

THE ARMY POST MURDERS

By Virginia Hanson

The Characters

Katherine Cornish, myself, visiting Elizabeth on a mid-western Army post.

Elizabeth, Colonel Wright's daughter.

Adam Drew, a friend.

Yesterday I find the bullet imbedded in a pillar.

Chapter 10 In Official Charge

FOR a moment I thought Mrs. Flower had something to show me. But instead she began to chatter again.

"You know what keeps running through my head? It must be an old song, or something about the shooting of Anne Carewe. Isn't that funny? But you know I'm kind of psychic that way. I seem to know things. But the oddest thing—it keeps running through my mind. About how the lady who shot her and pinched her poke was the lady whose name was Lou. Where do you suppose I could get a thing like that, unless it was a sort of spiritual revelation? After what we were saying awhile ago, too..."

I felt dazed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know? Well, I forgot, you're not very well acquainted here, are you? I mean, her name is Louella, of course, but nobody calls her that. It wouldn't fit, somehow. Everybody just calls her Lou."

"Who are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Why, Lou Orpington, of course. Who else?"

I caught sight of Adam entering the club and I felt like a giddy passenger when the merry ground began to slow up. Things began to look more sane, my equilibrium was restored.

He came straight across to where we were standing, acknowledged Mrs. Flower's presence, said quickly to me: "I'm questioning everyone before they go home—I'll take you first, and stood aside to let me precede him."

In the reading room, behind closed doors, he lowered his voice confidentially.

"What I really wanted was to ask if you would take notes. Do you know shorthand?"

"Enough to get by. But look, Adam..." and I launched into an account of Charlie's disappearance.

He stopped me midway.

"I took him back to quarters and put him to bed. He'll keep for a while. But before you say anything more I should warn you that I am in official charge of the investigation. One of the things I've been doing was to put a call through to Corps Area Headquarters for instructions. You see, in the absence of Colonel Wright, Anne's father, Major Carewe, is in command. I am next in rank."

"I broke the news to Major Carewe." He looked slightly sick at the memory, but continued evenly. "Naturally he's too broken up to take charge. So the honors are mine... Now was there anything you wanted to tell me?"

I related faithfully all that had occurred since we separated, except for my disposal of Charlie's gun and my unwarranted intrusion into Elizabeth's affairs.

He listened intently, his small bright eyes the intense blue of a Bunson burner flame between their short white lashes, while I repeated Mrs. Flower's maudlinings about Lou Orpington.

"It seemed quite clear that she wanted it in the record that Mrs. Orpington was alone on the veranda at the time the shot was fired. And this afternoon at the polo game she more than hinted that Barney has been seen around the Orpington quarters entirely too much, with Colonel Orpington away in camp. At least that was the way it sounded to me. She may not have meant a thing by it—she says the most awful things so innocently that you wonder if she knows what it's all about."

"I know. Amazing woman. Sometimes I think her wits are dim. Other times I'm not so sure. Her husband plays a remarkably fine game of bridge, but half the time she doesn't bother to follow suit. Insists on playing too. Don't see how he puts up with it."

Mistaken?

"Oh, and when you came in she was reciting some nonsense about a psychic hunch—a song she said kept running through her head about the lady whose name was Lou..." I repeated as much as I could remember of it.

Adam's strong white teeth showed for an instant in a grin.

"The Shooting of Dan McGrew," he said. "That's her. Then the grin faded. "The Shooting of Anne Carewe," he said softly and stared at me with puzzled eyes.

"You know, Kay, that's damn funny..." And the lady that's known as Lou. She is keen to put it on Lou Orpington."

"You don't think she did it herself? Mrs. Flower, I mean."

He did not answer at once.

"She's got queer eyes. I suppose she might be crazy. Then he shrugged it away. "But what's the use of speculating? What we've got to do is find evidence."

"Oh! That reminds me. I found the bullet."

"The bullet? You mean the cartridge case—the ejected shell," he corrected me kindly. "Where is it? Have you got it? Can you show me where it was?"

"Not the shell, the bullet," I repeated patiently. "And it's just where I found it—imbedded in one of those pillars that support the balcony."

Adam rose to his full height and looked down at me with the most astonished expression I had ever seen on his bland face.

"You must be mistaken. Or else it's been there for a long time."

"But—but it's in plain sight, and the wood it plowed through is bright, like freshly split kindling. Why must I be mistaken?"

There was growing excitement in his eyes. He took one long step toward the door.

"Come and show me," he commanded. "I'm not doubting your word—you know what you saw. But it's something I hadn't counted on. You see, the bullet that shot Anne Carewe is still lodged in the wood. They were probing for it when I left the hospital."

