

Smiles

In Luck
"I'm glad it's good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit."
"Why?"
"Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time."

Voicing It
"Do you ever hear any more about the money you lent to the people next door?"
"I should say so. They bought a radio with it."

WEIGHTY PROBLEMS



"He's a man of such heavy thought."
"Who? That coal dealer?"
"Yes; he's always thinking in tons."

A little girl said to the little boy who was playing with her:
"When I was born I was so spris'd I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half."

Too Much to Expect
"You have a nice collection of books, but you should have more shelves."

"I know, but nobody seems to lend me shelves."

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ORDER PRESSURE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

SYNOPSIS

Joyce Sewell, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, sits at her lot, dependent on her detested stepmother, Irma, and full of tragic memories of her mother's murder twelve years before and her father's death six months ago. Irma calls in Helm Blackadder, an admirer, to help her persuade Joyce to marry rich, young Michael Kirkpatrick. Mike, sent up to Joyce by Irma and Blackadder, demands a showdown on his proposal and is rejected. Joyce realizes that La Barranca, a Mexican hacienda which her father had owned, legally belongs to her. She receives a warrant on the United States Treasury for \$10,000 compensation for her mother's murder at La Barranca. She confers with Mr. Bradley, a banker and only remaining friend of her father's. She confides that she wants to make a secret journey to Mexico. Bradley arranges all details for her. She departs by plane undetected. Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of the American embassy in Mexico City, gives Joyce a chilly reception and she loses her temper. She finds a Mexican woman lawyer, Margarita Fonseca, who takes her to General Onelia, right-hand man to the Mexican minister of war. Margarita reminds Onelia that the usurper of La Barranca is his dangerous enemy, General Dorado. The two make plans to send Joyce with a few picked men under Pancho Buenaventura to drive Dorado out. Adan Arnaldo, a young man who runs El Tenebroso, a night club, knows Dorado's present whereabouts, so they take Joyce there that night, where she notices Dirk. General Dorado arrives and in the course of sudden gunplay, the lights go out and Joyce is left alone. Adan Arnaldo rescues her and takes her home. The following morning Joyce drives off to La Barranca. Back in El Estero, Joyce's disappearance has been discovered. Blackadder upbraids Irma, but succumbs to her helpless charm and plans to marry her. Blackadder gets the secretary of state to wire the embassy at Mexico City to locate Joyce. Dirk is delegated for the search. He goes to El Tenebroso and interviews Arnaldo. Arnaldo aids Dirk to follow him. Meanwhile Joyce and Pancho reach La Barranca. Pancho and Eusebio, one of his hands, have been and at dawn climb the wall. Suddenly shots ring out and at sight of a sorely wounded man, Joyce runs inside and finds the dead Dorado there, tormented by Pancho and Eusebio. Dorado escapes. Running out again, Joyce is caught by a murderous hand and cries out, "Luz!" Dirk and Arnaldo go to Margarita's apartment, where they are told Joyce's destination and Dirk makes ready to follow alone. Meanwhile at La Barranca Joyce's cry brings Luz and the other old servants of her childhood, led by Don Jorge Maximilian, now blind.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Then the thing becomes simple," said Don Jorge slowly. "I don't mean I can fathom the thought back of Onelia's action, but at least I know where we stand—you and I and all our people. You're here, Luz?"

"Si, Senor."

"Call Leonardo."

"What are you going to do?" asked Joyce as Luz slipped from the room.

"I'll tell you, chica," said Don Jorge, sitting very straight with his hands clasped over the head of his staff. "I'm told five or six of Dorado's followers lie dead. Owing to the suddenness of the attack no doubt his private arsenal is still intact. That gives us plenty of rifles and ammunition, and all the rest becomes easy."

Leonardo entered the room. "Senor, al-servicio-deusted."

"We stand a siege, Leonardo," said Don Jorge, "certainly for weeks, perhaps for months. Call in all our people, corral the stock, close the gates and man the towers with your best shots. You will find the necessary rifles and ammunition where they lie. At present the moon is at the full. Shoot anybody who comes within range by night or by day whether it's friend or foe."

"Oh, Maxie," interrupted Joyce, "why?"

"Since we ourselves are our only friends," said Don Jorge, "whoever comes from without must be a foe."

CHAPTER VIII

Years of peace and months of inaction had caused routine to lay its grip on the American embassy. Routine decreed that the second secretary's waking duty was to epitomize the local papers and lay before his chief by ten o'clock all such items as were worthy of his attention. But fate ordained that on this morning at the said hour Dirk van Suttart should be contemplating with astonishment one bullet hole through his radiator, still another through a front tire and a third that had shattered his non-shatterable windshield, fortunately on the side away from the driver.

