

Deaths BRIGHT DIAMONDS

THE STORY: Nick tells Pat about the plane crash, says he intends to slip away tonight for a few days until the investigation is over. Pat suggests he go to the Ledges.

A CLOSED HOUSE

IX
THE LEDGES, the Hudsons' summer home, was 30 rooms of early colonial austerity on the finest stretch of shore north of Boston. I had never been especially taken by the austerity of the place, but it had pleasant associations for me and the scenery was magnificent.

It was dark when I reached Minot on the way to Sandy Point the next night. There was a light in the Cock and Kettle. Before the war they had served delicious hickory-broiled steaks. I was hungry and the idea of hiding out at The Ledges had seemed less urgent as a whole day had gone by with nobody killed. So I stopped and had my steak.

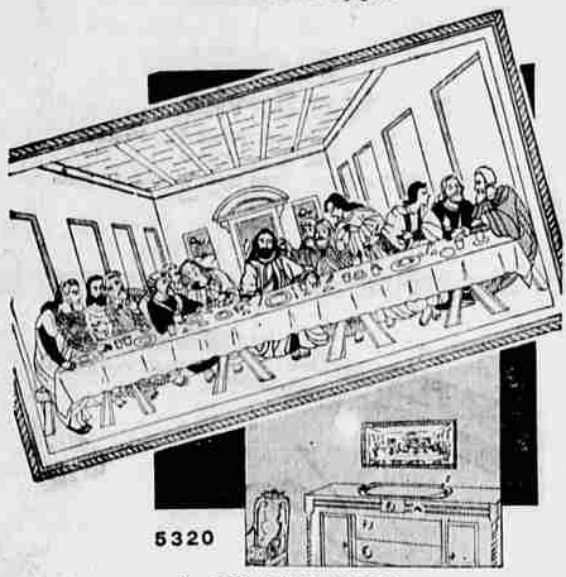
That's where I saw Brenda Temple. Or perhaps I should say Brenda saw me.

She was on her way out as I came in. She stood to one side while her father paid the check. At first I thought she was not going to speak. She looked straight at me and through me with those remarkable eyes of hers. I was on the point of going by, when she said coolly:

"Why Nicholas Trent. How are you?"
"I'm fine, Brenda."
"What are you doing here?"
"Eating," I said. "It's a vice of mine."

"I read about you in the papers," she said. "Father, you remember Nicholas Trent."
I looked at Bruce Temple. He was a great rock of a man with a face like chipped flint. He scarcely glanced at me.
"Can't say that I do," he said. "Come, Brenda."
And Brenda came. They walked

"The Last Supper"



5320

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

By MRS. ANNE CABOT
This centuries old masterpiece of da Vinci depicting the last supper of the Christ and His Apostles has been copied by a famous embroidery artist—the figures are clear and easily done in outline stitch. The colors used are glowingly beautiful. Embroider and frame your hand-worked copy of one of the world's greatest religious paintings and you will have a real heirloom. Panel is 20 by 11 inches.

To obtain transfer pattern of the Last Supper (Pattern No. 5320) color chart for working, amounts of all materials specified, illustrations of stitches used, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observ-

er, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Official Records

Water turned off, March 29:
Edward Hart, 1702 Jefferson;
C. H. Butler, 2002 Oak; Fred Weatherspoon, 702 Main; W. L. McIntyre, 601 C.
Water turned on:
Mrs. Erna Dougherty, 1606 1/2 Y; C. V. Settemeyer, 1209 I; Wilbur Scholer, 2716 Third; Fred Weatherspoon, 2002 Oak.

TOMB HONORED

Not until comparatively recently was a canopy placed over Omar Khayyam's tomb at Nishapur, India, although he has been dead since 1123. Admurers in other countries sought this recognition.

U. S. Army Group

Answers to previous puzzles including crossword and word search solutions.

There was a rack of wood in the corner and a bin of coal beside it. I laid a fire in the big range, lit it, and then straddled a metal kitchen stool to smoke and take stock. As the heat from the fire gradually filled the room, I felt better. I brought in the hamper of food from the car and went to the electric refrigerator. I swung open the door; the light flashed on, and I set the hamper carefully down on the floor. The chest was completely stocked with food.

I SHUT the door and stood rubbing my chin and looking thoughtfully across the kitchen at the white swinging door, with the black leather panels. Beyond that should be the dining room. And beyond that, if I remembered correctly, somewhere on the sea-side of the house, Phineas Hudson's library, high-vaulted with a great beam-studded ceiling and paneled with a somber, thought-stifling fumed oak. There was a fireplace in it large enough to burn a forest of trees, and a chair soft and deep enough to sleep in.

