

# WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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## CHAPTER XI

CONNIE stood up. Her nervous fingers were tugging at the knot of the scarf around her shoulders. "I lost it one evening last week—faking a walk after dinner," she said jerkily.

I couldn't bear to look at her face. I looked down and that was how I happened to see the sequin-weighted scarf slipping from her shoulders. She had unconsciously untied it. And then I stared. Slipping across one shoulder and white arm was an ugly purplish-red bruise.

Shaw couldn't see it, she was facing him. I must do something before he did.

But I didn't have worried. He had something urgent on his mind for the moment. His men had been searching the upstairs while he kept us occupied in the living room, and panning for gold dust they had found a nugget. Shaw drew a piece of paper from his pocket.

"Perhaps you can explain this, too, Mrs. Kraik. We found it in the wastebasket in your room." He held out the piece of paper for her to see.

Connie shrank back as if he had struck her.

He read the note aloud: "I'm hiding in the old play cave. Come this evening. I've got to see you. It's a matter of life and death. Derek."

It is marvelous in a split second how many thoughts can crowd into the human mind. I saw Connie wearing slacks and a coat to hide this hurt on her arm; Connie fainting over Derek's body; Connie insisting that I phone for Walter—that she simply had to have him; Connie wanting a lawyer; Connie searching my room (the room I occupied now, the mulberry room that had been hers until some time Wednesday afternoon), searching for a book, she had said, and coming out with that look upon her face.

Was it this note she had been looking for? This note that she had read and laid down somewhere, and that had only assumed tragic importance after Derek was murdered. And then, perhaps, she couldn't remember in her excitement where she had left it. But it didn't make sense—Connie did not know Derek.

I looked at the girl. She was swaying on her feet.

She gave Shaw a despairing look. "I killed him—but I didn't mean to."

Walter jumped forward and pushed Connie back down on the divan. He wasn't very gentle about it and his face was awful.

"Connie, you don't know what you're saying. Keep quiet!"

She looked at him pathetically. "Oh, yes, I know, Walter." Her breath caught. "I can't go on trying to hide it. I've nearly died. I've got to tell this man—"

She turned back to Shaw. "I didn't mean to kill him. I only pushed him hard—to keep him from kissing me. We were standing about half way down the bank of the ravine, so that no one could see us from the house. It was pretty steep there, and when I shoved him we both lost our balance. I fell against a tree, that's when I hurt my shoulder, and he fell down in the ravine. I saw him lying there on his back, but I didn't think he was hurt badly. I just turned and ran. That's when I lost my heel. He—he must have crawled back up the side of the ravine—before he died."

Shaw was staring at her. "When did this happen, Mrs. Kraik?"

"Wednesday evening—after dinner."

"That was the evening of the day you got his note—the day before you found his body?"

Connie nodded agreement.

"WHAT did Derek Grady want to see you about—what did he mean by that note?" Shaw pursued.

"He wanted money to get away on. He said he was in trouble with the police."

"You took him the money, and then he tried to make love to you? Is that it?"

Walter broke in violently. "This is nonsense. She didn't even know the man."

Connie drew away from Walter. Her voice was ashamed. "Yes, I knew him—but I didn't know that he was the Derek you knew. I met him a long time ago when he came to live with his father, who was a neighbor of ours. I went around with him a lot the

summer before I went away to nurse's training school."

Something clicked in my mind. I knew now why the address on Wheatland avenue that the newspaper had given as Derek's home had been familiar. Of course, that was the same street where Connie had lived before she married Walter.

"Did you give him some money?" Shaw persisted.

"No," Connie said slowly. "I didn't have any here at the house. I told him to go away at once or we would call the police—and then—then . . ."

Shaw cut short her misery. "No need to go over that again, Mrs. Kraik. Just one more question. Who brought you the note from Derek Grady?"

"His grandmother," Connie said. Two spots of red began to burn in her white cheeks.

Shaw's face was pretty grim. Connie watched it like a bird

## SIMPLEST CROCHET DONE IN JIFFY



by Alice Brooks 7574

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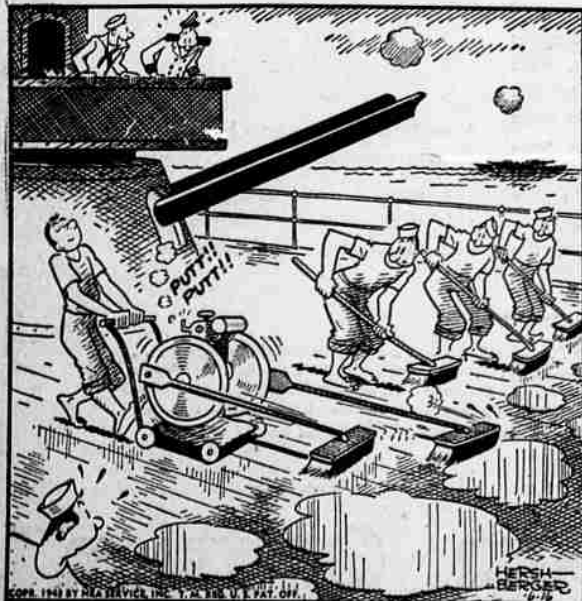
To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern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

## HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Yes, they insisted on having a victory garden!"

## FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's that young inventor who joined up a few days ago!"

fascinated by a snake. "Do I have to go with you now?" Her voice was a whisper.

