

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

COPYRIGHT, 1943.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

ACCUSED

CHAPTER XX

"I DON'T know who took the gun, or when," I said wearily. "I only know it's gone."

Mattison looked from me to Kathy and then to the gun in his hand. "We might try tracing this gun ourselves before we turn it over to the police," he said slowly. "Mrs. Kraik, if you'll tell me where you bought it!"

Walter answered. "I got it for Mother. Bought it at a hardware store in Middleton."

"We can phone there, then, and get the serial number," Mattison spoke briskly.

Kathy's voice was like a whip. "Not the girl on the village switchboard hears everything. Let's take the gun into Middleton and check it. I'll drive you."

I couldn't just wait around the house while they were gone. I went upstairs and changed into slacks and an old sweater and a pair of low-heeled oxfords and went out to work in the rose garden.

A half hour later the sun glinted on a windshield in the drive, and Kathy's yellow roadster swung into view. She saw me among the roses, slid the car to a stop, said something to Mattison, and came over to me.

Her face was pretty terrible, and her eyes swollen and red from crying. Well, I had known all along that it must be my gun.

"Gram," her voice was under fair control, considering the way she looked, "come for a ride with us. Clint wants to talk to you."

It was June and the countryside was lush. Wild roses clustered along the fences, and white-faced field daisies starred the pastures.

Mattison tamped down his vile-smelling pipe, cupped a match in his two hands and lit it. Then he said without looking at me, "It was your gun, Mrs. Kraik."

As if that were news to me! Kathy slowed the car to a small's pace and looked at me sidewise.

Her voice was as thick with tears as her eyes. "Gram, won't you tell us about it. You can trust Clint. He's with us. We want to help you—and we can't unless we know everything."

"Know what?" I said tartly. Mattison took up the task. "Know just why—and how you killed Derek Grady."

MY mouth hung open for a moment. "You—you think I killed Derek Grady?"

Mattison was patient. "Well, in the first place, your gun has had one bullet fired from it. Kathy says she never knew until today that there was a gun in the house, so it's pretty safe to assume that your daughter-in-law didn't know it either. That leaves you as the most likely person to have used it."

"Then there's the matter of the sleeping tablets. You admit giving your housekeeper two of the tablets, but you broke the glass that had contained the medicine that morning. I thought it was merely an accident when I told the police about it. Now—I don't believe it was accidental. You were deliberately trying to destroy evidence against yourself."

I glared at him. So it had been dear little Clint Mattison who had told Deputy Shaw about me knocking the glass off the stand and then stepping on it. I might have known.

"And then—" he looked rather sheepish. "I happened to see you through the window of my cottage a couple of days ago, when you were waiting for me. I'm human with a natural amount of curiosity, so after you left I looked to see what you had hidden in the mantel niche. At first I thought you'd hidden that stuff there to try and frame me, but now—I know you were just trying to protect Kathy. If the money and the ring had been found on Grady's body, she'd have been implicated."

"This is illuminating," I said bitterly. Mattison shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "I'm not passing judgment on you, Mrs. Kraik. You found out that Grady was blackmailing your granddaughter and you killed him to protect her."

MY mind was beginning to function again. "And just when am I supposed to have done all this murdering, young man?"

Katherine gave me a look of pure misery. "We know about that, too, Gram—Imogene told me last night. After that chief deputy wormed it out of her she thought

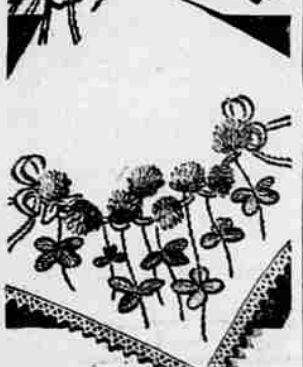
she'd better tell one of us so we could figure out what was best to do. You remember Imogene was present, Gram, when the deputy first questioned us. She heard you and Connie tell him that you two were together at lunch, when Derek was supposed to have been shot. But she knows that you weren't together all of that time. Connie came into the breakfast room with some instructions about Judy's food and sat down and fed the baby herself. Imogene says Connie must have been in there with her and the children for six or seven minutes."

This was too much. "Stop the car!" I commanded.

