

# Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

AN UNWILLING TOOL?  
XVI

I WENT back down into the cellar. Eric had just finished putting coal on the fire and Charley was standing by the corridor entrance scratching his chin thoughtfully.

"Look!" He pointed beyond the set-tubs to a door that I had not noticed before. Apparently it gave access to the south wing of the house. "We found a bed in there, Nick, recently slept in, some cigar butts, and a pair of sport shoes."

"Shoes?" I looked carefully at Eric's feet. I had never noticed them before. They were big, but not big enough to make the footprints I had seen. I went through the door into the room. The stale odor of cigars assailed my nostrils. There was a cot against the side wall and by the cot a pair of white and tan saddle-straps. And they were as big as Eric's feet. The maker's name was plainly visible: Blakely and Hodgson. They made a good shoe.

There was nothing whatever in the room besides the bed—not even a window. Evidently, the space had been used for storage and our intruder had utilized it for the simple expedient of storing his big-footed body by night.

When we got back upstairs Pat had a cup of black coffee for me. "It's the best I could do, darling." She smiled contritely. "You've a jaded look."

"Thanks, Pat." I took the coffee, but it was strong and brackish. I couldn't get it down.

"It was left over from this morning and I heated it over," apologized Pat. "Maybe I shouldn't have."

"Pat, my love," Brenda remarked, "many a maiden has languished in spinsterhood till death for less."

"There could be worse fates," replied Pat lightly.

CHARLEY and I sat on the rocks in front of The Ledges. The sun was high and the warmth of it swarmed through my jacket. The air was so still that the smoke from our cigars hung almost motionless before me. Pat and Brenda had taken the station wagon to Minot for provisions and at the last moment Eric with his self-assured civility had tagged along to do some errands of his own.

"Tramps don't wear Blakely and Hodgson shoes," Charley reflected.

"Why would anyone want to sleep in that stuffy hole in the wall?" I asked.

"For concealment. It's a beautiful hide-out," Charley tossed a stone into a moss-green pool. "And you almost stumbled into who's using it."

"I didn't stumble. I was on the hunt."

Charley looked at me oddly and I told him about the intruder in my room last night and the big footprints on the cellar floor this morning. When I had finished, he leaned his back against the rock and locked his hands behind his head.

"Nick, has it seemed to you that the whole atmosphere since we've been here at The Ledges has been—well—rather theatrical?" "Phony, you mean?" "I suppose that's what I mean. Doesn't it seem odd that Phineas Hudson was so anxious to get down here the moment he heard about your plan to rusticate here?"

"Pat's plan," I corrected him. Again he looked at me strangely. "Mr. Hudson explained."

I went on, "that he is here only because he is distressed about Pat's involvement in this mess I appear to be in."

"But Pat wouldn't have come

down here at all if it hadn't been for her father's coming down," Charley pointed out.

I hadn't thought of that. Phineas Hudson was the last man I would suspect of guile. He had no need for it. Or had he?

"AND the Temples" continued Charley. "What are they doing here? And Eric Woolf?" "And the guy who slugged me in the cellar," I concluded dryly. "I don't believe it was Eric," said Charley, "or Bruce Temple, for that matter."

"You certainly don't think it was Phineas Hudson?"

He didn't answer immediately. Then he said:

"Maybe indirectly. Didn't Pat suggest that you go down to fix the fire this morning?" "Look," Charley said. "Get this straight: If I thought Pat Hudson was trying to murder me, I'd be out hunting for the best criminal lawyer in the country to get her off. And just remember this. There isn't a single person in our chummy little group except Pat, and possibly Brenda, who could furnish a good alibi if he were pinned down concerning this morning's fracas."

"You forget me," Charley said mildly. "I was in the kitchen when Brenda heard the scuffle and Pat was cooking the eggs. In order to find a thing, Nick, you have to look where it isn't. I'm not suggesting that Pat Hudson is out for your scalp. But has it occurred to you that she might be an unwilling tool of someone's?"

It had. But I merely said: "Go on."

"Suppose Phineas Hudson knew all along that there was somebody here at The Ledges—possibly somebody whose presence he had reason to conceal. That would account for his sudden desire to indulge in this—uh—entirely unnatural outing. It would explain his wanting to beat you down here."

"But who the devil could it be?" Charley turned out the palms of his hands. "I don't know. It's only a theory. We have to consider all angles."

(To Be Continued)

## Our Daring Host



HERE'S EXHIBIT "A" IN THE CASE OF JAKE'S DOUGED BULB—IT'S LABELED "SOOPER-DOOPER SHIN GLOW" IN PLAIN SOAPY WATER. HE SOLD AT A SMALL PROFIT OF 1,000 PERCENT!—ONE OF THE SUCKERS HAD THE STUFF ANALYZED AND SWUNG A PUNCH RIGHT UP FROM THE LINOLEUM!

