Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THE STORY: Nick Trent, Army pilot, is buzz-bombed out of the war. On the boat home a mysterious stranger named Booker makes him a vague money-proposition which he turns down. Pat Hudson and Charley Strand, old friends, greet him at the dock. While Nick is waiting for Charley later that afternoon in the lobby of the Parker House, Booker reappears. Introduces Nick to exotic Magda Calavestri. On parting, Calavestri presses a valuable diamond amulet into his hand and whispers: "Tonight." Nick has dinner at the Hudsons', where he has a set-to with Eric Woulf, German-born friend of Pat's whom he has never liked.

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A SENSE OF UNEASINESS

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I HAD reached Arlington Street before something made me turn around. It was the quiet time before the theater crowd got out, and the streets were almost deserted. About a hundred yards behind me someone was just lighting a cigaret. The match flared in the darkness and then went out. I saw him toss the match into the gutter and, as I crossed the street, I kept him on the edge of my vision. Now I felt the gold amulet in my pocket and wished that it was back in Calavestri's bag.

The night light in the lobby of the Commonwealth Apartments gleamed dimly. The interior of the automatic lift smelt of cigarets. At my floor I swung the safety gate shut with a clang, crossed the hall, and put Charley's key in the lock. The door was unlocked. There was a gentle squeak from the hinges as I swung the door inward and snapped on the light.

"Charley?" I called not too loud, but there was no answer. I knew he had gone to the theater, but I thought he might have got in early. I had a pervading sense of uneasiness. I started for the bedroom when the telephone rang. The sound of the bell rasped on my taut nerves.

"Nick." It was Pat's voice and there was a note of anxiety in it. "I've been trying to get you for the last half hour."

"I just got in. What's wrong?"

"Nick. You won't think I'm being silly." Her voice broke in a nervous laugh. "I've a horrible feeling something oddly unpleasant is brewing. After you left, Eric couldn't wait to get out of here."

At that moment I happened to glance into the fireplace and a cold needle thrill ran along my spine. In the grate lay a burning cigaret, its smoke curling innocently up the chimney. Then Pat's voice came over the wire.

"Nick! Are you there?"

"Yes. I'm here."

"I thought something might have happened."

"No. Nothing's happened."

"You haven't seen Eric?"

"No. Why should I?"

"I don't know," Pat said uncertainly. "Somehow I got the impression that he might have seen you at the Club."

"No, Pat." My eyes were glued on the open door to Charley's bedroom. I could feel a cool draft of air coming along the floor. "Look, Pat. You've got the wind up about nothing. Go to bed and I'll call you in the morning."

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AFTER I had hung up, I went toward Charley's bedroom. The door was half open and I could hear a soft scraping sound. There was something covert and stealthy about that sound. I hesitated. Then resolutely I stepped into the doorway and snapped on the light. My Gladstone lay open on the floor, its contents spilled about by someone who had made a hurried search. The window by the bed was open and the shade, blowing gently against the window frame, made the soft scraping noise.

I went over and looked out the window. There was a stone coping less than a foot wide and three stories from the ground. A catwalk that the intruder might have navigated to escape detection, if, as I suspected, he had been trapped by my arrival. Thoughtfully, I drew back and was about to close the window when I noticed something in the street below—just a faint shadow in the fringed glow of the street-light. A darker spot in the semi-darkness where the autumn leaves drifted past the light to the side-walk. The shadow was a man. He stood withdrawn into the dimness and I could see the glow of his cigaret.

I closed the window, drew the shade, and snapped off the light. Then I went back through the living room, crossed to Charley's study, and, without turning on the light, looked down into the street again. The figure had left the shadows and was crossing the street toward the entrance of the apartment. I watched him until he disappeared. Then I stepped over to the hall door and listened for the sound of the elevator. A minute passed. Then two. Nothing happened.

I went back into the bedroom, put my things back into my suitcase, and all the while my common sense battled with my intuition of danger. I still had Calavestri's amulet in my pocket. Finally, I got my hat and coat and started for the door. I was just going to take a walk around the block and have a cigaret.

