Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY. The proprietress of the Fieldstone Inn can give them no information about strangers the night the chaplain was robbed. The next day Sandra and Kay visit the chaplain who is back in the hospital with more poison ivy.

Chapter 29

Enter, The Bride

"I HOPE you'll be able to come to the reception tomorrow night," Sandra said to him as we rose. "Colonel and Mrs. Pennant are giving it for Jeff and me—a sort of delayed wedding reception. I believe there will be dancing——"

"Yes, I—ah, received a card this morning. I think I shall be able to go back to quarters again tomorrow; but of course, you understand, my appearance——"

"Have you proper clothes?" Sandra asked practically.

"Some new uniforms were delivered this morning—the post tailor, through the kind agency of Mrs. Bridewell, who has put herself to quite a bit of trouble on my behalf——"

I thought of the shorts and with difficulty suppressed a giggle. Felicia had made a good story in regard to his preference in underclothing.

"I—ah, was referring more to the appearance of my face and hands——" he continued diffidently.

"Think nothing of it," Sandra said warmly. "We all know what poison oak is. And everyone is anxious to meet you. I won't take no for an answer. I'll expect to see you."

She sounded quite grim about it, and the little chaplain consented with almost nervous haste. I felt rather sorry for him. He would think he had to appear, now that Sandra had made an issue of it, and would probably suffer tortures every time anyone looked at his overripe—the simile was irresistible—tomato face.

But after all, his countenance was not to be the main object of attention. As it happened, that honor was to be reserved for the bride.

In view of what followed, Sandra's attitude toward the reception is of some importance.

"Putting a good face on it for Jeff's sake," she said acidly, with a penetration I had not expected of her.

That was on the way back to the club, after our visit at the hospital. I had broached the subject, hoping to prod her to some reaction other than the apparent apathy which she had previously exhibited. And I was moderately successful. She went on, as if under some compulsion to justify herself.

"I don't really belong," she said bitterly. "I never have. They couldn't forgive my father for marrying a Russian. Oh yes, they took me in because I was his daughter, and an orphan. But that first-family-of-the-South business—the almighty Tacks and their friends—I don't really belong. Julia, now—her mother was a Tack. They're royalty or something. The fact that my mother's people were of the nobility—that she was received at court, that the blood of kings ran in her veins——"

She paused, drew a deep breath, and I thought for a moment there was a gleam of fanatic hatred in her murky dark eyes.

"No, I've never belonged," she repeated. "I was a duty—a creditable duty. The wonderful Tacks! To think of them taking that orphan child and raising her as their own! I used to get so tired of hearing their praises sung, of being reminded what a lucky girl I was, of existing merely as an example of their philanthropy! Even marrying Jeff doesn't make me one of them. The Pennants are not giving this reception for me. It's Jeff they're thinking of."

'Understudy'

WELL, that was her side of it as opposed to Julia's. And though I thought she was a little morbid I had to admit that charity can have its ugly moments.

"It's too bad Adam has to miss all this," Gerald observed, as we waited on the veranda of Colonel Pennant's quarters Wednesday evening. The bride and groom had not yet arrived, and Julia, handing us each a tiny bag of rice, had suggested that it was cooler outside and, mysteriously, that we must not miss the arrival.

"Wasn't he supposed to be back today?" asked Felicia.

She was an eye-filling spectacle, in a classically cut white gown so simple that you saw only the flawless lines of her figure and the sculptured white curls that crowned her small head.

"I had an air-mail letter from him this morning," I told her. "He can't get here until Friday."

He was on the track of something which might or might not be important, the letter said, but I did not add that piece of information.

Gerald, unutterably resplendent in tails and a white tie, had delivered us in Adam's car.

"It's quite all right with Adam, really," he had grinned at me earlier in the evening when he asked if he might. "He said I'd be a poor understudy, but he wouldn't grudge me the pleasure of your company in his absence. Now I think of it, perhaps he underrates me a bit. I'm a dangerous fellow—that's why I've invited Felicia to come along. For your protection."

"You're sure I'm not going for her protection?"

"A fair question," he admitted.

From the far side of the veranda, around the corner of the house, an orchestra began to play softly. Lights, strung from the house above the carpeted sidewalk, bloomed pale amber against the still light sky. Around us people milled and chattered.

"Do you suppose we ought to go in and dance?" Gerald asked anxiously. "I mean to say, either we're all frightfully early, or they're late."

"I think we were asked early on purpose," said Felicia soothingly. "This arrival is part of the show. They're being very mysterious. I offered to help Sandra dress, but she wasn't having any. She had already shoved Jeff out—he was in the billiard room, all gloriously dressed, practicing shots, when we left. Kay here probably knows what it's all about."

