

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.

WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Bert wasn't in a condition to say much about anything," Hale reminded Ainsworth. "But you must have seen what was going on," he added. "You're not the man to miss anything like that." Hale looked at Ainsworth's jilling figure, his sleekness, his air of well-being, and his Cheviot Cat grin. Hale suddenly lost his temper. "What I shall never be able to understand," he brought out between his teeth, "is why I didn't know earlier that you knew exactly what was going on, sat back and let it continue. You did know, didn't you?"

"I suppose so, in a way," Ainsworth drawled. "I knew he was searing young Kneeland into a snafu, but I didn't know exactly why he was doing it. Of course I had my theories. I didn't interfere because it was none of my business."

Rox ground his teeth. His brown eyes looked red in the room's shaded light.

"All right," he said. "Well let it go at that. It wasn't your business, so you didn't interfere. It wasn't my business, either, but I did interfere. I got Craig out. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, come now," Ainsworth was smiling tolerantly. "Don't hold out on me, old man. Tell me how you did it. I'm immensely interested."

Rox had called his temper to heel and it obeyed him.

"I can do that in one sentence," he smiled. "I told seven or eight guinea psychiatrists what was going on, and found out from them how to stop it."

Ainsworth whistled softly.

"You mean you actually gave Craig's name to his colleagues, and threatened to have him kicked out of medicine?"

"That's the general idea. I can't go into the details."

Ainsworth's face had grown serious. There was a silence which Hale did not break.

"You certainly went to it, Big Boy," Ainsworth commented. "You must have taken some nerve. I'm quite impressed."

"Thanks. I'm glad you're impressed. Because you're right. Frankly, Ainsworth, I'm in good fighting trim now. And I'm taking you on next!"

Ainsworth straightened as if he had been struck. Then, very slowly, he sank back in his chair.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked gravely.

Hale grinned.

"That's right. Let's take it coolly. I'm going to tell you exactly what I mean. I mean that you don't like your activities here at Hale Camp any better than we liked Craig's. I mean that we're going to stop them."

"But? Who do you mean by 'we'?" Ainsworth almost purred the word.

"By 'we' I mean your best chum, 'Big Boy.' Hale told him cheerily, "and myself. But I don't think the notion that I'm butting in here. I have no right to be. I'm Mr. Kneeland's employee, and my principal job was to get rid of the parasites and adventurers who are abusing his hospitality. I've done part of that job. Now I intend to finish it."

"You see, Ainsworth," he went on conversationally, as the other remained silent, "you're not dealing now with a middle-aged, tired man who thinks you've got a clutch on you. You're dealing with a man young who knows a whole lot more about you than you think he does. That's quite a different matter."

"You won't find me as easy to get rid of as Craig was," Ainsworth returned coolly. "In fact, my interfering friend, I'm serving notice on you again that I'm staying here all summer."

Rox shook his head.

"You're mistaken," he said gravely. "You're leaving. Ainsworth, and you're leaving almost at once. You're going to be out of here by tomorrow night. You're going to be leaving pretty and politely, like a little gentleman. You're going to do it with a smile."

Ainsworth had laid down his cigarette.

"I know you're up against it, Ainsworth," Rox went on. "I've been going into your record. But your misfortunes are no excuse for the things you're doing. We're going to stop it more or less, these days. But we don't all go in for a combination of extortion and sadism as you are doing."

"By God, there's a limit to what I'll take from you," Ainsworth said furiously. His face was purple with anger. He was glad of it. In one way Ainsworth angry would be easier to handle than Ainsworth calm.

"There may be," he said quietly. "But it hasn't been reached yet. I've got a lot of nerve, and I'm going to keep quiet and listen to them. They are of vital interest to you. That is this. You think you have that in your power. That may

or may not be partly true. But there's one thing that's dead certain. I've got you by the short hairs. I can make you dance to any tune I play. When I remember what you've been doing to poor Kneeland I'm tempted to pounce on you and give you a nasty dose of your own medicine."

Ainsworth yawned. He had pulled himself together again, and Rex admired his self-control.

"I don't want to seem rude to a guest," he said. "But you make me feel badly tired."

"That's the nothing to the fatigue you're going to feel a few minutes from now," Hale prophesied. "That will be exhausting."

"I can easily believe you. All right, I'll get on with my story. I'll tell you what I've been doing. I'll mention in passing that it will be an unpleasant one."

