

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, Kay tells all and realizes that the Colonel is now convinced of Jeff's guilt. She goes up to her room and finds Mimi there. Mimi bursts out "I'm glad she's dead. She was bad through and through."

## Chapter 34

### Mimi's Story

MIMI took a cigarette from the pack I offered her, lit it and began walking aimlessly about the room, straightening a picture, brushing an invisible speck from the dresser scarf, changing the position of a chair.

"I'm nobody," she began abruptly, in the hard voice of one making an unwilling confession. "I probably don't need to tell you that—it must be obvious that I'm out of my element here. No—no—interrupt. Maybe it isn't obvious. That's what you were going to say, anyway—perhaps a bit more tactfully. We'll consider it said. But that isn't really what's troubling me. I just want to give you a complete picture of my background, so you'll understand better."

She laid the smoking cigarette on the edge of the dresser and began rearranging my comb and hand mirror which I had not yet unpacked. I could see her face in the big glass as she talked, taut and strained and utterly unconscious of what he was doing.

She had been born in a little town in Ohio, and her people were nobody even in that town. Her father worked by the day, her mother took in sewing. They grew before my eyes—decent, God-fearing people, with no education beyond the public schools. They had never been anywhere and never wanted to go. They named their only child Mimi and expected her to grow up and be happy in the same rut. But Mimi had other ideas.

She won a beauty contest when she was in high school. Her voice was flat as she told me about it, but a bluish sweep her tense face. The prize was a trip to New York. Mimi, entrained from her home town, but Mimi stepped off the train in Grand Central Station, and Mimi stayed on in New York—a beautiful girl in a city of beautiful girls, each, like Mimi, with bright hopes of the future. She cashed in her return ticket and by the time it was spent the dreams were fading and she was glad to get a job as stock girl in one of the Fifth Avenue stores.

"You'll never know how I lived—I don't know myself. I still had big hopes, but I don't photograph well; I can't sing or dance; I'm too short for a model and I have no education. I lied about the last, and finally they promoted me to selling.

"I was selling teen-age dresses when I first saw Dan and Julia. He brought her to be outfitted for boarding school, and I waited on them. Kay, you've no idea how wonderful he looked to me. In my ten years in New York I had met a few men—most of them hopeless drunks. I could have done just as well in my own home town, maybe better. I wanted to get married, but not to that kind. Dan was like the man from Mars."

She was in her late twenties, getting self-conscious about her age. Here was a man neither old nor callow, but I don't know as a man ought to look handsome and lean and healthy. He came back a couple of times with Julia for fittings, and she found out who he was, that he was a widower and that he was stationed at West Point. She couldn't be more impressed if he had been the Prince of Wales.

Insanely Jealous  
GRADUALLY Julia's clothes became Mimi's problem. Every two or three months they would come in for a new outfit; between times he or Julia would write for little things the kid needed. Mimi grew to look forward to those letters and to the shopping trips. Once they came just as she was going to lunch and insisted that she lunch with them. After that they always took her to lunch when they were in town.

And then, quite suddenly, she lost her job. It wasn't anything to her discredit. The store was reducing expenses. So were the others, she discovered; and they were only taking in college girls. She couldn't get work. And she

couldn't go home. Her family had consigned her to perdition ten years before, and in the meantime her mother had died and her father married again.

Her savings dwindled. In desperation, she took anything. She waited on tables in cheap Broadway restaurants; she even washed dishes for a week. Then she got sick.

But Dan and Julia were looking for her. They found her, and Dan asked her to marry him.

She was pacing nervously from window to door and back again. The cigarette burned almost to the edge of the dresser. I got up from my chair and extinguished the stub in an ash tray. She paid no attention to what I was doing.

"You see"—she swallowed painfully—"I've always known he did it because he was sorry for me, that he's never loved anyone but his first wife. I've tried and tried not to let it matter, just to go on loving him anyway; but every once in a while I break out and do something silly, like trying to make him jealous, or behaving sure he's having an affair with some woman—"

She paused to moisten her soft curved lips with the tip of her tongue. I don't think I ever felt so sorry for anyone in my life. But I did not speak, just waited for her to go on. Anything I could have said would have seemed too hollow.