"Nothing of the kind. I haven't seen Sandra since breakfast. She said she was going to rest and have her lunch sent in."

"Well anyway, eight o'clock is an unearthly hour for a reception," Felicia pursued. "There must be something behind it."

Wedding March

THERE was. The orchestra paused suddenly, then struck up the wedding march and far down the road in front of officers' quarters we spied an approaching cavalcade.

Julia was at my elbow.

"Isn't it swell?" she asked enthusiastically. "We were keeping it for the wedding—one of the bachelors found it in an old livery stable and bought it for a song, and Headquarters' troop—Jeff's troop, you know—have been busy for a month reconditioning and painting it."

I think it would be called a barouche, although my knowledge of such things is hazy. Low swung, topless, with elegantly uniformed young officers sitting, arms folded, on the boxes front and rear. A gaudy yellow equipage—cavalry yellow—with the regimental insignia emblazoned on its sides, and drawn by six white horses that shone as if their sides had been waxed, horses that tossed gold and blue plumes as they shook their proud heads.

A shout of welcome and approval went up from the veranda as the turnout stopped with a flourish at the curb. The young officers were handing Sandra out. Sandra in a hoop-skirted gown of gold taffeta to match the yellow equipage, to match the gold braid on the uniform of her tall young husband.

She had a scarf around her head, a scarf of gold cloth tied peasant fashion so that it shaded the upper part of her face. As she came up the carpeted sidewalk on Jeff's arm, into the shower of rice that cascaded from the veranda, as she passed under the arch of sabers that the elegant young officers had formed for her passage, she threw back the scarf and turned her face up for us all to see.

A silence like the suspension of all breath in the face of a catastrophe swept the veranda. The soft string orchestra sounded loud and crass, like a brass band, in that sudden awful hush. Jeff paused, as if that silence were a strong wind which threw him back. I saw him turn and look at the girl upon his arm, saw the shocked breath he drew and the wild color that flamed in his face.

And suddenly everyone began to talk at once, to laugh loudly and unnaturally and shout congratulations in a hysterical attempt to pretend that everything was lovely, that nobody had seen what we had all seen as the bride and groom approached under the arch of sabers.

That the bride had a black eye.

"I could kill her!" Julia told me violently, later in the evening. She had drawn me upstairs to her room on the plea that she needed a shoulder strap pinned, actually, I knew, so that she could relieve her pent-up feelings. "She tells everyone that she ran into a door, but the way she says it makes them all think Jeff beats her. I've been working my head off all evening to keep him from being stuck in a corner. I tell you, people are giving him the cold shoulder, and it's a damn shame!"

"What does he say?"

"Nothing. But don't you see, he wouldn't. He's so sensitive—— You can bet your life he knows what they're thinking."

"Maybe she did run into a door."

"Maybe she did—on purpose."

"Julia—I haven't said anything about this because—well, just because. But Sandra told me she was afraid of Jeff."

I told her then about the sleeping arrangement, about her coming to my room Sunday night about the red mark on her shoulder and the bruise she had shown me the following day. And that Sandra had shared my room every night since she was married.

To be continued

ITALIANS CLAIM CAPTURE OF POST

Rome, July 27.—(AP)—The capture of Curmuk, British fortified town on the frontier between Ethiopia and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was reported today by the east African war correspondent of the newspaper Il Diornale D'Italia.

The dispatch said occupation of the frontier post, which has not yet been announced officially, was carried out by Italian Askaris, (native Ethiopian troops) after a brief early morning attack by bombing planes.

The air assault was said to have destroyed the fort, blew munitions dumps and set fire to the radio station.

London Short of Eggs

London, July 27.—(AP)—A score of shoppers lined up in the Shepherd's Bush district today for eggs of which there is now a shortage. It was the first food line of the war.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 926 Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Sunday

5:00—Symphony Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW; Musical Heritage, KGO, KFI.

5:00—Familiar Music, KPO, KGW; Organist, KGO, KEX.

6:00—Take It or Leave It, KSL, KOIN; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX; Art Baker, KNX.

6:30—Signal Carnival, KPO, KGW; Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Chansonette, KGO; Ambilings, KPO; Musical Game, KNX, KOIN; News, KFI, KGW.

7:30—James Orch., KPO, KGW; Kenny's Orch., KGO, KGA, KJR; Jurgen's Orch., KNX; Music Rendezvous, KSL.

8:00—Busse's Orch., KOIN; Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI, KGW; Concert, KNX.

