

THE ARMY POST MURDERS

By Virginia Hanson

The Characters Katherine Cornish, myself, visiting the colonel's daughter on a mid-western Army post. Charlie Spencer, my fiancé. Adam Drew, one of the nicest men I know.

Yesterday, Adam is knocked out on the polo field. Elizabeth carries a gun in her car.

Chapter Five 'Feeling Humble'

YOU-are you sure you're not hurt? I asked Adam. "On the contrary, it hurts like the dickens, but I'll recover, I got out from under very neatly, but one hoof caught me in the midriff and knocked my breath into the middle of next week. I was conscious but numb when young Tarzan, here, snatched me up and swung off through the trees."

Everyone was suddenly helpless with laughter—everyone but Elizabeth. "That's all very well," she said calmly. "But don't forget, you've promised to stop at the hospital for a thorough examination before you go home. For all you know you may have a broken rib."

Adam grimaced. "I've had spills before." "Please," I said. He looked at me very soberly for a moment, an odd, questioning look in his brilliant eyes. "Of course," he said gently. "But I won't stay home from the party tonight if I have to come in a wheel chair. And if anyone makes a crack about Adam's ribs, I'll be back in a hurry."

The game had been abandoned, the horses led away. Somewhere close at hand a bugle broke into urgent summons. Faces turned toward the flag that floated high over headquarters. Adam released his arm, settled his helmet and stood at salute.

Across the field the cannon crashed and the band struck up the first measured bars of the national anthem. Gracefully, slowly, the flag dipped earthward, tugging reluctantly at its ropes, floated and dipped again, lower and lower, caught at last by many hands and furling before it could touch the ground. Across the lengthening shadows on the plain the last notes of music died away. "And so woody—until later," said Adam.

"Not yet," reminded Elizabeth. "We're going to drop you at the hospital." We did. Adam submitted gracefully, even saluting us gallily from the door before he disappeared inside. Then, and not until then, did Elizabeth drive on.

She delivered me at the house, gently ordered me to rest and departed again in her little car, murmuring something about sewing and a sergeant's wife.

I wandered into the house, found the colonel's den, shabby and filled with books. I inspected the shelves, hoping to find something distracting. There was a well-worn set of Dickens; a shelf of biography; a shelf devoted to heavy tomes on military history, science and tactics; and a stack of decorative volumes that caught my immediate interest. Flutierrez, the West Point yearbook.

Titian O.A.O. I DREW out the top one—it was three or four years old—and carried it to the Colonel's chair. It fell open with the obedience of a book often spread at the same page, and I found myself staring at the face of Barney Nelson.

He had not changed that I could see. The same rather withdrawn eyes, the immaculately modeled features that made him almost too handsome. Below the picture was a brief biography. I read it with interest. His name was not Barney, but Bjorne, and his nicknames were many: Swede, Handsome, Barney, Julian. This last was too obscure for me until I glanced at a snapshot in the lower corner of the page. At first sight it was a beautiful, stately blonde in floating draperies and a picture hat. Then I realized that it was Barney, dressed for a Hundredth Night show.

I sat there giggling, picturing the size of him masquerading as a woman. A brief list of honors confirmed my guess: Football Squad, Baseball "A", Corporal, Choir, Hon. Manager, Hundredth Night. The biography, rich in idiom, made cryptic allusion to "you great big handsome man"; to a mysterious talent for falling out at parade; to his gifts as a snake, a spoonful; to his bevy of females.

I leafed through the book, looking for more acquaintances. I had Charlie's volume at home, two or three years later in date, for he was only a year out of the Academy. I had been pleased by allusions to a Titian O.A.O.—short for One and Only. I turned another page. Ah, here was a member of the garrison, Philip Shaw. He and his wife were friends of Anne Carewe. She was the kind who allowed no one to forget that she was from the East. He had a round, babyish face and strove for a cynical manner. He had been undistinguished at

West Point. Nicknames: Phil, Tubby. His record was in one word: Sharpshooter. His biographer chronicled a long list of mishaps: in the riding hall, at parade, femme trouble. The closing line arrested my attention: "Chin claim to distinction: the man who tried to spoil Swede's beauty."

Hearing Elizabeth's step on the porch, I replaced the Howitzer and chose Little Women at random from the shelves. Then I stood for a moment unnoticed in the library doorway, thinking that Elizabeth looked drawn and tired and realizing for the first time that the event might prove an ordeal for her too.

She placed her car keys on a card tray that stood on the hall table, turned and saw me. Her usual gentle smile crossed her face. "Oh, there you are. We can rest for an hour before we need to dress. Dinner will be at seven-thirty, but I told Anne we'd drive over early. Is that all right with you?"

"Why, certainly," I said, but I was a little puzzled. I had expected Charlie to come for me. Would I never get a word with him alone? "You, for instance?"

I CONTINUED to ask myself that question with growing resentment; for Charlie, tight lipped and evidently stricken, escaped as soon as we rose from the dinner table, with the muttered excuse of an errand at the troop. No one believed him; but Adam tried his best to keep me from noticing that he did not return.

