

Horse Sense About Winter Oil Change

Cold weather creates new problems in lubrication. To overcome damaging wear, the motor oil must possess three essential characteristics: (1) low cold test to assure quick easy starts (2) ability to lubricate at all driving speeds (3) durability to stand up for reasonable mileage. Curiously enough these requirements are contradictory in that to assure one factor it is very easy to unbalance another.

The only safe rule to follow in preparing your car for winter is to buy the very best motor oil, Acid-Free Quaker State.

The refiners of Quaker State were pioneers in developing motor oils for winter use. Today in four great modern refineries the most modern equipment and methods transform the finest Pennsylvania grade crude into motor oils which make automobiles, trucks and tractors run better, last longer, the year 'round.

The low cold test of Quaker State Winter Oil assures smooth easy starts. Its purity frees you of worry about sludge, carbon and corrosion. Its ability to stand up is unequalled. . . . you go farther before you need to add a quart.

It is merely commonsense to practice economy. And the accumulated experience of car manufacturers, engineers, and most car owners proves that the use of high quality motor oil is genuine economy. It is conservatively estimated by authorities that 80 to 90 per cent of all repairs to an automobile are caused by faulty or incorrect lubrication.

A wise man once said: "It takes 12 months and sometimes longer to correct a mistake on a farm." Just so, five minutes running with the wrong oil in the engine of your car can cause more wear and damage than all the miles you drove this past summer.

Play safe with your motor investment. Ask your dealer to prepare your car for winter with Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil of the proper grade for your community.—Adv.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you? If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women.

Put only restriction on your pleasures—be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life.—Zimmerman.

FREE
4 cups of
GARFIELD TEA
to show you the easy way to
KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

You'll like the way it maps you back, overnight, to the feeling of "rain" to go! Cleans and inside cleans! Helps eliminate the left-over wastes that hold you back, cause headaches, indigestion, etc. Garfield Tea is a natural, natural, natural! If you are constipated, it will certainly "do wonders!" 10¢ and 25¢ of druggists—or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES of Garfield Tea and Garfield Headache Powder to GARFIELD TEA CO., Dept. 56, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Never fear and never cry.—Benjamin Jowett.

Sentinels of Health
Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of all toxins of toxic impurities. The set of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body wastes. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

A Sure Index of Value

. . . is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

CRUCIBLE

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SYNOPSIS

Barbara Sentry, seeking to sober up her escort, Johnnie Boyd, on the way home from a party, slaps him, and attracts the attention of a policeman, whom the boy knocks down. As he arrests him, Professor Brace of Harvard comes to the rescue and drives Barbara home. On the way they see Barbara's father driving from the direction of his office at 12:45, but when he gets home he tells his wife it is 11:15 and that he's been playing bridge at the club. Next day Sentry reports his office has been robbed and a Miss Wines, former temporary employee, killed. The evening papers luridly confirm the story, and Sentry takes it hard. Mary, elder daughter, in love with Neil Ray, young interne at the hospital where she works, goes off to dinner at Gus Loran's, Sentry's partner, with Mrs. Loran's brother, Jimmy Endle. Mr. and Mrs. Sentry call on old Mrs. Sentry, and Barbara, alone, receives Dan Fisher, reporter, who advises her not to talk. Phil Sentry, son at Yale, is disturbed at the possible implications and suspicion of Miss Wines' absence from her rooms for three days during August. He goes home to help. Sentry is arrested and booked for murder. Dan Fisher explains the evidence against him—that the robbery was a fake, the safe opened by one who knew the combination, changed since Miss Wines' employment there—that a back door key, a duplicate of Sentry's, was found in the girl's purse, and that Sentry, too, had been away those three days in August. Brace calls, and backs up Barbara in her denial that Sentry could have done it, because of the discrepancy of time between the slaying and their seeing Sentry on the road. Phil, showing the police over the house, finds his strong box forced open and his gun, which only his father knew of, gone.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—10—

Irons looked at him for a moment soberly. Then he took Phil's arm. "Steady, Mr. Sentry," he said. "The folks upstairs will need all you've got."

Phil said chokingly, "Damn you, what is it?"

"Somebody's burned a lot of money in the furnace," the Inspector told him. "You can still read the printing on the ashes of some of the bills."

"What of it?" Phil insisted.

"And there's an envelope, a long one, only half burned, with the firm name on it. Sentry and Loran. Whoever tried to burn it was in a hurry, didn't finish the job."

