

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

Chapter Three
TEA SHOP

A MELLOW September sun shone down into the street, lighting up the windows of the opposite warehouses. From somewhere close by came the rumble of buses, and the insistent hooting of cars. Two or three pigeons were strutting about in the roadway, while a desultory stream of clerks, porters and office boys hurried or sauntered by on their respective errands.

None of them paid the smallest attention to me, and rousing myself from the kind of semi-trance into which I had fallen, I started off along the pavement. Where I was going I hadn't the least idea: all I wanted was to find some quiet place close by where I could sit down, and where no newspaper reporter was likely to discover me.

I was nearly at the end of the street when a decorative sign, jutting out from one of the doorways, attracted my attention. On it, in

considered it more prudent to wait until I was actually acquitted. His letter, for all its expression of good will and offer of assistance, was at least a month too late, and in spite of Mr. Cresswell's charitable advocacy, I felt no particular gratitude stirring inside me as I ran my eye down his stilted and characteristic phrases.

I was just wondering why he should be in such a remarkable hurry to see me when the waitress reappeared with my order. She presented me in addition with a little pencilled slip stating the amount of my bill and, putting Seymour out of my head for the time being, I proceeded to turn my attention to the more congenial subject of hot buttered toast.

It was while I was in the act of helping myself to a second piece that I heard sounds on the farther side of the Japanese screen. Some fresh arrivals—a young man and a girl to judge by their voices—were entering the compartment next to mine. They gave their instructions to the waitress with what seemed to me an unnecessary amount of noise, and not feeling in the most

I hesitated a moment, then went in, amiable of moods I anathematized them silently for disturbing my peace.

CHAIRS creaked, followed by a rather common female giggle. "I don't know how you can stand it, Perce. It would give me the creeps."

There was the scrape of a match. "Well, people are different of course. It's always been a sort of lobby of mine going to murder trials. I wouldn't have missed this one, not for a fever."

My hand, which was conveying the bit of toast to my mouth, stopped short in mid-air.

"What was it all about?" inquired the girl's voice. "I did see something in the Sunday paper, but I couldn't be bothered to read it. 'The Holland Park Mystery'—wasn't that what they called it?"

"That's right. Case of a chap being found lying in his study with his head bashed in. They arrested this bloke Trench some time ago, but the trial only came on last Monday. I been there every day—don't miss a blooming word of it."

"Was it exciting?"

"Not half. You ought to have come along with me. Better than the pictures and nothing to pay into the bargain."

I replaced my toast on the plate, and taking out my handkerchief wiped my fingers. This dialogue seemed to require my full attention.

"What was the trouble?" demanded the girl. "Anything to do with a young lady?"

"Nothing of that sort. Question of money according to the prosecution, but I shouldn't be surprised myself if there was a bit more behind it."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, Osborne, the chap who was done in, was an old schoolfellow of this chap Trench. Been in America for some years and come over here for a visit. Odd sort of a cove—least that's how it struck me. Instead of staying at a hotel, like you'd expect, goes and takes a furnished house—one of those quiet little places with a garden up behind Ladbrooke Square."

"Nicholas does an injudicious thing, Monday."

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF MEDFORD TAKE PART IN LODGE'S BIRTHDAY

Camp No. 4713, Royal Neighbors of America of Medford, is taking part in the 40th anniversary membership campaign of the fraternal benefit society. The campaign opened September 1 and closes May 31, 1935.

Special significance is attached to the campaign as it will serve as an observance of the 40th anniversary of the chartering of the organization as a fraternal benefit society. This 40th anniversary occurs on March 21, 1935, and states reaching their quotas before that date will receive honorable mention.

Prizes will be awarded throughout the campaign. These include cash awards to individual members, camps and district deputies and regalia prizes to camps for obtaining new adult and juvenile members.

