

# CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Phil watched Barbara, flushed and happy, moving easily about the court; and he thought, astonished: Mother doesn't seem to mind! She seems glad!

He said guardedly, "You think so?"

"Of course! And Dan's a fine young man."

"Well—I like him," Phil agreed. She smiled a little, wisely. "You're surprised at my—at the way I take it, aren't you, Phil?"

"Why, I know what you think of newspapers and reporters. And—I know you think marrying the right person is pretty important."

She nodded. "I've spoken my mind often enough, Phil," she asserted. "But I'm not at all sure my—mind was right. You remember, Phil, I—discovered something during your father's trial." He looked at her and she said: "I realized that I loved him."

"Of course, mother."

"Not at all, Phil. There's no 'of course' about it." She said, half to herself: "I didn't love him when we were married. I lived down on the Cape, and his father had a cottage there. He was rather a splendid figure. I thought I was marrying well, marrying money and family and position. But almost at once after we were married I fell—passionately in love with him. Brides often do, you know. If their husbands are wise."

"And I loved him till seven weeks before Barbara was born," she said explicitly. "And I haven't loved him since, till—." After a moment she said steadily, "Till I knew they would convict him and kill him, Phil."

He could not move or speak. He had only the vaguest understanding. He stammered something; and she said:

"It's curious, too, that there's no—desperation in my love for him now. At first the thought of what was to happen was terrible. And then it became unimportant. I have him now, and he has me; and no one, nothing, can separate us."

Phil said automatically, "Yes, mother!"

And she smiled like sun after rain. "So now nothing matters except that," she said. "But—I think when he is gone I shall join him pretty soon."

"Mother!"

"So I want Barbara to marry whom she loves," she said. "If it is Dan, it is Dan." She added, in a moment's weakness, "Only I shall need you both terribly for a little while."

"Gosh, mother—." He said that and no more; but suddenly he was afraid, thinking: She's lost weight lately. She looks—frail. Not tired. Strong—inside, but frail outside. He started to speak again, then saw her smile as the set ended and Dan and Barbara, laughing together, came toward them here. They went into the house, and Linda arrived, and Mrs. Sentry left the four young people alone downstairs. They had tea; and talked idly for a while, and Barbara was more and more silent till Dan spoke to her.

"What's on your mind, Barb? Penny for your thoughts?"

"I was thinking about Mac," she confessed. No one, for a moment, found anything to say; and she went on: "And about father. You all think he's guilty, don't you?"

She smiled a little, at their quick protestations. "All right, but I don't, you know," she said; and she confessed: "Oh, at first I did. I saw him come home that night, and I went into a sort of panic. We all did, I guess. I mean when he was arrested, and everything. We all lost our heads, believed all sorts of things."

"But I don't, now. I don't believe father would kill anybody! Not on purpose, anyway."

"Neither do I," Phil assured her, and she said:

"I don't see how the jury could think he did. But of course, I wasn't at the trial." And she asked directly: "What happened? Tell me about it."

Dan urged, "You'd better forget it, Barb."

But Phil said honestly: "Father admitted he killed her, Barbara. He said it was an accident, but the jury didn't believe him." And he urged: "But—there's no use talking about it. You'll just—get yourself sick again."

Barbara half smiled. "You're both awful cowardly," she told them. "Like ostriches." And she appealed to Linda. "Lin, you tell me about it."

Linda shook her head. "I didn't even read the papers, most of the time, Barb. I just—stayed here with you, or stood by in case Phil wanted me."

Barbara nodded. "I know." She smiled in affectionate derision. "You and your Phil!" She appealed to Dan. "You were there in court every day," she remembered, and she began, persistently, to question him, and Dan perforce to answer,

till little by little she drew from him the whole dark tale. Except that he did not speak of the uglier part of Mr. Sentry's testimony.

She urged at last, acutely, "But Dan, if father did shoot her, and the revolver was touching her, he would have felt it, would he not?"

"He said he didn't feel anything."

"Then if he didn't, someone else shot her. She must have been already dead, before he got upstairs there."

Phil said unhappily: "Barb, father shot her all right. He said it was an accident, and—I think it was. I believe him; but the jury didn't, and they were the ones to decide. That's what juries are for."

"But suppose they found another bullet?" she argued. "Then everyone would have to believe him!"

Phil caught Linda's eye. "Lin and I have already looked," he said. We went over the place with a fine-tooth comb; but we didn't find a thing."

And suddenly it was June. In May, July had seemed far away; but now it was just around the corner.

On the third of June, Mr. Falkran telephoned to ask whether he could

ran explained, "that Mr. Hare agrees with me that an appeal to the Governor is justified. Mr. Flood, as I said, will not oppose it; and I have consulted a number of Mr. Sentry's friends."

