

# Heart of Happiness

by PEGGY O'MORE

AP Newsfeatures

(Chapter 30)

How Kelly stopped and looked anxiously at Arleta. "Wouldn't you like something stronger than coffee, Chips?" he asked. "I'm going to really hand it to you."

The dark head shook a negative. "He took it standing, didn't he? He let Ace Lane kill him."

"It wasn't Ace, Chips; it was his wife, Alene's Mother, Floss DuBois, a sharp-shooting girl he'd picked up at a carnival he was working. Ace wasn't a gunman. I think the concession we're going to get from her—"

Arleta lifted her head. That look she'd seen on the woman's face. Not hatred, but fear, cold, frozen fear. And because she could think of no reason Mrs. Lane should fear her, she had not recognized it.

"I've used that 'double murder' in a dozen different stories," How confessed; "couldn't quite figure the timing. Now I understand. Ace went out, unarmed. He didn't know his wife was following with her rifle."

"I believe," said Kelly, "that she shot your father from behind Ace. That then she went over to your father, perhaps telling the stunned Ace they'd make it look like suicide, that she'd use the rifle he carried, shoot it and let the coroner consider it suicide without checking the bullet. Instead she then fired at your father's gun, and fired that at her husband whom she hated."

"Wait," objected Leta. "Even a coroner would know that first shot came from a distance."

"A man stunned at seeing a former friend, a now hated enemy, fall before his face from a shot fired by his wife, wouldn't stop to think of that, would he?"

Kelly glanced at his watch. "They should be here now. Of course Caro had a lot to do—write the story and—"

"Caro?" Arleta looked up. Could not How Kelly live without that lovely blonde in the background? And then other memories flooded over her.

They heard a car drive in. It was Kelly who went to the door. "This," said a man's voice, "is most irregular. Do you realize it is three o'clock?"

"Most irregular?" repeated the Reverend after one horrified glance at the crimson-clad Arleta.

Arleta felt the world dissolve from under her feet. Caro was coming. How was going to marry Caro. She couldn't face it. Not after this night with all that had held. She wouldn't. She'd get into her still damp suit and go on trudging down the road until some dawn bus picked her up.

"Is this the young lady?" inquired the Reverend Claiborne.

"Yes, you'll have to forgive her present attire. She was marked for murder and got wet; and this red thing-a-ma-gig was all she had left."

Slowly a change came over Arleta. Her black hair was tossed back. Her hands came to her hips. Her heels dug into the floor.

"How Kelly, this has gone far enough. I am not marrying Cal Sheridan, tonight or any other night. You can beseech me only so far, but I will not marry."

"I'll say you're not," agreed Kelly, "you're marrying me."

"You!" she blurted.

"You can't live here with me without marrying me, think what Mrs. Olsen would say."

"Olsen! How," she even forgot the ridiculous words he'd been saying, "where did she fit into this?"

"Where do most blab-mouthed women fit in?" he asked. "She was the go-between... Here comes Caro."

It wasn't just Caro who arrived but a dozen of her girl friends and a dozen of How's men friends and a few under-sheriffs. And behind them came Mr. Carson, carried in, and Chita and her underlings, who were carrying covered platters.

"I did the best I could," laughed Caro, breaking the string on a box "but the only storekeeper I could haul out of bed had nothing white but this kind of nice, though and you can wear it all summer."

Arleta stood and stared. "You are going to marry How, aren't you?" asked the bewildered Caro.

"I've never asked me," Arleta replied.

"How Kelly, come here this instant," Caro called, and How came to the doorway, brows meeting shaggy over frowning eyes. "Leta says you didn't propose."

"Of course I didn't," he agreed. "The only way to handle that girl is to go ahead. Heck, Caro, I've got to marry her. I can't spend the rest of my life running all over the country looking after her. I've got to have her here where I can watch her while I make a living for us."

"That makes sense," conceded Arleta. "Then get out while I dress."

They said she made a lovely bride. They said the wedding breakfast, served in the pearly gray of pre-dawn, was delicious. They said they really had to go.

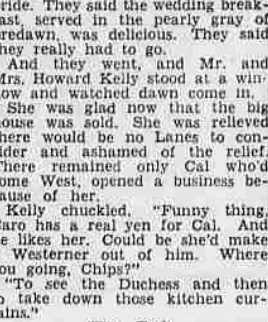
And they went, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kelly stood at a window and watched dawn come in.

