

# DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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## HAPPINESS AHEAD

### CHAPTER XII

"HELLO, Blair," he said when he followed Mary Evans into the room. "You wanted to see me?"

Sam Blair nodded curtly. "This is Miss Cleveland," he introduced Pat. "She's the girl who followed Atherton from Midvale to the bridge project."

A shadow of apprehension flitted across Rand's face and his cold gray eyes swept around the room before he spoke.

"How do you do, Ma'am. There was no hint of concern in his tone. Then he turned back to the policeman. "What did you want of me?"

"We want you for the murder of Joe Parker and Randolph Atherton," Dave announced quietly when Blair hesitated.

Rand whirled on his heel. "What is this?" he shot at Blair; but Blair's hand was poised over his gun.

"Yes, Mr. George Rand Atherton, the jig is up, Blair," Dave jerked his head at the prisoner, "he's all yours. Call in your bloodhounds. You see, Pat," he said to her, "we had to see if you would recognize his voice. Surprise was the only way out."

"Did you say Atherton?" Pat looked her astonishment.

"That's right, Pat. He's Randolph Atherton's brother."

It was then that George Rand acted.

One brawny hand shot out and drew Pat in front of him, directly between him and Sam Blair's gun. The other hand flashed into his coat pocket, reappeared clutching a vicious-looking automatic.

"All right," he barked at Blair, "Don't move, any of you."

"NOW, that's better." Rand's voice was silky with satisfaction. "Don't any of you move a muscle. . . . That means you, too, Elson!" he rasped, for Dave had tensed to lunge forward. "One move and—"

He jabbed the gun hard into Pat's back by way of finishing the sentence.

"So you did kill them?" Dave, they all knew, was making a desperate play for time.

"Yeah, I killed 'em."

"Mind telling us why?"

"Elson, you're so smart, suppose you tell it yourself."

"All right," Dave agreed, "I will. You—and not brother Randolph—have run the Atherton Construction Company all these years. He was just a dupe, and a badly frightened one at that. So badly frightened that, when he got the jitters, you killed him to save your own skin. When Joe Parker found out what had been suspected for a long time—that inferior material was going into every building or bridge that your outfit put up—you killed him. But you shouldn't have written that threatening letter on his own typewriter. That was the tip-off."

He looked at George Rand. The gun was still uncomfortably close to Pat.

"Yes," he went on, "using Parker's own typewriter and sending those red ropes to his funeral with Randolph Atherton's card—" He shook his head. "It was a little too obvious, especially after your brother told Pat that he knew nothing of them."

"I should have finished you off that night in Parker's house, Elson."

George Rand Atherton accentuated his words with a shove that whirled Pat around toward the dining room door.

Once outside the man darted a quick look around, then he dashed past her. Following him with her eyes, Pat saw the dim outline of a car at the back gate.

Road of the starting motor brought a mad rush from the house. With a single motion Sam Blair was behind the steering wheel of his own machine. It tore around the corner to pick up the trail.

Pat found herself half smothered in Dave's arms.

"Pat, Pat," he was whispering against her hair. "Darling, you might have been killed."

Darling, she thought, he called me darling. A warm glow spread over her. Even her ankle felt better.

"CLEM, Mary, Dave and Pat went back into the house.

"Dave, do you mind telling me just how you found out about George Rand?" Pat's curiosity im-

mediately got the best of her. "Atherton?" He grinned sheepishly. "Well, chicken, money works wonders sometimes. I merely suggested to that cute reheaded bookkeeper that she should stroll out for a soda."

"And then you went through the Atherton books? So that's how a Naval Intelligence man works!"

Dave chuckled. "Sorry to disappoint you, honey," he told her, "but Aunt Sarah Harrington gets more credit than I do. She told me this afternoon about the tall, handsome man who waited for Mr. Parker one day—and used that typewriter. So," he shrugged it off lightly, "we laid a little trap."

Twenty minutes later Sam Blair returned. One look at his ruddy face told them something had happened.

"What is this?" he shot at Blair; but Blair's hand was poised over his gun.

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pened. "His car went off the bridge into the river," he informed them. "He didn't have a chance."

Pat sighed. "Perhaps," she whispered, "it's better this way. There won't have to be a nasty trial or—"

"Or anything, darling. Just happiness."

