FOR THE BOYS — Miss Thelma Smith, Washington. D. C. government gal, and statuesque to boot, makes a return visit for the boys. Is everybody happy?

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

What's in store for the week ahead.

Tuesday — Best to take things quietly. Unsatisfactory for gardening or manual work. Social plans likely to meet frustration. You may hear some unfriendly gossip. Lucky numbers, 211, 629, color, silver.

Wednesday — Not easy to get anything moving to-day. Unfavourable for all matters concerning finance. Seek ways of cutting expenditure. Postpone important interviews or journeys. Delays likely in routine work. Lucky numbers, 615, 424, color, white.

Thursday — Concentrate on main issues. Leave minor matters for clearing up later. Propitious for starting further enterprises, making new contacts. Bankers will be more co-operative. Lucky numbers, 110, 192, color, gold.

Friday — Gains to be made by those willing to experiment with the unusual. Be prepared for a change of plan affecting publicity. Good for investments, buying and selling generally. Lucky numbers, 312, 307, color, purple.

Saturday — Moderately good for routine work but for little else. Consider current problems and a solution may be found for future action. Avoid speculation and any new expenditure. Lucky numbers, 716, 250, color, green.

Sunday — Not suitable for any positive action. Routine work will be troublesome and keep you fully occupied. Unexpected problems to be dealt with. Unfavourable for social matters and entertainment. Lucky numbers 278, 543, color silver.

Monday — Chance to make up for past two days if you make this a working Monday. Fine for interviews, advertising, property negotiations. Also for travel and entertainment. Lucky numbers, 514, 394, color brown.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

How the stars shine for you this coming week:

ARIES (March 21 — April 20) — Money matters will cause some concern and you should consider a judicious curtailment of expenditure. An unwelcome change at home will result from action of a younger person.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21) — Your work will receive better recognition and a new suggestion will react to your advantage. A difference of opinion with an influential friend will limit your independence temporarily.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) — A personal aim will seem to be within reach though it would be wiser not to hurry matters. Wait for a mid-week letter which may change your attitude.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23) — Changes and some unexpected journeys will interfere with your work or business program. You may feel some doubts about the security of your job.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23) — Past correspondence will bring some solid gains about now and your future outlook will become more stable. You may be disappointed in a desire for social limelight, but will be better off without it.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23) — Gains from a spell of extra hard work will improve your financial situation. You will accept a new responsibility willingly, though it will mean going at first.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23) — A suggestion you make will receive encouragement and support from one of importance. You will renew old partnership with mutual satisfaction and benefit. Correspondence or legal matter is likely to be delayed and a woman friend's advice of doubtful wisdom.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22) — You will be freed from the restrictive influence of an old agreement and will leave you free to expand on more liberal and conservative lines.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22) — You may find yourself out of favour with those in authority, but it is no good to lose your temper. Work off your irritation in some effort everyone will be satisfied.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20) — An opportunity will arise for you to take a sound step forward in your career. A change from routine to action and an outlet for your talents will give you more scope for your talents.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19) — Good progress can now be made with an educational scheme in which you are interested. At work you can make plans for development on more realistic lines.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) — Your attraction to a get-rich-quick scheme will be resisted by a friend and you will think better of it. A much sounder partnership result. Don't try to push your way to the front just now.

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARY — Here is a 12 months' forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday — Often you will be disheartened at the way your efforts are thwarted. Determination and patience will show results gradually. Do not expect nothing spectacular this year.

Wednesday—You will have to work hard for all you get during the year. No easy money is likely. It would be unwise to take too for granted concerning your regular income.

Thursday — A year of change and development in store for you. A mid-year is a fine chance will be made improving your worldly position.

Friday — Surprises occurring in the next 12 months will open doors for and against you. Final results will be beneficial financially. There is trouble in your domestic life through hasty and thoughtless actions.

Saturday — During the next 12 months you would do well to take stock of your present position. Some may be restricted and others heavy.

Sunday — The coming year will bring a full measure of difficulties and problems. If you concentrate on the main job you will gain satisfaction but little immediate reward. Though tempted to make a change it would not be to your advantage.

Monday — Bright prospects for you. Finances will improve and work become easier. An advancement will bring new gains. You will begin an interesting correspondence with romantic possibilities.

