

DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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THE STORY: Joe Parker, well-known editor of the *Albany Express*, has been found stabbed to death. Society reporter Pat Cleveland, sports writer Clem Evans, and ex-newspaperman Dave Elson are determined to solve the murder. There are two clues—a threatening, unsigned letter found among Joe's papers, and the voice of a man who attacks Dave in the dark of Joe's empty house.

THE TYPEWRITER

CHAPTER IV

THEY remembered Joe Parker the next afternoon. Pat never knew how she got through the short service at the church and again at the grave when the solemn "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" brought fresh tears to the eyes of almost everyone in the crowd. Of course, Dave Elson's firm hand on her elbow helped a lot.

Later, after they had gone back to the big house that had been Parker's home since childhood, Pat decided that the scribbled note on an immense basket of red roses was as much of a comfort to her as anything else.

"He was a great man—and a true friend to all who knew him. Pat could not help being a bit surprised at the donor, for Randolph Atherton never agreed with Parker. Not on the plans for the new city park, improving Main street, or anything else. But his message, so sincere and thoughtful, told her that tragedy had conquered all other enemies and the flowers were Atherton's final tribute.

"That man never paid tribute to anyone but himself, Pat." Dave remarked sarcastically when she told him about it. "He has one ambition—money. How he gets it doesn't matter."

The girl laughed. "My, but you're cynical," she told him. "Is that what New York does for you?"

"Maybe life is what does it, Pat. People are funny when you get around and see a lot of them. You don't trust anybody, not even yourself. See what I mean, Pat?"

"Sort of. But it's wrong, Dave, all wrong."

Dave ran his fingers through his hair in a characteristic gesture that she had almost forgotten.

"I know, Pat, but—"
"Here, children," Sarah Harrington, Mr. Parker's old housekeeper, interrupted him. "Drink some tea and get the chill out of your bones."

A LITTLE later Clem and Mary Evans came in. Dave switched on the light and the glory of the open fire was masked by the lighter—and less romantic—table lamp.

The tea, so piping hot and delicious when Mrs. Harrington had brought it in, had cooled alarmingly and Pat followed the housekeeper into the kitchen to brew more. She smiled ruefully at the heavy bolt on the kitchen door. At least the mysterious prowler would not get in that way again.

"We should have known better," she said, "What, dearie?"

Mrs. Harrington bustled from the cabinet to the stove and back again. She gave Pat a quick, questioning look.

"The way Dave and I barreled in here," Pat explained. "Why, Aunt Sarah, we simply asked for trouble. The door was unlocked—that alone should have cautioned us. We might have known the police would have locked all doors. Oh, no! Not Cleveland and Elson, Incorporated. Prize chumps."

Mrs. Harrington laughed. "Hey, you two, Dave hailed them from the hall, 'are you making tea for the whole town?'"

"Indeed not," Mrs. Harrington chuckled, "but you can't make tea too quickly if you want it to be good."

"If that's it, I forgive you," he gave her a quick hug.

Pat slipped off her perch on the kitchen table.

"What are Clem and Mary doing?" she asked.

"That's what I came out about, Pat. We're going to have a look around the place and I know you'd never forgive me if we started without you. Come on, sleuth."

He started toward the door. "By the way, Aunt Sarah, we'll stop any time to eat. You know me."

CLEM and Mary were already in the study, a large room filled with books and souvenirs that Joe Parker's friends had sent him from all parts of the world. Exquisite wood carvings, autographed first editions, oddi-

ties of every kind. All eloquent testimony that Joe Parker had been loved by all who knew him. "Look everywhere," Clem told them. "Don't miss a thing. There's bound to be some clue, there always is. No crime is perfect."

His wife shook her head despairingly. "I'm beginning to doubt that," she said.

Pat almost agreed. She, too, had her moments when she was sure they would never know the truth. Half-heartedly, she sat down at Parker's desk.

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where Mr. Parker kept clippings of everything that interested him. "No use looking there, Pat," Dave said when the girl opened a drawer. "Blair turned it inside out."

"I know," she nodded vaguely, "but I just—"

Her voice trailed off into nothing and Dave turned back to his search, sympathetically silent.

Pat's fingers caressed the keyboard of the old typewriter on the desk. Absently, she rolled a sheet of paper into it and began to type the sentence that is as old as high school typing classes.

"Now is the time for all good men—"

She stopped, stared at the line of typed letters. That "i"—this was the typewriter that turned out that threatening letter!

"Dave!" she cried, "Dave, I've found it!"

Water Boy



Pvt. Nick Santarelli of Cannon City, Colo., carries drinking fountain for his outfit in Sicily in the form of a water can strapped on pack board.

