

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THE SMELL OF MURDER

XVIII

AFTER that dinner things began to happen. Eric discovered urgent business in Boston and Pat drove him to the train in the station wagon. Phineas Hudson rode along with Pat and Eric to make some telephone calls. Bruce Temple and Brenda departed almost immediately for home.

Charley and I walked dispiritedly along the sea wall. Charley said:

"Did you see Eric's face when Bruce Temple spilled that business about Estoril?"

"For a time," I said, "it was the only convenient way out of Europe."

"Yes," Charley fingered his chin reflectively. "I'd like to know when he was there."

"Temple?"

Charley looked at me.

"Who else?"

"Eric," I said. "Or Booker or Calavestril."

"I don't suppose it would help much," Charley said. "Nick, did Booker know of your connection with the Hudsons?"

"He seemed to," I said. "He kept talking about the little girl on Beacon Hill."

"I only saw him once," Charley went on, "but I noticed something."

"Yes?"

"His feet," Charley said. "They were big," Charley said. "In fact, they were enormous."

"Lots of people have enormous feet," I said.

Charley looked at me shrewdly. I knew what he was thinking. The implication in the presence of those Blakely and Hodgdon shoes

In the Hudson cellar were, to say the least, disturbing.

It was beginning to look as if Phineas Hudson was in on this somehow. That only confused matters. We might have pursued it further, but we heard a car wheeling along the gravel drive.

It was Cass Hapes. He approached with a look half-worried and half-determined.

"Well, Cass," I said, "you were right."

"Mind if I have a look in the cellar?" he asked.

Neither of us minded although we were not over-sanguine about the results. We took him to the cellar. He said:

"Where's this room?"

We showed him the room. He glanced swiftly around.

"And the shoes?" he asked.

I looked. The shoes were gone. Charley said: "They were right there under the cot."

Hapes included us both in a withering glance of scorn.

"Why didn't somebody knockle on to those?"

"I thought fingerprints—or something—" Charley shrugged weakly.

"Fingerprints! With those shoes we didn't need fingerprints. There probably weren't more than four pairs that size stocked in all the stores in the city of Boston."

"Maybe they weren't bought in Boston," I suggested.

"I'd have liked the opportunity of finding that out. Now what about that fellow who entered your room last night, Mr. Trent?"

"Did Mr. Hudson tell you about that, too?"

"Mr. Hudson didn't tell me. Brenda Temple called."

Charley's head came up like a setter's. And I divined his thought. Why hadn't Mr. Hudson told Hapes?

"Well," I said, "he shot a me and missed; that's about all. He was tall and tough."

"He would be. You got his gun?"

I pulled the gun out of my pocket and handed it over. Hapes registered disgust.

"You weren't so careful about fingerprints here."

"Look, Cass," I began to frown a little at the mouth. "I wrestled for that gun. If I hadn't, there would have been some lovely prints on the gun—but no gun."

Hapes merely stared at me stolidly. Then surprisingly enough he passed it back.

"Know anyone who would want to kill you?"

"No."

"I do," Charley smiled brightly. Hapes did not smile back.

"Who?"

"A mechanic with eyes like shoe buttons and a knife-scar on his face."

"What's his name?"

"That's your job," answered Charley. He told Hapes the story of the tampering with his plane. Then he concluded: "But the guy who fired this gun wasn't after Nick; that is not precisely."

"What do you mean—not precisely?"

"The shooting of that gun was a defensive act—just as the slugging in the basement. If that fellow had really wanted Nick out of the way, you'd have had your corpse and a nice fat murder to work on."

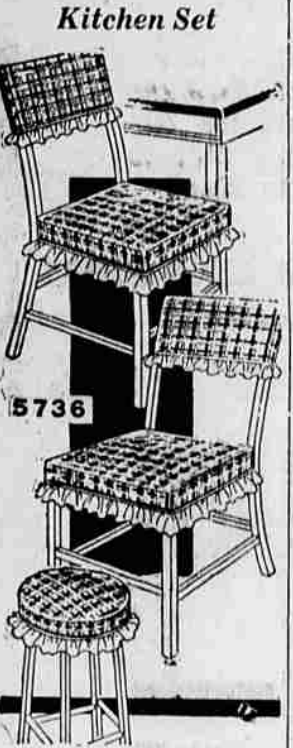
"I'll have the murder yet," said Hapes bluntly.

"Sorry to have disappointed you," I remarked.