IDLE HOUR PAGE

YOUR brain budget

1. After milk, the food that provides the best balanced diet than any other is: (a) beef; (b) oysters; (c) carrots.
2. Paper was invented by: (a) Spaniards; (b) Turks; (c) Chinese.
3. The highest mountain peak in North America is (a) Mont Pelee; (b) Mount McKinley; (c) Mount Aconcagua.

ANSWERS

1. Oysters.
2. Chinese.
3. Mount McKinley.

Word Steps

8. to diminish gradually
7. an artist
6. hold in possession
5. carpenter's joint
4. a spike
3. humorist
2. preposition

ANSWERS:

8. lapering
7. painter
6. retain
5. joint
4. tine
3. wit
2. in

By DON DOUGLAS

Famous Triplets

Here we give you the first names of some famous triplets. You supply the other two members of each set. For instance, there are RED, WHITE and BLUE, and there are KNIFE, FORK and SPOON. You try it.

1. Wine.
2. Sun.
3. Hook.
4. Lock.
5. Ready.
6. Stop.
7. Faith.
8. Fair.

One For All

In each of these groups there is one word that applies to all the other words in that group. For instance, if we say GOLD, SILVER, MINERAL, COAL, METAL, the one word in the group which applies to all the others is MINERAL. Now try it on these:

1. Badge, bolt, jewel, roller, pin.
2. Hand, stick, pointer, hint, dog.
3. Diamond, graphite, carbon, coal, charcoal.
4. Globe, ball, party, bullet, planet.
5. Basket, creel, pannier, hamper, net.
6. Crate, crib, box, manger, stall.

Nicknames

Here are some famous nicknames of some famous people, past and present. Can you identify them.

1. The Manassa Mauler.
2. The Cowboy Philosopher.
3. The Splendid Splinter.
4. America's Sweetheart.
5. The Little Corporal.
6. The Sweedish Nightingale.
7. The Great Profile.
8. The Brown Bomber.

ANSWERS

FAMOUS TRIPLETS: 1. Wine, women and song; 2. Sun, moon and stars; 3. Hook, line and sinker; 4. Lock, stock and barrel; 5. Ready, willing and able; 6. Stop, look and listen; 7. Faith, Hope and Charity; 8. Fair, fat and forty.

NICKNAMES: 1. Jack Dempsey; 2. Will Rogers; 3. Ted Williams; 4. Mary Pickford; 5. Napoleon Bonaparte; 6. Jenny Lind; 7. John Barrymore; 8. Joe Louis.

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT 2 3 4 5 6 7

You can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this result and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

I	O	I	R	N	E	T	O	R	E	N	I	T
e	s	e	c	g	h	c	d	h	s	o	l	s
T	R	I	O	N	E	R	I	O	T	R	E	E
h	e	m	o	p	e	s	i	s	t	p	p	T
O	T	T	E	R	I	N	O	N	E	I	R	R
n	c	i	c	y	T	d	i	a	i	c	p	i
N	I	N	N	O	R	T	E	N	I	E	E	T
i	t	i	t	s	o	r	r	s	n	c	u	n
E	N	T	E	I	O	R	N	O	R	I	N	E
m	c	t	s	s	i	s	r	p	c	s	i	t
R	I	N	E	O	T	R	I	O	N	E	T	I
c	i	l	i	s	i	c	t	o	n	o	n	o
T	I	E	R	O	N	N	O	T	E	R	I	E
n	e	e	t	e	e	d	r	t	s	e	s	s

CODE MESSAGE: "Be a good sport and you will be happy."

