

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

(Continued)

"Yes, him. Sometimes the person who commits a crime is the first one to yell for an investigation. That way, they figure they are eliminated as a suspect."

"But why would Uncle Thomas do it?" "He, too, knew all about your father. He frankly admitted, the day I was employed for the job, that he and your father were not getting along together. Something about business."

"Uncle Thomas knows how to make money," Kay said. "He always has. And father knew how to spend it. That was always a sore point between them. They were associated together in several enterprises, you know."

"Yes, I suppose that was it," Johnny hadn't realized how close it was in the room. Seeing the girl's flushed face, realizing that he himself was roaring, he flung open the doors behind them. Some breeze came in.

Kay's eyes were instantly worried. "Someone might see us!" "Let's take a chance for a while." He went on: "So you see? Employing me might just have been a way of covering up on Uncle Thomas' part. Naturally I would report results to him. He knew that. Then if it seemed as if he were going to be implicated in any way, he could take the proper steps."

Kay looked upset. She stood near the open doors, pushing her hands up across her face, rubbing her temples as though her head ached. She said wearily, "Johnny, it's all so horrible. Sometimes I doubt if we'll ever know. That's the awful part of it. There will always be danger... suspicion."

Decided. Nothing escaped her observing mind. He had not thought she knew this part of it. He nodded. "He went on for some time," Kay told him. "Mother never knew. Do you wonder I hate Nancy, too?" Her eyes were dark green. "Nick Walker could have murdered father. Maybe he knew. Do you think he did, Johnny?"

"I've never cared too much for him because I don't think he really loves Nancy. He's only interested in money, and I think that's why he wanted to marry her. He thinks more about horse!" Johnny said, "Kay how long does it take to get from here up to the house?"

"Fifteen minutes, I'd say. You could even do it quicker if you ran part of the way. Ten minutes, maybe. Why?" "I was just wondering..." "Do you think it could have been Nick Walker who shot at us yesterday in the boat? Remember, he was driving over to our place just about the time we were crossing the harbor? Maybe he thought I'd told you something!"

Johnny said with a sigh, "Your Uncle Thomas... Nick Walker... Nancy... even that jealous young swain of yours, Ralph Dunkirk, could have driven around 25-A while we were in the speedboat."

"Ralph is quick-tempered, yes," Kay admitted. "But he wouldn't do a thing like that!" She seemed amazed. "Do you really think he was jealous?" (To be continued)

OUR TRIP Continued from page 2 were told that the groom makes wedding shoes and the bride supplies the lace for each wedding. Both these two islands are attempting to retain the native customs and dress. They are accustomed to tourists and are always ready to pose for a picture.

We both would have enjoyed a few more days in Holland, but as our boat was sailing in a few days we had to shorten our stay and leave on the night boat from the "Hook of Holland" at Rotterdam for England. Although we had no cabin we had a very comfortable night on the boat and docked at Harwich, England in the morning. Before leaving London we went to their beautiful "Drury Lane" — see a stage play Oklahoma.

Before leaving England I should mention their roadways — these are set lower than the surrounding country and are lined by either stone fences or hedges. These fences are far from beautiful and to us seemed more of a nuisance than anything as they would obstruct the view of the surrounding countryside. One point of advantage of the English roads is the fact that one never crosses a railroad track; there being viaducts wherever the roads and railroads intersect.

On the night of October 4 we boarded the Aquitania at Southampton, and with the aid of six tug boats, got started on our way home. The Aquitania is the third largest liner afloat but has seen service through two wars and, so we were told, is shortly going to be scrapped. In all there were about 3,000 passengers aboard and 700 of a crew, about 1,000 passengers immigrating to Canada.

We had to accept first class passage home and were in with older people. As a result, our trip was very quiet, there being little to do but listen to the orchestra and go to shows. In "two class"

boats each class is roped off from the other but we often found our way to the tourist class where things were a little more exciting. The favourite deck game, when the weather permits, is Shuffleboard, in which I became very interested.

There were several passengers sticking close to their cabins the first few days with the usual trouble, until they got their "sea legs". It was too cold to spend any length of time on deck taking in the fresh sea air, so I think most of the passengers were anxious for the end of the journey.

We were due to dock in Halifax on the morning of the sixth day but unfortunately a thick fog set in and we were forced to turn out to sea again. This brought all the passengers to the decks, a little disappointed, some anxiously waiting for their first view of Canada. Suddenly, out of the mist, the shores of Nova Scotia appeared. The hills were alive with colour and one of the men beside us said — "Those are the famous maple trees of Canada" — they never looked lovelier.

