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Rug From Old Coat And Scraps of Felt

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE directions for making the rug in my book—SEWING, for the Home Decorator, have brought many letters from readers describing rugs that are new to me and very interesting. The reader who shares with us this idea for using pieces of heavy woolen and scraps of felt, tacked her rug to the side of the house and took a snapshot of it which she sent me.

The finished rug is 34 by 23 inches. Half of it is shown here at the upper left. The foundation

(1) is made of the back width of a very heavy old coat. An allowance was made for a hem to add weight to the edge. The foundation may be pieced if a large section of heavy cloth is not available or felt purchased by the yard may be used for it.

Next, circles of felt in two colors, cut from old hats and discarded school pennants, are sewn together with heavy black thread as at A. These are then sewn in place as at B beginning at the center of the foundation. The large circles in the three center rows are two inches in diameter. Those in the next two rows are 2½ inches. All the small circles are one inch.

You can make slipcovers, all types of curtains and many other things for the house with the help of Book 1—SEWING for the Home Decorator. Just follow the pictures. Step by step you learn to make the lovely things you have been wanting for your home. Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery—illustrates 90 stitches; also dozens of things you can make in your spare time to use or to sell. Books are 25 cents each. If you order both books leaflet on crazy-patch quilts will be included free. Address: Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

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CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER VII
—16—

Sunday afternoon, the day after the funeral, Falkran came to see Mrs. Sentry, to remind her that the trial would begin next morning. And he said: "You will of course be in the courtroom every day. I had better tell you what to expect, so that you may show no emotion. The jury will be watching you."

"I shall show no emotion!"

He hesitated. "We ought to discuss," he suggested then, "what you will wear. What is your opinion? Will you be in mourning for Mr. Sentry's mother? That might be effective."

"I think not," she replied. "I dislike—pose. I should not normally wear mourning for Mr. Sentry's mother."

"Perhaps not," he agreed, faintly disappointed. "But — some quite simple dress. And no jewelry?"

She smiled mirthlessly. "No jewelry," she assented.

He said: "Mrs. Sentry, to succeed before a jury requires a careful handling of intangibles. I shall not ask of you very many questions, but my hope is that the State on cross-examination will adopt toward you such a tone that the jury's sympathies will turn in your direction." He confessed, "I even hope that you and Miss Sentry may actually break down, on the stand."

Mrs. Sentry was silent for a moment. "I shan't break down," she said. "I shouldn't know how. But Barbara—She's really so young, and—she hasn't seemed to me well lately. Is it absolutely necessary?" She added, "We haven't let her go to the jail, you know."

"Quite right," he agreed. "You were right not to subject a sheltered, lovely girl to the ordeal of entering those surroundings. But a courtroom is not so bad." And he conceded, "She need not be there till the jury has been selected; but after that, yes." He added, watching her warily, "And if she comes face to face with him in the courtroom, no one will be surprised to see her kiss her father, cling to him, perhaps burst into tears—"

Mrs. Sentry said quietly, "I should be surprised. We are not a demonstrative family."

After he was gone, though he had insisted on the necessity of Barbara's appearance in court, she hesitated to tell the girl. When at last she did so, Barbara tried to speak. She swallowed hard, cried, "No! I won't, mother!"

She seemed to be hoarse: Mrs. Sentry asked, "Are you catching cold?"

"Yes," Barbara said eagerly. "Yes, my throat is sore."

"You'd better go to bed. A cold compress will fix that throat of yours; and some hot lemonade—"

Barbara came quick to her feet. "Yes, yes," she agreed. "I think I'm going to be sick! I feel sick, mother, awfully."

Mrs. Sentry touched her forehead. "You've no temperature," she said. "It will clear up by morning."

But in the morning Barbara was unable to speak at all, and Doctor Mainton found that she had two or three degrees of fever. "A day or two in bed, and drink lots of water," he prescribed. Downstairs afterward, with Mrs. Sentry, he spoke reassuringly. "Her throat is normal," he said. "No inflammation. I suspect it's excitement, nervous strain."