"Listen, Mr. Trent," Hapes became quite earnest. "When you've been a general practitioner for 20 years, you don't need X-rays to detect the measles. You can smell 'em. Well, it's the same in police work. I can smell murder, and before long we'll have one."

With that comforting thought, Hapes left us. And it was characteristic of his New England laconicism, that when he passed Pat and her father coming through the gate in the station wagon, his greeting was imperceptible from where I stood—if, in fact, there had been any greeting at all. Cass Hapes seemed not to like us.

(To Be Continued)



address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

Certainly there should be no military value to the enemy in letting the American public in on how many cigarettes we are sending to different countries. If the Nazis are getting some of the cigarette we ship to Sweden, the Nazis probably know about it anyway. And the American public is certainly entitled to know as much as the Nazis.

War Notes

The war department is not happy about the present Italian trip of Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut. The authoress-glamor girl got in the army's hair last winter when she toured the battle-fronts as a member of the house military affairs committee. So when she decided to go back to Italy, the army turned down her request for transportation. Mrs. Luce went to the British for transportation. She was taken in a British plane to London. But who gave her permission to go from London to Italy, which is still an active theater, remains an unexplained mystery. ... Nazi troops on the Italian front are reported fearful they will not be able to retreat to the fatherland. Allied bombers have been able to keep the Brenner pass to Austria completely blocked. ... Some German troops in Italy are reported trying to desert and join up with Italian partisans in the hope of saving their own necks when Hitler finally give up. ... Ambassador Pat Hurley is going to

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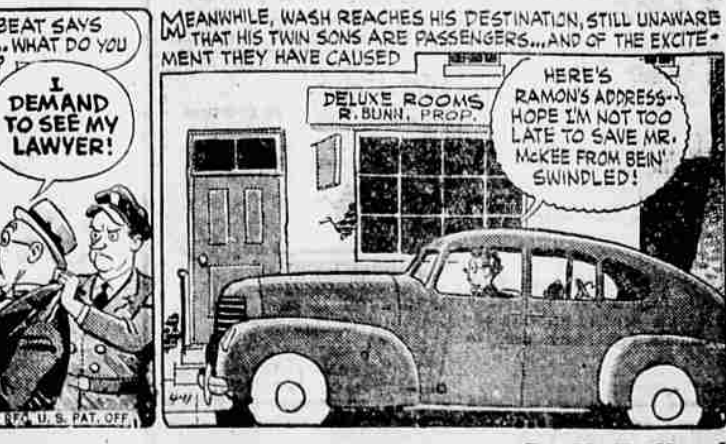
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Wash Tubbs



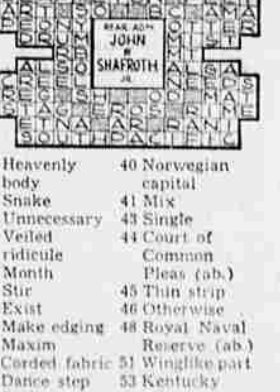
By Leslie Turner



U. S. Official

1.6 Pictured	50 Minute	52 Food-fish
Chairman of	53 Retained	54 Cry of sorrow
U. S. Congressional	55 Planetary	56 Commerce Com-
mittee	57 He is a mem-	
ber of the		
U. S. —		
11 Baking	VERTICAL	17 Heavenly
compartment	1 Jaw	19 Snake
12 Comply	2 Elliptical	23 Unnecessary
15 Roman	3 Hardened	25 Veiled
garment	4 Bury	26 Month
16 Electrical	5 Measure	27 Stir
units	6 Beside	29 Exist
18 Symbol for	7 Articles	30 Make edging
actinium	8 Ship's record	36 Maxim
19 God of stormy	9 Shield	37 Corded fabric
sea (Norse)	10 Enclosure	38 Dance step
20 Lord Lieuten-	11 Nonsense!	39 Soul
ant (ab.)	14 Small shield	40 Norwegian
21 Affected		41 Mix
elegance		43 Single
22 South Dakota		44 Court of
(ab.)		Common
23 Vase		Pleas (ab.)
24 Greek letter		45 Thin strip
26 Male		46 Otherwise
28 Rodent		48 Royal Naval
31 Increase		Reserve (ab.)
32 English ac-		51 Winglike part
count money		53 Kentucky
33 Pronoun		(ab.)
34 Seine		54 Till sale (ab.)
36 Organ of		
hearing		
38 Reward		
40 Bone		
42 Believer in		
popular		
government		
45 Compass point		
47 Thong		
49 He represents		
(ab.)		

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Alley Oop



By V. T. Hamlin