Pat smiled up at Dave, her blue eyes happier than they had been for a long time. Happier than they had been for three years.

"Just happiness, Davey." She was vaguely aware that Clem and Mary Evans and Chief Blair had gone, but it didn't matter.

Nothing mattered but Dave—and their future together.

THE END

## Weeds Won't Bloom



In San Francisco, a half block from a branch police station, narcotic agents found a blooming "garden" of marijuana, burned the deadly "weeds." This bush, alone, agents said, would make about 25,000 "reefers."

Classified Ads Bring Results.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

## HIGH FLIER

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y. (AP)—The man on the flying trapeze has nothing on John Williams.

Williams was driving his car on Lexington avenue here when it jumped a curb, struck and severed a telephone pole, knocked down several trees, overturned then righted itself and finally bounced up onto an apartment house porch.

When onlookers arrived on the scene they found Williams still in the driver's seat, gripping the steering wheel—unhurt.

Formerly packed in boxes, U. S. army clothing is now baled by compression to save 35 per cent space.

The nose wheel is an auxiliary landing wheel placed under the nose of an airplane having tricycle landing gear.

Classified Ads Bring Results.

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



EGAD, BOYS! I TRUST THE THINGS THAT I AM ACCEPTING A POSITION OF POWER IN THE TRACTION COMPANY DON'T AROUSE YOUR ENVY! I'LL HAND YOU A FISTFUL OF COMPLIMENTARIES FOR STREET CAR RIDES—HAR-RUMPH!

IT STILL RINGS LIKE A LEAD HALF DOLLAR TO ME—ARE YOU SURE YOUR TROLLEY'S ON THE WIRE?

THAT'S CERTAINLY GOING TO THE TOP THE EASY WAY, WHILE THE REST OF US DUNCES WORK LIKE A CAT CLIMBING A RAINPOUT!

WE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S A MOTOR-MAN'S JOB =

By Fred Harmon

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE NAVAJO INDIAN "RED ANT CURE," FOR CERTAIN DISEASES, CONSISTS OF GULPING DOWN A BASKETFUL OF SCREAMING RED ANTS.

WHEN THE AMERICAN ARMY LANDED IN NORTH AFRICA IT CARRIED WITH IT 110 TONS OF MAPS.

WHERE'S ELMER?

ANSWER: Province of Ontario with its provincial capital, Toronto, and the capital of the Dominion, Ottawa.

NEXT: When it's ragweed time in Indiana.

MOVIE STAR

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured actress, —

9 Sloping ways

10 Entangle anew

12 Asiatic plant

13 Area measure

15 Fourth month

17 Formerly

18 Nights before

20 European river

21 Compass point

22 One who sells

25 And (Latin)

26 Attempt

28 French article

29 Mystic syllable

30 Skill

31 Simple

34 Kind of lettuce

38 Mountains on the moon

37 Self esteem

40 Like

41 Note in Guido's scale

42 Be quiet

44 Railroad (abbr.)

45 Rodents

47 Type of molding

49 Heron

51 Natives of Poland

52 She has — ed her place as a star

53 Stupely

54 Manuscripts (abbr.)

55 Devotee

Answer to Previous Puzzle

16 Native of Latvia

18 Fragrant oleoresin

19 Struck alarm

22 Accumulate

24 Affirmative

30 Always

32 Cloth measure

33 North latitude (abbr.)

34 Concern

35 Indian

38 Color

39 Mineral rocks

41 Employers

43 Owl's call

46 English street car

48 Surfeit

50 Tons (abbr.)

51 Greek letter

## Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, SOURDOUGH! DROP IT!

HAW, HAW! FISHERMAN'S LUCK, RYDER!

GET UP SLOW-LIKE AND RAISE YOUR HANDS, RED-HEAD!

By Blosser



LARD'S COUSIN HUBERT HAS MOVED INTO THE SMITH HOME WITHOUT REV-TALING HIS IDENTITY TO LARD! ALREADY HE IS MAKING LARD'S LIFE MISERABLE BY POSING AS A MEMBER OF THE COUNTY RATION BOARD!

YOU DENY LIKING PARSNIPS, AND YET THIS GIRL SAYS YOU ORDER THEM EVERY DAY!

