

# Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THIS STORY: Nick Trent has followed him to Charley's apartment in the Hudsons. The finding that his belongings have been ransacked, he rises for the automatic lift to go out again. When the door opens it discloses the body of Magda Calavestri, her throat cut from ear to ear.

### A PERSONAL MATTER

VI  
IF I had known what I know now, I should have gone down the stairway, pushed the first floor button, returned to the car at its original position, and gone off to some remote and deserted promontory until the whole weird business had blown over. But I prided myself on being a good citizen. Furthermore I have an overdeveloped sense of curiosity. So with the faith of a righteous man doing his duty I went back to Charley's apartment and called the police. Then, nourishing the foolish hope that I stood outside of this nasty business, I sat down and tried to throw a little light into the dark places of my brain.

Suddenly, as I sat there, I heard the elevator click. I reached the door just in time to see the last shadow of light diminish to nothing on the grill-work, as the car slid downward with the body of Magda Calavestri. I had suspected to prop open the safety door. My first impulse was to chase down the stairway after it. But prudence overcame this impulse. Resolutely I went back into the apartment.

I heard steps outside the door. Someone had hold of the knob and, before I could move, the door opened. There, pale and breathless, stood Pat.

She looked as if she had tried to run up three flights of stairs in nothing flat.

"Nick!" she said and put her hand to her throat.

I went for the brandy. She downed a pony of the stuff neat

and sat back with eyes closed. Finally, she opened her eyes, and with a kind of fatal calm, said: "You'd never guess, Nick, what I just saw."

"I don't have to guess, what on earth are you doing here, Pat?" Her eyes widened.

"You saw it?"

"I nodded."

"I practically invented it. I found her in the elevator, when I went to call the police. I forgot to prop open the safety gate."

"THE police?" She shuddered and closed her eyes again. "I might have known. Trouble is your shadow, Nick. Wherever you go, fires start, epidemics break out, people declare war. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to make peace with you over tonight's affair. I must have been mad to have Eric over..."

She suddenly stopped and stared past me, her face as white as milk. I turned and saw two policemen and a man. The presence of the police is supposed to have a reassuring effect, but that depends upon which side of the law one thinks he stands on. And the man in plain clothes looked unpleasantly purposeful. Now he gave me a deathly smile.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but I'm Inspector Marks."

"But I'm Inspector Marks."

He had a twisted smile—the young-old look of a man who had learned that things are rarely what they seem. He pushed his hat back and fingered his chin.

"I suspected as much," I said. "I called you."

"Reagan," the inspector addressed one of the policemen and indicated the apartment. "Give it the once over."

"What for?" I asked. "The body is in the elevator car."

The inspector's smile became a little more twisted.

"We saw it, Reagan," he pointed to the bedroom. "Mr.

Trent, did you know the dead woman?"

"I met her once."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

Pat glanced at me and a veiled look came into Mark's eyes.

"Who was she?"

"Magda Calavestri."

THERE was a long silence after that. Marks went over to the fireplace and ran his finger along the mantelpiece. He looked at the finger critically, then rubbed the dust off with his thumb.

"Calavestri," he said and looked at Pat. "Did you know her?"

"I didn't even know Nick knew her."

"I see," Marks said in a tone which implied that he saw a lot more than met the eye. "Now, Mr. Trent, if you will tell me what happened."

"There's nothing to tell. I pushed the elevator button, opened the door, and there she was."

"Then you came directly back up here and called the police?"

"I was already up here," I said. Marks' eyebrows rose.

"How do you account for the body's being on the first floor?"

"I neglected to prop open the safety gate," I looked at Pat. "And when Miss Hudson rang for the car, it naturally returned to the first floor."

"You were going out and Miss Hudson was coming in?"

"That's right."

"What time was that?"

"A little after 11, I should say."

"You live here at the Commonswealth Apartments, Miss Hudson?"

"No, I live in Louisburg Square."

Marks was turning a packet of matches in the palm of his hand.

"What was the purpose of your visit, Miss Hudson?"

Pat bit her lip.

"I wanted to see Mr. Trent about a personal matter."

At this moment Charley arrived. He looked at us all and said:

"Am I intruding?"

(To Be Continued)

### Kansas Potholders



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

A New York editor friend brought these potholders back to me from her home in Manhattan, Kansas—they've been a decided hit all over the country. Amusing as gifts, they are practical and very easy to crochet. Try a couple of sets trimmed in red, green or blue edging.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the "HIS" and "HERS" potholders (Pattern No. 5776) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 708 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

### Date Dress



8750 11-18

By SUE BURNETT

For the junior who wants to look her prettiest—a "date" frock with low round neckline and fitted basque waist. Ribbon lacing is a striking accent.

