

MURDER

CHAPTER XXV

DEAD said slowly, "I wish I'd been that shirt before it was murdered. Of course I could ask—I think she'd tell me, though I've been sworn to secrecy. Only I don't want to confess—that I overheard them."

Tom was thoughtful.

"I've been sworn to secrecy about that night," he said.

"You started in the wrong direction. Thoroughly confused, I could see from where I sat at the wheel of the little car. His back all covered with dirt and pine needles—the only place around that you can pick up those needles is that walk between our house and the Club."

"He was missing all evening," recalled Tom.

"And Ella Mondell said he wasn't here."

"Their eyes met. 'Rosie' said both eyes met."

"He probably coaxed her to meet me at that path."

"He ducked out altogether and came to me."

"She doesn't have much fun," said Tom.

"I would say," said Tom.

"He looked pointedly at the little clock."

"I must hurry. Well, so much for the shagbushes." She checked off on her fingers. "Up early this morning and came around the house where he shouldn't have been. Bribing Rosie to clean stains from his shirt. Note—did not whether last night's or from before. Swearing Rosie to secrecy about that and telling her 'forget' what happened last night."

"I wonder if he would have fed anything stronger than tea if she'd accepted his invitation to the garage?" mused Tom. "Well—push on, DeVos. Time flies."

"There I got very little except silence."

"In this business of flirting with the guests?" Tom grinned. He was not aware of the fascination the man held for her.

"Not at all! Even if I wanted to, his heart's safe with Fleur—she has \$50,000,000, or whatever Pa has salted away. No—practically telling my tale. It was the first time I had had to try it out."

"Go well?"

"Perfectly. In fact, I quite enjoyed it myself," she said naively, "knowing how quickly you accept slight variations from the truth. I was sure it was so as I said after I've told it a couple of times more. I'll resent even your suggestion that it isn't every word."

"Perhaps it is." A sudden impulse prompted him to test her memory again. Her eyes met his squarely.

"Cousin Amos was murdered and was nearly strangled," she said slowly. "You can pin your faith to that, Tom. It's the gospel truth. I haven't forgot it and you mustn't. Now—DeVos. Oh, yes—he was very simply and naturally, about the accident. He'd noticed the girl was in place. By the way, if you do that, Tom?"

"No." His tone was perplexed. "I don't know who did. I want to go back and ask you about it later. Go ahead now."

"Well, with him I got a straight-forward, consecutive account of what did last night and this morning—but I meant to get from Marvin."

"He said he found it awfully hot. He didn't go to bed but undressed and sat in that big, comfortable chair by the window, toward the Sound, then there was a little breeze. That was all right. If there's any air-tinger that room gets it. It ought to be just like this, you see. Then, you know, we thought we ought to take it for that reason and then looked on this because of the way the bathrooms were arranged, for the strategy."

"Yes, I remember. He undressed and sat there."

"And he dozed at first and then woke suddenly. Didn't bear Cousin Amos. That's possible—sound always carries upstairs, and a corner. Said he vaguely remembered he was roused while he was by Marvin Pratt dashing out. He rather makes fun of Marvin—saying in that smooth way at his 'vigilant heartiness.' But Marvin does jump and hump around like a bull

THE SHORTEST ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO CHINA IS OVER THE NORTH POLE.

A CIRCUS ELEPHANT, ON A LOAFING DIET, WILL EAT 10 LBS. OATS, 5 LBS. BEAN, 40 LBS. LEGUMES, 60 LBS. HAY, DAILY.

DR. CHARLIE WEATHERMAN OPERATES A SUMMER DENTAL OFFICE BENEATH A LARGE OAK TREE, AT LANVILLE FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's Human-est and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THE GOBLINS'LL GET YUH

A LETTER TO THAT RED-HEAD FROM WABBUCKS, THE OLD FOOL—OF COURSE HE THINKS THE KID'S HERE AND THAT THIS IS A SWEET GIRLS' SCHOOL—WELL, WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WILL NEVER HURT ANYBODY, AND IT SURE HELPS ME—

THE GOBLINS'LL GET YUH

NO MATTER HOW BIG I MAKE THE CHECKS, THE BANK HAS HAD ITS ORDERS AND I GET 'EM DOUGH—HA-HA-HA! AND IF ANYONE EVER DOES GET WISE, THEY CAN'T TOUCH ME—I'M SAFE—

YEOW!