I pushed the elevator button and I heard the car toiling slowly upward over three floors. The light from the car appeared, made a broadening square on the frosted glass door. I swung back the outer door and had my hand on the grilled inner gate. I stopped there. I stared into the car. It is odd how clearly one sees what he would rather not look at.

On the floor in a curiously huddled heap, one hand trailing limply in a fur muff, was a woman. Her fur tippet had slipped back, revealing blue black hair and on the fur trimmings of her suit were dark matted stains. It was Magda Calavestri.

Her throat had been cut from ear to ear.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House — With Major Hoople

Out Our Way — J. R. Williams

Boots and Her Buddies — By Edgar Martin

Bluebirds!

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

As pretty and as stimulating to one's sense of beauty as the first bluebird of spring, these cross-stitched designs done in two shades of blue, yellow and brown will be a delight to work on either kitchen or guest towels. Each bird about 4½ inches in size.

To obtain 7 transfer designs of the bluebirds (pattern No. 5865) color chart for working, amounts of embroidery threads specified, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Original accessories in over-the-shoulder bags, corde bags, hats, sports, sweaters, blouses, home-decorating designs, baby garments, gifts for weddings, doily treasures for the home needleworker are to be found in the Anne Cabot album. Price 15 cents.

The Chicago Field Museum contains a petrified log of redwood from Alberta, Canada, which is said to be 100,000,000 years old.

Cape Frock

By SUE BURNETT

An attractive daytime costume that is lovely worn with or without the clever buttoned-on cape. It has the cap sleeve so popular these days.

Pattern No. 8788 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42 and 44. Size 16, dress, requires 3⅛ yards of 39 inch material; ⅝ yard for cape; ¼ yard contrasting revers.

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Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

Official Records

Water turned on, March 26: W. F. Stickney, 507 Fourth street.

Water turned off: W. J. Herberger, 206 Box Elder.

Freckles and His Friends — Merrill Blosser

Red Ryder — Fred Harman

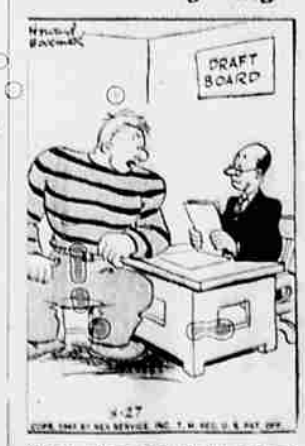
Defeated Napoleon

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured first Duke of Wellington, Sir Arthur
9 Ocean vessel
13 Morindin dye
14 Departure
15 Ocean movement
16 Scatter
18 Lariat
19 Russian city
20 At all times
22 Water reserve (ab.)
23 Disclose
25 Hindu queen
27 Compass point
28 Lieutenant (ab.)
29 Half-em
30 Cotangent (ab.)
33 Over (contr.)
35 Laughter exclamation
36 Poem
37 Heart (Egypt)
39 Reprinting (ab.)
40 Transpose (ab.)
41 Inner court-yard
43 Looked fixedly
47 Decigram
49 Invalid
50 Ireland
51 Angry
54 Beverage
55 God of war
56 Majestic
58 Daybreak (comb. form)
59 Afternoon social events
60 Southern constellation

VERTICAL
1 He defeated Napoleon at
2 Raised
3 Lord (ab.)
4 Eve (contr.)
5 Merganser
6 Prevaricator
7 East (Fr.)
8 12 months
9 Cooking apparatus
10 Employ
11 Notion
12 Roll of parchment
17 Lair
21 Scottish sheepfold
24 Ensnare
26 Completely
30 Symbol for calcium
31 Thrilling drama
32 He was the nemesis of
34 Music note
38 Prohibit
40 Lock of hair
42 Philippine tree (var.)
43 Chair
44 Weary
45 Scope
46 Disk
47 Native of Lapland
48 Roman road
52 Congo Bantu (var.)
53 Silkworm
57 British Columbia (ab.)

Hold Everything



"Since when ain't 'baby-sitting' essential?"

Wash Tubbs — By Leslie Turner

Alley Oop — By V. T. Hamlin