

THE VANCE MYSTERY SOLVED

By LILLIAN MACDONALD

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IF YOU don't know Vance you have missed seeing a very pretty corner of the country. It is forest land and one expects red men to part the sumacs and tread the noiseless pathways. The town is small and doesn't speak of itself as a city. There's one movie house—not a talkie.

But the pride of Vance is its Old People's home, a truly beautiful building and (what is more rare) well managed. Few of the old folks grumble, excepting just enough to keep them cheerful. They have to fall back on their rheumatism or their fanciful pasts. They have well cooked food and plenty of it.

They even have (or had, I should say) a beauty. Mrs. Rosie Grant was exactly seventy-seven, had eighteen children, fifty grandchildren and a "great," or so, all alive and all handsome. Her husband had passed on at the trifling age of ninety, some years before. "I married an old man, but a good one," she says, lightly.

At Wayne farm lived the Wayne couple alone, for their children were all married. Then suddenly, without warning, Grandpa Wayne appeared, ex-soldier (in the Civil war), and a fine old fellow for his years.

"I do hope we can take proper care of him," said Susan Wayne. "He looks strong, but you can't be too careful of old folks. We must see he doesn't go out nights and catch cold."

Grandpa liked to be petted. He took the best chair as a matter of course, and was ready to indicate exactly the parts of the chicken he preferred. He told the minister his church was too draughty for old folks. He trotted to the circulating library and found books to occupy his long days.

"He's just a dear, and not a bit of trouble!" exclaimed Susan.

Henry Wayne, who was a shrewd observer of character, said nothing.

It was quite all right until grandpa took to being out nights.

At first poor Susan was terrified. She wanted to call the town marshal and have him sought for. But Farmer Wayne shook his head.

"Don't you do that, Lite. I know the Waynes, and grandpa isn't like any other old man I ever saw. You don't know the Waynes. You know me. I'm not so much a Wayne as a Telfer. Dad said I took entirely after ma, and you ought to be glad of it." He said no more, but looked cryptic.

At the same time Mrs. Mudd, the matron at the Old People's home, was sadly disturbed in her mind. Like every one else, she loved old Rosie Grant, for that aged coquette had managed to coax all kinds of favors from her, and it is a fact that nothing wins the heart of a trained social worker so surely as to be gently imposed upon.

For four nights Rosie had not appeared at prayers, and when her room was visited she was not there.

"I felt like the summer air would do me good," was all the explanation given.

"You know the rules, Mrs. Grant," said the matron.

Rosie dimpled, and gave a curious suggestion of tossed curls, although her silvery locks were thin and neatly pinned.

"Now, Mrs. Mudd," she said, "you like us real well, and I enjoy this lovely air. Besides, you like us to keep our windows open."

Mrs. Mudd sighed. "I'm glad she's an old lady," she said to herself. "She must have been a handful when she was young."

Down at the Wayne farm Susan questioned grandpa.

"Don't you know you might be killed by a motor car, running around at all hours of the night?"

"So might you," was the testy reply, and Susan forbore to remark she was always safely in bed around ten o'clock, herself.

Then one night grandpa failed to report. Susan telephoned the police station and was told that the marshal already had his hands full because one of the old folks had disappeared from the home.

Poor Susan began to cry. She loved old grandpa, and was sure "something dreadful" had happened.

"Some crazy person is murdering the poor old folks, and they've killed grandpa," she sobbed to Henry.

"You don't know the Waynes," he said when he'd heard the story, and then he whistled.

"I've a theory," was all he would say, however, and he insisted that Susan undress and go to bed, doing that "same thing himself."

what was amazingly like a pre-Civil war flourish—Susan had seen it in the movies.

Susan gasped. "Well, if it isn't Rosie Grant!" she cried, "but how in the world did you two meet each other? Were you rescued together or what?"

"Rescued, indeed!" Rosie tossed her head. "I should not. Tell her, Bruce," Rosie turned to grandpa, who looked a trifle sheepish.