"But people don't run a fever unless they're sick!"

Doctor Mainton smiled faintly. "Our small daughter runs a fever whenever Mrs. Mainton is away from home overnight. A temperature above normal may be a symptom of mental or spiritual as well as of physical ills. Just keep her in bed, don't argue with her—"

So Barbara in the morning stayed abed, with Nellie in solicitous attendance. Some time after Phil and Mrs. Sentry had left for the courthouse, for the opening of the trial, Dan Fisher appeared, laughed Nellie out of her objections, came up to see Barbara propped in pillows. Her eyes lighted when she saw him.

"Hullo, Barb," he said. "Phil told me you were under the weather. They'll be all day getting a jury, so I thought I'd run out and see you. Feel pretty rocky?" Her lips moved, but no intelligible sound emerged. "What's that?" he asked. She shaped, elaborately, the words, "I can't talk!" He echoed, "Can't talk?" And she nodded in violent assent, and he said: "Why not? Lost your voice?" She nodded again, and he said heartily:

"Why, that's fine! You know what I'd do if I were you? I shouldn't find it for a while. Let the darned thing stay lost!" He sat down on the edge of her bed, touched her hand. "And if it comes back," he advised with a chuckle, "try to manage a little appendix, or some gall stones. Or maybe break a leg!"

She smiled faintly and pressed his hand; and he said more seriously: "But don't get too sick, Barb! This—your father—is one of those things that might happen to anyone. It has happened to you, no getting around that. But you're going to go on living just the same, afterward; and living's fun! Life's fun, if you know enough to let it be. And—this will all be behind you, by and by."

She spoke, clearly, in normal tones. "Honest, Dan?"

He was surprised. "Hullo, cured already?"

Her color drained away; her lips moved, but no sound came. He said regretfully: "Say, you're tired. I'm bothering you. I'll run along."

But she held his hand, would not let him go.

"Want me to stay?" he asked.

She nodded; and he sat down again, and talked on at random, cheerfully, and once or twice she smiled and her lids drooped till they closed.

A little later her fingers relaxed their grip, and he eased his hand free and stood up, and for a moment looked down at her, sleeping. His eyes dimmed; he brushed them with his hand, whispered something gently. Then his fist clenched hard till the knuckles were white. He

"I Think I'm Going to be Sick! I Feel Sick, Mother, Awfully."

shook this clenched fist at nothing, at the house perhaps, at the tragic silence all around the lovely, sleeping girl.

Afterward, he went quietly away.

Phil, sitting beside his mother in the courtroom, on the fourth day of the trial—Barbara was still abed at home—heard Mrs. Sentry sigh deeply as though with relief, and leaned to whisper, "What is it?"

"I just remembered something."

"What?"

She shook her head for silence, for attention to the witness just then on the stand. The witness happened to be Miss Randall, office manager for Sentry and Loran; and she was testifying that after Miss Wines' actual employment by the firm was ended, the girl came several times to the office, and on one occasion was for a few minutes alone with Mr. Sentry. Mrs. Sentry, after that relieved sigh which had caught Phil's attention, heard Mr. Flood's question.

"Whether you saw Miss Wines after she talked with Mr. Sentry?"

"Yes."

"Did you observe anything about her condition?"

"She was crying desperately."

District Attorney Flood surrendered the witness; and Falkran rose.

"Now, Miss Randall," he said, in that confident and friendly tone which was so effective with the jury, "you say Miss Wines came to the office on more than one occasion, after her work there was finished?"

"Yes."

"Did she see Mr. Sentry on any other occasion than this one of which you have just spoken?"

"No, she never asked to see him."

"Was Mr. Loran in his office on the occasions of her visits?"

"No, never."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because she always asked for Mr. Loran."

