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HOLMAN'S

Summerside . Charlottetown

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

(Continued)

"How's that?" the oldster said in his shrill voice, still kneeling. "I said, did you see or hear anyone?" Johnny made his voice loud.

The white-haired man shook his head. He held the glass toward Johnny Saxon. "Want to see something pretty?"

"Later, Grandpop," Johnny snapped, and hurried out of the room. The room adjoining the amnesia victim's was that of the nurse, Karen.

She gave a startled little exclamation as he opened the bedroom door. A light was turned on within the room and she was lying on the bed, as though resting.

She swung off the bed and stood glaring at him. Her dark eyes were flaming. "At least," she said acidly, "you might try knocking."

"This is not my night to be a wolf," said Johnny. "Relax, sister. How long have you been up here? I thought you and the doctor friend were sitting down by the pool?"

"We were." Her dark eyes seemed abruptly cautious. "I came up here about twenty minutes ago."

"Why?" He studied her face. "If it is any of your business, I felt a little ill because of the heat. I rested for a while."

"Asleep?" She frowned. Having regained her composure, there was that cool, efficient manner about her again. "I think I was... until you barged in."

"I suppose you didn't hear a scream?"

"Scream?" He imagined he saw a startled expression in her dark eyes. "Yes. If you were awake, you must have certainly..."

He turned as Kay's voice spoke from the open doorway behind them. "Karen, can you help me

a mo—" She saw Johnny Saxon and paused. Her eyes, lime-green in the room light, searching his face. "Did you find—"

Johnny shook his head. "How's your mother?"

"She was almost hysterical, but I've got her quieted." She looked at the tall, slim-built nurse. "If you could give her a couple of sleeping pills, Karen..."

It struck Johnny that Karen did seem genuinely startled. If it was acting, it was damned clever work, he thought. Starting toward the hall, Karen turned back for an instant, looked at him, asked, "You mean... Mrs. Smith screamed?"

He nodded, watching her, making no comment.

CHAPTER X.

The nurse disappeared toward the adjoining room. Kay hesitated a moment. "I've locked the balcony doors." Her lovely eyes were staring. "It's frightening not knowing who this person was!"

"Your mother wasn't hurt, was she?"

"No, but—" "Perhaps she only imagined something."

"But why did mother scream? She must have seen someone."

"Just to make you feel better. I'll have that guard, Steve, stay near the house tonight."

She relaxed a little. "You really don't think it was anything?"

He gave Kay a quick, easy grin. "Stop worrying, child. I pressed her arm. 'I'll be back after a bit to tuck you in bed and kiss you good night. I'm a very motherly sort of person.'"

She couldn't help smiling a bit. "You're an unusual man, Johnny Saxon. Doesn't anything ever bother you?"

"Would you really like to know?" Color flooded her smooth cheeks. She turned hurriedly and followed the nurse into her mother's room.

Johnny Saxon returned along the second-floor hallway. He found a flight of stairs that led to the third floor. Having already been told that the servants' quarters

were above, he thought it unlikely that a prowler would allow himself to be trapped up there. He wondered why he had not seen Homer, the butler, all evening.

The light was still out in the corridor that passed his room. A thought had been in Johnny's mind since he had unexpectedly come upon the nurse in her bedroom.

This afternoon, he had suspected that she was watching his room. Could she have been there a little while ago?

The devil of it was, what could Karen expect to find in his room? What would even take her there?

Down below him, in the gardens, there was some commotion. Leaning over the balcony rail, Johnny recognized Moe Martin's voice.

Johnny did not catch Moe's grumbled answer. But he heard the twigs and brush crackling. "What are you doing down there?" he called out.

"Johnny? Can you come down for a minute?"

"All right. But for Heaven's sake, stop the rumpus." Johnny thought of Irene Smith, whom Kay and the nurse were trying to get to sleep. Further agitation might aggravate the woman's condition, and Johnny was anxious to talk to her again first thing in the morning.

Johnny went out the back way, circled the rear of the house and found his partner.

Moe Martin was hanging to the Great Dane's wide collar; the animal seemed agitated and restless, even growling slightly as Johnny appeared suddenly in the beam from the flashlight held in Moe's hand.

"Okay, boy, okay," said Johnny quickly. The dog nuzzled against his hand and became friendly. Turning to the man who was with Moe Martin, he said, "I'm certainly glad he's not vicious."

"They never are. Great Danes are like overgrown, curious children." He was a slender, medium-built young man with dark eyes that seemed to magnify themselves somewhat behind thick-lensed glasses. The glow of the

flashlight revealed his sharp, high-cheek-boned features. "I'm Doctor Clark. Bob Clark." He held forth his hand. "I presume you're Johnny Saxon? I've heard of you."

Johnny nodded, shook hands. Moe Martin said, "The dog heard something."

"With you still hanging onto him?" Johnny noted Moe's flushed, perspiring face.

"Naturally. I wanted to see what he was after."

Doctor Bob Clark laughed softly. "You should have seen them in and out of shrubbery, all over the place."

(To be continued)

AND NOW, FRED ASTAIRE DANCES ON THE CEILING!

And now, Fred Astaire dances on the ceiling! The popular M-G-M star, whose pictures unfailingly produce new and ingenious ideas for hoofing routines, reveals his latest remarkable number in the new Technicolor musical, "Royal Wedding," in which Jane Powell appears as his dancing partner for the first time in the story of a famed brother and sister singing-dancing team.

