

SERIAL STORY
5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

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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: After di Torio is killed, Dawson rounds up the four, questions them. Ara was resting, Alston still asleep. Mrs. Benthorne was telephoning. Douglas had remained in the study. "How do you explain the damp mud on your shoes?" Dawson asks Douglas.

CHAPTER XVIII
"Oooh, John! Ara's appealing cry confirmed the truth of Dawson's statement. Douglas glanced down at his shoes. The gray-brown mud accused him.
"You were in the study, all right, listening to everything that Joey said to me," Dawson shot at him. "You heard us come out of the passageway, go into the living room. You stood, right where you're standing now and when Joey peered around the corner, you killed him."
"Then you ran down the passageway to the street, doubled back across the lawn and climbed in the study window. You ought to know your way along that route pretty well by now, Douglas. It's the second time you've been over it."

"Hello, Captain! Sorry I took—" Dan Flynn's greeting froze in his throat as he pushed through the front door, stared at the group gathered at the foot of the stairs. Before he could manage another word, he caught sight of di Torio's body.
"Joey?" he asked, softly.
"Yes," Dawson replied. "Murdered. Just like Benthorne. Joey knew too much."
"He could have been a good guy, if he'd been on the right side of the fence," Flynn enquired. "I'll miss bringing you in, Joey."
"This man Douglas killed him," Dawson interrupted. "Put handcuffs on him and don't let him out of your sight. Don't let any of them out of your sight. Take them all into the living room and keep them there. . . . Krone, when did the coroner say he'd be here?"
"Captain," Flynn began, "just as I was coming in I got a hunch."
"I don't care about your hunches," Dawson shouted, his ruler mounting. "Get in that living room and stay there. When I have time to listen to your hunches, I'll send for you. Are you going to obey orders, Flynn?"
"Yes, sir."

Dawson turned back to Krone and di Torio's body. "I want that bullet first. Have it checked against the one that killed Benthorne and you'll find they're the same. The gun was probably hidden in Benthorne's study all the time. After you finish with the coroner, have a look around outside for the revolver. Douglas probably threw it into the shrubbery."
"Maybe he brought it back into the study with him. I'll have a look. Get good pictures of all of this, Krone." He hurried into the study.
There was plenty of evidence that Douglas had come in the window. Dawson's eyes picked up a moist outline of a shoe on the carpet. By the window and outside he found almost perfect footprints. Douglas hadn't had the time to cover up his trail as he had last night.
The gun would be found soon. Paraffin tests would clinch the case. Maybe the Chief would give Dawson a vacation. . . .
Seemed to be a nice boy—this

Douglas. . . . And all for an uncle he had never seen. And that girl—Ara—how deep was she mixed up in this. Good kid, too. Had a lot of tough breaks. . . . Losing Douglas was only another one.
Dawson looked up, started as Ara entered the study. "I told Flynn—"
"But I convinced him I had something important to tell you."
"I'll break that fishman, so help me!"
"Really, Captain, I couldn't go far. Officer Krone is at the foot of the front stairs, Flynn is holding down the living room."
"There's the passageway. . . ."
"I had forgotten it—so you see, I really wanted to see you. You're going to try to pin these murders on John, aren't you?"
"It's a pretty clear case."
"You believe, don't you, Captain?" Ara went on earnestly, "that John came in the passageway, killed Benthorne, blocked the door, and went out the window?"
"That's about it. And today he reversed the performance with Joey as the main actor. We've got him—"
"You're wrong, Captain." This was a new Ara—a girl fighting not for hate, but for love. "John Douglas was not in the passageway last night. I know—I was there myself!"
She hurried on before Dawson could voice a question. "I left the taxi as soon as it turned the corner, ran to the street entrance of the passageway. I opened the door and was feeling my way along the passage.
"I intended to kill Benthorne, my father, and have John blamed for it. He was going in the study window. He was to surprise Benthorne, threaten him and force him to give up my proofs. John also wanted to kill Benthorne (tell how he got hold of the mine—) But John never intended to kill him."
"I've lived on hate so long, Captain. No one ever loved me, except John. And I was fool enough to try to blame a murder on him. . . . I know better now. . . . I love John. He's the first, the only person I've ever loved. I've hated all the others, even those who tried to help a little. You—you can't blame him for this Benthorne murder!"