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 To cut at one stroke
9 A combination (slang)
9 Danish territorial division
12 To get up
13 California rockfish
14 To regret
15 Ob (Roman. num.)
16 Outer garment
18 Golf mound
20 Size of shot
22 Mimicker
24 Fastening
27 Arias
29 Mentally dull
31 The urial
33 Walks
34 Percolates
36 While
37 Manifest
39 Scoffs
41 French for "and"
42 Sour
44 Worthless substance
46 Letter of alphabet
47 Ache
49 Woody plant
50 Russian ruler
52 Flesh
54 Printer's measure
55 Wheel track
57 Unruly outbreak
59 Babylonian deity
61 Core for fashioning metal objects
63 Brother of Cain
65 Flakelike implements
67 Color
68 Free of moisture
69 A handful

VERTICAL

1 Fortunate (India)
2 Winks
3 Entrie
4 Church bench
5 Snares
6 Turns back
7 Upon
8 Make lace edging
9 Extent of land (pl.)
10 Greek letter
11 Symbol for tellurium
17 Sun god
19 Exclamation of hesitation
21 Allowance for waste
23 Performs
25 That which gives keen edge to (pl.)
26 Adherent of Zoroastrian religion
27 Phase
28 Small barracuda
30 Departed
32 Smoke
35 Saucy
38 British street car
40 Ireland
43 Arranged in layers
46 Having hearing organs
48 Fastens
51 Symbol for ruthenium
53 Toward
56 Thick, black substance
58 To pull
60 Snake
61 Land measure
62 Pronoun
64 Prefix: twice
66 Three-toed sloth

PUZZLE NO. 288

ANSWERS

ARITHMETIC

ADD:	213 and 476
ADD:	087 and 369
SUBTRACT:	238 from 247
MULTIPLY:	07 by 459
DIVIDE:	040 into 716

Had you lived 2400 years ago, you could be executed for stealing a loaf of bread, and not everybody could vote.

Rich Man, Poor Man

Part Nine

From 'A Child's History of the World'

By V. M. Hillyer

"History so simply written a child of nine can understand it."

Ostracism in action

Whenever I pass a group of street boys playing ball, I almost always hear some one shout, "That's no fair!"

There always seems to be some players who think the others are not playing fair. Sides are always quarreling.

They need an umpire.

When Athens was young there were sides among the people—the rich and the poor, the aristocrats and the common people—and they were always quarreling.

Each side was trying to get more power, and each side said the other wasn't playing fair.

They needed an umpire.

Athens had had kings, but the kings took the side of the rich, and so at last the Athenians had kicked out the last king, and after that they would have no more kings.

About the year 600 B. C. things became so very bad that a man named Draco was chosen to make a set of rules for the Athenians to obey. These rules he made were called the Code of Draco.

Draco's Code made terrible punishments for any one who broke the rules.

If a man stole anything, even as small a thing as a loaf of bread, he was not just fined or sent to jail; he was put to death!

And no matter how small the wrong a man had done, he was put to death for it. Draco explained the reason for such a severe law by saying that a thief deserved to be put to death and should be.

A man who killed, another deserved more than to be put to death, but unfortunately there was no worse punishment to give him.

You can understand how much trouble the laws of Draco caused. They were so hard that a little later another man was called upon to make a new set of laws.

This man was named Solon, and his laws were very just and good. We now call senators and other people who make our laws "Solons" after this man Solon, who lived so long ago, even though their laws are not always just and good.

Still the people were not satisfied with Solon's laws. The upper classes thought the laws gave too much to the lower classes, and the lower classes thought they gave too much to the upper.

Both classes, however, obeyed the laws for a while, although both classes complained against them.

But about 560 B. C. a man named Pisistratus stepped in and took charge of things himself. He was not elected nor chosen by the people.

He simply made himself ruler, and he was so powerful that no one could stop him. It was as if a boy made himself captain or umpire without being chosen by those on the teams.

There were others from time to time in Greece who did the same thing, and they were called tyrants. So Pisistratus was a tyrant.

Nowadays only a ruler who is cruel and unjust is called a tyrant.

Pisistratus, however, settled the difficulties of both sides, and, though a tyrant in the Greek sense, he was neither cruel nor unjust.

In fact, Pisistratus ruled according to the laws of Solon, and he did a great deal to improve Athens and the life of the people.

Rome Kicks Out Her Kings

In 509 B. C. something happened in Rome.

There were two classes of people in Rome, just as there were in Athens; the wealthy people who were called patricians and the poor people who are rich and aristocratic "particians," and the people who are poor and uneducated "plebeians." The patricians were allowed to vote, but the plebeians were not allowed to vote.

