

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Sandra arrives at the Pennant's party ebriously...
Chapter 30

The Next Victim

JULIA flushed to the edge of her sun-bleached hair and turned to busy herself at the mirror. But even under the layer of powder she was applying her cheeks were slow in cooling, and her hands trembled as she tried to shape her mouth with lipstick.

"That doesn't mean anything," she said at last in a strangled voice. "I don't pretend to know what's behind it, but you needn't believe everything," she says. She's not afraid of him. She's not afraid of anything. She hasn't got sense enough to be—she thinks she's too good."

She paused, smoothing her lips with her little finger, and I pondered that remark. It was odd that she should think that of Sandra, too. It agreed with a vague feeling I had formed.

"And I don't believe he'd ever lay a hand on her, no matter what she did to him," Julia went on bravely. "She used to get into the most terrible rages at him when we were kids. I've seen her kick his shins and scratch and claw and bite. I used to think she was trying to get him to hit her so she could tell and see him punished. But he'd just shield his face with his arms, and when he got a chance he'd grab her wrists and hold her until she'd begin to cry and say he was hurting her. Oh, she was always a devil!"

We went back to the party after that, and Gerald and I rallied around Jeff. I don't know that I was entirely convinced of his innocence by Julia's eloquence, but I was willing to reserve judgment. And that was the rarer thing, a bride with a black eye. Perhaps the black eye did not contribute to her popularity, but it certainly brought her attention. She danced with the chaplain several times, and the delicious spectacle of that picturesque pair almost cleared the floor. Couples withdrew to the side lines, the better to observe, or retired from the big living room to the safer obscurity of the hall or the library, there to let loose their laughter.

Sandra, on the other hand, enjoyed a great success. Understandably so. She was not only a bride; she was that rarer thing, a bride with a black eye. Perhaps the black eye did not contribute to her popularity, but it certainly brought her attention. She danced with the chaplain several times, and the delicious spectacle of that picturesque pair almost cleared the floor. Couples withdrew to the side lines, the better to observe, or retired from the big living room to the safer obscurity of the hall or the library, there to let loose their laughter.

It was a strange, hysterical party, and Mimi gave the impression of mentally mopping her brow as I took my farewell of her well after midnight.

"The poor child," she said, "I should have told her. If she had told me I might have been able to warn her. I thought—though I think that would have been bad, too, don't you? After the hurried-up wedding and all. Perhaps she did the only thing she could. Certainly she carried it off very well. I'm afraid Jeff was the more upset—though I'm sure no one else—that is, of course it must have been an accident. Sandra said so herself."

Beside her Colonel Pennant was ominously silent.

No Sound to Tell

I REJECTED Gerald's half-hearted offers of further amusement and undressed and fell into bed as soon as I reached my room. I was exhausted and must have one right to sleep, for I did not hear Sandra come in; did not know, when something woke me a couple of hours later, whether she had come to bed at all.

I lay still in the cryptic darkness, wondering what had disturbed me, listening for Sandra's breathing in the other bed. For a moment I heard nothing, then I saw that there was a thread of dim light around the door into the sitting room; and presently I detected faint little sounds of someone moving about in there.

She was restless, I decided, and had gone in there to keep from waking me. I had left the door open when I went to bed, to encourage what little breeze there was that hot night. I loved with the idea of getting up and opening it again, letting her know that I was awake. But to do so might dispel the lassitude that would let me drift back to sleep. And as I still looked at the door the rim of light around it vanished and there was silence. Had she gone back to Jeff, after all, or was she lying on the studio couch, in a darkness peopled by unhappy thoughts?

There was no sound to tell me—no click of the door, no stirring of springs under a restless body. Perhaps she had gone to sleep. In the night and silence my own eyes closed and presently I ceased to think.

It was broad daylight when I had the answer to my question. I awoke late and dressed hurriedly to get to breakfast before the mess hall closed. I noticed, between brush strokes, that Sandra's bed had not been slept in, but I had no occasion to go into the sitting room until I was dressed and ready for breakfast. I dashed

through on my way to the corridor. I almost fell over her. She was lying on her face, nearly in front of the corridor door, as if she had pitched through it and someone had closed it behind her. Someone who had left her lying there in her blood-soaked white robe, the handle of a butcher knife vertical between her shoulder blades. A horrible sound tore from my throat. I had to step over her to get to the door, to open it and utter out into the hall. Gerald was coming, running toward me on quick, light feet, his face white, his eyes hard. I managed to wait until he got to me, then I fainted abjectly in his arms.

Under Arrest

JEFF was put under arrest that morning. Mimi had called me up to insist that I spend the rest of my visit under their roof, and when Julia came for me at eleven o'clock, she was white and wild eyed with news.

