

# WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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**HYSTERIA**  
CHAPTER XIV  
I THOUGHT all this out as I went onward along the path. Mattison's cottage looked very peaceful and cozy.

I knocked a couple of times and when Mattison didn't come, I opened the unlocked screen door, crossed the porch and called into the living room: "Mr. Mattison—Mr. Mattison."

He didn't answer. But surely he wasn't far away or he wouldn't have left the radio playing. I went in and sat down to wait for him.

The Cottage fireplace is fashioned out of rough field stone. It is rugged and picturesque and a couple of niches are built in each side to contain bric-a-brac. It annoyed me to see that the niches were bare; a woman would have filled them with books or gay pottery. Harriet had. And that reminded me that the flat stone in the bottom of one of the niches was loose. There was a small cavity underneath it. We had had a joking habit of leaving notes there for Walter and Harriet in the old days.

That came back to me now like a flash of sheer inspiration, and the next moment I was looking cautiously around to see if Clint Mattison was yet in sight.

I HEARD his footsteps on the porch and then his form loomed black in the doorway.

"I hope you don't mind my making myself at home," I said. "I wanted to see you so I just came in and waited."

"Of course not," he said heartily. He crossed the room with long strides, took his pipe out of his mouth, laid it on the mantel and sat down in the chair across the hearth from me. He didn't glance once at the niche in the stone mantel wall where I had just hidden Derek's wallet. The money and Kathy's ring were still in it. I would have removed them if I hadn't been so hurried.

Mattison smiled wryly. "I suppose you've come for my report?"

"For a moment I didn't understand."

He went on. "I'm afraid the only progress I've made is rather personal. I've just persuaded your granddaughter that she ought to go fishing with me tomorrow morning."

"Oh—report," I laughed and got my breath back. "On the contrary, I've just come to ask you to forget all about my request of last night. You see, I was being a very silly old woman. I knew my daughter-in-law had seen the murdered man—talked to him, I mean—and I was afraid if the police found that out it would look bad for her."

Trying to look as innocent as a baby, I prattled on: "But, as you know, it was proved that she had no connection with the man's death, and so..." I shrugged eloquently.

Mattison looked at me rather quizzically.

I rose to my feet. "Well, that's all."

His quizzical look resolved into words. "You mean, you don't want to know who killed Derek Grady?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I'm simply not concerned any more," I said tartly. I moved toward the door. He followed me. His words had filled me. "You might remember, too, that my granddaughter is engaged," I added nastily.

He stared over my head at the lake.

"I wish I could forget it," he said.

I WALKED fast because I was furious. I had been peeved by Mattison's penitence, remorse about my not wanting to know who killed Derek Grady. And so I had mentioned Kathy's engagement to give him something to worry about. But he might wonder why she wore no ring. He might even ask her about it.

Kathy came running out the study door as I reached the terrace. She reached out her hands to me as she had when she was a child and needed help.

"Gram, where have you been?" A question she was to ask me later in a far more tragic moment. "Margaret's having hysterics. It's—terrible."

Hysterics aren't a pretty sight even when a neurotic woman has them; but seeing Margaret, who had been one of the staid and firm bulwarks of our lives, go to pieces

was as devastating as being caught in an earthquake.

I sent Kathy to phone for a doctor and hurried into the bathroom to wet some towels in cold water. I laid them on Margaret's head. It seemed a long time before the doctor came. He gave her a hypodermic. She relaxed slowly and her sobs became a moaning.

"She'll go to sleep now," the doctor said looking down at her. "If she wakes and shows any signs of returning hysteria, give her a couple of these. Repeat every two hours if necessary."

He had opened his medicine case while he spoke. He took out a bottle of white pills, poured ten or twelve of them into his palm, put them into a small envelope and handed it to me. I put it on the night table beside Margaret's bed.

Margaret did go to sleep and was still asleep at bedtime when I slipped into her room to see if she was all right. I stood for a moment looking at her. Even in sleep her face was sorrowful, and she seemed to have grown tinner these last few days. She made a pathetically small hump beneath the quilt.

I went to bed and to sleep in spite of my harried thoughts. But not soundly. Time after time my subconscious fears broke through in frightening dreams and woke me up.