At last, however, the plebeians had been given the right to vote. But in 509 Rome had a king named Tarquin. He didn't think the plebeians should be allowed to vote, and so he said they should not. The plebeians would not stand this, and so they got together and drove Tarquin out of the city, as the Athenians had driven out their king. This was in 509, and Tarquin was the last king Rome ever had.

Among other things he did, he had Homer's poems written down, so that people could read them, for before this time people knew them only from hearing them recited.

So the people put up with Pisistratus and also with his son for a while. But finally the Athenians got tired of the son's rule and drove all the Pisistratus family out of Athens in 510 B. C.

The next man to try and settle the quarrels of the two sides was named Clisthenes. It is hard, sometimes, to learn the name of a stranger to whom we have just been introduced unless we hear his name repeated several times.

So I will say his name so that you can get used to hearing it:

CLISTHENES;
CLISTHENES;
CLISTHENES.

Your father may be poor or he may be rich. If he is poor he has one vote when there is an election.

If he is rich he has one vote but only one vote and no more.

If he breaks the laws, whether he is rich or whether he is poor, he must go to jail.

It was not always so; it is not always so even now. But long ago it was much worse.

Clisthenes gave every one a vote—rich and poor alike—and ruled wisely and well.

Clisthenes started something called ostracism. If for any reason the people wanted to get rid of a man, all they had to do was to scratch his name on any piece of a broken pot or jar they might find and drop it in a voting-box on a certain day.

If there were enough such votes, the man would have to leave the city and stay away for ten years. This was called ostracism, and a man so treated was said to be ostracized, from the Greek name for such a broken piece of pottery, on which the name was written.

Even today we use this same word to speak of a person whom no one will have anything to do with, whom no one wants around, saying he has been ostracized.

2893 SIZES 12 - 46

2941 SIZES 14 - 48

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Nursery Rhymes Won't Hurt Them

By MABEL R. JACKSON

National Kindergarten Association

I had first met Mrs. Rood when on the same day, both of us visited the kindergarten which our respective small children attended.

After that, we met several times while shopping, and then one afternoon she dropped in at my home for a little visit.

We had been chatting away when presently, in a lull in the conversation we heard my Larry giving to her Billy his own version of a nursery ditty:

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Chwismus pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said what a good boy was he
But he wasn't."

My eyes met Mrs. Rood's mirthfully, but we both carefully refrained from overt smiling until the youngsters had left the room to play with some of Larry's toys.

Then Mrs. Rood said, "I don't think Billy knows a single one of those old jingles. Of course, our mothers' generation didn't know anything better and so you and I also learned them. But I don't teach Billy Mother Goose rhymes.

Frankly, I think they're rather silly and not at all uplifting—certainly not literature."

A Little Angry

"But—" I began, bristling a little because I felt as though she had maligned a dear relative.

"In place of them I read him Milne, and Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses. I want to form his taste for what is really good."

"Larry has heard those, too," I said defensively, "but I've never thought of them as taking the place of Mother Goose. I grew up with those quaint old tales and I don't think they hurt my taste for good reading. In fact, I know they didn't."

I was still simmering when she had gone. Eliminate Goose from childhood!

Why, it seemed unthinkable to have a child grow up without the acquaintance with Peter Pumpkin Eater, Little Bopeep, Little Miss Muffet, Simon, Mother Hubbard, and all the other fascinating characters, so much a part of the traditions of English-speaking people that they seem always to have existed among us.

300 Years Old

In truth, they have been ours since about 1760, but science claim to them even delays their own Perrault having Rhymes about 1696.

The characters, some grotesque, some amusing, many endearing, but all immortal, easily understandable to a child's heart and mind, are held there as fondly as the Teddy bear is held in

Quite probably Robert Louis Stevenson himself, when he was "a wee sma' lad," knew many of the verses. There couldn't be a better source for a child's first idea of rhyme and rhythm.

References to one or more characters in Mother Goose are heard nearly every day on some radio program.

Apt phrases have been quoted from them numberless times.

Provide Ideas

Writers have woven stories and poems and plays from ideas gleaned from the jingles. A person ignorant of them, it seems, would be in some degree illiterate.