THE MORAL IS: BUY IT FROM JAKE AND GET A BARGAIN FOR JAKE!

THERE IS ALWAYS ONE FISH THAT SENDS THE BAIT BACK TO THE CHEF TO BE GARNISHED WITH PARSLEY!

OR PUNCHES THE WAITER

## Boots and Her Buddies



NOTHING LIKE A SNAPPY WALK IN THIS CRISP NIGHT AIR! SILLY HOW FOLKS CHEAT THEMSELVES OF HEALTH

"BY RIDING IN CARS—OR SITTING IN A STUFFY THEATRE

## Freckles and His Friends



WHEN LARD SINGS INTO A MICROPHONE, HE'S SCARED TO DEATH, AND FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, HIS FRIGHTENED MANNER CAUSES "BOBBY SOCKERS" TO WANT TO MOTHER HIM...

OKAY, JERI, LET'S ADVANCE THE SPARK AND PITCH A LITTLE WOO!

BUT, LARD—

## Red Ryder



BELIEVING RED RYDER STILL IN JAIL AS A RESULT OF THEIR FRAME-UP, ACE AND KNIFE VISIT HIS RANCH...

RYDER'LL HAVE A HARD TIME EXPLAININ' HE DIDN'T RUSTLE HIS NEIGHBOR'S COWS AFTER WE BURN HIS BRAND ON 'EM!

UM-MY THEM GET-UM RED RYDER IN WORSE FIX!

## Wash Tubbs



UNAWARE THAT THE TWINS ARE HIDING IN THE BACK SEAT, WASH SPEEDS TO PREVENT MCKEE BEING SWINDLED ON A FAKE PAINTING

WITH \$50,000 AT STAKE, I GOTTA RISK A FEW TRAFFIC TICKETS...HERE'S ONE...

HEY, YOU! STOP!

## Alley Oop



ALLEY OOP WENT BACK TO MOO TO GET HIS MAGIC BELT--

WHEN COOLA WAS SENT TO FIND HIM

MEANWHILE DR. WOUNG, ALARMED AT THE CONTINUED ABSENCE OF HIS TWO PREHISTORIC WARD, IS ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE SOME INTERESTING INNOVATIONS HE HAS ADDED TO THE TIME-MACHINE!

BY GETTING A FIX ON EITHER ONE OF OUR TIME-TRAVELERS, WE'RE ACTUALLY SEEING INTO THE PAST?

THAT'S RIGHT!

## Play Set



5750

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

There's nothing so clean-cut and comfortable under the summer sun as smart cotton shorts and a well-tailored beach and sun-tan bras. Make them of blue and white checks, of brilliant plaids or of soft blue denim.

To obtain complete pattern and finishing directions, sizes 14, 16, 18 included in pattern for Shorts and Bra (pattern No. 5750) send 15 cents in coin, plus 4 cent postage, your name, address and pattern number to Anne Cabot, La

Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page four)

border of Mexico when no Latin American nation would have voted with us. And if they now follow us as a bloc it is only because we have reversed our previous high-handed policy and treated them as neighbors. As long as we are fair and honest and don't trample on their rights, the chances are they'll do right by us. And I for one have found this usually works with most things, from small nations and people to a team of horses plowing in the field.

I've been to your country, Mr. Stalin, and I like the people. I was up with the Red army in Siberia when they chased out the last remnants of the Japs in 1922. And I have seen a lot of them in other places. They are good people and not hard to get along with.

And if you ever come over here, you will find that our people are the same. They are very easy to get along with.

They are generous, open-hearted, don't want much for what they give—in fact pretty much like your people. But like yours, they can be hot tempered, and they get awfully sore when somebody lets them down. Now there is only one thing the American people want out of this war. They want no territory, no reparations, no pomp or foul-decor. They want only one thing—a fair deal for all nations, big and small, and the permanent peace that goes with it.

The alternative is the biggest army the world has ever seen, the biggest navy, and rockets that will pulverize cities, 5,000

miles away.

That would mean the eventual end of civilization.

I am sure your country will not make the same mistake we did after the last war. You cannot let us down.

Yours truly,  
DREW PEARSON.

