

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

Chapter 46 In Love

"YOU haven't told me yet what happened when you found I wasn't at the Pennants," I reminded him.

"I lost my head. You see, I had a bit of bad luck. Mrs. Pennant's car was gone, but she was at home. The colonel phoned the sentry at the gate, and he said the car had left the post ten minutes before, headed for Chicago. He didn't know who was driving, not whether there was more than one person in the car. "I thought you had that story, and that your life was in danger. For all I knew you might have been kidnaped. It didn't even occur to me to look for you at the club. You see, I quite lost my head. I started in pursuit, while Colonel Pennant notified the state police. Not until I had left did anyone think of Julia, and when they went to look for her, she was gone, too. They decided you two were together, and their anxiety abated. They waited for me to bring you back. Actually, of course, it was a wild-goose chase. Julia had soon turned off the highway and was driving about on the back roads. It was a fool thing to do, without telling anyone, but I gather she was in a state of mind. I got back just before she did, and when I found out you and she had quarreled of course I thought of the club."

"He paled. "I got there just in time," he said grimly. "I was tiptoeing along the corridor, wondering where to look for you, when I heard your scream. The killer took to his heels when I broke the door down—he had dropped his gun, evidently in a fall, and had no time to look for it. I thought at first he killed you. I went through the bedroom after him—he got out a window. I saw him making for the garage—saw a moving figure, anyway. I shot him. Meant to kill him at the moment, but he'll not get off so easily. I'm glad to say."

"You—you were armed?"
"I'm always armed."
He unbuttoned his impeccably tailored suit coat and showed me the butt of a gun nestled under his arm. I should never have suspected it was there. He buttoned the coat again and I could detect no slight bulge to betray its presence.

Gerald's Goodby

I REALIZED that I was staring and dropped my eyes. I think I have never been so impressed with any man. I suppose hero worship strikes every woman at some time in her life. A sort of cloud of glory seemed wreathed around his head. I was so thrilled I expect I looked half-witted.

"Then you saved my life," I said tritely. "And risked your own to do it. If he had been armed—"
"It would have been worth my life if I hadn't," he said lightly. "Think I was anxious to face Adam? As it is, he can hardly keep his hands off me!"

It was a gentle reminder that he had been only Adam's deputy. I didn't like him any the less for it, but I felt my cheeks warm a little. And then I thought of something else.

"You were right about Julia, Gerald. She's been in love with Jeff for—forever."
"I have eyes," he said.
"I'm sorry."
"Why should you be sorry? I'm not Julia's grand girl. I like her. But I—she stood up, grinning a little. "I've no time for romance. And besides—"
He touched my hand lightly and the smile spread to his eyes—"I've always had a weakness for red hair. . . . And now I'm going to say goodby. I'm leaving early tomorrow, and I may not see you again—"

"Gerald—I'm proud to know you. You—you won't forget us?"
He shook his head. The smile was still on his lips, but not in his eyes.
"If ever you should need me, no matter where or why, wire me in care of the bureau and I'll come." He touched my hand again. "Take care of yourself."

Over his shoulder I saw Adam standing in the doorway. Gerald turned.

"As I was just saying," he observed lightly, "if I had a girl like Kay, I wouldn't leave her to strangers. I'd take care of her myself."

Adam scowled and turned beet red. He stood aside and watched Gerald out of the room, but he said not a word. He watched until Gerald's footsteps diminished into silence. Then he came over to the bed and just looked at me.

"That fellow's in love with you," he said accusingly. I raised eyebrows.

"Adam's Arms
"JUST what was your mission in New York?" I asked politely.

"Abruptly his annoyance faded. A teasing smile twitched his lips. His eyes sparkled.
"A few blunders, a few nightclubs. Is that what you mean?"
I leaned on one elbow and thumped the pillow.
"What did you accomplish?" I demanded bitterly.
"You're not blighting blondes as an accomplishment? They're second only to redheads—all right, all right, don't work up a temperature!" He sobered abruptly.

"I learned three things: that Ivan was a liar and a money-mad scoundrel of whom his poor old parents had despaired; that Sandra had backed his play with all the money she had in the world and lost every penny of it; and in a trunk she had left in storage I found a vague, pitiful letter to Jeff from his father—a deathbed letter explaining that he had left Sandra the ten thousand dollars because it was the smallest part of his estate, and that there was silver on the Ozark farm—"

"Oh, Adam—that fiend of a girl! I can really despise her now. Of course it was a touching farewell, but to let Jeff think that his father died hating him—"
"He knows better now. I did that much." He paused, regarded me searchingly and forced a note of lightness into his voice. "I suppose that was a touching farewell. I just witnessed—Beaufort wouldn't dream of going behind another man's back. His lips would be sealed, you would never know—"

He interrupted himself to draw a deep breath and expel it in a single caustic commentary: "Hokey!"

