

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN PARADISE

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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THE STORY: Mary O'Connor... at Paradise Lake, where she and her spirited mother...

my judge. But I wasn't, and so the business continued. Jennie Morris was paler than before.

TOD PALMER'S BOMBHELL

CHAPTER VI

WE tried with flattery and threats to make Maudie tell us what she was so convinced that Herbert Cord was not the victim...

"I suppose you know the Morris-ess," Maudie said in that friendly, gossip way that meant the other conversation was definitely at an end.

From the way the boy's face flushed, we could gather that he knew one of them at least. Maudie brightened up at once, and I could see her mind grasping at the romantic possibilities.

"Jennie is certainly a sweet child," she said. Tod's hands fumbled awkwardly for a cigarette, but he managed to agree. He said he'd known her for some time, but it wasn't until this summer when he was back home to stay that he had really had a chance to get acquainted again.

"I suppose your father knew everyone in his day," Maudie said, walking toward the door with him. "But the old-timers go. Miss Morris and that man at the inn, Chris Gordon, I guess they must be about the two oldest residents around these parts."

Tod said he guessed so, too. His father used to talk about the days when Miss Millie was young and pretty, and Chris Gordon had been there running the little inn.

"Young and pretty—well, I suppose Miss Morris might have been once, only it seems hard to believe," Maudie added.

"Oh, Miss Millie's all right when you get to know her," the boy said. "Yes, I enjoyed talking with her—even though the occasion wasn't the best one could wish for. She's a woman of convictions, I'd say."

"My father said she had the longest memory of anyone he knew, and heaven help the person she didn't like. But she was loyal to her friends, he used to say. You know Liza Holmes, that old scarecrow of a housekeeper, has been there for years. No one but Miss Millie would keep such a domineering old scampuss around the house. But Miss Millie's always had her there and I suppose she always will."

TOD finally got away. After Denny had kidded Maudie some more and had been invited to make our cottage his headquarters while on the story, he, too, slipped out again.

When he had left I felt that something within me looked as though I was right back where I was a year ago, and I wished I'd never seen his funny face.

Maudie looked forward to the inquest with an enthusiasm that wasn't decent. I don't know what sort of fireworks she expected, but as far as I was concerned the proceedings were anything but pleasant. Not that my part or Maudie's was bad, for the questions they asked us were purely routine, but it hated to see Jennie Morris hauled up there. The quarrel in the inn and the plans for the picnic were enough to cause the authorities to feel that Jennie might be able to throw some light on the affair.

She handled herself well, answering the questions in a distinct, quiet voice that wasn't in harmony with the paleness of her face or the distraught look in her blue eyes. She admitted she had known Herbert Cord well—very well for several years.

"After the conversation between you three in the inn, what did you do, Miss Morris?" asked Fred Underwood, the assistant coroner.

"Do—?" she repeated. "Why, I went home."

Margie Dixon, already taking advantage of her bereavement by wearing a black silk dress that did things to her curves and a black affair of velvet and feathers that passed as a hat and brought out her green eyes, sat upright in her chair and stared at the girl. "Immediately, Miss Morris? This conversation took place about 9:30 in the evening, didn't it?" Underwood asked. "If you went home at once you would have reached the residence of your aunt about 9:45, wouldn't you?"

JENNIE hesitated a second. She looked so young, so unprepared for the questions that were coming, that I felt as though I could just leave and miss the whole wretched business. She looked at her white gloves and smoothed the stitching on the backs of them. "Yes," she admitted, "it would take about 15 minutes, I guess."

"But at 10:30 that evening you were seen in Echo Grove going toward your home. You didn't know you, Miss Morris?"

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



ARMY IN DOUBLE TIME

WEST POINT, N. Y. — Not in several years has an Army squad been so alert and capable in the first game of the season as were the Cadets in defeating The Citadel, 19-6.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MARTIN VAN BUREN WAS THE FIRST UNITED STATES PRESIDENT TO BE BORN AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Yes, I enjoyed talking with her—even though the occasion wasn't the best one could wish for. She's a woman of convictions, I'd say."



A PLUMBER GETS HIS NAME FROM THE LATIN WORD, 'PLUMBUM' MEANING LEAD.

"OTTOMAN EMPIRE"

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

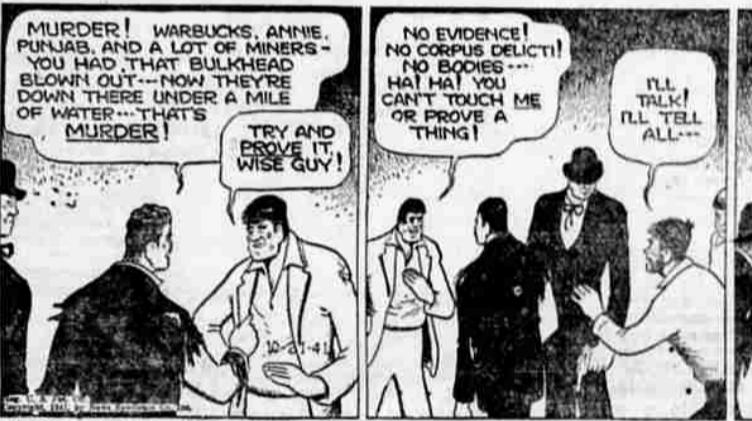
JEANIE hesitated a second. She looked so young, so unprepared for the questions that were coming, that I felt as though I could just leave and miss the whole wretched business.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-66.

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

