

SERIAL STORY 5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

CAST OF CHARACTERS ARNOLD BENTHORNE — Five persons wished him dead. HELEN BENTHORNE — His charming young wife. WILLIAM ALSTON — Benthorne's father-in-law and business associate. JOEY DI TORIO — Night club owner and gangster. ARA JOHNSON — The mystery girl. JOHN DOUGLAS — A young mining engineer, in love with Ara. CAPTAIN DAWSON — A detective who likes to listen.

Yesterday, Joey di Torio admits he and Benthorne were "associated" in several racketeering operations. Benthorne believes the gangster killed Benthorne to silence him. Joey finally admits he left the club, but maintains it was after midnight. He also reminds Dawson of one other thing that will prove his innocence—ballistics.

CHAPTER VII

Patrolman Dan Flynn's feet hurt.

It was bad enough, he told himself, to stand half the night in the rain, but to have a murder piled on him, to have the captain see at him, and to have to find a will-o'-wisp taxi driver at 11 p. m. was asking too much of his even Irish temper.

How the devil did Dawson expect him to locate one taxi driver—Nick Smith—in a city full of taxi drivers? The taxi company had been a great help—yeah!

"Smith reported in tonight," the office clerk told Flynn. "He's on cruising service, reports in his own house is slow, but goes on his own if business is good." That helped a lot, yeah? They'd be glad to have Smith come in if he called, but Flynn knew that Smith would stay out just as long as he could. Probably halfway to Florida by now, with the cab parked on a deserted road.

Smith wouldn't show up at home either—the smart for that. Smith was just too, too smart. Dawson was too smart. Benthorne was too smart. Everyone was too smart—everyone but Dan Flynn. And he was just a dumb cop. And his feet hurt.

Well, there was no use pacing up and down the sidewalk in the rain in front of a deserted taxi stand. There was a chance that Smith might, from force of habit, return to his usual haunts. But it was a small chance, Flynn knew. A cab hurried by, Flynn whistled, but the cab sped on. Another taxi, hurrying down the opposite side of the street, whirled around and the door swung open before Flynn. "Just drive," he ordered, and slumping in the seat, kicked off his shoes, wiggled his toes in damp socks and promptly went to sleep.

He awakened half an hour later. The cab was stopped, even the motor was silent. Flynn looked around, saw he was parked in front of an all-night lunch stand. Driver evidently decided he need a cup of coffee. Coffee might go well, Flynn thought. And ham and eggs and maybe some pie. He bent over, fumbling in the darkness for his shoes.

A car paused beside the cab, then pulled in front to park. Flynn granted as he tied the laces, rained his head just in time to see another driver climbing out of the taxi parked directly ahead. He held his breath as the man paused at the door of the lunch stand. What was that Dawson had said about luck? The taxi driver got going through the door was—Nick Smith!

A moment later Flynn's service revolver was in his raincoat pocket, and Flynn was pushing into the lunch stand. "Hello, Nick!" he said softly. The driver whirled on the stool, stared at Flynn, then turned back to his coffee. Flynn's own driver got up, quickly. "Just stopped for a cup of java," he explained. "You were having a good sleep and I hated to disturb you. All us drivers usually stay here and gossip and eat."

"Glad you did," Flynn answered. "I've been looking for this guy." He looked his head toward Smith. "Who's Nick?" the driver asked. "Nick's all right, Sergeant. Now if he was speeding, maybe." Flynn ignored him, sat on the stool next to Smith. "I've been looking for you, Nick," he went on. "About that fast one you pulled tonight. Here's your driver. He's a deserter."

"Oh, that?" Smith turned to him. "Sorry if I almost spilled you, Sergeant. That girl—"

"Yeah, that girl—Flynn broke in. "Where is she? Where did you pick her up?" "I don't remember. Hell, who was just another face in my—"

"I picked them up—this guy and the girl—over on the avenue, in front of some of those apartment houses. I thought they was a couple of peuffers. They said to just drive around and they talked for a while."

"Finally the fellow asks me if I know where there's a preacher. Said they wanted to get married. Then they argue some more and it seems like the girl is doing most of the talking. Then she asks me to stop."

But his father don't like it. "Now me, I'm sort of a romantic guy, and I like to help out a couple of kids—"

"You can tell your love story to the captain, Nick," Flynn said shortly. "Right now I want to know one thing. Where does this girl live?"

"I swear—I swear I don't know. Honest. I let her out at a subway—"

"There are ways of improving your memory, Nick," Flynn interrupted. "I hope we don't have to use them."

The girl with her smoky eyes thumbed at the straps on her battered suitcase, pulling it closed, finally turned the key in the lock. She rose hurriedly, moved to the dresser, slammed drawers open and closed as she made sure nothing had been forgotten.

The mirror caught her reflection as she passed to light a cigarette. Her dark hair needed attention; she applied lipstick hurriedly; she entered in a girlish face. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes tired and for the moment lacking fire.

"Tomorrow I'll be home, she thought. Everything is finished here. The police will never know. The thought of him made her pause, stare at her own reflection in the mirror. John had been so kind, so helpful, without knowing. He had asked no questions, demanded nothing. He was in love with her—wholly, helplessly.

Perhaps he would hunt for her. No—he would return to the place he had first met her—and she would never go back. It was just as well. There was no place in her life for love. But—

The buzzer interrupted her thoughts. Someone at the apartment door. The porter, for her bags. She hurried to open it. Flynn was framed in the doorway. He was smiling. His glance took in the disordered room, the packed suitcase on the floor.

