

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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CHAPTER I

It all began the day before. Naturally, I didn't know that anything was beginning then. I mean it began the day before we found the body. That was on Wednesday, and it was unreasonably hot for early June, hot with a muggy, uncomfortable stickiness that presaged the storm to come.

Margaret had come up to my room after dinner to finish arranging my things.

We'd thought we had the house all set for the summer, and then that morning had come a telegram from Kathy—she's my oldest granddaughter, child of Walter's first marriage—saying that she had changed her plans and was coming to stay at Kraiktower for a couple of weeks before going to New York.

Originally Margaret had unpacked my things in the turquoise bedroom, which has the sitting room attached. They are the rooms I usually occupy at Kraiktower. Connie, she's Walter's second wife, and a comely thing with her blond hair and tawny skin, had been assigned the mulberry room at the other front corner of the house, while Jack and Judy, the twins, and their nurse occupied the rose room in between.

Margaret is the only servant who regularly sleeps in the house. She has the back bedroom at the head of the stairs. Margaret has been with me for 30 years.

But Kathy's coming upset this neat arrangement.

Everyone at Kraiktower in summer wants a bedroom fronting the lake. Not only because of the lake breeze but because they are the only decently furnished bedrooms in the house.

Ten years before when Michael and I had the house done over, expecting to make it our year-round home, we had these four spacious front rooms redecorated in the colorful modern manner with all new furnishings. Our old furniture and the family heirlooms from which we could not bring ourselves to part were relegated to the back bedrooms.

As a result one of these is done in atrocious golden oak with a brass bedstead which was our wedding bed, and the other, the one Margaret sleeps in, is a conglomeration of odds and ends including the enormous black walnut wardrobe which Grandmother Potter brought over from France with her a century ago.

So following receipt of the telegram that morning, Margaret and I had gone into consultation and decided it would be best if I moved into the mulberry room, gave Kathy the rose room, and put Connie into the turquoise room. Then the twins' small beds could be put up in the adjoining sitting room.

That would leave the golden oak room to serve as Walter's dressing room when he came down. Miss Lake, the nurse, would have to go out to the tower to sleep.

She finished arranging my toilet things on the dressing table, put my favorite books where I could reach them without getting out of bed, and with a muffled, "Good night, Miss Marthe," at last hobbled out of the room.

I was too listless to turn the radio on after she had gone. Besides I had some grim thoughts stalking my conscience that might as well be faced then as later. Kathy's dark eyes that morning when she had rushed in and grabbed me in one of her hoydenish hugs had thoroughly upset me.

They were brilliant and bright, but they weren't the eyes of a girl who is happy because she is soon to become a bride. And Kathy should have been. She was going to New York to buy her trousseau.

I HADN'T been altogether happy about the coming marriage, anyway, although Walter and Connie were so relieved to think that Kathy was going to settle down and get married—respectably married—that they talked of nothing else. Now that I had looked into Kathy's glittering eyes I was even unhappier.

George Baker was all right, in his way. A well-bred, well-talented young man. He was industrious, too, devoted to building up the sizable fortune which had been left him into one, two or three times as large via the banking business. You couldn't possibly find a fault with him, but you couldn't find anything exciting about him either.

When I thought of Kathy, and Kathy, as his wife, my mind bogged down. The prospect was too unutterably drab beside the memories of my own early married days when Michael had had nothing but his youth and an idea and every day had a brand new and bewildering adventure. . . . I sighed. Perhaps there weren't any love marriages like that any more.

The next moment I scoured myself. "Don't be a hypocrite now. . . . sighing and feeling sorry because Kathy is being cheated. . . . as if you weren't to blame. . . ."

Hadn't I helped break up that early 'teen-age infatuation between Kathy and Derek? If I had let Kathy go her own headstrong way then, even as I had when I ran away and married Michael, she wouldn't have been facing any cut-and-dried, monogamous marriage to George Baker now.

"HOME SWEET HOME" IN FILET CROCHET



7564

by Alice Brooks
Keeping those home fires burning is an important home-front job today! This filet crochet wall panel is timely—and very charming, too, with its peaceful country scene. Do it in either fine cotton or string—it is needlework that will fascinate you. Pattern 7564 contains chart and directions for panel; stitches; list of materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. . . . to . . . followed by your name and address."

