

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THE STORY: Derek Grady has been found murdered on the grounds of Kraiktower. The police recognize him as a man wanted for kidnapping. Martha Kraik admits he was the grandson of her housekeeper, Margaret Grady, but says nothing about the attempted elopement years ago of Derek and her granddaughter, Kathy. The story writer, to help solve the crime.

THE MISSING HEEL

THE living room at Kraiktower is an immense affair. A huge stone fireplace fills one wall. Facing it is a deep cushioned divan of equally exaggerated proportions. The rug is thick and red. The walls are wainscoted with dark weathered oak and heavy beams of the same beautiful wood arch the ceiling. Polished tables and baronial oak chairs reflect the shaded lights like so many amber mirrors.

Deputy Shaw was standing before the fireplace looking as stubborn and immovable as the stone lintel back of him.

Connie, small and fragile, sat in one corner of the big divan, her lip-stick mouth a red blot in the whiteness of her face. Kathy was poised dramatically on the arm of one of the high-backed chairs. Walter was angrily pacing the length of the room.

They all turned to look at me and Kathy asked impudently if I didn't expect to catch cold running around that time of night without a coat on. I don't think they really noticed that Mattison was with me.

Deputy Shaw nodded brusquely in my direction. "Mrs. Kraik, I've been trying to make your son understand why we have to question your family and servants again. There doesn't seem to have been anybody around when this Derek Grady was killed but you folks here in the house."

I swallowed hard. "You mean you think that some one here must have killed him?"

"Exactly."

I COULD sense the change in Deputy Shaw. He was no longer apologetic. He looked at the wrist watch, and somehow I got the impression that he was stalling for time. "To begin with," he said, "I'll read the statements you made yesterday, and you can see if there is anything you forgot to mention." He put a peculiar emphasis on his last words.

He read from his notebook. Connie and I had said that we had been at lunch from 12 to 1 o'clock, and that after that we had gone around the terrace with the twins. That was our story. We nodded affirmation to it.

"You two were together all of that time?" the Deputy snapped suddenly.

I looked at Connie. Her face was as guileless as a baby's. "Yes, officer," she said.

He turned to Kathy. "Miss Kraik, you stated that you were in your room from about 11 o'clock until after the body was found. Can you prove that?"

Kathy laughed and her eyes narrowed in a tricky squint. "Sorry, Deputy," she drawled languidly, "there was no one with me. If that's what you mean. You'll have to just take my word for it."

He frowned and looked back at his notes. "You took a drive earlier yesterday morning, and said that you stopped at the gas station in the village. Did you stop anywhere else—in Liston?"

There was the tiniest drag before Kathy answered that one.

"No," she said shortly.

The expression on Shaw's face changed, and I knew that Kathy had made a mistake.

THE deputy didn't follow up his lead. He closed his notebook and very deliberately put it back in his pocket. I breathed easier. Then he looked at me and Connie and again at Kathy. His eyes remained on her face while he lit a cigaret.

"How many of you knew that Derek Grady was hiding in that cave in the ravine?"

Quietly, just like that, he dropped the bomb. Dead silence followed.

"Margaret—," I finally ventured in a thin voice.

Deputy Shaw nodded his head. "Yes, I suppose Grady sneaked up to the house some time Wednesday and saw her. He told

her he was in trouble. She took blankets and food out to the cave and hid him there." His alert eyes prowled from one guarded face to another. "But at least one other woman in this house knew he was there, and went out to see him. Now which one was it?"

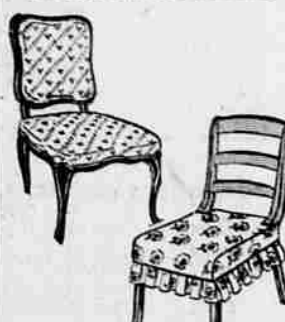
We said nothing. His face reddened. I didn't dare look at Kathy.

"All right," Shaw snapped finally. "I just thought I'd give you a chance to tell about it now. But if this is the way you want it—"

He was interrupted by a knock on the hall door. Quickly, as if it were a signal for which he had been waiting, Shaw crossed the room and opened it. I saw another deputy in the hall. Shaw went out and closed the door carefully.

A few minutes later he walked back in. In his hand he held a woman's silver sandal. It had no heel.

DON'T BE TIMID UPHOLSTERING IS EASY



7460

by Alice Brooks

Booster the spirits of your family. Don't let shabby broken-down chairs be an eyesore; restore them yourself. It's simple to do with these detailed instructions that show you how to make chairs look like new by simple upholstery; how to repair damages. Instructions 7460 give clear directions for repairing and upholstering.

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!



6-15

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"Looks as if we must have scared him!"

He dangled it before our fascinated eyes, and his voice was smoothly sarcastic. "Does this slipper belong to one of you, by any chance?"

Connie's pink tongue darted along her dry lips. "It's mine," she said faintly.

Shaw took an object from his pocket and fitted it to the sandal. It was the missing heel.