It is likely to become the most talked-about of all Astaire's film dances.

In the new routine, done to a Burton Lane-Alan Jay Lerner song called, "You're All the World to Me," Astaire not only dances on the ceiling but also up and down the walls of a room. It has often been said of Astaire that he appears to be dancing on air, and now he proves it!

Together with Astaire and Miss Powell, "Royal Wedding" features an all-star cast, including Peter Lawford, Keenan Wynn and Sarah Churchill, actress-daughter of the famous Winston Churchill, who makes her American screen debut in the new musical, Thursday, at the Prince Edward Theatre. It was directed by Stanley Donen, who together with Gene Kelly, directed the successful "On the Town," and was produced by Arthur Freed, whose long list of hits include "Pagan Love Song," "Annie Get Your Gun" and "On the Town."

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

birds would just miss catching Chatterer. "The hateful thing! How can he grin when something dreadful may happen any minute!" thought she.

Chatterer was up to the bottom of the big nest. It was built in a crotch where two or three limbs started out from the trunk. One of these limbs was a long one. It reached over toward another tree, but there was a long space between the tip of that limb and the tip of the nearest branch of that other tree. At first Mrs. Chatterer didn't understand what he was planning to do. When she saw him run out beyond the nest along that big limb she guessed:

"Don't do it! Don't do it!" she shrieked. "You see she knew then what Chatterer was planning to do. He was planning to try to jump from the tip of that limb to the tip of that nearest branch of the other tree, and it was a long jump. She was sure it was too long a jump. 'He'll fall,' she sobbed."

It wasn't because she was afraid he would be hurt in the fall, though that limb was high above the earth. More than once she had herself fallen from as high up as that and been unhurt. It was all in knowing how to fall, and no one knows the art of falling without getting hurt better than do the Squirrel folk. It was Reddy Fox waiting down below that worried her. Poor Mrs. Chatterer.

"RIDING HIGH" TOPS, BING NEVER BETTER

Parmount's "Riding High," which plays Wednesday Midnight at the Prince Edward Theatre, is a stand-out picture in any company and ranks as one of Bing Crosby's best. Produced and directed by Frank Capra, it has just about everything in the way of entertainment a moviegoer could ask for.

There are sensational performances by Bing, who's in rare form, lovely Coleen Gray, Frances Gifford and Charles Bickford; there's a heartwarming, hilarious story by Mark Hellinger and a quartet of hit tunes including "Sunshine Cake," "Sure Thing," "Somewhere On Anywhere Road" and "The Horse Told Me," all of which you'll be whistling for some time to come.

A race-track devotee, Crosby owns a potential champion in Broadway Bill. However, his fiancée, Frances Gifford, wants him to sell the thoroughbred and take a job with her father. He refuses, to the delight of her younger sister, Coleen Gray, who's in love with him, and vans the horse to an out-of-town track for a big race.

Unfortunately, there's an entry fee to be paid and Bing can't raise the money. All seems lost when Miss Gray appears on the scene

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear sister Sophia (Mrs. Deschamp) who departed this life May 23rd, 1950.

God did call you dearest sister To that land of peace and rest But you'll never be forgotten By the ones who loved you best.

O, happy hours we once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still! But death has left a loneliness, The world can never fill.

Lovingly Remembered by Sister Susan.

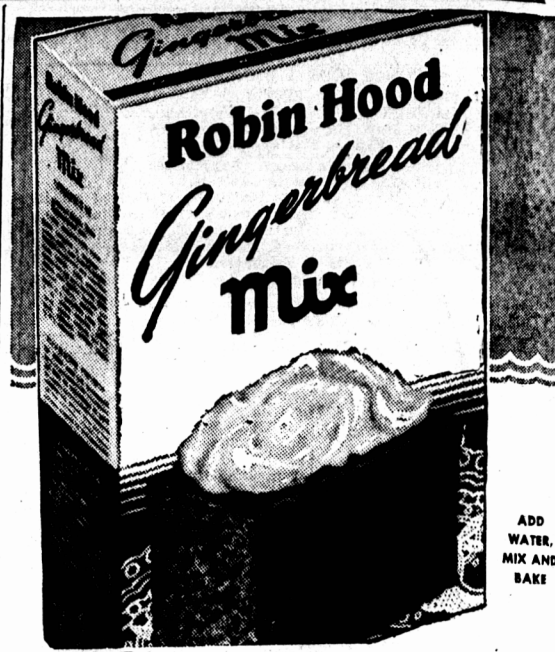
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TO-NIGHT'S... Dessert suggestion: hot gingerbread with apple sauce and a sprinkle of cinnamon. One minute and it's ready for the oven—bakes while you serve your first course. Be sure you use Robin Hood Gingerbread Mix, preferred by two out of three in nation-wide test.

and provides the necessary cash. body's movie list, "Riding High" features William Demarest, Raymond Walburn, James Gleason, Ward Bond, Clarence Muse, Percy Kilbride and Harry Davenport.

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OUT OUR WAY

HAND ME THAT CUP! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU TRYING TO PRIME THAT POOR CHILD WITH BLACK COFFEE LOADED WITH SUGAR-- IT'S A DIRTY TRICK!

WELL, SHE COMES OVER AN' STAYS TILL I'M HAFF DEAD WITH SLEEP MYSELF-- THEN I HAFTA PACK ONE O' THEM HOME FOR HER!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

By J. R. Williams