"Go to it, go to it," Ainsworth urged wearily.

"It hasn't been for some little time that happened up in the woods," Hale went on smoothly. "I'd have let you off this interview pre-

calling his attention to some of his goings on." Hale mentioned in passing. "He changed his mind. I think you will. I'll get on faster if you don't interrupt."

"If there's anything that will make you get on faster, Hale, I'm for it," Ainsworth said.

Ainsworth was smiling now. He lay back in his chair, relaxed and comfortable, one leg thrown easily over the arm of the chair, his head resting against the padded chair back.

"You're smiling while you can," Hale commented. "You're in for a jolt pretty soon. As I was saying," he went on, "you wrote your silly threatening notes and you drew your silly cobras and other sketches and left them on my desk. They were so good that I had to have them fingerprinted and get your fingerprints for comparison. You may remember that you tore a page out of your notebook in the medical library one morning, and handed it to me. That was kind of you, because I hadn't been able to get your fingerprints before. The fingerprints on that page were perfect. The

choking I gave Craig. He had learned a lesson from the other counts."

"Hale, you're actually beginning to interest me," Ainsworth was leaning forward, his cigarette out, his face almost alive.

"But it may surprise you to know that I never possessed that cat," he said.

"You're telling me that?"

"Yes, I'm telling you that. I don't care a damn whether you believe it or not. But as a matter of fact I didn't kill the cat."

"If you didn't, and Craig didn't, who did?"

"How should I know? But it's an interesting point."

"It was such an interesting point that they both sat silent for a moment, considering it. Then Ainsworth amplified his defense.

"I found the cat dead, lying back the big tent at the entrance to the woods," he explained. "It was Monday night. You had gone to New York. I picked it up and carried it to your room as a last surprise for you when you got back. The next day I saw it at the foot of the third floor staircase. I thought it had dropped there. I picked it up and got it out of the house to the place where I had found it. That's all I had to do with the matter. I don't kill animals."

Ainsworth got up. "Good night, Hale. Better luck next time you go hunting."

Hale kept his seat.

"Oh, I'm not going yet," he said cheerfully. "I've got a lot more to say. I'm going to be so interesting from now on that when I finally stop it'll be because I'm bored."

"That calls for some imagination," But Ainsworth's eyes were watchful again. He sat down with a shrug and lit a fresh cigarette.

"You're quite right in saying that I wouldn't have anything on you in the matter of the little nuisance you've been committing," Hale admitted. "But, you see, you finished by nearly murdering me. That is something else again."

"Any time you get around to explaining what you're trying to say," Ainsworth murmured.

"I'm trying to say that you nearly murdered me," Hale repeated patiently. "I'm telling you that when you put that powerful emetic in my water carafe, and I drank the entire glassful, it was touch and go whether I'd come through it."

"What rot are you talking now?" Ainsworth jerked out. His expression had changed and his watchful eyes never left his companion's face.

"I'll assume that you didn't mean to kill me," Hale said soberly. "More than you meant to injure me when you poured those anonymous notes. All you meant to do was to make me bring this case. But you gave me a terrific dose—about four times the usual amount. As it happened, you gave that dose to a man who only a month before had gone through a life-and-death tussle with pneumonia. That pneumonia temporarily weakened my heart. If I hadn't had some brandy where I could reach it instantly," Hale ended very deliberately. "I'd be in my grave tonight and you would be feeling a real fear for murdering me."

"Evidence is on file against you—the threatening letters, the snake sketches, the tombstone, the skulls, the analysis of the dotted water, the fingerprints on the carafe, the statement of the doctor I consulted next day as to the condition of my heart, and the effects of such a dose on such a heart. Do you imagine the law would have accepted your explanation that it was all a friendly little joke? Think that over, Ainsworth. Then laugh it off, if you can."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"But you make me terribly tired."

ty easily. I'd have offered myself as an intermediary between you and Kneeland and tried to fix up a settlement that would have been fair to you."

"Then you admit that I have a just claim," Ainsworth asked coolly. "Well, you'd better. If you knew, if you noticed, that I had while that fat white worm that calls itself Casper Kneeland was batten-

ing on me, I wouldn't have made him dance."