Dawson admitted this changed Ara. All the pretense, all the hardness, even the smoky, sultry lights in her eyes were gone. Instead he saw a girl in love—a girl who has found love for the first time. She was willing to do anything to save the man she loved from the trap she had created. She was weeping quite unashamedly now, begging for John Douglas' freedom.
But Dawson could not let sentiment, nor admiration, nor pity sway his decision. If she had proof. . . . "You were in the passageway, you said. Where were you when the shot was fired?"
Ara resumed her story, a little more composed. "I was almost halfway in the hall door. I stood there, terrified. The study door slammed. I was afraid someone would come down the passage, so I ran back to the street. I hid in the shadows and in a few minutes I saw Mr. di Torio come out

of the passageway. I'm sure it was he. I saw his face when he stopped beneath a street light.
"There's your killer, Captain. The man who killed my father is dead."
"I don't think so—because—"
Ten minutes later she rose to leave.
"It will be dangerous for you, but I'll try to see that you are protected," Dawson assured her.
"I'm not afraid," she said, eyes shining. "It's a chance I have to take to prove John is innocent."
"By spreading the report that you, too, like Joey, actually saw the person who killed Benthorne, we may tempt the killer to strike again. But don't be surprised if Douglas tries to take a shot at you. He may have been planning to put you 'on the spot' just as you were doing to him."
"If John shoots at me, I hope he doesn't miss!" she said. And Dawson knew she said it as if a prayer.

(To be continued)

Civil Liberties Claim Of Sprague Challenged

PORTLAND, Dec. 20.—(AP)—Secretary-treasurer Ralph Peoples of the State Industrial union (council CIO) yesterday challenged the statement of Governor Sprague that he knew of no invasion of civil liberties in Oregon.
Peoples' comment was mailed to the U. S. senate committee on education and labor.
He said no provision had been made to protect the rights of negro and other colored workers in hotels, restaurants and hospitals; that canners, agricultural and packing unionists had obtained no recourse from an attack made on them Oct. 21, 1939; that the governor's commendation of District Attorney James Bain of Multnomah county for his drive against "bookie" establishments failed to heed the fact that many gambling places are allowed to operate without interference.
"Peoples asked an investigation into violations of civil rights of Oregon workers."

9-Car Collision Costs One Motorist a Leg

WILMINGTON, Calif., Dec. 19.—(AP)—A nine-car collision in the city today, at an intersection where five persons recently were killed, seriously injured three motorists. One had his legs amputated.
Police said an automobile struck the rear of a machine driven by William B. Ashley, 59, which was halted at a boulevard stop, and knocked the Ashley car into the intersection.
Four automobiles plowed into one side of the Ashley car then, officers said, and three crashed into the other side.

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Music by Rhythmeers
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FRESH AND PURE COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

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- SATIN MIX** 2-lb. cello bag **23c**
- GUM DROPS** 2-lb. cello bag **23c**
- CHOCOLATE DROPS** 2 lb. **17c**
- ORANGE SLICES** Lb. **10c**

- GRAPEFRUIT** Glennaire, No. 2 tin, 2 cans **21c**
- SUGAR** Oregon's own White Satin, 10 lb. **55c**
- CATSUP** Sea Spray, large 14-oz. bottle **10c**
- ROMAN MEAL** Large package **29c**
- SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR** Pkg. **22c**
- ALL BRAN** A Kellogg health food, large Pkg. **19c**
- MILK** Cherub Brand, 4 tall cans **27c**
- CHEESE** Kraft's American, 2-lb. loaf **53c**
- BEER** Brown Derby, case \$2.19; 3 cans **29c**
- WINES** Fidelis, quarts **49c**
- RIPPLED WHEAT** Pkg. **9c**

- IVORY FLAKES** Large **23c**
Removes dirt gently yet effectively.
- CAMAY SOAP** 3 bars **17c**
Protective cleansing the Camay way.
- OVALTINE** Large **59c**
For a healthful, relaxing drink.
- WESSON OIL** Quart **43c**
Pure, refined vegetable oil.
- PIEDMONT MAYONNAISE** Qt. Jar **35c**
Finest quality.

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Fancy Juice, 3 dozen **25c**;
Extra Large, dozen **19c**
Half Case **\$1.09**

- DATES** New shipment, 2 lb. **17c**
- SWEET POTATOES** Fine bakers, 3 lb. **13c**
- LETTUCE** Fancy large solid heads, 2 for **13c**
- CRANBERRIES** Large Bandon, 2 lb. **29c**
- CAULIFLOWER** 2 heads **13c**

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- BACON** Fancy Breakfast type, by the piece, lb. **19c**
- OYSTERS** Coos Bay, pint **19c**

- FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TABLE**
- CRANBERRY SAUCE** 2 cans
 - FRUIT COCKTAIL** Stokely's, 2 cans **25c**
 - JELL WELL** 3 packages **13c**
 - POP CORN** 2-lb. cello package **13c**
 - OLIVES** Ripe, No. 1 tin **12c**
 - DINNER ROLLS** Dozen **11c**
 - BREAD** Julia Lee Wright's, 1/2-lb. loaf **14c**
 - OYSTERS** Coos Bay, tin **10c**
 - ASPARAGUS** Stokely's, 2 tins **25c**
 - SHRIMP** Gulf, can **12c**
 - SWEET PICKLES** Quart jar **19c**
 - RITZ CRACKERS** Lb. Pkg. **22c**

SAFeway

Mince Meat English Maid 2 lb. **17c**

P. A. or Velvet Christmas Wrap Lb. **73c**