"You going somewhere, Miss Johnson?" he asked pleasantly. "Sorry to upset your plans, but you'll have to come with me." (To be continued)

Identity of Hitch Hiker Slain by Cop Unveiled ALBANY, Ore., Dec. 8.—(AP)—The identity of the hitch-hiker who was shot and killed Wednesday afternoon in the car of a Klamath Falls salesman, Oliver Spiker, remained unknown today as authorities awaited a report from the identification bureau at Washington and Sacramento, Calif.

Fingerprint files at the Oregon state police bureau revealed no clue to his identity. The youth was killed by State Patrolman Wallace Hug after he had fired once as the officer approached him.

ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE TO CREDITORS Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Douglas Wate, deceased, and all persons are therefore notified to present their claims to the said administrator at the office of E. W. Marburg in the courthouse at Roseburg, Oregon, and claims to be duly verified as by law required, within 60 months from date of this notice.

EVA LANE WAITE, Administrator of the estate of Douglas Wate, deceased. First publication December 8, 1939. Last publication January 2, 1940.

Roosevelt's Plan Hikes U. S. Payroll

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—(AP)—Two Republicans and a Democrat on the House appropriations committee said today that President Roosevelt's reorganization of the government was increasing, rather than decreasing, federal expenditures.

They told newsmen budget bureau estimates for the next fiscal year indicated that government expenditure would be increased considerably. Rep. Dirksen (R-Ill.) said that, as counting defense requirements, the federal payroll had been increased by 11,695 from May to December. He reported 49,054 persons were added because of the defense program.

"When the roll is called down under at the Treasury department my office it seems to get bigger and bigger," Dirksen declared. "Two or three more reorganization plans and we'll soon have a million persons on the civil payroll."

He said the civil service commission listed 937,357 employees on Dec. 1. A high-ranking Democrat on the committee, who declined to be quoted by name, said that the new federal security agency had "a great many more" employees than the total of separate agencies from which it was formed.

Turks Swat Nazis For Propaganda

ISTANBUL, Turkey, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Frank von Papen, German ambassador who has been bitterly criticized by the Turkish press, arrived here unexpectedly from Ankara, causing much speculation as to the significance of his movements.

It was reported that the ambassador would hold a closed meeting tomorrow of the German colony here. Meanwhile the entire press of the country redoubled its attacks on German propaganda in Turkey, in which Von Papen, Adolf Hitler's diplomatic trouble-shooter, has had a directing hand.

There have been unofficial reports that Turkey would ask for Von Papen's recall unless propaganda activities were halted. One paper demanded the German ambassador stop his propaganda activities or "pack up and get out."

The Germans are accused of attempting to provoke a conflict between Turkey and Russia. Press attacks were touched off by the distribution of circulars bearing the watermark of the German embassy which purported to reprint an article from a Moscow periodical which attacked the Turkish press.

The newspaper, Sontelegraf, asserted that Turkey was ready to defend herself and "the mighty armed support of Britain and France will make prospective aggressors think twice before embarking on an adventure toward Turkey."

The paper warned that the Balkans must not be compared with the Baltic states in their determination to resist attack and declared "aggression toward Rumania will create an unshakable allied front in the Balkans."

Christmas Seal Trailer Shown at Theaters Here Local motion picture houses are showing the Christmas seal "trailer" this month. The film tells the public briefly what is done with the dollars that are contributed to

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvi



"If you could choose anything in the whole, wide world for a Christmas present, what would you want that cost a quarter?"

Portland Will Get Food Stamp Plan

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—(AP)—Secretary Wallace announced today the agriculture department's stamp plan for distributing surplus agricultural products would be extended to Portland, Ore., and the adjacent area within Multnomah county.

Officials said actual operation of the program in the Portland area was expected to begin shortly after the first of the year. They estimated about 36,000 persons on relief would be eligible to participate in the program.

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He estimated the program would increase retail grocery sales about \$400,000 in 1940 and provide a substantial outlet for overstocks in 17 commodities. Garst said additional units might be established elsewhere in Oregon.

The surplus list included butter, eggs, pork, lard, corn meal, dried pines, wheat, and whole wheat flour, raisins, fresh pears, fresh apples, onions, dry edible beans, oranges, grapefruit, rice, hominy, grits and pork products.

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Woman Bears Her 4th Set of Twins

VANCOUVER, B. C., Dec. 7.—(CP)—A medical phenomenon apparently unequalled anywhere in Canada was disclosed today through a doctor's announcement that Mrs. Jack Dye, 32, had given birth to her fourth consecutive set of twins.

All the twins, born in a period of five years, are alive and well. Dr. R. Elder, who attended Mrs. Dye at the birth of her fourth set of twins August 31, said "I can find no other case in Canada of such a record as Mrs. Dye has established."

Mr. and Mrs. Dye said today that there was no history of twins being born to ancestors on either side. Each pair of twins is composed of a boy and a girl. In each case the girl was born first. In each case doctors held little hope the boy would live, but all gained strength rapidly and soon were normal.

Mrs. Dye doesn't find it very difficult, she says, to look after the twins, and her 10-year-old daughter, Marion. "We manage somehow," she says. "They are all so good, and the babies are perfect."

The new arrivals are Edna and Edward. Frances and Frank are now a year and five months old; John and Joan two years and five months, and next oldest are Donald and Dorothy. Dorothy is the only one not at home.

"It is extremely difficult to account for this phenomenon," Dr. Elder said. "There are about one set of twins to every 100 births, but consecutive girl-boy twin births are exceedingly rare."

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—(AP)—Ernest T. Weir, chairman of National Steel Corp., today asserted: "America must choose peace."

He told delegates to the annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers that "private enterprise knows only peace gives 'genuine prosperity.'"

"What business got out of the last war," said Weir, was "dislocation of the entire economic system punishing taxation and a

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