But aside from their delicious, whimsical wisdom, their delicious other claim to a reason for existing than the delight they afforded generations of children, whom Mother Goose, the most remarkable dame in all history," is a joyous, beloved fr

SUNDAY SERMON

Rev. Robert H. Harper

In the Shadow of the Cross
Matthew 26:6-13; 26-30
Golden Text: John 10: 17-18

The anointing with precious ointment brought sharp contrasts between the disciples and the woman who came with the alabaster box of ointment very costly.

The disciples even reached the point of indignation that the woman had anointed the Master instead of turning the ointment into cash. One gospel tells us that it was Judas who voiced this indignation because he was a thief and held the bag.

He did not want to see money wasted, as he deemed it, by pouring the ointment upon the Master's head.

Saving For Jesus

We may well believe that long before the day of savings banks and high-pressure advertisements to induce people to invest in one and use it, the woman had learned how to save. It is likely that she saved with her act of adoration in view—saved until the great hour when she could anoint her Master's head.

The night before the crucifixion, as Jesus and His disciples were preparing to leave the upper room in Jerusalem, the Lord instituted the Sacrament of His Supper that, henceforth, men might have a ceremonial designed to help them remember him.

It also brings an opportunity to men to declare their faith and show their discipleship to the world.

Let gratitude grow in the heart for the blessed hours that closely preceded the crucifixion. And let us all resolve that in all we do and say we shall be remembering Jesus in the way we live.

Mothers You Should Know

Mrs. Mable Brown, of 2339 Louise ave., Knoxville, Tenn. Widowed 33 years ago, this mother of four daughters, carried on single handed to see that her children finished college.

Today, this former domestic worker, can point with pride to the good job she has done. Three of her daughters are now schoolteachers. Louise, Anna Jane and Mildred. Edythe, the fourth daughter, is dean of the National Baptist Missionary Training School, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Brown is an active member of Mt. Zion Baptist Church, a BTU group leader, a member of other church organizations and in 1946 was selected as Mt. Zion's Mother of the Year.

MRS. MABLE BROWN

Family Problems

Dear Ann Morris:

I am just plain tired of my wife. I do not know what to do about it.

When I say tired, I do not mean that I object to supporting her. I do not mean that I am interested in another woman. I do not mean that she is not a faithful mate, and I admit that she is a fairly adequate housekeeper.

But sometimes I think that if I have to go home and listen to her petty talk another evening, or to her complaints that I am cool or indifferent, or to eat the same fish dinner that she considers a Friday must, I'd rather stay in my office and turn on the gas.

Boring Marriage

Can you think of any adequate reason why I should remain in a marriage that has become a bore to me and is not, as I see it, providing any happiness for her. If you can, please tell me.

JOHN H. L.

Dear John H. L.:

I do not think you are bored with your wife. I think you are bored with yourself because your spiritual stock is so low.

In the first place marriage is not a whim, but a contract between two honorable people, who should be good sports enough to not throw the game the minute one loses the ball.

Your wife is not an entertainer, you know. If you can contribute enough to the conversation I imagine it will become more lively.

If the Friday meals do not please you, why not take her out to a club or restaurant where you can order a novel meal. She will get a kick out of that too.

If I were you, I'd try to bring some happiness into the home and not expect to find it there without effort on my part.

If this fails, I'd put the proposition squarely up to my wife. Maybe she is just as tired of the situation as you, and just as ready to try a change.

ANN MORRIS.

How To Remove Stains . . . . . .

SCORCH — Bleach by sunlight or with javelle water.

SHOE POLISH — Rinse in alcohol or turpentine; then wash with soap and water.

SOOT AND LAMPBLACK—Rinse in benzine, naphtha, or carbon tetrachloride; wash in soap-suds.

STOVE POLISH — Rinse in gasoline or naphtha, or wash with soap and cold water.

SYRUP — Rinse in water.

TAR — Rub with lard or butter, then wash with soap and warm water, or rinse in gasoline, naphtha, or carbon tetrachloride.

TEA (Clear) — Rinse with boiling water, wash with borax or strong soap and water, and bleach.

Dale Carnegie

Lesson On Handling People

Virginia L. Collier, Petersburg, Va., is an expert on handling people. One day an employee from the plant came to paint her bedroom closet. She showed him the paint she wanted him to use. He finished the job; she paid him and drove him home.

