

DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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THE STORY: Joe Parker, well-known editor of the *Middle West*, has been found stabbed to death. Society reporter Pat Cleveland sports writer Clem Evans, and newspaperman Dave Elson, are determined to solve the murder. There are three clues: a threatening message that was written on Joe's own typewriter, the voice of the man who attacked Dave in the dark of Joe's empty house, and footprints in the snow.

RANDOLPH ATHERTON

CHAPTER VI

EVERYTHING was like a bad dream to Pat when she awoke that next morning. Finding the typewriter. The footprints in the snow. None of it made sense.

She threw back the covers and treated herself to a luxurious stretch while her bare feet explored the floor for her fluffy pink slippers, then she hurried down the hall to the shower.

"Hurry up, Sis. Mom says your breakfast won't wait much longer," Jerry Cleveland gave the door a resounding thump with his knuckles as he passed.

Back in her room again, Patricia took her new dress, a navy blue sheer wool, from the closet. The dress really did things for her, or so the salesgirl had said. Maybe it would help this morning, when the world looked so black. She went downstairs to breakfast, her coat draped over her arm.

"Shades of Cleopatra! Sis, you sure are spruced up." Jerry looked up from the algebra problem he was trying to finish at the last minute, along with eating his breakfast.

Pat smiled. When she didn't say anything, Jerry went on:

"How come you never wore that to the office before?" he asked, a mischievous imp dancing in his eyes. "Before Dave Elson came back to town, I mean."

"Finish your algebra, sonny boy," Pat ordered, "or Miss Parks will flunk you again this month. Not that I'd blame her."

SLOW though it might be, Dave Elson felt that they were making progress on the case. He told Clem Evans so when he and the sports writer were driving to work.

Clem offered him a cigaret and took one himself. He leaned over while Dave held a match for him. He took a few quick puffs, then: "You have a hunch, Dave?"

Just like that. A quiet statement that left Dave no room for denial. He nodded.

"What? Or may I ask?"

"Is the Atherton Construction Company on the level, Clem?"

Evans started at the bluntness of Dave's question. He slowed the car a little, held tighter to the wheel.

"This may be story-book stuff, Clem, and it may not work, but you know Randolph Atherton and Parker never did get along. And there have been suspicions before that all the materials that went into the Atherton projects were not the best."

"All of which means nothing, Dave. Randolph Atherton has a standing in this community. He wouldn't throw it all overboard and kill a man."

"Would he send flowers to Parker's funeral and a card that said, 'He was a great man—and a true friend to all who knew him?'" Dave flashed back. "Would he?"

Clem was plainly stumped. He concentrated on his driving for a few seconds.

"I don't know," he finally admitted. "That doesn't sound like him."

"I'll say it doesn't. Nope, Clem, the way I figure it, he killed Parker to keep him from running a story about some crookedness or other. That's what the boss was working on that night. It must be, or it wouldn't have disappeared. I think I'll snoop around a bit."

"Better do your snooping with the police," Clem cautioned. "It might be healthier, even if it isn't so exciting."

TIME flew that day. Patricia wrote her personal items, parties, club doings, and numerous other stories with an ease that amazed her. She had thought that never again would she be able to get satisfaction and happiness out of the work that had meant so much to her, but now Joe Parker's training and faith stood her in

Good stead. Of course, she thought a trifle guiltily, Dave Elson's compliment when he came into the office with Clem had helped make her day a joy.

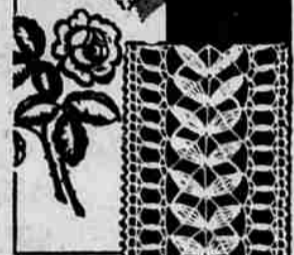
"Gosh, you look scrumptious, Pat," he had said, and Clem had joined in:

"He means you're beautiful this morning, Patricia."

Pat smiled, remembering. The paper was out and she was alone in the news room. Clem and Dave had gone somewhere, probably to the cigar store across the street.

"Sorry to interrupt, Miss Cleveland, but may I come in?"

