

Happiness, C. O. 20
 BY OREN ARNOLD
 WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION



Ruth V. Watts

C. P. Photograph

Beautiful Ruth V. Watts, 25, of Salt Lake City, Utah, was to have been married soon to Frank H. Lee, also 25. The couple was seated in Lee's car in the Utah capital when a holdup man shot and killed the groom-to-be.

Helps Denmark



Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde

One of the sponsors of the American Friends of Danish Freedom and Democracy, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde, former U. S. Minister to Denmark, urged American support for the organization, which will offer information and research facilities on all Danish matters. Among the sponsors are Dorothy Canfield Fisher, novelist; Hendrik Willem Van Loon, author-historian; Ray Lyman Wilbur, educator, and Herbert Bayard Swope.

Policeman Wanted!



Samuel Harden Church

Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute, acting for a group of Pittsburgh residents, has offered \$1,000,000 reward for the capture of Adolf Hitler, German Chancellor, to be delivered to the League of Nations to stand trial during month of May. At this writing, the \$1,000,000 was still safe.

Removed from Ship



Fritz von Opel

Inventor and financier known as the "Henry Ford" of Germany, Fritz von Opel was taken off the Italian liner *Conte di Savoia* by British contraband control at Gibraltar. Enroute to U. S., he was traveling on a Lichtenstein passport.

THE KILLER SPEAKS

RICHARD HOUGHTON

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CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

THE BOAT landing was a hot place to wait, but it had one great advantage. I didn't have to look at the garden and its terrible memories. I hung my feet over the edge and squinted toward the setting sun. The light on the water was a flame that burned my eyes. Barges and speed boats passed in a distorting mist. Time dragged.

I asked myself, how would I feel in George Markham's place? Suppose I had a lovely sister, and the man who killed my brother wanted to marry her?

No matter that it was not murder—how would I feel?

There seemed to be only one answer. I would not want that man to take my brother's place. Every time we met, the shadow of my brother would be between us.

And even though George Markham might forgive, would Louise forgive? I would have to tell her some day. I could not keep this bottled in my heart.

The sun was close to the horizon. George had said, "I'll come back after sundown with my answer." I glanced this suspense to end, and yet I was afraid of his coming.

What was he doing? Was he going to the police with my story?

The ball of the sun burned red as it sank into the molten clouds. It vanished. Purple shadows stretched long fingers toward me. Warmth died away. I shivered.

A boat came by with lights aglow. I heard the tinkle of glass inside the clubhouse as the tables were set for dinner.

Still George Markham did not appear.

The clubhouse door opened shortly before 8 o'clock. I rose unsteadily and started toward the man who came out. Then I halted. It was Captain McDonald.

He didn't see me. Instead, he walked slowly to the willows by the river's edge and studied the ground near where Calla had attacked me. He removed his hat and scratched his head. In the semi-darkness I could just make out the shadow of his cigar as it moved from one side of his mouth to the other.

Soon the door opened again and Coroner Silver came out and joined him. I remembered with a shudder that the young coroner had declared he would continue his investigation unofficially if necessary, until the killer of Alfred Markham was apprehended.

The two bloodhounds were engaged in low-voiced conversation. The willows shielded me from them now, so I walked nearer, as casually as I could. My feet made no sound on the soft garden soil.

That cock certainly is a wiz," the captain was saying. "I wish I'd discovered this place before. And to think that it took a murder to do it!"