After looking at the bullet, Adam put me behind the heavy curtains of the stairway that led from the reading room to the balcony, where I could see and hear without being seen. Enough light filtered down from above to illuminate the brief, inexact notes I was taking. Adam allowed two couples to go home.

Next came the Wheelers, mother and son.

The mere words Mrs. Wheeler used were trivial, but the satisfied malice that was visible on her granite-hard, tight-mouthed face would have enraged a plaster saint. Adam grew laboriously polite.

Crude Innuendoes

IT SEEMED this was no more than she had expected. A girl of such low principles as Anne Carewe—one could only be grateful for one's foresight in keeping her away from the young man. It was clearly a mother's duty to protect an innocent boy—this last with a triumphant side glance at her thirty-year-old son.

My glance followed hers and lingered. I forgot to listen to her crude innuendoes, focusing instead sharply on the figure of the young man, trying to analyze the hungry, baffled look on his narrow face. He was intensely excited; his agate-gray eyes were too bright, his nose was breathing too fast.

"You understand, of course, Major Drew, that way will be happy to help in any way possible," his mother was saying largely. "But, as you know, we keep ourselves to ourselves and are very careful never to be involved in the ugly intrigues that constantly occur on a post. One knows, of course, purely from observation, that the young woman was justly disliked in more than one quarter. One is scarcely surprised, therefore,

She paused to shrug her beefy shoulders and seemed to become aware for the first time that Adam was standing very still, staring past her right ear, with no expression whatever on his normally animated face. With something of an effort she returned to the attack.

"As I say, my son and I are among the few who can be of no assistance to you. You will no doubt find many whose movements will require investigation. He and I were together throughout the entire evening. I can assure you he was entirely without motive or opportunity for the shooting. And I must insist on taking him home. He is very high strung. This has been an ordeal."

She came to a full stop, and Adam executed a stiff little bow. It would have been funny, except for the fury in his eyes.

"Quite so," he observed coldly. He maneuvered her to the door, where she halted. She had been saving something for this moment—her parting shot. She produced it with a deprecating wave of thick, jeweled hands.

"I have just remembered—possibly of no value, but one never knows, does one? It must have been two or three weeks ago that I met Miss Carewe coming away from the colonel's quarters. She smiled and made some light remarks, but one could see that she had been crying."

What response she had expected of Adam I do not know.

"One moment, Wheeler," he said impassively. "I'd like you to answer a question or two."

For a moment I thought she was coming back into the room, but Adam did not seem aware of her intention. He closed the door quite firmly in her face.

Tomorrow: Questions and answers.

No recommendations for changing the insurance reserve system, target of much Republican criticism, were in prospect. Nor was there any likelihood the recent months of political discussion of old age pensions would bring any official suggestion for upward revision of payments.

Thus the council's program is certain to be under heavy fire in congress. Both Republicans and advocates of higher pensions have served notice they intend to put up a stiff struggle for their own ideas on providing for America's aged.

The council is expected to complete its work either Saturday or Sunday. After congress meets in January, Mr. Roosevelt may send up a message urging adoption of the recommendations.

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Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

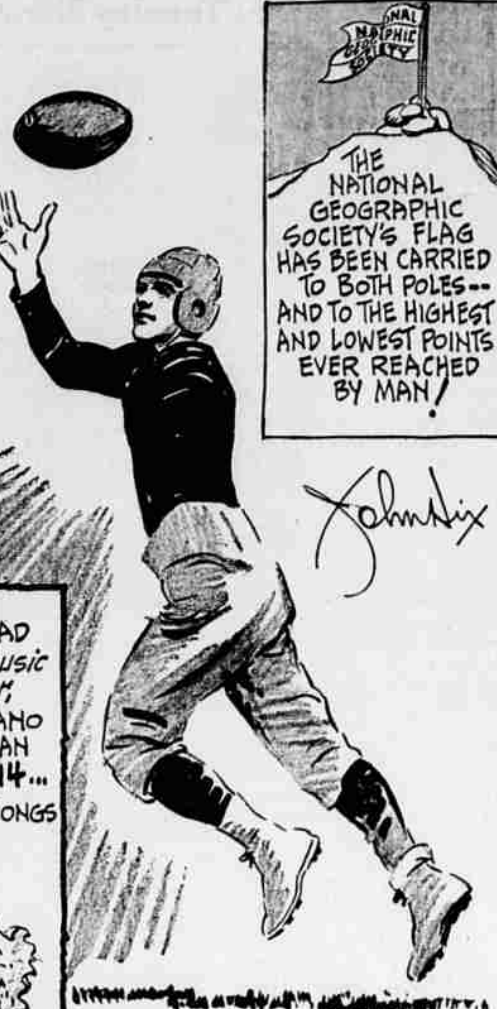
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

ED BARRETT-- ONE-ARMED Cedartown (Ga.) halfback, CAUGHT 5 FORWARD PASSES AND INTERCEPTED 6 OTHERS-- IN THE SAME GAME! (Vs. Rome, Oct. 31, 1930)

CON CONRAD Popular music composer, PLAYED THE PIANO AT 3 AND BEGAN COMPOSING AT 14... HE WROTE OVER 200 SONGS

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One-Armed Pass Catcher

Loss of his left arm did not deter Edward Barrett, star halfback of Cedartown (Ga.) high school, from actively pursuing his football career at that school in 1930.

