

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

SYNOPSIS: Two foremen and Molly O'Brien, an Irish-American girl, all have come to Nicholas French's studio under the impression that he really had killed John Osborne, in spite of the fact that he is still alive. The foremen and Molly both want a formula for a new metal invented by Molly's father. Molly saves Nicholas from death at the hands of the foremen, tells him her story, and he agrees to help her recover the formula. They are separating for the night.

Chapter 13
BOOBY TRAP
MOLLY walked slowly to the top of the stairs and then, turning round, glanced back over the banisters. "Good night," she said, "you'll let me get up and cook the breakfast, won't you?"



"I shall insist on it," I answered. With a little laugh she stepped inside, and the next moment the door closed.

For several seconds I stood where I was surveying the empty studio. There were three possible means by which an entrance might be effected—the door, the skylight, and the large north window. In each case, however, the fast would involve a considerable amount of noise—certainly enough to wake me up in ample time to welcome the intruder.

With this advantage, and with a loaded revolver in my possession, I was not disposed to be unduly alarmed, but all the same it struck me that by the adoption of two extra little precautions I could in a few minutes still further strengthen my position.

Pushing the sofa along to the far corner, I wheeled it round so that it presented its back to the door. Though probably not bullet-proof, it would, I felt in the regrettable event of there being any midnight hostilities, at least provide me with a serviceable screen.

I heaped up the end nearest the window with as many cushions as I could collect, and then, crossing to my desk and pulling open the bottom drawer, I unearthed a ball of stout string.

With the aid of this I proceeded to construct my booby trap. It was a simple affair—just a tightly drawn line, six inches from the ground, stretching right across the whole length of the studio. One end I secured to the foot of the desk, while the other I made fast to the leg of a heavy chair.

Even with the light on, it was practically invisible, and not a little pleased at my own ingenuity, I sat down on the foot of the sofa, and lighted a final cigarette.

There was no denying that it had been a crowded and successful day.

WHAT was that?
With a sudden start I jumped up into a sitting position, and thrusting my hand under the cushions, grabbed hold of my revolver.

Then I blinked round stupidly. 'T was broad daylight. Somewhere in the neighborhood a church clock was chiming the hour, and through the big window a blue sky peeped in between the opposite chimney-pots. On the back of the chair beside me hung my coat and waistcoat.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Once again the knocker of the front door was pilled vigorously, and rubbing my eyes I took a hasty glance at my watch. Good heavens!—it was nine o'clock. I had evidently been sleeping like a log ever since I lay down the previous evening, and that must be Bob Hicks outside, hammering vainly for admission.

Leaving my weapon where it was, and holding myself from the couch, I set off in the direction of the hall. At the third step I encountered the booby trap. In my hurry I had forgotten all about the cursed thing, and tripping over it suddenly in mid career, I came down full length on the floor with a crash that shook the studio.

"Confound it!" I said furiously. The door of my bedroom was fung open, and a slim vision in white, with bare arms and tousled hair, darted out on to the landing.

"What's happened? What's the matter?" I sat up nursing my left elbow. "Nothing important," I replied. "I've only fallen over a bit of string which I put down last night to catch the enemy."

"Oh! I—hope you aren't hurt!" She pushed back a rebellious lock which had tumbled forward across her eyes. "I was fast asleep—I thought for a moment..."

BANG—bang—bang— went the knocker—this time more insistently than ever. "Who's that?" she demanded.

"Good night," Molly said.

flannel shirt bulging out through the elbow revealed my inspection. "That you, Bob?" I inquired.

"That's me, guv'nor," came the answer.

I unlocked the door, and with a friendly grin which revealed a solitary and somewhat discolored tooth, Mr. Hicks raised a grimy forefinger to the level of his cap.

"Ope I ain't too early, you did say nine o'clock—didn't yer?" "Quite correct," I assured him. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, but being tried for murder makes one pretty sleepy." I divd into my trousers pocket and produced a half crown.

"Here you are, Bob," I added. "I want half a pint of milk, a small loaf, four new-laid eggs and a quarter of a pound of butter. Do you think you can carry all that in your head?"

"I won't make no mistake, guv'nor." He took the coin, repeating the order as he did so. "Funny 'ow tastes differ," he observed reflectively. "Now, wot I fancies for breakfast myself is a nice fresh drawn pint of milk and butter."