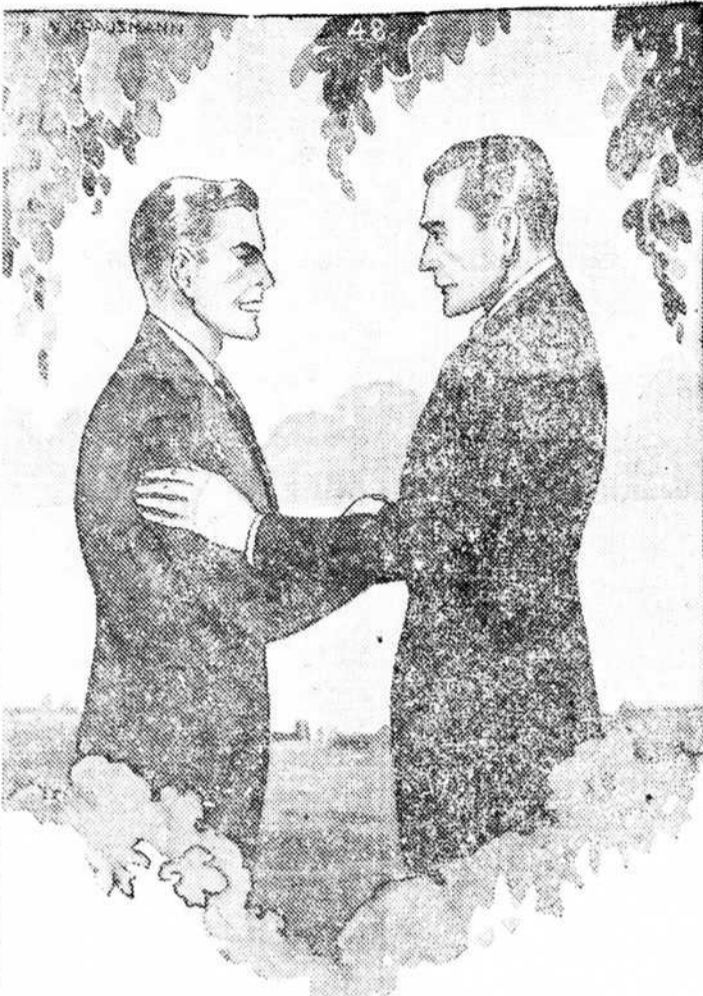
"You know," said Coroner Silver, "I was afraid for a time that we weren't going to get along together. This business of two officers of the law pulling in opposite directions isn't at all conducive to good results."

"Right. You've got good ideas, Jim. But you need a little more experience. I can help you, and maybe you can help me."

"What do you mean, 'maybe'?"

"We'll, it takes an old hand like me a long time to change his methods."

"As long as it will take me to



My heart leaped. I found his hand gripping mine.

get experience?"

The captain slapped the younger man on the shoulder. "You're okay, Jim." They both laughed.

I moved away, fearful of discovery. The conversation did not seem significant, but on the other hand if they were going to pull together now they might yet break down any alibi. I was alarmed.

Again the clubhouse door opened. I recognized George Markham under the new lights that had been strung between the wings of the building. He strode toward me.

"Sorry I'm so late," he said. "I've been doing a lot of investigating."

He sat down on one of the benches and motioned me to sit beside him. For a moment he was silent. Then, "Perhaps I am old-fashioned, Strickland, but I've always thought of a drug addict as more or less a beast. What you told me this afternoon was a shock. I've confused what you said. The dope fiend is a man to be pitied. It's a disease."

"I've talked with St. Clair and others who attended that fatal party. They admitted my brother had been acting strangely in the early part of the evening."

"What have you decided?"

"Not guilty."

My heart leaped. I found his hand gripping mine.

"It was the best thing that could have happened," he continued. "You didn't really kill my brother. The drug killed him. You put an end to his miseries and cut short his life before his disgraceful secret became known—because it would have been a disgrace, for Louise at least. I think the Markham family, instead of prosecuting you for what you did not intend to do, should thank you from the

bottom of its heart for what you did do. I think if Alfred were here, he would thank you, too. Did you know that he left a will which establishes the hospital he had long dreamed about?"

I tried to answer. My voice choked up on me.

"I guess that's all," said Markham. He rose. "I feel terribly upset tonight, naturally. I have a headache. Louise doesn't know about this, of course, and I had planned to take her to the movies to cheer her up. I—I can't."

"Of course not." I got to my feet.

"So I suggested to her that you might take my place. She, I am sorry to say, liked the idea!" He managed to smile. "You will find her waiting in the car at the clubhouse steps."

