SHIFTING SANDS

By Sara Ware Bassett

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SYNOPSIS

The future of the youthful and comely "Widder" Marcia Howe is a conver-sational tit-bit among housewives of Wilton. Eligible bachelors and widowers also are interested. Marcia has as her late husband's niece, Sylvia Hayden. A stranger, on the verge of exhaustion, finds his way to Marcia's home. Secretly, he asks her to hide a package containing jewelry. She does so. Elisha Winslow, town sheriff, brings news of a jewel robbery nearby. The stranger gives his name as Stanley Heath. Sylvia discovers the jewels, and naturally believes Heath is a robber. She realizes that Marcia must have hidden them, and decides to say nothing. Marcia feels she has altogether too deep an interest in her guest, but is powerless to over-come it. Heath wires "Mrs. S. C. Heath," New York, saying he is safe. He also orders a man named Currier to come at once. Sylvia, in her room, bedecks herself with the jewels. At Marcia's approach she hides them there. Heath asks Marcia to bring them to him. They are gone! He kindly makes light of the loss. Sylvia restores the jewels to their original hiding place.

CHAPTER VI-Continued

"Ought to be in my breast pocket," thrusting his hand inside his pea-coat. "My eye! If I ain't forgot that telegram!" he abruptly exclaimed. "The station-master at Sawyer Falls gave it to me when he handed out the mail. It clean went out of my mind. It's for that chap Heath who's stayin' over at 'The Widder's.' "

"Hadn't you been wool-gatherin' you might 'a' given it to Sylvia to take back with her. She was here only a little while ago," Silas Nickerson said. "I know it."

"S'pose I was to take it over," Elisha Winslow suggested eagerly. "I'm willin'

"Fur's that goes, I can carry it," Capt. Phineas Taylor piped.

"Now, there's no use in all you fellers volunteerin'," Eleazer Crocker asserted. "I'm goin' straight over to Marcia's, as it happens, soon's I've et my dinner, an' I'll take the telegram." With an air of authority, he held out his hand.

The crowd fell back.

. Early afternoon found Marcia alone in the Homestead sitting room. Sylvia had gone up the beach. Stanley Heath was asleep; and at last the delicious interval of solitude which the woman coveted was here.

The basket at her elbow overflowed with mending, but she had not yet taken up her needle.

She could not work. Try as she would, her mind wandered off into yways too fascinating to be resisted -byways which no matter how remote their windings, invariably led her back to Stanley Heath.

In retrospect-she lived over again every incident, every word, every look that had passed between them, until she came to the barrier of the unknown which her fancy bridged with intricate rainbow-hued imaginings. She twisted possible explanations this way and that and would contentedly have continued the pastime had not Eleazer Crocker knocked at the door.

Eleazer could not have chosen a more inopportune moment to drag her back to earth.

With a frown and a deep sigh, Marcla went reluctantly to let him in. "Wal, now ain't it nice to find you by yourself!" was his greeting. "The kitchen looks cozy as can be. Where was you settin'?"

"I was in the front room, but perhaps we better drop down here so I can listen in case Mr. Heath should

"Anywhere you say. Wherever you

are suits me." "I'll just run in and put the screen round the fire and get my mending." Marcia replied a trifle uneasily. "Fil

be right back." Left to himself, Eleazer smiled a smile of satisfaction.

The kitchen was warm, Marcia was alone and apparently not busy. Could circumstances be more propitious? Fortune certainly was with him. Today, this very afternoon, he would take his future in his hands and put to her the question he had so often determined to put

When Marcia came back, he was primed and ready to begin his declara-

"Weather's been fine, ain't it?" he

started out.

Marcia took up her sewing. "Do you think so?" questioned she, raising her brows. "Seems to me we've

had lots of rain and fog." "Wal, yes, now you mention it I do recall a few thick days. Still, spring | feet rocked with him.

is comin'." "I'd like to shingle the south ell this spring," announced Marcia, giving a disconcertingly practical twist to the conversation. "How many shingles do

you suppose it would take?" Eleazer frowned. The dialogue was not proceeding along the lines he had

"I'd have to reckon that out. It's a good notion, though, to make the ell tight. That's what the birds are doin'. They're gettin' their nests built an' kinder pickin' out their mates."

"I did not realize you were so much interested in birds, Eleazer," Marcia exclaimed. "I have a fine bird book I must lend you. It's in the other room. I'll fetch it."