She was glad now that the big house was sold. She was relieved there would be no Lanes to consider and ashamed of the relief. There remained only Cal who'd come West, opened a business because of her.

Kelly chuckled. "Funny thing, Caro has a real yen for Cal. And he likes her. Could be she'd make a Westerner out of him. Where you going, Chips?"

"To see the Duchess and then to take down those kitchen curtains."

(The End)



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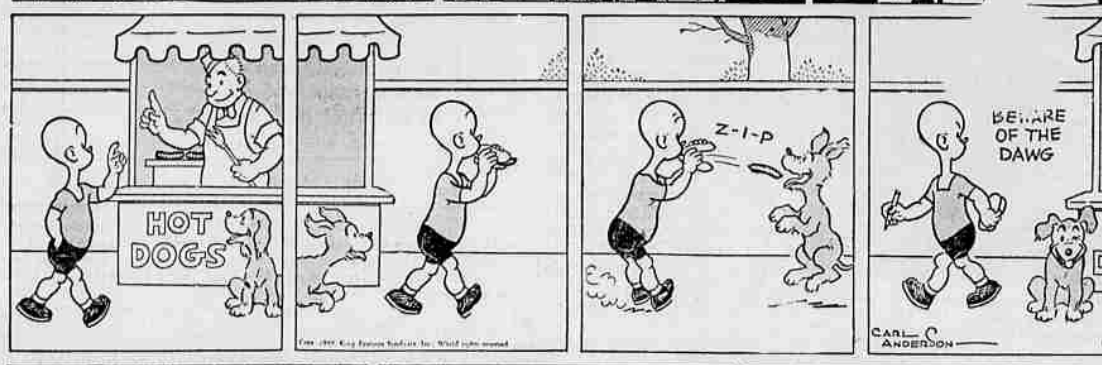
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### RADIO PROGRAMS

THURSDAY—P. M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
620 NEC	670 CBS	1190 ABC	1200 MBC	1400 Kc.
5:00 The 3 of Us	Knox Manning	Green Hornet	Straight Arrow	Rhythm Ranch
5:15 Foster, News	Little Show	Jack Armstrong	Starlight	Rhythm Ranch
5:30 Sons of Time	Feature Story	Jack Armstrong	Capt. Midnight	Blug. Crook
5:45 Elmer Peterson	News	Jack Armstrong	Capt. Midnight	Blug. Crook
6:00 Screen Guild	Suspense	Firefighters	Gab. Heister	Candle Light
6:15 Max Cavalcade	Crime	Home Edition	N. W. News	N. & Silver
6:30 Mus. Cavalcade	Photographer	Med. Romances	Music	News
6:45 Perry Como	The Playhouse	County	Drama	Pai O'Brien
7:00 Dragnet	Pursuit	Counterp.	Singing Strips	Evryn Knight
7:15 Sintra-Kirvan	Lowell Thomas	Amateur Hour	Hoping Cassidy	Track 1490
7:30 World News	Jack Smith	Amateur Hour	Hoping Cassidy	Track 1490
7:45 Aldrich Family	Mr. Keen	Amateur Hour	Hoping Cassidy	Track 1490
8:00 Father Knows	F.B.I.	Rhonda	News	Track 1490
8:15 Father Knows	F.B.I.	Rhonda	Songs of Times	Track 1490
8:30 Sam Hayes	5 Star Final	As We See It	News	Track 1490
8:45 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Our Town	News in Records	C. Maasy
9:00 Sam Hayes	5 Star Final	Right'd Rep't	Local News	Night Song
9:15 Mort. Downey	Band Parade	Intercom	Local News	Night Song
9:30 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Orchestra	Intercom	Night Song
9:45 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Serenade	Concert Hour	Nocturne
10:00 Sam Hayes	5 Star Final	Wax Museum	Organ Music	Nocturne
10:15 Mort. Downey	Band Parade	Wax Museum	Organ Music	Nocturne
10:30 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Wax Museum	Organ Music	Nocturne
10:45 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Wax Museum	Organ Music	Nocturne
11:00 News	Serenade	Concert Hour	Organ Music	Nocturne
11:15 Mort. Downey	Band Parade	Concert Hour	Organ Music	Nocturne
11:30 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Concert Hour	Organ Music	Nocturne
11:45 Duff's Tavern	Club 15	Concert Hour	Organ Music	Nocturne
12:00 Sign Off	Silent	Xtra Hour	Sign Off	Sign Off

