

THE ARMY POST MURDERS

By Virginia Hanson

The Characters Katherine Cornish, myself, visiting Elizabeth on a mid-western Army post. Elizabeth, the colonel's daughter.

Yesterday: On the train a girl stares at me. She seems strangely familiar.

Chapter Two The Mandarin Coat

I HOPE you don't mind Annie. Elizabeth was saying hurriedly when the kitchen door opened again. This time only the head came into the dining room, an expression of elaborate innocence on the aggressive face.

"I suppose you'll be wanting the car this afternoon?" "Certainly," Elizabeth's manner was cold.

"All right. All right. I just thought if you wasn't using it I might run into town and do me week-end marketing."

The head withdrew and indistinct mumbling could be heard.

"She's so provoking about my car," Elizabeth murmured indignantly. "Ever since I got it she's been at me to let her drive it. She knows better than to ask Father for his, but she can't seem to realize that I'm grown. She's been with

tion, I couldn't for the life of me remember whether there had been anything strained in her words or manner. It was true that she had referred to Barney as Mr. Nelson, but that was like her.

I haven't really described Elizabeth yet. She was built proudly, like the ancient goddesses, tall, and with lovely curves that she kept under rigid control. She bore herself royally, even in a rocking chair, and her fine flaxen hair was wound around her head like a coronet. She had good features, fine clear skin that was as innocent of make-up as a baby's, and blue eyes that were grave and honest. She wore no look of conscious beauty; and that, perhaps, is why so many who knew her looked on her and found her plain.

But I can't describe her better than to say that no one ever called her Betty.

Costumes

THERE was something else I wanted to tell you," she pondered, a thoughtful line between her brows. The rocker creaked. "Oh, I know. Mr. Nelson telephoned last night—he's chairman of the hop committee—and said they'd decided to make it a costume affair. They thought being in costume might liven people up a bit."

"Is there any place in the village where I can rent something?" I



Elizabeth thought the Mandarin coat would be a more modest costume.

us for years of course—since Mother died just after the war, and she thinks of herself as one of the family.

"Can she drive?" "She says she can, but I'm sure I don't know when she learned, unless it was while her husband was alive. He was a sergeant in the regiment, you know—killed in action. Of course cars are very different now, and I don't suppose she realizes that."

"I never heard her so talkative before."

We sat on the veranda for a while, talking lazily and listening to the drowsy hush of the afternoon.

"I'm afraid you'll be bored here, it's so quiet," Elizabeth said apologetically.

Although I protested the suggestion I could not know until later how great was her understatement. I was to be anything but bored.

Announcement Party

SHE rocked and smiled. "There's a polo at four. It won't be a good game, but if you like we'll drive over."

"You said we're going out to dinner?"

"Yes. Anne Carewe is entertaining before the hop. Did you meet her when you were here before?"

"Once. They had just come. She's the pocket-size Venus, isn't she, with the pansy eyes?"

"Isn't she lovely?" Elizabeth's tribute was a shade more serene than mine. She hesitated, went on, "Men find her very attractive."

"I know. I noticed that."

She rocked slowly, hands calm in her lap.

"I believe it is to be an announcement party," she said a shade too steadily—or was I imagining things?

You read that expression about your heart standing still. Mine certainly stilled and took a long time about starting on. I don't know what I was thinking for a minute. Charlie may be careless, but I wouldn't expect him to get engaged to two girls at the same time—not in a casual moment. I wouldn't. But I had not been exactly rational since that queer experience on the station platform.

The rocker creaked. "Yes," she said calmly. "I'm almost sure that she and Mr. Nelson are engaged."

For a minute I wasn't thinking much about anything but my relief, so that afterward, when I thought back over the conversa-

tion, asked, but without much hope. "That won't be necessary. I must have something that can be taken in to fit you. There are at least half-a-dozen costumes in the attic. We're always having them in the army—costume parties, I mean. We can look now if you like."

I followed her up three flights of stairs. The storage space was bare except for four or five trunks which stood in an orderly row against the wall. Elizabeth began to delve into one of these—a battered veteran with half-legalible labels from all over the Orient plastered haphazard over its surface.

It was a strange collection that she lifted out and placed on the clean sheet which she had spread on the floor—a pith helmet, out-moded party dresses, a handful of old-fashioned hop cards, their small pencils dangling, a brilliant embroidered shawl which, when I lifted it, ran through my fingers heavy and fluid.

She delved once more and brought to the surface a suit of Chinese pajamas of a heavenly shade of peacock blue. I reached for them covetously.

"I'm sure they will fit you," she said, but with an odd note of doubt in her voice. "And they're a lovely color with your red hair."

She paused and thought deeply. "You know the Chinese girls really wear them on the street, so they're not actually inmodest. I know!"

Her face brightened. She dove back into the trunk, explaining as she worked.

"A mandarin coat that you can wear with it, so you won't look as if you were just wearing ordinary pajamas." Finding what she sought, she held it up for my inspection—a lavish garment of heavy black silk, richly embroidered in gold thread.

"Of course it's a man's coat, but that won't matter. It will look over so much better, don't you think so?"

There is really no explaining Elizabeth. She stepped bodily out of the nineties.

And that was why that warm night I was to wear the lovely blue pajamas almost entirely concealed under the hot black folds of the mandarin coat—a gorgeous, conspicuous garment whose damning, bloodstained appearance was to lead me before morning perilously near to a charge of murder.

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Monday: An old friend.

World at Crossroad Is Hull's Warning

CRISTOBAL, C. Z., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Secretary of State Hull said today the world was at a crossroads, with one course leading to peace and the other to war and anarchy.

He issued a statement of greeting on his arrival here on the S. S. Santa Clara, enroute to the Pan-American conference at Lima, Peru.

High Climber Dies From Fall Injuries

ROSEMBOURG, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Cecil Calkins, 30, high climber for the Hartman-Wakefield Logging Co. company at Camas Valley, died this afternoon from injuries suffered while engaged in topping a tree for use as a spar tree.

The top of the tree kicked back as it was cut, striking Calkins with sufficient force to break his safety belt and cause his fall to the ground, it was reported.

Idaho Legislature Votes Relief Coin

BOISE, Idaho, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Idaho's legislature appropriated \$130,000 to provide relief for 53,500 destitute persons, paid itself \$15,000 and adjourned sine die today.

With but a few hours remaining until terms of legislators expire at midnight tonight, five minor bills introduced in the special session were not brought up for vote.

LITTLE PLANE SPANS CONTINENT NON-STOP

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(AP)—The first transcontinental nonstop flight in an 800-pound one-seater plane was completed Wednesday when Johnny Jones, one-time vaudeville dancer, landed at Roosevelt field at 1:17 p.m. (EST), completing the journey from Los Angeles in 30 hours and 40 minutes.

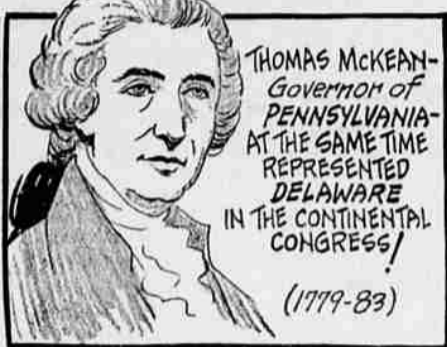
The Mail Tribune Staff.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



JOHN "PORTUGEE" PHILLIPS—Frontiersman, RODE 236 MILES IN 2 DAYS THROUGH A SUB-ZERO BLIZZARD—TO SAVE FORT PHIL KEARNY, WYO, FROM ANNIHILATION BY SIOUX INDIANS (Dec. 22-24, 1866)



THOMAS MCKEAN—GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA—AT THE SAME TIME REPRESENTED DELAWARE IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS! (1779-83)



WATER FLEAS PRODUCE A BROOD OF YOUNG EVERY 2 OR 3 DAYS! FOUR MEN CAUGHT 30 SILVER TARPON IN 8 HOURS! (Off New Orleans, La., Sept., 1938)

