

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Kay bursts in Mim's story to the Colonel, then fleeing thoroughly unpopular, returns to her old quarters. She meets the chaplain who is bringing a lurid book to Felicia. The orderly relates seeing Sandra in the dining-room one night taking vinegar from a cruet.

Chapter 37 Furtive Order

AS both the orderly and the chaplain seemed disposed to linger and continue the subject, I took my overnight case and my rejected manuscript and went off down the hall to Felicia's room. But it did strike me as odd that Sandra should have been filling her medicine bottle in the dark. And there was something else the orderly had said that rang the little bell in my mind. Something that for the moment eluded me.

Felicia was in. She came to the door looking pale and weary. I told her I had decided to leave in the morning and had come back to do my packing. Was there a vacant guest room where I could spend the night?

"Yes, plenty of them. But why don't you stay with me? I'm not looking forward to the night alone."

I saw then that she looked as she had the night her car was stolen. Even her steel nerves had been shaken by this last catastrophe.

"All right," I said. "If you're sure you want me."
"The only thing I'd like better is a whole troupe of cavalry, armed to the teeth."
"Has the guard been withdrawn from my room?"

"I suppose so. I haven't seen anyone around since noon."
"Then there'll be no objection to my getting my things."
"I don't know. Perhaps you'd better ask Colonel Pennant."

"Oh, he didn't say I couldn't," I told her brightly.
I put a period to that by taking my case into the bedroom. I left my hat there, too. But the big manila envelope and my pocketbook I bore with me back to the sitting room.

"I may as well pack that," I said disgustedly. "Barren fruit of my visit at Fort Michigan."
"What is it?"

"Rejected manuscript. Sent it off on Monday and back it comes on Friday. Nice going."
"Quick work," she commented. "It's even got an air-mail stamp on it."

"Why, so it has. I didn't notice that. Rosabelle is getting lavish. Now what's new, too? But the big manila envelope and my pocketbook I bore with me back to the sitting room."
"Felicia suggested dryly."
"No, wait! There was a letter, too." I opened my pocketbook and took it out. "Another air-mail stamp. Curiouser and curiouser."

"I was conscious of Felicia's eyes as she opened the letter and scanned it hurriedly, murmuring phrases aloud."
"Dear Miss Cornish, this starts off swell but about the middle it starts to go haywire. Sounds like two stories mixed up. I'm rushing the manuscript to you as I need it for the November book. Please clean it up and fix it back."
"Nerts," I commented, thrusting the letter back in my bag. "She needs new specs. Well, I'm certainly not going to tackle it tonight. I've a notion to send it back without changing a line. She wouldn't know the difference. They're a dizzy lot, these love-pulp editors."

"Sounds like it," said Felicia indifferently. "Speaking of dizzy reminds me the chaplain wants some more towels. Wonder if the laundry can bleach out that black stuff he puts on his rash? And when I collected the linen from Jeff's room this morning there was a towel that looked as if he had been polishing brass with it. Honestly, people show less consideration."

Animal At Bay
SHE had started out, but she paused at the door.
"I'll be back in a minute. Need any help with your packing?"
"No thanks. I just brought a wardrobe suitcase. I can pack it in a half-hour. I may as well do it now and get to bed. I want to catch an early train."

I followed her out into the corridor, where we separated. Subconsciously, while I hesitated at the door of my rooms, I heard the sound of her tapping heels diminish and cease as she rounded a corner. Then I mustered courage to turn the knob and out it in a safe place. That was after she made the pleasant remark that it would do me no good to kill her. I was tempted to when she said that. But I didn't.

I was still standing against the door and I could hear Felicia coming in down the corridor. I held my breath until I heard her turn in at her own rooms, but I was suddenly aware of Jeff's position.
"How did you get here?" I demanded, dropping my voice to a whisper.

The figure whirled like an animal at bay, and I saw it was Jeff. I stepped inside and closed the door after me. Then I asked him what in the so-and-so he was doing there and would he like a few of my deathless works with which to while away the hours of his confinement?

He didn't answer, just stood there turning first one color, then another, as if the stagehands were trying out lights on him. I waited and the silence grew uncomfortable.

