

Of Special Interest to Women Readers

THE AVENGER

by Walter Forder

CHAPTER XX MURDER IN THE VILLAGE

In the tiny police office of Wintersea a scene of unwonted activity was taking place.

Murders were as the magic of the unexpected. Tramps, drunks and the ever-gaming motorist, were the only grist that had hitherto come the way of the village constable, P. C. Bright.

For years he had maintained a grip of terror upon the whole countryside by reason of the majesty of the law; a majesty which to tell the truth, had begun, by reason of familiarity, to fade. But now, with the mysterious "Avenger" in their midst, and a real murderer enacted outside their very doors, the villagers turned again and exalted P. C. Bright into an awe-inspiring figure.

To the district superintendent, who made a hasty call, he confided his greatest secret.

"Do you mean to tell me that you know the murderer?" remarked the astonished officer.

A cryptic smile spread over the features of P. C. Bright.

"I could put my hand on 'im this minute, sir!"

This news was startling enough, but he added, before his superior could recover from his surprise:

"And I know 'is accomplice, too, sir."

It was this simple conversation which finally resulted in Hunter starting in amazement at the two burly officers as they stood later in the entrance hall of 'Owl's Croft."

Cupboard Secrets
"You don't think I committed the murder, do you?" asked Hunter when he grasped the reason for the visit.

"We're police officers engaged in our duty, and it's not for us to answer your questions. We invite you to answer ours!" was the reply he received.

Hunter stood with his back to the wide old fire-place, and facing the mysterious library door.

Was it his imagination, or did his eyes play him false? The two officers saw the bewilderment in his eyes and glancingly accepted it as the hunted look of a man who is cornered.

"It's my duty to say that I suspect you of having some connection in this murder of one Danny West!"

P. C. Bright felt at that moment that he would have liked the whole village to be standing there as his thrilled audience, to hear him speak those wonderful words. He, Police Constable Bright, of Wintersea, was about to arrest his first murderer.

Whatever roseate dreams he conjured up to entrance his imagination will never be told, for with a gulp of rice, Hunter leapt by the two startled constables.

To say he leapt "by" them conveys little; it might even be reported that he leapt through them, for, standing as they were, side by side, he had glimpsed a simple thing over in the corner of the hall.

A tall cupboard, with a black and eary oak door, had turned. That it had moved swiftly, he was sure.

He had explored that cupboard more than once, and he knew that the top half of the door had a deep split running its full length. From where he had been standing his eyes had caught a rapid glint from the reflected light upon the door. Just a winking flash, and, marvel of marvels, the split panel was whole.

He had pondered upon this to a great length whilst the two hounds of the law had held him in conversation. Now he had arrived at a decision. The slight tremor of the panel gave him the clue. The cupboard was double fronted, having

a carved door upon both sides, and it had revolved.

Someone under the cupboard had caused it to turn, and he experienced that queer certainty of feeling that he was being watched.

It's Locked
Whoever it was upon the inside of that swivelling cupboard had doubtless been attracted there by the presence of the police.

So he acted.
With a cry of exultation he made a harlequin-like leap between the sturdy figures of the constable and his superior, sending them flying, one upon either side—each an armed and outraged man.

Bearing on he bore down upon the cupboard and arrived at that antique piece of furniture with a crash, evoking from within it a faint squeal.

He tugged at the old-fashioned brass handle, but in vain; the cupboard was locked.

By this time the most valiant P. C. in all Norfolk was upon his feet again, and proceeded to hurl himself, with commendable disregard of danger, on to the man in the corner.

"I arrest you for complicity in this 'ere Danny West mider," bel-lowed Bright, clapping his leg-of-mutton hand on Hunter's shoulder.

"Hold on to this cupboard—they are trying to turn it," was Hunter's reply.

True it was that some great strength was being applied to the cupboard, and he had much ado to resist the attacks of the constable and hold the cupboard at the same time.

The superior officer now took a hand in the matter, approaching with the dignity of his exalted rank.

"In my opinion there's nothing against runnin' 'im in, Bright. Clap the cuffs on!"

He gave this as his considered opinion, but was careful to leave the rough work to his subordinate.

Nothing loth, P. C. Bright produced hand-cuffs, and tried to wrench Hunter's hands from the cupboard handle.

"You fools," he gasped, "why don't you help me? This cupboard will turn again in a minute and we will lose what we've caught!"

"Ho, no you don't. I don't care about turning cupboards, or twizzling tables, or jumpin' chairs, so long as I've got you. Out with yer hands!"