"That may all be true," Rex said absently. "I don't think anything about it except what Mr. Kneeland has told me. I'd have gone into the whole matter, got the best legal advice, and tried to make an impartial settlement. I'd have done it at a matter of service to you both. But, of course, I immediately discovered what you were up to. It wasn't a diversion worthy of a gentleman of your stature. It was added smoothly. "It wasn't a nice memorial to your mother. It was a nasty piece of work. Those have been pleasant names for it. It was a stupid game, too," he continued thoughtfully. "If that sort of thing is being done it ought to be done in private, not in the presence of a gallery of spectators. You forgot the whole thing was foolish of you. Or if you remembered it, you underestimated your audience. You thought they were all either as callous as yourself, or too self-absorbed to take in what you were doing. But they took it in!"

"You're right, Hale, what a freshet of words you can send forth!" Ainsworth yawned again. "I suppose it's the trouble to listen to you, so to proceed if you must."

"Thanks. I promise you won't be bored. I've stopped long enough to tell you that I've made some plans in advance. They were the sort that would only appear to a mind like yours. Back the mental make-up being what it is, you enjoyed carrying them out. You didn't want me here, so you had to leave voluntarily. So you wrote your silly little threatening notes."

"How do those ravings mean, Hale? Are you out of your mind?"

"Craig thought I was when I was

fingerprinting on the notes and sketches were identical with them. Fingerprinting is an exact science now, you know. I've learned a lot about it lately. I had a good idea by a New York expert and he was very informative."

Ainsworth had stopped smoking. He took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked at it thoughtfully. Then he put it back.

"I did have a little fun with you," he said calmly. "I enjoyed thinking up those stunts and putting them over. What did I do was nothing more than what I did at college."

"At prep school, you mean?" Rex corrected gently. "I represented about the club stage of my medical development. You went a few steps further when you put the dead cat in my room. Of course I couldn't have seen Daisy fingerprinted."

I went up to Craig's laboratory and choked him for it. Up till then, you knew the man that had poisoned animals around here. I was also giving him credit for the day as to the condition of his heart, and the effects of such a dose on such a heart. Do you imagine the law would have accepted your explanation that it was all a friendly little joke? Think that over, Ainsworth. Then laugh it off, if you can."

Old Indian Mission Near Quebec Still Uses Ancient Silver and Gold Presents

In the Indian village of Loretteville, nine miles west of Quebec, is a treasure which Louis XIV of France and his mother, Anne of Austria, sent to a poor Indian mission 300 years ago, relates a writer in "So You're Going."

Louis Lorette, as they call it in Quebec, is a tiny village where most of the population are Huron Indians. On the one street, half way through the town, is an old church, no larger than a good-sized barn, and seating only about a hundred people. Back of the church and connected with it by a wooden entryway, is a house—the tiny frame house of the village priest, where the treasure is kept in a brick vault specially built for the purpose, with double iron doors. No one not known to the priest or brought by his friends is allowed to see it.

At the back of the tiny vault stands a glass cabinet with four shelves of silver and gold plate, richly chased candlesticks, and wine and water cruets, and treasures of silver which Louis XIV himself sent. There is a jeweled sword gold set into set by the

city of Paris in 1664, and there are two splendid cases containing relics of 11 saints sent by the city of Chartres in the same year. In a drawer beneath the cabinet are four pieces of the chasuble embroidered in the most elaborate patterns and the stitches, by ladies-in-waiting of King Louis' court.

When the humble priest of the village of Lorette puts on the robes sent by Anne of Austria, sets the altar of this tiny church with the silver of King Louis XIV, and takes the golden eostensols in his hands, there probably is no church in this continent more splendidly served.

The Name Harrison

The name Harrison means just that—"Harry's son." Harry may be a diminutive of Harold, "ruler in battle, leader," or Henry, "ruler of the home," although Harry is an older form than Henry. Harry's son would naturally have the characteristics of Harry, so the Harrisons may consider themselves descended from a battle and ruler of a home, which is quite a comprehensive program.

Wages and Advertising

THERE is a lot of advertising in this country and it has a definite purpose. It is there because merchants want to sell us automobiles, chewing gum, toothpaste, refrigerators and oranges. They know that advertising helps to sell these things and thousands of others, and they know that it provides a valuable information service to consumers.

That much is plain, but did you ever stop to consider that advertising affects your personal income? No matter what your occupation, the amount of your salary or wages is affected by the total volume of advertising on the part of all manufacturers and storekeepers everywhere. This statement is worth examining.

