

Week-end MURDER

CHAPTER XXI
LOOKING after Marvin's retreat-
ing figure—retreating, perhaps,
in a manner more suggestive of
a brilliant forward march—Linda
was tempted to run after him and
demand that he come back and tell
her what really happened, answer
her questions, listen to her pro-
cesses. She did none of these things.
Her glance traveled to the placid
glance of the big white house. She
saw the cold stare of its many win-
dows and her mood of childish rage
gradually vanished. "Murder . . .
murder . . . murder!" the house
seemed to say. She dropped into the
wicker chair more from real
weakness than from graceful yield-
ing to the inevitable. She had sworn
to penetrate that mystery. She had
begun the first steps to do so. She
hadn't begun to cover all the things
Tom had mentioned—had she done
any good at all?
She had learned—or had she?—
that Marvin had quarreled with
Cousin Amos. It seemed incredible
that the old man had actually taken
it upon himself to reproach another
person for his attentions ("such as
they were") thought Linda disparag-
ingly to his hostess. Yet that
impulse to touch was so like him—to
paternal touch, her father being dead,
he was an old relative—as if she
were an age and able to take care
of herself, to say nothing of having
Tom! Yet Marvin had said Cousin
Amos wanted to advise her! That
didn't fit in with this theory. The
old man might have warned
her or remonstrated with her over
what appeared to be intimacy, but
what advice would he have given?
Why that emphasis on their talking
together?
"He was so anxious to find out,"
she slowly analyzed every word of
Marvin's brief, confusing outburst,
"whether Cousin Amos and I got
together to talk something over
after the dance. He wanted us not
to talk about something. What?
Was it that Cousin Amos blamed me
for the supposed flirtation? How
could that be? But that wouldn't account
for Marvin's behavior. That's the
only one. He must awfully didn't want
us to get together and to compare
notes. But that again isn't reason-
able. What had he done that we
could discuss that way? Did Cousin
Amos know something?"
Linda gave herself a little shake.
"Now I'm just reading things into
what he said. Everyone knows Mar-
vin's the high-minded sort of per-
son. It must have been simply a
misunderstanding over his way of focus-
ing on me. Tom noticed it and I told
him it was just Marvin's queer way.
But Cousin Amos of course had to
take the worst—and go straight to
the point with the wrong person."
She sighed. There had been good
reason for Marvin's rage and his
subsequent avoidance of her. She
knew his fantastic standards of be-
havior. She could not imagine, think-
ing swiftly, any single suggestion
that would so quickly, so surely,
inflame him. Would it inflame him
to murder? Perhaps not alone—
but with something else, equally in-
flaming—no, she really had no
justification for imagining any other
motives.
Again Linda sighed. The way of
the detective was not easy. She
was less a success than her first
sugress had assured her she would
be. She knew—at least, she guessed
—why Marvin might have killed
Cousin Amos. But she preferred
not to know what had been said and cer-
tainly she had failed to find out
the details of Marvin's actions last
night and this morning. Then her
glance rose a little. After all, this
was only Saturday afternoon. They
had the rest of the day and Marvin
could not avoid her indefinitely.
Probably, when he was not so con-
scious of being alone with her, that
theatrical constraint would relax
enough to permit her to probe again
these dangerous subjects.
She rose and went up the soft
stairs. Near the house she walked
more and more slowly. No, she was
not exactly nervous, but somehow
there lay a deeper shadow there
that should have been on the front
porch. The house seemed so silent,
so ominously brooding. If she went
in—Nonsense, it was her house,
her home! Tom was inside, and
that if he were not? She was often
alone all day, except for the