"What's all this?"
A quiet voice broke in on the din with marvellous effect. Digby stood just within the entrance door.

"Quick, Digby, quick! There's someone in this cupboard. It revolves and they're trying to turn it. I can't hold on much longer!"

In a moment Digby had summed up the situation, and with a strength his slender form belied, pulled the perspiring Bright back, and applied his strength to the cupboard.

Then happily, Digby proved to be quick in the up-take, and he sprang to the open hearth and snatched up the heavy iron poker.

"Go!" he cried, gasping. Hunter, clinging to the door, for frantic pressure was now being applied to turn it.

"Wrench it open!"
Crr-r-rack!

Enter Mrs. Barlow
The panel splintered under their combined efforts, and the lock hung at a lurching angle.

Snatching the poker, Hunter thrust it into the crevice which marked the turning edge of the device and in one stroke effectually jammed it.

The others drew back, whilst he threw open the torn and battered door.

Whoever or whatever they each and everyone expected to see hidden in that turning cupboard, they were all equally surprised.

Crouching down in whimpering fright upon the floor of the cupboard was . . . Mrs. Barlow!

"Well, well, well," panted Hunter. "The elusive Mrs. Barlow, and alive and well, eh?"

"Would you like to tell us, Mrs. Barlow, who it is that has been exerting his strength against us? Your husband, I suspect, Mrs. Barlow, eh? He is not far away, I'll be bound!"

"Oh, sir—you don't understand, sir," wailed the woman.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Barlow, I understand more about all this than you think. Now you'd better be frank about it, sir."

"I'll give in, sir. I'll tell you all—everything."

The old woman, limp with fear, was assisted out from the cupboard, then after being seated in a chair, faced them, her lips quivering as her thin and nervous fingers touched her face.

Tomorrow's Women May Be Plump

Artist Says Perfection Today Is Sweeter and More Romantic

LONDON, Eng. — Perfect women, said Artist C. R. W. Nevinson at a London luncheon, is now becoming a romantic, sweetly Victorian.

But her ideal of the perfect woman is something between a cad and a dresy crook.

And the woman of tomorrow may be a little plumper.

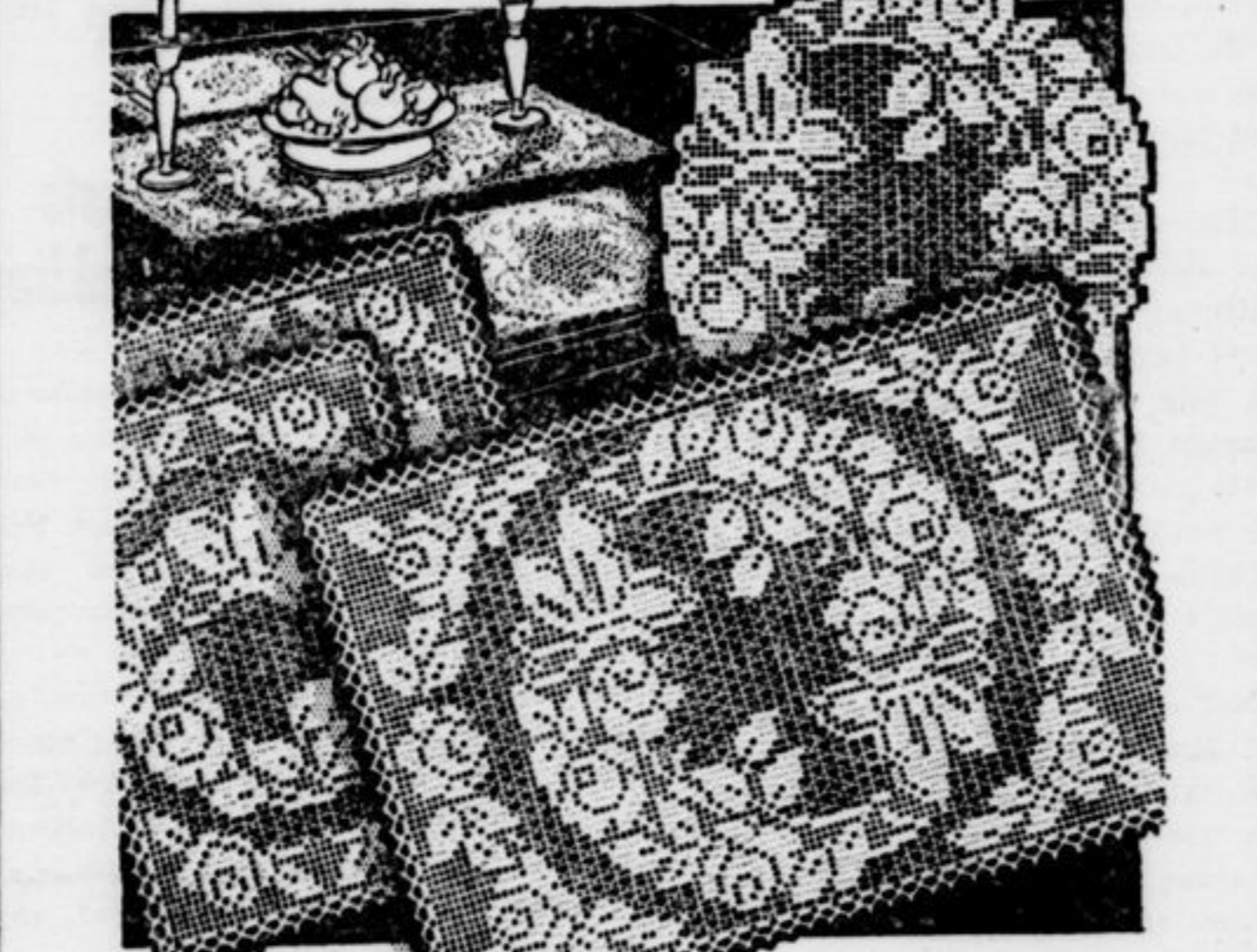
Curves Coming In
Television, unlike the film camera, minimises the flesh and will probably start a demand for large, fat performers.

