

# WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

**SUSPENSE**  
CHAPTER XVI  
IT was Deputy Shaw who took charge. He phoned the doctor and told him to bring a stomach pump. Then he ordered us all out of Margaret's room except Clara and Sarah and Mattison. He said they'd be needed to help.

I went down to the big square white-tiled kitchen and put some coffee on to boil. Maybe a cup of it hot and black would bring me out of the nightmare in which I was moving with the clogged and frantic efforts peculiar to bad dreams.

The nightmare which had begun the moment Mattison and I broke into Margaret's room and saw her gray-clad and touched her clammy hands. The nightmare which had sucked me into its depths when I glanced at the table beside her bed. The glass that I had left there was empty, and the small envelope which had contained the remaining sleeping tablets was torn raggedly open.

Clint Mattison's voice sounded miles away. "I think we need a doctor," Mrs. Kraik.

All the phones at Kraiktower are downstairs. I remember how I started down the steps, for I was faint with shock. I was nearly at the bottom when someone banged the knocker on the hall door. I opened it and there in the flagged entrance stood Deputy Shaw. He lifted his cap, smiled, and swallowed what he was going to say. I must have looked ghastly.

"What's happened?" he barked. I told him, trying to keep my voice steady. He took over without any foolish preliminaries.

It was the longest day of my life. The doctor went away to make his morning calls and came back and went away again.

Deputy Shaw used the phone and another police car came with three men in it. They lugged an inhalator up to Margaret's room. Then Shaw went away.

Clint Mattison came down about 1 o'clock and ate with us. He ut his pipe afterward and said he was going out for some air before he went back upstairs.

He saw the question in my eyes and shook his head. "We can't tell yet, Mrs. Kraik. We keep her holding her up, and we talk to her and try to concentrate her attention. But she's only half-conscious."

Kathy got up suddenly from her chair. "Do you mind if I walk with you?" she asked Mattison. Of course he didn't. I watched them wander off down by the lake. Mattison was broad-shouldered and half a head taller than Kathy. They made a nice-looking couple.

The doctor came back again about 6 o'clock and was upstairs for more than an hour. When he came down he hunted me up in the living room. Walter had mixed cocktails and we were sipping them and waiting for the dinner gong. We were all there except Will Grady's wife. She had been sitting quietly all day, staring at me whenever I went upstairs and moving away to avoid speaking.

The middle of the afternoon she had gone over to their room in the tower and sent word back later that she had a headache and didn't want any dinner.

The doctor looked very grave as he crossed the room toward me and my heart drew into a knot. He took his glasses off, polished them with a handkerchief, and said slowly, "She's going to live."

He held the glasses up to the light and then polished them vigorously again. "But her mind—"

My heart stood still, and the horror of my quick guess must have shown in my face.

"No—it isn't that," he added hastily. "She's not insane. She understands what you say to her and answers quite sensibly. But her memory's gone. She doesn't remember anything that's happened. Not even her grandson's death."

The doctor's voice seemed to come from a great distance as he finished in his deliberate fashion: "What she needs now is rest and quiet. And—her memory may return in time. Mrs. Grady is with her now."

So he went away and left me standing there, rather stupidly trying to take in the full import of his words.

Connie, too, acted as if she couldn't quite grasp it all at once. She walked stiffly over to a window and stood staring out at the deepening dusk. After a time

over her shoulder, without looking around: "The doctor says Margaret doesn't even remember that Derek is dead. Isn't that odd?"

Kathy jerked her head up and looked at Connie intently. Will Grady acted the most normal of any of us. He polished off another cocktail, set the glass down, and rubbed his hands together. "The old lady's tough. Guess it would take more than a sleeping tablet to finish her off."

Walter agreed with him in an absent-minded sort of way. Then the dinner gong sounded and we went into the dining room. Will Grady sat at Walter's right. He made clumsy mistakes with his silver and his big voice boomed constantly. It occurred to me finally that he was talking too much even for a man embarrassed by the presence of servants and more implements beside his plate

**PATRIOTIC PANEL CROCHETERS' PRIDE**



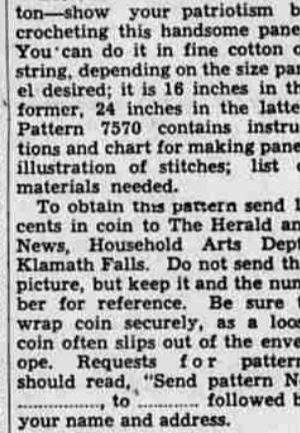
Get out crochet hook and cotton—show your patriotism by crocheting this handsome panel. You can do it in fine cotton or string, depending on the size panel desired; it is 18 inches in the former, 24 inches in the latter. Pattern 7570 contains instructions and chart for making panel; illustration of stitches; list of materials needed.



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."

by Alice Brooks

7570



**HOLD EVERYTHING!**



"No matter how disgusted you get, don't ever again throw up your hands in despair!"

**FUNNY BUSINESS**



"I'll bet he keeps his chickens from poaching through those knotholes now!"

than he knew how to use. He had something on his mind and was trying to cover it up with a flood of talk.

I wondered what it was. Kathy disturbed my reflections with some remark, and when I turned my head to answer her, I caught Clint Mattison watching me as if I had been watching Will Grady. I remembered with unease the same speculative intensity in his eyes when he had looked at me that morning in the breakfast room. Another man with something on his mind!

