

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, Adam drops at Key's with an address book of literary and theatrical people in New York and Hollywood and the doctored manuscript of a play. Then Sandra enters.

Chapter 23

'Highborn Russian'
I SMILED and Adam caught me at it. He raised his white brows.

"Just imagining you in a powdered wig," I said.

"One of the things I like about you is that you understand me so thoroughly," he returned blandly.

Sandra glanced from one to the other of us with baffled distrust. Then her small dark eyes rested on Adam in a child's frank appraisal.

"Your hair looks sort of powdered," she said. "I never saw such white hair on a young man—it's distinguished."

"Not white—just tow," Adam corrected. But the most idiotic expression of gratification sprang to his face, and there was a gleam of approval in his eyes as he handed her tenderly into a chair.

"It's not every man," he began expansively, "who is lucky enough to get a word along with a bride on her wedding day."

"What do you mean alone?" I asked coldly. "Would you like me to withdraw?"

"Dear me, no. Think of the proprieties! I was speaking in a relative manner only. Relatively alone, I meant to say."

"Then I'll relatively withdraw." I stood up and strolled toward the inner bedroom, swishing my silk housecoat, making it swirl around my ankles. I had not missed the teasing note in his voice; neither had I missed his morose response to Sandra's crude flattery. I felt unreasonably irritated.

I gave the door a push as I passed it, but it did not entirely close. Eventually, I knew, he was going to work around to asking her questions, and I wanted to hear the answers. So, having gathered up the necessary articles, I settled myself near that partially open door and proceeded to do my nails.

He was wishing her happiness and making a few remarks about Jeff being a lucky devil.

"I'm so glad you feel that way," she answered plaintively. "I'm in rather an awkward position here, as you've probably noticed. Jeff tried to get another station, but Colonel Fenning insisted on having him in the regiment, so what could we do?"

"I must be stupid. It seems to me an ideal arrangement—you're all such friends."

Her laugh was a little odd one to bitterness.

"You're not including Julia in that, are you? She'd scratch my eyes out if she dared. She wanted him herself, of course, and the poor boy had to make heroic efforts to break away. He couldn't avoid being thrown with her a great deal when they were both at West Point—and he was so young he didn't realize what he was letting himself in for."

The point of my nail file slipped, and I had to go into the bathroom to stanch the bleeding before I could finish. So I missed some of what was said. When I came back they were talking about Ivan's play.

She admitted that he had told her about it.

"It was a shame the way they treated him," she said indignantly. "It's not as if he was entirely unknown—he had a play on Broadway last year."

"Did he?" Adam sounded surprised. "What was the name of it?"

She told him. I had never heard of it. Neither, apparently, had Adam.

'Devoted Servants'
"DID it have good notices? How long did it run?"

"It was a wonderful play," she said firmly. "But the critics chose to make fun of it. I suppose because he was a Russian. People in this country think Russians are all crazy. Just as they think Swedes are funny and Italians romantic. It's a form of national conceit that is really just ignorance."

"There's something in what you say," Adam admitted. "So Ivan was Russian. You mean he was born in Russia?"

"He was smuggled out of Russia by devoted servants when he was only a small child. His own people, of course, were all shot. They were too close to the czar."

"The servants brought him over here?"

"First to England. They passed him off as their own child, who died of privations on the way. But there were people who knew—other refugees, and members of the British aristocracy. They saw to it that he was educated at Oxford. Then—then he had to come over here."

"Why?"

"She stopped, and I could hear her draw a long breath. "You mustn't ask me any more about it. That's all I know. There were things he couldn't tell me. I know

that he had powerful friends. You—you haven't heard from any of them yet?"

"You mean they would have read of his death in the papers?" He sounded skeptical. "No, I can't say that. We had a wire from his people this morning—his mother and father in Brooklyn. The address was among his papers and we notified them last night. Early this morning, rather. Soon after, we found him. They were the body sent home."