Weakly I tried to justify myself. After all, Derek Grady hadn't been another Michael Kraik. Subsequent events had proved that. Derek had since spent a term in a reformatory and was, I understood, on parole now for another offense. It was well we found Kathy that time and brought her back home.

I finally fell asleep and slept like a log in spite of the heat and a bad conscience, and woke to a day that promised to be a replica of the one before.

If only it had been!

(To Be Continued)



At SEARS . . . IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purses. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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U. S. OFFICIAL

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1,7 Pictured
 - 11 Either
 - 12 Courage
 - 13 Winglike part
 - 14 Within
 - 16 House pet
 - 18 Foot digit
 - 19 Sprite
 - 20 Golf peg
 - 21 Small particle
 - 23 Hobo
 - 24 Examination
 - 25 Paradise
 - 27 Vessel
 - 28 Like
 - 29 Marry
 - 31 Upon
 - 32 Any
 - 34 Us
 - 35 Mine
 - 37 Unite by three
 - 38 Therefore
 - 40 Street (abbr.)
 - 41 Egg-shaped
 - 43 Acid
 - 45 Cut
 - 46 Kindness
 - 50 He is U. S.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- 20 Beverage
 - 22 Cat's cry
 - 24 2000 pounds
 - 26 Stairway post
 - 27 Brag
 - 28 Limb
 - 29 Moisture
 - 30 Negative word
 - 36 There
 - 37 Tree fluid
 - 39 Dolt
 - 40 Tempests
 - 42 Contend
 - 44 Decay
 - 45 Weep
 - 46 He encourages
 - 47 Near
 - 48 Not shut
 - 49 Reign
 - 51 Tint
 - 53 Sun
 - 55 Metal
 - 58 Field Artillery
 - 59 Proceed
 - 60 Doctor of
 - Entomology (abbr.)
 - 19 Isle of Man
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Boxes
 - 2 Half an em
 - 3 Matched
 - 4 Slow pace
 - 5 At any time
 - 6 Music note
 - 7 Moist
 - 8 Mountain
 - 9 Old
 - 10 Middy nap
 - 11 Wood sorrel
 - 15 Seine
 - 17 Fox
 - 19 Isle of Man



Our Way

By J. R. Williams



NAVAL "RESERVE"

OL' PUNK LAYS AWAKE NIGHTS THINKIN' UP A NASTY CRACK TO HAND THEM YOUNG ARMY AN' NAVY INSPECTORS IF THEY ASK HIM ANYTHING. BUT THEY NEVER DO SO HE'S GETTIN' HOT ABOUT THAT NOW!

HE THINKS THEY KNOW SO LITTLE HE WON'T EVEN ASK 'EM "HOW ARE YOU?" HE'S AFRAID THEY'LL THINK HE LEARNED SUMPIN' FROM 'EM!

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



NAVAL "RESERVE"

AREN'T YOU THE PUBLIC ENEMY WHO'S DOOMED TO TRY ON NOODLES TOMORROW IN JUDGE RENCHY'S COURT? YOU SEEM AS CONTENTED AS A BARTENDER WITH A BUSTED CASH REGISTER!

HOW'D YOU GET SO HOPPED UP OVERNIGHT? YESTERDAY YOU WERE AS UNSETTLED AS A CAT RIDING A HENCOOP IN A FLOOD!

HEH HEH! YOU SMARTIES RELISH THE PROSPECT OF VISITING FATHER AND ME IN JAIL! WELL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DISH OF SOUR GRAPES?

MAYBE HE PLANS TO HYPNOTIZE THE JUDGE!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Red Ryder

WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THEY DOGS?

TAKE IT EASY, DOC! 'TH' GAL'S RESTIN' AN' IT LOOKS LIKE 'TH' RED HEAD IS LETTIN' 'H' HORSES GRAZE AN' REST!

AM RECKON THEY NEED IT? 'TOTIN' THAT HEAVY LOAD OF SILVER! BUT THEY GOTTA GO THROUGH THIS GAP WHEN THEY DO COME!