"That's why I drive so much at night," she said at last in a strangled voice. "Sometimes—sometimes I follow him. I have spells when I'm insane with jealousy. It's destroying me. I know it's insane, but I can't help myself. I'm always bitterly ashamed when I find he goes just where he says he does. But the next time I do it all over again. Once I got the idea he might leave the meetings early and go on somewhere else, so once in a while I drive around and around, watching his car to make sure it's still parked where it was. One night—one night I passed a florist's shop and saw a man come out with a box of flowers and get in his car and drive away. It was dark, but the light from the show window filtered out, and it looked like Dan's car and the man looked like Dan. I went through hell that night. I walked the floor waiting for him. I might have done something terrible—irrevocable. But when he came in he was in uniform—it was an American Legion meeting, or something of the kind—and the instant I saw him I remembered that he had gone in uniform that night. And the man I saw was in civilian clothes. Of course, it wasn't Dan. But that just shows you—"

"Ingratiating"  
"HAVE you ever let him know you were jealous?"  
"Just once. When we were first married. He snubbed me so frightfully that I've never dared speak of it again. Kay, a woman is at a terrible disadvantage when she's in love. I'm so afraid that I'll lose what little I have. Not that it's such a little thing to be his wife, to make his home for him and darn his socks and see him every day and—and be here when he wants me. If I wasn't a fool I'd be happy, wouldn't I?"  
There wasn't any answer to that, and she didn't seem to expect one. I watched her draw up a chair and sit down facing me. She did not relax, but her face had smoothed out a bit, as if the painful confession had been a relief. Like drawing an aching tooth.

"I was going to tell you about Sandra, wasn't I?" she asked presently. "I didn't mean to talk so much about myself. I just wanted you to understand how such a thing could happen."  
"Jeff still had a year at the Academy when Colonel Tack died and Sandra came to New York. Dan suggested that I ask Sandra to West Point for a visit. So of course I did."  
"I liked her very much at first. She's—she was ingratiating, you know. Dan thought she was perfect—always did. I noticed that, of course. I wasn't very happy, but I hadn't yet learned that there was no use trying to make Dan jealous. He just didn't notice. There were flocks of cadets around the house all the time, and they all made a fuss over me—you know how kids are—and I tried to play up in the hope that Dan would see I was still fairly young and desirable. But as I say, Dan didn't notice."  
To be continued

### On the Radio Chains

STATIONS  
Where to Find Them on the Dial  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KJL, 630, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1050, Los Angeles; KDA, 620, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

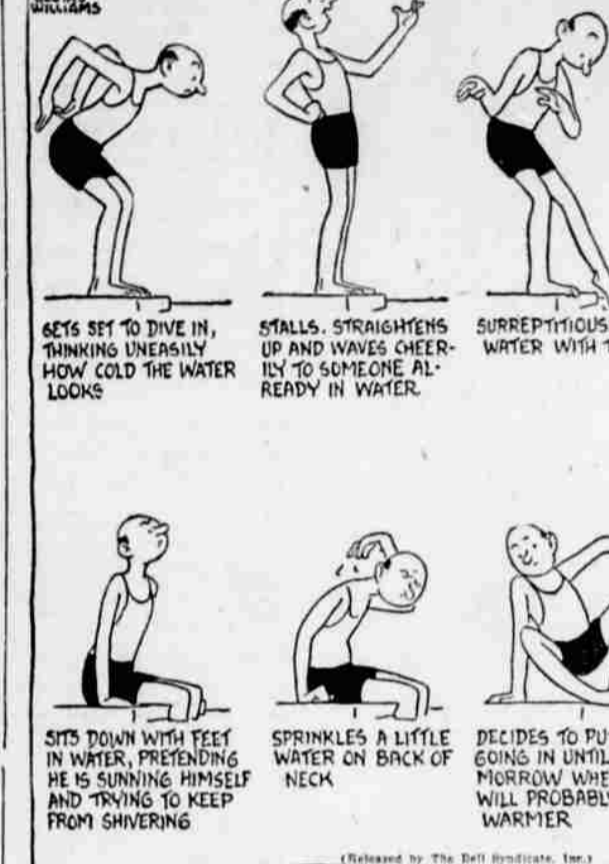
Friday:  
8:00—Dan's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Waita Time, KPO, KGW; Clark, Ross, KNX, KOIN; Sweet and Swing, KSL.  
8:30—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; What's My Name, KPO, KGW; Grand Central Station, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Variety Show, KPO, KGW; News, KGA, KEX; Filbert Philharmonic, KGO.  
8:30—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KPL, KOW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KJR, KEX; Musical Heritage, KGO.  
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Salute to Byrd Expedition, KGO, KGA, KEX; Show Boat, KPO, 437, KGW.  
9:00—Treasure Island, KPO; Sports, KGO; Garber's Orch., KSL, John Clark, KNX; Everybody Wins, KOIN.  
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KPL, KGW; Baseball, KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KSL, Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