"You're in good company," I said. "If history's right, that's how Queen Elizabeth always started the morning."

"Hat" said Mr. Hicks. "Well, she was lucky, she was. The pubs was open at a decent hour in 'er time."

He shuffled off on his errand, and refastening the door I turned back into the studio. I had not been absent long, but during the interval Miss Molly O'Brien had found time to slip into her black frock.

(Copyright, 1934, Peps Publishing Co.)
Tomorrow, Nicholas and Molly have breakfast under charming circumstances.

WILLAMETTE U. HEAD TALKS TO KIWANIANS AND FOOTBALL BOYS

Bruce R. Baxter, president of Willamette university at Salem, was guest speaker Monday at the weekly Kiwanis club meeting, and addressed the club and the members of the Medford high school football team who were entertained by the Kiwanians this week.

Dr. Baxter told his audience that he is a believer in football from the physical standpoint, as it gives the young men good strong bodies. Football, he stated, binds the student body together more strongly and when conducted under men like Darwin K. Burghier, is a credit to any community.

FOREST AND CCC CONFERENCE HELD

Major Clare H. Armstrong, commander of the Medford CCC district,

V. F. W. PROMISES NEW FEATURES IN DANCE NEW YEAR'S EVENING

The Veterans of Foreign Wars, in their New Year's ball, will offer something new in the line of dance entertainment. Many innovations will be featured during the evening, it is said.

TWO POUND BABY GAINING WEIGHT

SALEM, Dec. 11.—(AP)—Richard Henry Martin, about three weeks old and weighing two pounds and 13 ounces, is gaining strength by taking nourishment from a medicine dropper at the Salem general hospital.

The baby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin of Salem, was received at the hospital November 28 when he was four days old. At birth, the baby weighed 3½ pounds, but declined in weight to two pounds and 12 ounces, and after being received at the hospital was administered oxygen treatment for a time. His three-ounce gain in weight since is a good sign, it was said at the hospital today.

CHRISTMAS TOYS

SUGGESTION FOR A TOY COUNTER TO GIVE CHILDREN A CHANCE TO SEE A CHRISTMAS DISPLAY OF TOYS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES

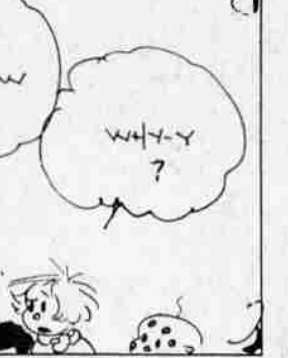
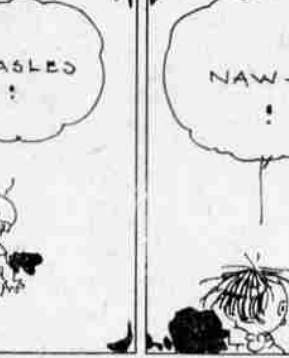
Proceeds are to be used for ex-servicemen's welfare work, and upkeep of the veteran's orphanage at Eaton Rapids, Mich. Tickets will be on sale Wednesday.

Tricycles—get them repaired or painted for Xmas. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.



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

'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Strange Ship!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Willie



THE NEBBS—Her Reward



BRINGING UP FATHER



EXPECT CONTINUATION WHEAT CONTROL PLAN

ARLINGTON, Ore., Dec. 11.—(AP)—Production control of wheat probably will be continued at the end of the present three-year contracts between producers and the government, it was said here at the conclusion of the annual meeting of the Eastern Oregon Wheat League.

WILL RETURN YOUTH TO TRAINING SCHOOL

George Jackson, who gave his address to authorities as being in this

city, left the county jail late yesterday in the custody of officers from the state training school at Woodburn, Ore., from which he had been paroled.

Jackson was arrested last week by city police on charges of larceny. He allegedly stole tools and miscellaneous equipment from several cars and garages in Medford.

EAGLES' BENEFIT DANCE TICKETS SELLING FAST

Tickets for the benefit dance on December 19, being given by the Fraternal Order of Eagles, are selling well, it was announced today, and interest was attributed to the fact that Arnie Legge's Brunswick recording orchestra is to furnish the music. The dance is being given to raise funds for Christmas baskets.

ATTENTION: The Featherweight Portable Singer Sewing Machine can now be seen at No. 3 North Harrison Street during Christmas bazaars.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alford

By Sol Hess

By George McManus