

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THE STORY: Kathy Kraik, moody and rebellious, has come to Knattower 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 appears to be, too, on the cause of the most recent feud between Kathy and Connie, who is married to Kathy's father. As Kathy slams out of the house on her first morning there, she almost knocks down Clint Mattison, who has rented a cottage on the grounds. A storm is brewing.

head into view and I saw that one arm hung limply. Clint Mattison had had a narrow escape that time.

His eyes moved beyond Connie to the body of the man on the trampled grass. "That man's dead," I snapped at him. "My daughter-in-law just found him. Then you crash over our heads and scare the rest of the wit out of her. She's fainted."

"I'm sorry," he said meekly. "What—what can I do?"

I don't know why it is. Men rise heroically to most emergencies, but when a woman faints they're as helpless as babies.

"You can help me carry her to the house," I snapped. "And then we'll—have to call the police." My mouth felt like dry ashes.

Connie came to as we laid her on the divan in the living room. She looked at me, her eyes opening wide all at once and horror

DEAD
CHAPTER III
It was breathless in the house as the storm came closer. There was simply no use in trying to get the twins to take their afternoon nap in that heat. Connie and I took them out on the east terrace.

Connie romped with them while and then she threw a big ball out on the grass and told them to chase it. She dropped down in a wicker chair beside me under the awning.

The twins threw the ball about, shouting and shrieking. When it got away from Judy and rolled toward the ravine that slopes between the east lawn and the lake, Connie called to the children to come back. But the ball rolled over the bank and the twins went after it. Connie and I started to our feet. The walls of the ravine are nearly perpendicular in places and it is no playground for three-year-old babies.

But before we could reach them Jack and Judy came running back. Their eyes were wide.

"Here's a man over 'ere, an' he aaseep," Jack jabbered to Connie. Judy, frightened, clung to her mother's skirts.

"Nonsense," Connie said. Knattower is five miles from the railroad and two from the highway. We're never bothered by tramps.

"Judy fah over 'im," Jack insisted.

"You stay with Mom-mom and I'll go look," Connie said.

She came back in a moment walking in a queer, unsteady way, and I noticed that the rosy color was gone from her face. She called Miss Lake and told her to take the twins in and give them a cool bath. Then she turned to me and I saw that she was frightened.

"Mother," she said, and her teeth chattered, "there is a man there. But he isn't asleep—he's dead."

Connie and I waited until Miss Lake and the twins disappeared into the house. Then I walked with her to the edge of the ravine where Jack and Judy had gone after their ball.

It happened to be a spot where the ravine dipped gently for some yard forming a little hollow invisible from the terrace. A couple of giant oak trees and a number of small shrubs growing there further screened it from view.

At one end of this narrow glade, footpaths had been carved into the uneven side of the ravine leading down to a natural cave at the bottom. It was a place where Kathy had led to play as a child. She had had a den in the cave, and some rustic chairs and a table were still rotting here.

But it wasn't the cliff path or the cave beyond that glued my attention. As Connie and I pushed through the first fringe of bushes we almost stumbled over the body of a man lying face downward in the tall grass. There was a cut on the back of his head which had bled considerably, matted his dark hair.

Even before I knelt on weak knees and turned his head a little so that I could see his face, I knew who it was. There was no mistaking that head of curling black hair.

Before I could speak there came a rending of the tree tops above us, a crackling and snapping of branches, a splintering crash as if the very trees were falling upon us.

On top of our newly discovered murder it was more than Connie's nerves could take. She gave a shriek that echoed down the ravine, and toppled forward. She would have fallen on the dead man if I hadn't caught her. I eased her limp weight to the ground away from the body.

The next moment a man stuck his head through the bushes and peered anxiously in our direction. His face was scratched and bleeding. He followed his

CROCHETED SET FOR SUMMER DAYS



7561 by Alice Brooks

Here's a jiffy crochet so easy even a beginner can do it. Both beret and drawing bag are made of one long piece with the bottom of the purse extra. They are done in straw yarn or a double strand of cotton. You'll want to make a number of sets to go with various frocks. Pattern 7561 contains directions for set, stitches.

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."

HOLD EVERYTHING!



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darkening their depths, but she didn't say a word. Clara, the maid, was whimpering and looking for some smelling salts in a desk drawer as I had directed her. Sarah, the cook, had come in from the kitchen and was standing looking on. Luckily, Miss Lake had taken the twins upstairs and they didn't know what was happening.

I wondered why Connie had fainted. After all she had been a nurse. She must have seen dead men before. Maybe she was going to have another baby.

(To Be Continued)

Violinists are said to make good aviators because of their rhythm. Just so they don't fiddle around in the air.

It's just as well these days that an industrious person seldom has a busy tongue.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

LAND MINES
ARE NOT THE ONLY DANGERS THAT LIE HIDDEN BENEATH AFRICAN SANDS! THE VENOMOUS SAND VIPER BURIES ITSELF AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE MIDDAY SUN, AND SOLDIERS HAVE LEARNED TO DETECT ITS PRESENCE BY THE SCROLL-LIKE DESIGN IN THE SAND.



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WHERE'S ELMER?

ANSWER: New York harbor, where stands the Statue of Liberty.

WARNING DEVICE

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Civilian Defense warning device (pl.)

12 Pressage

13 High hill

14 Russian city

15 Wolfraimite

16 Electrical term

18 Average (abbr.)

19 Observe

21 Tinkling

23 Perfumed

24 Matched group

25 Like

26 Night before a holiday

27 Variety of amphibole

30 Arabian gulf

31 Natural power form

32 After-meal sweet

37 Sums up

41 Individual

42 Each (abbr.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MARGO FIAN PRIOR
OCEAN ACE ATONE
ORE EAT END TAN
DELL DE DO PAIS

IF OVE
PRIDE NETTED
ROC MARGO ERA
OBESE SCREEN
AM NEE

TRAY BS VA DEAN
RIG BET APE ANO
ELATE EAR MASTS
EERIE TRY UNTIE

VERTICAL

1 Lessened

2 Mineral

3 Road (abbr.)

4 Exhale

5 That one

6 Perform

7 Senior (abbr.)

8 Room

9 Suffix

10 Packed in a graduated series

11 Garment part

15 Container

17 Lath

18 Symbol for acetyl

20 Paradise

22 Compass point

28 Numbers (abbr.)

29 Fish

30 Constellation

32 Sheikh's ceremonial ride

33 Ensnare

34 Machine for making seams

35 Bamboolike grass

36 Street-boy

38 Piece of currency

39 Gloomy

40 Dispatched

45 Layman

47 West Indies (abbr.)

48 Algerian seaport

54 Music note

55 Greek letter

56 Near

57 Jumbled type

59 Louisiana (abbr.)

15 16 17 18 19 20

21 22 23 24 25 26

27 28 29 30

31 32 33 34 35 36

37 38 39 40

41 42 43 44 45 46

47 48 49 50 51 52

53 54 55 56 57 58 59

60

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



6-8

With Major Hoople

By Fred Harmon



6-8

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



6-8

By Fred Harmon



6-8

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



6-8

By Blosser



6-8

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



6-8

By Crane



6-8

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



6-8

By V. T. Hamlin



6-8

Allep Oop

By Martin



6-8

By Martin



6-8

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



6-8

By Harold Gray



6-8

FUNNY BUSINESS



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