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AMONG THE EARLY ANGLO-SAXONS, OLD SHOES WERE CONSIDERED AN APPROPRIATE WEDDING GIFT BECAUSE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BRING GOOD FORTUNE!

THERE IS A SUPERSTITION IN SCOTLAND THAT IF YOU ARE CROSS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU WILL BE AN OLD MAID!!

IT WAS THE CUSTOM AMONG BOTH THE ANCIENT ROMANS AND GREEKS TO RECLINE ON COUCHES WHILE EATING!!!

By H. T. Elmo

A serial story by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS of the FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

"MAID OF SALEM"

starring CLAUDETTE COLBERT · FRED MacMURRAY
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SYNOPSIS

Barbara Clarke, belle of Puritan Salem Village, falls in love with dark, handsome Roger Coverman, a fugitive from Virginia with a price on his head. Tituba, a Negro slave, is accused by the superstitious villagers of practicing witchcraft. She confesses and under duress names as her accomplices four Salem women including Barbara. Swiftly before this, Roger leaves Salem for Boston where he hopes to charter a ship to take Barbara and him away from the law. Returning to Salem, the treacherous captain of the ship decides to kidnap Roger and to turn him over to the authorities for the price on his head. Barbara witnesses the ensuing fight and capture. She promises to wait for Roger's return. Meanwhile, she must stand trial for witchcraft.

"Yes, suh. Oh, my God! Oh, my Mas'r God!" she whispered to herself.

"Tituba!" It was Barbara's clear call.

"Silence!" bellowed Morse. "You are not allowed to speak here."

Judge Sewall who, alone, of the court, had not the "hanging face" of the persecutor, lifted the eyes which he had shaded with a cupped hand. "The conduct of this trial is not within your province, Elder Morse. Let her be heard."

"Tituba, look at me."

"I can't look at you. I can't do it, Missy."

"Why can't you?"

"You know why, Missy," moaned the wretched old creature.

"Yes; I know," said the girl gently and sorrowfully. "You can't look at me and tell lies. Not even to save yourself from the gallows-tree."

Brandishing her arms in agony, the black woman dropped to her knees, lapsed forward upon her face, and wallowed, moaning incoherently.

"And on that night was Barbara Clarke away from bed and home?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered Timothy.

"And you do now confirm that this was Satan that you saw, and that the accused met him there?"

Unable to control his speech, the little witness gulped and nodded.

"Then, for the peace of your soul, do you now swear that you fear hate and forever abjure the said Barbara Clarke and all her works?"

"Yes," choked the boy, after an agonizing hesitation.

"Oh, Timmy! Timmy!" cried Barbara, and at the grief and broken love of that reproach he ran to her, cast his arms about her knees, and clung there, sobbing, until he was torn away.

Thus two witnesses had proved a disappointment to the prosecution. It was apparent that the case now hinged upon the girl's association with the devil; that, if firmly established, would serve to hang her. So thought Jeremiah Adams, who was permitted to see her at recess.



The full court condemned Barbara to be hanged within the fortnight

CHAPTER VII

"Barbara Clarke, you are hereby indicted and arraigned on charge of having covenanted with the Devil, and of practicing the damnable arts of witchcraft."

Chief Justice Laughton delivered the charge, on behalf of the full court of five. Through the assemblage ran a murmur of dread and hate.

A month in prison had wasted Barbara's body and whitened her face, but it had not diminished her spirit. Pride and steadfastness still helped her to face the inquisitors. She stood alone; nobody was permitted to advise or aid her.

"As you hope for the mercy of God, are you now prepared to confess and repent?" demanded the Chief Justice, his tones heavy with threat.

"I have nothing to confess." "Summon Tituba, the black."

The aged slave, half palsied with terror, was led forth.

"Do you, Tituba, as you expect grace, name and identify the accused as a consort of Satan?"

"I—I—I does, Mas'r Judge Laughton." She kept her look averted from the prisoner.

"Have you taught and performed with her spells and sorceries?" She cast a fearful glance at Elder Morse and whispered a half audible affirmative.

"Speak up!" adjured Judge Laughton in terrible accents. "I warrant you found better voice for your Satanic master. Do you now with full knowledge accuse the prisoner of witchcraft?"

She was hastily dragged away by direction of the Chief Justice.

"Bunyan Bilge," he snapped.

The town drunkard, sober and scared, slunk forward. He satisfactorily established the presence of the devil in Salem, by testifying to having beheld him in the woods on the day of the minister's house-raising, and having fled from the fiery breath of his roaring, and the dire threat of his horn.

"Horn?" queried Judge Sewall skeptically. "Surely Old Nick would be equipped with the full pair. Would you swear that the devil who put you to your heels did not come out of the bungle of an ale-cask?"

"It was Satan's own self," insisted the witness, "and him with the one horn. It gleamed from his forehead like steel, and he'd have spitted me like a roast fowl with it, if I hadn't made my legs my friend."

"Step down," cut in Judge Laughton, giving his associate judge a sour look. "Timothy Goode to the stand."

Poor Timothy, most reluctant, but well-knowing that hell fire would be his sure portion if he abated one jot of the truth, took a long breath as he advanced.

"Timothy," the stern Justice addressed him after consulting notes, "do you witness to a monstrous, black figure in the thicket near the minister's house, at night?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"Describe it."

"It had a big, black head, and one shiny, sharp horn."

"Again that heretical single horn," commented Judge Sewall, skeptically.

"Only the truth can now save you," he warned her.

"I have told them the truth."