"We found this heel," he explained, "under Derek Grady's body."

(To Be Continued)

WORLD WAR I PRISONERS

First German prisoners of World War I, in so far as the United States is concerned, were captured in Guam. They were aboard the German ship *Coromoran* anchored there.

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By William Ferguson



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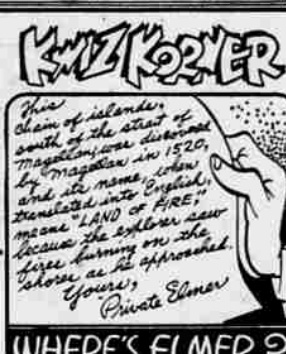
DIVE BOMBING

WAS INVENTED BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE EARLY NINETEEN TWENTIES.



T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANSWER: Tierra del Fuego, a chain of islands at the extreme southern tip of South America.

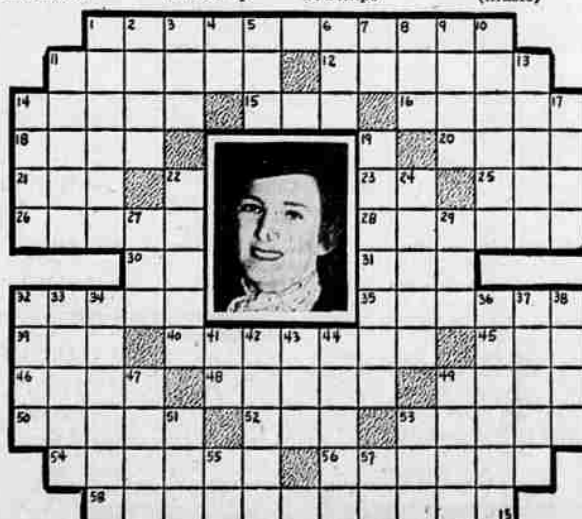


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ANSWER: Tierra del Fuego, a chain of islands at the extreme southern tip of South America.

AWVS WORKER

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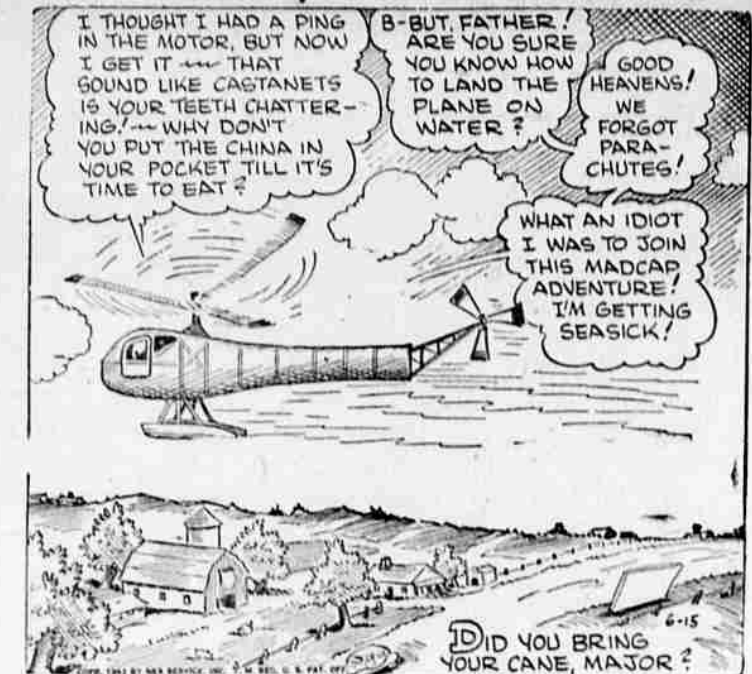


Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

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



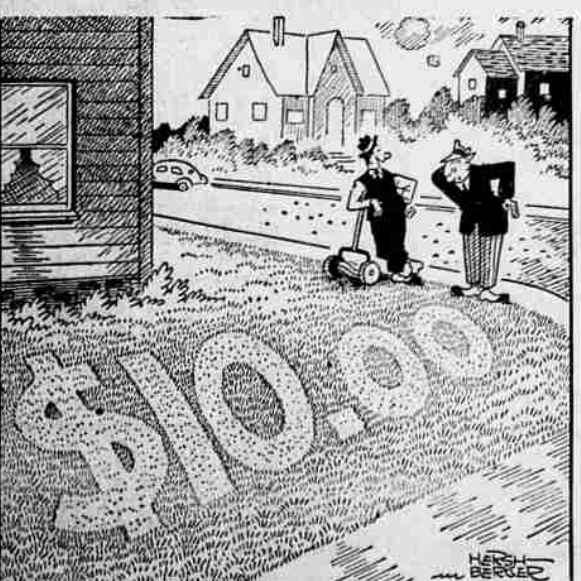
By Martin

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

FUNNY BUSINESS



Just a reminder to that guy across the street of the dough he owes me!