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In this country, we produce and consume more than twice as much goods for every man, woman, and child as is produced and used in other principal countries of the world. Why is this? Not merely because we have vast natural resources. Not just because we are better at inventing and organizing. It is mostly because we all want so much to have the good things in life and because we have the individual ambition and energy to get them. The purchasing power of American people is used

all the time and it revolves fast. This is where advertising comes in. It creates desires for new things and encourages ambition for higher standards of living. Suggestions from the merchant's advertising are often responsible for the purchase of a new living-room rug, an automobile, better clothes, or a new kind of breakfast food.

Millions of purchases are inspired by advertising. When the volume of buying is high, business is good and there are many jobs. It is not only the ability of consumers to buy goods but also their desire to buy that makes factories run at full speed. Advertising is one of the greatest stimulants of buying desire that has ever been known.

New industries depend on advertising to get started. A factory is built to manufacture a clever electric razor. No one ever heard of such a thing before. Hardly anybody wants to buy the device until the manufacturer explains its advantages in a national advertising campaign. Almost immediately, thousands of men buy these razors and the company increases production. The result is lots of new jobs for factory workers and traveling salesmen.

Advertising has built many other new industries, big ones and little ones. Similarly, advertising has expanded countless old industries. Raw material and other related industries are directly benefited. In every case it means more employment, more wages. All our whole economic life is speeded up, the national purchasing power is enlarged, and everybody's income goes up.

The merchandising force of advertising is very important among the various factors responsible for our having the highest wage level in the world, with a buying power more than that in Great Britain, two and one-half times as great as in Germany, and more than ten times as great as wages in Russia. In more ways than one, advertising gives a lift to the pay envelope.

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IT'S A HIT! The NEW Firestone Champion Tire

Because IT'S THE ONLY TIRE MADE WITH THE NEW SAFETY-LOCK CORD BODY and GEAR-GRIP TREAD

CAR OWNERS everywhere are acclaiming the extra blowout protection and non-skid safety of the new Firestone Champion Tire. And automobile manufacturers, knowing its outstanding performance, have adopted it for their new 1939 models. On every hand you hear, "It's the most effective tire we have ever had on wet pavement and in mud and snow!" It's the hit of 1939!

The Firestone Champion Tire is a completely new achievement in safety engineering and the result of a new and revolutionary means of locking greater safety into the cord body of a tire. This is accomplished first, by the use of a new type of tire cord called "Safety-Lock," in which the cotton fibers are more compactly interwoven to give greater strength. And then the fibers in each individual cord, the cords in each ply and the plies themselves are all securely locked together by a new and advanced Firestone process of Gum-Dipping, which provides amazingly greater strength—and greater strength means greater safety.

The new Safety-Lock cord construction gives the added strength that makes possible the use of the new thicker, tougher, deeper Firestone Gear-Grip Tread, which provides remarkably longer life mileage. This sensational new

Fast Thinking Saved This Forgetful Hubby

He was conscious that trouble was brewing when he went out in the morning. When he got home that night he learned what he had done.

With tears in her eyes his wife exclaimed: "I know you don't love me—you've forgotten my birthday!" "Darling," he said, "I'm sure sorry that I can say—but it is really your fault."

"My fault?" she exclaimed. "Shipped that box?"

He took her hand in his. "How can I remember your birthday," he asked, "when there is never anything that you remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago?"

Pigs, Cows, Eggs by Air

In northern Canada the airplane pilot is milkman, grocer, butcher, and heavy freight hauler to scores of isolated mining towns and trading posts, reports the Commentator magazine. Besides the usual traffic in all sorts of mining equipment and dry stuff that daily swings its way into the North, fresh food is also carried.

Grapefruit today is a breakfast fruit even 200 miles north of the Arctic circle. Fresh eggs, milk and vegetables of all kinds are shipped in large quantities by air. Where there are many children, even live cows have been carried by plane to provide fresh milk. Live broiler chickens are daily passengers on the northern aerial freighters.

On a trip back, besides the usual run of gold and furs, planes have at least half a cargo of fresh fish.

From Friend and Foe

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror in which the warmth of the reflection—Richter.