Returning, she put the electric heater in the closet to dry the paint as quickly as possible. You can imagine her surprise when she saw that he had painted the closet with some cheap outside paint that she doubted would ever dry.

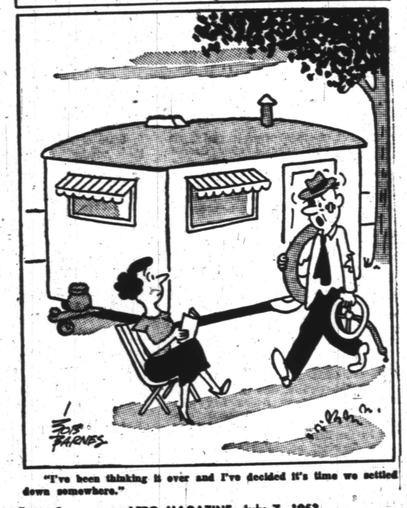
On her way back to his house she remembered a rule "Don't criticize, condemn or complain" and though she was thoroughly disgusted with him, she was particularly kind in telling him what he had done. She then brought him back to the house and he washed the wall with solvent which dried quickly, and he painted the closet with the right paint.

Mistakes Are Human

When he got out of the car at his home the second time she handed him the same amount of money she paid him first. He had the good grace to hesitate, saying, "Mrs. Collier, it was all my fault and you should certainly not pay me again." She said, "We all make mistakes and you worked a lot harder on the second job than you did on the first and I want to pay you." He very humbly, and gratefully, accepted it.

Monday morning when she got to work, the office manager told her the employee wanted to see her right away. He was genuinely interested in how the paint job turned out and repeated that she should not have paid him twice. He added also that the mistake had taught him a lesson and that he would certainly never make a similar mistake again.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"I've been thinking it over and I've decided it's time we settled down somewhere."

TALES OF BLACK ROBIN:

Burial At Midnight

By H. L. FAGGETT

An enormous crime wave was sweeping over a certain Eastern Seaboard city.

Dave sat at his specially-made mahogany desk, with a menancing pistol prominently displayed, as we went over a few pertinent facts concerning the so-called crime wave.

Too many of the criminals were reported to be colored, especially the ones who weren't caught. Boss David and Ol' Robin, his "chauffeur," were on the scene to find out what it was.

Local papers gave us our first clue We found this item:

"...Colored people's demand for equal adequate hospitalization of mentally infirm is under consideration by the City Council; leaders protest denial of the right to share the spacious Randall Institution estate with whites..."

"You don't suppose—" Dave began.

"But I do. Down here the whites would rather a colored nut ran loose than cure him in an institution along with white women," I explained.

"Colored taxpayers are about 75,000 strong here. Oughta be able to get whatever they want."

"Not a single colored citizen here holds any important political office, Davie, me boy," I reminded my buddy. "There's your answer—no real leaders, no strong organization..."

One case caught our particular attention: An attendant at the Randall place had been caught with a white woman, an idiot patient.

We put the two facts together—objection to everyone using the Randall Institution; the boy's attack of a white woman there—and came up with a pretty good theory.

"Poor fellow might have been framed, Robin," said David, and I agreed with him. "A number of these reported acts of burglary, murder, and the rest could have really involved white men," he went on.

"Disgusted?"

"Black-face paint, gloves."

"But how're you gonna prove a thing like that" I asked.

"Catch a few, red-handed. Play up this anti-colored campaign in the papers. Dad could use a few such stories to meet the New York circulation competition."

I was, way ahead of Dave on that Hoogie-catching deal; had already thought up a plan to go black-face hunting. The proposed layout tickled me no end, but David objected. Can't say I blame him though. Finally I psyched him into it:

It was early in the evening. We were riding around the city, me in my chauffeur outfit, my pro - football pay check grumbling from the rear seat of his dad's big, blue Cadillac convertible.

"Oh, well—if you don't want to co-operate, just forget it," I told him, with a grin he couldn't see but sounding dead serious.

For five nights our little plan was in operation without success; I tailed a shapely blond through City Park, south end.

On the sixth I was almost an hour late for my stroll; wondered if my blonde mystery woman missed me.

