

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

SYNOPSIS: Caroline Leigh has left Jim Riddell, her cousin, hiding at Hale Place, where he was reared, while she goes to London to look up Nesta Riddell's morning record. Nesta says Jim is her husband, and that he not only stole the Van Berg emeralds, but shot Elmer Van Berg, Jim's memory is gone, although he recalls drinking with Van Berg. A woman on the train remarks that the police are taking finger prints from glasses found at the Van Bergs; Caroline follows her, leaves that page in a missing page from the book in which Van Berg kept the finger prints of his friends—and that the missing page bore the initials "J. R." She finds nothing conclusive in London, excepting the former address of Nesta and her husband.

Chapter 28 ON THE TRAIL

CAROLINE turned to the left, and she turned to the right; then she turned to the left again and arrived at Saracen Row. It was a narrow street of prim, decent houses. No. 14 was about half way down on the right-hand side.



"Why do you always make fun of Robert?"

"I'm so sorry to trouble you," said Caroline, "but was a Mr. James Riddell living here in July?"

"You've made a mistake," said the thin woman, and moved to shut the door. The smell of cabbage came up behind her.

Caroline took a quick step forward. With one part of her mind she wondered why people who lived in small houses nearly always had cabbage for lunch; with another part she was thinking, "I mustn't let her shut the door."

"Oh please," she said—"won't you try and help me?"

"I don't take gentlemen lodgers." She had a tight voice and a polite accent.

"He gave this address," said Caroline. "You don't know the name at all?"

"Sorry I don't," said the thin woman, and made such a decided movement to shut the door that Caroline stepped back and next moment found herself looking at the shabby letter-box. The cabbage was shut in, and she was shut out.

Whoever Jim Riddell might be, it seemed pretty clear that he had given a false address. She wondered what had made him pitch on this one. Perhaps the name had stuck in his mind. Saracen Row—it was the sort of name that might stick. And as for the number, 14 was as good as any other.

the little fellows that fall for the big outstanding girls."

Caroline's heart jumped. She said quickly and breathlessly, "The man Miss Williams married—was he small?"

"Never set eyes on him. Yes, you may well look surprised. The mystery man," I called him, and fine and angry she was—And what do you mean by that, Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Why," I said, "when a young lady keeps her young gentleman as dark as you do yours—meeting him round the corner and not so much as letting him see you home—well, she must expect remarks to be passed, and whether she expects it or not, passed they will be."

"Really, you know, she'd a violent temper, for I'd hardly got the words out of my lips, when he was through the door and banged it so hard that my first-floor-front came out on the landing to know what was up. 'Temper,' I said. 'And mystery or no mystery, I'm sorry for the man that marries her, for she's one of those that'll have the upper hand or bust herself!'"

"Was she here long?" said Caroline.

"Took the room for three weeks and came and went. You've got to live three weeks in a district before you can get married there, so she

left a bag, and she'd be here for a day and gone for a week—and I'm not saying I wasn't just as pleased, because the opinion I got of her was that if she'd been here the whole three weeks, she'd have been running the show, and me doing odd jobs and cleaning the boots and knives."

Caroline felt an affection for the bibulous lady. She felt that way about Nesta herself. She was a little cheered; but at the same time she didn't really seem to be making any progress.

"And you never saw the man she married?"

"No one in this house so much as set eyes on him," said the fat woman regretfully.

It was after six when Caroline got back to the cottage. She found Patsy Ann sitting pensively on the hearth-rug. She had a thimble on the middle finger of her right hand, and some blue velvet, a needle-case, a spool of silk, and two pairs of scissors in her lap.

But she was not sewing; she did not seem even to have got as far as threading one of the needles. When the door opened, she was gazing into the fire, which was on the point of going out. Without turning her head, she said, "Robert Arbuthnot has been here."

"My poor thing! What's gone wrong now?"

"I don't see why anything should have gone wrong."

"Robert doesn't generally come unless it has. Why, it's only a month since he dropped in to say your Beet Sugar bonds had defaulted on interest. What is it this time?"

"Robert came to lynch."

"He always does—and breaks the glad news over the coffee."

Patsy's head came up suddenly. "Why do you always make fun of Robert? I think it's very wrong of you! I'm sure it's very good of him to take so much trouble over our affairs—besides, this was different." (Copyright, 1933, J. R. Lippincott Co.)

Tomorrow Caroline learns that something important has happened to Patsy.

EDISON MARSHALL MOST FAMOUS OF OREGON'S AUTHORS

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Oregon is the home of many authors who have attained recognition throughout the United States, according to Miss Harriet C. Long, state librarian.

Several months ago Miss Long assembled from the Oregon authors collection at the library 625 outstanding books which were exhibited at the northwest book fair at Seattle.

Probably the most famous of present Oregon writers is Edison Marshall, author of numerous novels and once winner of the O'Henry memorial award. He was brought up at Medford, educated at University of Oregon, but for the past several years has lived in Georgia.