Springing up, she disappeared. had so "Drat it!" murmured Eleazer. "Could roof!

me neither knowin' nor carin' a hang whether a bird's a robin or a sparrow." He wandered to the window. "Oh, heavens, who's this comin'? If it ain't 'Lish Winslow! Now what in thunder does he want, buttin' in?" Eleazer threw open the door

Before he could speak, however, Elisha puffing and out of breath bawled:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put the engine-house key, Eleazer? Whipple's hen house is afire an' we've hunted high an' low for it."

"My soul an' body," Eleazer gasped "I clean forgot to leave it. Must be in my pocket."

Wildly he began to search. "You're a fine head of the fire department, you are !" roared Elisha. "If you'd put your mind on town business 'stead of on Marcia Howe, we'd all be better off. Traipsing over here to see her in the middle of the day, palmin' off that telegram as an excuse. You better go straight back to the village fast as you can leg it an' carry the key with you," went on the accuser. "Don't wait for nothin'. I'll explain matters to Marcia."

"But I've got to see her. I've got to speak to her private," protested the wretched official. "I want to give her somethin'."

"Give it to me. I'll hand it to her." Elisha's extended palm was not to be ignored. "This - this - telegram," quavered

Eleazer. "I ain't had a chance to-" "Do you mean to say you ain't given her that telegram yet?" "I was intendin' to. I was just

about to when-" "Wal, of all the-" words falled Elisha. "Here, give it to me," he commanded. "I can be depended on to deliver messages if you can't. I'll sea she has it. In the meantime, the best

quick's ever you can."

"Ain't you comin'?" "I? No. Fire's ain't in my line.



When Marcia Came Back He Was Primed and Ready to Begin His Declaration,

ain't busy, I'm goin' to pay her a call," Elisha grinned. "I've got to deliver the telegram."

"You might be needed at the fire." "I shan't be," was the calm reply. "Not unless there's somethin' criminal

"It might be arson."

"I'll take a chance on it startin' from Dan Whipple's cigarette. In fact he owned as much. Now, hop along, Eleazer, else the whole conflagration will be out 'fore you get there." The unlucky fire chief had no

"Drat It!" raged he, as he strode off across the sand. "Drat it! Ain't

that just my luck !" Either the book for which Marcia searched was not to be found or she was in no haste to return to her

awaiting suitor. Whatever the explanation, her absence lengthened from a few moments into a quarter of an hour.

In the meantime Elisha, like his predecessor, was formulating his mode of attack. Might not this be his own

golden opportunity? Before another snatched the prize from him; before Heath with his yacht and his monogrammed silken garments recovered his strength, he would put his fate to the test.

He strolled up to the stove and standing on the hearth with his back to the fire, rocked back and forth on

his heels reflectively. As he did so, a brick beneath his

Elisha looked down. He saw it was quite loose, "That thing's goin' to trip up some-

body some fine day," commented he. "It oughter be cemented." Producing his knife, Elisha pried the brick from its place,

As he lifted it out, a handkerchief came with it disgorging at his feet a flat, blue leather case.

If the sheriff's eyes bulged when he caught sight of it, they all but popped from his head when, egged on by curiosity, he pressed the catch on the

Quick as a flash the whole situation clarified in his mind. These were the widely heralded Long Island jewels; and the thief who had stolen them was here beneath this

anything be more exasperatin'? An' It was as plain as a pikestaff. Hid-

den by fog he had escaped in his boat and inadvertently run aground at the mouth of Wifton harbor.

Of course Marcia did not know. Even though a friendship existed between herself and Heath, she was unquestionably ignorant of the nefarious means by which he earned his living.

Far from cherishing anger or resentment toward the person who exposed his villainy and prevented her from sacrificing herself to such an unprincipled adventurer, would she not regard her rescuer with deepest gratitude? Elisha's head whirled.

Nevertheless, confused though he was, it was clear to him he must not make a mis-step and neglect to perform his official duty with dignity. Heath was Ill. There would be no

danger of his leaving the Homestead

at present, especially as he had no

suspicion the jewels had been discovered. The best plan was for him to return to the mainland; get his badge and handcuffs; find out what formalities such a momentous event as an

and round up the criminal. He did not dally. Carefully putting the gems back where he had found them, he placed the telegram upon the table and went out, softly closing the door behind him,

arrest demanded; and return later

It flashed into his mind that as the tide was coming in it might be well to borrow Marcia's boat and row back to shore.