maids, of course—
That thought turned her mind to-
ward the faithful helpers in her
kitchen.
She had not seen them since her
hasty visit this morning and she
wanted to speak to them now, to
express her appreciation of the way
they had stood by Tom and his moth-
er earlier in the day. Rosie must
be wondering, too, if anyone would
be back for tea and Annie about
dinner. Linda veered toward the
dining room wing, walking along the
soft turf without stepping on the
gravel path.
At the very end of the house,
where a decorative clump of bushes
blocked sight of the door of the
sunroom, she stopped. She could
hardly have said why. But she
realized that for a second or two
she had subconsciously been aware
of the murmur of voices and now
they were very plain. She won-
dered idly what delivery boy had
come so near the front of the house.
He could not be br the kitchen door
for the voices would not then sound
so near. Unless they were looking
for her, Rosie or Annie seldom came
around here. If they came from the
service door it was usually to
go toward the road or the garage.
The garage! At the association
of ideas, her mind came back sharply
to the moment. She became
acutely aware of herself and her
surroundings—and that low, half-
whispering so near. Except for it,
the air fairly pulsed with soundless-
ness, this quiet, hot July afternoon
on the deserted lawn. Then from
her vantage point she heard a voice
she could not mistake, deliberately
thickened with an Irish brogue as
rich as a stage comedian's. Shaugh-
nessey—what was he doing there?
His voice rose coaxingly over the
protest of a lighter one.
"Sure, an' ye'll give me another!
What's one kiss but the first drop
out of the sky with the whole of
the rain to follow? Come, now—am
I so obnoxious to ye?"
"Oh, but please, sir!" Rosie's
voice and with an edge of some-
thing—could it be fear? Certainly
it was not that the flirtations resis-
tance of a buxom Irish girl batten-
ing a stolen kiss.
"Sir—sir—is it? Have I acted
the grand gentleman with you that
you try my soul with any such fool-
ishness? 'Twas not with any sirs
or madams that we bothered last
night when we talked of County
Athlone—and other things. Why
should you come out at all to talk
with me if you must use such man-
nerful politeness?"
"Twas of last night I thought
you wanted to speak when you
beckoned me so secret-like behind
Annie's back."
"Twas not of last night—for
that you have assured me you have
forgot!" There was nothing gallant
in the sudden sharpness of his voice.
"Yes, sir." The girl's voice was
subdued, but not repentant. Rather
she seemed definitely waiting and
in the pause that followed, the un-
seen listener realized her own posi-
tion as eavesdropper. Should she
refuse to overhear and tip-toe nobly
away? Probably she should—but
nothing would induce her to do so.
She was rewarded by another at-
tempt on the part of the Irishman
to get around Rosie—at least that
was the interpretation Linda shrewdly
put upon the situation.
"Yes, sir and 'yes, sir'—Rosie
'tis the perfect echo you are! But
the kitchen door is so near you can-
not forget your lessons in respect-
ful behavior. Come, now—do you
stroll over with me to the next lit-
tle establishment I call mine. The
old dragon in the kitchen will not
miss you. We can rest us in com-
fort with a pot of strong tea be-
tween us and no one any the wiser."
"The Madam will be needing me."
Linda had the grace to blush or
feel like blushing behind her covey
of bushes. "Tis tea for all of you
I must brew very soon, sir. What
was it you wished to say to me be-
fore I go in?"
Bless Rosie for a loyal young ras-
cal! Whatever this coining visitor
wanted of her, she was not making
it easy for him to ask it. Linda
heard an exclamation of baffled an-
noyance that secretly delighted her.
And then Rosie spoke again, and
her mistress stood rooted to the
ground in horror.
(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best
of the Nation's
Humanest and
Funniest Comics
On This Page
Daily

The Eyes of Wun Wey

SINCE YOU ARE THE AGENT OF OUR GREAT MASTER, WUN WEY, SHOW YOUR ALL, BROTHER HONG—COME WITH ME—

VERY WELL, BROTHER HI—LET US PROCEED AT ONCE, WHILE DARKNESS CLOAKS OUR MOVEMENTS—THE TIME IS SHORT AND OUR MASTER IS IMPATIENT—

DOG-GONE— THAT WAS A SLICK MOVE YOU MADE THEN, MR FUTURE— I'LL BE LUCKY TO GET A DRAW OUT OF THIS GAME—

AND NOW WE SEE KONG, THE AGENT OF WUN WEY, DISGUISED AS A COOLIE, BLUNDERING WITH SEEMING DOLPHINNESS, BUT ALL-SEEING EYES INTO THE VERY PRESENCE OF MISS TREAT—

HIGH GATE SCHOOL

WHAT? YOU THOUGHT WHAT? AH, I CAN'T UNDER- STAND THAT JIBBERISH— YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PEW— THIS IS A REFORMATORY, SEE? GIT! SCRAM— OUT OF HERE BEFORE I HAVE YOU TAKEN OUT—

VELLY, SORRY MISSEY—

By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

I DIDN'T HEAR ANY NOISE— YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, SPUD—

MEBBE SO ROY— WELL, ANYWAY WHEN I TOOK TH' IDOL FROM ITS SECRET HIDIN' PLACE, ONE OF ITS EYES FELL OUT—

— AN' WHEN I STOOD UP, THIS LITTLE WAD OF WRINKLED PAPER DROPPED FROM TH' EMPTY EYE-SOCKET!