"But if she always asked for Mr. Loran, why did she finally see Mr. Sentry?"

"She seemed so anxious to see someone, I suggested that she see him."

"Did she quickly agree?"

"No, I persuaded her."

"You persuaded her to see Mr. Sentry?"

"Yes."

"And now, Miss Randall, about the amount of money in the safe—"

But Mrs. Sentry's attention did not follow him. It went back to his first questions, with their startling and incredible suggestion of a relationship between the dead girl and Mr. Loran; and her thoughts explored the avenues of possibility thus revealed.

This daily attendance at the trial of your husband for murder was like being hypnotized! You were immune to emotion: you sat bolt upright in a straight chair, with your eyes wide open and your face expressionless, and people hurt you in many ingenious ways, but you felt no pain.

She wondered whether she would be black and blue tomorrow, through all the tomorrows, as she had been the next day after that other occasion so long ago. But meanwhile it was a boon to feel no pain. Not even when they showed the dead girl's coat with the small blackened hole in it where the revolver muzzle had been pressed when it was fired. Not even when they showed the weapon itself, and Phil—poor Phil, so white and brave—had to testify that someone had taken it from his room at home. Then there was a man who testified about something mysterious called "lands," and said that a certain bullet had surely come from this gun. And a hotel clerk from some New Jersey mountain resort swore that two people who registered as Mr. and Mrs. Hume spent three days last August at his hotel, and that Mr. Hume was Mr. Sentry, and that Mrs. Hume was—by the photographs shown him — Miss Wines.

Mrs. Sentry felt no pain even at this. Mary had forewarned her. But she paid curious attention when Mr. Falkran gave the witness a great stack of photographs.

"Will you please select from this collection all the photographs you find of the young lady who stayed with Mr. Hume at your hotel?" he suggested.

The clerk spent a harried fifteen minutes at the task. Twice or thrice he protested, "I don't think I can."

But Falkran urged, "Oh, come now, if you remember the girl who was with Mr. Hume so well that you can recognize her in a photograph which the State showed you, you can surely recognize her in the photographs which I show you."

Mrs. Loran—who was also Jimmy Endle's sister—attended the trial with some regularity, listening with a lively interest to the testimony, sometimes smiling and whispering to her companion of the day. Once when Mrs. Sentry and Phil came along the corridor for the afternoon session, Mrs. Loran stopped them, volubly explaining:

"Of course I know you don't want to stand here with people staring, but I thought you'd like news from Mary. Jimmy's here in town, but naturally Mary didn't come. She's staying on at Palm Beach and Jimmy's going back in two weeks." She was watching Mrs. Sentry. "Jimmy says Mary's wonderful, so gay, dancing, playing around; says you'd never think she had—anything on her mind."

And when Mrs. Sentry could not speak, she added maliciously: "I told Jimmy he should have stayed there to keep her company, but he said she has all the masculine company she can handle. A different man for every hour of the day or night if she wants them. Of course she always was so beautiful!"

Dan Fisher came up quietly behind her. He said casually: "Hullo, Mrs. Loran. I'm Fisher, of the Herald. Is it true Mr. Loran's thinking of buying a ticket to Reno?" She stared at him furiously and whirled away, and he said: "Phil, you need a guardian! Don't let women like that stick pins in your mother."

Mrs. Sentry nodded gratefully. Dan had been throughout the trial a source of strength, managing somehow to reduce all this to the level of an everyday human experience, making them realize that others, all over the world, had been from time to time pilloried as they were pilloried here. Mrs. Sentry assured herself that this was small comfort; yet it was comfort just the same, making her feel not so completely alone. She admitted to Phil on the way home one day, "You know, I begin to like Dan Fisher."

"Sure," Phil assented. "Dan's a good scout."

She asked: "What does he think, Phil? About the trial?"

"Why, he said today that unless the State proves father was down there that night, their case won't hang together."