"The devoted servants," Sandra breathed softly. "They would have followed him to the ends of the earth—"

It sounded like a bad radio drama. Was it possible that Sandra believed all this stuff? Didn't she know that everyone who came out of Russia during the revolution was at least a grand duke? And there was that childish joke about Bertie Wooster that Gerald had perpetrated last night. I did not believe in that phony British accent. He had never seen Oxford; I thought it unlikely that he had ever seen the British Isles.

There was a short pause, then Adam spoke regretfully.

"You see, it could help you. You see, it seems such a pointless crime. There's no motive."

"Isn't there?"

My flesh crawled a little at that flat, emotionless voice. She might as well have come right out and accused me. Did she really believe he had killed Ivan? Could any woman marry a man she believed to be a murderer?

Adam chose to ignore the implication.

"Well, you see," he said smoothly, "hardly anyone here so much as knew him. Colonel Fenning says he had never seen the man; Mimi thought she might have met him once at your apartment, but she couldn't be certain; Jeff says he had only the most casual acquaintance with him. How can a rule a crime like murder presuppose a strong motive. I wonder—you say he had powerful friends. Had he any enemies?"

'Spies'
"All highborn Russians have enemies," she said, gravely. "But if you mean one of them killed him, that's impossible. They are all abroad—communist agents, spies."

"We have spies and communist agents in this country too, you know," Adam said dryly. "And not all in books, either."

"But not here, on a Middle Western army post," she sounded amused.

"Why not? Maybe you read in the papers about a recent case that involved an enlisted man at Mitchell Field?"

"No, no. I didn't see that."

There was a short pause, during which she seemed to be digesting this information, for when she spoke again she sounded less certain, less in command of the situation.

"I—I can't believe that. You're just trying to find an excuse, aren't you? Aren't you? Oh, I know how it is in the army—protect the personnel at all cost. Especially when it's a civilian who gets killed. All this talk of spies! You don't believe that, do you? Do you?"

But there was no question in my mind that she sounded worried.

Adam was silent under this shrewd counterattack. Perhaps he was remembering the talk we had had before the interview. But he would not ask her what she meant, at whom she was hinting. And by marrying Jeff she had put herself in a position where she could not come out openly and accuse him. If that was what she wanted to do. And I was becoming increasingly more certain that it was.

"If you are in possession of information incriminating to anyone, regardless of the person, it is your duty to report it," he said stiffly. Her attack had been shrewd, but she had lost ground with Adam by implying that he would evade his duty. As I may have remarked, Adam is a man of principle.

"I've told you all I can," she said, and with that equivocal response put a period to the interview. I heard her rise and take her departure.

I came out of the bedroom holding my fingers apart to let the enamel tray and found Adam standing in the middle of my sitting room staring at the floor. I asked him for a cigarette and he placed one between my lips, struck a light and held it for me, but all with the same air of abstraction.

"I was going to ask you to have supper with me," he said abruptly. "But I can't. I've got to see to things. I've decided to take the body East."

"Couldn't someone else do that?"

"Yes, but I want to talk to that pair—those devoted servants."

"Surely you don't believe that tale?"

"It isn't a question of what I believe. It could be true. Sandra obviously thinks it is. And for some reason or other I threw an awful scare into her when I talked of spies. I want to find out why."

I was silent for a moment, thinking bleakly of the days when he would be gone.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1150, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 1260, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 430, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 890, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1150, Salt Lake.

Sunday
6:00—Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW.

8:30—Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, Paul Carson, KEX.

9:00—Drama, KSL, KOIN; Symphony Hour, KOMO; Goodwill Hour, KOO, KEX, KJR; Hour of Charm, KPO, KGW.

9:30—Carnival, KPO, KGW; Public Affairs, KOIN, KSL, KNX.

7:00—Chansonette, KGO; Regal Amblings, KPO; Musical Game, KNX, KOIN.

