

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

SENATOR Nicholas Trench returns home after being acquitted of the charge of murdering his former school friend Osborne to find a mysterious letter from Mr. William Avon asking for an appointment. Then two strangers arrive and threaten him with death if he does not deliver to them a paper they say he has stolen from Osborne. But as they threaten him, a young woman's voice is heard pleading the police, and the men leave. Nicholas remembers the young woman as a spectator at his trial; she also has come for the mysterious paper, she tells him.

"He had always been delicate and the doctors thought that the warm climate would suit him better. He was very clever at everything to do with engineering, and he brought out quite a lot of small patents which he sold to different companies. But all the time, though no one knew anything about it, he was working secretly at this invention.

"He was trying to find a metal which would be lighter and stronger than anything known now. It took him nearly twelve years, but at last, one evening this spring, he came back from the laboratory and told me that he had done it. He was very excited and he looked dreadfully tired.

"He sat up talking to me about it till nearly midnight, and next morning when I went into his room to see how he was, I found that he had died in his sleep." Her voice faltered. "The doctor said that his heart had just stopped beating."

"It must have been a dreadful shock," I said sympathetically. "Were you all alone? Wasn't your mother with you?"

SHE shook her head. "My mother had been dead for three or four years. We were quite by ourselves, except for two old colored servants. Father didn't seem to have many friends; he hated strangers and the only person he ever asked to the house was his assistant at the laboratory.

"He was a young Englishman, Mr. Trench, just about your own age, and his name . . ." she drew in a quick breath—"his name was John Osborne."

There was a pause. "Really?" I said. "This is becoming distinctly thrilling."

"He didn't call himself Osborne out there. He went under the name of John Oliver."

"How on earth did you father run across him?" I asked.

"They met in the train one day coming down from New York. Father was taken ill and Osborne helped him and looked after him. He said that he was trying to find work, and as he seemed to know something about chemistry and engineering father offered him a job in the laboratory. He turned out to be very useful, and before long he became a sort of confidential assistant. He was the only man in the place who knew anything definite about father's secret."

"And it was he," I said quietly, "who stole the formula?"

She nodded. "Father had written it out and locked it up in the safe at his office. When I went to look for it two days later it had disappeared. Osborne had gone too. I don't know how he got away—in a car by night I suppose—anyhow, nobody had seen him leave, and although inquiries were made all over the country the police were never able to find the smallest trace of him. He had just vanished and the formula with him."

"Well, whoever bashed his head in has my thorough sympathy," I observed. "If anyone did me a dirty trick like that I'd search the world until I ran the swine to earth."

"That," she said in her soft voice, "is exactly what I made up my mind to do."

(Copyright, 1934, Book Publishing Co.)
Tomorrow, Molly continues her curious story.

Chapter 10
CURIOUS STORY
"Do you know who I am?" the girl asked.

I shook my head. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"I saw you in court, sitting in the gallery. I wondered then why you were so interested in the case."

"My name," she said "is O'Brien—Molly O'Brien. Does that suggest anything to you?"

I reflected. "Only a faint idea that you might possibly be Irish."

"I am Desmond O'Brien's daughter."

There was another pause. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm still completely in the dark."

"It seems funny that I should be questioning you; it ought to be the other way about."

"Oh, there's no hurry," I protested. "Won't you sit down and have a cigarette? At the present moment that's the only hospitality I can run to."

She seated herself in the chair which I had pulled forward, and leaning back against the arm of the sofa I produced my case.

"I'm not inquisitive, as a rule," I continued, "but I should rather like to know where you came from, and how you managed to get into my bedroom."

She hesitated. "Mr. Trench," she said almost desperately, "will you—will you listen to the whole truth? I can't explain why I am here unless I tell you everything."

"I shall be most interested," I assured her.

SHE accepted one of my cigarettes, and having lit it, sat for a moment looking down at the little curling trail of smoke.

"The paper," she said slowly, "which those two men wanted to steal from you belonged to my father. He wrote it out the night before he died. It's the complete formula for a new metal, and there are people in the world—people interested in that kind of thing—who would give you almost any sum of money you liked to ask for it."

Sir William Avon's letter, which was still lying on the desk, flashed back suddenly into my mind, and I whistled softly.

"My sainted aunt!" I muttered. "Why that . . ." I checked myself. "Go on," I said encouragingly. "Tell me all about your father. What was he, and did he invent this metal himself?"

"Father was an engineer in Dublin to start with. He went out to America about twenty years ago, and at first, after he married mother, he used to work for a big firm in Chicago. Then when he had saved a little money, he gave that up and we moved down south to New Orleans.



"I should like to know where you came from."

"I give you my word of honor that I've never heard of either of you."

An almost inaudible sigh escaped my visitor, and for the first time the ghost of a smile flickered round the corner of her lips.

