keep your knife and fork from toppling off.

For RHEUMATIC PAIN rub in.. MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

35¢ LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 65¢

YOU WOMEN WHO SUFFER HOT FLASHES then FEEL CHILLY—

Here's Good News!

Are you between the ages of 38 and 52 and going through that trying functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women? Does this make you suffer from hot flashes, feel clammy, nervous, irritable, weak? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this!

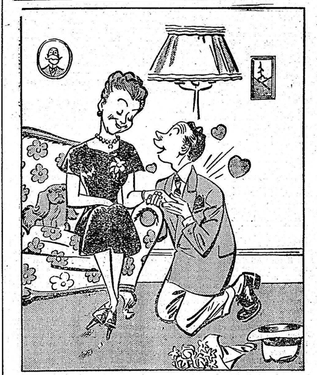
Many wise "middle-age" women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against this distress.

Pinkham's Compound contains no opiates—no habit-forming drugs.

It helps nature (you know what we mean). This great medicine also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect.

NOTE: Or you may prefer LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS with added iron

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND



"I don't care if you can't cook, darling — so long as you can open packages of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Oh George—you're wonderful! I'll just open a package of Malty-ria, honey-glazed Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes, and quick-like breakfast will be ready!"

"Um-ym-m—that one-and-only, out-of-this-world Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes flavor!"

"And good nourishment, too, don't forget!"

"Yep, Hon—they're jam-packed with carbohydrates, minerals and other food essentials that sure will make your husband a husky guy!"

"And of course I was only kidding about not being able to cook. I can make scrumptious cookies, cakes and other good things from those tested recipes on the Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes package."

"How about picking up some crisp, crunchy Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes on our way down to get the marriage license?"

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rain' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done in your "28" — your stomach. If you suffer from the kind of indigestion stricken, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 inches" of you.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills—and of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—35¢

.... FALL FAIR TIME IN ONTARIO ....

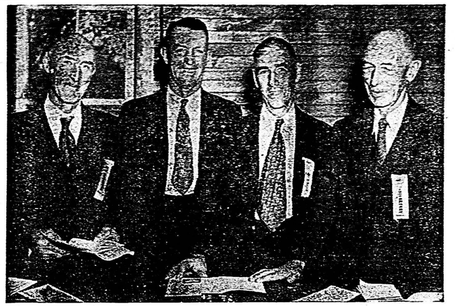


Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Group of the Fair Board at Madoc—Will Stewart (Past Pres.) director, Albert Woods (Past Pres.) director, Russell Lewis (Pres. this year), Robert Woods (Sect'y).

Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The Illustrious Group Above Is the Executive of the Junior Farmer's Association, left to right they are: Eddie Romagnoli, 22, Boys' Secretary; Phyllis Wiamer, 20, former Director; Jack Morrison, 20, Treasurer; Marie Cooper, 20, Vice-President; David Dwyer, 15, Director, (at microphone); Della Morrison, 21, Vice-President; and John Powell, President of the Lincoln County Junior Farmers. Dave Dwyer is broadcasting some anti-weed propaganda to the fair at large, according to the program arranged by the executive members.

Fair Time Highlights

By the Ful-O-Pep Reporter

The modern school of psychology which believes in adjusting youth to its surroundings, would not find many neurotics enumerated in Lincoln county according to the type of young people we saw at the Beamsville fair.

Perfectly "adjusted" and able to cope with life was the impression given by these young people to whoever met them on the fair grounds. One young New Yorker who stopped by the Ful-O-Pep trailer commented on the difference between the Junior Farmers at the fair and the kind of young people he was used to seeing in New York.

"It would be difficult to imagine a more complete contrast than between the young Lincoln county farmer and the youth on 42nd Street." He said. "It is not so much the difference in appearance, although your lads look a little more hearty than ours, but it is a difference in manner. These young people make plenty of noise and have lots of fun, but there seems to be a purposefulness about them that quite frankly frightens me. It is quite a shock to a young city fellow, who does not know what he will do with his future, to find these young fellows and girls forging ahead as if they know exactly ly what they are about."