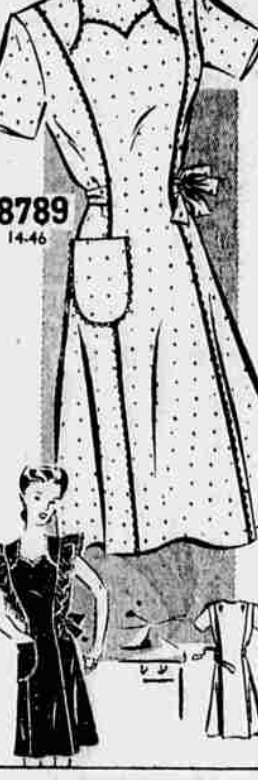
I started through the swinging door resolutely enough. The feeble beam of my flashlight was lost in the vastness of that dining room. I began to look for the light switch. I could hear the rain beating against the windows, and as I started along the wall in a systematic search for the light, I heard another sound. It stopped me. A low short rumble. For a single instant I could not identify it. Then I had it. Thunder. End of summer, we used to say, when a single peal of thunder came in the fall. And I started along the wall again, laughing a bit shakily at myself.

Then I heard a second sound and it wasn't thunder. It was much too soft and stealthy for that. This time just the faintest noise like a quick intake of breath. Now my every sense was alive with red lights. I kept moving, feeling along the wall for the switch, pointing the beam ahead of me.

I reached a corner and turned my light onto the next wall. And the pale beam fell squarely upon the face of a man.

(To Be Continued)

Good Morning



8789

By SUE BURNETT

Here is an apron frock you'll like—irons in a jiffy because it opens out flat. Another version has perky over shoulder ruffles for a pinafore look.
Pattern No. 8789 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16, with sleeves, requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material.
For these patterns, send 20 cents, in coin, for each pattern ordered, your name, address, sizes desired, and the pattern numbers to Sue Burnett, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

GREATER IN WAR USE

The nickel that used to go into a dozen silver-plated table forks is enough to supply the nickel required for making 675 magnesium bombs.

Hold Everything



"Just ignore it!"

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "EGAD, OLAF! DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR MANAGER WENT? JAKE HAS BEEN GONE TWO FULL DAYS—HE'S TRYING TO RAISE MONEY, AND I JUST HOPE HE HASN'T BEEN APPREHENDED FOR FILCHING CHILDREN'S LOLLYPOP PENNIES!"

Boots and Her Buddies

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "WHAT A HOUSEHOLD! RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS AT DAYBREAK—RAW VEGETABLES—NO CIGARS—SLEEPING IN A DRAFTY ROOM!"

Freckles and His Friends

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "LARD, I'M VERY SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR LATIN GRADES ARE DANGEROUSLY LOW!"

Red Ryder

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "YOUR FRAME-UP WON'T STICK, HANLON! I DIDN'T DROP DOWN ELSTARR'S BANK!"

Wash Tubbs

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "...SO MR. MCKEE AGREED TO—ER—SAID HE'D BE GLAD TO GET YOUR OPINION ON WHETHER THIS PAINTING HE FOUND IS GENUINE!"

Alley Oop

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "BUY WAR BONDS YEZZIE, YOUR HIGHNESS 'KILLED IT STONE DEAD' BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"

Out Our Way J. R. Williams

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "STEADY NOW, AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE! GOSH, AIN'T YOU GOT ANY MORE SENSE THAN TO FALL IN THE CRICK TRYIN' TO PICK A FLOWER? YOU AIN'T GOT ANY BRAINS, OR ANY GUMPTION, OR—"

By Edgar Marth

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "AH, AH! NO LOLLYPOPS BEFORE DINNER! NEVER!"

Merrill Blosser

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "IT'S VERY SIMPLE! I FOUND YOUR LATIN BOOK ON YOUR DESK, WITH SEVERAL INTERESTING ITEMS WRITTEN IN IT!"

Fred Harman

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO TH' BIG HOUSE—"

By Leslie Turner

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "WELL, LET'S GO, MY BOY! FOR REASONS OF MY OWN THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!"

By V. T. Hamlin

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "...ONLY I DON'T THINK WE CAN EAT ENOUGH TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE IN ITS WEIGHT!"