

SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN PARADISE

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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THE STORY: School teacher Mary O'Connor's heart goes out to young Jeanie Morris, left alone with a stern but kindly old Mrs. Holmes, maid, by the mysterious murder of her aunt, Miss Millie. This, and the earlier murder of handsome Herbert Cord, who had courted Jeanie for two summers only to bring Margie Dixon to Paradise Lake this year as his fiancée, have the quiet resort of its oldest residents, along with innkeeper Chris Gordon, Maudie, Mary's mother, pool-puncher the innkeeper's son, and the gangster Stash Veretti, murdered Cord, although reporter Dennis Flyn, an old flame of Mary's assigned to the case, is inclined to believe he did. Maudie discovered both bodies, and Mary and Dennis feel she knows more than she is revealing. Jeanie tells Mary of a mysterious romance in Miss Millie's past. Then they talk of local editor Ted Palmer, obviously interested in Jeanie.

CHRIS GORDON'S VISIT

CHAPTER XII

MAUDIE was getting back to her old self, but it didn't take too much coaxing to keep her in bed for another day. The past week had really given her enough thrills for a while and I guess she realized she wasn't as young and chipper as she would have liked to believe.

She still refused to discuss the finding of the boat and Miss Morris. "There's nothing more to tell," she answered tartly. "I've told you again and again all this is to tell." Dennis and I didn't believe her.

She was abrupt with us both and became more petulant every time he reported new developments. The police in town had put Stash Veretti through a tough grilling, but there was still no confession. Additional people had been found who had seen him around the lake the evening of the crime—a gas station attendant, a lunch room clerk, and a farm boy who had given him directions. Dennis said they'd undoubtedly hold him even though they hadn't found the gun that had fired the .32 slug into Herbert Cord's back.

To be sure, the murder of Miss Millie had, to put it mildly, thrown the Cord case into some confusion. The State Police felt they had things nearly solved until the second murder and then, Dennis confessed, they were faced with two possibilities.

"There may be two separate and distinct killings. And coming at the same time and place may be just coincidence. Stash could still have rubbed Cord out, and then someone else put the K. O. on Miss Morris, or a nut is wandering around loose and knocked them both off."

Either possibility was unpleasant to contemplate and I wished something would happen to bring about a speedy solution. The second killing had resulted in a nice state of hysteria around the lake. The gloomy weather the past day hadn't helped people's nerves either.

THE cottagers were locking shutters and doors at night and carrying old-fashioned hunting guns on their nightly walks to and from bridge parties and the few picnics the younger set staged. Things must be dull, I thought, when Chris Gordon came to the house with some mail which I hadn't gotten around to pick up that morning. I could imagine that the guests at the inn found the atmosphere anything but festive or vacation-gay, with police and reporters making it a headquarters.

"Heard your mother wasn't feeling so good after the other night," he said, handing me the letters and papers. "Thought it might be hard for you to get down and maybe there was something important in this stuff."

"Bills, probably," I said, "but it was nice of you to think of us. Won't you come in?" I didn't expect him to, but he took off his hat and followed me into the living room where we sat and talked a while. He seemed to have a hard time following the conversation and although it wasn't hot he kept wiping his nearly bald head with a wrinkled handkerchief.

"I suppose this ham's helped your summer business, has it?" I was finding it hard to make conversation. He sat on the edge of the chair and looked around as though he expected a murderer to leap at him from every door.

"Been a long time since I was in this cottage," he said finally, when I'd thoroughly discussed the weather, the farm crops and the political situation. "I've seen a lot of cottages go up around here during the years. Wasn't much of a colony when I first came here."

"Was the Morris residence built when you first came?" "That's one of the oldest 'round these parts," he said.

"And did you know Miss Mor-

ris—the old one, I mean—when she was a young woman?" I asked.

HE went off again into one of those abstracted streaks, but finally he seemed to remember that I had spoken. "Eh—Oh, yes, everyone knew Miss Millie around here." He reached for his hat and, taking one last mop at his head, stood up. "Anything we can do for you folks while you're here, just let us know. Always glad to oblige."

"Thanks. What with people being killed every night or so it's good to know the inn isn't too far away should one need help."

"Folks mustn't lose their heads," he warned solemnly.

"Someone around here seems glad to help do that," I said. He looked slightly shocked and went out to his car without looking back. Maudie was calling and I went to her room. She was sitting up in bed reading a magazine.

"What was that man doing here?"

"Inquiring after your health," I said. "He'd heard you were upset, and then, too, he brought the mail." I tossed it to her, but she didn't grab as usual, hunting for letters from the boys.

"Oh, so he brought the mail

and came to inquire about me, did he? Now wasn't that considerate of him?"

"Why, yes, I thought so," I said. "And you needn't sound so sarcastic. But then that shows you're practically well enough to get up and start hunting for another good corpse."