"Portugee" Phillips' Ride Combating almost insurmountable hardships, John "Portugee" Phillips, Wyoming frontiersman, saved old Fort Phil Kearney from complete destruction by Sioux Indians under Chief Red Cloud during the bitter winter of 1866. One of a line of forts along the Bozeman road to the west, Fort Phil Kearny was in command of Col. Henry B. Carrington. On December 21, a wood train from the fort was attacked by the Sioux and cut off from retreat. Brave Lt.-Col. William Judd Petterman, with 80 men, set out to relieve the train. The 81 men walked into an Indian trap, and to the last man they were wiped out. Col. Carrington, realizing he was undermined by the Petterman massacre, saw as his only hope reinforcements from Fort Laramie, 236 miles distant. At this point Portugee Phillips a civilian guide, volunteered to go through the Indian lines for aid. Carrington's horse. A blizzard was raging; it was 25 degrees below zero. All that night Phillips rode on, and near midnight on Christmas eve he rode into Fort Laramie, frozen and exhausted. His horse dropped dead at his feet. Phillips' ride brought relief to Fort Phil Kearny by January, 1867, before the Sioux had renewed their attack, and the crisis passed.

JOSEPHINE LEVY TO BE SMALLER

GRANTS PASS, Dec. 1.—(AP)—A decrease in the Josephine county levy for the coming year was promised today by the court and budget committee. Exact figures were not given while word awaited from Salem

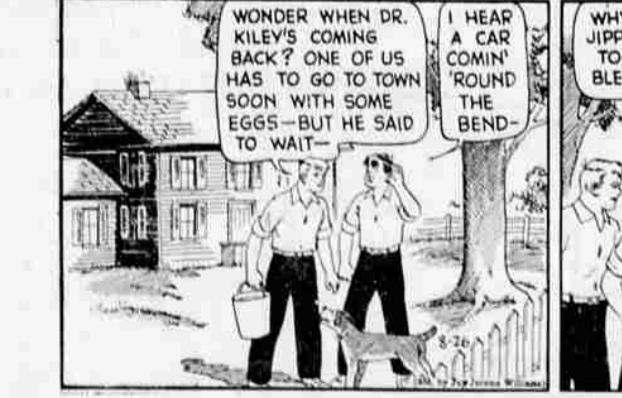
on state taxes. A reduction of state property tax and \$15,000 from state sources accounted for the expected decline. The budget committee decided to abandon the county poor farm effective January 1, when a new county court takes office. Exports from the state of Georgia during the first eight months of 1938 amounted to \$12,713,240 against imports of \$6,999,351. Traffic laws were in effect in England as early as 1835, long before the invention of the automobile.

Tuna Plant Odor Bothers Astoria ASTORIA, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—A method of controlling the odor from tuna fish reduction plants was sought yesterday by J. O. Conville, city manager who left for southern California to study deodorizing systems and municipal ordinances in cities where the industry has long been established. The tuna industry developed here two seasons ago when the first runs appeared off the Columbia river in commercial quantities.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Determines to Sell His Life Dearly!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Bad News!



THE NEBBS—A True Nebb



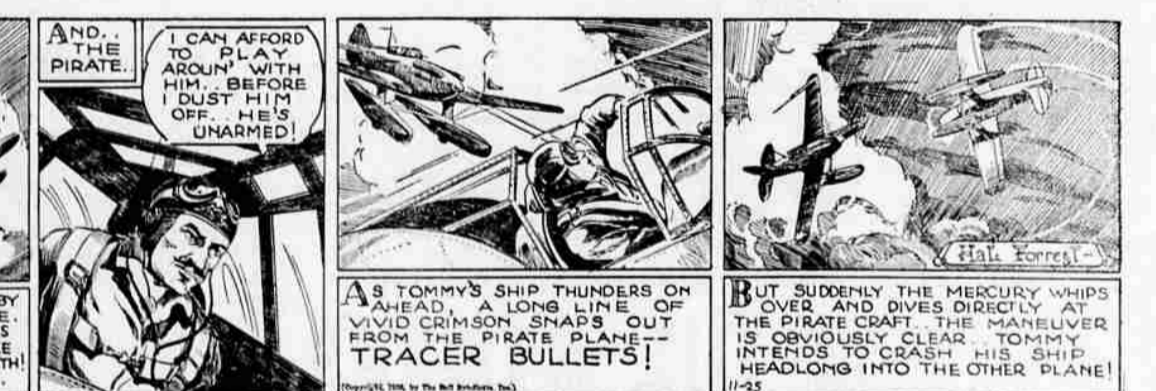
DRESS PARADE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POT By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