Irons said quietly: "Someone took some money out of your father's safe, Thursday night. We've been wondering what they did with it. Where it had gone."

For the rest of that day, Phil was like a man dazed by an actual physical blow. He had, till he saw that rifled metal box in the recess under the window seat, not even contemplated the possibility of his father's guilt. That possibility had been, perhaps, in the back of his mind; but he had not faced it. His faculties had been concentrated upon the fact of Mr. Sentry's arrest, with all the terrors that arrest implied; and upon the fact that his sisters, his mother, his grandmother looked to him now for strength and heartening.

He felt himself young and futile and inadequate to the task imposed; he tried to grow in a moment from an irresponsible boy into the man the situation demanded. He thought more of them than of his father till, looking over the Inspector's shoulder, seeing the metal box that had been forced open, remembering what it had contained, remembering that Miss Wines had been shot, he heard himself lying by instinct, blindly, clumsily. And he saw a moment later that the Inspector knew he had lied; and while panic filled him, Sergeant Kane appeared and led them to the cellar—where worse appeared.

Someone had stolen his gun, and none but his father knew where it was! Someone had burned money in the furnace, and none but his father could have done that! And Inspector Irons had felt this evidence to be conclusive. That certainty was clear in the older man's eyes, plain for Phil to read.

The Inspector's sureness, more than his own senses, convinced Phil; drove home to him the shattering realization. His father was a murderer.

Phil might have been proud of his bearing that morning. When he and Inspector Irons came up from the cellar, Oscar spoke to him, said Mrs. Sentry would like him to drive her to town to see Mr. Sentry; and Phil said, "Right!" He could not for a moment face his mother; so he called to her from the hall, "I'll bring the car around."

She pulled the door shut. "Mr. Hare said to come to his office, Phil," she directed.

And Phil got the car under way; and he told her how much seeing her would cheer his father. "You're always so strong and steady and sure," he said. "Ever since I was a youngster, it always made me feel better to come dump my troubles in your lap. All of us."

He talked so much about her and about his father that it did not occur to her to think of Phil himself. Her thoughts already cast forward to the interview that lay ahead. She dreaded it so terribly; yet it must be faced, must be gone through.

When after a dazed half hour of preliminaries she found herself waiting for Arthur to be brought to her, she looked at her surroundings with an almost impersonal curiosity. They seemed to her hideous; a small room, a table, two chairs. A grill of slender bars at the one window, a smell of disinfectants. . . . She was to see Arthur alone; but the door would be open, and an officer in a position to watch them through the open door. It did not occur to her that the District Attorney's old friendship for Arthur had led him to permit her unusual consideration. Dean Hare had warned her they would be watched; she thought this hard enough.

Arthur came in. A man walked

up this morning," she assented, "just to say we could count on them in every way."

"He's all right."

"I'd like him better if Mrs. Loran were nicer. She and I don't speak the same language. You heard Mary tell how she behaved the other night, at that dinner when Mr. Loran wasn't there. As if she were a—burlesque actress, Mary said."

"Mary always hated Gus. He used to kiss her and Barbara whenever he saw them when they were youngsters, and Mary always hated to be kissed. Gus did it to tease her, as much as anything." He added, after a moment: "I expect Mary takes it all this—pretty hard. She's the sort who would."

She confessed: "I think she's worried about what Neil Ray's attitude will be. He's rather a—prig. But Mary loves him."

"It will all clear up in a few days," he predicted.

"I hope so." She spoke after a moment, in a tone curiously humble. "But Arthur—I think we have to be honest with each other. I know what time you came home." He stared at her; and she saw his cheek drawn and pale. She said: "It was quarter of one."

After a long while he spoke, very slowly, in a low tone. He said: "Yes, Ellen. It was quarter of one, half-past twelve, about that, any-

wretchedly. "She was—she lay there—I don't know how she got there, Ellen, or who killed her. I lost my head. I ought to have called the police, but I was afraid to. I left her there, went home. I thought if no one saw me—"

She said, gently: "You always were afraid of things, Arthur. You found her there dead?"

"Yes."

"Just—lying there?"

"There was someone with her. A man. They had robbed the safe, taken the money. He ran past me in the dark as I came up the stairs." And he said again, in a helpless resignation: "Barbara must tell them the truth if they ask her. None of you must lie." He made a bitter gesture. "It will be hard enough to make them believe the truth—that I lost my head, ran away, left her there."

Mrs. Sentry said: "Barbara has already told them. She told Mr. Flood."

"Told—Already?" He was white.

