

The HOUSE on LILAC STREET

by FRED BAYARD

Chapter 28
The ringing of the telephone halted Nick Thorpe in the corridor. Re-entering his office, he took up the receiver. "Yes?" He spoke irritably. Gradually, as he listened, his manner underwent a change. Once or twice he nodded in affirmation of what he was being told. "You've got it straight what you're to do?" the voice at the other end asked. "We don't want any mistakes."

Rushing out of his office, then getting out of the door, he began to give hurried instructions to several men working in the chapel. "One of you fetch the hearse around to the front, then get that casket out of here, and step on it. You may still have time. If not, you know what to do." There was no longer any question in Thorpe's mind. The thing he had so often feared was an actuality. This was the pay-off. Back in his office, he began to gather up various papers and records. Holding them over the metal waste paper basket, he put a match to them, dropping them only when the flames almost burned his hand.

The faint sounds of commotion drifted from the front of the building. Several patrol cars had converged on the building from different directions, one of them pulling up almost at right angles in front of the hearse to cut off its escape. Directly in front of the door, a gaping crowd watched the astonishing spectacle of a blazing coffin. An inferno of leaping tongues of flames, fed by the embalming fluid, greedily licked at the polished sides of the casket, turning its fiery outlines into a gigantic orange pyre.

Now while the police were occupied, would be his opportunity to get away. The side entrance would be his best bet. He swung around at the sound of the voice behind him. "Going somewhere, Nick?" It asked. Nick had never seen Lieutenant Fletcher before, but recognized him instinctively for what he was. "What do you want?" Thorpe asked sharply. "I'm in a hurry. You'll have to see me some other time."

"I'm afraid that'll have to wait, Nick," Fletcher advanced into the room. "You're under arrest. It's a question of murder. I must caution you that anything you say may be used against you." Fletcher slowly drew a set of handcuffs from his pocket. Deliberately he extended his hand. "Will you come quietly or wear these?" Thorpe shrugged. "I'll come along to humor you. You'll see you've made a very serious mistake."

"I'll risk it," Fletcher replied, as he accompanied the other out. "It was a good try but it didn't quite work, Nick." He indicated the casket. Although a d d l y scorched, with faint streams of smoke still rising from the water damped wood, the flames were out. A city fire department truck stood at the curb. Fletcher pushed Thorpe into the waiting police sedan, and got in beside him. Derris pushed open the door at the Liberty Laundry. Although at first she could hear nothing, she had the feeling that she was being watched. She didn't know quite what to make of it. The door to Owens' little office stood ajar, and the room was apparently as empty as the rest of the building. Curiously drew her toward it. From somewhere she heard the loud ticking of a clock. She did not hear the approach of the man who suddenly stood beside her. "Oh!" Derris drew back. "You shouldn't sneak up on people like that. You just about scared me to death."

"Looking for someone, miss?" the man asked quietly. Something vaguely familiar about him eluded Derris. Somehow she felt that it was important for her to remember. "I'm only trying to find some-

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I want my laundry," Derris spoke sharply, beginning to feel irritated. "Let me speak to the proprietor," she said, attempting to push past him. "He isn't here," he answered, looking at her curiously. "I'm afraid he won't be back for a long, long time. Say," he leaned forward to get a better look, "haven't I seen you somewhere recently? Sure, that's it," he said as memory suddenly dawned. "You were the girl that came to see Nick Thorpe one day, but you wouldn't talk."

"What are you doing here?" she asked. Mentally, she measured the distance to the door. As if reading her thoughts, he moved between her and it. "I was just about to ask you the same thing. Right now I'm very interested in anyone who knows Chris Harman."

"For your information," Derris answered, "I do not know him. I don't know what your questions are leading up to and I hardly see how they concern me anyway. I merely left some laundry here. That is what one customarily does in a laundry. Since you refuse to give it to me, I'll have to leave without it. Now, if you don't mind—"

"Can you give me any good reason why I should?" She faced him squarely. "Yes. Ever hear of the FBI? And in case you're still in doubt, this is my identification." Derris looked at what he held in his hand. "Satisfied?" he asked. "Yes," she replied softly. "I'm satisfied. Now what do you want to know?"