The anniversary membership effort recalls five outstanding events in the history of the fraternal organization. These are: inception of Royal Neighbors of America as a social order in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on November 28, 1893; chartering of the organization as a fraternal benefit society on March 21, 1895, by the state of Illinois; establishment of the juvenile department on March 21, 1918; dedication of the new supreme office building in Rock Island, Ill., on October 17, 1928, and dedication of the society's home for aged and dependent members, located near Davenport, Iowa, on July 18, 1931.

CCC EDUCATION HEAD FOR MEDFORD REGION ATTENDS CONFERENCE

D. E. Wiedman, educational adviser for the Medford CCC district, left today for San Francisco, where Friday he will attend a conference with C. S. Marsh, national educational director for the CCC. Dr. J. B. Griffin, civil director for the ninth corps area, will also be in attendance.

Mr. Wiedman will tell of the Medford CCC educational program, this district having been selected as an example for the other groups.

Free correspondence courses in many subjects are offered the men in camps, including forestry, how to study, psychology, photography, business English, journalism, auto mechanics, Diesel engines and how to read blue prints. Other courses are to be inaugurated later.

Bridge Squabble Ends In Divorce

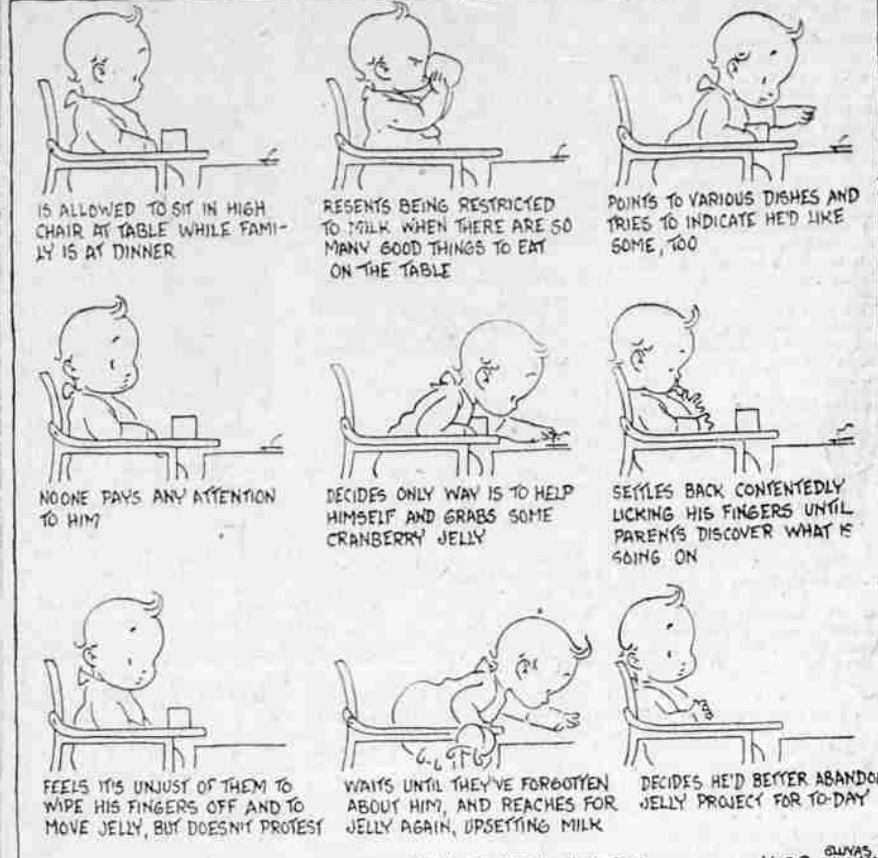
BROCKTON, Mass.—(AP) The Lawrences were having a friendly game of bridge, but as the game progressed Everett Lawrence almost killed his partner.

In divorce proceedings, Lawrence's wife, Elvira, charged that her husband tried to throw her out of a window because she played a wrong card.

Baked Apples Canned YAKIMA, Wash.—(UP)—A new industry has sprung up here. It consists of canning baked apples and is the only plant of its kind in the country both processing and canning the fruit.