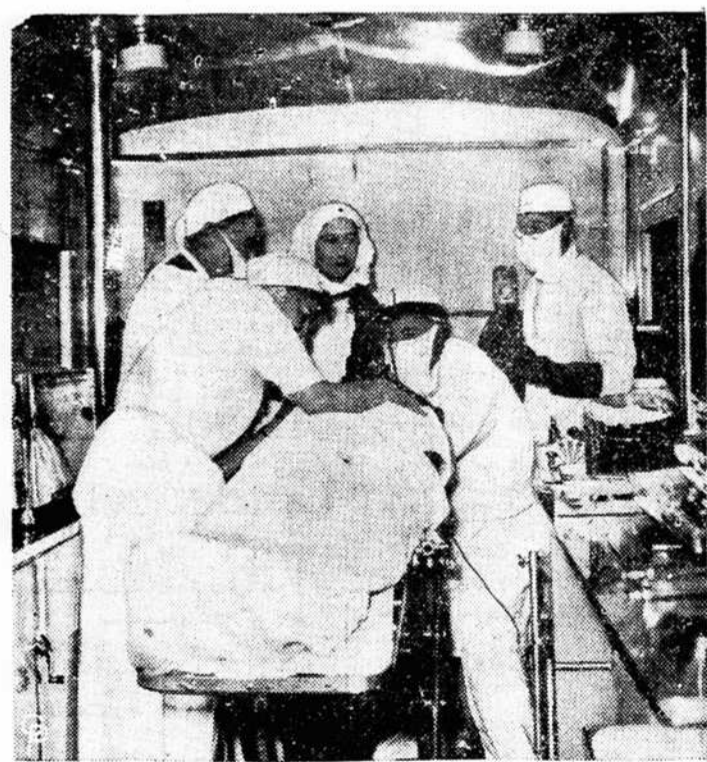
I swallowed. His hand was on my shoulder. "Good luck," he said. "As I walked toward the glass doors I was close behind Captain McDonald and Coroner Silver, going in to have dinner together."

"George Markham was in to see me this afternoon," the coroner was saying. "He is willing to have us drop the whole matter. The newspapers have forgotten it already, he points out, and we will not lose as much prestige as though we continued our efforts, kept the headlines stirred up, and then had to admit failure. There certainly are no clues. That's why I say it must have been done in a fit of anger, with no preparation."

"You're crazy, Silver. It was an inside job. I wish I could find who it was planned to switch those lights off at 10:30 in case the cook didn't do it." He growled. "But I guess you're right. Let's forget it. Boy! Do I smell steak!"

(The End)

Operating at 50 M. P. H.



Illustrating the modern system of treating wounded soldiers, an actual surgical operation is being performed in this trailer hospital while the unit travels at 50 miles per hour away from the Western Front toward a French base hospital.

At NLRB Hearing



Edwin S. Smith

Edwin S. Smith, member of the national labor relations board, testifies before Smith committee in Washington investigating the NLRB. He said he had made many long-distance phone conversations and other communications with Harry Bridges, West Coast CIO leader, often at the government's expense.

Wife Preservers



Don't throw away old tablecloths. If there is enough soot left in a large cloth worn for that, make small napkins to be used for picnics, porch meals or sick room.

Wife Preservers



When opening a bottle of ammonia or other liquid which gives off strong fumes, hold bottle well up with arms held in horizontal position. The same method may be used when pouring, thus saving nose and eyes from effect of fumes.

Wife Preservers



To keep a coat closet in good order, snap clothespins to hold rubbers and over-shoes together in pairs is a handy contrivance.

CHAPTER 1
 OLD MR. MERRIFIELD should have known better. Impulsively he ordered this advertisement run once in the HELP WANTED-FEMALE column of the leading daily paper:

"Mr. Benjamin W. Merrifield wishes to secure the services of a young lady of exceptional talents, for a confidential employment which can be definitely remunerative. Initial qualifications are: (1) That she be unmarried; (2) That she be not more than 23 years of age; (3) That she be unmistakably pretty; (4) That she be a gentlewoman in fact as well as in appearance. Candidates will apply to Mr. Merrifield in person, at his home, The Oaks, in Montrose Manor, at eight o'clock Wednesday morning."

