

Death's BRIGHT DIAMONDS

by Lionel Mosher

THE IVORY ELEPHANT

XXVII

DESPERATELY Xavier took out his gun. He pointed at my stomach. I had a clear view of the small black hole in the muzzle that seemed to touch my flesh. Then came a report so loud that it filled the room like the blast of a coast-defense gun.

Xavier's pistol was pointed at the floor. He tried to raise it. An amazed look crossed his face and the gun dropped from his fingers. Then I heard Booker's voice.

"Xavier," he said dully, "you led with your right." The little round man opened his mouth, put his hands to his side, and slumped gently to the floor. I saw a wisp of smoke curling ceilingward from the muzzle of Booker's gun.

Booker looked at me sorrowfully. Then he cocked an ear. I heard remote sounds. Someone running over wood—a dock or a pier. A distant shout. Booker pulled down the brim of his hat. "Trent, I'm leaving. You can explain this letter than I." He paused at the door. "But I didn't kill Phineas Hudson. Killing without reason is stupid."

And with this strange bit of moral philosophy he left me.

I WAS taken to headquarters. When Marks heard the story, he ordered the detail doubled at Lousburg Square, and accompanied me back to the house.

"You seem to be the focal point," he said.

Eric Woolf was just coming down the steps when we arrived. He was all Homburg and pin-stripe respectability.

"But, Nicholas," he was very facile, "I've just been in to offer condolences. Miss Pat was too ill to see me."

"She's too ill to see anybody," I said shortly.

"I understand," Eric looked at Marks.

"This is Inspector Marks," I said. "Mr. Woolf. He was one of the party at The Ledges."

"How do you do, Inspector?" Eric looked at the scars on my face. He smiled. "What happened?"

"Mr. Woolf," Marks said, "we've been looking for you."

"For me?" Eric's eyebrows rose. Marks nodded.

"Questioning," he said. "We have talked with everyone else."

"Is it something about Mr. Hudson's death?" Eric asked.

"We call it murder," Marks replied. "Where will you be at noon?"

Eric stared at him soberly. "At the Club," he said.

Marks nodded. "If you will hold yourself in readiness."

"But, of course," Eric said. "Anything I can do." He looked back at me. "Nicholas, you must take care of yourself."

With that he left. Marks looked after him narrowly. He said: "So that is Mr. Woolf."

"He hasn't by any chance a record?" I asked hopefully.

"Not a blemish," Marks replied. "A man with so good a record and so bad a face needs watching."

WE were back in Lousburg Square after the funeral. We had stood in the cold and rain at the little burial ground in Sandy Point where the first Hudsons had ended their careers in the India trade. I was not three yards from the tall granite monument that marked the grave of every Hudson who had died for the past 150 years. I remember looking at it and marking its ostentatiousness.

When it was all over, we crept away with willing reluctance, got in the big black limousine, and drove home.

Pat had gone to her room. I sat in the library with Elijah Hudson, who looked disconcertingly like his dead brother. He had just shaken his head and said, "Why on earth should anybody want to kill Phineas?" when Pat reappeared.

"Nick," she said, "I'd forgotten something."

She held up a little ivory elephant.

"I don't know how it could have slipped my mind," she went on. "At the time I thought I'd never forget it."

"Forget what?" I asked.

"It was last Tuesday when I had that talk with father. I was not to think it odd or to be alarmed, he said, and it was very important."

"Yes," I stared at the ivory elephant.

"He said if anything should happen to him, I— Pat shook her head and closed her eyes, "he— should— die. I was to place this in the family monument in the little crypt beneath the pillars."

"That doesn't sound like your father," I said.

"Nothing that Phineas has said for the past few weeks has sounded like him," said Elijah Hudson.

"I was to go there alone," Pat said, "and to say nothing about it to anybody."

I reached out and took the figure from her. "You've already had more than you can stand. I can take it down and place it exactly as your father wished it. Where there any other directions?"