"But not the whole truth."

"You mean—Roger?"

"I mean Roger, my own kinsman. Tell them that it was he you met

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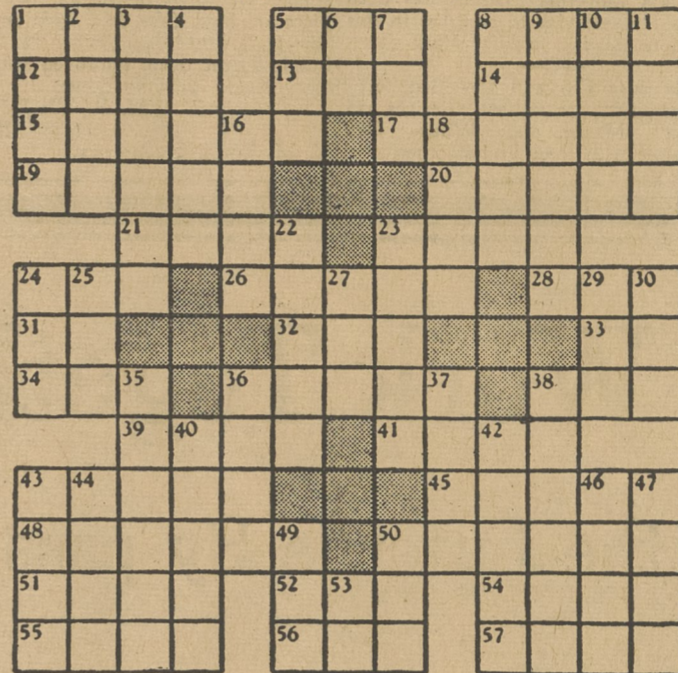
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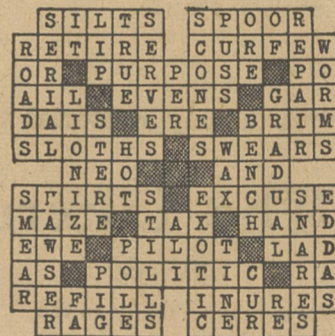
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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- HORIZONTAL
- 1—Two-fold
 - 5—Ugly woman
 - 8—Hurried
 - 12—Formerly
 - 13—Collection
 - 14—Drama
 - 15—Giants
 - 17—Contusion
 - 19—Crushed
 - 20—Goals
 - 21—Unimaginary
 - 23—Accompanying
 - 24—Vehicle
 - 26—Joint
 - 28—Toy
 - 31—Verb of being
 - 32—Enthusiasm
 - 33—Pronoun
 - 34—To sue
 - 36—Element
 - 38—Lair
 - 39—To disturb
 - 41—Particular
 - 43—Embarrassment
 - 45—Fashions
 - 48—Geological age
 - 50—Neat
 - 51—Level
 - 52—Balderdash
 - 54—Pain
 - 55—Disorder
 - 56—Some
 - 57—Man's name
- VERTICAL
- 1—Spots
 - 2—Standard quantity
 - 3—Mimes
 - 4—To depart
 - 5—Auxiliary verb
 - 6—One
 - 7—To talk a lot
 - 8—Sudden quickening
 - 9—Betrothal
 - 10—Facility
 - 11—Coloring substances
 - 16—Bovine animal
 - 18—To destroy
 - 22—Device to find plane
 - 23—Female
 - 24—Napkin
 - 25—Custom
 - 27—Insect egg
 - 29—To be indebted to
 - 30—To confine
 - 35—Attractive attributes
 - 36—Carrriage
 - 37—Flexible
 - 38—To conclude
 - 40—Portends
 - 42—Kind of reef
 - 43—To appear
 - 44—Took certain position
 - 46—To reproduce
 - 47—Observed
 - 49—Age
 - 50—Boil
 - 53—Concerning



Answer to #113

in the thicket. With my support to your testimony, we'll beat them yet."

"But—but when he comes back he will be taken and—hanged."

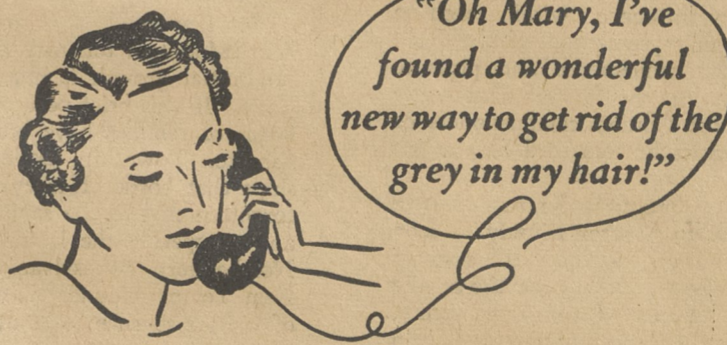
"I'm afraid he will never come back, my poor child."

"Then let me, too, die," she cried passionately.

He made a final appeal. "It is his neck or yours, Barbara. And his is already forfeited."

This failed to move her. "He promised that he would come back to me," she said with sweet obstinacy. "How could I face him, if I betrayed him!" From this he could not move her.

In the afternoon Ann Goode was



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called to bolster the weakened testimony of witchy practice. Conscience had begun to work in her; she was too frightened to add materially to the case. But Timothy, recalled, was forced to give his damning testimony regarding the dance, with the dark and invisible gallant, and Abigail Goode, with a face like death, confirmed it. Barbara had no answer for this.

The full court condemned her to be hanged within the fortnight.

(To Be Continued)

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