I FEEL GUILTY HIDE 'N' MISS DELLA'S SILVER DOLLARS. BUT I CAN'T TAKE 'H' CHANCE OF LOSIN' 'T FOR HER—'I'LL CACHE 'H' FOUR SACKS.

AND LOAD 'H' SACKS BACK UP WITH ROCKS—JUST IN CASE...

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Freckles and His Friends

IF A MURDER'S BEEN COMMITTED ON WILLOW ROAD, HAVEN'T THE COPS HEARD OF IT?

I WAS THE ONLY WITNESS AND I HAVEN'T TOLD THEM!

IF WE GO OUT THERE, WILL WE FIND A—A BODY?

I WAS AFRAID TO GO IN AND LOOK!

FRECK, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL PRINT WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE STORY!

OKAY... GO AHEAD!

THANKS, PAL... HOW DOES IT LOOK?

MURDER MYSTER!

Wash Tubbs

By Crano



Wash Tubbs

GENERAL VON SAPPEN INSPECTS HIS TROOPS UNWARE THAT ELSA HAS A DUPLICATE KEY TO THE MYSTERIOUS TRUNK IN HIS HEAD-QUARTERS

THE KEY FITS! THE TRUNK UNLOCKS!

AMERICAN MONEY! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

HOWDY, SPROUT!

SURE, I'LL GO GET HER—OH, GEE WIZZ—BOO-OOTS!

ROSIE! WHERE'S YOUR BOOTS?

NEXT DOOR! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

THERE'S A REAL HONEST-TO-GOSH COW-BOY IN THE HOUSE! OH, LOOK—HE'S COMING OUT HERE!

Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

HEY WHERE IS SYRACUSE? AN' WHY DOES HE THINK WE'RE FROM THERE?

HUSH, OOP... I'M THINKING ONLY SYRACUSANS HAVE THE GRUNK TO STAND AGAINST THE ROMANS!

WHY OF COURSE YOU'RE FROM SYRACUSE! IN ALL SICILY.

JUMPING JUNO! I WONDER...

TELL ME, OLDSIE, HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF A CHAD NAMED ARCHIMEDES?

AYE, GON! WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF KING HERON'S GREAT GREEK MAGICIAN...

WHO BY SIMPLY THINKING THROUGH 'TERROR IN THE ROMAN RANKS!

GLORY BE! WHAT A BREAK! THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Little Orphan Annie

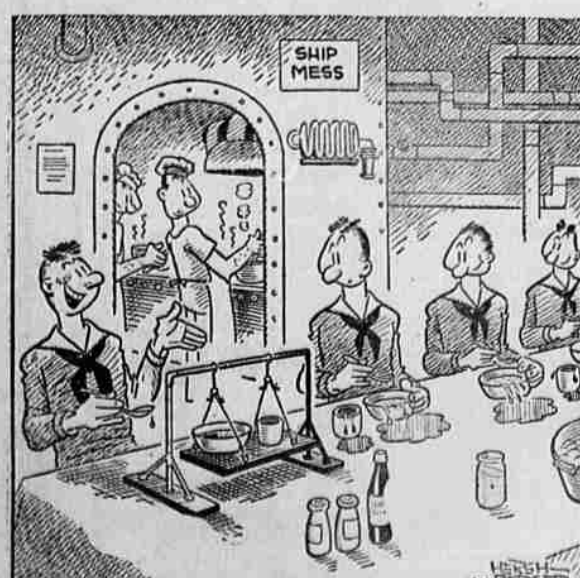
WONDER WHAT'S SO INTERESTIN' DOWN IN 'TH' MAIN COURTYARD! HA! WELL, BE ABLE TO SEE FROM HERE—

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! TEN OF 'EM—AGAINST A WALL—SALTS WITH A MACHINE GUN! HES GOIN' TO KILL 'EM! OH, POOR UNCLE MALCOLM!

YES—IT IS 'AXIS JUSTICE', ANNIE...

HA! HA! HA! TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK AT 'TH' WORLD—DER NAZI VORLID! SWINE! WHY DO YOU NOT BEG FOR MERCY, EH? VERY VELL... HEIL HITLER!

FUNNY BUSINESS



SHIP MESS

"No matter how the ship lurches, it never spills my soup or coffee!"