8:15—Owens' Orch., KEX; Parker Family, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Millar's Orch., KOIN; Black Velvet, KPO; Dance Orch., KGW, KFI; Sports, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR.

9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX; Shelton's Orch., KGO, KJR; Choral Music, KSL; Song Souvenirs, KOIN.

9:30—Clane's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aguilar's Orch., KNX, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.

10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Harpa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Jurgen's Orch., KNX; Temple Square, KSL.

10:15—Bridge to Dreamland, KPO, KGW; Jurgen's Orch., KOIN.

10:30—Martin's Orch., KGO, KGA; Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Family Altar Hour, KEX.

11:00—Knox Manning, KNX; News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW; Organist, KGA, KEX; Fitzpatrick's Orch., KOIN.

Monday

5:00—Forecast, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dr. I. Q., KPO, KFI, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30—Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Concert, KPO, KGW.

6:00—News, KEX, KGA; Variety Program, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures in Reading, KGO.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Heatherton's Orch., KGO; Tomorrow's Builders, KEX; Help Yourself, KGA.

7:15—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Tune Termites, KPO; News, KFI.

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

8:00—Passing Parade, KGO; Chester's Orch., KSL; Scott's Orch., KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO.

8:15—Walker's Amateur Hour, KGO; Dance Orch., KEX, KGA; Armchair Cruises, KGW.

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

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

9:30—Clane's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX; Garber's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW.

10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Jurgen's Orch., KNX, KSL; Martin's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR.

10:30—Dushin's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Sports, KPO; Camera Club, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Biltmore Boys, KPO; Organist, KGA, KEX; Clark Ross, KSL, KOIN; Knox Manning, KNX; News, KGO.

Radio Highlights

By Associated Press

(Time is Pacific Standard)

New York, July 27.—(AP)—Big names of radio, the bulk of them, will do their share toward saluting the radio industry in the special "Broadcasting Day" hour-long program carried by all networks next Saturday night. The two fairs, New York and San Francisco, will cooperate in the presentation.

Among stars who have signified their intention of taking part are Paul Whiteman, Kate Smith, Howard Barlow, Major Bowes, Rudy Vallee, Ted Husing, Col. Stoopnagle, Graham McNamee, Tommy Riggs, Morton Downey, Lanny Ross, Dr. Frank Black and many others.

A feature will be a symposium on "Freedom of Radio," by leaders in many fields. Another is the linking together as the grand finale the signing voices of spectators at the two fair grounds, separated by a continent.

Sunday brings: Europe and Inter-American, NBC 4, 5 a. m., 3, 8 p. m.; CBS 5 a. m., 3, 4:55, 7 p. m.; WJZ-NBC 12:15; WEAF-NBC 11:45 a. m.; MBS 3:30 p.m.

Monday expectations: Europe, subject to change—NBC 4 a. m., 9:45 a. m.; CBS 4 a. m., 3:45 p. m.

Animal Logic

Wadena, Minn., July 27.—(AP)—Joe Lorentz knew all about that leading a horse to water stuff but he figured with the thermometer around 95 there just wasn't any reason why the colt wouldn't want a drink. However, Lorentz underestimated the colt. It sniffed the water, then leaped into the water tank and lay down. Only when he had emptied the tank could the farmer get the colt out.