And he went on, "The first step would be to have a hearing before the Governor and Council; to present evidence as to Mr. Sentry's life and character, and to call attention to some points in the evidence at the trial—the possibility of accident."

"A public hearing?"

"Yes." He added quickly: "But you would not need to attend that. Only afterward, you would want to make a personal appeal to the Governor."

She passed her hand across her eyes. "When?" she asked, in a whisper.

He said thoughtfully: "I should first lay the groundwork. Perhaps in two or three weeks. Say the third week in June."

Mrs. Sentry rose, clinging for a moment to the arms of her chair, then standing erect. She caught Phil's arm, supporting herself so.

"Very well," she promised. "If you advise it, I will do it."

But when Falkran was gone—she

Mr. Sentry read the letter and handed it to Phil; and this time she did not protest when he threw it into the fire.

The days were gone like the fanned pages of a book, so swiftly that it was scarce possible to name them as they passed. Twice or thrice Falkran came to report that the foundations for the appeal to the Governor were being laid. Phil could see his mother muster strength for that ordeal.

Till at last the lawyer telephoned, late one afternoon, spoke to Phil. "Can Mrs. Sentry see the Governor tomorrow?" he inquired. "If she can, I will make the appointment, come to fetch her."

Phil asked dumbly: "What time?"

Falkran said: "At two, if that is convenient for both of them. Will that suit her?"

Barbara at the moment was upstairs; but Mrs. Sentry was in the living-room and Phil went to ask her decision. He saw her quiver at his words, as though staggered by a physical blow; but then she nodded.

"Will you go with me, Phil?"

"Of course," he assured her, returned to tell Falkran her answer. While he was at the phone, he heard the doorbell ring, wondered who was there, heard Nellie go to open the door.

When he came again to his mother, Mrs. Sentry said: "But I don't want Barbara to go with us. She need not even know. She must stay here. I will want to—come home to her, afterward."

Phil had time to nod, and then he saw Dan striding toward them through the hall. "Hallo!" Dan cried, and his eyes were shining. "Where's Barbara?" He snatched a telegram from his pocket, thrust it into Phil's hands. "Read that, old man!" he cried. "I've been working on it for two months, trying for that or something like it."

The message had been sent, Phil saw, from Cleveland. He read, aloud:

"Salary O. K. Start July 1."  
"W. E. Robinson."

He looked at Dan. "What is it?" he asked.

"Plenty!" Dan told him exultantly. "It's the city editor's job on the Swift-Towne paper in Cleveland, and a salary to match. Enough to get married on. Where's Barbara?"

"Barbara?" Mrs. Sentry spoke in a whisper.

"Of course!" Dan hesitated. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Sentry. I forgot you didn't know. I've been trying for weeks to land a job somewhere, so I could take her away from here."

"Away?"

"We're going to be married, Mrs. Sentry."

Mrs. Sentry seemed to sway a little. She extended her hand toward Phil, as though for support; but, misunderstanding, he gave her the telegram, and saw her read it dumbly, and saw her clasp her arms tight across her bosom as though to crush down a sickening pain. He turned again to the other man, arguing in an empty futility:

"But Dan—right now—What's the hurry?"

Dan gripped his arm. "Plenty!" he said soberly. "You know it, Phil." He looked at Mrs. Sentry. "You know what I mean. It's almost—July. I've got to get Barbara away before that!"

And when they did not speak, he urged: "Come on, Phil, Mrs. Sentry. I know you're with me! Please!"

Mrs. Sentry smiled. "Yes, Dan," she said. "Barbara's upstairs. Go to her!"

Dan gripped her hand, raced away. Phil looked after him for a moment, not daring to look again toward his mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Read That, Old Man!" He Cried.

see Phil and Mrs. Sentry that evening. Mrs. Sentry bade him come.

Mr. Hare had suggested to Phil long ago that a commutation might save Mr. Sentry's life. Phil had not mentioned the possibility to his mother; but when she told him, on his return from the office that day, that Mr. Falkran was coming in the evening, and wondered why, Phil remembered Mr. Hare's remark months before.

"I expect," he said, "he wants to discuss asking the Governor to commute the sentence to life imprisonment."

Her pupils dilated; her eyes widened. "Oh!" she murmured.

He reflected: "We don't want Barbara here when he comes. I'll ask Linda to—take her away somewhere, on some excuse." And at his mother's assenting nod he went to the telephone.

Linda was quick to do what he asked. So when at a little after eight Falkran rang the bell, Phil and his mother were alone; and Phil himself went to the door.

