

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

SHOES BY ELAKELY AND HOGDON

XXV

CHARLEY left about noon and I sat in the library smoking myself dizzy. Simms materialized at my elbow with a tray. On it was an egg-cup with a raw egg in it.

"It will do you good, sir." "Simms," I said, "I have small interest in eggs, raw or cooked. Is there coffee?"

"Yes, sir." I followed him into the kitchen, found some cold ham and bread, and made myself a sandwich while Simms brewed the coffee.

"Simms," I said, "you're going to miss Mr. Hudson." He looked at me.

"I wonder if you know how much, Mr. Trent," he said. "There was really no need of his going," I bit into the sandwich trying to appear preoccupied.

"He was well and happy." Simms's eyebrows raised imperceptibly. I thought he might pick up the word happy. But he merely said:

"I never quarrel with fate, Mr. Trent." "But, Simms, Mr. Hudson was murdered."

"I know that, sir." The old man's voice was quite steady. "You were very close to Mr. Hudson. Have you any idea who might have done it?"

"Yes, sir." Promptly and firmly. "Who?" "I'd rather not say, sir, until I know for sure."

"That," I said, "might be too late." "Too late for what, Mr. Trent?" "Never mind, Simms. What was the relationship between Mr. Hudson and Mr. Woolf?"

Simms considered this for a moment. Then he said: "I could never quite fathom it, Mr. Trent, but it seemed to me to be that of employer and employe."

her memories of horror. And Phineas Hudson—dead in the green parlor—seated in his coffin. Pat would not consent to his resting at the undertaking rooms.

Some inner compulsion sent me across the hall to the green parlor. As I opened the door, the ripe sweet musk of too many flowers rolled out, and I looked through the dimness at the coffin banked with floral sprays.

I couldn't think that Phineas Hudson was inside that somber box with half of his face shot away. I shut the door and stood there a moment before turning.

An icy drop trickled down my spine and I felt my stomach growl. Someone was in the hall behind me. In the shadows. At first I heard nothing, merely sensed a presence at my back.

Now it moved and I heard the stirring of its body in the stillness. I turned. "Something you wanted in there?" a voice asked.

I stared through the darkness, made out the shine of buttons. It was a policeman. "No," I said. "Nothing. Where on earth did you come from?"

"Right here," he said. "In this hall. I've been here all afternoon." "Inspector Marks's orders?"

He nodded and gave me a queer look. I wanted to say something about looking in on the casket, but there was really nothing to say. So I mumbled:

"You must be hungry." "I could do with a cup of coffee." "You'll find Simms in the kitchen, I think. He'll take care of you."

I went across the hall, bewildered, but faintly relieved. I opened the door to the library and stepped in. Somebody put something hard and cold to my temple and hissed in my ear:

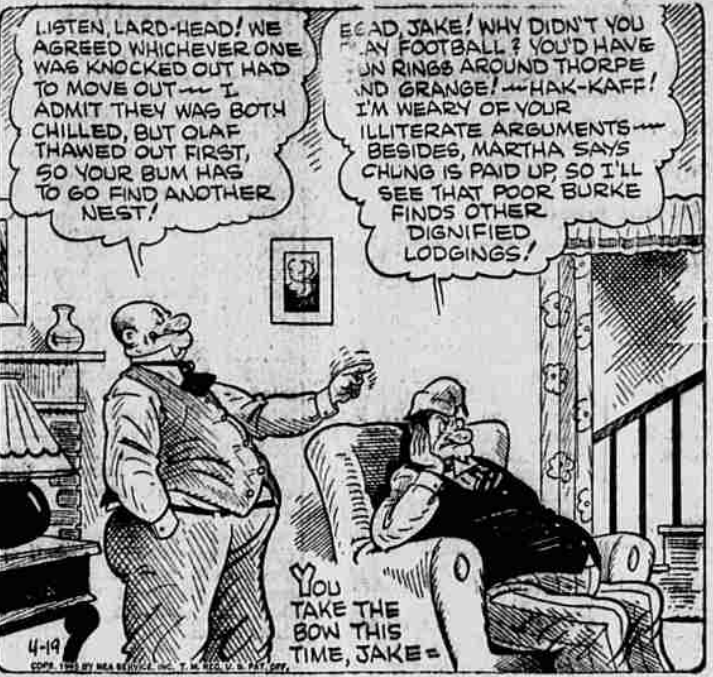
"No noise, please!" I was a statue. Moving only my eyes downward I saw his feet. Big! A perfect match for those Blakely and Hogdon's in the cellar at The Ledges. And even against the deadly pressure of that pistol on my head, I turned.

"Surprised?" Booker asked with the thinnest of smiles. (To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



LISTEN, LARD-HEAD! WE AGREED WHICHEVER ONE WAS KNOCKED OUT HAD TO MOVE OUT— I ADMIT THEY WAS BOTH CHILLED, BUT OLAF THAWED OUT FIRST, SO YOUR BUM HAS TO GO FIND ANOTHER NEST!

