

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

TENSION

XVII
CHARLEY sat quietly for a long time staring at the distant white tower of the lighthouse on Old Prince. Finally he said: "Could that fellow have killed you down in the cellar?"

I shuddered.
"What makes you think he didn't try?"
"I figure it this way," Charley spoke impersonally as if he were working out a simple problem in long division. "If the fellow who entered your room last night and the one you encountered in the cellar are the same man, and I think they are, you may explain his actions as attempts to avoid discovery. You surprised him in your room, and, of course, he shot. But there's the possibility that he may not have known it was you in the room. Then you were prowling around in the cellar and, in order to protect his identity, he hit you on the head. It strikes me that if he had really wanted you out of the way, he could have hit you a lot harder—or he could have hit you again. He had plenty of time, you know."

I felt the back of my head gingerly.
"On the other hand," continued Charley, "the fellow who slugged Joubert and sabotaged our plane meant business."
"All of which still leaves us precisely nowhere," I said.
"Not quite," Charley leaned forward and tapped me on the knee. "You haven't forgotten that Booker was anxious to talk you into something, that Calavestri slipped you what is very probably one of the Ostermann diamonds, and that she was murdered while trying to contact you."

"Or Eric Woolf?"

"I doubt it," replied Charley.

"From there on it seems relatively simple. You had possession

for awhile of one of the Ostermann diamonds. Somebody besides Marks must have known that—Booker possibly. So far as anyone on the outside goes you might still have it. And that makes you a marked man."

"Very pretty," I said, "but still no more than a theory."
WHEN the seven of us gathered around the table for lunch, the air had cleared a little.

Bruce Temple, it seemed, had been persuaded to delay his departure until afternoon by the promise of native pleasant, which Pat had wheedled out of Nig Nelson, the grocer's own private refrigerator. And Temple had brought in Tecky, his Filipino houseboy, to cook the meal. Woolf beamed ecstatically at the appearance of the birds and Charley murmured:

"Four dollars a portion at Harvey's?"

"Harvey's?" Eric looked up pleasantly. In the presence of good food he became expansive, almost human. "In Washington, you mean?"

"That's right."
"Dinner at Harvey's is one of the bright spots in my life. Martin's first at the Carlton. Then surgeon at Harvey's." Woolf put back his head, closed his eyes and bestowed a reverent kiss upon the memory.

"Martins," repeated Bruce Temple. His massive, rock-like features had relaxed. "That calls up memories. The best martins in the world are to be had in the Palacio Hotel in Estoril."

At first, that made no impression upon me. It was mere pleasant chatter about food and drinks that went unremembered in an hour's time. But suddenly I was aware of a strange silence and I looked across at Temple. I could have sworn that I saw a faint flush on his controlled features. Phineas Hudson had turned and his eyes

were fixed unwinkingly upon his guest. Brenda Temple's face had gone suddenly rigid, and all of the expansiveness had gone out of Eric. That this-lipped smile was there and that cold, dead-pan look.

"Estoril?" he asked.

TEMPLE'S eyes swung slowly toward Eric.

"Yes," he said heavily, "in Portugal."

"I know," answered Eric. "Near Lisbon. The Palacio is a splendid hotel."

"I prefer the Aviz," said Temple bluntly and for the moment I loved him.

The Palacio was the German hangout about 15 miles down the Tagus River from Lisbon. The Aviz was more luxurious and had no Germans.

"When were you in Lisbon?" Eric asked.

"I've been there several times," Temple replied.

"Recently?" Eric persisted.

Bruce Temple took his time in replying. He regarded Eric as a man looks at an apple before he bites into it. He said:

"No. Have you?"

"Not since 1933," Eric answered readily.

"It used to be lovely," Brenda said.

"It's changed," Charley Strand said. "Now 90 per cent of the transients about Lisbon have secrets. The other 10 can't keep them."

"In Lisbon," Eric said, "it is dangerous not to keep a secret."

"It is fatal," Bruce Temple corrected him.

We had coffee. It was black and bitter. The remains of the pheasant had been cleared away and I could see the large oval impression in the tablecloth where the platter had rested.

We had all grown quiet. We watched each other attentively over the tops of our coffee cups.

I saw Eric glance at his wrist watch and his eyes rested calculatively on space.

The last cup hit the saucer and Phineas Hudson said:

"Bruce, Tecky can cook."

