

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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FEUD
CHAPTER II

CONNIE was already at breakfast when I went down that morning. She had on a slack suit. I noticed the outfit because Connie usually goes in for very feminine attire and leaves the masculine fads for her less curvaceous sisters.

She smiled at me, her sweet rather shy smile, and then I saw her face freeze. Looking over my shoulder I saw that Kathy had followed me into the breakfast room.

I knew then that they had another one of their rows last evening after I took to my bed. I'll have to backtrack here or you won't understand about the feud. Neither one of them was really to blame for it. Connie, being conscientious, felt it was her duty to straighten out the life of Walter's daughter. And Kathy resented Connie because she stepped into her dead mother's shoes. Kathy never saw her father's side of it.

Walter was faithful to Harriet during the twelve long years of her invalidism—and that's a long time in any man's life. I didn't censor him when he married Connie, who had been Harriet's last nurse, less than a year after Harriet's death.

In fact, human nature being what it is, I was delighted when I found Connie as sensible as she proved to be. She was a beautiful girl and it might well have been that she married Walter, who was 43 and turning a distinguished gray at the temples, for his money.

But it developed that she married him for love. Jack and Judy came along just fifteen months after the wedding and Connie was devoted to them and Walter. Her only mistake was in deciding that she had to mother Kathy, too. And Kathy only a year younger than she.

Kathy rebelled, naturally. She went out to the west coast and dabbled in the movies. She spent most of her time out there for the next two years, and occasionally rumors of her attending some wild party, or being squired about by some socially ambitious actor, sifted back east to put more gray hairs in Walter's head.

And then last Easter, home on a duty visit, she had suddenly got herself engaged to George Baker, whom she had known since babyhood. And Connie and Walter were going around looking like two cats who had swallowed the same pitcher.

And this brings me up to the moment when Kathy joined Connie and me in the breakfast room and the temperature dropped to 30 below zero. After a few moments of uncomfortable silence, Connie made some excuse about the twins and rose and left the room. Kathy sat there staring at the golden-topped egg on her plate. Then with a preoccupied air she picked up her coffee and a piece of toast and ambled off in the direction of the living room, without a word of apology.

ABOUT a week after Margaret and I had come down to Kraittower that spring a young man had presented himself at my front door. I thought then, and still do, that he was one of the ugliest men I had ever seen. He was ugly in a virile masculine way. There was a wholesome smell of outdoors and pipe smoke and tweeds about him, and when he smiled it lit up his somber face like the sun coming from behind a cloud.

He explained, that day when he first appeared, that he was a writer of detective stories, that his name was Clint Mattison, that he could pay me in advance, and that he wanted to rent the Cottage.

The Cottage is a rustic studio sort of cabin built down in the woods by Michael as a honeymoon hideaway for Walter and Harriet. They spent all their summers there until Harriet became ill, but Connie will never go near the place—jealousy, I suppose.

It is too far from the big house to use as servants' quarters, and the last few seasons I have rented it to a respectable vacationing couple attracted to our neighborhood by the excellent fishing in the lake.

Well, Clint Mattison wasn't a couple but I saw no harm in a young man burying himself alone in the woods for the summer if it enabled him to turn out better detective yarns. A good many I have read would have been all the better for a little burying of the plot or the author, or both. So I rented him the Cottage.

What I didn't know at the time, however, was that he was also an amateur glider enthusiast and that using the hill at the end of the lake as his taking-off point he was liable to come bumping down upon the landscape in a suicide contraption any time he could find someone with a car and a mind to give him a tow.

That morning, the first after Kathy came down, Clint Mattison came to pay another month's rent and Margaret showed him into my study at the end of the downstairs hall. I gave him a receipt, and quipped him about his recent landing in Farmer Miller's pig pen. He blushed, as he did easily, and started to go.

I walked into the hall with him, and Kathy—she had changed into a flamboyant black and white polka-dotted sport dress and a short black wool box coat—came pell-mell down the stairs and almost ran over him in that arrogant way of hers.

Clint Mattison stood staring after her. Katherine is quite an eye-fel. "My granddaughter," I explained with the feeling that I was talking to air.

The man's gray eyes gradually came back into focus on me, and as he collected his presence of mind and bade me good morning all over again, I heard the roar of an motor. So I knew Kathy must

A FLOWER SHOW IN SIMPLE EMBROIDERY

7354 by Alice Brooks

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have taken one of the cars out.