So the curves are going to have it. "But soon," Mr. Nevinson added: "Soon perfect women will be simpering and obeying our dear dictators, producing babies, and more babies, for slaughter."

One definition of the perfect woman was quoted at the luncheon: She should possess the roundness of the moon, the curve of the serpent, the velvet of the flowers and the cruelty of the tiger.

Stockholm, Sweden, now has 417 consumer co-operative stores.

Laura Wheeler Shows You a New Trick In Doily Crochet



FILET CROCHET PATTERN 1818

Crochet a luncheon set in the two sizes of rectangular doilies. Then following the simple charts—crochet only the centre part of each filet rectangle and presto!—you have round doilies in two sizes to use as occasional doilies! Use mercerized string. Pattern 1818 contains directions and charts for making doilies; illustrations of them and of still-nicer material required.

Send 20 cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

"I'll tell everything, I'll tell the truth, sir, so help me Heaven!" She was interrupted by the shrilling of the telephone.

Another Death
Hunter frowned. "See what that is, Digby," he said.

Digby stepped to the instrument, which stood upon a small side table.

"Hullo!"
"Superintendent Bolsover—yes—and P. C. Bright—yes. They are both here."

"They're wanted? Oh, very well," continued Digby. "They'll speak to you. Who is that? The Wintersea Police Station? Very good, hold the line."

He was about to part with the receiver when his expression changed.

"What's that?" he gasped. "What do you say? Another death? Another man on the tomb top? Who? A man named McClintock? Heavens!"

Hunter was at the 'phone in an instant.

"Hunter speaking—Maxton Hunter. I'm at Owl's Croft. I'm investigating for the owner, Mr. Digby. What is it that you're telling us; there's been another death in the village?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply. "Another man's been found stretched on the top of the same tomb in the churchyard, and the name of Gordon McClintock is scratched off the list on the tombstone's side."

Ponderously, the Superintendent stepped forward and took the receiver from Hunter.

(To be continued)

Educational motion pictures are to be shown in Wakefield Prison in England.

CASA LOMA
Sir Henry Pellatt million dollar Casa Loma—The Hill, Spadina Road, Toronto. Hour's tour thro' Castle, tower, tunnel, stables, art galleries, and coronation room special exhibits and souvenirs. See "The Fall of Nineveh" (the king and his wives), painted by order of late Emperor Joseph of Austria—has 29 life size figures on a canvas, 28 feet x 18 feet, and the Vimy Memorial. Open 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. Adults, 25c—Children 15c. Sundays, 25 cents.

CURRENTS Red or Black

Catching time by the forelock is an important thing to accomplish in every housekeeper's life. And catching the summer fruits as they come on the market and putting them away for winter use is a very good illustration of this famous phrase.

