

# Deaths BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

### THE WARNING

**XIX**  
WHEN Mr. Hudson got out of the car and came towards the house, he looked very old and very tired. He had two more newspapers and a copy of the J. Monthly under his arm. Pat, in slacks and sneakers, contrived somehow to look the epitome of what every girl aspired to appear.

Mr. Hudson passed us without a word. Pat stopped and gazed after her father for a moment. Her lovely eyes were troubled. Then she said:

"Nick, I hate the sight of this place. Let's take a walk along the bluffs."

"Sure," I said and turned to Charley. He shook his head.

"Where's Europe, Nick?" asked Pat when the ocean stretched wide below us.

"Out there," I pointed.

"And Spain," she said, "just beyond that spar buoy."

"Beyond the horizon; about an hour's ride."

"I remember Spain and all of Europe. I saw it with the eyes of a little girl who thought the world was her oyster and who never knew a moment's trouble. Until she grew up."

"Nick," she looked at me steadily, "we haven't a penny to our names."

"What?" I said and I looked at her. She smiled wily and touched my cheek gently with her hand.

"The Hudsons are poor. Father told me this afternoon. Poor dear, he feels it dreadfully."

"What happened?"

"Lilies of the field and bad management," she said.

"Are you sorry?"

"About the money? No." She shook her head and I knew she meant it. "Nick, there's something much more important than our losing our money."

"What's that?" I asked.

"This is not quite so easy to tell. Father—" she stopped. "Father is mixed up in something—well—dishonorable."

"PAT—" I began but she stopped me.

"There's no sense in keeping it from you, Nick. You'll know eventually, and I want you to hear it first from me. As a matter of fact, I know very little except what he told me. On the way back from Minot, he talked nostalgically of better days. Then he said: 'Pat, I must tell you this for the small shred of honor I can preserve in confessing such a shabby thing. Your father is mixed up in a very dangerous and dirty game. But it won't be for long. I'm pulling out.'"

My pulse began to beat in my temples.

"Pat, did he say what this game was?"

"No," she shook her head. "He just said not to worry and he would take care of everything."

"I think I had better talk with your father, Pat."

"You can't do that, Nick," she said quietly. "You know father's stubbornness. Besides this is quite confidential. I don't think he can have done anything so terrible."

"Of course not, but—"

"You don't think it's something to do with that business in the cellar this morning?"

"Why no, Pat?"

"You do, Nick." She faced me resolutely. "And so do I. There are too many loose ends here. For example, why didn't father notify Cass Hapes about the attack on you this morning? Why was father so insistent that Bruce Temple, whose very name is wormwood to him, stay all night at The Ledges? Why did father consent to coming down to The Ledges in the first place, when it has been impossible hitherto to budge him more than three feet

off Beacon Hill from September till June?"

"I've wondered about that myself," I said.

PAT had gone to her room for a nap, and I started for my own room. I was uneasy about Mr. Hudson. When a man of the fiber of Phineas Hudson faces desperate measures. But the moment I stepped into my room, all thoughts of Phineas Hudson vanished.

If there had been another door in that room, I could have sworn that someone had stepped through it the moment I entered. It was as if the quiet air had stirred faintly. The constant presence of danger sharpens one's senses. I was certain that someone had been in the room.

I stood for a moment in the doorway and looked around. Everything was just as I had left it. The mystery novel was still on the table by my bed. Yet it seemed that the book had been moved a little so that I got a clearer view of the design on the jacket: the shadowed outline of a hanging corpse. I turned to the bureau. There in a corner of the mirror, tucked in between the glass and the frame was a white slip of paper like a parking ticket on a windshield. I unfolded it and read the message pasted on the paper with the cut-out letters of newspaper headlines. It was quite lucid.

GET OUT OR BE KILLED

The paper was a brand of cheap white sulphite such as can be bought at any stationer's. The letters were cut from The Times. I slipped the message into my pocket. I had only one imposingly clear thought: murderers do not warn their victims.

Then I had what I thought was an inspiration. It is a practice in jujitsu to resist your opponent at first, then suddenly to add his force to your own by going the way he pushes.

I would take the advice. I would leave The Ledges and by combining the note writer's strength with my own, I might learn something.