She wasn't back at lunch time, either. And something white and set about Connie's face kept me from asking her if she knew where Kathy had gone. They must have had a whale of a row last night, I thought.

As we finished lunch the long threatening electrical storm rumbled up over the horizon. I remember my nerves jumping at the first roll of thunder. I didn't know, however, that my peace and quiet for days to come had been shattered by that thunder clap.

(To Be Continued)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



ALASKA HAS A 35,000-MILE COASTLINE... ABOUT 10,000 MILES GREATER THAN THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EARTH.

THE DIAMONDS USED LAST YEAR BY U.S. WAR INDUSTRIES FOR DRILLING, GRINDING, SAWING, ETC., ON HARD METALS, HAD A TOTAL WEIGHT OF ABOUT FIVE MILLION CARATS.

AMERICA'S ORIGINAL "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH" CAME FROM ENGLAND.

ANSWER: Originally from Germany, although some lived in England for a time before coming to America.

7355

"BLUE GRASS STATE"

HORIZONTAL

- Depleted state
- Treads on forcibly
- Tornado
- Great Lake
- Hawaiian bird
- Caterpillar hairs
- It has an of 40,598 square miles
- Utter
- Railroad (abbr.)
- Its capital is —fort
- Pint (abbr.)
- So (Scot.)
- Body organ
- Symbol for Iridium
- Size of shot
- Rajah's wife
- Measure
- Kind of duck
- Make explanation
- Half an em
- Debit note (abbr.)
- Make new again
- Flash

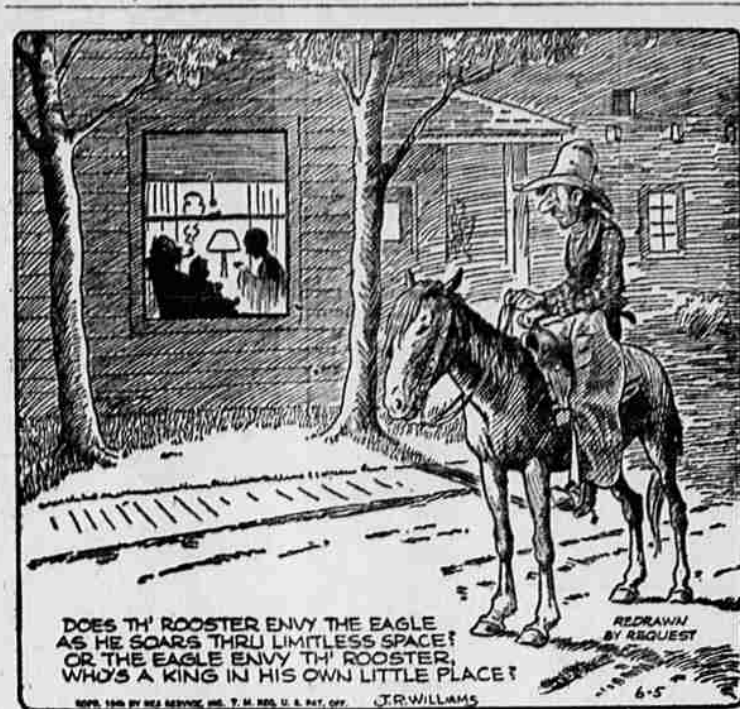
Answer to Previous Puzzle

CHESTER DAVIS
ORNERVE ALLEN
CAT TOVE IMPATIE
ATIMOTRAMP BOAT
EIDIN CHESTER BOAT
ASWED C ONAN
MYSEW DAVIS SOIST
OVAL TART
SINIPFAVORFOOD
ODESATPUTRY
BEFOR GELIDME
REALM GINENESS

VERTICAL

- Knights (abbr.)
- Gladness
- Upper bench (abbr.)
- Companion
- Hint
- It is nicknamed the "Blue State"
- Indian mulberry
- Discomft
- One to whom a grant is made
- Establish
- Supervisor
- Sea eagle
- Rough lava
- Endure
- Prairie
- Type of robe
- Mountain top
- Scatter
- Welcome
- Requirements
- Libyan port
- Doctrine
- Pertaining to tone
- Satiety
- Prevarication
- Exists
- Nova Scotia (abbr.)
- Decrease
- Color
- Pooled vases
- Dance step
- Beverage
- Mountain pass
- Grand Army of the Republic (abbr.)
- Perceive
- Weight of India
- Right (abbr.)
- Gravimetric volume (abbr.)
- Music note