He had just dictated the essence and some of the wording of that want ad to his male secretary, a severe gentleman of Mr. Merrifield's own age, and one even more deeply rooted in tradition.

"This is most extraordinary, Mr. Merrifield," the secretary protested, mildly. "One's curiosity, I must confess, is—"

"One's curiosity be damned!" Benjamin W. Merrifield snapped. "Do as I say and don't try to butt in, Mr. Weems."

"Oh, of course, sir! But—a young woman—a pretty young woman—a pretty young woman—"

Mr. Merrifield turned to him testily, his snowy head shaking a bit. He and his secretary, Jason Weems, had fought thus for almost 50 years.

"I said a pretty young woman, Mr. Weems, and I mean a pretty young woman! I want no other. Is it a sin for a young woman to be pretty? Or for me to want one in my employ?"

"They can be very dangerous, Mr. Merrifield," said Mr. Weems, solemnly. Gray-haired Mr. Weems was an astute man.

Mr. Merrifield chuckled in satisfaction while the other man telephoned the newspaper. He had set the hour at 8 a. m. tomorrow for a reason.

"The smart ones will be up and reading early, Mr. Weems," he explained. "I want no lazy person in my employ."

"Of course not, sir. The youth of today is all too prone to—"

Mr. Weems was off then on one of his favorite topics. Together they talked for half an hour. Then at 9 p. m. both old gentlemen went dutifully to bed.

At 5:30 a. m. both were up and at breakfast in their respective dining rooms—Mr. Weems also had lived in this vast brick residence for more than 20 years—and at six they had met again in Mr. Merrifield's main study to begin the day's work. Not that either had to work—Benjamin W. Merrifield was worth more than 10 millions, and Mr. Weems had been comfortable for years—but they agreed that illness for anybody was a sin. Until they should be interrupted at 8 o'clock—if the advertisement should bring any response—they would be busy tabulating monthly reports of earnings and losses from the two largest Merrifield copper mines.

At 20 minutes to seven, however, Graham, the butler, came into the study carrying an envelope on a tray. Mr. Weems took it carelessly, but read its inscription with sudden interest.

"It is marked 'Personal and Urgent,' sir," said he, passing it on to his employer. Mr. Merrifield scowled at the interruption, but he opened the envelope and read:

"Dear Mr. Merrifield:

"The type of girl you want in response to your advertisement is, I believe, one who will get to your attention ahead of the crowd. I have every sympathy for the hundred or more girls who are sure to be here at eight, but even now I come in!"

GAYLE DIXON.

Old Mr. Merrifield's face brightened. He reached to push back a white cowlick—habit of the decades—and grinned somewhat triumphantly at solemn Mr. Weems.

"Graham, that young lady at the door—show her in. And Graham,

"You wish to work for me. Can you meet all the qualifications?"

"I am unmarried. I am not yet 23. I try hard to be a gentlewoman. As to any beauty, sir—will you not judge that for yourself?"