EGAD, JAKE! WHY DIDN'T YOU AN FOOTBALL? YOU'D HAVE UN RINGS AROUND THORPE AND GRANGE!—HAK-KAFF! I'M WEARY OF YOUR ILLITERATE ARGUMENTS— BESIDES, MARTHA SAYS CHUNG IS PAID UP, SO I'LL SEE THAT POOR BURKE FINDS OTHER DIGNIFIED LODGINGS!

YOU TAKE THE BOW THIS TIME, JAKE—



LOOK! THAT FROG ON TH BANK THERE, BOY! WOULDN'T A NICE JUICY MESS O' FROG LEGS GO NICE? LET'S SEE IF I CAN CROCK HIM!

CAN'T YOU SIT AND ENJOY NATURE WITHOUT WANTING TO KILL AND EAT SOME OF IT?

WAIT, PLEASE--DON'T GO ANY FURTHER! THERE'S A COW AN' CALF OVER IN THAT PASTURE, SO PLEASE DON'T SPOIL MY APPE-TITE FER T-BONE STEAKS, RAVING ABOUT CONTENTED COWS, SOFT DREAMY EYES AN' GENTLE MOOS--PLEASE DON'T!

Boots and Her Buddies

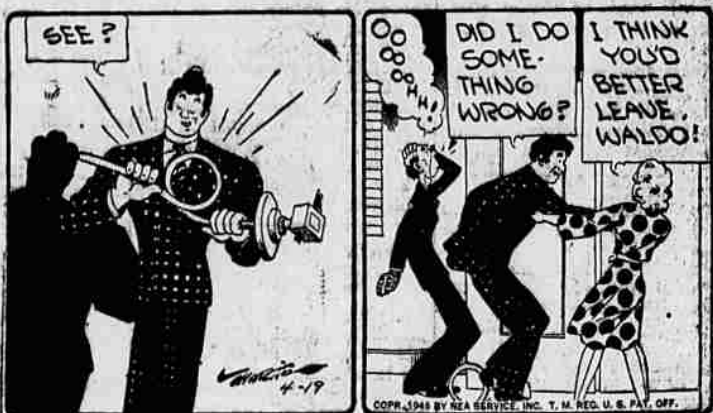
By Edgar Martin



MR. SPLENDID! THE FINEST SHAFF WE'VE EVER MADE-- AND OUT OF THE NEW SECRET MATERIAL, TOO!

OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN

YEP! AND I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT MY TEACHING CAN DO FOR YOUR EMPLOYEES, MR. BUFFINGTON!



SEE?

DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, WALDO!

Freckles and His Friends

Merrill Blosser



LARD, I WANT YOU AND DINAH TO RUN THROUGH A DUET! AND MERGE PRETTY ON THE CHORUS!

OKAY!

RUN THROUGH THE CHORUS TOGETHER--THEN YOU REPEAT THE LAST SIXTEEN BARS ALONE!



THE KIDS GOT SOMETHING! HE'S SCARED TO DEATH! THAT'S WHAT MAKES GALS WANNA MOTHER HIM!

I WALK ALONE--

HE WALKS ALONE--HMPH! HE CAN'T EVEN STAND UP ALONE!

Red Ryder

Fred Harman



I GOT HANLON'S GUN! UNTIE MISS ELSTARR, LITTLE BEAVER!

BUT HANLON, HIM VAMOOSE WHEN YOU SOCKUM THIS CROOK!



THERE HE GOES!

HE GOT AWAY INTO TH' BRUSH!

ACE HANLON, BAH! TOO YELLOW TO JUMP YOU FROM BEHIND!

Wash Tubbs

By Leslie Turner



BUT, LISTEN, OFFICER-- WE HAD A COMPLAINT ON A RIOT AND YOU WERE IT! SAVE YOUR STORY FOR THE MAGISTRATE!

BAW! WANNA GO WITH POPPY!

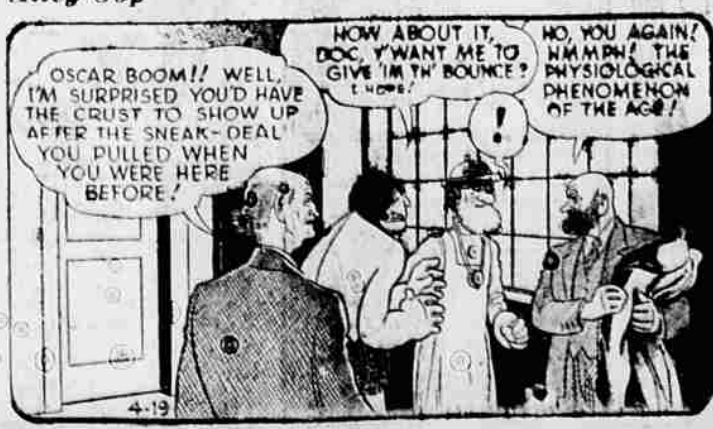
WE CAN'T LEAVE 'EM ALONE HERE... BETTER TAKE 'EM TO THE POLICE MATRON!