(To Be Continued)

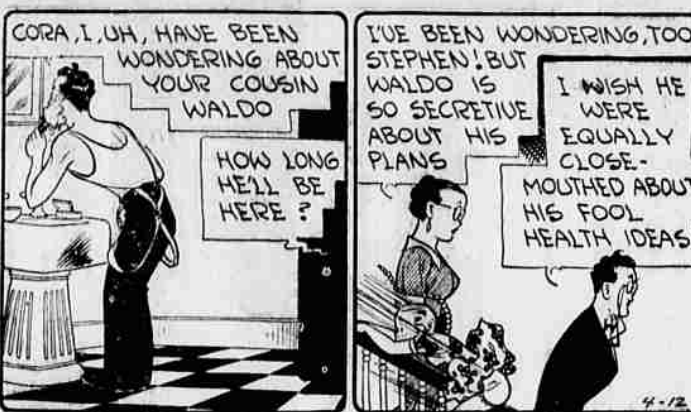
### Our Boarding House

### With Major Hample Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



### Boots and Her Buddies



### The Partnership

By Edgar Martin

### Gloves, Bag



cent postage, your name, 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

show one statement by Hoffman that, although most judges stay out of politics, "if Justice Frankfurter wants to descend into the political arena that is a matter between him and his God." This statement is not shown, because before Hoffman could say another word, Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, presiding over the House at the time, ordered it expunged from the Record.

### Official Records

Water turned off, April 10:  
Lee Moser, 704 L ave.; August Moser, 1703 Washington.  
Water turned on:  
Lee Moser, 1703 Washington; August Moser, 704 L; Frank Petlett, 1007 Lake; R. J. Bovercamp, 607 Adams.

### Capture of Laohokow Claimed By Japs

CHUNGKING, April 11 (UP)—Japan today claimed the capture of strategic Laohokow, former U. S. air base site in northwestern Hupeh province, but Chinese front dispatches reported continued fighting there.

Battle reports said Chinese troops captured Nanchang, 30 miles south of Laohokow. Laohokow and Nanchang both are situated on the Han river. Laohokow formerly was an important Chinese operational center.

### Two Piecer



By F/E BURNETT

This charming two piece outfit has a gentle flare at the hipline to accent a doll-like waistline. Soft ruffling outlines the flattering sweetheart neck.

Pattern No. 8770 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14, short sleeves, 3 1/2 yards 35 or 39 inch material.

Just off the press—the new spring issue of Fashion. Send for your copy today—it's filled with brand new ideas for your spring wardrobe. 15 cents.

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

### HOW IT STARTED

Men raise their hats in greeting from the custom of their ancestors, who wore armor, of removing their helmets on approaching castles as a sign that they were friends.

### Hold Everything



### Freckles and His Friends



### Red Ryder



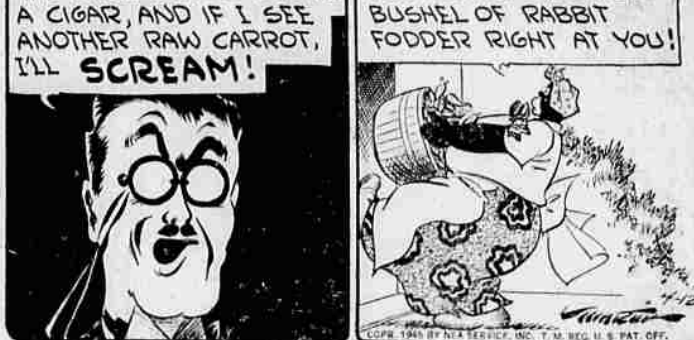
### Wash Tubbs



### Alley Oop



### Merrill Blosser



### Fred Harman



### By Leslie Turner



### By V. T. Hamlin



### By V. T. Hamlin



### Governor

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|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Pictured U. S. governor, | 1 Hydrophobia                     |
| 2 Shield bearing           | 3 Honey maker                     |
| 4 Electrical term          | 5 Trip                            |
| 6 Palm leaf                | 7 Pound (ab.)                     |
| 8 Bolt                     | 9 Native metals                   |
| 10 More precious           | 11 Winning of all tricks at cards |
| 12 Lets fall               | 13 Italian river                  |
| 14 Left side (ab.)         | 15 Optical phenomenon             |
| 16 Conquers                | 17 He is also                     |
| 18 12 months (pl.)         | 19 Ireland                        |
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