She wasn't in sight. Excited, I quickened my step—knew she had to be there. And there she was. I could barely recognize her form in the distance.

Had a feeling I should get to her side quick. Never will know why the urge suddenly came upon me. It was almost as if I expected that big dark figure to step from the bordering shrubbery, a knife blade flashing in his hand.

The big man didn't see me—still too far away when he made his play. His lunge for the woman was timed just right. The knife was at her throat when I yelled.

But the yoker was too slow; his knife didn't scare anybody, and the gal knew her judo; held on to the guy's cutting arm for dear life, without a single lady-like screech.

They were rolling, cursing, panting like mad all over the dim-lighted gravel walkway before I could get into the act.

One good stroke of my black jack, and the fair lady of judo was rescued. The big yoker was quiet but still breathing.

The blonde! Her wig was missing, black dress—oh, what a mess! High-heel shoes, ruined, scattered. She ambled painfully over to sit on the grass—

"He didn't—" I started to speak.

"Heck no! Light me a cigarette. And where have you been I might got killed."

"Sorry, Dave," I apologized. "Knew you could take care of yourself. Just think, buddy! We caught one! If we can only make him talk."

"He'll talk all right. Come on, let's get him to the car, quick! Oh, my feet—this rig—what are you staring at?" he stormed at me.

"Lipstick's becoming, old boy. You should wear it more often. If only Agnes could see you now!" I teased then dodged the big leather lady's bag Dave flung at me.

With our prisoner trussed up tight on the back cushion and and Dave busy removing signs of his masquerade, I drove to a spot a few miles from the city where we'd set up our little crime lab in an old abandoned shack.

"We're sunk if this guy's just another yoker—if the jerk knows nothing to tell," was my worry.

"We'll soon know," consoled Dave. "Did you notify my local FBI friend"

"Yeah. He said he'd go along with us on this deal," I told Dave. "But officially he could have no part of our methods..."

Inside the shack we loosed the ropes on our prisoner; let him sit up. The yoker was scared silly, hurt bad, but still strong enough to bluff when he saw that one of his captors was a colored chauffeur:

"...Okay! You got me. Turn me over to the cops. I can get a good lawyer... What else you want with me"

"Who hired you? Why'd you black your face"...On and on this went till Dave got mad—boiled over like a loose-lid pot.

"All right, Bub. We gave you your chance ...Stretch him out; tighten those ropes; tear off his right shirt-sleeve!"

"What're you going to do with me" squawked the Hoogie, "you can't—"

I shoved a handkerchief half-way down his throat. His eyes bulged. Dave rammed home a hypodermic needle he'd pulled from a bag. The yoker relaxed.

"See that pine box. When you wake up about an hour from now, you'll be in it—six feet down. If you really do wake up down there and feel like talking, holler out. You don't holler—we throw on more dirt. Take out his gag, Robin..."

We placed the fellow in the make-shift coffin, closed the lid; snapped off our electric torch. Leaving Dave to watch, I drove into town for the agent we had contacted at the local office of the FBI.

An hour later the three of us sat outside the shack waiting in the darkness for a sound from the man we'd "buried." The tape recorder was ready.

Dave and I were tense. Suppose the poor critter had nothing to tell—didn't know of any anti-colored plot or anything of the sort, we worried.

For 20 minutes we listened. The agent grew impatient. Half an hour—each second was like 10 nights in a graveyard... an hour...another half hour...Then an unearthly screech, frantic rustling, rumbling, scuffling from the shack as the man struggled in his coffin. We moved in closer with our machine...

"Ya-aa-a! Lemme outta here! I'm dyin', sure I'll talk...for godness sake, don't leave me down here...can't breathe!...

We had to hold back the agent, the jerk in the coffin sounded that pitiful. Touched me an' Dave, and we knew the score. Dave answered first:

"We're listening ... Who hired you.... else is in on this dirty mess Easy, now. talk slow..."

We'd hit the jackpot! The fellow told us more than we had ever hoped to hear. Tape recorder whirled away. One question I managed to squeeze in: "Was that colored boy framed—rape case at the Randall place."

"F'r goodness sake...git me outta here ...sure the kid was framed..."