That was how I happened to hear Margaret.

(To Be Continued)

Fourteen feet of angieworms may be eaten by a young robin in a single day.

**LEGAL NOTICES**  
**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Notice is hereby given that Kate D. Peyton has been duly appointed Administratrix-with-the-will-annexed of the Estate of Oscar Peyton, deceased, by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Klamath County, and all persons having claims against said Estate are notified to present same, duly verified, to said administratrix-with-the-will-annexed at the office of R. C. Groesbeck, Lawyer, 538 Main Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.  
Dated: May 22, 1943.

**KATE D. PEYTON,**  
Administratrix with the Will annexed of the Estate of Oscar Peyton, deceased.  
M22-29; J5-12-19. No. 233.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR KLAMATH COUNTY**  
**IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ALBERT MARK,** (sometimes known as Al Mark), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that I have been appointed Executor of the estate of Albert Mark, Deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the office of Fred D. Fletcher, Suite 12 Melhase Bldg., Klamath Falls, Oregon within six months from date hereof.  
Dated June 5, 1943.  
Howard Mark,  
Executor.  
J 5-12-19-26; Jy 3. No. 247.

**NOTICE**  
Notice is hereby given that Klamath County proposes to exchange with the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, the following described real property owned by Klamath County, Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 1 to 8, inc. and 11 and 13 of Block 2,  
Lots 1 to 25, inc. of Block 5,  
Lots 1 to 21, inc. of Block 6,  
Lots 1 to 17, inc. of Block 9,  
Lots 1 to 12, inc. of Block 10,  
Lots 1 to 7, inc. and 16 to 23, inc. of Block 12,  
Lots 1 to 8, inc., and 21 to 29, inc. of Block 13,  
Lots 7 to 14, inc. of Block 14,  
All in Westover Terraces, Klamath County, Oregon, for the following described property owned by the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon, to-wit:  
Northeasterly 50 feet of Lot 3, Block 57, Nichols Addition to Klamath Falls, Oregon,  
and by Resolution of the County Court of Klamath County, Oregon, the time for entering objections thereto has been set on the 7th day of July, 1943, at the hour of 10 A. M., at the County Court Room, Klamath Falls, Oregon.  
**MAE K. SHORT,**  
Clerk of Klamath County, Oregon  
By Allen Sloan, Deputy.  
M 29; J 4-11-18. No. 242.

**HOLD EVERYTHING!**

Notice is hereby given that I have filed my Final Account and report as Administrator of the above-mentioned Estate, and the above-entitled Court has fixed 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 14, 1943, as the time, and the Circuit Court Room in the Court House of Klamath County, Oregon, in the City of Klamath Falls, in said County, as the place, when and where any person may present any objection or exception to anything contained therein, or to anything done by me as Administrator, and that at such time and place the above-entitled Court will finally pass upon and settle said Account.

**D. N. EAGLE,**  
Administrator.  
M 29; J 5-12-19. No. 243

"I think I'd like the tank corps, sir—I came from a tank town!"

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In the England of the 11th century, splinters of wood, dipped in tallow, were used as candles.

## NEWS OF THE THEATRES



Rochester gives Jack Benny some good advice from the scene from the laugh riot of the year, "The Meanest Man in the World," starring Jack Benny, Priscilla Lane, and Rochester. The current attraction at the Esquire.



Dorris Bowden returns to the screen with a gripping portrayal of a young Norwegian wife, widowed by the Nazi invasion. In the filmisation of John Steinbeck's great novel, "The Moon Is Down," starting tonight at midnight at the Pelican. An all-star cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers and Lee J. Cobb.



Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake and Robert Preston featured in "This Gun for Hire" with Laird Regar heading the supporting cast, opens tomorrow at the Pine Tree. Also on the same bill, "Ice Capades Revue" with an all-star cast.



Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith in "Gentleman Jim." Warner Bros. filmisation of the Life of James J. Corbett, heads the double bill starting tomorrow at the Tower. Companion feature stars Lloyd Nolan in "The Apache Trail."

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



HE FLIES JUST LIKE A WILD DUCK

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

