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No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Knevels

But Gwenn, her furs thrown back to show an elaborate Venetian costume of red and gold, had only time for the flick of an eye at April's dress.

Zora, gorgeous in homemade fortune teller's costume, was backing away from the window, uttering a feeble shriek. She dropped the tray of glasses on the floor.

"I see it," she screamed. "A face—white as an' awful!"

"Maybe 'twas the ice cream man—he's late," Polly was on her knees, picking up the pieces.

"No, no!" Zora's black eyes popped with horror. "I seen a ghost. I know I did. I didn't go to break the glasses. It ain't my fault if I'm a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter an' can see spirits."

"If you can see spirits it's more than I can," Ten Parker shouted. He came out of the pantry where he had been inspecting the ice box. Behind his appeared Gwenn Ten Parker's curious eyes were taking in the whole scene.

"Hi! How about it, April?" Ten complained. "How about cock-tails?"

It was like Ten, April thought, to add to the confusion by following her around the kitchen lamenting over the missing liquor. "I don't know where it is," she informed him. "and I don't care Polly must have put it somewhere but she can't remember and I don't want her bothered. Go and look for the stuff, all of you. Get out of here."

Ten growled and Gwenn pouted but finally they took the candles April lighted for them. We'll find it! Gwenn cried. "Time enough for you to make a sissy out of Ten when you're married to him, April, if you ever are."

"Hi! Ten! Oh Gwenn, come on down cellar," a girl's voice summoned from subterranean regions. "I've found bottle. Big, cobwebby bottles. Heaps and heaps of them."

Ten dashed for the stairs, Gwenn followed more slowly because of her long velvet gown. Certainly there were bottles in the old wine cellar—relics of convivial Day ancestors—and every one was empty.

When the meal was over April watched the crowd thronging round the fortune teller's booth. All of them shrieked to Zora to read their palms; all but two. Alice—how lovely she was tonight, in her soft grey nun's robe with its floating veil! Jay, the quitter, would have appeared in ordinary dress if April had not pounced on him, taken his coat, turned him into a pirate by grace of a red sash or two, and the library paper knife. Jay and Alice watched the fortune telling for a while, then, to her satisfaction, April saw them wander off together to the library. So far so good. The mistress of the "Hill" breathed more easily as she slipped through the kitchen and into the back stairs.

It might be as well, April decided, to make sure that the basket was in the closet and that the key was not in its too convenient spot. April had forgotten to bring a candle, but she knew her ground so well that she stepped briskly across the attic floor till she reached the window, where a streak of light showed her the key on its nail. She unlocked the closet and there, sure enough, was the big basket. April knelt to inspect it, laughing.

Suddenly, as she knelt there in the dark, she had an unpleasant sensation. She felt rather than heard a presence behind her. Someone was near—someone was moving furtively among the shadows back of high piled trunks and broken chairs. Not Ten, because Ten would have swooped on the liquor basket before this. April got to her feet and started back across the attic floor. Foolish—perfectly childish to be scared, but—suddenly her foot struck something and she stumbled and fell.

April's cry was half pain, half

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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Dorothy Dix Says—

(Continued from Page 2)

ties. As soon as son John announces to Mother that he is the happiest man in the world because Mary Jane, who is a compendium of all the charms and virtues, has said "yes," Mother should get busy. She should contact Mary Jane, either by word of mouth or letter, and extend to her an enthusiastic welcome into the family. Many a girl gets her first grips against mother-in-law by being made to feel that she isn't wanted and that John's mother hates her, sight unseen, for having broken into her home and stolen her precious darling.

Also, and note this well, do not on any account put in your little two cents of advice about the wedding. Let the girl's mother run the show. She feels that is her right, and you will make an enemy for life and one who will prejudice the girl against you if you interfere in even the smallest particular.

Don't try to live with your daughter-in-law. It can't be done unless you and the girl are two female angels. The greatest earthly illustration of optimism is when a boy brings his bride home and says to his mother: "I know you and Sally will love each other." That feat can only be accomplished if they do not live in the same house and don't see each other often enough to get a close up on each other's ways and peculiarities.