The deputy shook his head, and his next words brought me out of a bad dream. "No, you don't have to go with me. You didn't kill Derek Grady—if you're telling the truth. Your story explains the injury on the back of his head, but that wasn't what killed him. He was shot."

(To Be Continued)

A woman clerk at war production drive headquarters has developed a method of processing workers' production suggestions which saves 4992 man-hours per year and 264,000 sheets of paper.



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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD



**CHEMISTS HAVE DEVELOPED AN EXPLOSIVE CALLED PENTACRYTHRITETRANITRATE.**

"I GET A BANG OUT OF IT!"

With three on bases, a walk means a run. Says Fred T. Millard, Whitewater, Wisconsin.



## AMERICAN WARPLANE

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Depicted warplane, Curtiss P-40

7 It has been active in

13 Paid notice

14 Paradise

15 Grows old

16 Senior (abbr.)

17 Permit

19 Unit

20 Mexican tree

21 Tree

22 Become compact

24 Divinity

25 Beverages

28 Small horse

29 Courtly part

31 Spear

34 Any

35 Measure of area

36 Like

37 Rough lava

38 Machine

40 Part of a dress

42 Laughter sound

43 "Flying T"

**VERTICAL**

1 Traverse

2 Arabian gulf

3 Him

4 Bustle

5 Travel

6 Leg joint

7 Tight

8 Unslightly

9 Born

10 Exists

11 Island

12 Limbs

18 Color

21 Dash

23 Maori chief's club

25 The P-40's are used in

27 Blood

28 Exclamation

29 Friend

30 Collection of sayings

32 Auto

33 Dine

39 Article

41 Belongs to it

43 Punctuation mark

44 Pits

45 Fish

46 Renowned

47 Chief artery

49 Wintry blanket

50 Sharpen

51 Circle of light

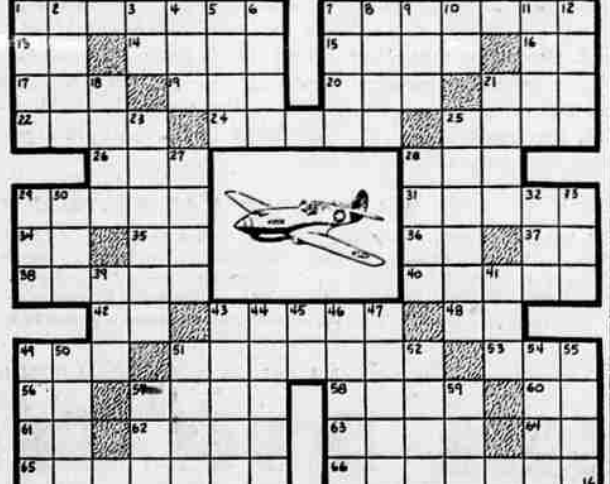
52 Feudal lords' powers

54 Scent

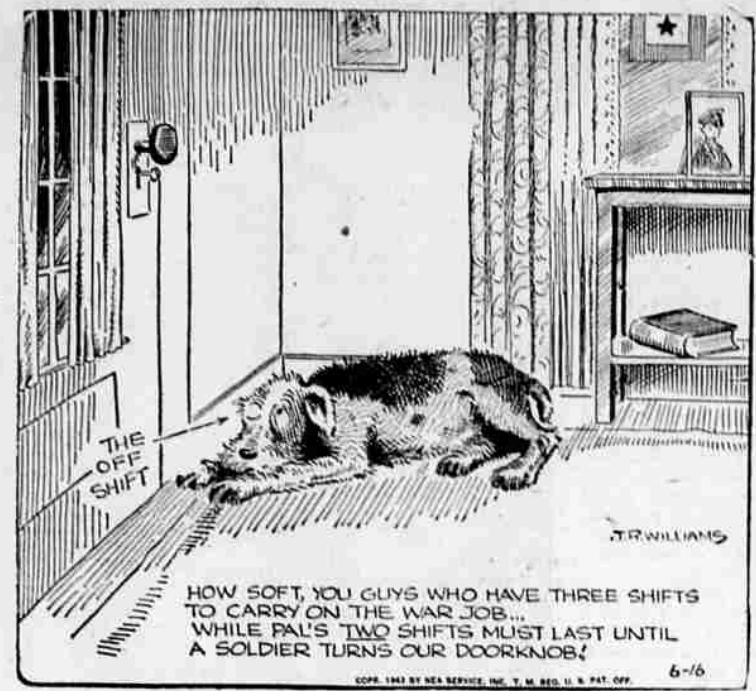
55 Drill

57 Head cover

59 Biblical pronoun



## Out Our Way



## By J. R. Williams

## Our Boarding House



## With Major Hoople

## Red Ryder



## 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