### FRIDAY—6 A. M. TO 4:45 P. M.

6:00 Today's News	6:15 News	6:30 News	6:45 News	7:00 News	7:15 News	7:30 News	7:45 News	8:00 News	8:15 News	8:30 News	8:45 News	9:00 News	9:15 News	9:30 News	9:45 News	10:00 News	10:15 News	10:30 News	10:45 News	11:00 News	11:15 News	11:30 News	11:45 News	12:00 News	12:15 News	12:30 News	12:45 News	1:00 News	1:15 News	1:30 News	1:45 News	2:00 News	2:15 News	2:30 News	2:45 News	3:00 News	3:15 News	3:30 News	3:45 News	4:00 News	4:15 News	4:30 News	4:45 News
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### Prize Apples Sold For \$4.15 a Box

Yakima, Dec. 1 (AP)—A carload of apples packed during the international apple packing contest here November 19 sold today on the New York auction for an average of \$4.15 a box.

Contest officials cheered the news received by teletype from Victor Joseph, president of the International Apple Association. They said the price was a dollar higher than the market.

Joseph, who was here to crown the world champion apple packer, sparked the sale by draping the car with GXX flags. A band of stevedores played an hour-long concert before the auction opened.

Anthony J. Marciarelli, New York City commissioner of markets, opened the special sale. His call for buyers to pay top prices was immediately answered by Max Klahr, a fruit buyer, who bid the first box at \$100.

### Crossword Puzzle

**TAJ AHA SPRAT ASUNDER TEETH TIBIA CREATOR NAP SHOW ONE TIL POET CREW AN PARR FAT REGALE FOSSIL RIP WILT SA SPIN PINK MOW HAM CANE SAL IRACUND SODAS RECUR EMULATE TRED DYE MEW**

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

1. Pertaining to	27. So. American	4. Let it stand	9. Scuttle
2. Indian Territory	28. Ancient Greek	5. Relatives	10. Part of the Bible; abbr.
3. Sponges	29. Palm leaf	6. Division of a play	11. Head of a river
12. Colonnade	30. Possesses	7. Negative	12. Long narrow opening
14. Sum	40. Thickness	8. Remain	13. American poet
16. Not here	41. Indian mulberry	9. Metric accent	14. Mosaic
17. Sign of the zodiac	44. For example	10. Inherent of	15. Rhetoric
18. Pronoun	45. Faint	11. Manner	16. Volcano
19. Kind of bean	46. Imp	12. Green mineral	17. Dig out of the ground
20. Rent	50. Inherent of	13. Assume	18. Biblical high priest
21. Matter; law	52. Green mineral	14. Threaded	19. Yield under pressure
22. Measure	53. Assume	15. River in New Mexico and Arizona	20. Egyptian goddess
23. Extend	54. Threaded	16. American post office	21. Caudal appendage
24. By	55. Threaded	17. Additional	22. Additional
25. River in New Mexico and Arizona	56. Threaded	18. Additional	23. Pearly-napped fruits
26. Very minute	57. Threaded	19. Additional	24. Silkworm
27. Artless	58. Threaded	20. Additional	25. Pertaining to oil
28. Exits	59. Threaded	21. Additional	26. Queen of the gods
	60. Threaded	22. Additional	27. Half quart
	61. Threaded	23. Additional	28. East Indian money
	62. Threaded	24. Additional	29. Ladle
	63. Threaded	25. Additional	30. Metric land measure
	64. Threaded	26. Additional	31. Nothing
	65. Threaded	27. Additional	32. Corroded
	66. Threaded	28. Additional	33. Went first
	67. Threaded	29. Additional	34. In that case
	68. Threaded	30. Additional	35. Comparative ending

### ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

I WENT TUP DA BOWLIN' ALLEY WHEN ALHY PLAYS EVERY NIGHT, BUT DEY AINT SEEN HIM AROUND FER OVER A WEEK!—DEY SAID IT'S FUNNY HE AINT EVEN SHOWED UP T'GIT ALL DA PRIZES HE WON FER ROLLIN' THREE HUNNERT A WEEK AGO CUESDY!

... THAT SETTLES IT / SOME KNAVE OF A MANAGER / PERSUADED ALHY TO SKIP WITH A HAT AND BOX IN THE BIG TIME UNDER ANOTHER NAME!—A-ACK—

GOOD-BYE  
#2000

BETTER TAKE THE STUFF OUT AND BURY IT— WITH A MARKER READING: 'HERE LIES A LOVELY DREAM—DIED DEC. 1, 1949—OF MALNUTRITION!'

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