YEOW!

By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

HAWK! SOMETHING QUITE SERIOUS HAS HAPPENED TO POOR BEETLE! HE'S—

ANOTHER HERE, TOO, IS HELPLESS MASSAH ROY! SEE!

WHY HE'S GOING THE SAME ROUTE AS BEETLE! THE SYMPTOMS ARE IDENTICAL!

YES! MASSAH SPUD FINDS HE'S JEWELLED! HE IS—POISONED! BUT IS NOT BE ALARMED! HE POISON WILL NOT KILL!

—YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT BOTH HE AND BEETLE WILL HAVE TO REMAIN IN THIS CONDITION FOR WEEKS?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS, DID I HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING—?—WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE OF THE MARRIAGE TODAY AT HIGH NOON OF JUANITA DEL BEY AND PETER E. MORGAN—OH, WHY THAT'S PETE!!! THE BRIDE—

NO—OH, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE

BUT, BOOTS— I DON'T UNDERSTAND

(SNIFF SNIFF) NEITHER DO I

BRINGING UP FATHER

HA-HA! I BRIBED ME SON TO SAY HE WANTED TO GO TO THE OPERA—SO MAGGIE TOOK HIM INSTEAD OF ME— I'M IN LUCK, BY GOLLY. ME SON MAY BE A BIG HELP TO ME IN LOTS OF WAYS—

HERE THEY ARE BACK— I WONDER HOW HE LIKED THE OPERA?

THAT WAS A FINE TRICK YOU PLAYED ON ME—

WHAT ARE YOU KICKIN' ABOUT, DIDN'T I GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS TO GO?

I WOULDN'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS—

THIMBLE THEATRE

I THINK YOU'RE A WONDERFUL MAN—YOU'RE SO DIFFERENT

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU BEAUTIFUL THING! I HATE YA—YA KIN NOT VAMPIRE ME! I YAM A MAN OF STEEL!

STOP!! YOU ARE A MAN OF STEEL, AND I AM A WOMAN OF MAGNETISM!

A MAGNET DRAWS STEEL TO IT

THAT'S A GOOD JOKE ON ME—I THOUGHT I COULD RESIST YA BY BEIN' A MAN OF STEEL, AN HERE YA HAPPENING TO BE A WOMAN FULLA MAGNETISM! ARE! ARE!

OUT OUR WAY

WHY COOKY, YUH DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THESE HAIN'T STUCK TOGETHER DUMPLINS. WHY, THIS IS MY SECOND HELPIN'—WHY, IT TASTES JES' LIKE DU—YORE DUMPLINS.

EF YEW'VE CUT THAT GOOD SHIRT, YEW'LL BUY ME A NEW UN! A MAN CAN'T PUT A SHIRT TO SOAK WITHOUT YORE DAD BLAME MONKEYSHINES. GIT OUT— ILL WAIT ON YEW!

IT WORKED WE'LL GIT A LITTLE SERVICE NOW.

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—BY JOVE, NERTLES—I WAS ON MY WAY TO BOARD A BOAT FOR EUROPE, BUT I HAD TO HURRY BACK HOME TO SIGN SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS ON A DEAL WITH THE PERUVIAN GOVERNMENT!—AH—

By AHERN

YEH—SAY, LISEN—YOU KNOW MY COUSIN LUDWIG?—WELL, HE GOT TWO MEN INTERESTED IN TH' IDEA OF MAKIN' GINGER ALE ICE CUBES—AN' THEY RAISED TH' MONEY TO BUY TH' ELECTRIC ICE BOX OFFN' YOU, IF YOU'LL SELL IT FOR \$500—THAT'S JES' \$75 LESS THAN YOU PAID FOR IT!