Coincidentally the embassy butler murmured in the ambassadorial ear: "The minister of war on the telephone, sir—the minister in person."

Ten minutes later the ambassador was being shown into the most private room of the very private residence of the minister of war. It was strictly an unofficial visit—so unofficial that the minister had done the necessary telephoning without bothering to mention the matter to his secretary. Furthermore the invitation was for desayuno, a meal without food, certainly the last word in informality.

"Excellency, how can I express my gratitude that you should condescend to come to my humble abode for a mere sip of coffee?"

"Mr. Minister, I am delighted to be here. I've already had my coffee but I'll gladly accept another cup."

"Permit me to help you to it myself since our privacy is such that no servant is in attendance."

The ambassador, though a diplomat of the first water, felt enough time had been wasted on preliminaries. "I take note of the privacy, Mr. Minister, and see no reason why you should postpone telling me what is troubling you."

The minister's eyebrows went up. "It doesn't trouble you also, Excellency?"

"I must know what we're talking about," said the ambassador, started. "Forgive me, Mr. Minister, but it happens I haven't done my usual reading of the news this morning."

"Ah!" said the minister and pushed forward a newspaper, folded and marked.

"Raid at La Barranca," he read. "We give space to an extraordinary rumor from our correspondent in Toluca not by reason of its fantastic interest but because should it prove true it may develop into an event of colossal import. Some years ago General Dorado, whose services to the republic require no epitome, took possession of the abandoned hacienda of La Barranca and has been doing his best not only to restore it to usefulness but to put into effect the fundamentals of agrarianism on which the future happiness of our people depends. Now word has come to us from a reliable

source that a certain Joyce Sewell, said to be the daughter of the de-camping former owner of La Barranca, suddenly appeared on the scene accompanied by 18 of her fellow countrymen, popularly known as gringos. Disguised to look like our own campesinos, by artifice these men introduced themselves into the innermost recesses of the hacienda. Opening fire without warning they are reported to have massacred the few Doradistas on guard and driven the general himself into the nearby hills. That he should have escaped is only one more proof of the astuteness and bravery with which—"

"A bad business," he murmured. "I can see various complications."

"They are innumerable," said the minister in a tone of exasperation. "No sooner do I estimate them from one angle than another slant presents an entire new crop. I doubt whether you can mention any aspect we should consider before all others."

"I certainly can," said the ambassador promptly. "The matter of the 18 Americans supposed to have accompanied the girl. I don't believe it. I don't believe there was even one American with her."

The minister threw out his hands and let them fall in a despairing gesture. "Excellency, please! It is of no consequence whatever whether they were Americans or not. Personally—strictly as between friends—I'm inclined to agree with you. But the public has been led to believe there were Americans—18 of them—and as long as it continues in that conviction it's exactly as if they had been."

"I admit it," said the ambassador grimly. "Nevertheless I intend sending a declaration to the papers that no American accompanied Miss Joyce Sewell. Her disappearance has been causing considerable commotion not only in my country but throughout the English-speaking world. It was thought she was penniless, consequently her parents were mystified as well as worried."

"Her parents? Are you speaking in the Spanish or the English sense of the word?"

"The English. She has a stepmother and a prospective stepfather who is expected to arrive here today."

"Ah," breathed the minister, "one

more aspect, but perhaps encouraging. What is his mission?"

"I'm not sure but I gather he is determined to take the girl home at once."

"Good. If she still lives we must help him by every means in our power."

"Mr. Minister," said the ambassador gravely, "I wish to assure you that if disaster overtakes Miss Sewell it will shake the present pleasant relations between our two countries to their very foundations. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not implying that Miss Sewell's life is of greater importance than that of any other American living abroad. I'm merely taking into account that for the last ten days every man, woman and child in the United States has been reading about her and in my country such a flood of publicity automatically transforms her into a colossal bomb."

"At last!" murmured the minister, sinking back in his chair. "Now we can talk."

"In my opinion she should be rescued at once."

"By sending a government force."

"To do what?"

"Bring her back to Mexico City, hand her over to her stepfather and bid them both farewell and good-riddance."

"Excellency, have you ever visited any of our major haciendas—especially La Barranca?"