Other Oregon writers of fiction include: Charles Alexander of Albany, author of "Bobbie, a Great Collier," "Fang in the Forest," "The Splendid Summit," and other books. His

short story, "As a Dog Should," received honorable mention for the O'Henry prize in 1922.

B. M. Bower, author of numerous cowboy and range novels, is, contrary to impression of most readers, a woman. She lives with her husband, Bud Cowan, also a writer, at Depoe Bay. Bower books include "Flying U Ranch," "Chip of the Flying U," "Flying U's Last Stand," etc.

Agnes Dorena Campbell of Monmouth, is author of "Fragrance of the Sage," a novel of Eastern Oregon, published in England.

Eli Colter of Portland has published more than 300 short stories and serials and three novels. Her books are "Adventures of Hawke Travis," "Bad Man's Trail," "Three Killers."

Robert Ormond Case of Portland, University of Oregon graduate, is author of "Just Buckeroos," "Riders of the Grande Ronde," "Whispering Valley," "The Yukon Drive," and other outdoor fiction.

Sabra Conner, teacher in Portland high school of commerce, has written four juvenile novels. They are "Fighting Stars of Oregon," "Quest of the Sea Otter," "Sweetwater Trail" and "Captain Redlegs."

Oregon history is background for the work of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye of Oregon City. Her books include "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," "The

Conquest," "Stories of Oregon," "McDonald of Oregon."

Ernest Haycox, University of Oregon graduate, is author of much fiction appearing in Collier's Magazine. His novels include "Free Grass," "Chaffee of Roaring Horse," "Whispering Range." He lives in Portland.

Alexander Hull, professor of music at Pacific College, Newberg, has had many stories published. Popular with young readers is his novel, "Sheep of the Painted Hills."

Crater Lake is background for a novel by Alfred Powers, dean of the extension division, University of Oregon.

W. F. G. Thacher, professor of English and journalism at University of Oregon, has written many short stories which appeared in various magazines.

Mrs. Kay Cleaver Strahan, Portland, writes detective novels. One of hers, "Footprints," won the Scotland Yard prize in 1928. Other books include "Peggy Mary," "Something That Begins With T," "Desert Moon Mystery," "Death Trap," "October Mystery," "O, Happy Youth," "The Merrivether Mystery."

Albert Richard Wetchen, who was

born in London and went to sea at 14, has won wide recognition for his sea stories. He was once employed on the weekly Harrisburg, Ore. Bulletin, later lived in Salem and Portland. His fiction appears regularly in Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and other magazines. Books include "Captains All," "Way for a Sailor," "Fiddlers Green."

Adjutant General George A. White of the Oregon National Guard, is author in his spare time of numerous war stories. One of his most popular books was "The SpyNet." He writes under the name of Ared White.

Former Oregonians who have achieved distinction in letters include James Stevens and Opal Whiteley. Stevens is author of "Paul Bunyan" and other fiction. He worked in Oregon logging camps for many years. He is a frequent contributor to the American Mercury. Opal Whiteley is author, among other things, of "The Story of Opal," a purported diary which caused much discussion. She was brought up near Cottage Grove, but claimed her real father was a French nobleman.

Oregon poets of note include Howard McKinley Corning, Anthony Evans, Ethel Romig Fuller, Frances Gill, Grace Hall, Mary Aletha Woodward, Mary Carolyn Davies. Writers of essays, non-fiction and history include Anne Shannon Monroe, S. Stephenson Smith, Corporation Commissioner Charles H. Carey, Richard

PHOENIX GRANGE TO HOLD MEET TONIGHT

Hallowe'en Social Phoenix Saturday

PHOENIX, Oct. 24.—(Spl.)—Four committees, prayer meeting, social, missionary and lookout, of the senior intermediate C. E. society, met at the Presbyterian church here Sunday night, to discuss committee work, and assign a definite task to each person on the committee.

A Hallowe'en social is being planned for next Saturday night, and all young people of the community or high school age are invited to meet at the church at 7:30 on that evening. As this is a hard time party, all are requested to come clad in a hard time costume. A prize will be awarded for the "worst" costume.

Lindberghs Land On Galway Bay

GALWAY, Irish Free State, Oct. 23.—(AP)—Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh landed here this morning after a short flight from Southampton, England.

They brought their monoplane down in Galway bay, just outside the lighthouse, at 5 p. m. (12 noon, E. S. T.)