WHEE!

Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin



OSCAR BOOM!! WELL, I'M SURPRISED YOU'D HAVE THE CRUST TO SHOW UP AFTER THE SNEAK-DEAL YOU PULLED WHEN YOU WERE HERE BEFORE!

HOW ABOUT IT, DOC, Y'WANT ME TO GIVE Y'WANT BOUNCE?

HO, YOU AGAIN? HMPH! THE PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENON OF THE AGE!



LOOK, BOOM, YA TELL ME WHAT IS A FIZZYLYCAL PHEENOMYNUM?

IN THIS CASE, IT'S AN ANIMAL WITHOUT ANY BRAIN AT ALL!

WHY, YOU...I'LL GEE?

AND WHAT AM I GOING TO BE DOING WHILE YOU'RE GEAR-RING-- JUST READING A NEWSPAPER?

Knitted Saque



5874



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

It is very nearly the prettiest baby jacket I've ever had—the lace effect is exceedingly lovely. Knit it in a fairly deep pink baby wool or a slightly deeper-than-pastel blue. It will make the handsomest baby present you've ever turned off your knitting needles.

To obtain complete knitting instructions for the lacy-knit baby saque (pattern No. 5874) send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 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

anyway. Now the situation is reversed. As a result, many of Truman's old congressional friends are urging that ex-Justice Jimmy Byrnes take over the state department. Truman will send him to San Francisco as a starter, and probably ease him into the state department later.

You can write it down, therefore, that three cabinet members most likely to be changed are Stettinius, Miss Perkins, and Secretary of Agriculture Wickard.

Note—If Byrnes becomes secretary of state, Stettinius might become U. S. representative of the united nations council.

Official Records

Building Permits

Margaret Anson, repair one story brick store building, 1216 Adams avenue, \$210.

Bill Moore, alter and repair one story frame dwelling at 1608 Y avenue, \$150.

J. C. Swickert, erect a one story frame garage, 1910 Cove avenue, \$50.

O. M. Huff, alter and repair one story frame woodshed, 2606 Birch street, \$50.

David E. Cunningham, alter and repair one story frame dwelling, 501 C avenue, \$150.

R. E. Lovelless, alter and repair two story frame dwelling, 1519 Jackson street, \$50.

J. M. Goben, erect chicken house, 202 Division street, \$35.

FIRE DAMAGES ROOF

The roof of the home of T. E. Lovelless, 2909 Third street, was slightly damaged last night by a fire started by sparks from the chimney. The blaze was quickly extinguished by the fire department.

For Little Girls



8850

2-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

My favorite niece looked adorable in a dainty frock like this—and your pride and joy will too! Simple to make—your ABC special for today.

Pattern No. 8850 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3, requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; 1 yard machine made ruffling; 3/4 yard ribbon for bows.

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.

Ready now—the spring issue of Fashion. Just 15 cents. A complete guide in planning wardrobe needs for all the family.

FINED FOR SPEEDING

Orville Jordan was fined \$15 in the municipal court for exceeding the speed limit in a school zone.

Hold Everything



"He says it hates to have a blueprint of the building we're shooting at!"

U. S. Army Leader

1 Pictured U. S. 50 Son of Isaac Army leader.	51 Prevaricator	53 Rebuff	54 Censure
15 Press	17 Concludes	18 Head covering	19 Indonesian of Mindanno
20 Symbol for Calcium	21 Size of shot	22 Golf term	23 Universal language
24 Selects	28 Indian army (ab.)	29 Leisurely boat trip	31 Untouched
33 Mix	34 Brad	35 Is in concord	37 Kind of rock
40 Railroad (ab.)	41 Doctor of Science (ab.)	42 Tasto solo (ab.)	43 Palm lily
44 Encountered	46 Make a mistake	47 Arrive (ab.)	49 File headquar-ters—with the Persian Gulf Service

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. MURRAY	2. MURRAY	3. MURRAY	4. MURRAY	5. MURRAY	6. MURRAY	7. MURRAY	8. MURRAY	9. MURRAY	10. MURRAY
11. MURRAY	12. MURRAY	13. MURRAY	14. MURRAY	15. MURRAY	16. MURRAY	17. MURRAY	18. MURRAY	19. MURRAY	20. MURRAY
21. MURRAY	22. MURRAY	23. MURRAY	24. MURRAY	25. MURRAY	26. MURRAY	27. MURRAY	28. MURRAY	29. MURRAY	30. MURRAY
31. MURRAY	32. MURRAY	33. MURRAY	34. MURRAY	35. MURRAY	36. MURRAY	37. MURRAY	38. MURRAY	39. MURRAY	40. MURRAY
41. MURRAY	42. MURRAY	43. MURRAY	44. MURRAY	45. MURRAY	46. MURRAY	47. MURRAY	48. MURRAY	49. MURRAY	50. MURRAY