"No, my duties—"

"Of course," interrupted the minister. "La Barranca happens to be a fortress more easily defended than any castle existing in Scotland today. At this season it has stored within its walls enough provisions to keep a small army for five years to say nothing of unlimited water. With six high-powered rifles and plenty of ammunition I would guarantee to hold it indefinitely against a force of a hundred regulars. The only answer to La Barranca on its guard is artillery. Now let's see what your dream amounts to. You suggest that the Mexican government send a battalion against a young girl in whom your whole people happens to be particularly interested in order to kick her off her own property!"

"I withdraw the suggestion," said the ambassador gloomily. "I admit I spoke too hastily, but the possibility of resistance had not occurred to me. The whole thing is fantastic. Are you convinced all this has really happened? Remember the papers speak of it as a rumor."

"I happen to know it isn't a rumor at all," said the minister promptly. "My source of information is unimpeachable. There are certain elements of mystery which threaten my official neck, but the facts themselves are unalterable. The story is so true I regret I happen to be minister of war at the present juncture."

"Strange," murmured the ambassador with a wan smile. "I was thinking the same thing about my ambassadorship! What is your plan, Mr. Minister? I listen."

"Subterfuge and cash. I have no illusions about the senorita Joyce Sewell. I consider her as a fortress. The question now arises how shall she be taken? The answer is so simple it's classic. By an emissary bearing gifts, preferably a sack of gold. We'll find the gold, you find the emissary."

"I have it," exclaimed the ambassador. "My second secretary of the embassy."

The ambassador reached for the telephone, called his own chancery and a moment later was asking the counselor of embassy what explanation Van Suttart had given for his late arrival.

"None, sir. He hasn't arrived."

"What?" cried the ambassador. "Telephone him at once. Send



Her Attention Was Riveted on Something Else.

around to his house. Tell him—"

Interrupted in the midst of his instructions he leaned forward, gripping the apparatus tighter and tighter. When the murmuring voice at the other end finally ceased he hung up and turned to face the minister. "I regret the young gentleman I had in mind is not available since we don't know what has become of him."

"No clue?" asked the minister, frowning.

"Unfortunately there is," said the ambassador, "and I'm ashamed to be obliged to mention it. It was last seen at about two in the morning in the most questionable night club in town seated alone before a magnum of champagne. Needless to say, my first action upon returning to the embassy will be to recommend his immediate dismissal from the service."

The minister, who had knotted his fingers together, began to crack his knuckles one by one. "Be patient, Excellency."

"There's still this Blackadder fellow," the ambassador muttered hopelessly.

The minister was thinking of certain matters he had not voiced. Somebody was out to get him—perhaps had already got him! A phrase used casually by the ambassador hovered in his thoughts. What was the most questionable night club in town? El Tenebroso. A gleam lit in his eyes.

"Ah," he half sighed with relief, "you can put your trust in stepfathers, Mr. Ambassador; I'll send a young friend of mine."

"His name is Arnaldo—Adan Arnaldo."

The shots which had so astonished Dirk Van Suttart stirred Joyce Sewell to swift action. She rushed down into the patio, ascertained they had been fired from the two eastern towers, dispatched Luz to the northern one with a categorical order to lay off and hurried herself up the spiral stone steps of the bastion overlooking the southeastern gate. There she found Leonardo with head and shoulders thrust into an embrasure, looking out.

"We stopped a car in its tracks," he announced, "and it's almost a kilometer away!"

"That's fine, Leonardo," said Joyce, her face white, "but we'll have no more shooting until I say the word. Let me look, please."

Almost at once she discovered the distant car, a shining mark under the rays of the morning sun. It was a roadster and presently she saw emerge from its single seat a huge bear-like figure. Instantly Helm Blackadder came to mind, for who else could it be? Well, she was ready for him. What could he do besides talk? Let him come, and the sooner the better. The man stood for a moment as still as a pillar staring at his car, then he opened the rumble, dragged out a duffel bag and what looked like a gun, threw them over his shoulders and started to walk toward the hacienda.

He had gone less than a hundred yards when he came to the barranca and the rope bridge and he hastened his steps. At that juncture her attention was diverted to a cloud of dust moving across the prairie far to the east. She saw it had been caused by a troop of horsemen and the next instant she realized they had dismounted and were emitting strange puffs of smoke. What could they be shooting at? At her? She was about to draw back instinctively when she saw the bear-like figure leap into the air, come down on all fours and scurry for cover. Leonardo wedged himself into the embrasure next to hers.

"Dorado!" he yelled. "Dorado y su gente!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sew-Your-Own Joins Santa



Did you know, Milady, that Santa Claus and Sew-Your-Own have joined forces to make this the brightest, charmingest Christmas you've ever known? Yes, it's a fact! And you who've tried so hard to be good (and never a little naughty) are going to be rewarded to the full. Gifts by Sew-Your-Own from Santa Claus to you. Here's what you may expect (but remember, "Do not open until Christmas").