"Why don't you yell?" he burst out at last in a cracked voice. "Why don't you do something? Get ahead—scream for help! Nollie Dan—call out the guard. You don't seem to realize the murderer is at large!"

There was enough bitterness in the last words to flavor a carload of guanine.

"First I'd like to know what you've found that's so interesting."
He brought it reluctantly from behind his back.

"It doesn't belong to you," he said stiffly. "I don't blame you for being sore at me for prying among your things, but this was what I was looking for, and it's the only thing I've bothered—"

It was Sandra's notebook. The one in which she had taken her shorthand notes.

"Where did you find it?" I asked with a little stirring of excitement.

He looked surprised. "Right here. It was on top of those papers."
"But it wasn't there this morning!"

Conceited Man
"ARE you sure?"
"Of course I'm sure. I was looking for it. But what on earth do you want with it?"

"Suppose I don't tell you?" he suggested coolly.

"Then I will lift my lovely voice and startle the echoes."
"And if I do?"

I looked him over carefully. "I see you're not armed."
"Think I'm an utter fool!"

"I'll tell you better when I know how you come to be here. But on the whole, yes. Any man who lets himself be blackmailed into marriage—any man conceited enough to believe three beautiful women were all in love with him—"

His face turned the color of a ripe plum. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. I took pity on him.

"Mimi told me. She knew exactly what Sandra was doing, but she was afraid to tell Dan about it. If you had only let her talk to you—"

"I wouldn't have done any good," he said dully. "Sandra could make you think black was white. And she always had made trouble when she didn't get her way. Even when we were kids. God knows what she wanted to marry me for. Not for love. But if it would make her leave Dan alone—"

"Listen!" he went on desperately. "Dan was the best friend I had in the world. When my father got sick Dan was—well, he was pretty fine. All the time I was a cadet he was my pattern of what an officer and a gentleman ought to be."

He paused and kicked the table leg.

"So you didn't want to take a chance of mixing things up for him. I see. I saw more than that. I saw a little of what Julia had been trying to tell me about Jeff—his loyalty, his sensibility, his stern sense of honor. 'Forget that crack about the three women,' I told him. Then added lamely, 'I hope everything is going to be all right.'"

To him that was, probably just an insane remark, but I meant every word of it. I was remembering, with an unpleasant chill, feeling under my ribs, that moment in the colonel's library when I had let my red hair get the best of me and had told what these two, Mimi and Jeff, had been willing to sacrifice much to keep.

With an effort I brought back my wandering wits.

"So that was why you wanted the notebook?" I said. "You thought there might be something in it."
"Some lie," he said savagely. "She told me last night that she had written down a few things about me about people and put it in a safe place. That was after she made the pleasant remark that it would do me no good to kill her. I was tempted to when she said that. But I didn't."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1180, Portland; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1080, Los Angeles; KOA, 630, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 936 Seattle; KPO, 630 San Francisco; KSL, 1120, Salt Lake.

Tuesday
8:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW, Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR, News, KOIN; Helen Menken, KNX, Sports, KSL.
8:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KFI, KGW; Fun Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX.
9:00—News, KEX, KGA; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
9:15—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News Conference, KGO.
9:30—Easy Access, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; War News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Information Please, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Ted Lewis, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; McCreery's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Concert Orch., KSL.
8:00—We, the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Musical Americana, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KGO; News, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Baseball, KEX.

9:00—Cummings' Orch., KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; And So They Were Married, KPO, KOW.
9:30—Scott's Orch., KGW; Treasure Chest, KPO; Joy's Orch., KSL.
10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KGA; Jurgens' Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Primi, Jr., Orch., KPO, KOW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Organist, KGA, KEX, KJR; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Knox Manning, KNX; Old Times, KJR; News, KGO.

Wednesday
8:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Green Horset, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KGW; Introducing, KPO.
8:30—Sieg's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX, Ricardo, KPO; Concert, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00—Quartet, KGO; Kay Kyster, KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW; Mr. Mook, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.
8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Question Bee, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL.

FLYING GODIVA HURT IN CRASH

Brigham City, Utah, Aug. 6. (AP)—Bernadine Lewis King, well-known Los Angeles aviatrix, was injured seriously Monday when the single-seat stunt monoplane she was flying crashed during a forced landing near here.

