

SERIAL STORY
MURDER IN PARADISE

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

ture." I reminded her grimly. Before she could do more than give me a cold, dignified glare through her glasses a car stopped outside and I heard a voice calling.

FROM the look of absolute delight on Maudie's face and the sinking sensation in my own interior, I knew who had arrived. Why it had never occurred to me that Denny would come, I don't know, except that things had moved so swiftly as to leave me more confused than usual. But he was there. Dennis Flynn had worked with the boys in the city room and was one of the best crime reporters in town. If he was here now the story must have big angles, I thought, following Maudie outside.

I sort of gathered myself together, figuratively speaking, because Denny did things to me. I hadn't seen him in a year and I hoped now that the sight of his red head and freckled face with the funny, crooked eyebrows wouldn't make me feel in a way no teacher of Lit. I should feel. I'd felt that way about him for a long time and I had put up with a lot, too, because being with Denny after teaching smartly sophomores in high school day after day was like changing from Cinderella into the traditional fairy princess.

I mean life to Denny was a grand adventure, only sometimes the adventures were too crazy. It was one of those that he had taken in stride that finished things between us a year ago. After all a school teacher has her reputation to consider, and I was quite sure the Board of Education wouldn't approve of his calling for me in a patrol wagon he happened to meet up with while waiting to catch a taxi out to our house.

Well, Denny had met Tod Palmer when he was out this way on some state assignment, and the way young Tod looked at him I could see he was another pushover for the Flynn charm. The young reporters always were that way. Denny stood for the old type school of newspaperman to them and they were naive enough to hang on his every word in open-mouthed admiration. At least, I thought, I can look at him without such an expression on my face. The vision of that Black Maria parked before the house while Denny waited to escort me to the theater in it was still vivid in my mind.

We sat there, Maudie and I, and listened to Denny and young Tod put the pieces of the picture of

the crime together. Where Denny had acquired all his information I don't know, but he knew what we knew and more besides. Maudie was in seventh heaven. While passing out beer and gooseliver sandwiches, which she had made in about two minutes, she managed to ask all the questions she had been mulling over.

DENNY let her talk. "Sorry, Maudie darling, but I don't think there's going to be much romantic mystery," he told her finally. "Maybe this little country dame Jeanie did have cause to bump Cord off, and maybe your green-eyed Dixon gal had just as good cause, but he was plugged by a good old 32 slug and, knowing his pals in town, I'd say it was the work of the numbers boys."

I was nonplussed, but Maudie put it into words. "Numbers boys? I suppose you mean the ones being investigated by the Grand Jury," she said. Maudie keeps up on the news.

"Cord had been doing a little fine manipulating," Denny said. "He was getting his cut all right and he was due to be called by the Grand Jury. He's been around town long enough so that someone probably figured he'd talk and talk plenty."

Maudie looked bewildered. "What's the matter?" I demanded. "You've still had murder. Aren't numbers boys exciting enough? Here you've had one right in your back yard, so to speak, with a smoking gun in his hand and a nice corpse left as a remembrance. What more do you want?" Personally I felt like drawing a big breath of relief. I don't know just what I expected to develop out of that crime, but now I was sure that little Jeanie Morris wouldn't be involved, and her faded romance with Cord wouldn't have to be blazoned across every front page. But that feeling wasn't evidenced on Maudie's plump face.

"You may be a good leg man, Dennis Flynn, but this time you're wrong."

"How come, darling? What do you know that I don't know?" She went into one of her dower-freeses and flicked the ash into the tray at the crucial moment. "You're such a great reporter you should know all the possibilities," she said with dignity.

Denny looked at me and a flicker of doubt clouded his eyes. I felt a moment's panic myself. Maudie spoke with such authority. (To Be Continued)

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ALLEY OOP

Look Who's Here

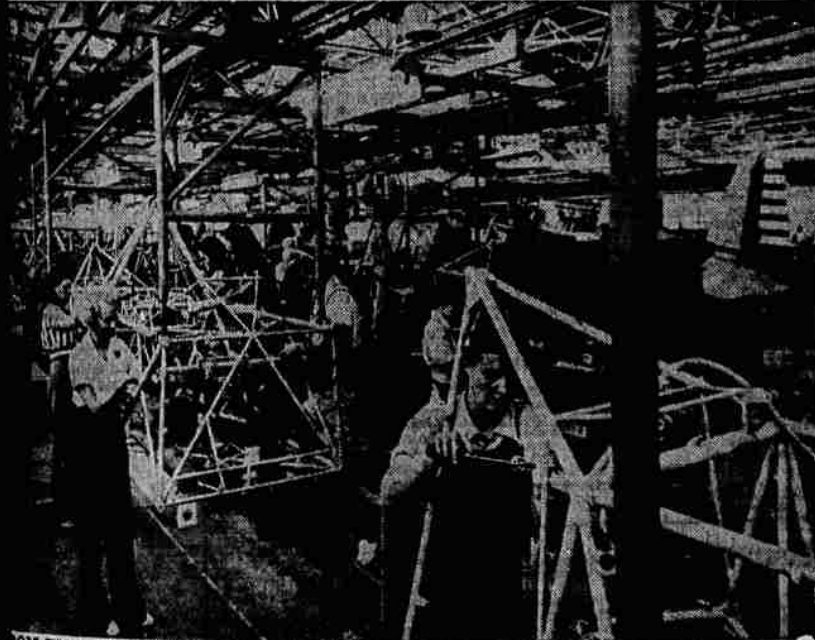
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OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE



FROM WASHING MACHINES TO PLANE BUILDING—IT'S A CINCH. — Times and so does woman's place in the scheme of things. Vultee Aircraft Co., Downey, has hired 350 women who work shoulder to shoulder with men in the machine shop, metal shop, paint shop and on the final assembly line (above). This group is working the tubular fuselage structures.

SIDE GLANCES



Dashing Mounted Police Guard Canada Since 1873

CANADA'S dashing, romantic and efficient Royal Canadian Mounted Police was founded in 1873. Small in number, but strong in courage, experience and hard training, they have maintained law and order over a vast territory from the great plains north into the Yukon, and across the Arctic to Hudson Bay and Baffin Island.

The government honored the "Mounties" philatelically in the 1935 stamp above.

When Canada gained control over the unexplored lands of the great northwest in 1870, it was faced with the problem of policing a wild area. Powerful Indian tribes endangered the lives of settlers.

To curb these unruly elements, the Northwest Mounted Police was organized in 1873 at Stone Fort, just south of Lake Winnipeg. After only a year's training, 300 "Mounties" marched over 3000 miles of unknown territory, restoring law and order from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. The force was knighted in 1904 in recognition of its services in the West.

Well, don't tell your father—he would just take the blame some potatoes!"