Currants make grand jelly and jam when made with the short boil method. Made this way, it takes just 15 minutes to complete the job after the fruit is prepared and because there is no long boiling time, the lovely color and flavor of the fresh, fully ripe fruit is sealed into your jars. Of course there is a secret. It's bottled fruit pectin. By adding just the right amount of bottled pectin (which has been extracted from fruits which abound in it, refined and bottled) you get jam and jelly of the right consistency without having to boil away all the goodness of the fruit to make it jelly.

None of that tangy, tart flavor which you expect of currants is evaporated.

The short boil method not only saves the color and flavor of the fruit, it actually gives you more

jars of jam and jelly per quart of fruit because none of it is boiled away. It has been estimated that the yield from this method gives you approximately half as much again as that from the same amount of fruit when long boil methods are used.

Current jelly is simply delicious with cold roast lamb, chicken or duck and current jam has always been popular with toast.

CURRENT JELLY
(Red or Black Currants)
5 cups (2½ lbs.) juice
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin.

With black currants, crush about 3 pounds fully ripe fruit; add 3 cups water. With red currants, crush about 4 pounds fully ripe fruit; add 1 cup water. To prepare juice, bring mixture to a boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and hold hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RED OR BLACK CURRANT JAM
4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit
¾ cup (3¼ lbs.) sugar
¾ cup water
½ cup (½ bottle) fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about 2 pounds fully ripe fruit; measure into large kettle. With red currants, add ½ cup water; stir until mixture boils. (With black currants, use ¾ cup water). Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Add sugar, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes

about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CANDIED COTTAGE ROLL
4 lbs. cottage roll
Boiling water
1 tsp. mustard
Vinegar
Sifted cracker crumbs
Whole cloves
½ to 1-3 cup Bee Hive Golden Corn Syrup.

Simmer cottage roll in gently boiling water until tender. Cool in liquid in which it was cooked, then drain. Remove strings. Place cooked cottage roll on rack in roasting pan. Smooth mustard to a paste with vinegar, and spread over fat surface of roll. Cover with sifted cracker crumbs, score in diamonds and centre each diamond with a clove. Pour corn syrup carefully over surface. Place in a hot oven, 400 degrees F. to re-heat meat and to glaze surface. Baste carefully once or twice during cooking with liquid in pan.

Household Hints

To keep a hairbrush clean between washings, brush the bristles with a cleansing tissue or clean soft cloth after about every ten strokes.

Washable garments stained with grease (not machine grease) should be rubbed in warm water apart from rest of the laundry.

Before using a new kettle, place a clean piece of calico inside to prevent furring.

Bacon will not shrink in frying if it is first dipped in flour.

To soften and clean leather on furniture use a mixture of one part hot vinegar to two parts linseed oil. Apply with a cloth. Rub the leather dry and polish it with another clean, soft cloth.

How to Pep Up Your Wardrobe

If You are Looking For a Quick And Easy Method of Rejuvenating Your Summer Wardrobe, Here are a Few Suggestions From Paris.

Choose sky blue handkerchief linen for a tailored single-breasted jacket to wear over wool or cotton.

Border a white organdy bow with a band of gold sequins and place it high on the neck of a black wool dress with a jacket bolero of matching wool.

Make gloves of polka-dotted silk surah to match the blouse of a tailored suit.

Sew sequins at irregular distances on a square of pastel-colored handkerchief linen, and toss the handkerchief nonchalantly over your head for an evening out.

Flowers and Leaves
Slit your pockets, vertically instead of crosswise. And place as many as eight of these neat invisible pockets on a single tailored jacket.

Tuck a red rose in the belt of a stiff black taffeta evening dress whose circular skirt ends in a wide ruching.

Cut maple leaves out of black patent leather and applique them loosely on a two-inch white kid belt.

Applique or embroider your initials on the band of your hat. Substitute a long, tight sleeve for the ordinary short sleeve in lace boleros. Patou makes the tight-sleeved bolero in heavy black lace for a black crepe dinner dress.

Contrast a lavender printed silk blouse with a pale yellow wool suit which has buttons made of porcelain in the form of wheat sheaves.

Austria, Norway and Sweden have the lowest birthrates in Europe.



Christie's Biscuits
"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

Sold only in the red and yellow packages. Never sold in bulk.

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Women Detectives Become Popular

They're More in Demand in England Now Than Ever Before

Fiction and fact rarely appear to provide stranger contrasts than in the lives of private detectives, says a writer in an English paper. Sherlock Holmes, always living at a high pitch of excitement, seems a creature entirely apart from those who appear in news about the mundane details of other people's lives. That fact is that in real life we often are not aware of that truth which is at least as strange as fiction.