Our Way

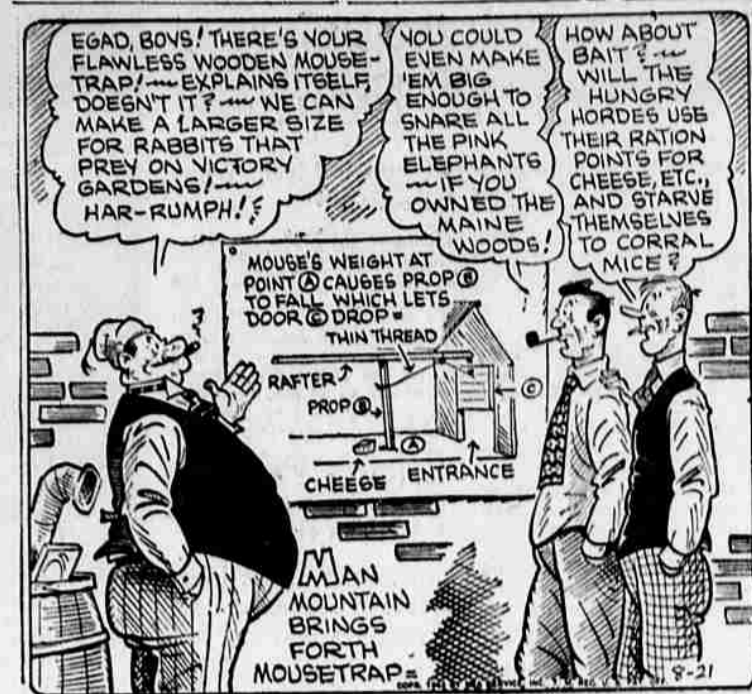
By J. R. Williams



THE SUPERFLUITY

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



MAN MOUNTAIN BRINGS FORTH MOUSETRAP

SPECIAL DELIVERY

LINCOLN, Neb., (AP)—It was dental inspection day at the Lincoln army air base. Sgt. Frank Lefevere of Camden, N. J., failed to answer the call.

Instead Sgt. Ralph Posmoga, of Clairton, Pa., assisting in the inspection, received a small box which contained a note from Lefevere reading, "I'll be a few minutes late, but I'm not needed anyway. Please deliver the package to the doctor in my absence."

Besides the note, the box contained one set of false teeth.

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Red Ryder

SIDE GLANCES



"Here comes the farmer who owns this land and the place looks a sight—hurry up, George, and put on your shoes!"

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Freckles and His Friends

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Little Orphan Annie

FUNNY BUSINESS



"Just getting a little fly-casting practice!"

U. S. ARMY UNIT INSIGNE

- | | | |
|---|--|---------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 24 Disdained |
| 1 Depicted in insignie of the U. S. 24th Division | JIM THORPE ASKS USE RODEOS SLIP LLERATE PSIMATE YES SEP JIM SPAI HERALD EL DAY SWE CRY SWELL LOG TEA SROREI NER EAST LINDIAN MIAA TIRE ASSERT PILN | 26 Court (abbr.) |
| 7 Symbols | | 27 Either |
| 13 Area measure | | 28 Indian |
| 14 Back of the neck | | 30 Each (abbr.) |
| 15 Maorian's chief weapon | | 31 Notary public (abbr.) |
| 16 Three-toed sloth | | 33 Arabian name |
| 17 Indigent | | 34 Land parcel |
| 19 Limit (comb. form) | | 36 Manuscript (abbr.) |
| 21 Perfume | | 37 Rough lava |
| 23 Yes | | 38 Musical instrument |
| 24 Polignant | | 39 Not as fast |
| 25 Symbol for tantalum | | 41 Oil (comb. form) |
| 26 Variety of lettuce | | 42 Us |
| 28 Wood sorrel | | 43 Negative |
| 29 Males | | 46 Explain |
| 32 Breach of faith | | 50 French article |
| 34 Vault | | 51 Not as much |
| 35 Gibbon | | 52 Name |
| 36 Defames | | 53 Compas point |
| 40 Village | | 54 Slumber |
| 44 Utter | | 56 Tiny |
| 45 Lamprey | | 57 Solitary |
| 46 Lion | | 60 On account |
| 47 Railroad | | 61 Palm fruit |
| | | 63 Norse goddess |
| | | 65 Symbol for erbium |
| | | 67 More luscious |
| | | 68 Stutter |
| | | VERTICAL |
| | | 1 Is able |
| | | 2 Exist |
| | | 3 Diminutive of Andrew |
| | | 4 Suppress |
| | | 5 Regius professor (abbr.) |
| | | 6 Petty officer |
| | | 7 Prince |
| | | 8 Myself |
| | | 9 Feminine undergarment (coll.) |
| | | 10 Native of Latvia |
| | | 11 Sheep's bleat |
| | | 12 Courtesy title |
| | | 18 Facility |
| | | 20 Sun god |
| | | 22 Domesticated |
| | | 23 Near |