She looked at him in quick, springing hope. Arthur's guilt seemed to her so certain that she could not believe anyone else might doubt it. She protested:

"But all that about the key, and the bullet, and the gun, and—what the New Jersey hotel man said—"

"I know," he assented. "But Dan says that isn't enough, just—suggesting motive and premeditation and all that isn't enough—unless they can prove that father was down there that night, between eleven and twelve."

"But he wasn't!" she cried, for a moment almost believing her own words. "He was at home at quarter past eleven."

Phil, about to speak, hesitated, then held his tongue. Let his mother cling to this straw if she could. "Sure," he agreed. "So he couldn't have been down there—"

But next day listening with dull ears, and as though from a very great distance, Mrs. Sentry heard Professor Brace testify that on the night of the murder he was driving Barbara home from the North Shore. Questions and answers struck her like dull blows.

"Did you come through the city?"

"Yes."

"How did you cross the Harbor?"

"Through the Tunnel."

"Do you know the location of Sentry and Loran's place of business?"

"Yes."

"How far is it from the city end of the Tunnel?"

"A few blocks."

"If you were driving from their place of business to the Sentry home, what route would you take?"

"Past the mouth of the Tunnel, down to the station, out along the river."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mud of Bentonite Clay Most Versatile Product; Has Medicinal and Other Uses

About the most versatile mud in the world is that made by mixing bentonite clay with water. The solid factor in this mud may have been used in a soap mixture to make your wineglass sparkle, and is often used to settle the wine which fills the glass, says Technology Review. Then, if dinner has disagreed with you, and your inward activities have to be X-rayed, bentonite may be used as a vehicle to carry through your alimentary system the barium sulphate which will be photographed.

Unconsciously following the precept of the Indians, who used bentonite as a soap, the beauty addict may have her face packed with a clay in which bentonite is an important element, and then may treat a blemish with salve that bentonite has thickened.

Bentonite derives its name from the Fort Benton shales of the upper Missouri valley. Product of the weathering of volcanic glass, it appears in minute percentages in all soils and is found also in large deposits, of which several are in the United States.

At an extreme from these personal uses of the obliging mud are mechanical, industrial, and agricultural applications of bentonite. The simplest of these was the utilization of a bentonite mud to grease the axles of wagons, a method which the pioneers of American westward colonization were said to have practiced.

In our own more complex industrial days, bentonite mud is of unusual value in quickly remedying defects in concrete construction, being used to plug cracks in dams when nothing else works. Similarly, an injection of bentonite mud pumped into an oil well will seep into and plug horizontal seams cut by the well hole, preventing caving of walls and the infiltration of water into the well. A current of thin bentonite mud, pumped down the inner tube of an oil-well casing during the process of drilling, is used to flush out the cuttings of the drill, bringing them back to the surface through the outer casing.

Church Used as Laundry

A tourist to Iceland found at Vidimyri an old church where the folk worshiped on Sunday, but which on weekdays was used as the village laundry, with the family wash of the congregation suspended over the pews.

Add Note of Color to Your Dainty Linens

Pattern 6032

These bluebirds have a charm all their own. Cross stitch them in soft colors (shades of one color or varied colors) on scarf, towels, pillow cases, or cloths and enjoy the pride of possession! Pattern 6032 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 4¾ by 15 inches to 1½ by 1½ inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required; color schemes.

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Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Uncle Phil Says:

Dilute It With Tact

Never use flattery at full strength on your fellow beings.

Any man can get a few pointers from the finger of scorn.

When you follow a bold person you expect him to win; and when he doesn't it is a great shock.

Powerful Quiet

How still a man is after he has said something he shouldn't and realizes it.

Sometimes the prelude to an anecdote makes you wish you didn't have to hear it.

You Never Can Tell

Perseverance, winning in the long run, will sometimes win a lot of things that aren't worth the effort.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." Yes, on other people, too.

People are packed in "like sardines" in many public places; but the sardines have the advantage of being oiled.

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