BOLT KILLS ONE OF 3 SLEEPING SISTERS

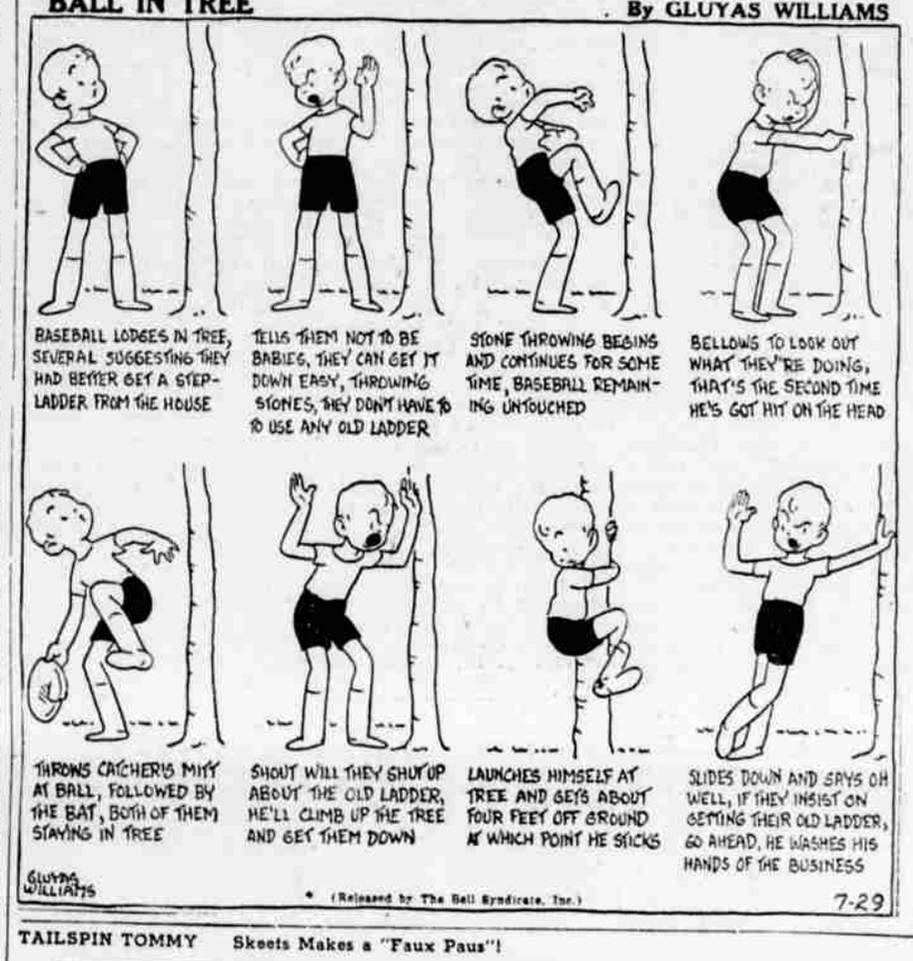
Potsdam, N. Y., July 27.—(AP) Lightning singled out 13-year-old Lucille Cary while she was sleeping between her two sisters early today, killing her while leaving the others unscathed.

Rap Fake Mediums

San Diego, Cal., July 27.—(AP)—The Pacific Coast Association of Magicians was on record today condemning "fake spiritual mediums" who use their publications to undermine Americanism through fifth column activities."

BALL IN TREE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



* (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

CEMENT FOREST

When a drought, 500 years ago, suddenly caused the soil of tiny San Nicholas island, off the coast of southern California, to turn to dust, soon after the forest began growing, shifting sands buried the trees and shrubs. More rain at a later date brought snails which covered the area with lime deposits. The lime, washed into the ground, impregnated the rotting wood pulp and, with the sand, formed a cement-like replica of the original forest, which today is "growing" again as the soil is rain-washed from the weird ghost forest.

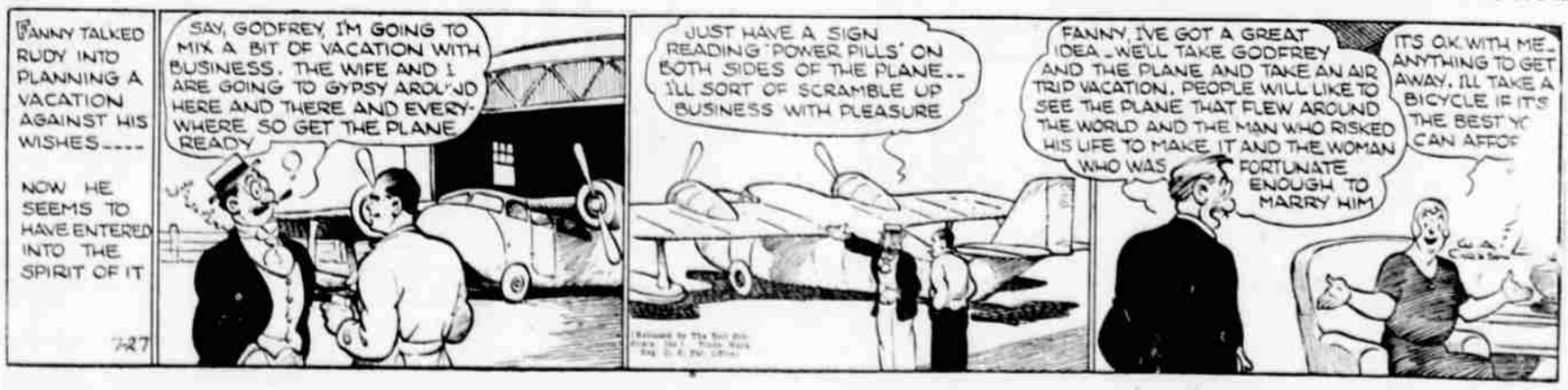
Monday: Ship Pier.

TAILSPIN TOMMY — Skeets Makes a "Faux Paus"!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Still Hopeful!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—It's a Deal

By SOL HESS