7:30—James' Orch., KPO, KGW; Kenney's Orch., KGO, KJR; Jurgen's Orch., KNX.

8:00—Busse's Orch., KOIN; Walter Winchell, KPO, KGW; News, KOO, KJR.

8:30—Miller's Orch., KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Sports Newswel, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KXK; Holden and Orch., KOO, KJR.

9:30—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW; Agular's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

10:00—Harpis's Orch., KGO, KJR; KEX; Arnsheim's Orch., KOMO; Jurgen's Orch., KNX; Reporter, KPO.

10:30—Martin's Orch., KGO; Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KGW; Wright, KEX; Fitzpatrick's Orch., KOIN; News, KNX.

Monday
6:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN; News Program, KPO, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR; KEX; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW.

9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Biennale, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Hesteron, KGO.

7:30—Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KSL, KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO.

8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNX; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR.

9:00—Little O' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KGW.

9:30—Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Priml, KPO, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Jurgen's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KOO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KGO, KEX; Camera Club, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Sunday Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Clark Ross, KOIN, KSL, News, KOO, KGW.

Radio Highlights

By Associated Press
(Time is Pacific Standard)
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National Eye Dog association, through which trained dogs are provided for the blind, died last night of heart disease.

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He was retired from the United States navy last July 1 after 14 years' of service.

Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 3:30 p. m.

NOTED DEAD

Funeral services will be held in Washington, D. C., Tuesday, with burial in Arlington cemetery.

New York, July 20.—(P)—Robert Dell, 78, for 20 years the Paris and Geneva correspondent of the nation, died today in the Hotel Brevoort after an illness of two months.

During the last war he was expelled from France for writing articles criticizing French policy.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

NEWLY HATCHED LIGULUS TREE SNAILS—of Florida—are PERFECT REPLICAS IN MINIATURE OF THE ADULTS...

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THE SUN—RISSES FEWER TIMES THAN DOES A STAR! A STAR RISES 366 TIMES A YEAR, THE SUN ONLY 365 TIMES...

PLAYS CUPID FOR FISH

Candidate for holder of the world's oddest job is Roy Ross of Cape Vincent, N. Y., who builds "honeymoon houses" for future bass families. Ross, government fish hatchery employe, builds stone "nests" in which the fish spawn. "We are unable to take spawn from the adult bass as is done in the case of trout," Ross says. "After they have spawned naturally the adult bass are reined out and returned to Lake Ontario."

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Monday: U. S. Possessions.

TOOL PASSER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

COMES OUT TO HELP FATHER WHO IS ON STEPLADDER MENDING A SHUTTER. SAYS HE'LL PASS HIM TOOLS AS HE NEEDS THEM

DISPOSES OF TOOLS SO THEY'LL BE HANDY, AND GETS A CALL FOR THE HAMMER

SAYS HE'D BETTER BRING HIM UP INSTEAD OF PASSING IT, FATHER SHRIEKING TO STAY OFF THE LADDER, HE'S SHAKING IT

PASSES HAMMER, UNFORTUNATELY BEING DIVERTED BY LARGE DOG, AND WAVING HAMMER A FOOT AWAY FROM FATHER'S HAND

MAKES CONTACT AT LAST, AND GETS REQUEST FOR PLIERS. ANNOUNCES THEY SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED

AFTER LONG SEARCH, BURSTS INTO GALES OF LAUGHTER, AND WHILE FATHER WANTS, EXPLAINS HE HAD FORGOTTEN HE'D PUT THEM IN HIS POCKET

UNFORTUNATELY PLIERS ARE WEDGED FIRMLY IN POCKET, FATHER HAVING TO DISMOUNT TO HELP GET THEM OUT

IS SENT OFF, SO FATHER CAN FINISH BEFORE NIGHTFALL, AND DEPARTS, WITH SCREW DRIVER IN OTHER POCKET

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

7-22

TAILSPIN TOMMY

New Adventure in the Making For Tommy!

