

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THE STORY: Kathy Kraik, snooty and rebellious, has come to her senses and is ready to spend a couple of weeks before her marriage to George Baker. Marthe Kraik wonders why her granddaughter is going to marry a man she obviously does not love. She spruces up, too, on the cause of the most recent feud between Kathy and Connie, who is married to Kathy's father. Then a dead man is found on the ground. Marthe recognizes him. Connie faints.

MARGARET

CHAPTER IV

I LOOKED around for Margaret, but she wasn't there. So I went to the phone for a doctor and the police myself.

Where was Margaret, I wondered again, and my heart began to ache. I'd have to tell her—poor, poor Margaret!

I sat there by the phone rubbing my forehead with one clammy hand and trying desperately to think. I didn't know what was best. Maybe if we told the police that we didn't know the dead man... but, I'd have to explain that to Margaret.

The operator in the village finally put me through to the county seat. There was a discussion between her and another telephone girl, and then a crisp masculine voice announced: "Sheriff's office."

I said we had a dead man in our ravine. The man at the other end of the wire asked for details as calmly as if finding a dead man was an everyday occurrence. Maybe it was to him. I told him as much as was necessary, no more.

Then I went back to the living room. Clint Mattison had taken a seat. He looked pretty white. I guess his arm was beginning to hurt. If only he and that devilish glider of his hadn't come crashing down at the wrong time.

I gritted my teeth and told Clara to give him the smelling salts. Connie was all right. "Where's Margaret?" I finished. Sarah ventured that she was probably in her room. It was Margaret's habit to get up early during the summer months, and do her work while it was cool. Then she'd take a nap about the middle of the day.

The storm broke while I was climbing the stairs. A great rush of wind sailed through the house banging doors and blowing things over. Then rain drummed against the windows. I winced as I thought of the body out there in the ravine with the rain beating down on it.

MARGARET was in her room, but she wasn't asleep. The blinds were down, for coolness I suppose, making the room very dim. She was sitting in a rocking chair by one of the windows, sitting very still, and staring ahead at the drawn blind.

"Margaret," I said. My voice was pretty shaky. "Yes—Miss Marthe." She didn't seem surprised that I was there in her room.

I went over and knelt beside her and took her worn old hands in mine. I would have given anything if I could have spared her the shock of this. She had worshipped him.

"Derek is dead," I said. "I'm afraid—that is—somebody killed him. He's out there in the ravine. Oh, Margaret, Margaret." I was the one who was crying.

She stared at me, her wrinkled, "broad, Irish face looking like a brown gnomish in the dimness of the room." She didn't ask any questions. I suppose she was too stupefied.

I told her all I knew. Then I gathered my courage. "The police are coming here. I phoned them. Of course, they'll ask a lot of questions. Margaret, it might be better if we told them we didn't know him—didn't know who he was. Could you do that, Margaret?"

She nodded her head, but her eyes were vague. I didn't think she understood.

I tried again. "It will be hard for you. I suppose we'll all have to look at him. But just say you don't know him. Do you understand, Margaret?"

Her voice came from a great distance. "Yes—Miss Marthe."

I CLOSED Margaret's door softly. I would have to tell Kathy, too! She was the only other person in the house who could identify Derek.

As I started down the stairs the door of the rose room opened. Kathy came out into the hall. I

held on to the stair rail tight while I waited for her to come to me. Then I took hold of her arm. "Kathy! When did you come back?"

"Oh, an hour or so ago. Why?" There is always a flippant undertone in her clear voice as if nothing in the world is quite worth getting excited about.

I stared at her searchingly. But there was no reading that dark lovely face. Her rouged lips were smiling lightly—or was it mockingly at me—her dark eyes, often so stormy, were for the moment clear and limpid. Was it my imagination that she looked too innocent?

But there was no time for theorizing. A car stopped outside. There were heavy steps on the flagstones and someone lifted and let fall the heavy knocker on the hall door.

"Kathy," I said, abruptly. "Derek's been murdered. He's in

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ACCIDENTS SINCE PEARL HARBOR HAVE TAKEN TEN TIMES AS MANY LIVES IN THE UNITED STATES AS HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE U.S. ARMED FORCES FIGHTING AROUND THE WORLD.

CUT FLOWERS

WILT MORE QUICKLY IF PLACED NEAR APPLES, DUE TO A GAS GIVEN OFF BY THE FRUIT.



NEXT: Buried mines and snakes.