"I've got it, Phoebe! I'll go to Barber College!" "I'll cut my own hair and the children's!" "AND WHEN I GRADUATE, I'LL OPEN A BARBER SHOP HERE IN NORTHVILLE AND BE FIRST PAST THE POST WITH ALL THE TOWN GOSSIP!" "MY WILLIE CAN DO ANYTHING!"

"I'M ONLY TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE WHO'S INTERESTED IN ME."

IT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU TO GIVE SONNY AND ME A PARTY ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF OUR FIRST DATE, KIT!

BUT WE COULDN'T GO IF ABOUT THIS BABY SITTING SERVICE!

LET ME READ THAT ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE BRATTING BUREAU, SONNY!

WHY NOT CALL AND LOOK US OVER? ...YEAH—WHY NOT? TOMORROW WE'LL GET THE DOPE FOR A "SPOTSOT" PIECE ON "THEY MASS PRODUCE PART-TIME PARENTS!"

BONDED BABY SITTERS

Do family time for you down! Does your maid refuse to stay nights? Is "the old" next door always doted up? PHONE MAIN 4-4925 200 Girls in our class-rooms—Ready to release you for that well-deserved evening out!

Why not call and look us over? MINDING THE BABY IS OUR BUSINESS!

SOCK

HE'S BIG AND STRONG—WHY DOESN'T HE GET A JOB?

OH, HE WORKS OFF AND ON AT THE DOCKS—AND THE FISH WHIMVES—WHICH REMINDS ME—CARE TO TAKE A WALK?

SURE—NOTHING ELSE TO DO—C'MON, LENA!

WHAT IF WE'D KNOWN ANYBODY WITH MONEY WOULD WE HAVE GOT INTO THIS FK? ANYWAY, WE AREN'T BEGGARS!

CEPT FOR YOU, TH' ONLY OTHER PERSON I KNOW IS ROCKY—ROCKY'S A REAL MAN—

HE'S BIG AND STRONG—WHY DOESN'T HE GET A JOB?

OH, HE WORKS OFF AND ON AT THE DOCKS—AND THE FISH WHIMVES—WHICH REMINDS ME—CARE TO TAKE A WALK?

SURE—NOTHING ELSE TO DO—C'MON, LENA!

I'VE GOT IT, PHOEBE! I'LL GO TO BARBER COLLEGE!

TINK OF THE DOUGH WE CAN SAVE! I'LL CUT MY OWN HAIR AND THE CHILDREN'S!

AND WHEN I GRADUATE, I'LL OPEN A BARBER SHOP HERE IN NORTHVILLE AND BE FIRST PAST THE POST WITH ALL THE TOWN GOSSIP!

MY WILLIE CAN DO ANYTHING!

TH' BODY? WHY, IT WERE LAID RIGHT OUT ON THE PLATTER!

GULP!

SOM—AH HAD NO IDEA MAH PARENTS WOULD TASTE THIS GOOD!

IT'S NICE O' YOU T SAY THEY SON—BUT TH' BODY YOU ET WERE RUBY TH' ROOSTER, YORE CHILDHOOD FRIEND!

PURE (WIT?) RUBY?—BUT A WORSE TRAGEDY IS VET T' COME. A BOLT O' LIGHTNING HIT A LEFT-HAND BRANCH OF A CRAPABLE TREE, WHICH LANDED ON A BULL-SHONK, WHICH THEN GOT UP AN SLOWLY WALKED AWAY, WHISTLING "SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT— AN YO KNOW WHUT THET MEANS!!"

BEFORE MIDNIGHT ONE YOKUM WILL DIE!!

READING THE SCRIPT I WROTE, JEFF? VEH!

I CAN'T WAIT TILL I GET TO THE END!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE BEGINNING?

OH. I HAVEN'T COME TO THAT YET!

DON'T YOU START FROM THE BEGINNING?

NAW! I ALWAYS START IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORY!