PAUL SMITH, CHIEF OF 3-POINT AIRWAYS, IS CONFERRING WITH CURTIS LANE, DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE OF INDUSTRIES... AND PRESIDENT OF TRANSATLANTIC AIRWAYS...

AMERICAN TRANSATLANTIC PLANE, LANDING AT FOREIGN CONTROLLED ISLANDS, ENROUTE TO EUROPE, HAVE BEEN SUBJECT TO SEARCH, CONFISCATION OF MAIL AND CARGO...

YES, I KNOW, CURTIS... I'VE KEPT UP WITH THE NEWS...

RIGHT, PAUL, AND THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME TO YOU!

AND TO AVOID RISK OF INVOLVING AMERICA IN A WAR WITH FOREIGN BELLEGERENTS, THESE AIRLINES ARE CONSIDERING DISCONTINUANCE OF OVERSEAS FLIGHTS—RIGHT?

THE AMERICAN AIRLINE COMPANY THAT MIGHT SUCCEED IN SAFELY CONVEYING PASSENGERS, MAIL AND CARGO OVER SEAS WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING OUR NEUTRALITY, IN THESE TRYING TIMES, WILL NATURALLY RECEIVE THE INTERNATIONAL FRANCHISE FOR TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE IN THE FUTURE!

BUT STILL I DON'T SEE ???

IT MAY SEEM A STUPENDOUS YES!... YOU INTEREST ME... AND AT THE SAME TIME CHALLENGE ME! GO ON, CURTIS! TELL ME MORE!

BY ALL MEANS YES!... YOU INTEREST ME... AND AT THE SAME TIME CHALLENGE ME! GO ON, CURTIS! TELL ME MORE!

BY HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Very Much!

NIGHT'S COMING ON, BRIAR—WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE THE CITY BEFORE DARK—SUPPOSE WE RUSTLE OUT HERE FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP.

LET'S TRY THIS HAYSTACK, OLD FELLOW—WE'VE SLEPT IN THEM BEFORE AND WE'RE SAVING MONEY THESE DAYS!

A WEARY BOY AND HIS DOG SOON WERE FAST ASLEEP, BUT HAYSTACKS, IT SEEMS, ALSO ATTRACT OTHERS...

A KID AN' A CUR! WONDER IF THE KID'S GOT ANY DOUGH ON HIM?

THE NEBBS—In-Laws

ALL IS SERENE AT THE POWER PILL WORKS... NEBB AND EMBERT HAVE BURIED THE HATCHET AND ARE TOSsing COMPLIMENTS AT EACH OTHER...

EMBERT, IT'S NICE HAVING YOU BACK—HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

LIKE IT? AFTER WHAT I WENT THROUGH I LOVE IT

SOPHIE IS A GRAND WIFE—SHE'S AN ANGEL TO ME BUT, NEBB, TELL ME HONESTLY, SHOULD I BE SO HARD TO LIKE YOUR IN-LAWS?

NO, NOT IF YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR OWN FEELINGS AND ARE WILLING TO TAKE THE SHORT END WITH A PLEASANT SMILE

I'VE GOT A BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO'D MAKE YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS—IF HE WAS COMING TO VISIT ME TOMORROW I'D JUST AS SOON CATCH SMALLPOX TO KEEP HIM OUT!

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE SEES FILM MADE

Hollywood, July 20.—(P)—Shirley Temple (You remember her, she used to be a movie star) knows now what a busman's holiday is.

She spent one yesterday visiting her friend Deanna Durbin

and joining in chocolate sodas. Said Shirley:

"I didn't know it was so much fun to watch pictures being made. It's fun to sit behind the camera and not have anything to worry about."

St. Louis, Mo., July 20.—(P)—Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Menefee of Yamhill, Ore., arrived here today to exhibit their bread-breasted, bronze-turkeys at the 24th annual convention and exposition of the International Baby Chic association.