"This lady isn't Rosie Grant any more. She's Rosie Wayne. Now, don't get peevish, folks. You've treated me fine, and I've liked being with you real well for a visit. But a man likes his own home, after all, and my Rosie, here, finds the same. She can't get the pork and beans she's craving where she's been staying, and she likes going out evenings in summer time the way I do. We have a lot of tastes in common. So we thought we'd get married. Now, I have a nice little bungalow, but there's some work to be done, so suppose we stay with you for a few days, a honeymoon, like, and of course we're prepared to pay you. Only, no restrictions. We're old enough to know when to go in and out and what we can eat."

Henry Wayne looked at his wife. Far too dazed, she was, to speak a word.

"Told you you didn't know the Waynes," he said triumphantly.

Tiny Tropical Possum Sought by Scientists

A tiny opossum no bigger than a mouse, with nine little ones clinging to her fur, was found hiding in a bunch of bananas by a grocer in Waco, Texas, and turned over to the zoology department of Baylor university. Dr. G. E. Potter, head of the department, reports the find in the magazine, Science.

These tiny tropical opossums have been reported as banana-bunch immigrants a few times before, but this specimen seems to set a record for the size of the family traveling. Previously discovered specimens have had only two or three young ones. Doctor Potter states that the mother was seen several times to run her sharp snout under one of her offspring on the floor and toss it into the air and on to her back, where it dug its little paws into her fur and wrapped its tail around hers, after the manner of the young of our larger native opossum.

Doctor Potter notes that all these mouse-like opossums thus far found on bunches of bananas have been females, usually with young ones. He suggests that an animal so encumbered tends to hide in the bunch when it is disturbed on the plantation and subsequently in shipping, instead of trying to escape as the males may possibly do.

It is quite likely that more of these interesting little animals arrive in this country than are ever reported. Grocers may mistake them for mice and kill them. It is hoped that whoever finds a tiny opossum-like animal hiding in the fruit section of a grocery store or delicatessen will take the trouble to capture it and send it as quickly as possible to the nearest college biology department or zoological park.

The Simpler Way

Emil Ludwig, the German historian, said on his departure for Germany: "One thing I don't like about America—you have too many divorces. Why marry at all if you're going to divorce?"

"Why not emulate our modern German ways? Two modern German girls, Gretchen and Elsa, were lunching in a restaurant when a waiter brought Elsa a note. Gretchen must have recognized the handwriting, for she said:

"That's a note from Baron von Wienerwurst."

"Yes, dear," said Elsa. "I'm engaged to the baron, you know."

"Oh, are you?" said Gretchen. "I was engaged to him myself last month."

"The dear!" said Elsa, "I wonder whom he'll marry eventually?"

The Hunter

Matthew Luce, Harvard's director of morals, said at a Boston musicale the other day:

"Morals, to the ultra-modern mind, have a wrong, a degraded significance. The ultra-modern idea of morals is like White's idea of hunting."

"What's your paw?" Mrs. Wash White asked her little son, when she got home from Mrs. Pinckney Dabney's kitchen in the evening and found Wash missing.

"He gwine huntin'," said Junior. "He gwine huntin', an' he say ter git de 'taters an' onions ready fo' a fine stew in de mawwin'."

"Fine stew—huntin', huh? Did he tek de shotgun wiv him?"

"'Nome; de dark lantern."

Voracious
A voracious trout with a pair of false teeth he had picked up in the river, bit the bait of Lester Green and put up a terrific battle that dragged Green seven miles down the river, according to the correspondent of the Waterbury (Conn.) Republican's Prospect. The battle occurred in Roaring brook near Bethany, Conn. The fish bit, and after the seven-mile trek down stream, Lester braced himself against a rock and pulled the line with all his strength. Suddenly something gave way and Lester fell back in the water and the trout disappeared. Examining the line, Lester found he had hooked a perfect set of false teeth. It is thought the fish was using the false teeth to augment his own.

Can I Learn to Fly?

by William R. Nelson

Gliding and Landing

"WELL do take-offs and landings. You know how to take off and I want you to do it without my help," said my instructor. "The landings will be easier than you think."

I had heard other students say how difficult landing an airplane seemed at first, and I had misgivings about that maneuver. My instructor apparently sensed my fears and attempted to dissipate them.

"Landing is not a mechanical maneuver," he continued. "But it is a nice piece of 'feel' flying you will pick up by practice. You take off and I'll tell you what to do as we come in. Relax. Don't be so tense. I'll correct anything you do that's wrong."