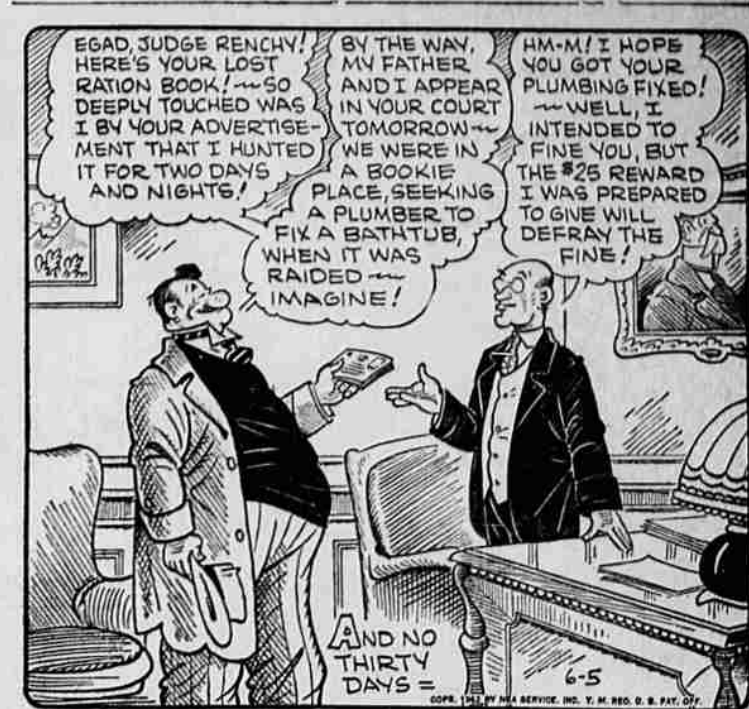
Out Our Way



DOES TH' ROOSTER ENVY THE EAGLE AS HE SOARS THRU LIMITLESS SPACE? OR THE EAGLE ENVY TH' ROOSTER WHO'S A KING IN HIS OWN LITTLE PLACE?

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House



EGAD, JUDGE RENCHY! HERE'S YOUR LOST RATION BOOK!—SO DEEPLY TOUCHED WAS I BY YOUR ADVERTISEMENT THAT I HUNTED IT FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS!

BY THE WAY, MY FATHER AND I APPEAR IN YOUR COURT TOMORROW—WE WERE IN A BOOKIE PLACE, SEEKING A PLUMBER TO FIX A BATHTUB, WHEN IT WAS RAIDED—IMAGINE!

HM—M! I HOPE YOU GOT YOUR PLUMBING FIXED!—WELL, I INTENDED TO FINE YOU, BUT THE \$25 REWARD I WAS PREPARED TO GIVE WILL DEFRAY THE FINE!

AND NO THIRTY DAYS = 6-5

With Major Hoople

Red Ryder



By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

Wash Tubbs



By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies



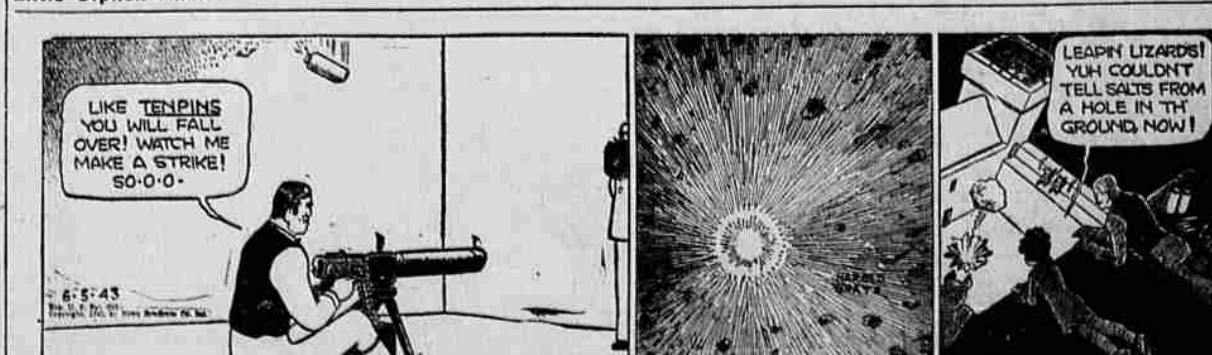
By V. T. Hamlin

Allep Oop



By Martin

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

FUNNY BUSINESS



"I keep him perfumed so we can find him during blackouts!"