

ABIE AND SLATS

—By Raeburn Van Buren



PLEASE DON'T EVER MENTION THAT NAME AGAIN!!

—By Raeburn Van Buren



THAT'S RIGHT!! J-JULIUS CAESAR!!

—By Raeburn Van Buren



PLEASE GROGINS!!

—By Raeburn Van Buren



PLEASE GROGINS!!

—By Raeburn Van Buren



MURDER IN PARADISE

By Marguerite Gahagan

THE STORY: Quiet Paradise like becomes anything but when a mysterious murder is discovered by Maudie O'Connor and her school teacher daughter, Mary. Involved in the mystery are Jennie Morris, whose romance of two summers with a girl terminated when he left her for a girl named Mary. Maudie seems to know more than she is revealing. Inquest seems to fix the blame on gangster Sam Veretti. Then Maudie finds Mary's beaten body by a boat. Jennie comes to Mary and her aunt has always been...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE WIND HAD whipped up the lake still more by the time I started home and big black clouds were hanging down almost low enough to touch the tree tops. I hoped I had left Jennie Morris in a happier mood than the weather displayed. I think perhaps I had, because the smile that flared at the corner of her lips wasn't as strained when she said goodbye as it had been when I arrived.

I wished that Tod Palmer would drop in the gloomy old house that evening. Jennie needed something more than feminine companionship and without Maudie there to act as a glowing chaperon I believed Tod could bring more than a ghost of a smile to the girl's lips.

"Aunt Millie never had much use for the boys around here," Jennie had confessed while rocky-faced Maudie, old Lisa Holmes brought us tips in heavenly paper-thin china cups. And after Lisa had deposited the thin jelly sandwiches, Jennie continued, "She never was one to talk of her girlhood, but I know that there was a broken romance."

"Knowing that helped me understand Aunt Millie. I once saw some pictures of her as a young girl in those funny bustle dresses and darling little hats. And once," she continued, staring down at her tea as though hunting for some understanding of that girl who had lived in another era, "I was playing in the attic. It was a day much like this—gray and stormy—and in an old trunk I came across some letters—love letters. I was too little to be really interested in them, but later I went up there for something and I couldn't find them. She must have taken them away."

"SHE MUST HAVE seen a lot of changes around here," she said. "And some of them probably hurt. One hates to see the old ways go."

"Yes, that's true. It's even different from the days when I was a little girl and came here summers. Only Mr. Gordon's left of these old-timers. I guess the lake was too quiet for most folks."

"Did he know your aunt?"

"Yes, although she never was friendly with him. I suppose she classed him along with tradespeople. That's what she used to do, you know."

"He's been here for ages. She didn't like him, though. Once when we went there for something I remember they had a quarrel. I didn't know what it was about, but I remember Aunt Millie was white with anger. Perhaps he overcharged her. Little things used to infuriate her, but anyway she never bothered to speak to him from then on, and she never went there again for anything."

"YOU'LL BE alone now except for Lisa," I said finally. "But then she's been here a long time, hasn't she?"

"Yes—she's like the furniture. She belongs here. And she adored my aunt. You wouldn't believe that I mean that she would care for anyone, but Lisa's true just the same."

"Will you stay on?" I asked. The prospect of continuing to live in the dreary, lonely old house depressed me.

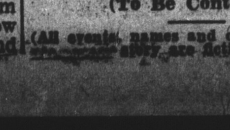
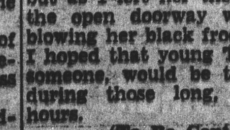
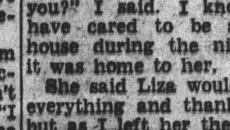
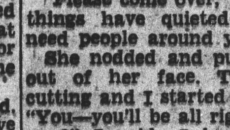
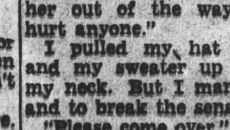
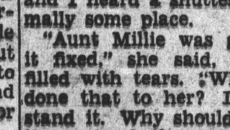
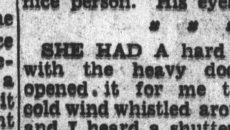
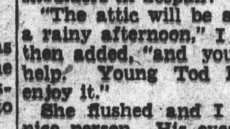
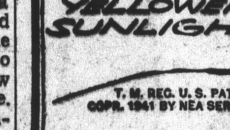
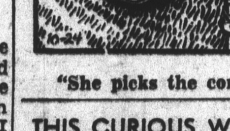
Jennie looked around the room as though the thought hadn't occurred to her before. "I—I wouldn't have to, would I?" she asked. "I could go away. It won't be the same here now."

"Well, I said, "there's plenty of time. And it will give you something to think of once this business is over."

