

CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XII—Continued

When Phil again looked at his mother, he saw that she had dropped the telegram, had bent down to pick it up; and he saw that she seemed unable to do so.

CHAPTER XIII

When in that moment after Dan went racing to find Barbara, Mrs. Sentry stooped to pick up the telegram she had dropped, and could not do so, and saw—though she felt nothing—her own nervous fingers lying like a dead hand on the rug.

go." She looked at Phil, reading his thoughts. "He says—even if we get married this week—he can fix it so there wouldn't be anything in the papers."



"Phil, Mr. Wines is Here."

wait alone for two hours while he applied to Mrs. Sentry every test known to scientific medicine. But his report in the end was reassuring. He said to them both: "Well, Mrs. Sentry, I've checked up in every possible way; and there is nothing organically wrong with you. I am satisfied there has been no cerebral accident. Your nerves are worn out, and just before this happened you had your arms tight folded with your clenched fist under your left arm. That shut off the blood supply, perhaps; and the strain you have been under, and a cramped position, and fatigue did the rest. That is all, I am sure."

"She will not come?" "She will not come," said Phil. He waited a little before returning to the others. They had gone out into the garden together; and he saw them through the window, walking arm in arm, his mother with her head bent, Barbara talking in swift eager fashion. When he came out to them, she was still chattering; and he asked with a wry grin, "Broadcasting, Barb?" "Oh, what did Mr. Falkran want?" she demanded. "Nothing," he said. "Business." He spoke to his mother. "That meeting is off," he told her in tones which he tried to make casual. "Falkran is satisfied it would do no good." He saw her instant understanding; but Barbara protested: "What meeting? Don't be so mysterious!" "Why, I wanted to see Dan's boss," Phil said with mock gravity. "To see if he wouldn't meet that Cleveland offer, try to keep Dan here; but he says Dan isn't worth what they're already paying him, much less more! Says Dan can go and welcome!" Barbara laughed. "All right, have secrets if you want to. I can't both-

fore he goes." She hesitated. "But I'm not going to leave you yet. I'll wait with you, go to him by and by." "There's nothing to wait for here." The girl spoke bravely. "I think there is. I can't help thinking there will be—something. But if you don't mind our getting married first, before Dan goes—" Mrs. Sentry smiled. "No, I don't mind." Barbara caught her mother rapidly, kissed her hard, whirled away toward the house like a dancer. "I've got to telephone Dan this minute!" she cried, and was gone. Mrs. Sentry looked after her; and Phil put his arm across his mother's shoulders. "That was great, mother!" he said. "You've made her so darned happy! And—I know what it meant to you to let her go." She said, half to herself: "I've built my life, Phil, on—pride. And I've been selfish too. But we've nothing of pride left, and—I'll be happier if Barbara is happy. I'll have to start rebuilding my life on—some other foundation besides pride and selfishness now." So Dan and Barbara were married, in the big living-room, with Phil, Linda and Mrs. Sentry as only witnesses. Mrs. Sentry during the intervening days and on that wedding day sometimes clung secretly to Phil's arm; but she managed to do nothing to alarm Barbara or distress her. They were married just after noon; then Dan took train for Cleveland and was gone. This was Friday, the twenty-eighth of June. After Dan's departure, Phil proposed to his mother that they all drive away to York. "Just for the week-end?" he suggested. She hesitated, asked then, "Phil, when will it be?" She added firmly: "What day? What hour?" He spoke in a low tone. "Why, usually just after midnight," he said. "The first day?" "Yes, Monday." "I wanted to know," she explained, apologetically. "I'm—much better here than in York, till then." He urged: "But Doctor Mainton—" "Afterward, possibly," she said decisively. "For now, we will stay here." So they stayed. Saturday morning, at Mrs. Sentry's insistence, Phil went to the office as usual. He and Linda drove in together, Phil at the wheel, Linda close against his side; and she spoke little. At his desk he ran through the morning mail with her; and when she had gone to her typewriter he sat idle, his hands in front of him, palms down upon the top of the desk, and he stared at his own hands as though he had never seen them before. Then Linda came back in. He raised his eyes heavily; and she said, "Phil, Mr. Wines is here." For a moment the name was meaningless to him. "Mr. Wines?" "Her father," Linda reminded him. "He—wants to see you." Phil came tautly to his feet. "What about, Linda? Is there anything—" He could not shape the words. But she shook her head. "No," she said. "It's about a letter he's had from Mr. Hare. Some money your father's sending him." Phil remembered that his father had created a trust for the old man; he said miserably, "I don't want to see him, Lin." He picked up his hat. "You take care of him. I suppose he wants more. Try to satisfy him. I'm going home to mother. You can handle him, can't you?" "Of course," she promised. (TO BE CONTINUED)



By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Lester P. Barlow, temperamental inventor of bombs and other war weapons, recently said he wasn't going to congress with his bad news about the devastating new German air bomb, because they "put him in the dog-house" when he tried to tell the house naval affairs committee something last year. But his story gets into the Record, via Senator Bennett C. Clark, who relays to Maj. Gen. H. H. Arnold the news of the bomb, and he had it from Mr. Barlow, and asks the general what about it. The general tells of army reports that the German bombs in Barcelona "killed every human being within the range of a quarter of a mile."