AB JENKINS
World's Safest Driver
AB Jenkins, holder of 87 world records for safety, speed and endurance, who has driven more than a million and a half miles on Firestone Gum-Dipped tires, without an accident, says, "On the speedway or in the slushy streets, Firestone Gum-Dipped tires are the only ones that give you a safe grip."

tread is called "Gear-Grip" because of its unique design which has more than three-thousand sharp-edged angles that grip the road with a sure-footed hold to protect against skidding and to assure a safe stop.

Have your Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store equip your car with a set of new Firestone Champion Tires, the only tires made that are safety-proof on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

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3.75-17, \$15.95	6.50-18, \$23.95	3.75-17, \$15.95
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5.75-17, \$23.95	8.50-18, \$39.95	5.75-17, \$23.95
6.00-17, \$24.95	8.75-18, \$41.95	6.00-17, \$24.95

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Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

After saving the show by subduing the enraged elephant, Myra faints from the excitement.



QUICK - GET DOC AMES! HAVE 'IM COME TO HER DRESSIN'-TENT AT ONCE!!



MEANWHILE, JEFF BANGS GAVE SILK FOWLER A PIECE OF HIS MIND.



By ED WHEELAN

YEAH!! AND IF YOU EVER MENTION ONE WORD ABOUT HIM OR HIS PAST, YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL!! GET IT!!



LALA PALOOZA - Vincent Is Taken for a Ride

VINCENT, AIN'T YOU GOT ANY RESPECT FOR LOVE?



LOOK, SIG-YOU'RE ACTIN' LIKE A SCHOOL-GIRL WITH GONZALES



EASY, MY SWEET THINK OF YOUR NERVES



I'M ONTA YOU, EIGHT-BALL! LEAVE MY SISTER ALONE LANDAULET



AND, HIVES, TAKE THE PINK SISTER AND MAROON ALONE



VERY WELL, MADAM



By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP - Ever Been Cured of Applesauce?



By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



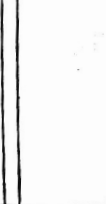
Good, Clean Shooting, Pa

By S. L. HUNTLEY



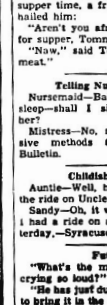
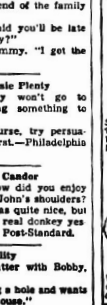
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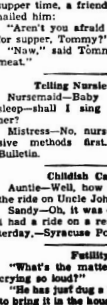
Curse of Progress

By J. MILLAR WATT



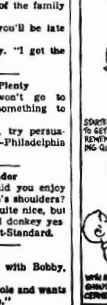
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Patterns



terial, plus 1/2 yard of contrasting material and 2 1/2 yards of edging.

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Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

No. 1655—This is a particularly youthful design in women's sizes—nice for afternoon parties and general wear, too.

The bodice has gathers, to give you a nice bustline. The lifted waistline is slenderizing. This dress will be pretty in flat crepe, silk print or this wool.

No. 1681—Here is a practical house dress that you will enjoy having in wool or flat crepe, too.

It has nice princess lines, and the scalloped closing, cut over at the side, gives a generous lap so that you need not fastening on the skirt.

For home wear, make this of linen, gingham, percale or calico.

No. 1655 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 1681 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

HEY!

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Plant Seeds Carefully

WHEN vegetable and flower seeds purchased from reputable firms do not germinate as they should, it is safe to assume that conditions are not favorable for growth, or that seeds were not planted properly.

Therefore, it is of greatest importance to plant seeds according to directions on the packets. Extremely small seeds must be covered only lightly with soil, according to Walter H. Nixon, vegetable expert.

The will to grow is strong in seeds, but they have their limitations. To plant a tiny seed, like the petunia, under an inch of soil is like burying a man under a 20-story building and asking him to push it away.

However, larger seeds, of course, may be planted deeper. Beans and cucumbers may be covered with three-quarters of an inch to a full inch of soil. Peas and corn spread vigorously and may be planted from an inch to an inch and one-half deep.

Many successful home gardeners actually cover peas and corn with an extra half-inch of soil after they begin to push through. This protects them from birds, and also helps keep weeds down.

Black Leaf 40

KILLS LICE

Just a dash in feathers. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

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The Shelton is more than a hotel; it is a New York institution. Its rooms are famed for their comfort; its two restaurants, for their superior food. Its big swimming pool is a favored meeting place of the younger set; its rooftop saloon, a quiet place of repose. Its famous "Shelton Corner Bar" is noted for its fine liquor.

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