TABLECLOTH DE LUXE



7605

by Alice Brooks

Luxury in linens—a cloth that will make your table a thing of beauty! And your own handiwork at that! The insertion is jiffy crochet in unbleached string. The roses lend vivid color to the white of the cloth. Pattern 7605 contains a transfer pattern of 26 motifs ranging from 4 1/2 x 5 to 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches; directions for crochet; 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. followed by your name and address."

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Friends, do you suffer from acid indigestion, due to over-indulgence?"

Pat turned in her chair, a bit startled. Nobody ever asked to enter the news room; they just walked in like they belonged there.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Atherton."

"The county commissioners passed a resolution on Parker's death at their meeting this afternoon. They asked me to leave a copy of it here."

"Thank you a lot," Pat smiled. "We'll run it tomorrow, sure."

Atherton nodded curtly. He started to leave.

"Mr. Atherton," Pat said, and he turned. "Thank you for the lovely roses. And the card. Those words meant a lot to all of us."

The man hesitated a moment. Pat thought he was angry.

"My dear," he told her, "you must be mistaken. I sent no flowers."

(To Be Continued)

Generals Confer



Stillwell of the C-B-1 command and Chennault of the U. S. 14th Air Force talk of attacks at an airfield in China.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



YOU CAN THINK AT A SPEED OF 155 MILES PER HOUR, THE RATE AT WHICH IMPULSES TRAVEL OVER NERVE FIBERS.

KWIZ KQZLER

THE Russian city was originally St. Petersburg. In 1914 it was named Petrograd and in 1924 it was given its present name.

Yours,
Private Elmer

ANSWER: Leningrad, Russia.

U. S. PRESIDENT

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured early American president.

13 One

14 Preposition

15 Thrash

16 Of the thing

17 Nova Scotia (abbr.)

18 Short jacket

19 Tardy

20 About

21 Two and eight

23 Note in Guido's scale

24 Came into view

26 Greek letter (abbr.)

27 New Latin (abbr.)

29 South latitude (abbr.)

30 New Guinea seaport

31 Doctor of Science (abbr.)

32 Near

33 Is (Fr.)

35 Yes (Sp.)

37 Lord (abbr.)

38 Suffix

39 Symbol for

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HELICOPTER WING
DORILEASE ARIA
RIDE SPARTAN DROPS
ACE NITROGEN SEEN
LEAD OSEASON STIAS
SOTHE AM
HE PAN HELICOPTER SPA
TO SUBS STMT
APHIRE FIBER
KRONER LIST BAR
EASE ULNARION
STEW SYNDICATE

58 Morindin dye

59 Hawaiian

61 Doctor of Theology (abbr.)

62 Measure

63 Type of moth supplies

64 New Testament (abbr.)

65 Symbol for germanium

66 His middle name was

67 Appeared

68 Fowl

69 Therefore

70 Lacked

2 Insertions

3 Prevaricate

4 Earnest

5 Coral Island

6 Monkey

7 Clever

8 Enormous amount

9 Badgerlike mammals

10 Roman road

11 Severe trial

12 Required

22 Symbol for sodium

25 Gill (abbr.)

28 We

32 Era

33 Bitter vetch

34 Sesame

36 Annoy

38 Cloth measure

40 Shares of

41 Biblical word

42 Beft

44 Hire

46 Distant

47 Steam shovel

48 Leased

50 Music note

52 Exclamation

54 Den

56 COMPASS

60 Compass point

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



I ALWAYS DO THE EASIEST PART OF A JOB FIRST--SUMPIN' MAY COME UP SO I WON'T HAVE TO DO TH' REST

I COULDN'T REST WELL IF I KNEW THAT I'D LEFT THE DIRTY PART OF A JOB FOR SOME OTHER POOR FELLOW!

WELL, HE'S THE GRAFTER, HE'D BURN TH' SCHOOL--YOU'RE TH' REFORMER, YOU'D SAVE TH' BOOKS, AND METH' POLITICIAN--I'D DO BOTH AND GET ELECTED AGIN'!

TIME-KILLIN' 8-24

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



CHESS? NOT TODAY, MAJOR! I FOUND ANGEL'S BLUSHING WHENEVER I PASSED A SOLDIER SO I'VE GOT A JOB HELPING THE COOK IN A PTOMAIN PARLOR! DROP IN AND WATCH ME FRICASSEE A SHOULDER OF MISSOURI MULE!