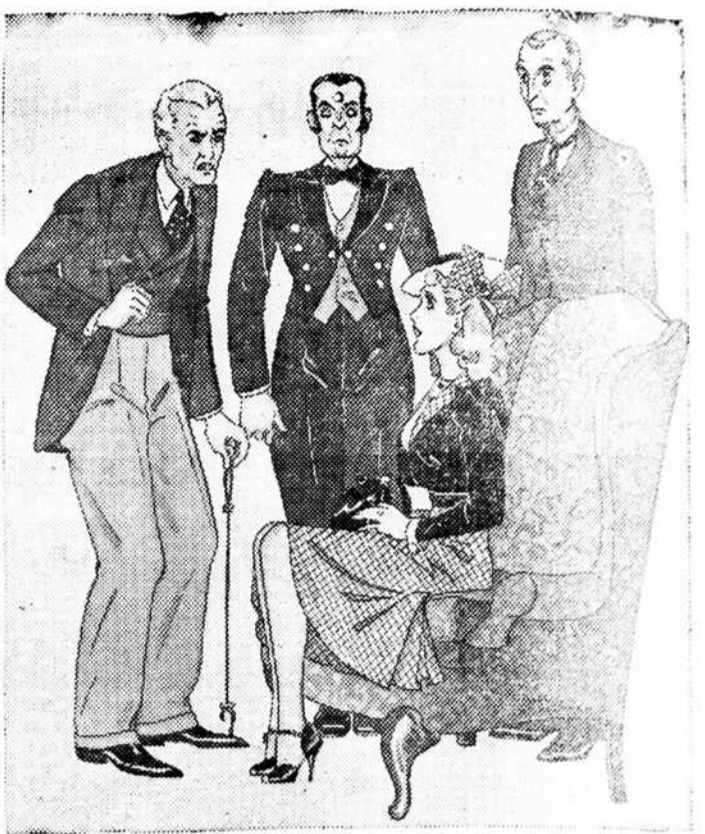
He smiled at her again, nodding.

"Family?"

"A mother, and some distant cousins, no more. I help mother financially."

"You speak well. You are—exceptionally pretty. Your face shows character. But you haven't asked what sort of work I want and—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door to his right. They turned to see a young man enter. He was wearing a blue bathrobe, and house slippers that went plop, plop, plop; or maybe it was slop, slop. His hair was tousled, his eyes bleary.



"Miss Dixon—I want you to make love to my grandson."

wake up my confounded grandson! You hear me?"

"Yes, sir! At once, sir!"

Mr. Merrifield always shouted a little at his servants and helpers when he was excited. He was long accustomed to being obeyed.

Nor did the old tyrant bother to enlighten his secretary; this was too nice a chance to torture his friend a bit further. He chuckled while Mr. Weems just sat waiting solemnly.

Both men stood up when Gayle Dixon came in.

Their courtesy was entirely involuntary; spontaneous. Miss Dixon was, somehow, just a bit regal, a girl to command instant respect. She was dressed simply but tastefully. She moved with complete poise, and she smiled directly at the two old gentlemen. She did not gush a greeting, nor even speak at all until Mr. Merrifield had apprised her and personally pulled a chair nearer the fireplace blaze for her.

"Won't you—sit down, my dear?" He bowed in courtly manner.

"I knew you would be like this, Mr. Merrifield," she confided all at once. Her voice was lovely to hear. Muted, toned, intimate but dignified, too. She sat down quietly, admiring the fireplace and its fixtures, the desk and chairs and books, the room in general, in quite frank manner. "Thank you, sir, for letting me come in early. You will want to ask me questions?"

"Why, I—"

Benjamin W. Merrifield swallowed. He was not the first man to be momentarily overwhelmed by Gayle Dixon. "Yes, I—we—this is my secretary, Mr. Weems."

"How do you do, Mr. Weems?"

Mr. Merrifield poked at the fire. It served to restore his own poise. When he sat down he could go straight to the matter at hand, as was his custom.

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Ready for Nazis



General Torngren

General Torngren is in command of the strong Swedish garrison which will protect the island of Gotland from any invasion by Germany. The island, off the southeast coast of Sweden, in the Baltic, assumes strategic importance with fear of an impending invasion.

As Singer Won Her Daughter



Marion Talley, former opera star, takes over custody of her daughter, Susan, 5, from her husband, Adolph Eckstrom, whose head is bowed in tears. Asked if the hand-holding meant a reconciliation, Miss Talley said, "Absolutely not." Susan had seen her mother only twice before when Miss Talley entered Eckstrom's New York apartment armed with a court order giving her custody of the girl nine months of each year. They will go to Miss Talley's Beverly Hills, Cal., home.