The U. S. A. was supposed to have used about \$300,000,000 worth of Barlow bombs and weapons in the World war. Several weeks ago, the senate voted him \$592,719 in royalties for the wartime use of his patents. He is a prolific inventor, now consulting engineer for the Glenn L. Martin Co., of Baltimore, builders of bombing planes. He describes the new German bomb as truly horrendous, basically a combination of liquid oxygen and carbon, but with other ingredients, such as magnesium and aluminum. He thinks he can just about match it with his L. O. X. bomb. In 1932, he offered to President Hoover a simple button-pushing rig which would wipe out a city hundreds of miles away. Even with the backing of Senator Frazier of North Dakota, he failed to get the government interested and was said to have offered his device to Russia and Germany. Later, he had other disappointing encounters in congress, offering, among other things, a shock-proof battleship, on whose ribs the heaviest projectile would be just the pat of a powder-puff. BIG, Bucko Giuseppe Creatore, puffing smoke from a cigar as unflaming as Vesuvius, makes a grand comeback, as he nears 70, to his own and everybody else's complete satisfaction. The Bronx recently celebrated its 300th birthday with a big splash of 40-cent grand opera, with Signor Creatore finding in "Aida" something in the range of his titanic energies. The opera company will be permanent, financial wind and weather permitting, to be supplemented by a series of symphonic concerts. As a band conductor, Signor Creatore used to earn as much as \$5,000 a night. He slipped out of sight, and then, in June, 1935, was conducting one of the park bands of the New York Emergency Relief bureau. His cigar and his baton were still bold and unwavering and he told the reporters he was pacing the country back to better times. He had with him about half of the players in his old band of the days of their tuneful and triumphant national tours. He arrived in this country from Italy in 1902, with a lush black mustache and a heavy mane, but little else worth mentioning. Two days later, he was playing on Hammerstein's roof. A contemporary of Sousa, he became one of the country's most famous bandmasters, only temporarily clipped— or eclipsed—by the depression, it is to be hoped. WHEN Britain and the United States begin to exchange cooking recipes, they are really getting neighborly. Carlota, the British poetess, who arrived here recently, not averse to favoring friendly relations, prefaced her trip with a radio appeal for American recipes. She got more than 2,000. When we get to telling each other about our operations, the entente will be complete. Carlota is the wife of Louis Oppenheimer, managing director of the South African diamond syndicate. She has published many books of poetry in many countries, speaks seven languages fluently, and finds time to convert old houses into charming dwellings or "mews," for working people. Her London home is one of the great social and political salons of England. She knows the proverbial way to the now somewhat intransigent American heart. Her visit marks a pleasant departure from the customary exchange of recipes for cooking TNT and the like. (Continued Next Feature, WNU Service)

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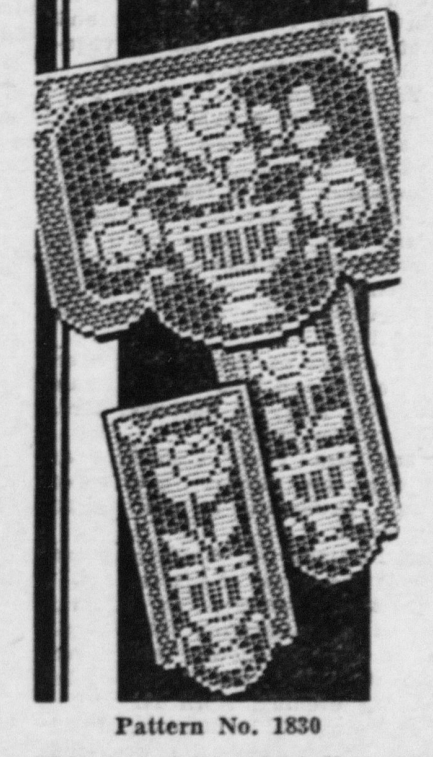
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Peace From Within "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."—Emerson.

DOAN'S PILLS THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys fail, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging back-aches, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

Chlorophyll as Essential to Flower Foliage as is Blood to Human Beings

It is generally understood that growing plants require light. But few gardeners know the effect that certain colored rays have upon green stems and leaves. Dr. Earl S. Johnston, of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has carried out some interesting experiments with colored light to discover what hue is the most favorable for growing plants. Sunlight is necessary for the formation of chlorophyll. Chlorophyll is as essential to flower foliage as is blood to human beings. It is the substance that gives the plant its green color. Without it, leaves turn brown, wither and die. Doctor Johnston has discovered that chlorophyll is formed better under red light than blue. Sunlight, we know, is made up of many colored rays. The plant seems to pick out the colored ray it needs for substance. Plants require blue rays as well as red, in order to produce starch and sugar. Both red and blue rays are necessary to absorb carbon dioxide, which is part of the process involved in the manufacture of starch.

Doctor Johnston has made a rotating wheel, which varies the hues. He has found that as the mixtures of color rays closely meet the combination of rays in pure sunlight, the plants grow normally. While, on the other hand, plants appear to grow abnormally if any particular hue is accented. The shapes, heights, and types of plants in one part of the world seem to differ from those in another locality. This seems to prove that the sunlight in the polar regions is unlike that in tropical places. Steamships on the Atlantic The Savannah, built in New York, is usually considered the first ocean steamship. On May 26, 1819, she left Savannah, Ga., and reached Liverpool in 25 days, during 18 of which she used her engines. Regular steamship service across the Atlantic was started by the Great Western and Sirius. Both ships arrived in New York on April 23, 1838, the Sirius having finished the trip from London in 17 days and the Great Western from Bristol in 15 days.