Plan to have your Thanksgiving dinner at Durighello's. Choice of turkey or Italian dinner, 50c.

RESTRICTED DIET



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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green letters, were painted the words "King Lud Tea Rooms, First Floor," and underneath was what appeared to be a fanciful portrait of that venerable monarch, pointing encouragingly up the staircase.

I hesitated a second, and then coming to the conclusion that this would probably serve my purpose as well as anywhere else, I turned in at the entrance.

After a short climb I arrived at my destination—a discreet and restfully lighted apartment, set around with comfortable chairs and small spindle-legged tables. Each table was divided from its neighbor by a Japanese paper screen, the privacy of customers being further ensured by the presence of artificial palms set in pots down the centre of the room. Just inside the door a tall young lady with honey-colored hair was presiding over a desk.

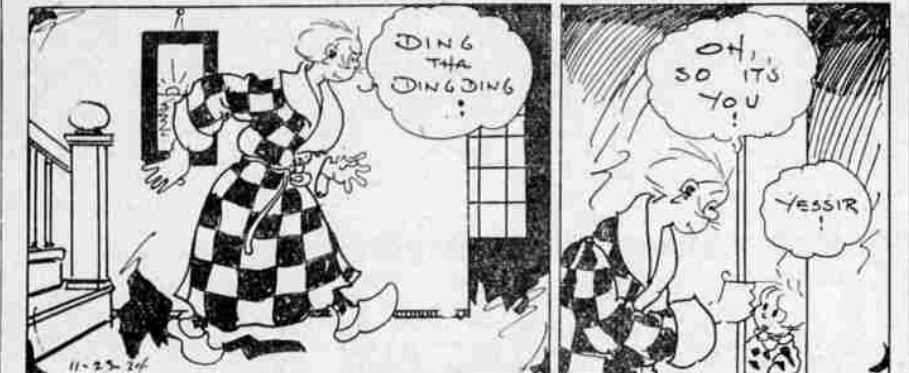
IT was precisely the type of place that I was looking for, and walking across to the extreme end, I turned into a vacant compartment. Except for a stout man with a bald head, whom I passed on my way along, I appeared to be the solitary patron.

A waitress arrived as I was settling myself down, and having given her an order for tea and toast, I pulled out Seymour's letter from my pocket and began to read it through for a second time. It was the only communication I had had from him since the day of my arrest—for all those four grim weeks not so much as a word of sympathy, not even a brief line of encouragement.

Knowing him as I did I had not been altogether surprised. I could well imagine how bitterly he must have resented the unpleasant publicity thrust upon him by our near relationship, and how anxious he must have been to dissociate himself in every possible way from a man accused of a peculiarly brutal and sordid murder.

Before sending me even this belated message he had evidently con-

MATTER POP—



A DOZEN PEOPLE HAVE RUNG THAT BELL SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE TUB



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Mystery Is Solved!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Chirp's Dismay



By EDWIN ALL

THE NEBBS—Rubbing It In



By Sol Hess

NEW CLUE FOUND IN GIRL'S MURDER

CARLSBUE, Pa., Nov. 28.—(AP)—Major C. M. Wilhelm, deputy superintendent of state police, said today a California couple with three children answering descriptions of the three dead girls in the mountain mystery, stopped at a tourist camp near South Langhorne, near Philadelphia, from Monday, November 19, until Wednesday, November 21.

CHILOQUIN GIVEN HELP ON AIRPORT

CHILOQUIN, Nov. 28.—(AP)—The allocation of somewhat more than \$7,000 for completion of the Chiloquin airport in Klamath county was approved by the state emergency relief administration today. Almost \$5,000 of this money will go to wages for hands of Klamath county families who are on relief rolls. The Chiloquin airport was started months ago under OWA, but the work was discontinued. The SERA announced work will be resumed immediately on clearing and grading the runway 300 feet wide and 3,000 feet long.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManis