

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD

XXIV

THERE was the ache of tragedy in the house in Louisburg Square.

All the servants had gone but Simms and he hung on with dogged loyalty. There was little for him to do. I think he hated to leave the curious fustiness of the old house. Pat was in bed of nervous collapse, and I heard the discreet rustling of the nurse's uniform as she glided to and from the kitchen with her nourishment trays.

Charley arrived, and as if by mute consent, we gravitated towards Phineas Hudson's study. On a desk that looked like a spinet was a quill pen and beside it in the bronze inkwell an ordinary red pen-holder such as one could purchase in the five and ten-cent store. Beside the pen lay a thick volume with a leather cover and on the cover the simple gold letters: JOURNAL.

Feeling like a ghoul I opened the volume. I turned to the last notation: *Execrable weather and me off to The Ledges. The cumulative consequences of one ill-considered act are staggering. Not the least of which is the necessity of exposing my vulnerable body and spirit to the rigors of Sandy Point in November.*

Something or nothing? There was no telling. What ill-considered act? Whose? Then there was the notation on April 30: *Today concluded satisfactory arrangements with W. Typical Hudson embroidery, but a little less clear.*

This cryptic entry was anything but clear. W. might be Woolf, but what the embroidery was I could not fathom. But the next notation stopped me. It concerned the death of his wife and after it was a lapse of a month. It simply said: *Bedrice gone. What shall I do? God give me strength.*

I closed the journal.

"I'm no detective," I said to Charley, "and I've no stomach for this."

WE went into the library and sat through the gray hours of the morning, smoking and waiting for someone to put an end to our uselessness.

It was the post-man who started it all rolling again. Merely by dropping the mail through the slot and ringing the bell. The letter caught my eye at once. A long white envelope and written across the face in clear, bold script was Phineas Hudson's name with the appertaining Esquire added as a kind of ironic flourish. And in the lower left hand corner were two words that the writer had written large and underlined for emphasis: *Personal-Urgent.* I felt a tingling at the roots of my hair. I carried the letter into the study, its thickness teasing my palm, and passed it to Charley.

"You're the legal half of this firm," I said. "What about it?" Charley looked at me silently, then stared up at me. Excitement leaked into his eyes, betraying the dead calm of his voice.

"That's Phineas Hudson's signature." And his finger was resting on the address on the envelope.

"But it can't be," I said. "He's dead."

Charley slit open the long envelope. An insurance policy and a note. Nothing more. Charley glanced at the note, read a line or two, then stopped.

"This seems to be personal," he said. "It's for Pat."

"Pat's asleep," I said. "You'd better read it all."

THE letter was signed by Phineas Hudson—a strangely moving message to his daughter which he had addressed to him-

self for reasons that came clear in the note.

"Dear Pat, So many times I've heard of people who have forgotten to say goodbye, and I've seen the heart-ache that this neglect has caused. The occasion seems to have arrived for me to take my leave of you. If I am wrong, I can intercept this letter myself and avoid feeling incredibly foolish and sentimental. If I am right—God bless you, child, and from the bottom of my heart I wish you all the happiness that the world can hold for its own.

Don't worry about me. If I greatly cared to live, I should not be attempting what I have in mind. The insurance policy is one I had forgotten. It's small enough to help only a little, but not big enough to hurt.

Remember, Pat, no false gods. And no stickiness about your 'poor father,' who goes to a better world and, thanks to a little tardy vision, knows it.

With all my love, Father."

"And he could have told us so much," said Charley as he folded the note.

"It was against his policy," I said. "What you're ignorant of, you needn't lie about. Let me see that note a moment."

One sentence interested me: "If I greatly cared to live, I should not be attempting what I have in mind."

I read it aloud. "What do you suppose he meant by that, Charley?" Charley shook his head.

"If I didn't know he was murdered, I should say suicide."

"I wonder if he really had the diamonds?" "If he did," Charley answered darkly, "I hope he took them with him."

But he hadn't. And what we had lived dangerously in the fringes of was now dumped squarely into our laps. I have tried since, desperately but unsuccessfully, to erase the memory of those next 48 hours. They scarcely come under the head of pleasant reminiscences.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople Out Our Way

J. B. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Marth

De-Luxe Nightie!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Good ones cost a fortune in the shops but you really can duplicate them at home if you'll get just two lengths of good-quality rayon silk or satin, narrow velvet or taffeta ribbon. Neckline, puffed sleeves and waistline have casings through which to run the colorful ribbons. Easy to make, easy to launder—you'll want three or four in different materials!

To obtain complete pattern and finishing instructions for the round-necked nightie (pattern No. 5818) sizes 14, 16, 18 included, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address, the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

acted illegally. But he acted, and England was saved.

No man was ever more right in foreseeing this war and trying to head it off than Franklin Roosevelt. His attempts to block the Japanese as early as 1937 are too long to be told here and will have to wait for a later column. That, however, was where Roosevelt and Henry L. Stimson, now secretary of war, first were drawn together. Stimson had come down to see FDR in 1933, just after his inauguration, to urge a strong stand against Japan. Roosevelt promised and stuck to that promise.

However, I always felt that the president was not as farsighted in regard to Spain as in regard to Japan. I talked to him at some length about this at Hyde Park during the Spanish civil war. He realized that Hitler and Mussolini were subsidizing Franco and that this might be a curtain-raiser to a general European war, but he hesitated to buck religious groups in this country by intervening.

The president loved to tell stories and sometimes exasperated callers who had come loaded to put across ideas to him rather than hear his stories. However, he was a marvelous raconteur.

One morning I was sitting with him in the Lincoln study when he told me the story of his first political battle in the Albany senate.

It took him nearly fifteen minutes, during which Marvin McIntyre was telephoning at five-minute intervals from the executive offices demanding that he come over to his desk. However, the president would not be deterred.

FDR Belonged to World

Shortly before the end of his second term, Roosevelt, still silent as to his third term plans, was under heavy pressure to run again. Jimmy Roosevelt was then a member of the White House staff.

Roosevelt called in a group of advisers, including Harry Hopkins and his son Jimmy, and asked them to submit their reasons why they thought he should run. One of those present made a particularly eloquent plea. When the conference was over and the group filed out, Jimmy rushed up and said:

"What are you trying to do? You're trying to kill my father! No man can live through three terms in that job. You can't do this to him. We won't let you do this to him!"

Jimmy, said the White House aide, "he's your father, but he belongs to the country as well. He belongs to the world."

Jumper-Jacket



8767

By SUE BURNETT

You'll look pencil slim in this attractive jumper jacket ensemble. Make it in gay cottons for smart summer street wear.

Pattern No. 8767 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 42. Size 14, dress, requires 3 yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric; jacket, short sleeves, 1 1/2 yards.

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

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



That Big Ox



Okay! Okay!



How Much Dough



What if you flop?



Red Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Handlin



U. S. Naval Leader

HORIZONTAL	ostrich	3 Vent
1,7 Pictured commander of Pacific Fleet	4 Right side (ab.)	5 Driving command
6 Rim	7 Cryptogamous plant	8 States of prosperity (slang)
13 Entertained	9 Rhode Island (ab.)	10 Intensive bombardment
14 Drug	11 Gudrun's husband (myth.)	12 12 months
15 Placed	17 Music note	18 Cloth measure
16 Exit	19 Mississippi river	21 He operates
19 Florida (ab.)	20 Moist mass	22 Long fishes
23 Equable	24 Consume	26 Every
27 Set	29 Bards	32 Abraham's home
33 1d est (ab.)	34 Area measure	35 Hawaiian Islands (ab.)
36 Rod	38 Beverage	40 Be seated
41 Compass point	42 Metal plate	44 Pain
48 Former Russian ruler	51 American humorist	52 Each
54 Lyric poem	55 Colonize	57 Inn
59 Chopped	60 Vegetables	

VERTICAL

1 Pant	2 South African
--------	-----------------