Saturday:  
8:00—Billmore Boys, KPO, KPL, KGW; Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Sunset Mandopop, KNX, KOIN; Master Works, KSL.  
8:30—Busby's Orch., KNX, KOIN; One, KPO, KGW; Park Concert, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Evening Serenades, KSL.  
9:45—Serenade, KXK, KSL, KOIN.  
9:00—News, KEX; Uncle Ezra, KPO, KGW; Message of Israel, KGO.  
8:15—Monroe's Orch., KEX, KGA; Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
6:30—Byrne's Orch., KPO, KGW; War News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Melody, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Kavalia's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW; James' Orch., KGA, KEX; Opera Jamboree, KGO.  
7:30—New 1942 Voices, KNX, KSL; Musical Mirror, KEX, KJR; s. s. Pleats, KGO; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.  
8:00—Husland's Orch., KGW; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; His Pa-

## RED ORGAN UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP

New York, Aug. 2.—(AP)—The Daily Worker, official central organ of the Communist party in the United States, announced a change of ownership today. The newspaper was sold to the Freedom of the Press Co., Inc., owned by Mrs. Ferdinanda Reed, Mrs. Caro Lloyd Strobell

## ICE WATER



GETS SET TO DIVE IN, THINKING UNEASILY HOW COLD THE WATER LOOKS. STALLS, STRAIGHTENS UP AND WAVES CHEERILY TO SOMEONE ALREADY IN WATER. SURREPTITIOUSLY TESTS WATER WITH TOE. STALLS SOME MORE BY STROLLING UP AND DOWN FLOAT, PRE-TENDING HE'S WAITING FOR SOMEONE. SITS DOWN WITH FEET IN WATER, PRETENDING HE IS SUNNING HIMSELF AND TRYING TO KEEP FROM SHIVERING. SPRINKLES A LITTLE WATER ON BACK OF NECK. DECIDES TO PUT OFF GOING IN UNTIL TOMORROW WHEN WATER WILL PROBABLY BE WARMER. AS HE GIVES UP SOMEONE DIVES OFF OTHER END OF FLOAT, CAUSING HIM TO LOSE HIS BALANCE.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Iron Diet for Trees. Dublin, Ga., Aug. 2.—(AP)—Farmer James L. Whitaker didn't think much of a tip a visiting apple man offered, but he followed it anyway and drove rusty nails into the trunks of all but one of his non-bearing apple trees. Now he is forced to report all but the one he skipped are loaded with fruit.

A 323-PAGE Book-- CONTAINING 100,000 WORDS AND 25 ENGRAVINGS, WAS PRINTED AND DELIVERED IN 16 HOURS... (Naval Court of Inquiry Report on the Sinking of the Maine, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1876)

UNCLE SAM HAS BEEN AT PEACE ONLY 42 OUT OF 164 YEARS! (97 DIFFERENT WARS!)

16 ROSES ON ONE STEM-- BROWN BY Mrs. Anna M. Dehler, Los Angeles

GLACIAL BOULDER-- Yellowstone Nat'l Park, A GREAT BLOCK OF GRANITE RESTING ALONE IN THE WOODS-- 20 MILES FROM THE NEAREST GRANITE OUTCROP!

U.S. AT WAR  
Strange as it seems, since the Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4 and signed August 2, 1776, the United States has had to fight 97 wars or minor engagements. Unted July 4 and signed August 2, 1776, strange as it seems, the U. S. had only 31 years of peace!  
The United States has fought and won six great wars, yet scarcely a year has passed in which either the army or navy has not been called upon to battle for its country.  
SUNDAY: 45 Jobs in 48 Weeks!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Lip-stick Clue!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luck Changing?



THE NEBBES—Room for Argument?



EDWIN ALGER



SOL HESS