My take-off was ragged, but with his help we got off and flew around the "pattern" at 1,000 feet. Just after we made the third turn he cut the motor to idling, which was my signal to push the stick forward slightly and hold it there for the glide in.

"Keep the nose down in gliding," he cautioned through the phones. "If the plane slows up noticeably the nose is not down far enough. That is dangerous. You may stall and 'spin in.' If the plane picks up speed, your angle of glide is too sharp."

He signaled for another turn. I became confused and had to be helped in it. Banking the plane with its nose aimed slightly downward in a glide was a strange experience. There was nothing I could use as a guide to tell me exactly where we were, what my angle of glide was, whether or not I was diving the ship too fast, or when to come out of it.

My instructor helped me straighten out and as we neared the ground he spoke again:

"Start bringing the stick back slowly at about twenty feet from the ground. Just level out slightly there and hold the stick still. Now work it back slowly. Not too fast. Now back some more. See that nose come up? Not too fast. Make it come up without climbing. Bring the stick back some more."

As the stick came full back we settled onto the ground in a forward sliding movement.

For forty-five minutes we kept it up. Each time I made mistakes. And each mistake he corrected.

Coming Down Smoothly

POLISHING up the take-off and landing was the next step. I had some trouble with the take-offs, but felt few corrections of the controls.

"Now see if you can put her down without my help this time," my instructor spoke through the speaking tube as we neared the last turn toward the field from 1,000 feet.

"You are gliding fine. Keep the nose down well in the gliding turn. Gun the motor (open the throttle) about every fifteen seconds when gliding."

My first glide in was smooth enough to require no help. But as we neared the ground (at forty to fifty miles an hour) he had to help me again.

"Don't level out too soon. Never push the stick forward in landing. If you have pulled back too fast and the nose climbs, hold the stick still. That old nose is heavy. It will come down again. See?"

It did come down. As it did I pulled the stick slightly back and continued the movement, stopping only when the plane would climb slightly.

By working the stick back, I was told later, I was working the tail down to landing position. I could tell when it was coming down: by watching the nose of the plane. If it seemed to come up slowly and the plane did not gain altitude, I was working the stick back correctly. If the plane lifted into the air suddenly, I had pulled back too far. It was then I had to hold the stick still for a second or two until the plane settled down again. And all the while we were slipping along just above the ground.

"Notice that setting feeling," my instructor spoke just before we landed. "That indicates loss of flying speed. When you feel it you should be only two or three feet off of the ground. If you are higher you will 'pancake' in, and if too high you may 'wash out' the landing gear. Learn to feel the ship's movements as it lands."

Around and around the pattern we went. Each time something or other was wrong with my landing. Each time my instructor corrected my mistakes. And each correction brought a resolve from me to "do it right next time." But "next time" last time's mistake was replaced with another. There seemed to be so many things to remember all at once, and things happened so quickly.

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Location of Graves
It is a mistaken idea that graves are placed so they are not directly east and west. In modern cemeteries graves are located so that they conform to the paths leading through the cemetery, rather than to a certain point of the compass.

Music of Highest Rank
Classical music is defined as stand ard music; music of first rank, written by composers of the highest order. Music whose form and style has been accepted as suitable for a model to composers.

On the Funny Side



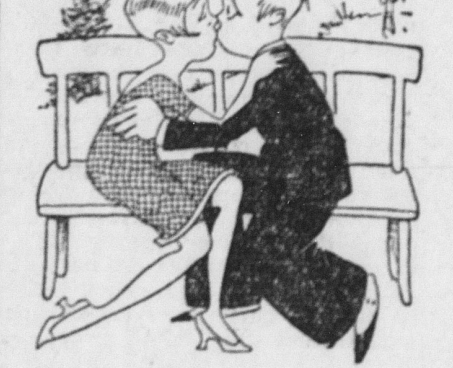
THE PARTHIAN SHOT

The word had just been spoken. The rejected suitor was standing before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision.

"I trust that I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's only fair to give nature the credit for that," he added, as he retired in good order.—Calgary Herald.

PROPER KISSING



She—Do you think kissing is proper? He—Well, we can put our heads together and study the matter.

Permanent Demand
"Reform!" "It's sure to make a hit if worked with proper skill. This world has always needed it. And maybe always will."