"Dad's orders," she said tragically as I got into the car. "And Kay, he really thinks Jeff did it."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1710, Spokane; KGO, 750, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KLN, 1850, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

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; Biondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Heatter's Orch., KGO; Tomorrow's Builders, KEX; Hip 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 Cruise, KOW.
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGA, KEX, KJR.

Tuesday
5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX; News, KOIN; Helen Menken, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
5:15—Ross and Dilmars, KOIN; Salute, KSL.
5:30—Ken's Orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KFI, KGW; Plan With the Beavers, KGO, KEX, KJR; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX.
6:00—News, KGA, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; War News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:45—Sports Huddle, KNX, KOIN; Four Clowns, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lost Persons, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Information Please, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:15—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGA, KEX, KJR.

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CLEVELAND USES TRICKLE SYSTEM

Cleveland, July 29.—(P)—The city of Cleveland applied the "trickle treatment" today in an effort to collect \$1,700,000 in delinquent water bills.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Spokane, July 29.—(P)—Young fathers of Spokane are going to have their chance at learning the rudiments of baby care, so that they can pinch-hit for their wives, when need arises. The Junior League Child

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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY IS THINKING OF SHIFTING FROM THE 5:15 AS HIS REGULAR TRAIN, BECAUSE THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE MISSED IT AND TOOK THE 5:46 HE FELL IN WITH SOME BRIDGE PLAYERS WHO ACTUALLY SPOKE WELL OF HIS GAME, WHICH IS MORE THAN EVER HAPPENED TO HIM ON THE 5:15

SHIP PIER

The mail-boat "Fontainebleau," en route from Marseilles to Yokohama in July, 1926, caught fire and ran aground in Djibouti harbor, French Somaliland. Subsequent attempts to raise her were in vain and she was left half submerged in the mud. Last year the "Fontainebleau" made herself useful as the foundation for a new pier. Covered with cement, stone and concrete, the old mail boat now forms a jetty large enough to be used by warships.

SHAKESPEARE-- BELIEVED EARTHQUAKES WERE CAUSED BY WINDS IMPRISONED WITHIN THE EARTH!



THE SHIP THAT BECAME A PIER! FONTAINEBLEAU PIER--Djibouti harbor, WAS BUILT BY POURING CONCRETE OVER THE HULL OF THE GROUNDUP MAIL STEAMER "FONTAINEBLEAU" WHICH RAN AGROUND IN THE 1920'S

REAR ADMIRAL DIES

Washington, July 29.—(P)—Rear Admiral David Watson Taylor, 76, who was the navy's chief constructor during the World war and who had a leading part in the creation of the modern American navy, died last night. He retired in 1923.

Ballard Heads Moose

Eugene, July 29.—(P)—Vancouver, B. C., Saturday was selected 1941 convention city of the northwest association of the Loyal Order of Moose. J. B. Ballard of Seattle, was elected president.

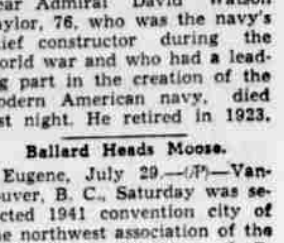
Weather

Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday; slowly rising temperature in interior; overcast and occasionally foggy on coast; moderate northwest wind off coast.

The U. S. forest service estimates there are 142,000 deer in national forests of the southwest.

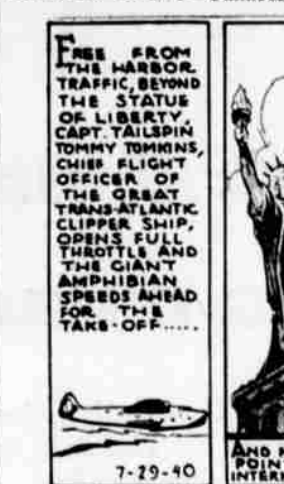
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SHAKESPEARE-- BELIEVED EARTHQUAKES WERE CAUSED BY WINDS IMPRISONED WITHIN THE EARTH!



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ominous Interlude!



AND NOW THE CRAFT LISTS CLEAR, POINTING ITS NOSE TOWARD THE INTERNATIONAL SEADROME IN MID-ATLANTIC!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Fainting Spell!



AS THE SHIP LEVELS OUT, BARON VON WAPSEIG STARTS FORWARD, PAUSING AT COUNTESS LATOFF'S CHAIR, TO CAUTIOUSLY DROP A NOTE IN HER LAP!

THE NEBBS—The Gypsy



WERE GOING TO FLY WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BIRDS AND LIKE THEM WE'LL HAVE NO DEFINITE DESTINATION... JUST A SONG ON OUR LIPS AND MAYBE A BIT OF AN ARGUMENT, ONCE IN AWHILE TO BREAK THE TRANQUILITY

THE GISH GIRLS—REMEMBER THEM?



TO BE CONTINUED

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