This would serve two purposes. He would reach home sooner; and Heath; cut off by the sweep of the channel, would in the meantime be unable to escape.

Never had Elisha rowed as he rowed that day! The dory fairly leaped through the water. Reaching shore, he sprang from it and dragged it up on the sand. Then, trembling with excitement, he set out for home.

He was almost at his gate when to thing you can do is to hoof it to town his consternation he saw Eleazer puffing after him

"You didn't make much of a stop at The Widder's, I see," jeered he. "No. Had other business," came crisply from Elisha,

"You 'pear to be kinder stirred up, 'Lish," Eleazer commented. "What's the matter?" Elisha determined upon a sudden

and bold move. "Say, Eleazer," began he cautiously,

Did you ever see a man arrested?" "Wal, I dunno as I ever did-not really. I've seen it done, though, in the movies."

"That oughter be up-to-date an' proper. Just how was the proceedin' put through?" Thoughtfully Eleazer regarded the toes of his boots.

"Wal, near's I can recollect, the policeman went up to the criminal an' grabbin' him by the arm says: 'You villain! I've got you now. Scram!" "I s'pose the policeman wore a badge an' carried handcuffs."

"Oh, law, yes. But what's the game? What do you want to know for?" Furtively Elisha glanced up and down the empty road and after peering over his shoulder, he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper and

hissed: "'Cause I'm goin' to make an arrest -a big arrest! I've tracked down the thief that committed the Long Island burglary. Moreover, I know this very second where the jewels are. I'm goin' to phone the New York police

I've got their man," he concluded. Eleazer's cunning mind worked

"I don't know, 'Lish, as I'd do that," he cautioned. ""In the first place, you might be mistook in your calculations an' not only get yourself into hot water but make the town a laughin' stock. Furthermore, was you wrong, you might get sued for defamin' the

accused's character." "I ain't wrong. I'm right." "Wal, even so, I'd move careful," urged his companion. "Most likely there's a reward out for this criminal. Why split it with a host of others? Why don't you an' me divide it? I'll help you land your man, since you're a bit-" Eleazer, fearing to offend, hesitated, "-a bit out of practice bout ar-

restin'." The advice was good. Elisha, shrewd in his dealings, instantly saw the advantages of the plan proposed.

"Wal, mebbe 'twould be better if I didn't let too many ignorant city chaps in on a big thing like this," he conceded pompously. "You an' me know what we're about. I figger we could handle it."

"Sure we could. We can put it through in first-class shape. First you must change your clothes for your Sunday ones. A black frock coat's what you really oughter wear. Then you must pin your sheriff's badge on your chest where it'll show good an' plain. Be sure to bring along your handcuffs, 'cause you're certain to need 'em with an experienced criminal such as this. He'll have a gun an' put up

a fight." Elisha paled and a tremor twitched

his lins. "That needn't concern you none, though. All you'll have to do will be to steal up behind him, put your pistol twixt his shoulder-blades an' shout: 'Stick 'em up!""

"I ain't got no pistol. I ain't fond of fire-arms. In fact, I don't know's I ever shot off a revolver in my life." "Wal, I have. I've shot dozens of skunks."

"You might lend me yours." "I s'pose I might. It ain't, though, workin' very well right now. It's kinder rusty. Furthermore, I'm out of ammunition."

"That wouldn't matter. I aln't calculatin' to fire it." But you'll have to."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

****** STAR

Movie · Radio *** By VIRGINIA VALE **

DUST

DRETTY Doris Wester's suc-Cess is probably one of the most encouraging things that has happened in a long time, so far as a lot of our amateur performers are concerned.

Doris is the girl who appeared on a radio amateur hour, and as a result was signed to appear at the Rainbow room in Radio City. Audiences liked her so well that her contract was extended, and she is now well launched on her career as a singer.

Of course, she has beauty and an original way of putting her songs across. But girls all over the country are working hard now with a view to breaking into the big time, as she has, by appearing on an amateur hour.

Just because a lady is a star in the cinema doesn't mean that she does not

retain a great spirit of mother love, particularly in the case of Joan Blondell, Her great affection for her young son is causing her to lose \$500 a week and here's how it all came about. Plus her regular contract salary, she received an additional bonus, the equivalent of the above men-

Joan Blondell.

tioned amount, but she was forced to forfeit the bonus in order to be able to leave the studio at 5 o'clock every day so she might go home and be with her youngster at least half an hour before he went to

Henry Wilcoxon, whom you'll see In DeMille's new spectacle, "The Crusades," decided to be an actor for the sake of the money there was in it; he'd had a job in London that paid him so little that, after one day's work as an extra, he received nearly as much money as he had been getting for a whole week's work. So he gave up his job and took to the stage and the screen, and there he's been ever since. He's a likable young man, with enough sense of humor to think it's rather funny that he once hoped to come to America as a chauffeur.