Kathy obeyed out of sheer surprise, I suppose, and the next moment I had fun open the door next to me and stepped down into the road. "Thanks so much for the ride," I said icily. "I'll walk back."

It was dusk when I trudged into the house. It had been a long

CLOVERS SPELL LUCK AND LOVELY LINENS



7529
by Alice Brooks

Get three shades of six-strand cotton for these clover flowers. You can imagine how realistic they look done in lazy-daisy stitch—on varied linens. And hidden in each motif are some four-leaf clovers—luck to you. Pattern 7529 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 8 x 8 to 2 x 22 inches; stitches; 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."

HOLD EVERYTHING!



6-26
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Mutiny, eh? Put him in the plastic substitute for iron!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



6-26
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"And this is our new conservation model—no frame!"

walk and, with every step, my resentment against Clint Mattison had grown. It was his ingratitude that hurt most, for wasn't I the one who had invited him to do a little amateur sleuthing, never dreaming that he would fasten upon me as Suspect Number One? And, thinking about him, it had suddenly dawned upon me how very little we knew about him. He said he was a writer, but what if he wasn't?

He looked more like a gangster. (To Be Continued)

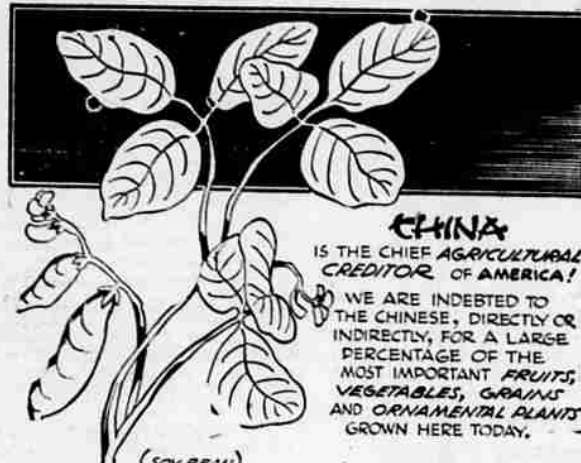
The Liberator is the largest bomber in volume production in the United States. It weighs 17 tons.

SELF-CLEANING HOUSE PAINT
by **DUPONT**
—KEEPS WHITE HOUSES WHITE

F. R. HAUGER
Open All Day
Saturday
515 Market Phone 7221

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



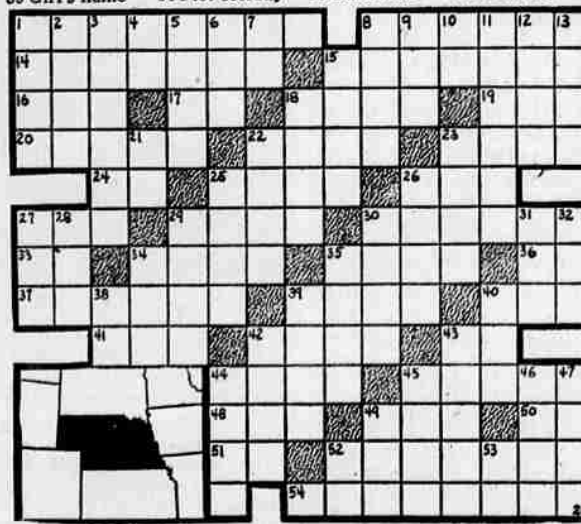
CHINA
IS THE CHIEF AGRICULTURAL CREDITOR OF AMERICA!
WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE CHINESE, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, FOR A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FRUITS, VEGETABLES, GRAINS AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS GROWN HERE TODAY.

(ANSWER: Prime Minister Winston Churchill.)

NEXT: Small but mighty bacteria.

MIDWESTERN STATE

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted state
8 Gazes fixedly
14 Substance
15 Its capital is
16 Wine vessel
17 Railroad (abbr.)
18 Fortified place
19 King of Judah (Bib.)
20 Sculptured medallion
22 Mass of floating ice
23 Remnant
24 Babylonian deity
25 Weight allowance
26 Golf peg
27 Mean fellow
29 Woody plant
30 Merchant
33 Area measure
34 Algonquin Indian
35 Broad smile
36 International language
37 Madhouse
39 Girl's name
40 Emmet
41 Dibble
42 Exclamation of sorrow
43 Symbol for erbium
44 Hundredth of a right angle
45 Flower
48 Edge
49 Bridge part
50 Six (Roman)
51 Paid notice
52 Reduces to a lower grade
54 Plot secretly
13 Protuberance
15 Booty
18 Run away from
21 Ambary
22 Unfettered
23 College office
25 Neat
26 Group of three
27 Taxi
28 Exist
29 Snare
30 Very (Fr.)
31 Sea eagle
32 Decay
34 Note in Guido's scale
35 Happy
38 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
39 Mollusk
40 Skill
42 Dry
43 Bar by estoppel
44 Snatch
45 Goals
46 At all times
47 Get up
49 Kind of nut
52 Accomplish
53 Palm lily



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

It is mid-day and life goes on here, though the populace does not have any rest. I am looking into burned places where the flames come up again. We tired people have to continue work, so much has happened here in the last few nights. — German broadcast from bombed Duesseldorf.

Even bold people were a bit shy right after June 15.

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THAT WILL WORRY HIM EN ROUTE

Red Ryder

By Fred Harman



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NO MATTER WHAT LEFTY DOES TO YOU, IT'S OKAY BY ME! YOU'VE GOT IT COMING!

AND FROM NOW ON, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL NEVER BELIEVE A WORD YOU SAY! NEVER!!

DON'T SIT DOWN THERE, CAPTAIN! COOK... YOUR CHAIR IS OVER HERE!

I STILL THINK YOU WERE LYING ABOUT THE CHAIR!

6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YES, I SHOT MARPO! HE WAS A TRAITOR! IT WAS HIS LIFE OR OURS. BESIDES...

MY FATHER, GEORGE CLERT, WHO WAS TO MEET YOU, WAS SHOT BY THE NAZIS. MARPO HAD HIM ARRESTED!

GRICK! CRAACK!!

WUP! SOMETHING'S UNDER THAT HAY!

6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WASH TUBBS

By Crane



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OKAY, PUG-GIVE OUT ON YOUR BIG SECRET

YOU JUST WAIT—THE PROFESSOR IS GONNA HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT FOR A FEW DAYS OFF YOUR JOB?

OH, BY THE WAY, BOOTS—AREN'T YOU ABOUT DUE FOR A FEW DAYS OFF YOUR JOB?

HERE COMES

WHY, I SUPPOSE SO, PROFESSOR—BUT WHY?

OH, NOTHING—I WAS JUST WONDERING

6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALLEP OOP

By Martin



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT WHO'S THIS ARCHIMEDES GUY THAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

ONE OF THE GREATEST MATHEMATICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WIZARDS OF ALL TIME! HE MIGHT WELL BE CALLED THE FATHER OF MECHANICAL WARFARE

A REGULAR MILITARY WHIZ, EH?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES.

WELL, THEN, IF HE'S IN SYRACUSE, HE'D BETTER WHOZ TO WORK BECAUSE FROM HERE, IT LOOKS LIKE SYRACUSE IS IN A BAD WAY!

GOOD GADFEY! WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THROUGH THE WHOLE ROMAN ARMY TO GET INTO THE CITY!

6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray



6-26
J. R. WILLIAMS
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EH? OH! WIE GEHTS, COMMANDER—YAY! WE ARE QUITE COMFORTABLE. THANKS! HO! HO! HO! SO WE ARE TRAPPED, EH? DOT ISS A GOOD VUM-

SO? YOU WOULD BLOW US TO BITS, EH? UNDO THE LITTLE VUM TOO, PERHAPS—I AM AFRAID DER GREAT HERR VARBUCKS WOULD NOT LIKE DOT SO GOOT!

AH-H-H—DER GREAT GENERAL VARBUCKS IN PERSON! THIS ISS A PLEASURE—IF VE WOULD SURRENDER, VE WOULD BE SAFE, EH?

HO! HO! HO! SO YOU TOO ARE A FUKEY FELLOW, EH? NO! PRETTY SOON VE GO! IF ANYONE TRIES TO HARM THIS U-BOAT... THEN... ANNIE DIES!