PHOENIX GRANGE TO HOLD MEET TONIGHT

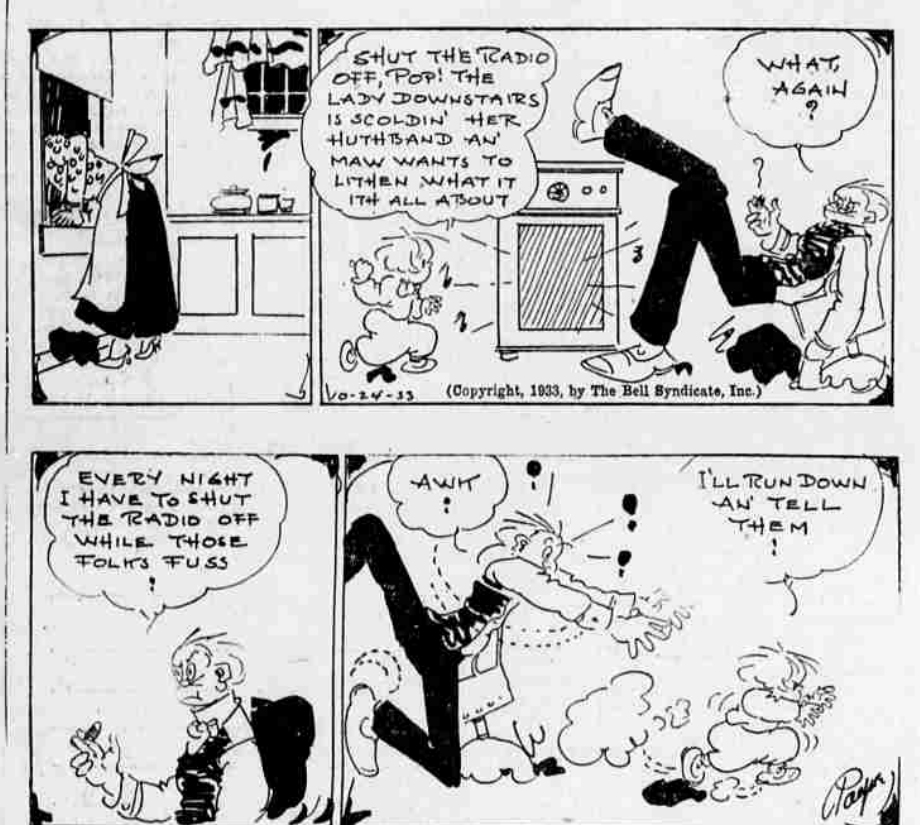
PHOENIX, Oct. 24.—(Spl.)—Phoenix Grange will meet at the Grange Hall at 8 o'clock tonight. All members are urged to be present. There will be no lecture program due to the carnival to be held on Wednesday evening. Booths for the carnival will be made and full preparations for the carnival completed at the close of the business session.

C. E. Social Event Phoenix Church

PHOENIX, Oct. 24.—(Spl.)—Young People's Christian Endeavor society held a social at the church last Thursday. Although the society is not very large, there were a number of young people present, and it is believed the society will show new growth and interest. The society is composed of young people out of high school, and all in the community of this age are invited to attend the meetings and social activities of the group.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



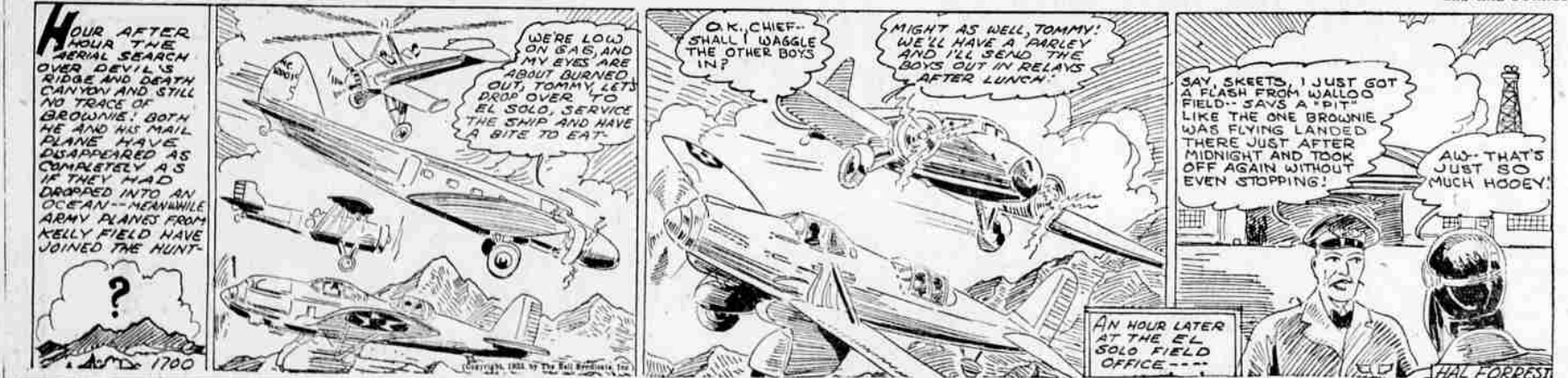
SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The First Rumor!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Decision

By EDWIN ALGER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



PHOENIX CIRCLE MEET PREVIOUSLY MEET
PHOENIX, Oct. 24.—(Spl.)—An item in Sunday's paper, advertising a meeting of the Neighbor of Wood-

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
5¢
EVERYWHERE WE DO OUR PART

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation