

THE ARMY POST MURDERS

By Virginia Hanson

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

Yesterday, Elizabeth gives me costume to wear to the announcement party of Anne Barrow and Barney Nelson.

Chapter Three

'The Army Is Difficult'

THE polo field was at the opposite end of the parade ground, and as there were no stands, people drove their cars right onto the field. We were late and the game had already begun but Anne Barrow was even later. She ran down the steps of her father's quarters and crossed the graveled road to where we were standing by the car. She was frowning over minute wound in one finger as she joined us.

"A needle stabbed me," she announced in her sweet high child's voice. "Oh, hello Elizabeth. Hello, Katherine. I hate to sew, and I killed on my costume, so I dumped the whole thing in Mother's lap and departed. She's having Bar-

"She lost it. She won't talk about it; I don't even know where the poor little thing is buried. You see, we were all scattered—the regiment was overseas and Mother had taken me home to Massachusetts—I wasn't very old then, myself."

"You didn't see Annie again until after the war?"
"Not until Mother died. I was about six then, and Father heard about her through the service welfare organization and sent for her. She took complete charge of me and has never wanted to leave us. I suppose I filled the place of the daughter she lost. I'm—very fond of her, and she is devoted to me. . . . Someday I'll teach her to drive the car."

She turned and caressed the little car with a long, sensitive hand. "Let's get in, shall we? It's tiresome standing." And she slid behind the wheel with the possessive pride of a child.

No one paid much attention to the game. People stopped to chat with us for a minute, then drifted on. Between chuckers the players stood about looking self-conscious letting the women admire them.

Adam Drew

BARNEY NELSON, as handsome as a Norse giant as ever voyaged with Eric the Red, strolled over with a casual word to Elizabeth, greeted me warmly and asked me



If ever there was a prince among men, that prince is Adam Drew.

ney's, too—we're dressing just like."

"Is he going in fancy dress?" Elizabeth looked surprised. "The men mostly won't," she explained to me.

"Oh, Barney's different — cur costumes were his idea. What are you going to wear?"

I let Elizabeth answer while I looked about me.

The game was ragged. The players milled around, taking an occasional lousy crack at some pony's shin, but nothing much was happening to the ball. I did not recognize Charlie among them, nor did I see him among the spectators.

Someone was waving from an upstairs window across the street. "Isn't that Annie?" I asked without thinking.

Elizabeth returned the salute. Anne flushed and walked away. Elizabeth sighed and followed her with her eyes. "The army's very difficult in some ways."

"What did I say? And why is Annie at the Carver's quarters?" "She's often there. You see, Major Carver and Annie's husband were both sergeants in the regiment when war broke out. Annie and Mrs. Carver were bosom friends. They lived next door to each other, had their babies at the same time, named them for each other."

"What a situation!"

"I'm fond of her," Elizabeth said simply.

"When the Carvers rejoined the regiment this spring the two women took up their friendship again. You see, Mrs. Carver doesn't go out at all—she's an invalid. At least that's the reason they give. Annie says there's nothing wrong with her except she's scared to death of people—a wrong fork, that kind of thing. A pity, isn't it? Annie tries to talk her out of it."

"Annie would do it much better, wouldn't she? I mean, be Mrs. Major?"

"I believe so. She would have been, too, if her husband had lived. He was a good sergeant. Father says. That's another angle to the situation, as you call it. Here's Annie working in the commanding officer's kitchen while her old friend is a major's wife."

"What happened to her baby—the one that was named for Mrs. Carver?"

He took off his helmet and let the light breeze flutter his short, colorless hair. He is almost an albino, except for the most brilliant blue eyes imaginable.

I was awfully glad to see him. Except for Elizabeth and Charlie, he was the only congenial soul I had met at Fort Havens; and if he wasn't pleased to see me, too, he gave a very fair imitation of being. "How do you do, Major Drew?" Elizabeth asked kindly.

So that was as far as my good work had carried them! It had seemed to me so perfectly obvious that I had a fine cruiser of one to the other, during my previous visit; yet here they were, not even on first-name terms.

I remembered then that Charlie had said I was cockeyed.

"Adam's not the marrying type—he's too unconscious of himself to fall in love."

"You mean he's cold? He isn't at all; he's got more human understanding than any man I've ever met."

"That isn't emotion," Charlie had pointed out shrewdly. "But I'm not saying he's cold—he's just unapproachable. He's built a remarkably fine shell for himself—a sort of glass case that he can look out of perfectly well and see what's going on. But nothing can touch him."

"Quite the psychologist, aren't you, mister?" I remarked half jeering. But I remembered what he said.

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Tomorrow: Accident on the polo field.

UTAH AGREES TO SUN BOWL CLASH

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 2.—(AP)—The University of Utah averted a threatened "football strike" today by accepting an invitation to play in the El Paso, Tex., Sun bowl January 2, and to take an expanded squad on tour.

The Big Seven conference champions, who will meet the University of Hawaii in a game at Honolulu December 17, will have the border conference titlsts, the University of New Mexico, as their Sun bowl opponents.

Members of the Ute squad, revolting late yesterday at reports the traveling group would include only 25 players, voted unless 27 players would be allowed to make the jump to Hawaii they would not consider the Sun bowl game.

BUILDING ACTIVITY DIPS IN NOVEMBER

Value of permits issued from the city building inspector's office during November totaled \$10,710, a slight decrease under the same period in 1937, when permits valued at \$11,910 were issued.