"It seems funny that I should be questioning you; it ought to be the other way about."

"Oh, there's no hurry," I protested. "Won't you sit down and have a cigarette? At the present moment that's the only hospitality I can run to."

She seated herself in the chair which I had pulled forward, and leaning back against the arm of the sofa I produced my case.

"I'm not inquisitive, as a rule," I continued, "but I should rather like to know where you came from, and how you managed to get into my bedroom."

She hesitated. "Mr. Trench," she said almost desperately, "will you—will you listen to the whole truth? I can't explain why I am here unless I tell you everything."

"I shall be most interested," I assured her.

SHE accepted one of my cigarettes, and having lit it, sat for a moment looking down at the little curling trail of smoke.

"The paper," she said slowly, "which those two men wanted to steal from you belonged to my father. He wrote it out the night before he died. It's the complete formula for a new metal, and there are people in the world—people interested in that kind of thing—who would give you almost any sum of money you liked to ask for it."

Sir William Avon's letter, which was still lying on the desk, flashed back suddenly into my mind, and I whistled softly.

"My sainted aunt!" I muttered. "Why that . . ." I checked myself. "Go on," I said encouragingly. "Tell me all about your father. What was he, and did he invent this metal himself?"

"Father was an engineer in Dublin to start with. He went out to America about twenty years ago, and at first, after he married mother, he used to work for a big firm in Chicago. Then when he had saved a little money, he gave that up and we moved down south to New Orleans.

RUSSIAN YOUTHS LEAVE FOR TURN IN ARMY RANKS

All Soviet Males Born in 1912 Called to Colors—Will Receive Propaganda Shots With Drill in Arms

By JOSEPH H. BAIRD
United Press Staff Correspondent
MOSCOW. (UP)—Throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union these days thousands of young men are leaving the farms and factories to exchange their "civies" for the long, khaki tunics and peaked, starred caps of the Red army.

They are hurrying to recruiting stations in answer to a summons from Commissar of War Klement Voroshilov to all Soviet males born in 1912. Each year a new class composed of boys, who have passed their 21st birthday, is called to the colors to replace men who are being mustered out after their required period of service.

Intensive Training
For two years, if the boys elect to join the Red army; for three years, if they choose the air corps; and for four years if they enlist in the Red navy, the recruits will receive an intensive military, scholastic and political education. Then, finally, they enter civilian life, they are supposed to be not only good soldiers, but ar-

dent defenders of communist ideology. Perhaps no army in the world is subjected to such intensive political propaganda as the troops of this socialistic state. And, whether they are right or wrong, the fact remains that the Red soldier invariably leaves the army profoundly convinced that his country, in comparison with all capitalist nations, is indeed the workers' Paradise.

Political Training Necessary

Such intensive political training is more essential here than in most nations, for the communist dictatorship must have a body of loyal troops who can be relied upon not only to repel invasions, but also to subdue counter-revolutionary movements at home. True, each year that passes makes the likelihood of counter-revolution more remote. But the communists have not forgotten the nervous years when it was a constant threat.

Upon receiving his call to duty, the 1933 recruit puts aside his working clothes, dons his best suit and, after being housed and entertained at home, returns to the city or factory reports to the recruiting station.

First, he reports to a teacher who

sounds out his education. Then he is examined physically. If he is found fit for the army, he usually is proud. For, with its population of 160,000,000 persons, the Soviet Union cannot afford to train all and only the best are selected. Then, for the peasant boy or factory worker, the Red army opens up an exciting new world of travel, study and adventure.

Mother, Son Apart 29 Years Reunited

CHELSEA, Mass. (UP)—An aged mother and her son were united here recently after 29 years.

Twenty-nine years ago, George Katz, now of Seattle, Wash., left Russia for the United States. Five years ago, Mrs. Sarah Katz crossed from Russia to live with another son in Buenos Aires, then after two years came to Chelsea to live with a daughter, Mrs. Eugene Balzman.