(To Be Continued)

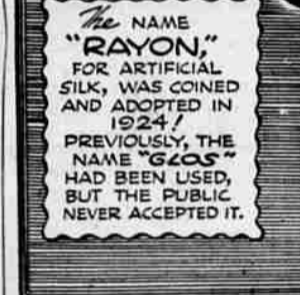
It has been estimated that the wealth of the United States amounts to \$247,000,000,000.

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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



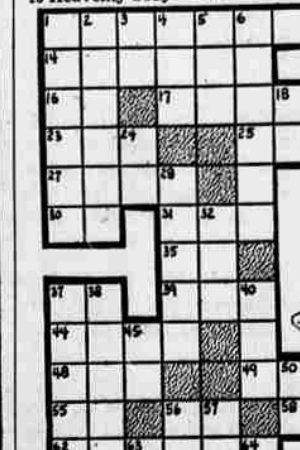
The name "RAYON," for artificial silk, was coined and adopted in 1924! PREVIOUSLY, THE NAME "GOS" HAD BEEN USED, BUT THE PUBLIC NEVER ACCEPTED IT.

ANSWER: Kodiak Island, off south coast of Alaska.

NEXT: Hitler's prayers were answered.

## ANCIENT SPORT

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Depicted sport
  - 7 It is a sport
  - 14 Revolve
  - 15 Expectantly
  - 16 Symbol for subidium
  - 17 Unhappier
  - 21 Rupees (abbr.)
  - 22 Behold!
  - 23 Kinnono sash
  - 25 Great fear
  - 26 He
  - 27 Departed
  - 28 Unfettered
  - 30 Senior (abbr.)
  - 31 Belongs to us
  - 33 Either
  - 34 Registered nurse (abbr.)
  - 35 Indian mulberry
  - 38 Us
  - 37 Explanation
  - 39 Matched pieces
  - 41 New Testament (abbr.)
  - 42 Symbol for cerium
  - 44 Pillar
  - 46 Heavenly body
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- LEWISBREERETON  
OLEO IRE DARE  
RUM NOT ROE EAR  
AD ASKS INNS TE  
PI EL EA  
TERM LUIS YIELDS  
EN A EO  
ADDS BODICION ENDING  
RI CR AT  
AS NAME ARMY BI  
BET PAR USE SUN  
ERIE NOD EMIR  
MIDDLEASTERN
- 20 Sun god**
- 24 Within
  - 26 Hour (abbr.)
  - 28 Bread browned by heat
  - 29 Chafes
  - 32 Rubber tree
  - 33 Possess (abbr.)
  - 37 Seem
  - 38 Fealty
  - 40 Summit
  - 42 Vegetable
  - 43 Fur
  - 45 Steamship (abbr.)
  - 2 Thiel
  - 3 Court (abbr.)
  - 4 Possesses
  - 5 Greek letter area
  - 6 More crimson
  - 8 And (Latin)
  - 9 Atmosphere
  - 10 Lord Privy Seal (abbr.)
  - 11 Size of shot
  - 12 More sanctified
  - 13 Naval petty officers
  - 18 Doctor (abbr.)
  - 19 Early English (abbr.)
  - 23 Court (abbr.)
  - 24 Within
  - 26 Hour (abbr.)
  - 28 Bread browned by heat
  - 29 Chafes
  - 32 Rubber tree
  - 33 Possess (abbr.)
  - 37 Seem
  - 38 Fealty
  - 40 Summit
  - 42 Vegetable
  - 43 Fur
  - 45 Steamship (abbr.)
  - 47 Symbol for tantalum
  - 50 Measure of area
  - 51 Toward
  - 52 Editor (abbr.)
  - 53 Withered
  - 56 Feudal beneficence
  - 57 Ever (contr.)
  - 59 Over (contr.)
  - 60 Diminutive of Samuel
  - 63 Right (abbr.)
  - 64 Symbol for tin
  - 66 Yes (Sp.)



## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE "STERN" SEX

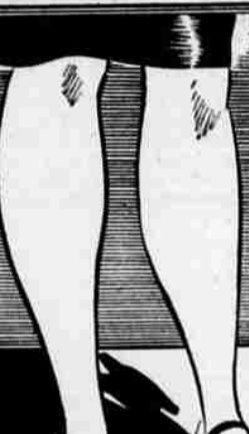
## NEAR MISS

**KANSAS CITY (AP)**—Ensign Winslow Beckwith, West Newton, Mass., wrote his mother during an overnight stop.

Pvt. Walker Beckwith, also on route to a new assignment, stayed all night here. He wrote his mother.

The letters revealed the two brothers, who haven't seen each other for a year, stayed in the same hotel the same night—And they still haven't met.

By William Ferguson



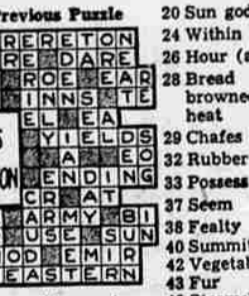
## Red Ryder

By Fred Harman



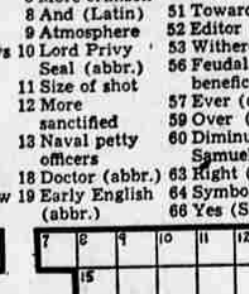
## Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



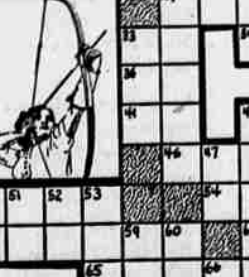
## Wash Tubbs

By Crane



## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



## Allep Oop

By Martin



## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



## Red Ryder

By Fred Harman



## 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