We rode over to the hop together, danced haltingly once around the floor—Adam's dancing is not all it might be—and retired to the club veranda. Even here the heat was stifling. The hot black folds of the mandarin coat enveloped me like a blanket. Why didn't I take it off? I don't know, except that Elizabeth's views were rather overpowering. From the dusk beside me Adam spoke diffidently.

"If you don't mind being alone for a few minutes I could see if Charlie needs anything. I'm afraid the champagne." "It isn't the champagne, and you know it," I said wearily. "He's just sulking over Anne's engagement. Let him alone." Adam can be trusted to say nothing when there is nothing to say.

"Not that I mind being left," I added tardily. "Men are scarce tonight. You go in and dance." "Not on your life. I've done my duty often enough on this post. Tonight I have a good excuse—I'm a casualty."

"How do you feel, honestly?" "Too good to risk a chance of scenery. All right then, here I go. Doc Moore couldn't find anything wrong with me." "Did he take an X-ray?" He sounded amused. "Yes, he took an X-ray, but it hadn't been developed. So you see, I'd better be very quiet until All is known."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather go back to quarters where you can be comfortable?" "Feeling humble tonight?" "You might call it that." "You'll find it won't last long. Why don't you take notes on the symptoms? Writers are supposed to be emphasizing everything. I suppose you carry a notebook in that little jeweled affair. Go ahead, don't mind me."

Adam's teasing is gentle, but he gets things across. "I don't take notes. It's more fun just to sit and watch people and imagine things about them. I've made up long stories that way—in a restaurant, on the el. I expect I embarrass people."

He chuckled. "Not half as much as I do. I'm no good at imagining—I have to know." He hesitated, went on smoothly. "There's you, for instance. All during your last visit you were so busy matchmaking for Elizabeth and me," he chuckled, "that all I learned about you is that you live in Chicago with a kid sister who studies music, and that you write for a living."

Anne and Barney skipped out of the club hand in hand, singing lustily. For two or three bars Barney's rich baritone almost drowned Anne's thin, high monotonous; then he leaped to a silly falsetto as he swung her about in the path of light from the door and stepped back, hand slapping, while she executed a surprisingly capable tap dance.

They were dressed alike in white slacks and white cotton jerseys in a manner to emphasize the contrast between them. I thought they were both rather pleased with the idea that they were perfect foils for each other, but I wondered how they would like sharing the limelight. To the breast and back of each white jersey, in the appropriate anatomical position, had been appliqued a crimson heart pierced by an arrow. It had been Barney's idea to let the costumes speak for themselves. No other announcement had been necessary. (Copyright, 1938, Virginia Hanson)

Tomorrow: Elizabeth and Barney.

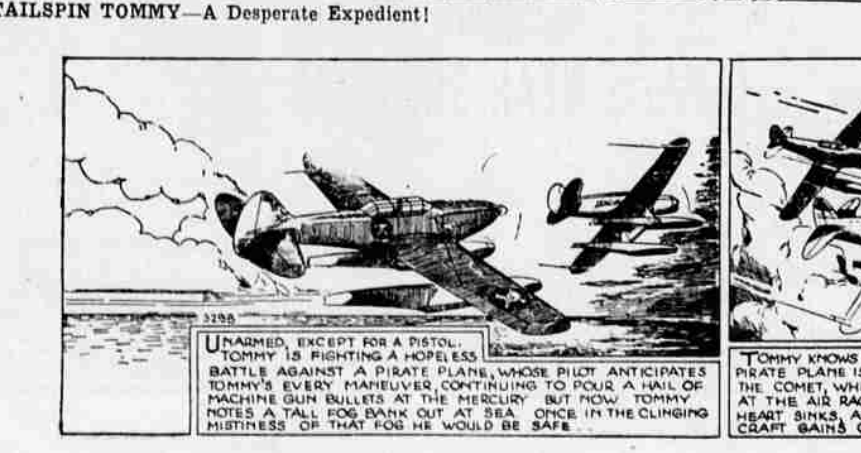
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Mark Twain's Dream As a young man on the Mississippi, Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) experienced one of those strange coincidences whose explanation apparently can lie only in the realm of the supernatural. One spring night in 1858 Sam Clemens slept at his sister's house in St. Louis and had this dream: He saw his brother, Henry, a corpse, lying in a metallic burial casket in the sitting room, supported on two chairs. He was dressed in a suit of Samuel's clothes, and on his breast lay a bouquet of white flowers with a single crimson bloom in the center. In the morning the dream was still so vivid that he at first thought it was real. Then, realizing it was only a dream, he told it to his sister and put it out of his mind. The two brothers boarded the river steamer "Pennsylvania" made a winter trip to New Orleans. There Samuel left the boat. At Ship Island, 60 miles below Memphis, with Henry still aboard, the "Pennsylvania" blew up killing over 150 people. Henry died as Samuel arrived at the scene. While most of the victims were placed in pine caskets, Henry was laid in a metallic case by sympathetic Memphis women. He was clothed in one of Samuel's suits. Samuel suddenly recalled his strange dream. Even as he stood there a lady entered the morgue and placed a large bouquet of white flowers on Henry's breast—and in the center was a single red rose. Thus each detail of Mark Twain's amazing prophetic dream was fulfilled. Tomorrow: The one-cow dairy.