"She thought that if Miss Wines was really killed at about one, as the papers said, you couldn't have done it. So she told him you were at home before that, to prove to him that you didn't do it."

"Miss Wines was killed about twelve o'clock," he said, half to himself.

"How do you know?"

He stared at her. "She was killed before that," he amended suddenly. "Before I got there. Bob Flood knows—" He rose in haste. "You'd better go, Ellen," he said. "Tell Dean Hare I must see him right away. You see, I've told them, up to now, that I was at home at eleven fifteen. I hoped I could—lie out of it. But now I may have to tell them the truth."

She rose to face him; she asked softly, "You didn't kill her, Arthur?"

"Of course not! Ellen, don't you believe—"

"You can tell me!"

He hesitated. He said then, in a quickly mustered anger, "I told you, I didn't!" But she had felt his hesitation; she watched him pitifully, and he cried: "What are you waiting for? Go on. Tell Dean Hare—"

And she said, submitting: "Very well, Arthur, I'll tell Dean. I'll do whatever you say."

He turned abruptly toward the door. The policeman came to meet him. She thought he went away almost eagerly, as though glad to escape the question in her eyes. She waited for a while after he had gone, in that hideous little room, fighting for self-control. Arthur's hesitation had been like confession. His mustered anger at her insistence had been eloquent. She knew now surely that he was guilty. She faced the future, dazed, feeling nothing. A dreadful time, a lifetime that must be endured.

She thought, almost amused: I've always been so proud. And she remembered something she had said to Arthur long ago, something about a scandal. I could not forgive a scandal, she had warned him then.

There was no question of forgiveness now. Too late for that. Just, somehow, to endure, to live.

But Arthur had given her a message for Dean Hare, wished to see Dean right away. And—Phil was waiting for her. She rose and moved.

In the car, Phil asked, "Well, how is he?"

"Oh, he's fine," she said. "Don't worry, Phil, he's fine!" Whatever her own certainty, the children need not know.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Mr. Hare Said to Come to His Office, Phil."

beside him, stopped with him in the doorway, and she heard the click of metal. But she heard it at a great distance, all her senses concentrated in her eyes.

He was so little changed! Except perhaps that he seemed tired, and that his eyes were clouded, he was not changed at all. Yet he had been gone so long. She tried to remember how long, and realized incredulously that it was no more than a matter of hours.

He came toward her, rubbing his wrist with his hand. He stopped, facing her. He said, from a little distance: "Well, Ellen! I'm glad you came."

She said: "We must sit down, Dean says, with the table between us, and our hands in sight. On the table, perhaps."

He nodded. "They have to be careful, I suppose." They sat down; and he said, "How are the children, all right?"

"We're—distressed, of course. The policeman is watching us, Arthur."

"I suppose so." His eyes held hers. He said: "Ellen—I'd have done anything possible to spare you all this. The whole thing is so—incalculable. Just a series of miraculous coincidences."

"It is incredible, yes."

"Of course, it will straighten out in a day or two. I had nothing to do with that girl, Ellen. But you know that, of course."

"You've told them so?"

"Of course. Why, Ellen, they say themselves that she was killed about one o'clock. It was home long before that!" She felt, almost to her own surprise, a deep compassion in her heart. He said urgently: "You know that, yourself. You were awake when I came home."

She hesitated. "No, Arthur," she amended, "I wasn't awake. I woke up, asked you what time it was."

"Well, I told you. It was quarter past eleven."

She tried to speak, but her throat was tight. He tapped the table between them with his fingertips. "Good of you to come," he repeated, and he said: "Gus came last night, late. He came over from New York on the five o'clock and saw an extra at the station, and hurried right up here. It helped to see him. You feel pretty much a pariah, in jail, you know."

Mrs. Sentry smiled dutifully at the feeble humor. "He called me

way." He asked, "How did you know?"

"Barbara saw you."

"Barbara?" Sudden panic in the word.

"Yes."

His eyes were flickering with rapid thought. His fists clenched on the table; he lifted one and lowered it again, and sweat was on his brow.

"I hoped no one saw me," he admitted. "Barbara?" She did not speak; and he said at last, hopelessly: "Well, if they ask her, she must tell them. None of you must lie, Ellen. Tell them the truth."

"Tell me the truth, Arthur," she pleaded.

"I had nothing to do with the girl, Ellen! I didn't—murder her!"