Having spent, along with the breath, a measure of suppressed fury, he returned to his milder manner and his apparent necessity to interrogate Gerald to me.

"When I really thought last night he was nearly out of his mind. I tell you, the fellow's in love with you—"
I shook my head. "You're wrong."
"I'm right."

"Our eyes caught, held. "So what?" I said.
"So if you want him you'd better say so before he leaves."
"You don't think he's going to join the foreign legion?"
He looked affronted.

"It's no laughing matter," he said stiffly. "I'm trying to say that I don't blame either of you. Beaufort is a fine fellow, quite apart from his glamor; and I hope—I hope I can lose like a gentleman."

"Oh, so you want to join the legion yourself?"
The power of speech seemed briefly to desert him. He opened his mouth, closed it, looked around for something to throw, then abruptly grinned. He sat down on the edge of the bed, his eyes shedding blue sparks like the broken ends of a live wire, and bent above me smiling.

"Confucius say man who boast brother through window may find self left out in cold," he said. Under the electrical bombardment of those eyes, my own conversational prowess flagged. I stared back at him in trance-like helplessness, saw that he was deliberately waiting for me to speak.

"Confucius nobody's fool," I said weakly. "But much talk, little do—"
He gave a quick, voiceless laugh as his arms swept me up from the pillow.

THE END

CHRYSLER AGREES TO MAKE TANKS

Washington, Aug. 16.—(AP)—The Chrysler Corporation of Detroit contracted today to build a \$20,000,000 plant to manufacture tanks for the army.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 men will be employed, the department said. Military circles understood the tanks would be of medium size weighing between 20 and 30 tons each. Under the contract, the department said, the Detroit motor concern will buy the site and equip the plant and transfer title to the government which will then reimburse the Chrysler corporation for all costs.

Chinese Drown

Shanghai, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Domei (Japanese news agency) reported today that several thousand Chinese had been drowned in floods of the Yellow river in the region of Kaifeng, Honan province, north China. Most of that area is held by the Japanese army.

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Strike Settled

Baker, Ore., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Striking employees of the Stoddard Lumber company and company officials reached an agreement Wednesday night over matters that caused the workers to strike last week and were to sign a contract this afternoon.

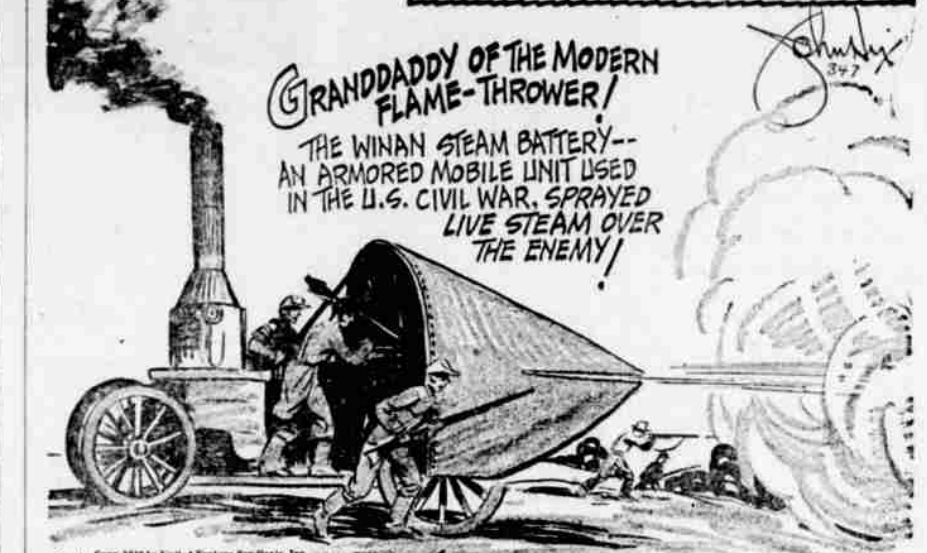
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

DICK BICE -- Ft. Collins, Colo., INFANTILE PARALYSIS SUFFERER, CLIMBED 13,911-FOOT MT. MEEKER ON CRUTCHES--BREAKING HIS OWN TRAIL!
HE HAS TWICE CLIMBED 14,255-FOOT LONG'S PEAK

COCONUTS-- ARE SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THEIR RESEMBLANCE TO A MONKEY'S FACE!
(From Spanish, coco, "grinning face")



ROOT SHAPED LIKE A BIRD... Found by Wm. L. Hilchey, West Los Angeles, in San Francisco to Canyon, Calif.