Many Have Agencies
Private detectives are finding an ever-widening scope for their activities. Commercially their uses have multiplied enormously in the last few years. In England women have founded agencies, and it is safe to say that the staff of no agency is complete.

There was, for instance, the case of a reputable firm, who decided to institute their own inquiries about chocolate of indifferent quality which was being supplied in their packages by an unknown traveller.

Where many men failed, a woman trapped him in a little village huckster's shop which had been opened for her.

Stores Employ Clever Ones
She is a woman who is an adept in disguise as a charwoman or flower-seller, but this was the first time she had attempted to play the role of a village grocer's widow, and the hardest part of her job was to allay the suspicions of the village, so that there would be no gossip which might forward the traveller.

They are additional to the private detectives that most stores employ permanently.

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Pack Your Bag The Proper Way

Comfort And Convenience Are What Is Wanted Most When Travelling.

If she has the right equipment—plenty of tissue paper, handkerchief, lingerie and stocking cases and enough luggage to accommodate everything she feels she must take—any traveler can do the kind of packing job that keeps clothes in good order, cosmetics from spilling all over several dresses and makes for a minimum of confusion upon arrival.

Don't Bulge Them
Naturally, if you try to squeeze ten dresses, an extra coat, a bathrobe and half a dozen gifts for your hostess' family into a bag that was made to hold five dresses and only a few gadgets, not one dress out of the ten is going to be fit to wear until it has been pressed. Talk to the woman who never has to ask the one and only maid in her hostess' household to stop and press a dress before arrival day dinner and you'll be convinced that it isn't silly to take two bags that aren't really full instead of one that is stuffed to the bulging point.

Folded Correctly
You don't have to be an experienced ladies' maid to learn to fold dresses correctly. Simply place any garment front down on a bed or the floor, fold the sides from shoulders to hem toward each other at the back. Now lay a smooth sheet of tissue paper over the lower half of the dress and crush two more sheets—one to go into each sleeve. Smooth the sleeves down along the folds at the back. If the suitcase is long, fold the dress only once. If short, fold it twice, always putting tissue paper between the second layer.

Conflagration

Allow me one last look at them, my dear—
My burning bridges lighting up the night.
Pause in respect, as for some pagan rite,
And listen, for the air is still and clear,
And in the hissing of the fire I hear
The sounds of demolition, as the blaze
Consumes the burden of my wasted days.
Does it seem final to your eager ear?
The darkness closes in, the lambent flame
Burns lower, flares a moment, and goes out.
Nothing is left, no scar, no charred red flame;
My bridges have come down. Can you now doubt?
At last that singleness I used to lack
Is mine — because there is no turning back.
—Elizabeth Grey Stewart, in Harper's Magazine.

Pleasure at your fingertips

YOU'RE MISSING something if you have not tried this new fine cut, which has a flavour and a smoothness that spells new luxury in roll-your-own smoking. It's backed by a name that guarantees quality with nearly a century of experience in the manufacture of fine tobaccos. Try it.

TUCKETTS FINE CUT 10

Daily use of Wrigley's Gum has sweetened the breath

Help improve your personality with Wrigley's Gum. Keep your teeth white, breath sweet, by using beautiful Wrigley's Gum daily—as millions do. The children also love the delicious refreshing flavor of Wrigley's Double Mint. Take some home today, see

Issue No. 29-'38

LESSON IN DEBORAH: EMER LEADERS Judges 4:1-14

Printed Text, Golden Text, whether thou art not of kingdom for such as Esth. 4:14 THE LESSON IN ITS TIME—126 B.C. Place—Hazor was the of Naphtali, at the of Israel's territory, Lake Merom, Deborah, confines of Benjamin at 4:14-15, of Bethel, by is in the mid of plain of Palestine, and in the river Kishon takes. 1. And the children again did that which the sight of Jehovah, was dead. The institution of the rise of each of the punishment of Israel for disobedience to him, 2. And Jehovah said unto Deborah, in the name of the Lord, who knows exactly where he is, 3. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 4. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 5. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 6. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 7. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 8. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 9. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 10. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 11. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 12. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 13. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 14. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 15. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 16. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 17. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 18. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 19. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 20. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 21. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 22. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 23. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 24. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 25. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 26. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 27. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 28. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 29. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 30. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 31. And the children of Israel were as sheep without a shepherd, and the waters of Merom, in Israel's territory, 3