Food for Goddesses
"Even an artist should not quarrel with her bread and butter," protested the patient manager.

"No true artist would do so," replied the gifted lady. "A true artist quarrels with nothing less than truffles and champagne."

In the Best of Families
Mrs. O'Reilly—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy. I ain't seen your old man lately. Wot took him off?
Mrs. Murphy—A seizure.
Mrs. O'Reilly—Dear, dear, you never say! Wot was it—heart?
Mrs. Murphy—No, my dear—police.

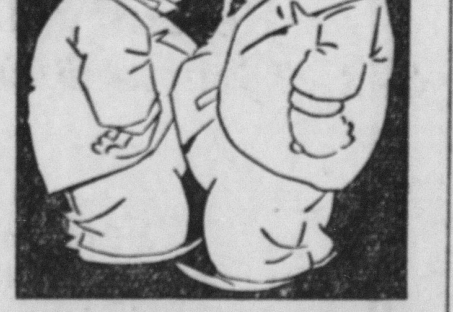
You Little Treasure!
"Mamma," questioned five-year-old Jennie, "am I as tall as you are?"
"No, dear," was the reply. "Your head comes to my waist."

"Well," continued Jennie, "I'm just as short as you are, anyway. My feet are as far down as yours."

Always Hanging Around
Tillie (to young man passing by)—Hello, John!
Millie—Is his name John? Your father told me it was Mat.

"Oh, no. Father just calls him that because he always trips over him at our front gate."

WHY HE LEFT HOME



"Men are men where I was born," "Is that why you left home?"

Methodical Finance
It has been thus for ages. "I will be thus for ages hence—A few acquire the money. Others get experience."

Rabbit's Foot Somewhere
Seaman—I see where Miss Snickpeff has broken her engagement with Ensign Houghtester. I think he deserted it, myself.

Saving
Husband—But darling, we must economize.
Wife—Exactly what I'm doing. I'm buying everything on credit.—Capper's Weekly.

Got the Days Mixed
"Do you love me, Sadie?"
"You know I do, Herman."
"Herman? Darling, my name's Max."
"Why so it is! Forgive me, I keep thinking this is Saturday."—Capper's Weekly.

Handling the Traffic
First Young Doctor—How's your practice?
Second Y. D.—In the morning hardly anyone comes, and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit.



FEEL MEAN?

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Bayer Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief?

There are many times when Bayer Aspirin will "save the day." It will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis.

Check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Gargle with Bayer Aspirin at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Bayer on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

KILLS 103 RATS ON NEBRASKA FARM

A Nebraska farmer killed 103 rats in 12 hours with K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the product made by a special process of squill, an ingredient highly recommended by the U. S. Government. It is sure death to rats and mice but harmless to dogs, cats, poultry or even baby chicks. K-R-O is today America's most widely used rat and mouse exterminator. Sold by druggists on money back guarantee.

Speaking of Little Things
Eddie Cantor pulls a neat one on the midjet cars. A chap riding in one says to the driver: "It's dark; we must be going through a tunnel." "Tunnel, nothing!" replies the other, "we're under a truck."

Grocery bills are not the terrors they used to be since people don't eat so much.

Plays No Favorites

Marriage is the same adventure for every one, rich and poor.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.



WHAT a relief and satisfaction it is for mothers to know that there is always Castoria to depend on when babies get fretful and uncomfortable! Whether it's teething, colic or other little upset, Castoria always brings quick comfort; and, with relief from pain, restful sleep.

And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

Act in Time!

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities. If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills.

Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Publicly Endorse Doan's:

MRS. T. C. COOK, 3228 DARWIN DRIVE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF., says: "I had dull, dragging pains in the small of my back and sometimes sharp pains, too. Headaches and dizziness were almost a daily occurrence. The least work tired me so that I could hardly get about. Doan's Pills, however, relieved me of all these symptoms and I felt better in every way after using Doan's."

Doan's Pills

A Diuretic for the Kidneys

How Bright and Full of Energy This Boy Looks!

He Keeps His Face and Hands Clean and Healthy with Cuticura Soap

Teach children early in life to use Cuticura Soap every day and Cuticura Ointment for any rashes or irritations. Shampoos with Cuticura Soap keep the hair healthy and thick.

Soap Mfg. Co., 114 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Proprietors: Foster Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.