MOVIE ACTRESS

1 Pictured motion picture actress	21 Middy	24 Cover
2 Bygone executive	22 Domesticated animal	25 Iron (symbol)
3 Be indebted to	23 Fop	26 Bright color
4 Egotism	24 Kentucky	27 Woody plant
5 Gained	25 RANEE	28 Yox (colloq.)
6 Fabulous bird	26 EIDER	29 Agalloch
7 Age	27 ENON	30 Exist
8 Fat	28 RENEW GLINT ASA	31 Let it stand
9 She is a well-known stage star	29 AT BLISS UB	32 Change
10 Part of "be"	30 PAL CLUE GRASS	33 Direction
11 Born	31 AL ROUTH GRANTEE	34 Against
12 Flat utensil	32 SETTLE OVERSEER	35 Organ of smell
13 Bachelor of Science	33 Virginia land (abbr.)	36 Honey maker
14 Disposition	34 55 College	37 Australian bird
15 Measure of	35 executive (abbr.)	38 Palm lily
16 Disposition	36 Equip	39 Measure of area
17 Disposition	37 Wage	40 Any
18 Disposition	38 Animal	
19 Disposition	39 Upward current (abbr.)	
20 Disposition	40 Auricle	
21 Disposition	41 Spars	
22 Disposition	42 Weird	
23 Disposition	43 Attempt	
24 Disposition	44 Unbind	
25 Disposition	45 Indians	
26 Disposition	46 Lease	
27 Disposition	47 Advertisment (abbr.)	
28 Disposition	48 Any	
29 Disposition	49 Any	
30 Disposition	50 Any	
31 Disposition	51 Any	
32 Disposition	52 Any	
33 Disposition	53 Any	
34 Disposition	54 Any	
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49 Disposition	69 Any	
50 Disposition	70 Any	



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Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



WONDER HOW HE FOUND IT?

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



RED ACTS SO QUIET!



BUT SUDDENLY A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE CRACKS AND RED FLIES FROM THE SADDLE!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



CHIEF, THERE'S WHERE THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WHAT'S HE RUNNING AWAY WITH?



BUT HOW? HE'S GOT A HEAD-START!

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



THROUGH UNDERGROUND CHANNELS COMES NEWS OF A BAFILING DISCOVERY MADE IN NORWAY—



A TRUNKFUL OF U.S. MONEY IN GERMAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS! HMM! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS, EASY?



IT MAY MEAN MUCH... OR NOTHING! BUT MONEY CAN BE A DANGEROUS WEAPON... AND A TRUNKFUL, HEAVY ARTILLERY!



NO ANSWER HERE! THIS IS SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER RUN UP AGAINST BEFORE

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Homlin



IT'S YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE—YOU'RE THE BUFFINGTON BLONDE!



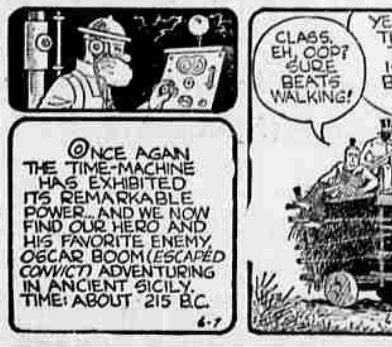
HE'S TELLING HER!



WHY, YES—I AM, MR.—??

Allep-Oop

By Martin



ONCE AGAIN THE TIME-MACHINE HAS EXHIBITED ITS REMARKABLE POWER, AND WE NOW FIND CLUE HESO AND HIS FAVORITE ENEMY OSCAR BOOM (ESCAPED CONVICT) ADVENTURING IN ANCIENT SICILY, TIME ABOUT 215 B.C.



YEH... BUT I STILL THINK THIS GOING TO SYRACUSE IS GONNA BE A BIG CHUNK OF TROUBLE.



AN' THERE'S TH' FIRST DOGE OF IT RIGHT UP AHEAD—A BUNCH OF ROMANS!



HMM... WE'LL JUST COVER UP IN THE HAY AND RIDE RIGHT THRU THEM!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



ANNIE AND BIG GEORGE WERE SEEN TWO NAZI SOLDIERS CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF—BUT—



LEADIN' LIZARDS! WHERE DID THOSE TWO GO?



OH-H-H—IT'S HUNDREDS OF FEET DOWN TO TH' ROCKS BY TH' RIVER—AND NO LADDER—



NO—THEY TRAVELED BY AIR—MUCH FASTER THAT WAY—AH—ONE OF THEM LEFT HIS TOMMY GUN BEHIND—



I—I GUESS HE WONT NEED IT ANY MORE—



WAT WAS THOSE AGER MOOT BIRDS?



NEIN! IT WAS THOSE CLIMBY VILING—THEY FALL OFF DER ROOF!