By LYMAN YOUNG

HEY— COME BACK WITH THAT—

— YOU STEAL ZEE SACRED JEWELLED IDOL!

HIST, ROY— DON'T LET HER KNOW YOU'VE GOT THAT HUNK OF PAPER—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, WE SHOULDN'T BE TOO CRITICAL OF JOSE FOR DESTROYING PETE'S LETTERS TO BOOTS AND FOR SLOWING UP SUCH A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE! REMEMBER, HE HAS DONE THIS ONLY OUT OF LOYALTY TO HIS BELOVED BOSS, PETE, AND BECAUSE, TO HIS OWN SIMPLE WAY OF THINKING, IT WAS FOR THE WHITE SENOR'S OWN GOOD—

— NO WORD FROM BOOTS— WELL, I GUESS THAT LETS ME OUT! SHE HASN'T ANSWERED ANY OF MY LETTERS— AND NOW . . . SHE HAS IGNORED MY CABLEGRAM

GEE! THE SWEETEST KID IN THE WORLD— I DON'T BLAME YOU ONE BIT! WHY SHOULD YOU YES A CHUMP LIKE ME, WHEN YOU CAN HAVE ANYONE YOU WANT? I HAD HOPED— FOOL, THAT IT MIGHT REALLY BE TRUE— BUT IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT

DOWN HERE, UNDER THE SPELL OF EVERYTHING, YOU LOST YOUR HEAD AND OFFERED TO MARRY ME! BUT NOW— NOW THAT YOU ARE BACK HOME AND HAVE COME TO YOUR SENSES, YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT ME BY TELLING ME THE TRUTH

— YOU WON'T HAVE TO, BOOTS! I'LL SAVE YOU THAT— AND RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR PROMISE! YOU'VE ALWAYS SHOT SQUARE WITH ME, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DO ANY OTHER WAY!— NOW, IT'S MY CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING DECENT FOR YOU—

A Gentleman!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By MARTIN

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"CURRENT EVENTS" TOMORROW—"SHIVER ME TIMBERS!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

MOLES EAT AN AMOUNT OF FOOD EACH DAY EQUAL TO NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF THEIR OWN WEIGHT.

GEN AMBROSE BURNSIDE, AFTER WHOM SIDEBURNS WERE NAMED.

AFRICA IS NOT THE ONLY LION COUNTRY! A FEW STILL REMAIN IN INDIA.

OUT OUR WAY

I'LL GET UP AND START THE FIRE HERE AFTER! OH MY NICE LOOKING KITCHEN!

WELL, COME AN' TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WAS ONCE YOUR NICE LOOKIN' HUSBAND.

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

— SORRY TO COME HERE IN TH' MORNING, HOOPLE, LIKE THIS WHEN YOU AIN'T UP YET!— BUT DON'T GET DIS COURAGED ABOUT OUR GINGER ALE ICE CUBES NOT FIZZIN' WHILE THEY MELT!— MY COUSIN LUDWIG, WHO USED TO BE SOMEWHAT OF A CHEMIST, SAYS HELL HUNT UP HIS OLD CHEMISTRY BOOK HE HAD IN HIGH SCHOOL TO SEE IF THERE AINT A WAY!— I SAYS TO HIM, HOW ABOUT BAKING POWDER— IT FIZZES WHEN WET?— WITH THAT A LIGHT COMES IN HIS EYES, AND—

OH— DASH YOUR COUSIN LUDWIG AND THE WHOLE DRATTED AFFAIR— I'M THRU!— I'M OUT NEARLY \$500 AND LEFT WITH AN ICE BOX ON MY HANDS!— UFF-F-SPUTT-T-T— GOOD BYE SIR!

AND NERTLES IS OUT NOTHING.

By AHERN

— SORRY TO COME HERE IN TH' MORNING, HOOPLE, LIKE THIS WHEN YOU AIN'T UP YET!— BUT DON'T GET DIS COURAGED ABOUT OUR GINGER ALE ICE CUBES NOT FIZZIN' WHILE THEY MELT!— MY COUSIN LUDWIG, WHO USED TO BE SOMEWHAT OF A CHEMIST, SAYS HELL HUNT UP HIS OLD CHEMISTRY BOOK HE HAD IN HIGH SCHOOL TO SEE IF THERE AINT A WAY!— I SAYS TO HIM, HOW ABOUT BAKING POWDER— IT FIZZES WHEN WET?— WITH THAT A LIGHT COMES IN HIS EYES, AND—

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