November also showed a drop from the previous month, December, which saw permits valued at \$23,308 issued from the inspector's office.

There were 21 permits issued last month, one of them being for the construction of a new residence at a stated cost of \$2000. Remainder of the permits were for repairs to residences and business houses, remodeling and the construction of private garages.

H. S. Deuel, of 1100 South Oakdale avenue applied for a permit Wednesday to make an addition to his residence at a stated cost of \$300.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CLONE -- the "sea butterfly," A MOLLUSK THAT SPENDS ITS ENTIRE LIFE ON THE WAVES! IT NEVER GOES ASHORE NOR SINKS TO THE BOTTOM...

CHARLES WELLS -- English Swindler, BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO 19 TIMES -- 12 TIMES IN ONE AFTERNOON -- YET DIED PENNILESS!

KENNETH JOHNSON, student pilot, LANDED ON TOP OF A HANGAR BY MISTAKE! South Bend, Ind., Airport, 1938.

"MIDGET"—a Percheron, WEIGHED ONLY 43 POUNDS AT BIRTH! ITS MOTHER WEIGHED 1800 POUNDS...

(C. L. Ritter Farm, Swann Creek, Ohio)

12-2-38 McLaughlin Studio, Inc.

One afternoon in 1931 Charles Wells, a more or less unimportant English swindler, walked into the famous Casino of Monte Carlo with a 4000-pound stake.

Before the afternoon was over, players and spectators stood aghast as Wells walked out with well over 1,000,000 francs in his pockets. He had "broken the bank" no less than 12 times!

To break the bank does not mean to bankrupt the Casino, because each roulette table is separately banked;

each time Wells broke the bank, he merely forced the croupier at his table to go and get another paltry 100,000 francs.

Next afternoon Wells returned—and again broke the bank. The next playing season he reappeared and succeeded in breaking the bank six more times—a grand total of 19 times in two seasons. Wells' luck then changed, and instead of continuing to break the bank he lost steadily. After spending thousands of francs he realized he could not beat the game—and that he was broke.

Wells returned to swindling and after years of ignominious dealings died in poverty in 1932. He was not destined to be completely forgotten, however, for Wells is remembered today as the hero of the song: "The Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo."

Smallest Percheron

Percheron horses are renowned for their size and strength, but "Midget," a Percheron colt foaled at the C. L. Ritter Farm in Swann Creek, Ohio, weighed only 43 pounds at birth. She was fed cow's milk from a bottle to keep her alive.

EUGENE WOMAN DIES FROM CRASH INJURY

BEYD, Dec. 2.—(AP)—Mrs. Ted G. McGuire, wife of a Eugene service station operator returning with members of her family to South Dakota, was injured fatally last night in an automobile accident on the McKen-

zie highway nine miles west of Sisters.

The machine in which she was riding collided with a highway maintenance truck which had skidded cross-wise on the snowy road. The women died enroute to a hospital here.

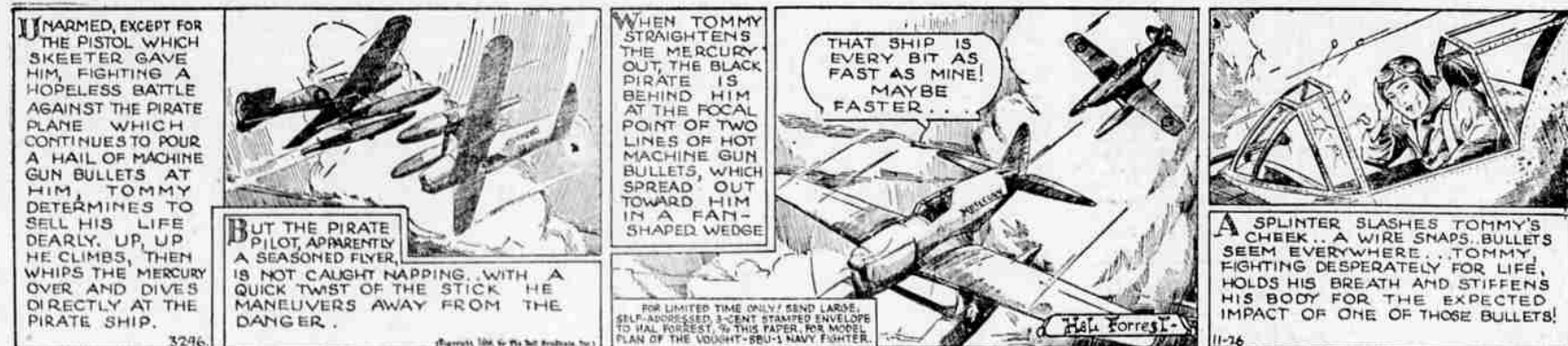
Her sister, Mrs. M. N. Tompkins, Eugene, suffered shock, cuts and bruises and was in a hospital and McGuire was released from the hospital after being treated for head injuries.

Law Catches Up

SEATTLE, Dec. 2.—(AP)—Sought two years by the federal bureau of investigation, Jacob J. Reshke, 29, was arrested today on a Spokane complaint charging he violated the Mann act by transporting a woman from Lewiston, Idaho, to Spokane October 1, 1936. U. S. Commissioner A. C. Bowman ordered him held in \$2500 bond.

Oil from porpoises is used to lubricate watches and other delicate mechanisms.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Nothing Left to Do—But Pray!



By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He's Not Mistaken!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Oh, That's Different



By SOL HESS