Ellen's Diary Continued from page 2 expect him to, would you?" This June-week brought us to a wedding, when a pair of nieces, sisters to Ellen, vowed their nuptial vows with the men of their choice. They were radiant in this, one of their "finest hours", attired in bridal white. Their story-book attendants, one of whom was Ellen, lilac-gowned were also very lovely. James complained about our "dragging him off" to this fetching event, yet voted it "very pretty indeed" at homeing. If his reluctance to attend social events is real or feigned, we can only conjecture. In any event these are they, that understood entirely or in part, we honor tomorrow — these fathers of ours. These upon whose sturdy or bowing shoulders rests the care and responsibility of providing for the family budget. Not unlike the industrious robin who must cater to the needs of the mouths in the nest in the branches of the old white birch on the lawn, we fancy these are... tugging desperately at a length of warm, or jumping eagerly to capture a fat grub to drop in the dinner-stew, — and returning presently to the same necessary but somewhat prosaic task. These, we mothers and grandmothers salute tomorrow.

Not many songs have been composed in their behalf nor many touching sonnets written. These then it is timely to hail — these lads of fellows that no matter their youthful or silvered crowns remain but boys grown up. We remember with profound gratitude that these have made it possible for children to be clothed and sheltered — to gather happily about the hearth-fires of a home. So much we owe to these fathers of ours — a debt we can never repay. The mothers? Oh yes, the mothers have their revered place in their children's lives, but after all, is it more lofty or better merited than that of the father? "I shall always bless the memory of my Dad," a grandmother said to us recently "you see he kept us to school and church! While quite young he gave us our share of the responsibilities about the place — and that, I believe taught us to be faithful in the discharge of any duty that later came to us, and industrious."

These then that give and give — God bless them! — of their counsel, their interest and encourage-

perhaps spectacular and rich in acclaim, might be led into unconventional or erratic habits or indulgences to its detriment.

Day After Tomorrow The astrological forecast shows the day's course beginning in the conventional activities, customary family affairs and functions, with highlights of the romantic, social and cultural. Later there might be setback, hindrance, perhaps delay, or fit of jealousy or peevishness. However, before the day ends sound judgment, clearer insight, or spiritual lead, may avert lasting sorrow, calamity or distress.

If It Is Your Birthday Those whose birthday it is may encounter a year of "mixed influences" astrologically with definite promise of expansive, progressive and happy relations, advanced by industry, practical application as well as personal popularity and prestige. Later there could be a critical menace to established progress, with delay, limitations, vindictive attack, to mar pleasant trends. But this could be so astutely and philosophically managed as to seem really "inspired."

Try strategy rather than reprisal in such crisis. Compromise. A child born on this day should be generously endowed for a full, pleasant, lucrative and progressive life, rising above enmity and limitations.

BURGESS BEDTIME Continued from page 10 Bear moved across that clearing over to the sugar house. At once she began to sniff around the door and the cracks and at once she became more worried than ever. She not only got that sweet smell that had so excited the cubs, but she also got the smell of the little Bears themselves. She knew at once that they were inside that sugar house.

How had they gotten in? Where had they gotten in? She hurried around that house until she was back where she had started. She had found no place where the cubs could have entered. She began to whine. It was an anxious whine. She tried to pull the door open and couldn't. Once more she circled the little house. Once more she found no opening bigger than a mouse hole. She was more worried than ever. She stood up on her hind feet. She stood up like a man. You know Bears are the only animals in this great land of ours who can stand up like a Man.

Looking up on the roof she saw a hole. You should have seen her scramble up on that roof then. She didn't waste any time at all. In less time than it has taken me to tell it, she was at that hole poking her head down inside. The hole wasn't big enough for more than Mother Bear's head. It wasn't very light inside, but there was enough for her to see what a mess things were in. It looked as if there had been a terrible fight that had knocked things about. She didn't see the cubs! She had been worried before, but now she was quite frantic. Had some one else been there and something dreadful happened to her precious ones?

"Caw, caw, caw!" That was Blacky the Crow. He was not very far away and that was just the kind of cawing he did when he saw someone of whom he was suspicious. Could it be that it was a Man he saw and that Man was coming to the sugar house? Mother Bear dug her big claws into the wood at the edge of that hole and began to tear it larger.

ment and worthy example, these Fathers of ours and our family, we shall honor tomorrow! Until Monday — — Diary — — Good-night — —

The Stars Say -- By Genevieve Remble For Tomorrow AFFAIRS continue in a groove of the sudden, unpredictable and dramatic. A tangible climax to the prior events and plans already set in motion by some particularly novel, creative or inspired performance is forecast. While all these should prosper there is menace of over-indulgence in festivity or romantic attachment, in business as well as intimate contacts.

If It Is Your Birthday Those whose birthday it is are enjoined to adhere to the conventional codes and customs, in business as well as family, domestic and social engagements. Under spur of exceptional exciting and stimulating affairs, there could be overweening urge to "splurge" or indulge in unconventional or careless conduct, which could react on popularity or "scandalize" some "circumspect ones."

A child born on this day, rich in creative and cultural talents, Bear moved across that clearing over to the sugar house. At once she began to sniff around the door and the cracks and at once she became more worried than ever. She not only got that sweet smell that had so excited the cubs, but she also got the smell of the little Bears themselves. She knew at once that they were inside that sugar house.

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