WE ORDER CHOC MALTS!

HMM! YOU NOT ONLY HEARD CANNED GOODS, BUT YOU FALSIFY FACTS! THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES!

OPERATOR, GET ME WASHINGTON— AND LET ME SPEAK TO THE HIGHEST COURT!

By Crona



NO WONDER MASCOTT DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR THE MEETING! HE'S STABBED IN THE BACK!

HERE'S SOMETHING... LOOKS LIKE A DRAWING!

LOOKS LIKE V-FOR-VICTORY! BLAZES! WAS HE STUDDING THIS WHEN HE WAS STABBED?

By Y. T. Hamlin



BY JINGO, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT

WHAT IS IT, STEPHEN?

HERE, COB! WENT FERRISS AND JUST DROPPED IN TO CALL ON BOOTS— AND IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO HEAR THE YOUNG YOKES CONVERSING IN A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED NORMAL, HEALTHY MANNER— INSTEAD OF THE MODERN GOOEY-COATED FIDDLE FIDDLE!

HOW'S COOP'S NEIGHBOR?

SWELL! BUT I ROBERT DOESN'T RAIN TONIGHT! WE WANT TO LIVE THE BIG FIELD TOMORROW AND PICK ROSTERING EARS!

MODERN OR OLD FASHIONED, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? IT'S STILL CORN TO ME!

By Martin



SO YOU ORDINANCE BOYS HAD TO GO TRYING TO BETTER MY REPUTATION BUT WITH ITS FOOT— HERE, LOOK AT THIS!

OUR QUARTER WAS NOT WITH THE AGENTS' STRENGTH BUT WITH ITS FOOT— HERE, LOOK AT THIS!

A SOLIDIFIED CONCENTRATE BULK REDUCED 600 TIMES

HMM! SAY YOU CHAPS DO HAVE SOMETHING THIS IS EXCELLENT... BUT IT NEEDS A RADICAL CHANGE IN ENGINE DESIGN!

THAT'S THE WAY WE HAD IT FIGURED

OKAY, I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT... BE READY FOR TESTS IN A WEEK... SO LONG!

THIS FUEL IS PURE FICTION... ANY SIMILARITY TO AN AUTHENTIC COMBUSTIBLE WOULD BE COINCIDENTAL

By Harold Gray

Little Orphan Annie

WOW! SEVEN DELIVERIES FOR TH' BUTCHER SHOP SINCE SCHOOL! MY FEET FEEL WORN OFF UP TO MY ANKLES

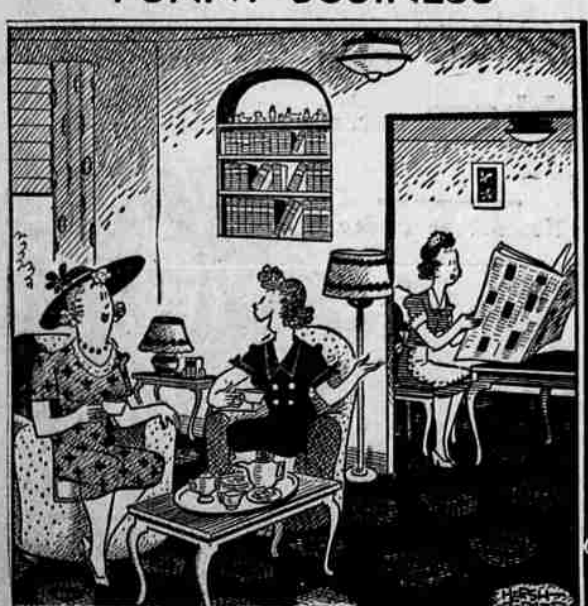
EVERY JUNIOR COMMANDO IN GOONEYVILLE IS TRYIN' TO HANDLE THREE TIMES WHAT HE SHOULD...

AND TH' FARMERS NEED CREWS TO HELP PICK APPLES AN' DIG POTATOES AND DO ALL SORTS OF JOBS WE CAN HANDLE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET A LOT MORE MEMBERS— BUT WHERE?

THERE ARE LOTS O' KIDS OVER IN TH' LIMBO LAKE ADDITION...

## FUNNY BUSINESS



"We always cut out the war plant ads before we let the maid read the paper!"

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