She asked no question; and after a moment he went on, hurriedly: "This is what happened. I went to the office, after the bridge game broke up, to get that coffee-pot of yours. I'd forgotten it when I left in the afternoon." His lips twisted

Marble Floor of Library of Congress Given Care Equal to That of Costly Gem

People think they take good care of their biggest diamond ring. The chances are ten to one they take less care of it than the Library of Congress takes with its floors. People wash their rings in any soap, and bump them against metal objects. There is no such "rough stuff" with the classically beautiful marble floors in the Library of Congress.

Those floors cannot even be scrubbed with a mop, for fear of the metal pails chipping the edges of the marble slabs, according to W. C. Bond, superintendent of the building. Instead, a corps of char-women each night goes over the shining marble with soft cloths, scrubbing the stone with painstaking care, writes a United Press correspondent in the Chicago Daily News.

Not only that, but no soaps or washing powders touch the floor until they are thoroughly tested by the bureau of standards to determine that they contain no abrasives such as sand, which would scratch the finely polished surfaces.

Before the bureau of standards was established, the library force used to take a piece of marble and soak it in a solution of soap to de-

termine if the soap contained acids.

"The acids might stain the marble," Bond explained.

"The marble is priceless," he said. "I would not estimate what it would cost to replace it. For instance, we have two mantelpieces. They cost about \$3,300 originally. But you can't get that kind of marble now. It has been said they are worth many thousands of dollars."

Bond has just one trouble—he can't stop a person who has metal heels, and he lives in constant fear that the scraping of metal plates will chip the marble.

But he has taken some precautions. When a person carries a cane into the library, he must check it, and the library gives him another which is shod with a rubber tip. If he carries an umbrella, he must check that. No tap-tapping on the marble flags with metal.

Shave Hindu Boy's Head

Between the ages of nine and twelve the orthodox Hindu boy has his head shaved, leaving a small strand of hair on top. He is then invested with the sacred thread and thus formally admitted into the practice of Hinduism.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

CHICKS

ROCKS, REDS, & BE. CROSSES hatched from selected Blood-Tested Breeders. MILFORD HATCHERY, Millford Road at Liberty Rd., Pikesville, F. O. ROCKDALE, MD. Pikesville 34-8.

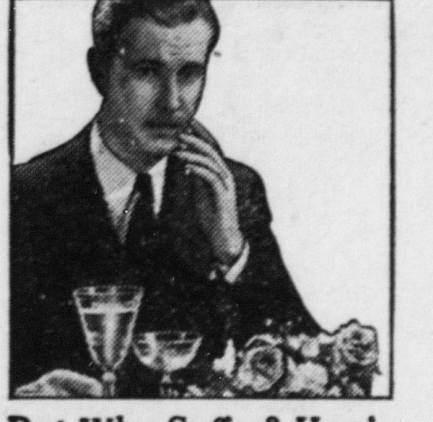
Eye-Glass Attachment

EYE GLASSES HURT SLIP? INSTANT relief from irritation on nose or behind ears. Millions enjoy comfort-grip cushions, 25c pair. Booklet free. EYE-GLASS ATTACHMENT CO., Dept. W., Box 135, Station N, New York, N. Y.

Patriotism Not Made

Patriotism can't be made by law. It is like falling in love. It is like religion. It acts heroically on faith and adoration. I want to see Americans living in their country with some reverence for it as it was given into their hands by the Author.—D. C. Peattie.

NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO ACID INDIGESTION



But Why Suffer? Here's how you can "Alkalize" anytime-anywhere—the easy "Phillips" way!

WHY SUFFER from headaches, "gas," "upsets" and "biliousness" due to Acid Indigestion—when now there is a way that relieves excess stomach acid with incredible speed.

Simply take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets at first sign of distress. Carry them with you—take them unnoticed by others.

Results are amazing. There's no nausea or "bloating" feeling. It produces no "gas" to embarrass you and offend others. "Acid indigestion" disappears. You feel great.

Get a bottle of liquid "Phillips" for home use. And a box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you. But—be sure any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
* IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

Live Well
Our care should not be so much to live long, as to live well.—Seneca.

CONSTIPATED? Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lary feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Fairly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy, and miserable. Adenika gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative exerts a relaxing effect on the bowels and relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overstimulated relief.

Sold at all drug stores

Merchants All
Every one lives by selling something.—Stevenson.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

ADVERTISING IS AS ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS AS RAIN TO GROWING CROPS. IT IS THE KEYSTONE IN THE ARCH OF SUCCESSFUL MERCHANDISING. LET US SHOW YOU HOW TO APPLY IT TO YOUR BUSINESS.