CROP INSURANCE IN OREGON HIGH WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—(AP)—A total of 265 Oregon farmers have applied for federal crop insurance and 4,141 have paid premiums up to December 1 on insurance against losses on next year's crop, the federal agency handling the insurance said today. Days Too Short BIG APPEAL, Dec. 3.—(Sp.)—Tough on the poultry business, believes Morris Byrne, young poultryman here. Even though egg production is at its lowest ebb at present, Mr. Byrne says he is reworded with two eggs one day, one of which was cracked. This defect, he thinks, was due to the short days, when the hen went to roost early and afterward laid the egg. Dry Leader Passes ALEXANDRIA, Va., Dec. 5.—(AP)—James Arthur Edgerton, 69, prohibition party candidate for vice president in 1928, died here today. Edgerton had been in politics in Nebraska around the turn of the century. Phone 542 We'll sail away you! refuse. City Sanitary Service.



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Desperate Expedition!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Departure!

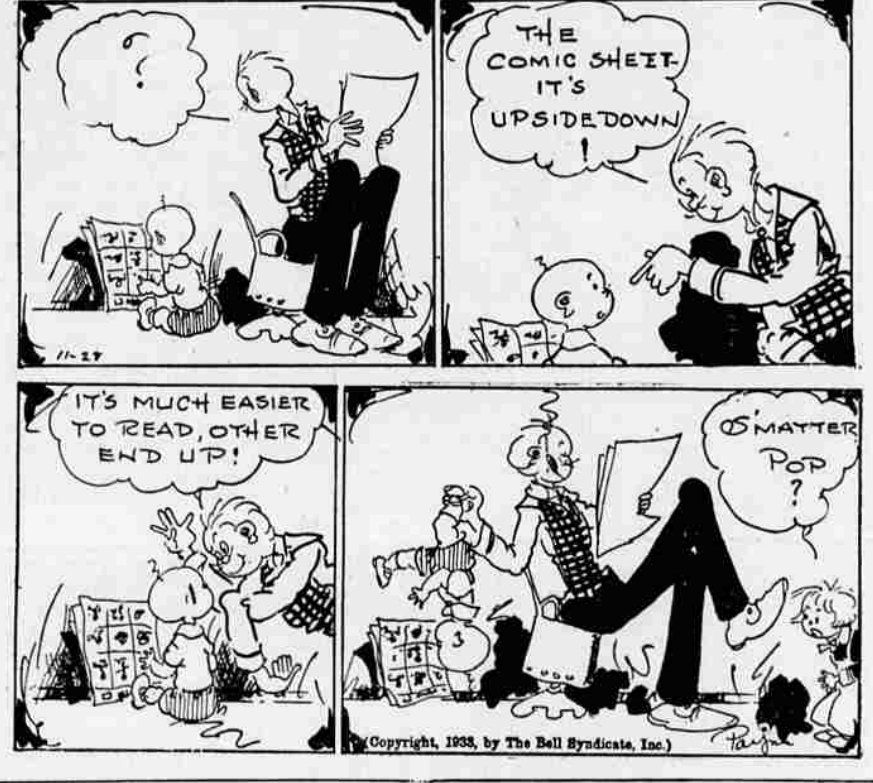


THE NEBBS—Information, Please?

AT HOME By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP! By O M PAYN'



By HAL FORRES



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEP'

The Grange

Talent Grange met with Master W. W. Robinson in the chair. Regular business followed, with Gladys Robinson elected lecturer. Master Robinson gave an interesting report of National Grange, as did Mr. and Mrs. Milo Kays, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Robinson, Beatrice Worth and Florence Hartley, who attended national and took the 7th degree. Belview Grange visited us, and presented an interesting program consisting of the following numbers: songs, by future grangers; skit, by the young people; song, Mrs. Arthur Peters and Mrs. Taylor Williams; monologue, Mrs. Wade Wallis; tap dancing, Marylin Cristleth Perry. Forty-five members of Belview Grange were present. Refreshments were served by the H. E. club, and dancing followed. Next meeting of the H. E. club will be an all-day meeting at the home of Mrs. Stanley Robinson, December 13. This will be our Christmas party and all attending are asked to bring a small gift wrapped, but bearing no name. Those wishing to remember the Polyanthus with Christmas gifts may do so at this meeting. Central Point Grange. Home Economics club of Central Point Grange will serve a turkey dinner, starting at 6 o'clock, December 8. These turkey dinners are an annual affair and always well attended by both grange members and the public. The dinner will consist of turkey and dressing, cranberries, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, salad, rolls, butter, jelly and pickles with ice cream and cake for dessert. The dinner will be followed by a dance and the dinner ticket will include dancing until 12 o'clock, if desired. Anyone so attired the dance may do so for a nominal door charge. Dinner will be served from 8 until 10. The public is cordially invited to attend.