"And the girls too," he went on. "What a difference there is. Just now I saw a pretty, young girl about eighteen, I should think, showing her heifer in the cattle show. There she stood in her riding breeches with her blond curls hanging down her back, and talked like an expert with the other cattle breeders, old and young. There was no giddy laughter about it either, I can tell you. She meant business, and she knew what she was talking about.'

Someone pointed out to us the other day that with all the cattle picture shown on this page this fall there have been very few pictures of the noble and hardy Angus. "What's the matter?" he asked, "Don't they feed Ful-O-Pep to them or something?"

"Oh! Dear me, no!" we replied, "What an idea." The truth of the matter is that we have seen all kinds of them, Ful-O-Pep fed and winning prizes to boot, but the trouble is that they are just not photogenic.

Once again we repeat that the pictures shown on these pages may be obtained by writing to the Ful-O-Pep Photographer, 123, Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario. Thank you.

Junior Farmer Sells Raffle Tickets

Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The Smiling Dairy Maid, at the Beamsville Fair, is Miss Nelda Romagnoli, of Beamsville, selling tickets on a pedigreed calf, on behalf of the Lincoln County Holstein Association of Western Ontario. A member of the Junior Farmers' Association went around the fairgrounds all afternoon, followed by her Holstein calf, Daisy, and sold tickets to people like Mrs. Henry Clark of Cayuga, Haldimand County, who is show signing the book.

Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Mr. George Newman Of St. Catherines, shows his fine team and turnout to advantage at the Beamsville Fair. Just behind Mr. Newman is the well known Toronto horseman and judge Mr. Cook (back to the camera) who carefully eyed the contestants.

Norwood Fair Thrives Despite Rain

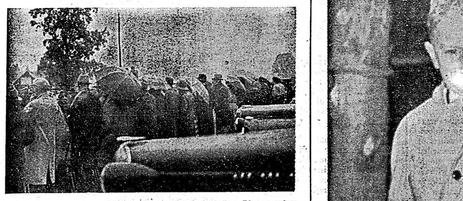


Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The True Fall Fair Spirit was shown at the Norwood Fair where in spite of the rain the people stood and watched the performance and supported their fair. At the conclusion of the fair the Fair Board gave a hearty vote of thanks to the hardy souls who had dared the weather to make the fair the success that it was.

Stalwart Showmen, the Ducks

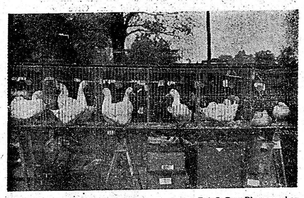


Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Wide Open To The Elements, and enjoying every minute of it it were the ducks; the only really happy people in the rain at at the Norwood Fair.

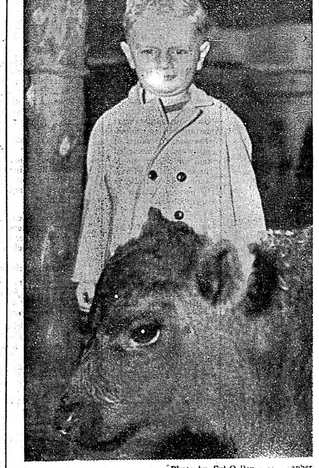


Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

The Woolly Face in the Foregtound of this picture belongs to a very young and very frightened Angus bull which had been playing up and down the ranks of Angus cattle, until he was "cornered" by the photographer. The puzzled, little face behind belongs to three-year-old Harold Canning, of Beamsville, who could not decide whether to laugh or cry. The two-week-old Angus calf, "Shorty," soon made his peace with the photographer when he discovered that he was a Ful-O-Pep man. "Shorty" eats it himself.

Young First-Aider: Show Skill at Fair

Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Not A Casualty Clearing Station, but merely the Hamilton branch of the St. John's Ambulance Corps, the sort of fancy knots and bandages which its young members have mastered, under the guidance of the Lady Corps Officer, Mrs. J. Waldish. Keeping an eye on the proceedings is the Sergeant Major, Mr. D. Padgett, of Hamilton (standing, centre).