"No," Pat shook her head. "He merely said to be sure to say nothing about it to anyone."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



Boots and Her Buddies

By Edgar Martin



Freckles and His Friends

Merrill Blosser



Red Ryder

Fred Harman



Wash Tubbs

By Leslie Turner



Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin



For Hot Weather!



5534

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Easy to make—easy to launder and as pretty as a picture on the little girls of two, three and four years. They adore the little parade of rabbits around the hem of the pinafore and one lone baby-bunny on the samsuit. Do the appliqued rabbits of brightly colored scrap materials.

To obtain complete pattern and applique patterns for pinafore and samsuit (pattern No. 5534) sizes 2, 3, 4 years included, 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.

The Apache Indians considered the dandelion their favorite food.

City News In Brief

Homer Conner, Caldwell, Idaho, was arrested early this morning at the U. P. depot, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and was taken to the city jail pending court hearing.

Library Has Material On Timely Subjects

Miss Mabel Doty, city librarian, today announced that a wide selection of material is available at the library on subjects of paramount current interest.

Among the publications to which she called attention are the following pamphlets:

Proposals for the United Nations Charter; what was done at Dumbarton Oaks, by Clarke M. Echeberger; Dumbarton Oaks Documents on International Organization; Dumbarton Oaks Proposals; and The Objectives of the American Association for the United Nations, Inc.

Inflation in One Easy Lesson, Eleven Fundamentals for the Organization of Peace, Road to Rome, Higher Education Under War Conditions, The Road to Good Nutrition, What About Us?; a report of community recreation, Re-employment, and Guatemala.

Coos Bay Harbor Hearing Is Called

PORTLAND, April 20 (UP) — Col. Ralph Tudor of the U. S. army engineers today announced a public hearing will be held May 4 in Coos Bay to consider requests for further development of the harbor facilities.

The army engineers have been asked to deepen the bar and harbor entrance to a projected depth of 40 feet at low water and the inner harbor ship channel to a depth of 30 feet at low water.

Shirtwaister



8797 14-44

By SUE BURNETT

A buttoned-to-the-hem shirtwaister to keep you looking your best—it takes handsomely to almost any material.

Pattern No. 8797 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42 and 44. Sizes 16, short sleeves, 4 yards of 35-inch material.

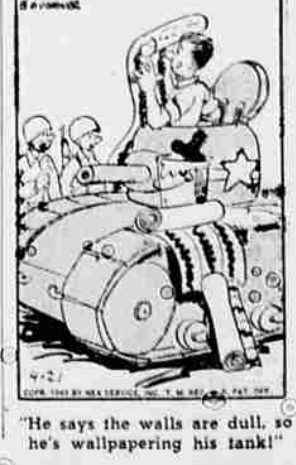
For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

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.

Electric Appliance Cord Is Available

WASHINGTON, April 20 (UP) —New electric cord now may be supplied by dealers for vacuum cleaners, washers, refrigerators, irons, radios, lamps and other electrical appliances in need of repair. The war production board formerly prohibited use of new cord on such appliances if the old cord could be patched.

Hold Everything



U. S. Navy Air Group

1 Depicted is insignie of Patrol Squadron — U. S. naval aviation	2 Victrola	3 Transposes	4 Alternative reply	5 Former Russian ruler	6 Strong vegetables	7 Danger	10 Constellation	11 Speedy province	14 Sicilian volcano
8 Native metals	9 Chaos	11 Adapt	12 Bones	13 Anger	15 Endured	17 Perch (pl.)	20 Inquired	21 Silly	22 Right (ab.)
23 Of this thing	24 Lone Scout (ab.)	25 Near	26 Half-em	28 Exist	30 Forenoon (ab.)	32 Sig loco (ab.)	33 Surgical thread	35 Type of lace	37 Pestered
39 Named	40 Noise	41 Silkworm	44 Fox	45 Decigram	46 Mentality	47 Old Testament (ab.)	48 It is an insignie of a U.		