In the 1928 season Barrett proved his stellar qualities by scoring 32 touchdowns with the Cedartown varsity. He performed well in 1929, but early in 1930 Barrett lost his left arm. Yet he was back in lineup that fall. Strange as it seems, Barrett proved to be an exceptional pass receiver

with his one right arm.

When Cedartown played Rome on October 31 he caught five forward passes—and topped off his performance by intercepting six opponents' passes in the same game!

Traveling Flag

As far North and South as man has ever been, and as high in the stratosphere, and as deep in the ocean as explorers have penetrated—there have gone flags of the National Geographic Society.

On May 9, 1926, a flag of the society was flown over the north pole by Admiral E. Byrd. On November 29, 1929, another flag was flown over the south pole by Admiral Byrd. A third flag was taken to an altitude of 72,395 feet on November 11, 1935, during the stratosphere flight from North Dakota sponsored by the National Geographic Society and the army air corps.

On August 15, 1934, a fourth society flag was lowered to a depth of 3028 feet in the Atlantic ocean off Bermuda during the record dive of Dr. William Beebe and Otis Barton.

TEAR-PROOF JURY WILL TRY SNYDER

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 10.—(AP)—A jury was selected shortly before noon today to try Martin Snyder for attempted murder and kidnaping in connection with the shooting of Myrl

Alderman, pianist of Ruth Etting, accompanist of Snyder's blues-singing former wife.

Immediately it was agreed to adjourn the trial until Monday, when it was expected, Snyder would find not only his former wife but his daughter by another marriage, Edith, fighting for his conviction.

The jury selected to try Snyder on the six felony counts was composed of six men and six women. In the struggle to get a "tear-proof" jury, the defense exercised six of its ten peremptory challenges and the prosecution five.

Alderman was wounded in the abdomen in the presence of Miss Etting and Miss Snyder in the pianist's Hollywood Hills home last October 15. Snyder also is accused of kidnaping and violation of the state gun laws.

DR. A. J. LOEFFLER Physician and Surgeon 206 Fluiter Bldg., Medford, Office hours: 10-12, 2-5. Tel. Office 608 Res. 1267.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY GOT PRETTY WORKED UP WHEN ON ACCOUNT OF VISITING RELATIVES HE PUT HIS CAR INTO ERNIE PLUMER'S DOUBLE GARAGE FOR THE NIGHT, AND NEXT MORNING, WITH SOME IMPORTANT OUT-OF-TOWN CALLS TO MAKE, DISCOVERED THAT ERNIE HAD TAKEN AN EARLY TRAIN TO TOWN, WITH THE KEY (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 12-9

MATTER POT

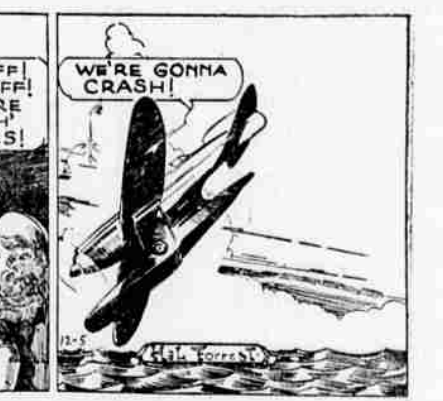
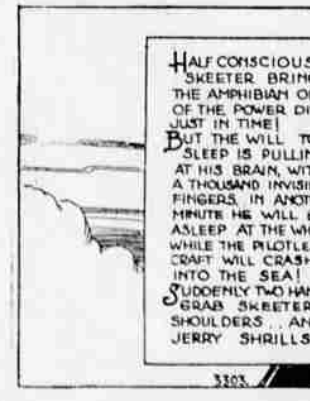
By O. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Heading for a Crash!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Can't Find 'Em!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBES—We?

By SOL HERB



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OLD AGE INSURANCE EXTENSION WILL BE URGED BY COUNCIL

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(AP)—The senate security advisory council will recommend to congress and the president this week-end early extension of the federal old age insurance system to at least 2,800,000 more workers. Probably they also will advocate immediate insurance payments January 1, 1942, instead of January 1, 1943. These intimations were disclosed by informed persons today just before the council met to complete plans for revising the social security program along more liberal lines.