WHY? I GET MORE OUT OF IT THAT WAY!

NOT ONLY DO I WONDER HOW IT'S GONNA END BUT HOW IT BEGAN!

ONLY THIS ONE BUNK HAS BEEN USED—LOOKS LIKE THET'S ONLY ONE MAN— NOT A GANG.

BUT HE'S TRESPASSING! DURING THE RUN OF MY LEASE, I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THIS ISLAND!

I'M GOING TO REPORT THIS TO SANDRAL, THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT AGENT!

RUSTY, HE HEARTY, FETCH MY PIPE AND TOBACCO POUCH FROM THE BOAT LIKE A GOOD LAD...

SURE, SALTY, RIGHT AWAY!

I WANTED THE LAD OUT OF THE WAY A MOMENT... I'M NOT SURE THAT FELLOW SANDRAL IS A GENUINE AGENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT... GO FOR THE PRESENT, I SUGGEST WE KEEP THIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR TO OURSELVES.

PHOOIE!

FOR SALE OIL PAINTING GET \$10

JUGGERS, KIDS! IT'S THE JUGGERNAUT!

WE WE'RE JUST HAVING A LITTLE RHYMING CONTEST MRS. SWEETLIGHT!

I KNOW! I WITNESSED THE WHOLE EXHIBITION!

YOU MAY RETIRE TO YOUR ROOMS—ALL OF YOU!

PLEASE DON'T BLAME THE GIRLS! I ACCEPT FULL RESPONSIBILITY!

YOU MAY FOLLOW ME!

RADIO PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY—P.M.

TIME	KSLM	KGW	KOCO	KOIN
5:00	Ted Drake	Al Gayle	Rhythm	Knux
5:15	Ted Drake	Al Gayle	Rhythm	Knux
5:30	Musical	Musical	Musical	Musical
6:00	Gabriel Heater	Henry Moran	Candle Light	Frank
6:15	N.W. News	Henry Moran	Light	Frank
6:30	Musical	Ronald Colman	Silver	Frank
7:00	Cost in Autumn	The Big Star	Tropeana	Burns
7:15	Cost in Autumn	The Big Star	Pat O'Brien	Burns
7:30	Cost in Autumn	The Big Star	Pat O'Brien	Burns
8:00	What's the Name	Strata & Kismet	Pat O'Brien	Burns
8:15	of That Song	News of World	Pat O'Brien	Burns
8:30	Lynn Murray Show	Great Oldies	Pat O'Brien	Burns
8:45	Lynn Murray Show	Great Oldies	Pat O'Brien	Burns
9:00	News	Chick Fater News	Pat O'Brien	Burns
9:15	Mutual Newsrel	Sports Page Final	Pat O'Brien	Burns
9:30	Music	Mr. Dist. Attorney	Pat O'Brien	Burns
9:45	Music	Mr. Dist. Attorney	Pat O'Brien	Burns
10:00	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Sam Haysen, Rep.	Pat O'Brien	Burns
10:15	Select Local News	Wax Museum	Pat O'Brien	Burns
10:30	News	Wax Museum	Pat O'Brien	Burns
10:45	News	Wax Museum	Pat O'Brien	Burns
11:00	International	Sign Off	Pat O'Brien	Burns
11:15	Int. Moran Orch.	Sign Off	Pat O'Brien	Burns
11:30	Int. Moran Orch.	Sign Off	Pat O'Brien	Burns
11:45	Sign Off	Sign Off	Pat O'Brien	Burns

THURSDAY—8 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

TIME	KSLM	KGW	KOCO	KOIN
6:00	Morning Special	Farm Time	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
6:15	March Time	News of World	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
6:30	News	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
6:45	Breakfast Gang	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
7:00	Breakfast Gang	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
7:15	Breakfast Gang	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
7:30	Breakfast Gang	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
7:45	Breakfast Gang	Smooth Music	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
8:00	Bargain Counter	The Second Cup	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
8:15	Music	Jack Herch	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
8:30	Music	Jack Herch	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
8:45	Music	Jack Herch	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
9:00	N.W. News	Clark Hayden	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
9:15	Kate Smith	Carmen Cavallero	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
9:30	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
9:45	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
10:00	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
10:15	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
10:30	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
10:45	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
11:00	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
11:15	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
11:30	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock
11:45	Patricia's Fall	Monte Carlo	KOIN Klock	KOIN Klock

