

MURDER IN PARADISE

MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

and distinct killings. And coming at the same time and place may be just coincidence. Stush could still have rubbed Cord out, and then someone else put the K. O. on Miss Morris, or a nut is wandering around loose and knocked them both off.

Either possibility was unpleasant to contemplate and I wished something would happen to bring about a speedy solution. The second killing had resulted in a nice state of hysteria around the lake. The gloomy weather the past day hadn't helped people's nerves either.

THE cottagers were locking shutters and doors at night and carrying old-fashioned hunting guns on their nightly walks to and from bridge parties and the few picnics the younger set staged. Things must be dull, I thought, when Chris Gordon came to the house with some mail which I hadn't gotten around to pick up that morning. I could imagine that the guests at the inn found the atmosphere anything but festive or vacation-gay, with police and reporters making it a headquarters.

"Heard your mother wasn't feeling so good after the other night," he said, handing me the letters and papers. "Thought it might be hard for you to get down and maybe there was something important in this stuff."

"Bills, probably," I said, "but it was nice of you to think of us. Won't you come in?" I didn't expect him to, but he took off his hat and followed me into the living room where we sat and talked a while. He seemed to have a hard time following the conversation and although it wasn't hot he kept wiping his nearly bald head with a wrinkled handkerchief.

"I suppose this hasn't helped your summer business, has it?" I was finding it hard to make conversation. He sat on the edge of the chair and looked around as though he expected a murderer to leap at him from every door.

"Been a long time since I was

in this cottage," he said finally, when I'd thoroughly discussed the weather, the farm crops and the political situation. "I've seen a lot of cottages go up around here during the years. Wasn't much of a colony when I first came here."

"Was the Morris residence built when you first came?"

"That's one of the oldest tround these parts," he said.

"And did you know Miss Morris—the old one, I mean—when she was a young woman?" I asked.

HE went off again into one of those abstract streaks, but finally he seemed to remember that I had spoken. "Eh—Oh, yes, everyone knew Miss Millie around here." He reached for his hat and, taking one last mop at his head, stood up. "Anything we can do for you folks while you're here, just let us know. Always glad to oblige."

"Thanks. What with people being killed every night or so it's good to know the inn isn't too far away should one need help."

"Folks mustn't lose their heads," he warned solemnly.

"Someone around here seems glad to help do that," I said. He looked slightly shocked and went out to his car without looking back. Maudie was calling and I went to her room. She was sitting up in bed reading a magazine.

"What was that man doing here?"

"Inquiring after your health," I said. "He'd heard you were upset, and then, too, he brought the mail." I tossed it to her, but she didn't grab as usual, hunting for letters from the boys.

"Oh, so he brought the mail and came to inquire about me, did he? Now wasn't that considerate of him?"

"Why, yes, I thought so," I said. "And you needn't sound so sarcastic. But then that shows you're practically well enough to get up and start hunting for another good corpse."

She moaned and sank back against the pillows. "Get out of here," she said. "Get out I want to think."

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



POPEYE

New Showing—"BEATEN TO THE DRAW!"

Tomorrow—"ASK THE DUCK!"

By E. C. SEGAR



Secret Agent X-9



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

She Said No!

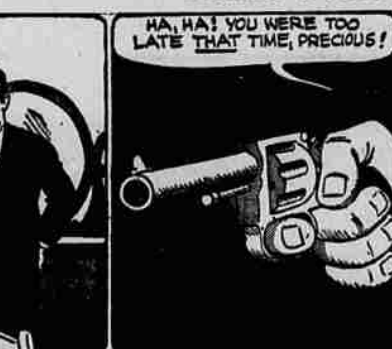
By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

Ronnie Overlooked Something

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

The Doppel

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OUT OUR WAY

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE • with • MAJOR HOOPLE



TRIO, UNDER 16, HELD IN KILLING OF MOTORIST TO STEAL CAR—Held by Ida Mae Price, 15; Herbert Cox, Jr., 16 and Leona Ellen Cunningham. According to officials Cox confessed that he shot and killed G. G. Browning, 40, his car and go on," with his two girl companions.

Commercial air services are in Japan by private States until 1800.



Marie and Pierre Curie Famed for Radium Work

RARELY do you find such a blend of talent in husband and wife as was demonstrated by the famous chemists and physicists, Marie and Pierre Curie.

Their discovery of radium and polonium and their investigations into radioactivity and radioactive substances have won them the admiration of the world.

Distant Panama honored them philatelically in the 1939 stamp above, the proceeds of which were used for the control of cancer.

Marie Curie, nee Marie Sklodowska, was born in Warsaw, Poland, Nov. 7, 1867. Her father was a professor of physics. She studied physical sciences at Warsaw, continued her work at the Sorbonne, Paris, where she met Pierre Curie. They married in 1895.

Pierre Curie was born in Paris May 15, 1859. In 1895 he became professor of physics at Ecole Municipale, where he and his wife experimented with the Becquerel rays which resulted in the discovery of the elements radium and polonium. With her husband, she was awarded the Nobel Prize in physics in 1903. In 1911 she received a full Nobel award in chemistry, the first woman to be so honored.



Don't listen to your father too closely, Tom—he spent years warming the bench at State University!