GRANDDADDY OF THE MODERN FLAME-THROWER! THE WINAN STEAM BATTERY-- AN ARMORED MOBILE UNIT USED IN THE U.S. CIVIL WAR. SPRAYED LIVE STEAM OVER THE ENEMY!
FLAME THROWERS
Juggernauts rolling over Europe's battlefields, belching fire over enemy troops, recalled many similar historic infernal machines. As early as the Peloponnesian war, burning sulphur and pitch was hurled over the enemy, and Byzantine Greeks employed "Greek fire," touched off by water, to repel besiegers of Constantinople. A machine closely resembling the modern flame thrower appeared in the Civil war. Known as the Winan Steam Battery, it hurled a scorching blast of live steam against the enemy thru a slot in its armor.
Tomorrow: Richest Campus!

LOADING



SAWS THAT HE'S BEEN ABLE TO STOW EVERYTHING IN THE BAG-GAGE COMPARTMENT SO THAT FOR ONCE THEY CAN RIDE IN COMFORT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

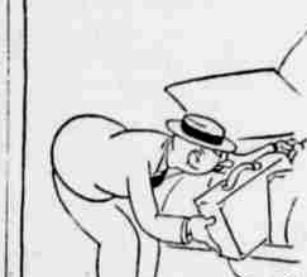


FINDS THERE IS SO MUCH IN IT HE CAN'T GET IT SHUT

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Escape Is Impossible!



MOVES ONE LARGE AND ONE SMALL SUITCASE TO REAR OF CAR WHICH FAMILY HAS MEANT-WHILE BEEN FILLING WITH GDS AND ENDS



ALSO MOVES THE BAG CONTAINING THE LUNCH BECAUSE WIFE INSISTS IT'S TOO HOT FOR IT IN THERE



REARRANGES REAR OF CAR, BECAUSE BY NOW NOBODY HAS ANY ROOM TO PUT HIS FEET



WITH EVERY AVAILABLE INCH OF SPACE FILLED REMEMBERS THE ARCHERY BOWS AND TARGET WHICH WERE SET ASIDE ON THE PORCH FOR LAST-MINUTE STOWING

Illustrated by The Hill Syndicate, Inc. 8-17



JUST AS PHARLOS AND SILO WERE ABOUT TO KILL HANS BRINKERLIN, WHO HAD FOUND THE CROOKS SEARCHING HIS QUARTERS FOR THE STOLEN TREATY, AN ARMED PLANE FIRED UPON THE CLIPPER SHIP. BULLETS RIPPED INTO THE CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM, AND SILO FELL, MORTALLY WOUNDED! MEANWHILE...



YOUR RADIO MESSAGE WAS NOT SUCH A SMART IDEA, FRITZ! SUPPOSE OUR PILOTS REFUSE TO LAND???



I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT, MY DEAR BRENDA! MEANWHILE, CLOSELY GUARD CASTRON! UNTIL I RETURN!



CAPTAIN TOMPKINS! A STRANGE SNIP IS ATTACKING US!!! ONE OF OUR PASSENGERS IS DEAD AND.....



WELL, WE CERTAINLY WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD ANY BETTER TEA WHEN WE'RE MARRIED.



YOU SEE, LIPTON'S RICH, FULL FLAVOR MAKES IT GO FURTHER... YOU USE LESS TEA! AND IT IS SO DELICIOUS!



YOU'RE MUCH TOO CRITICAL!



TAKE YOUR RING AND DON'T COME BACK!

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, 530, Portland; KJR, 570, Seattle; KNS, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920 Seattle; KPO, 630 San Francisco; KSL, 1150, Salt Lake.

FRIDAY
4:30—Kings' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR, KEX, Wain Time, KPO, KGW, SONG, KNX, KOIN.
5:30—Grant Park Concert, KGO, KJR, KEX, Drama, KPO, KGW, Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KEX, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGO, News, KEX.
6:30—Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Rhythm on the River, KGO, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Ames and Addy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Mosier's Orch., KJR, KEX; Our Musical Heritage, KGO.
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Byrd Expeditions, KGO, KEX.
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Busse's Orch., KOMO.
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KSL.
9:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—In the Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KOMO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Cross' Orch., KNX.
10:30—Primo, KGO, Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Man With a Pipe, KEX; News, KGO.

Saturday
8:00—Blumore Boys, KPO, KGW.

War, Weather Hike Price of Mustard

San Francisco, Aug. 16.—(AP) It may not hurt the sale of hot dogs, but the price of mustard has gone up—on account of war and weather. Disappointing crops in southern California and Washington and poor prospects in Montana—only areas where mustard seed production is commercial—were blamed on adverse weather. War cut off the usual shipments from Europe.