DIAL LISTINGS: KEX, 1190; KOAC, 650

TIME	KEX	KOAC
5:00	Keepin' Up With Sports	Keepin' Up With Sports
5:15	Home Edition	Home Edition
5:30	Modern Romances	Modern Romances
5:45	Home Edition	Home Edition
6:00	Headlines in Chemistry	Headlines in Chemistry
6:15	Guest Star	Guest Star
6:30	Farmers' Union	Farmers' Union
6:45	Evening News	Evening News
7:00	Public Health Series	Public Health Series
7:15	Arts in Classic	Arts in Classic
7:30	Logan's Fire Weather Forecast	Logan's Fire Weather Forecast
7:45	Music That Endures	Music That Endures
8:00	Sign Off	Sign Off

KEX Thursday A.M.—6:00, News: 6:15, Band: 6:30, Bob Hagen Show: 6:45, Time Tempo: 7:15, Merer: 7:30, Zane Makers: 7:45, Stars: 8:00, Breakfast Club: 8:15, Stars: 8:30, Melody Promenade: 8:45, Ted Malone: 9:00, Galt Drake: 9:15, Mr. True Story: 9:30, Behind the Story: 9:45, News: 10:00, Xtra Hour: 10:30, Sign Off.

KOAC Thursday A.M.—10:00, News: 10:15, Concert: 10:30, Famous New: 10:45, Noon Hour: 1:00, Mid: 1:15, Variety: 1:30, Midway: 1:45, Cavalcade: 2:00, Memory Book: 2:15, Excursions in Science: 2:30, News: 2:45, Music of the Masters: 3:00, Interlochen Concert.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. River in North
4. Fruit
7. Note of coin
12. Wing
13. Smooth and
14. Seaweed
15. Size of type
17. Came into view
18. Andor
21. British statesman
22. Answer
23. Response
24. Type measure
25. Appear
26. Principal artery

DOWN
31. Blast
32. Entrance
33. Behold
34. Book of maps
35. Quantity per unit of area
36. Earth: comb. form
37. Artificial
38. Mixed
39. Lively dance
40. Lively dance
41. Lively dance
42. Count
43. Small quarrel
44. Salutation
45. Atmospheric disturbance
46. Old musical note
47. Tablet
48. Subject
49. Furtive

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
1. Like
2. Placed in the ground
3. Speed contests
4. Viper: slang
5. One with a great disease
6. Placed out
7. Angles
8. Exist
9. Felt
10. Beers
11. Air: comb.
12. Regions
13. Excludes
14. Growing out
15. Arabian chieftains
16. Theatrical profession
17. Dressed skins
18. Famous New York family
19. Roused to a sense of danger
20. Tea testers
21. Embalm
22. Epochs
23. Having wings
24. Emblem
25. Formerly
26. Dose
27. Pulpy fruit
28. High pointed hill
29. Entirely
30. Largest Scotch river
31. Mysel

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

SO THIS IS GOLF AT "COON" LAID OUT PUTTING GREEN LIND OUT AROUND O GOPHER HOLES AND THIS ONE PUTTER... FROM TH' LOOKS OF TH' HEAD ON IT THEY MUST USE IT FOR PRYS TIRES OFF TH' RIM!

I'VE LOOKED AROUND FOR GOLF BALLS BUT I CAN'T FIND ONE! I SHOULD'VE KEPT A FEW OF THE DUMPLINGS WE HAD FOR CHINESE LAST NIGHT—JUST TH' RIGHT WEIGHT AND HARD ENOUGH TO SAND-PAPER INTO TH' SHAPE OF GOLF BALLS!

THE PUTTING GREEN IS JUST FOR LOOKS!

enjoy this delicious chewing treat

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