Pattern No. 8750 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, short sleeve, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material; 1 yard machine made ruffling to trim; 1 1/2 yards narrow ribbon for lacing.

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 off, March 27: Roy P. Jordan, 904 Third. Water turned on: Roy P. Jordan, 2708 Ash; Emil Nelson, 1703 V; Fred Hart, 1806 Y. Mrs. Glen Rostock, 505 C; H. M. Bradshaw, 708 Third.

### Hold Everything



Copyright 1945 by NEA Service, Inc. T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

### Our Boarding House

EGAD, TWIGGS! BROTHER JAKE IS AS WILY AS A RAINBOW TROUT, SO I'LL FORCE HIM TO POST \$100 FORFEIT TO MAKE SURE CHUNG APPEARS TO BATTLE BURKE!—UM! I MUST POST A LIKE SUM ALSO, WHICH YOU, OF COURSE, WILL BE HAPPY TO LEND!



3-28

### With Major Hoople

I GET IT—I GENERATE THE IDEA SO I PAY THE POSTAGE!—OKAY, BUT JUST TO KEEP AWAY IN GOMMIA I'LL HOLD STAKES!—JAKE IS CLOSER THAN THE SPOTS ON YOUR VEST, AND YOU'RE AS SMOOTH AS A NEW SET OF CROCKERY UPPEERS YOURSELF!



3-28

### Out Our Way

BOY CAN'T YOU IMAGINE RIDING TO THE HOUNDS WITH A RED COAT AND A GALLANT HORSE, WITH THE HOUNDS BAYING AND THE FOX IN FULL FLIGHT?

NOPE—ALL I CAN SEE IS A SCRUB DOG BLUNDERIN' AFTER A PUNY COTTONTAIL RABBIT AN' ME PLODDIN' ALONG ON FOOT!

I DASSN'T TRAIN MY IMAGINATION—I'M AFRAID IT WOULD GIT SO REFINED I WOULDN'T NEED OR WANT NOTHIN' AN' THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO LIVE FER, IS TO WANT SUMPIN' AN' HOPE YOU'LL GIT IT!



3-28

### Boots and Her Buddies

I SAY, CORA—YOUR COUSIN WALDO IS REALLY HIPPED ON PHYSICAL CULTURE, ISN'T HE?



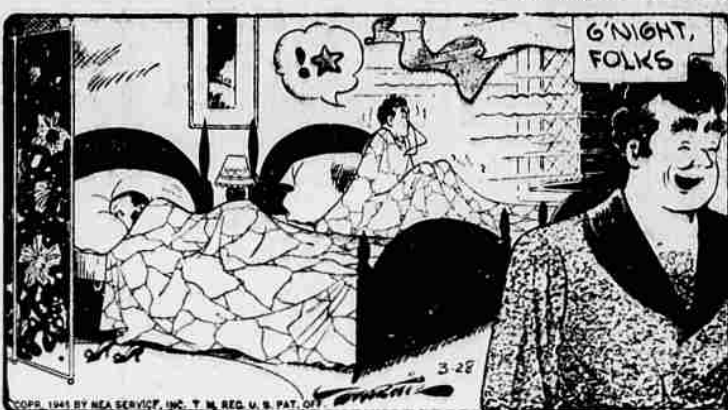
3-28

AHA!! JUST AS I SUSPECTED, NOT A WINDOW OPEN!



3-28

### By Edgar Martin



3-28

### Freckles and His Friends

AW, MR. WILSON, DON'T BE TOUGH ON HER! COME ON—BE A MELLOW FELLOW!



3-28

HILDA IN THE INTEREST OF SUPPRESSING ROWDYISM I MUST BERATE YOU FOR THROWING THAT TOMATO!... AND IN THE INTEREST OF SUPPRESSING CROONING I HAVE ONLY THIS TO SAY



3-28

### Merrill Blosser

...YOUR MARKSMANSHIP WAS MAGNIFICENT!



3-28

### Red Ryder

ABOUT HALF THE MONEY IS STILL MISSING, MARSHAL BURKE!



3-28

CAN'T YOU SEE THIS IS A FRAME-UP? I WAS DRUGGED AN' TH' MONEY PLANTED BESIDE ME?