That was all.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

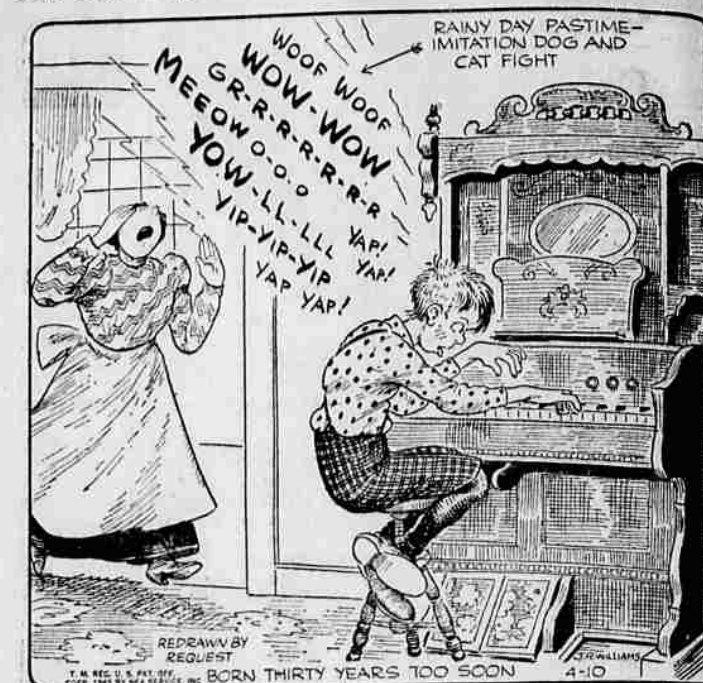
With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies

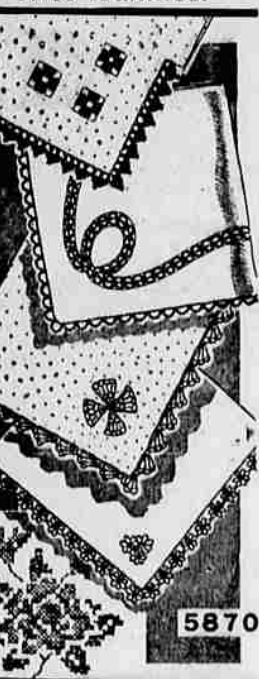


Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin

Nice Hankies!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

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

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

out. He had known FDR since he served as page at the Roosevelt wedding and he wasn't afraid to say what he thought. Unfortunately, Ed Stettinius and the new state department aids have no experience in standing up to the president and probably are afraid of him. They were hired on the basis that if they didn't behave they'd be fired and they owe everything to him.

It is generally known for instance, that Stettinius did not approve the three-vote deal at Yalta, and that he also favored open publicity on this and other things. In the end, when the clean light of publicity was focused on the three-vote deal, the American position was corrected. But Stettinius either wasn't strong enough or didn't have courage enough to put across his views with the president in the first place. If so, it might have saved a lot of headaches.

That is why some of FDR's most genuine well-wishers are hoping that he will see the importance of bringing stronger men into the state department—and do it soon.

Official Records

Water turned on, April 9: Luther Feik, 906 Third street; Mrs. Perry Lofton, 1304 W avenue; Henry Johnson, 504 Penn avenue.

Water turned off, April 9: O. E. Kayburn, 1304 W avenue. Water turned on: Esther Crader, 2112 Pine street.

Suit Mates



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Hold Everything



The draft board asks if my work is essential—do they think I'd work if I didn't have 10?"

Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



By Leslie Turner

U. S. Naval Leader

1 Pictured U. S. naval leader, Rear-Adm.

2 Jr.

3 Speaker

4 Paid notice

5 Weight

6 Hat material

7 Skill

8 Therefore

9 British Colum-

10 his (ab.)

11 Flower vessel

12 Musteline

13 mammal

14 Percussion instrument

15 Fog

16 Symbol for rubidium

17 Mountain (ab.)

18 And

19 Seaweed

20 Angler's basket

21 Requires

22 Regiment (ab.)

23 Be quiet!

24 Natural power

25 Entangle

26 Male deer

27 God of love

28 White frost

29 Sicilian volcano

30 Area measure

31 Hindu queen

32 He is deputy

Answer to Previous Puzzle

FRANK LAUSCHE

ADAM

ADAM

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Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin

