

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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JAIL

CHAPTER XXIV

It was Kathy's great moment and she was magnificent. She marched up to Shaw with her head held high and her eyes flashing scornfully at him.

"Nice work, sheriff," she taunted. "You've built a perfect case out of air. And if it was anyone but Gram, I'd let you get away with it. Sorry to spoil your climax but—I killed Derek Grady!"

No one seemed able to say anything. "I killed him, but you'd never have proved it on me. I was too clever for you. I destroyed the only evidence you would ever have had against me. Destroyed it yesterday and no one suspected. My BLACK COAT, the BLACK COAT with the bullet hole in the pocket. I carried it out of here before their very eyes—Gram even saw me and talked to me in the hall. I took it out on the lake and filled the pockets with stones and sank it!"

Shaw waited until she had finished and then said quietly, his words deflating her like a pin-pricked balloon, "I was wondering if I'd have to take your grandmother to jail before you'd break down and confess."

She struggled vainly to regain her self-assurance as he pounded questions at her. She had gone to the bank in Liston the morning of the day when Grady was killed, hadn't she? Yes. She had tried to cash a check for \$5,000 hadn't she, and the bank had had only \$500 in cash on hand? And the cashier had told her she couldn't get it until morning even by going to Middleton, for the banks closed there at noon on Thursdays, taking their half-holiday in midweek instead of on Saturday during the summer, wasn't that right? Yes. And Derek had gotten pretty nasty hadn't he when she went back to him with only \$500, for he couldn't wait until morning, the police were too hot on his trail?

Kathy's lips opened but no sound came from them, and there was sheer heartbreak in her eyes.

Shaw waited a moment, and when he saw that Kathy wasn't going to speak, asked, "What did he do? Threaten you with physical harm?"

Kathy wet her parched lips. "No. He—he saw my ring, and he wanted it—and I said I couldn't give it to him, it was my engagement ring, and—then he took it from me. He—he hurt me." She swallowed once. "I had the gun in the pocket of my coat—I had gotten it for him, out of the desk in Gram's room, and so—so I shot him."

It was at this point that George Baker got up from his chair with the jerky motion of a jack-in-the-box. He strutted up to Shaw. "See here," he ordered, trying to make his falsetto voice belligerent. "What's the use of airing all this in public? What if she did kill the man? He deserved it, didn't he?" He fumbled at a pocket and drew out his check book. "Just forget all this. I'll pay you anything—anything you say." No price was too high to protect the precious Baker name from any connection with scandal.

But George had made a mistake. Shaw didn't even bother to answer the dapper little banker, just turned a broad shoulder in his face and spoke to Kathy: "Are you ready to go now?"

What happened after that was anti-climax. George's splutterings became abusive . . . something about the complete assninity of policemen.

Kathy turned toward him. "I'm sorry, George, that I got you into this mess." She looked down at her bare left hand. "I can't give you back your ring—just now—but please understand that our engagement's ended. You're not to blame for any of this, and it's not fair that you should suffer." George's face flamed. "What do you take me for? I'm sticking, of course."

Of course! The code of the George Bakers never allows them publicly to run out on a woman.

AND so George and Mattison and Walter went along when Shaw took Kathy away. Mattison giving me an odd look just before he went out the door.

Connie stayed behind, obviously thinking it her duty to take care of me. I let her help me up the stairs, but once there I told her I'd be all right and shut my bedroom door firmly in her face. Then I went to bed and to sleep. I slept straight through until the next morning, and woke to find it still dark at 8 o'clock and heard rain pelted against the window panes.

I called Clara and asked her to bring my breakfast upstairs, and I was still eating when Walter came in. He gave me a couple of pieces of bad news to digest along with my toast and marmalade.

First, he said Kathy would have to stay in jail. There was something in the law which said a person charged with murder couldn't be released on bail. Then he added that George Baker was flying east to engage the best criminal lawyer available for Kathy's defense.

Those were a couple of angles

FAVORITE FLOWERS FOR YOUR LINENS



7568



by Alice Brooks

Whether it's towel or pillowcase, scarf or cloth you are embroidering, it will be enhanced by these "true to life" garden favorites. And if you can't decide which color scheme to choose, peek out in your garden and let nature be your guide. Pattern 7568 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs averaging 4 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; stitches.

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!



"No coaching, please!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"No need to worry when it rains—every bed is equipped with its own umbrella!"

I hadn't counted on. I thought things over and as soon as Walter left I got up and dressed and went downstairs and called Clint Mattison at the Cottage. I asked him if he'd drive me in to see Kathy.

That was the funny part of it. I didn't wait for Mattison to come looking for me. No, I sent for him!

And so I had no one but myself to blame for what happened after that.

(To Be Continued)

CROOKED RIVER

So crooked is Kentucky's Nolichucky river that it winds a distance of 20 miles in flowing between two points six miles apart.

It is difficult for a pilot to judge height above a snow surface when approaching for a landing. The tendency is to level off too high, with a resulting drop which can damage the landing gear.

Steel in an average-sized lawn mower is enough to make one 100-pound bomb.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



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First Assassination Attempt
Andrew Jackson was the first president of the United States upon whose life an attempt was made. Richard Lawrence, on January 30, 1835, triggered two pistols at him while he attended a funeral, but both missed fire.

AIRPLANE "LIFT"

Two thirds of the lift of an airplane's wings is produced by a partial vacuum created above the wings, and the other one-third results from pressure under the wings.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

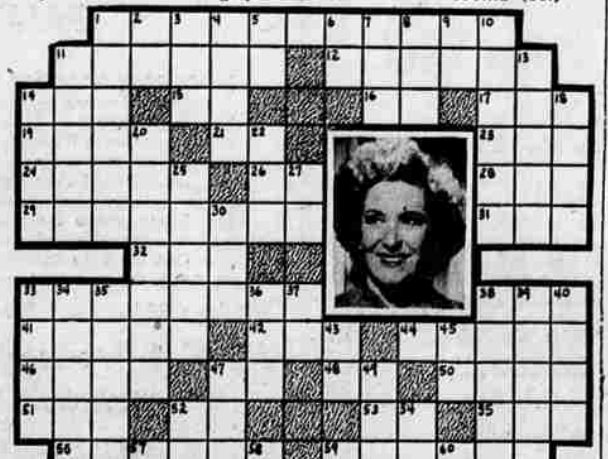


ANSWER: Snew, a duck; shrew, a small mammal, or a scolding woman; slew, a marshy place.

NEXT: Why is the cutworm a fish columnist?

RADIO COMEDIENNE

HORIZONTAL	Answer to Previous Puzzle	20 Tropical timber tree
1 Pictured comedienne,	BARNEYROSS POEM	22 Sesame
11 Vegetable	AN ARE MOO LAVA	25 Boundary
12 One in debt	COT ROPED RARER	27 Mine
14 Sedan	QOPR MAN DON ENI	30 Diminutive of Daniel
15 Manuscript (abbr.)	NEPOTAL BIB FEN	33 Genus of barn owls
16 Egypt (abbr.)	AWN HEN MADE	34 More uncommon
17 Urge on (Scot.)	E ADG CUT WAR S	35 Device for applying acid
19 Jewel	JAPS TAG LIP	36 Weapon
21 Size of shot	E RE CON FAT	37 Street (abbr.)
23 Oriental dwelling	CR VAN FIT	38 Act of sewing
24 Lawful	TIGER SLEET	39 Trap
26 I am (contr.)	EVER PEANO ROSS	40 Merit
28 Greek letter	DEMY LAXITY	43 Exclamation
29 Quakingly		45 Like
31 Portuguese title		47 Sagacious
32 Wine vessel		49 Genus of maples
33 Copies		52 Reverend (abbr.)
38 Compass point		54 Girl's name (abbr.)
41 Boat		57 New England (abbr.)
42 Indian		58 Symbol for erbium
44 Aggregate animals of a region		59 Of the thing
46 Group of three		60 And (Fr.)
** Symbol for tin		



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allop Oop



Little Orphan Annie