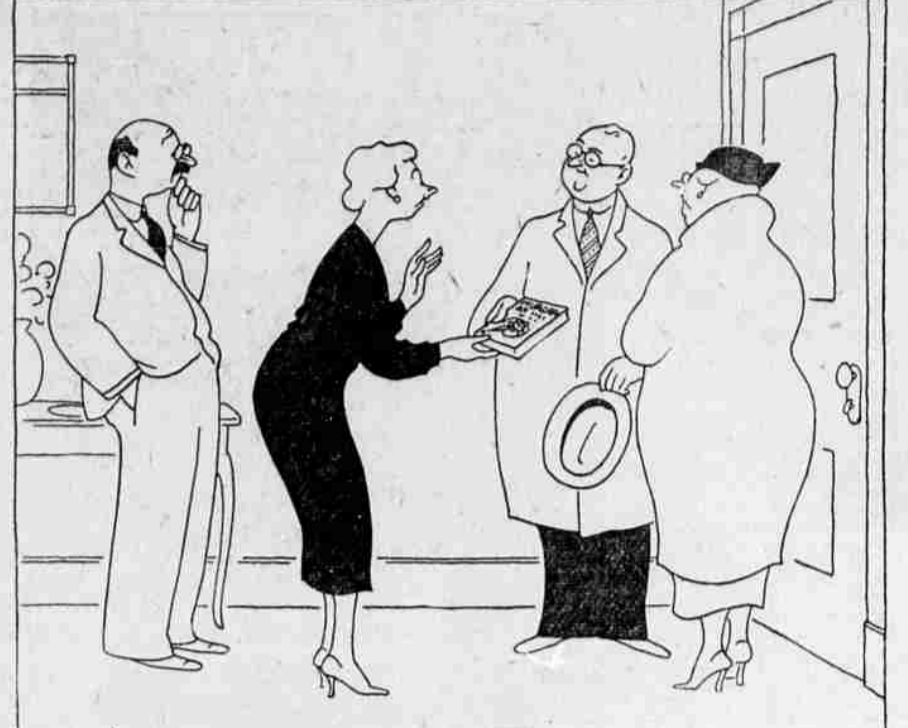
At the reunion, Mrs. Katz failed to recognize her son.

A. A. Made in Medford. Suits that will please you at \$30.00 to \$45.00. Klein the Tailor, 123 E. Main—Upstairs.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
The Flavor Lasts

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

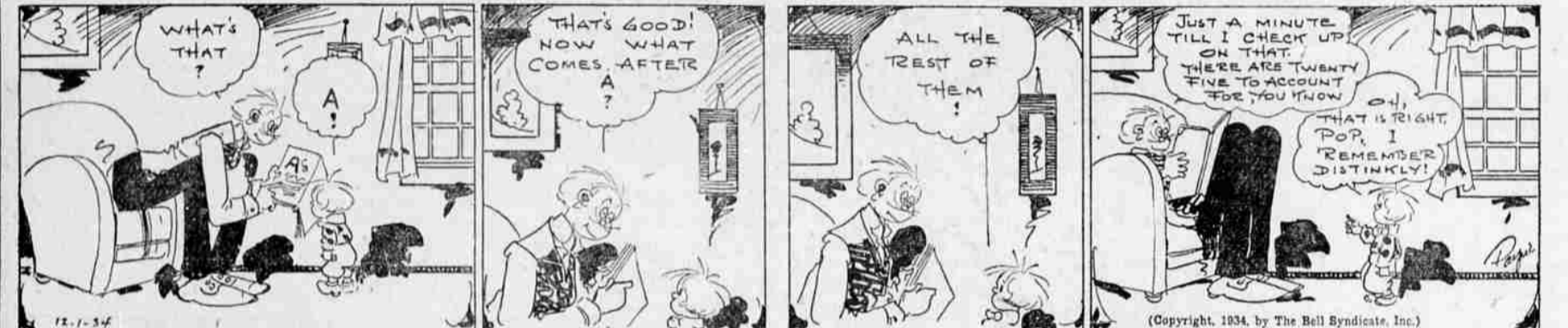
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WATCHING YOUR WIFE, IN ONE OF HER MORE IMPULSIVE MOMENTS, LENDING THE DETECTIVE STORY YOU WERE PLANNING TO FINISH TONIGHT

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

8 MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Inez Confides to Betty!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Posse



THE NEBBS—Put Up the Flag



BRINGING UP FATHER



TROUT CAN STAND 1500 FOOT DROP

MONTREAL (UP)—A series of remarkable experiments, proving that fish can be dropped into water, or even to the ground, from altitudes up to 1500 feet without serious injury, have just been conducted by the Quebec department of fish and game.

The experiments were part of the department's researches into new and speedier methods of restocking lakes. One of the methods under consideration was dropping fish from airplanes. It was doubtful, however, whether the fish could survive the drop. The experiments proved beyond doubt that they could.

A number of trout first were taken up to a height of 300 feet and drop-

ped into a pond. They swam on as if nothing happened. Then fish were dropped from heights of 1000 and 1500 feet. The result was identical. The trout did not appear to have been troubled in the least by the fall.

Not satisfied, the research workers then placed trout in a receptacle with narrow openings at each end, took it up to a height of 1000 feet and dropped it to the ground. The receptacle was smashed to pieces, but the fish were unharmed, and quickly revived when placed in water.

NEWHALL, CALIFORNIA PIONEER, SUCUMB

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7. (UP)—William Mayo Newhall, 80, California pioneer importer and land developer and for many years president of the board of trustees of Stanford university, died today at the Stanford hospital after a long illness.

Bicycles—new and used—get the best at Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.