Festive Fashion. You're in line for personalized gifts this year, lucky lady, and what could be closer to your heart's desire than a velvet housecoat—nothing indeed (Sew-Your-Own knows every girl's weakness). So keep your fingers crossed and say a little prayer that December 25th will find you merry, cozy and beautiful in this festive young fashion.

Darling and Practical. For Miss Keep-the-Home-Beautiful we've specially designed a pair of really different aprons. One is the kind to wear when actually doing kitchen chores, the other is a dressy model—so pretty you will make a darling hostess. Sew-Your-Own sends these out in one package but Santa may split them up, so don't feel slighted, Miss K-T-H-B, if your stockings give forth only one—either the tea time model or the all-around-the-clock style.

For the Very Young. If you're a very young lady you may find Gift No. 1393 or Gift Set No. 1423 packed neatly in your stocking one fine morning soon. The former, a dress plus dainty shorts, will be a peachy combination to wear to parties when you want to be "dressed up swell." The Temple Trio, a hat, scarf and muff set, was designed to put a little "Hollywood" in your Christmas. It's as bright and cheerful as you could wish for. Hope you're the winner, little lady!

The Patterns. Pattern 1210 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 (full length) requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material; in medium length 5 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1422 is designed for sizes Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), and Large (42-44). Plain apron requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material for medium size. The dressy style requires 1 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for

medium size, plus 4 yards of machine ruffling for trimming, as pictured.

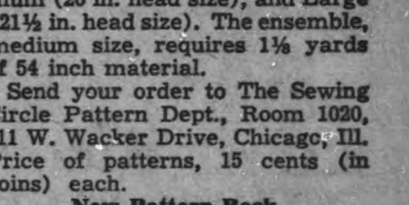
Pattern 1393 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern Set 1423 is designed for sizes Small (18 in. head size), Medium (20 in. head size), and Large (21 1/2 in. head size). The ensemble, medium size, requires 1 1/2 yards of 54 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Silence is more eloquent than words.—Carlyle.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. What is the only walled city in America?
2. Why is the sky blue?
3. What land lies closest to 0 degrees latitude and 0 degrees longitude?
4. What was Aaron Burr's conspiracy supposed to have been?
5. What harbor has two tides a day?
6. What is the length of the longest pipe line in the world?

Answers

1. Quebec.
2. Because the particles of dust which are floating in the upper atmosphere reflect only the blue waves of light.
3. The British Gold Coast colony is nearest.
4. To form a new empire in the Southwest out of Mexican or Louisiana territory.
5. The harbor of Southampton, England.
6. The longest pipe line was recently built under American direction across Asia Minor, and extends for a distance of approximately 1,150 miles.

Age Limit of Earth Fixed at 3,000,000,000 Years by U. S. Chemistry and Soils Expert

Ever since it was discovered that the heat emitted by radio-active substances in the earth was sufficient in amount to have an important geological significance, efforts have been made to calculate the effect of these substances and to use them as a key to determining the age of the earth. The study of the effects of uranium and radium, the heaviest radio-active substance, gave ages of the earth ranging from 1,200,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 years. Dr. A. Keith Brewer, of the bureau of chemistry and soils, Department of Agriculture, has studied the effect of potassium, one of the lighter elements which is also radio-active, and has found that it has played an important role in the history of the earth.

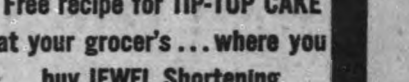
The amount of radio-active potassium varied during the succession of periods of the earth's processes of change, and when the earth was 1,000,000,000 years old it produced sixty times the heat produced by the heavy radio-active elements

uranium and thorium. Calculating the age of the earth on the basis of the potassium index, Dr. Brewer fixes the limit of the age of the earth at 3,000,000,000 years. This calculation is based on the amount of calcium of atomic weight 40 which exists today, because potassium of atomic weight 40 changes into that isotope of calcium. Dr. Brewer expresses the belief that the power of potassium, which is extensively used as a fertilizer, to promote germination of seeds and growth of plants is due to its radio-activity, and suggests that a period of abundance of the element may have been the cause of the carboniferous age, when the earth was covered with a lush growth of vegetation which became the coal deposits in use today.

Largest Salt Lake Inside City

Lake Merritt, in Oakland, Calif., is claimed to be the largest salt water lake in the world inside a municipality. Its use as a wild duck refuge is nationally famous.

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