Helen Hayes staggered everybody when she turned down \$85,000 along with the offer to play "The Old Maid" in pictures. Some people claim that she was ashamed to go back into the movies after the things she'd said about not belonging in them, when she left Hollywood. Others declare that she's perfectly sincere in feeling that her stage and radio work will take so much of her time that she can't give any to pictures, too, and have enough for her child and husband. -

If you're wise you will see "Alice Adams" the first moment it's shown in your neighborhood, because you will probably want to see it again and again. It's a remarkably good picture," and so true to life that in spots it's painful.

Its presentation at the Music hall, in New York, was doubly significant. for on the second day, early in the afternoon, crowds outside the theater were flocking around a news stand, to buy the newspapers which gave the first reports of the death of Will Rogers. It seemed strange to go into the theater, and see Fred Stone on the screen, for Stone was one of the men who, at that very moment, must have been almost breaking under the shock

of that dreadful news from Alaska. He had been in a plane crash himself not so many years back, and Rogers, a lifelong friend, had stepped in and played Stone's role in a stage show for him.

Amazing, the cinema: In the new Kay Francis picture, "I Found Stella

Parrish," which deals with the life of a famous English actress, Miss F. is shown in excerpts from a Grecian play. Perc Westmore, Hollywood's number 1 wig creationist, was sent for to design a Grecian wig for her, so he did a very snappy one made out of blue-

white hair. When Orry Kay Francis. Kelly, Warner's style creator, saw the wig he designed blue-white dress to go with it, but when Mervyn Le Roy, the director, saw the wig and the dress, he had them design a blue-white set to further enhance Miss F. The effect no doubt is quite startling if we could only figure out what "blue-white" really looks

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Fred Astaire's success on the radio is certainly a tribute to his personality as we've come to know it in the movies . . . Bing Crosby wants to take his wife and three sons abroad next year . . . Now that Lew Ayres is set as a director, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Armstrong and Bert Lytell are likely to follow in his footsteps . . . Tom Mix is going to make four pictures for RKO, he says . . . Rosalind Russell's vacationing by taking a freighter from San Francisco to Rio de Janeiro.

• Western Newspaper Union.

CARE IN CHOOSING BOOKS FOR CHILD HAS ITS REWARD

The story of Abraham Lincoln and his struggle for education gives the cue to Alma H. Jones' article, "Satisfy Your Child's Book Hunger," in Hygeia.

"Books are to the mind what sunshine is to the body," implies that just as the well cared for child receives daily sun exposure as an aid to physical growth, so also should he receive early "exposure" to lullables, rhymes and stories, which constitute aids to mental and emotional

Very early the child needs to establish right attitudes toward books. By the time a child is fifteen or eighteen months old he can easily learn to handle a book without tearing the pages, if the paper is strong and the pages are not too large. Young children who are not yet able to read enjoy picture books or picture-story books.

Though considerable emphasis is placed on the importance of children of school age reading for themselves and in quantity this should not be interpreted as a reason for ending the reading or story-telling hour of parents and other adults. Through such means the young boy or girl may be stimulated to more difficult reading on new subjects, for the parent or adult may interpret through voice or explanation much that would otherwise be lost on the child who does not read easily. There is permanent value as well as present pleasure in the story hour.

The general characteristics of a good book include large clear type, an uncrowded, well-paragraphed page, a pleasing appearance, a lively tale and a well-sustained reader in-

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.-Adv.

THREE-WHEELED AUTO

Built by a young Minneapolis mechanic during spare time, a threewheeled streamline automobile driven by a standard four-cylinder motorcycle engine has defied deliberate attempts to upset it, says Popular Mechanics. Taking curves at high speed it tipped to a 45-degree angle without turning over.

The car is 46 inches high and accommodates two passengers. It will travel 85 miles an hour and run 40 miles to a gallon of gasoline. The engine is at the rear, leaving space for battery, tank and luggage under the hood. Conventional controls and front-wheel steering are provided. Frame, body and top are all steel. The motor is cooled by air scooped through vents in the top.



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