3-28

### Fred Harman

LATER



3-28

### County Veterans Job Group Names H. G. Voruz Leader

H. G. Voruz was elected chairman of the Union county veterans' employment committee last night, at a meeting in the city hall.

Otis Palmer was re-elected vice chairman and Fletcher Milton was elected to a new term

as secretary.

Ray Snider, retiring chairman, declined re-election and was named to the executive committee. W. E. Wilkins and S. B. Morgan also were nominated to succeed Snider but withdrew their names because of inability to devote the time required to the position.

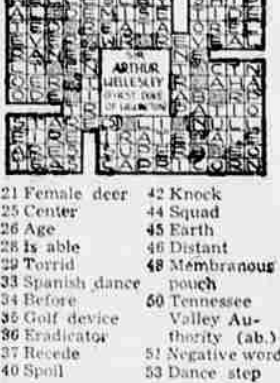
Appointment of other members of the executive committee was postponed until the next meeting, April 30th.

### U. S. Army Man

**HORIZONTAL**  
57 He is one of the U. S. Army Air Forces' Division, Maj.-Gen.  
9 Raced  
10 Stagger  
11 Novel  
13 Directs fire  
14 Seines  
15 Turn  
17 North  
18 Dakota (ab.)  
19 Tiny  
20 Lyric poem  
22 Toward  
23 Half-em  
24 Upon  
25 Flock  
27 Engrave  
30 Chaldean city  
31 Account of (ab.)  
33 Infant  
36 Canvas shelter  
38 Elther  
39 Erbium (symbol)  
41 British (ab.)  
43 In mit  
45 Meadow  
46 Musical note  
47 Low  
49 Sicilian volcano  
52 Mast  
54 Standard of value  
55 English river  
56 Auricle

**VERTICAL**  
1 Jelly  
2 Reply  
3 Sea eagle  
4 Observe  
5 Obtain  
6 Too  
7 Discover  
8 Bern  
9 Discontinued  
10 Bered  
11 Moist  
12 Also  
13 Steal  
16 Finish  
19 Spoil  
21 Female deer  
25 Center  
26 Age  
28 Is able  
29 Torrid  
33 Spanish dance  
34 Before  
35 Golf device  
36 Eradicator  
37 Recede  
40 Spoil  
42 Knock  
44 Squad  
45 Earth  
48 Distant  
48 Membranous pouch  
50 Tennessee  
51 Valley Authority (ab.)  
51 Negative word  
53 Dance step

### Answer to Previous Puzzle



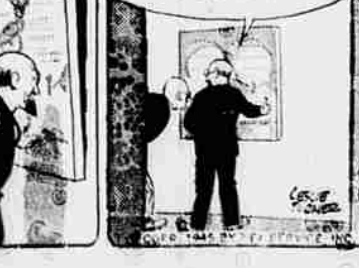
### Wash Tubbs

MOTTO DEGREE PRETENDS TO CAREFULLY EXAMINE THE PICTURE MAKER WANTS TO BUY... THEN...



3-28

AH! YOU ARE A LUCKY MAN, SIR! THIS IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE WORK OF ABELARDO, HIMSELF!



3-28

...CERTAIN COLORS THE MASTER MIXED HAVEN'T STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AS WELL AS OTHERS HE MADE, EXACTLY THE SAME PIGMENTS HAVE DETERIORATED IN THIS PICTURE! HERE, FOR INSTANCE...



3-28

GOSH! HE'S POINTIN' OUT A PLACE WHERE TH' TWINS SMEARED THAT MESS THEY MIXED UP! I COULDN'T GET IT ALL OFF



3-28

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TELL DADDY THAT'S THE TWINS WORK—AND NOT WHAT THAT FOURFLUSHER DEGREE SAYS!



3-28

IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD, CAROL. MR. MEEKES SO CONVINCED HE'S FOUND AN OLE MASTER HE WOULDN'T LET THAT CHANGE HIS MIND



3-28

SAY! MAYBE WE CAN GET ANOTHER EXPERT! ONE THAT CAN BE TRUSTED!



3-28

### Alley Oop

GOSH!! A TYRANNO-SAURUS!



3-28

YEP! TH' KING OF TH' DINOSAURS, AN' NO BETTER EATIN' EVER WALKED ON TWO LEGS!



3-28

### By Leslie Turner

NOT ESPECIALLY! YES I'VE GOT AN ACE IN TH' HOLE—I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO, WHILE HE ONLY THINKS HE KNOWS!



3-28

### By V. T. Hamlin

NOW WATCH THIS!



3-28