EIGHT MILLION PROFIT REPORTED BY FARLEY

Washington, Aug. 6. (AP)—Postmaster-General James A. Farley reported today the United States mails returned profit of \$8,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30.

Postal receipts reached a new peak of \$776,000,000 during the period. It was the sixth surplus, Farley said, in his seven years as chief postmaster. In 1935 the mails went in the red as a result of adoption of the 40-hour week, which added \$30,000,000 to the cost of postal service.

Branding of livestock, traced to Egyptians of 4,000 years ago, was introduced in America by Spaniards.

hospital, Mrs. King was reported suffering from a skull fracture, chest injury, a fractured leg and possible internal injuries.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

A PHOTOGRAPH THAT COST \$10,000! (First cathode ray oscillogram ever obtained of a lightning surge on a transmission line, 1928)

Extend Radio Deadline. Washington, Aug. 6. (AP)—The communications commission extended for one month today the time for compliance with its order requiring all licensed radio operators to submit proof of citizenship. The new deadline was set at September 15.

PORTLAND BUDGET UP

Portland, Aug. 6. (AP)—The price of running Portland will jump \$36,271 next year if budget estimates submitted by all departments are approved. Budget Director Charles Alphonse said the total was \$6,092,157.

Closing time for Tax Late to Classify Act is 1:30 p.m.

By JOHN HIX



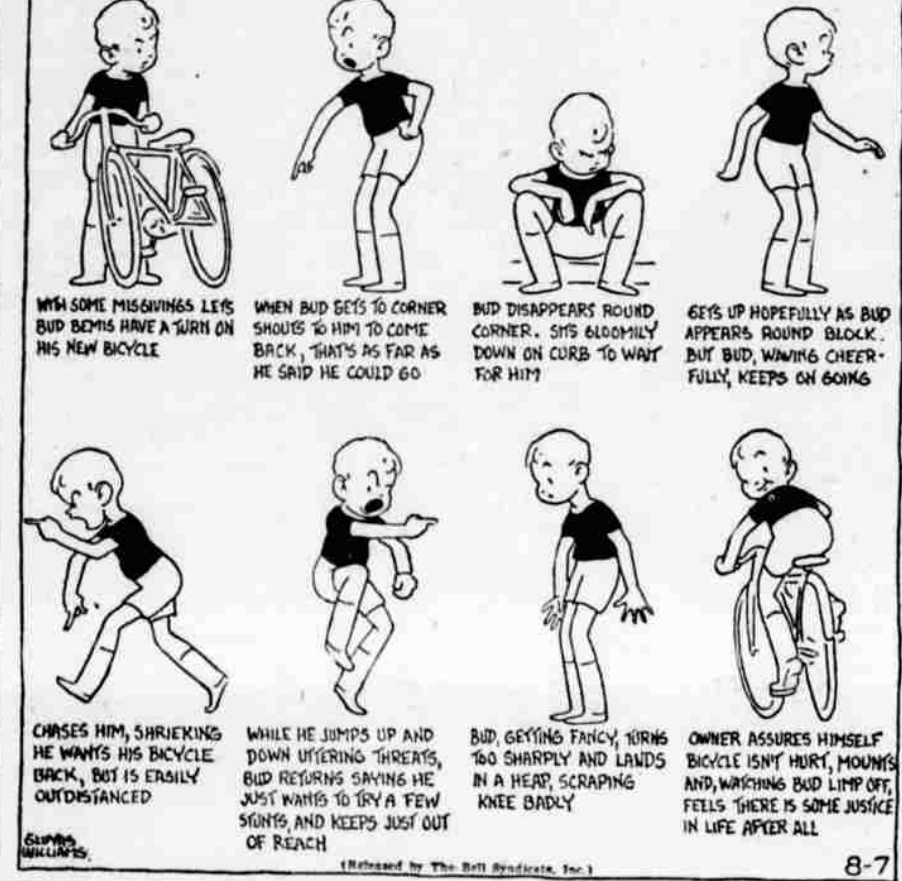
PERUVIAN UNIFORMS
Strange as it seems, Peru's army uses the French army uniform, because the training of Peru's Indian troops is by a French military mission. Peruvian sailors have adopted the U. S. Navy attire and the air and police units are dressed like Italians.