"During the trial, I did my full duty as I saw it," Falkran said. "I used every means I could discover to secure at least a disagreement. Regardless of a client's guilt or innocence, he is entitled to every legal protection. If his fate is in a jury's hands, then he has a right to expect that every possible means shall be used to create a doubt of his guilt in the jury's mind. I did all I could."

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "I know," she smiled. "I did all I could too, Mr. Falkran."

"Yes," he agreed. "We all did. Barring the possibility that higher courts might have found some error by the State, Mr. Sentry had every protection. But he didn't want to appeal on technicalities. And the jury believed him guilty."

He hesitated, then went on: "Yet there are grounds for asking mercy for him too. Not a pardon. We cannot hope for that. But a commutation is possible. District Attorney Flood will not oppose it. Of course, he cannot support our petition; but he will stand neutral. Mr. Sentry's character, his long and honorable life, all count in his favor. And—it is always possible that the tragedy might have been an accident, as Mr. Sentry testified."

Mrs. Sentry considered for a while, sitting very quietly; so that Phil came to her side and she held his hand while she faced the lawyer.

"What would we do?" she asked then. "What is the procedure?"

"I want you to understand," Falk-

had held fast to Phil, so that the lawyer went alone to the door—she said in a low tone, "Don't leave me, Phil."

"Of course not. I won't."

"I'm all right," she whispered, "as long as I have you and Barbara." She added, smiling weakly: "At least I think I am. But it will seem strange to me to beg!"

"Father wouldn't want you to, mother!"

"I think I shall be proud to do it," she replied.

They had another letter from Mary; this time from Paris, brief, defiant. She wrote:

Dear Mother:

This is just to keep you all in touch with my progressing career. Of course I have occasional news of you, viva voce and in the well-known public prints; but I haven't broken into the newspapers—yet.

I ran into Jimmy Endle the other day. He's not a bad chap unless you're married to him. Also Gus Loran is here. Mrs. Loran is treating herself to a Paris divorce. I seem to fascinate Gus. My fatal beauty, no doubt. But of course, Argentine, my pretty little beef baron—did I tell you we were married—is terribly jealous. Maybe he'll take me home and make me eat pampas and tangos and things. I don't even know whether you fry them or boil them. Having a fine time. Wish you were here.

Mary.

## Motions of Moon Are Proved by Modern Theory Developed After Lunar Research

Six automatic computing machines as large as pianos, operating for two years in Columbia university's astronomical laboratories, have verified the modern theory of the motions of the moon, which was developed after lunar research and calculations by Prof. Ernest W. Brown, Yale university astronomer and mathematician.

Professor Brown's theory has enabled astronomers since 1923 to make accurate predictions of eclipses and calculate the position of the moon at any instant. The Yale scientist collaborated with Prof. Wallace J. Eckert of Columbia, who supervised the system of automatic astronomical computation, in proving the original findings.

The machines, according to Professor Eckert, showed that Newton's law of gravitation had been applied accurately in the lunar theory and that the mathematical tables of the moon's position and motion, published by Professor Brown more than 15 years ago and used since then by navigators throughout the world, were entirely correct.

Operation of the machines, perfected two years ago by Professor

Eckert for exclusive use in intricate astronomical work, is based on the "punched card" method of tabulation, first devised by Herman Hollerith in compiling the United States census of 1890. Holes representing mathematical figures are punched into small cards, which are fed into a tabulating mechanism at the rate of 7,000 to 8,000 an hour.

The cards move from the sorting machines to other machines which add, subtract, and multiply by means of electrical contact. More than 250,000 such cards were employed in the lunar research. The first 5,000 cards were hand-punched from Professor Brown's data, and the rest were perforated by the machines.

Whales Named for Appearance

The bottlenose whale and the humpback whale are named for their appearance, but the largest creature that ever lived on earth, bigger than elephant or prehistoric monster, is the blue whale or Sibbald's Rorqual, named after the Scottish naturalist, Sibbald, who first described it. It sometimes exceeds one hundred feet.



## A Little Bit Humorous

**WORTH CONSIDERING**

The shopkeeper was very anxious to sell his prospective customer a dachshund, but the man didn't seem very keen on this type of dog.

"What is it about a dachshund you don't care for?" asked the shopkeeper.

"They make such a draft when they come into a room," complained the man. "They always keep the door open so long."

**Nice Lonesome**

Grandma was a member of a large, noisy, jolly household, which she enjoyed thoroughly. One day when the whole family was going out, she begged off, saying she was tired.

"I hate to leave you all alone; you'll be lonesome," her daughter said.

"Well, it'll be the kind of nice lonesome," she replied.