## Bib Apron



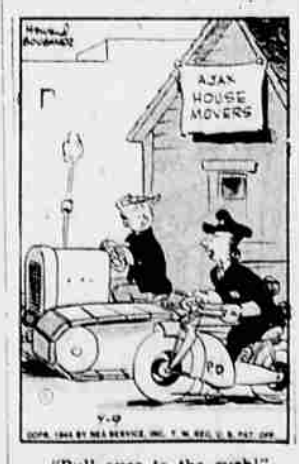
8759  
1244

By SUE BURNETT

Giant tie tac makes an effective trim on this pretty bib apron. Another version, with tulip motif, is included in the pattern. Pattern No. 8759 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42 and 44. Sizes 14, pinafore version, requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 or 39-inch material; tulip apron, 1 1/2 yards; 4 1/2 yards tie tac for trimming.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

## Hold Everything



"Pull over to the curb!"

## Ohio Governor

1,7 Pictured governor,	2 Class	14 Gorge	5 Knight (ab.)	26 Prunes	44 Entreaty (Scot.)
15 Hercules (corruption)	4 Nickle (symbol)	15 Hercules (corruption)	6 Smeer	27 Bass voice	45 Exist
16 Ear (comb. form)	8 Eternity	16 Ear (comb. form)	9 Vase	28 Feign	46 Behold!
17 Sinew	10 South Carolina (ab.)	17 Sinew	10 South Carolina (ab.)	29 Lock opener	47 Serf
20 Independent Labor Party (ab.)	11 Muse of history	20 Independent Labor Party (ab.)	11 Muse of history	30 Knock	48 Speech part
21 Cry	12 Retained	21 Cry	12 Retained	31 Sped	50 Rowboat
23 Shower	13 Glimpse	23 Shower	13 Glimpse	32 Sped	51 Stalk
24 Physical part	18 North America (ab.)	24 Physical part	18 North America (ab.)	33 Belongs to it	53 Attorney (ab.)
25 Bone	19 The gods	25 Bone	19 The gods	34 English river	54 Touch
27 Bushel (ab.)	22 Slackly	27 Bushel (ab.)	22 Slackly	41 Heroic	54 Touch
28 Manufacturing city in his state	24 His state is known as the	28 Manufacturing city in his state	24 His state is known as the	42 Opera by Verdi	57 Three-toed cloth
31 State	43 Pace	31 State	43 Pace	59 Toward	

## With Major Hoople Out Our Way



SH-H-H! I WORE 'EM OUT PLAYIN' WITH 'EM--SO BE CAREFUL AN' LEAVE 'EM REST TILL YOU'RE READY TO GO HOME--THEY NEED IT!

REST, DID YOU SAY? THEY'LL BE AWAKENED RIGHT NOW BEFORE THEY'RE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE!

## Why Mothers Get Gray



- OR IN A SMOKE-FILLED NIGHT CLUB!

HOW WAS YOUR DATE WITH WALDO, BOOTS?

OKAY! BUT NEXT TIME REMIND ME TO TAKE ROLLER SKATES!

## Merrill Blosser



WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T I RATE?

IT'S NOT THAT--IT'S JUST THAT I FEEL MORE LIKE A MOTHER TO YOU!

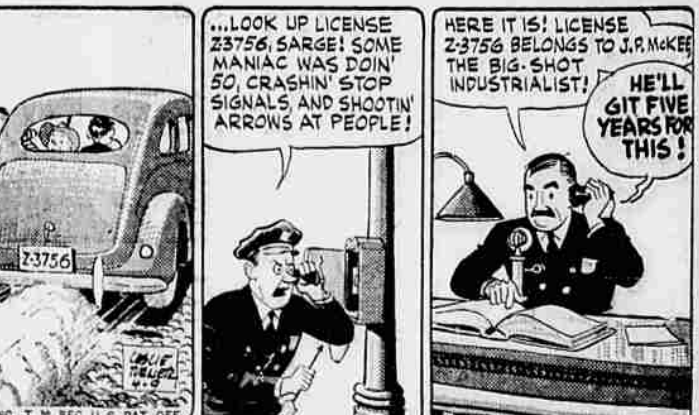
## Fred Harman



ME GET-UM CHISEL AND HAMMER TO FREE RED RYDER FROM HANDCUFFS!

THEN RED RYDER SPOIL ACE HANLON'S GAME, ME BETCHUM!

## By Leslie Turner



...LOOK UP LICENSE 23756, SARGE! SOME MANIAC WAS DOIN' 50, CRASHIN' STOP SIGNALS, AND SHOOTIN' ARROWS AT PEOPLE!

HERE IT IS! LICENSE 2-3756 BELONGS TO J.P. MCKEE, THE BIG-SHOT INDUSTRIALIST!

## By V. T. Hamlin



SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG--I NEVER SAW THAT CHARACTER BEFORE!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING QUICK OR THEY'RE APT NOT TO BE!

WHETHER YOU CAN SEE OOP OR COOLA MAKES NO DIFFERENCE--ONE OF THEM IS THERE!