Don't even make a suggestion or offer a piece of advice to your daughter-in-law if you expect her to love you. Every young wife thinks she knows it all and nobody can tell her anything. Let her run her house and rear her babies without any help from you, except when the children get sick and she sends a SOS out for John's mother.

Don't make the blunder of calling John's bride "another daughter" and treating her as one. One of the main things girls marry for is to get out from under Mama's thumb, and while they will stand for advice from their own mothers, they won't take it from an in-law.

And, finally and above all, if you want your daughter-in-law to love you, just be lovable. Most daughters-in-law respond to kind treatment.

BRITISH HEALTH SERVICE

LONDON — (CP) — Every man, woman and child in Britain will be able to make use of medical, dental and nursing facilities free of charge and without insurance qualifications under the new Health Service effective this July. More than 13,000,000 official cardholders were distributed recently explaining the service.

SOUTHEND, England — (CP) — Latest addition to local officials is a "Sea Front Host," whose duties will include organization of beauty and sand-castle competitions and swimming galas.

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten

NO NO! THIS PICTURE IS WORSE THAN THE OTHERS I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER!

THIS ONE DOESN'T DO A THING FOR ME! YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT ME AGAIN.

POOR DUB, THAT'S A BIG PROFIT HE'S GONNA MAKE HE'S GONNA MAKE WHAT THEY WANT AS A MAGICIAN—NOT A PHOTOGRAPHER.

NEARLY I'VE SEEN BETTER LOOKING HEADS ON BOILS!

I'D LIKE TO SHOOT FATTY AGAIN MYSELF, BUT NOT WITH A CAMERA!

THE BEST POSE DUB COULD GET IS THE BACK OF THEIR NECKS—GOING AWAY.

THERE'S A FORTUNE FOR THE GUY WHO GETS THE ASPIRIN CONCESSION IN A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO.

Thanks to CHARLES BELL, DETROIT 6, MICH.

Don't Make This Mistake When Child Is Constipated

Don't upset a child already upset by constipation with nasty-tasting laxatives or harsh, griping cathartics. Give Children's Own Tablets. This new corrective made especially for growing youngsters' needs is so pleasant to take—acts so gently and normally without disagreeable reactions that even the fussiest child won't object to their use. Make laxative-taking time easy on the child and yourself, mother! Get Children's Own Tablets today at your druggist, 25¢.

fright, and she didn't expect response. She was amazed to hear someone come running upstairs two steps at a time. A pocket torch flashed. April felt herself gathered up in a man's arms... Bill—yes, it was Bill Brown. "Are you hurt?" he cried. "I heard you scream."

"No. Let me go. I—"

CHAPTER XVIII

But Bill did not seem to want to let April go. He was holding her close, his lips against her cheek, when a dark shape hurried itself upon him and bore him to the floor. April would have fallen too, if Bill had not pushed her from him in the moment of onslaught. Now, as she groped madly for the torch he had dropped, she was genuinely, horribly afraid. No wonder the torch wobbled as April directed the light on the whirling mass of legs and arms. The torch showed two rough-looking men; one—Bill Brown in his turtle neck sweater and patched lumber jacket. The other tenuous as a bulldog, Mr. Daniel Aloysius Rafferty.

"Stop it, both of you," April cried. "Oh, Raf, when did you get here?"

"I—gotter—beat him up. He had—it—comin' to him." Poor old Raf, coughing and wheezing, had hard work to keep the role of victor while being sat upon by Mr. Brown.

"Let him up. Don't you see you're squeezing the life out of him?" April exclaimed impatiently to Bill, who reluctantly released his hold.

"It's him—John Dolan!" Sitting up, and tugging at the torn collar of his old shirt, Dan glared accusingly at his antagonist. "Followed me all day—and yestiddy, he did. The thief!"

"This man followed you along the roads, Raf?" Already April was sizing up the situation.

"He did that, indeed! Dolan was the name. A waiter out o' work he sez," Raf still panted with indignation. "The greatest feller for questions ever I see."

"Go, Mr. John Dolan," April said, directing the torch on Bill's convulsed face. "So, you thought you'd take shelter in my house, did you? Creeping in here after Rafferty, were you?"

"I—why—er—I just came to rescue you. I heard you scream, I—er—didn't mean no harm, lady!"

(To Be Continued)

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