"He's all yours, officer," spoke up a satisfied David. "Think you've got a case"

"Certain of it; in fact, this whole plot was pretty obvious from the start. All we needed was a little something to go on. You fellows have given us plenty."

The agent took over from then on. The sorry-looking, half - crazed, sweaty, Hoogie was taken from the coffin and handcuffed.

He sat at his specially-made desk, a pistol prominently displayed.

We gathered what paraphrenalia we wanted to save, got ready to go. I took Dave by the arm:

"Shall we depart, Priscilla" I offered sweetly.

Dave's sudden burst of cuss words shocked Agent James:

"What goes on, fellows What's wrong"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" answered Dave. "This chauffeur of mine just gotta prove he has a sense o' humor."

The investigator trailed us into town with his prisoner, as the dawn began to light the early morning skies.

3 MINUTE FICTION

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

By KATHRYN ROBERTS

When Sam Gleason awoke down in the jungle, the keen spring air mingled with the odors of wood smoke and boiling coffee.

Carefully he folded the newspapers he had slept under and weighted them with a rock. Through the greening willows he heard coarse voices. When he approached them, they addressed him brusquely.

"Where's your dibs, Gleason? Coffee's done."

"I musta overslept." he apologized, looking at the sun. "I'll be back soon. It don't take no time at all to hit a couple of back doors. What do you want? Bacon?"

"Never mind," Dude decided. "They's enough for three. You fetch the grub for lunch."

"Yeah," Shorty leered, "and double for you, or don't come back!"

Sam grinned assent and lent himself to the breakfast. As soon as he had wined away the remains of egg from his stubbled chin, he proceeded down the tracks and through the poorer part of town.

When he came to the better houses, he tried not to walk too jauntily.

It was then he met Reardon. Reardon was fat, well dressed, rather simple looking, and brimming with kindness

"A dime for a cuppa coffee, Mister?" he suggested hopefully.

"Sure! Sure! Poor fellow," Reardon said, fumbling in his pockets. He finally located a coin but withdrew it just as he was about to drop it into Sam's open palm.

No Clothes

"You have no other clothes?"

Sam shook his head sadly.

"That's a shame. I tell you what. I'll fix you up."

He put his arm around Sam's soiled shoulder. At first bewildered, Sam allowed himself to be led to Reardon's car in which he was driven uncertainly someplace or other. They stopped in front of a restaurant.

"Now, I bet you're hungry. Nothing like a full stomach to make the world look rosy."

"But —" Sam started to protest.

"No buts about it. It's a pleasure." He insisted on Sam's downing two eggs, a stack of hot cakes, sausages and coffee.

Again he got him into the car and drove a circuitous route to a neat bungalow.

"My domain. Sam. Enter."

"Nothin' doin'. I ain't goin' in there. How do I know it's your house?"

"Sure it's my house. Come on in," Reardon pleaded. "Be a nice fellow."

"You don't know what it is, Sam. You don't have a nice wife to quarrel with. She's a fine wife, and I love her, but every time we quarrel I feel so guilty.

"It's terrible. Then I have to do some good deed to square my conscience. You're my good deed, Sam."

He sighed before continuing and regarded the potted plant, now reposing on the bathroom rug.

"Just one thing more. I want you to give me your ragged clothes and dirty hat, Sam."

Snatched The Rags

"Oh, no. I won't!" Sam said.

Without trying to coax him, Reardon snatched the disreputable heap of clothing and dashed out of the house. Sam waited with misgivings.

An hour later Reardon returned with new suit, tie, shirt, underwear and socks.

He still wore his benevolence like a halo. Before he turned Sam loose, he achieved a haircut to which Sam submitted dejectedly. Reardon beamed with satisfaction when he said goodbye

Sam made his way to the public park. Discreetly at long intervals he moved from one bench to another. Breakfast time found him there.

Where else could he go? Not to the jungles empty handed. His friends had warned, "Double for you, or don't come back!"

A man sat down beside him. He started hopefully. "A dime for a cuppa coffee, mister?" Then he remembered that he looked like a bank clerk. He pulled his new belt tighter around his empty stomach.

A robin in a bed of daffodils braced its feet and stretched back its neck, pulling an a worm.

"Lucky bird!" Sam said.