**EXPERIENCED**

He—if I married that beautiful divorcee, do you think she'd prove to be a good housekeeper?

Friend—She succeeded in keeping two very good houses owned by her first husband. I've heard.

**Larnin'**

Eastern Visitor—Has the advent of the radio helped ranch life?

Pinto Pete—I'll say it has. Why, we learn a new cowboy song every night, and say, we've found out that the dialect us fellers have used for years is all wrong.—Wall Street Journal.

**Political Pie**

Jackie—Daddy, you just said a lot of successful candidates would soon be eating political pie. What is political pie?

Dad—Well, son, it's composed of applause and plums.—Wall Street Journal.

**Sigh of Relief**

Little Dorothy—There was a strange man called to see you today. Father—Did he have a bill?

Dorothy—No, papa, he just had a plain, ordinary nose.—Grit.

**Good Appetite**

"My goodness!" exclaimed grandmother, after a hearty dinner. "I certainly enjoyed that food. I ate like a growing boy."

"You are growing," grinned grandpa, "growing fatter every day."

**Make It Worthwhile!**

Father—No, son. If I give you a quarter it would shrink at once to a nickel.

Son—Then give me a dollar so it will be a quarter by the time it gets done shrinking.

**Some Droth**

"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises?"

"You'd be surprised—that battleship he had tattooed on his chest is now only a rowboat."

**Whooop—Hoooh!**

Big Sister—Billy, why are you making such a racket in the pantry?

Billy—I'm fighting temptation.

## ILLUMINATING



"How illuminating she is on dramatic themes."

"I suppose you know she's a theatrical star?"

**Ambiguous**

"Do Englishmen use American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is being married in London, and the duke just cabled me to come across."

**Had Seen the Result**

Mother—Johnnie, you must go down and see the new nurse. Go and give her a nice kiss.

Johnnie—No fear! I don't want my face slapped like daddy's was.—Stray Stories.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

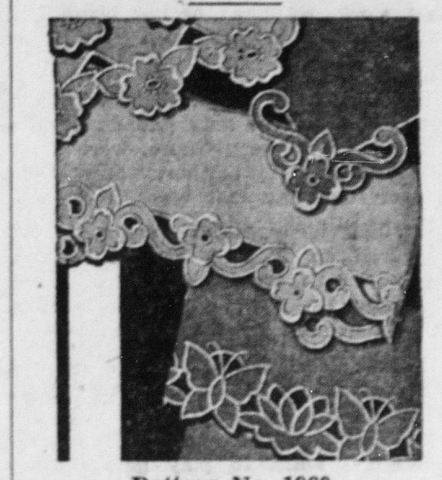
**POULTRY**

BRED FOR PRODUCTION: Ducks  
RAISED FOR PROFIT: Chickens  
SOLD BY QUALITY: Turkeys  
STARTED CHICKS: Poultry  
MILFORD HATCHERY  
Pikesville P. O. Rockdale, Md.

**FILMS DEVELOPED**

Any 6 or 8 Exposure Roll  
FILMS DEVELOPED **25c**  
YARDS PHOTO SERVICE  
Box 2024  
Stock Yards Sta., Chicago, Ill.  
FREE PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENT  
COUPON WITH EACH ORDER

## Simple Designs Are Lovely on Linens



Pattern No. 1960.

Cutwork's just buttonhole stitch! And even if you've never tried it, you'll find these simple designs so lovely on scarfs, towels, pillow cases. They're bound to attract attention. Pattern 1960 contains a transfer pattern of 18 motifs ranging from 2 by 3 inches to 2 by 15 inches; materials required; illustration of stitches.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 6 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vitality to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

**He Was It**

"A funny thing happened to my mother in Berlin."

"I thought you said you were born in London."

## They won't BELIEVE ... it's CASTOR OIL

Good old reliable castor oil, a household stand-by for generations, has been "modernized" at last. A brand new refining process washes away all the impurities, which, in the past, made castor oil so objectionable, leaving Kellogg's Perfected Tasteless Castor Oil odorless, tasteless, EASY TO TAKE, full-strength, always dependable. Get a bottle of Kellogg's Perfected today for general family use. Demand genuine Kellogg's Perfected—accept no so-called "tasteless" substitute. Sold at all drug stores in 3 1/2 oz. refinery-sealed bottles—only 25c a bottle. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

**KELLOGG'S Perfected**

**Road to Beggary**

He who spends all he gets is in the highroad to beggary.—Proverb.

**666 SALVE** relieves **COLDS** price **10c & 25c**

LIQUID-TABLETS  
SALVE-NOSE  
DROPS

WNU-4 10-39

## Watch Your Kidneys!

**Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste**

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities fast, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**