"It would take ages," she admitted, looking around the room again. "I never noticed just how much stuff is crowded in here. And

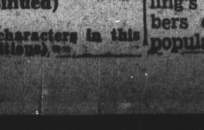
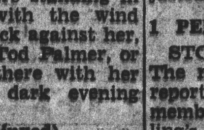
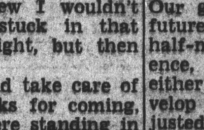
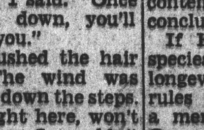
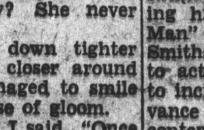
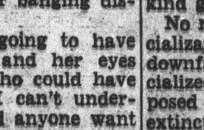
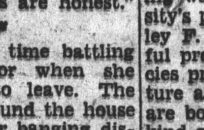
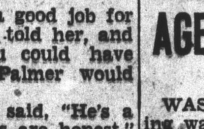
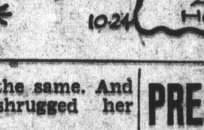
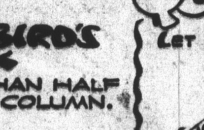
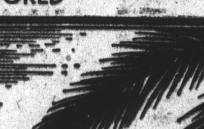
FUNNY BUSINESS

By William Ferguson



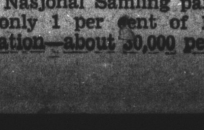
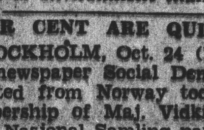
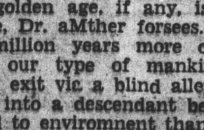
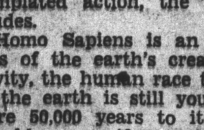
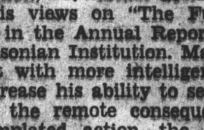
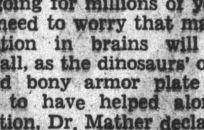
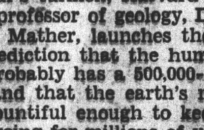
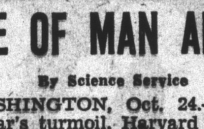
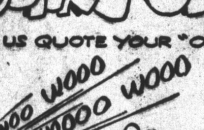
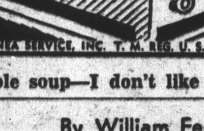
THE MOON

By William Ferguson



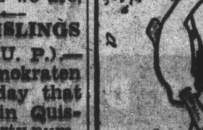
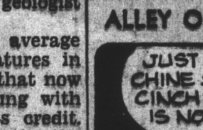
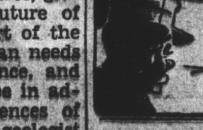
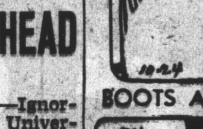
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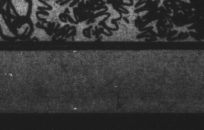
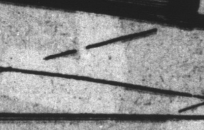
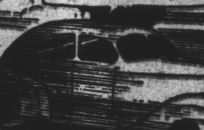
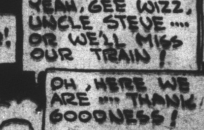
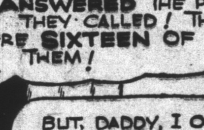
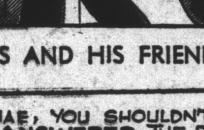
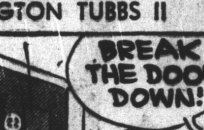
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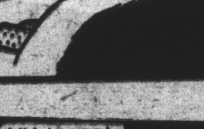
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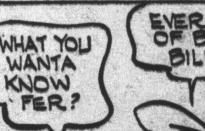
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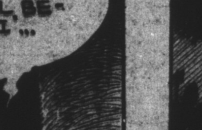
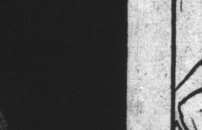
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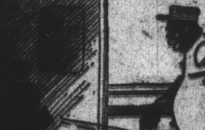
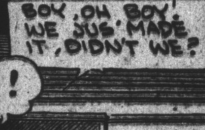
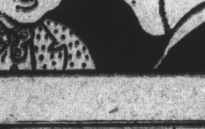
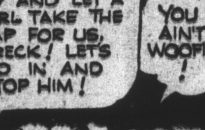
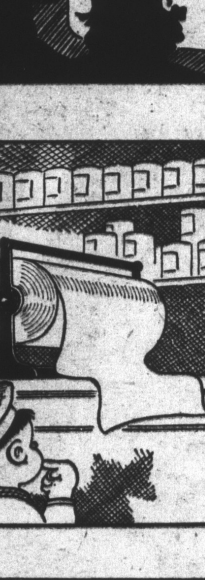
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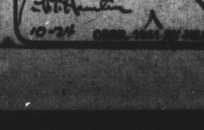
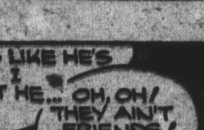
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