EGAD, NIGGS! YOU A COOK? I'VE BEEN POND'ERING PLANS FOR WAR WORK MYSELF, BUT AREN'T YOU BELITT'LING THE PRESTIGE OF HOOPLE MANOR BY SLAVING IN A SCULLERY?

FAP! TWIGGS WORKING WILL TURN THE SPOT-LIGHT ON MY LEISURE!

ALWAYS THE SPARE TIRE 8-24

TAKING NO CHANCES

RALIEGH, N. C. (AP) — A 1200 gallon copper still which has been on exhibition in the state museum for several years has been consigned to a junk dealer.

The still, confiscated in Northampton county, had been used in making corn whiskey. Alcohol tax unit men heard of the sale of the still and just to make sure made a visit and reduced it to 700 pounds of junk copper.

Red Ryder



WHEN I FIND SOURDOUGH I'LL LEARN TH' TRUTH ABOUT THIS GOLD CLAIM HE'S TRYIN' TO SELL TH' DUCHESS!

I'VE A HUNCH HE'S CROOKED, BUT PROOFS IN ALASKA--A LONG WAY OFF!

NO MORE PUNCHIN' COWS FOR ME! JUST AN EASY LIFE LIKE THIS!

SOMEONE'S COMIN'! MEBBE THAT RED-HAIRED COWBOY!

8-24

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



WHEN DID YOU BURY THE CASE OF CANNED PARSNIPS, SMITH?

I DIDN'T BURY IT! SOMEBODY ELSE DID!

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW RIGHT WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT?

THEN COME WITH ME AND I'LL HELP YOU TO COMPLETE YOUR EDUCATION!

MY GIRL FRIEND STUBBED HER TOE ON IT!

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF CLAUSE NUMBER 4-2-506 IN FORM NUMBER J-2889 REGARDING CANNED GOODS?

NO, SIR!

8-24

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



WHOEVER BROKE INTO WING COMMANDER TOPPINGS OFFICE PUT THAT NOTE IN MY PURSE!

BLAZES, PENNY!

5-15

THIS SPY LEARNED OUR PLANS AND SIGNED THAT NAZI PLANE! BUT HOW?

5-15

5-15

5-15

5-15

8-24

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



GOODNIGHT, BOOTS!

OH, HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING -- ?

YES, WILBUR

ER-UH, BOOTS-- I WANTED TO ASK YOU--

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

8-24

8-24

8-24

Allep Oop

By Martin



THAT GUY'S A COPPER ALL RIGHT, AN' HE'S HERE T'GET BOOM-AN THAT'D MEAN CURTAINS AN' WITH TH' COUNTRY NEEDIN' ROCKET? I T' TO WIN TH' WAR SUMPIN' GATT BE DONE QUICK!

OOP MY BOY TH' FATE OF A NATION MAY BE IN YOUR HANDS. I MUST ACT WITH RESOLUTION AN' DISPATCH!

SOAWK

8-24

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



HAVEN'T YOU BEEN OUT PLAYING WITH YOUR NEW FRIENDS A LITTLE LATE, ANNIE?

OH, WE WEREN'T PLAYIN'-- WE HAD A MEETING--

WE GOT A JUNIOR COMMANDO UNIT STARTED-- JUST A FEW OF US-- BUT IT'LL GROW FAST, AS SOON AS FOLKS HERE SEE WHAT WE CAN DO--

JUNIOR COMMANDOS? OH, I'VE HEARD OF THEM-- BUT WHAT CAN THEY DO HERE?

PLENTY! THERE'S WORK FOR J.C. EVERYWHERE-- COLLECTIN' SCRAP, KITCHEN FATS, SELLIN' WAR STAMPS--

BUT I THOUGHT WAR WORKERS NEEDED YOUR HELP MOST, TENDIN' CHILDREN, ETC.

I GUESS JUST 'BOUT EVERYBODY IS A WAR WORKER NOW--

8-24-45

FUNNY BUSINESS



"We have to compete with the war industries!"

8-24