She moaned and sank back against the pillows. "Get out of here," she said. "Get out! I want to think."

(To Be Continued)

Efficiency consists in doing two things at once — because you're too lazy to do them one at a time.

CREDIT

AT CASH PRICES! YOU DON'T PAY 1c EXTRA

- * No Interest
- * No Carrying Charge
- * No Red Tape
- * As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT

Clothiers

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Office of Production Management.

U. S. OFFICIAL

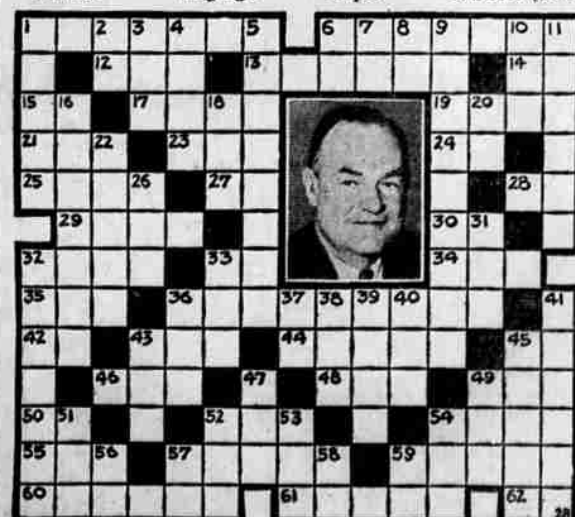
HORIZONTAL

- U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Claude R.
- Precious stone.
- Over (poet).
- Chant.
- Land measure.
- Negative.
- Egyptian deity.
- Lore (zoo).
- Printer's measure (pl.).
- Theater sign (init.).
- Like.
- Location.
- Electrical term.
- Pronoun.
- Require.
- Inside.
- Chinese measure.
- Oath.
- Go speedily.
- Called before.
- Plural pronoun.
- One of a number.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
CANOE TRIP
HO CAKE DATA
THE BET PAR
LEER SO MAIN
O LEO N UNE
L L O N
S L A Y P R E C A M M
P R A Y S R E E L A D E
O A R S P R I N G S N A I
O F T I F E D R A T M E
L S O R E E V E N R
S C R E E N S T E A D Y

- 16 Portentous.
- 18 Mineral rock.
- 20 Bone.
- 22 Earthenware mug.
- 26 Snaky fish.
- 31 Shake head approvingly.
- 32 Musical instrument.
- 33 Attempt.
- 36 Also.
- 37 Part of "be."
- 38 Electrified particle.
- 39 Moves on.
- 40 Compass point.
- 41 Ancient Spanish city.
- 43 Emmet.
- 45 Pertaining to the sun.
- 47 Box of implements.
- 49 Salt.
- 51 Road surfacing material.
- 52 Marry.
- 53 Five and five.
- 54 Derogatory exclamation.
- 56 Greek sun god.
- 57 Part of "I."
- 58 Accomplish.
- 59 Street (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



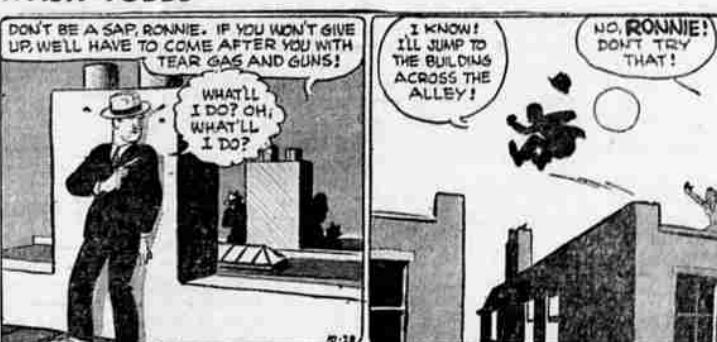
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



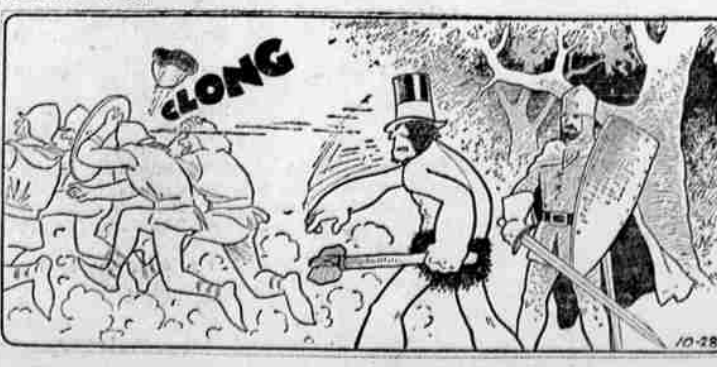
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