Believed the world's most expensive photograph is the first cathode ray oscillogram ever taken of a lightning surge on a transmission line, obtained by General Electric engineers. Time and equipment used account for the high cost.

Tomorrow: Armless Wonder.

NEW BICYCLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHY SOME MISCHIEVOUS LIES BUD BEHINDS HAVE A TURN ON HIS NEW BICYCLE

WHEN BUD GETS TO CORNER SHOUTS TO HIM TO COME BACK, THAT'S AS FAR AS HE SAID HE COULD GO

BUD DISAPPEARS ROUND CORNER, SHE BLOOMILY DOWN ON CURB TO WAIT FOR HIM

CHASES HIM, SHRIEKING HE WANTS HIS BICYCLE BACK, BUT IS EARLY OUSTANCED

WHILE HE JUMPS UP AND DOWN UTTERING THREATS, BUD RETURNS SAYING HE JUST WANTS TO TRY A FEW STUNTS, AND KEEPS JUST OUT OF REACH

BUD GETTING FANCY, KIRNS TOO SHARPLY AND LANDS IN A HEAP, SCRAPING KNEE BADLY

OWNER ASSURES HIMSELF BICYCLE ISN'T HURT, MOUNDS AND WASHING BUD LIMP OFF, FEELS THERE IS SOME JUSTICE IN LIFE AFTER ALL

TAILSPIN TOMMY—It Looks Bad for Barbara!

"THE ONLY CLUE TO THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF LORD TWEEDLY... IS A LIP-STICK WHICH TOMMY FOUND BESIDE THE DEAD MAN! THE LIP-STICK CONTAINER BORE INITIALS 'B.L.' SO TOMMY GOES TO THE STATEROOM OF BARBARA LANE...."

"MISS LANE, YOU MUST PARDON THIS INTRUSION, BUT I HAVE VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION TO ASK YOU...."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE DEATH OF LORD TWEEDLY?"

"YOU WERE SEATED BEHIND HIM WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT. I'VE SINCE LEARNED THAT YOU HAD RECENTLY BROKEN OFF YOUR ENGAGEMENT WITH LORD TWEEDLY, AND I FOUND THIS IN HIS CHAIR!"

"A... A... A LIP-STICK!"

"YOUR LIP-STICK, MISS LANE! ITS SHADE MATCHES THE COLOR OF YOUR LIPS, AND THE CONTAINER BEARS YOUR INITIALS. AS DOES THE ONE YOU JUST DROPPED INTO YOUR LAP!"

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

Clancy Himself

"SO YOU WANT A JOB, EN? JUST WHY?"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE ADVERTISING FOR A BOY, MR. CLANCY, AND I LIKE TO WORK AND I HAVE TO WORK AND I'M DEAD BROKE—"

"NOW, NONE O' THE SYMPATHY STUFF, ME BUCKEROO—YOU WON'T FIND NO SYMPATHY AROUND HERE!"

"I'M NOT LOOKING FOR SYMPATHY— I'M LOOKING FOR WORK!"

"IS THAT FEROCIOUS LOOKIN' BEAST YOURS?"

THE NEBBES—The Balsams

"THERE'S THE BALSAMS—I CAN TELL FROM THE PICTURES I SAW OF THE HOTEL"

"ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!! AREN'T THE SETTINGS BEAUTIFUL... JUST NESTLING IN THE HILLS!"

"I HOPE THE CLERK GREET'S US LIKE THEY'VE HAD A DULL SEASON AND NEED CUSTOMERS"

"FROM THE LOOKS OF THE PLACE I'VE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT THERE AS A LAME DONKEY IN THE DERBY, BUT I'LL TAKE A TRY AT IT"

GEN. MOTORS VOTES DIVIDEND OF DOLLAR

New York, Aug. 6. (AP)—Directors of General Motors Corporation voted today a dividend of \$1 a share on the common stock, payable September 12 to holders of record August 15.

SABOTAGE REVEALED BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

Washington, Aug. 6. (AP)—J. Edgar Hoover disclosed today that acts of sabotage against the national defense program uncovered by the FBI included the placing of emery dust in airplane engines and destructive metal in the motive power of naval vessels.

He told a national conference of federal and state law enforcement officials that subversive agencies conducted schools for teaching "the most terrible means of creating destruction."