

The DARK BLOND

& CARLETON KENDRICK

CHAPTER XXXIV

"I found a whisky flask in the bathroom. There were fingerprints on it. I've brought out those latent fingerprints with powder and I'm satisfied they're the prints of a woman's fingers."

"Where was this whisky flask?"

"In the bathroom."

"Did the woman drink the whisky out of the flask or out of a tumbler?"

"Sergeant Mahoney asked."

"Out of a tumbler."

"Any fingerprints on the tumbler?"

"They were rather badly smudged. I couldn't develop a clear latent from it. The tumbler evidently slipped out of her fingers as she set it down and it made a bad smudge of the fingerprints."

"Where is this flask?"

"I developed the latent and took it into Mr. Hap's study. I explained the circumstances to Mr. Hap and put him to leave his study. He gave me the key. The door is locked. I've been expert to come out and make photographs of the fingerprints."

"Sergeant Mahoney seemed to be paying not the slightest attention to Millicent."

"What kind of whisky was it?" he asked. "Do you remember the brand?"

"Yes," Buchanan said. "It was under an expensive brand of whisky. It's a brand you wouldn't expect a chauffeur to drink. It's a nine-year whisky, bottled in London."

"Without taking his eyes from her, Sergeant Mahoney said to Buchanan, 'Write down the name of the brand of whisky on a piece of paper and pass it across to me. If you will please, Buchanan.'

"Detective Buchanan pulled a notepad from his pocket. He took a pencil and laboriously wrote a single word. Then he tore the page from the notepad and passed it across to Sergeant Mahoney. Sergeant Mahoney glanced at the word on the paper, nodded, and placed it on the table beside the automatic which he had previously placed there. He reached his right hand into his pocket, took out a pad of paper which he placed on the table. He held something in his left hand. Suddenly he got to his feet, smiled, and extended his hand to Millicent.

"Well," he said, "I'll be going."

"Mechanically she gave him her hand. Sergeant Mahoney's fingers closed over her right hand in a vice-like grip. He felt something slapped against his fingers. Then, before she could withdraw her hand, Sergeant Mahoney had matched up the pad of paper and pressed her fingerprints against it. Detective Buchanan, observing what had happened, stepped forward and said, 'Make her roll her fingers over the pad.'

"Sergeant Mahoney shook his head, said at the ink imprints on the pad of paper. 'These,' he said, 'are authentic. That's the type of print you'd find on a flask. You wouldn't find a rolled print on a glass bottle.' Millicent, having jerked her hand free, regarded the inked tips of her fingers indignantly. Then she glanced with something of a panic in her eyes, over to the pad of white paper which Sergeant Mahoney was holding. She saw that the tips of her fingers had left very legible prints on the specially prepared paper.

"Would you," asked Sergeant Mahoney, "mind giving up your rolled fingerprints, Miss Graham?" That is, his fingers one at a time, roll them over the inked pad, and then roll them over the paper."

"I most certainly will not give them to you," Millicent said. "You tricked me. You've got no right to take my fingerprints, as though I were some common criminal."

"We're investigating a crime," Sergeant Mahoney told her, "and we'd like to have the fingerprints of everyone on the premises."

"I don't care what you're doing," she said. "I won't give you my fingerprints."

Mahoney added meaningfully to Detective Buchanan: "We could hold her on suspicion and take them when we..."

"No," Sergeant Mahoney interrupted. "I think you'll find we've got sufficient for what we need. Take these prints with you, Buchanan. Go into the study and check the fingerprints with the ones on the bottle. I think probably you'll find you won't have to search any farther."

Buchanan nodded, took the sheet of paper containing Millicent's fingerprints, and almost ran through the door.

Sergeant Mahoney stared across at Millicent and said accusingly, "Why didn't you tell me you were in Harry Felding's room?"

Millicent sat silent.

Mahoney went on, thoughtfully, "You were trying to shadow someone last night. That means, of course, that someone else was out. That someone might have been the one who committed the murder, were it not for the incriminating evidence which now indicates that you went to Harry Felding's room."

Millicent continued to say nothing. "Was Harry Felding there when you entered his room?"

"You have tricked me," Millicent said, fighting back a desire to burst into tears. "I am not going to answer another one of your questions."

"Because you're afraid to?" Sergeant Mahoney inquired.

"Because I don't have to, and because I don't choose to."

"You'll have to sooner or later. You'll be called before the coroner's jury and perhaps the grand jury."

"I'll have an attorney to represent me, then," Millicent said with a show of courage she did not feel.

Sergeant Mahoney lit a cigarette, smoked it in contemplative silence for a few moments, then raised his eyes to stare steadily at Millicent.

"I don't think you did it," he told her. "I wish you'd come clean with me. It would simplify things enormously. If you don't tell me the whole truth, things are going to be hard with you. If you do, there's a chance I can save you."

"I am telling you nothing," Millicent said.

"Who was the person you were following?"

"She ignored his question."

"Was it a man or woman?"

"Once more she sat perfectly silent."

Sergeant Mahoney took a notebook from his pocket.

"Well, anyway," he said, "we'll get the license number of that automobile you were following. What did you say it was—QJ4301?"

She started to correct him and give the right number, then changed her mind and clamped her lips tightly together.

Sergeant Mahoney started to say something else, but was interrupted, as running feet sounded in the corridor. The door of Millicent's room banged open without a preliminary knock, and Detective Buchanan, his face flushed with anger and mortification, stood in the doorway.

"My God," he said, "that flask..."

Sergeant Mahoney made a quick motion. He raised his hand, palm outward, but Detective Buchanan failed to interpret the gesture.

"That flask," Buchanan said. "It's been smashed into a million pieces. Someone ground it into powder with a bronze book-end."

Sergeant Mahoney sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and said very softly, "When you get to be a better detective, Buchanan, you will know better than to leave valuable bits of evidence around where suspects can get hold of them. You'll also know better than to tell other suspects when that evidence has been destroyed. If you'd had sense enough to tell Miss Graham her fingerprints checked identically with the fingerprints on that flask I think she'd have made a statement. As it is, she'll take advantage of the situation by keeping quiet."

(To Be Continued)

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CUTWORK LINENS PATTERN 690

CUTWORK LINENS PATTERN 690

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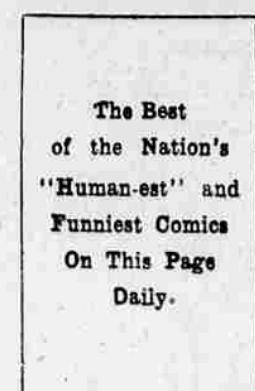
Pattern 690 comes to you with a transfer pattern of two motifs 12 1/2 inches, two motifs 4 x 10 1/2 inches and six 3 1/2 inch corners. Directions of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Safe at First

By HAROLD GRAY



The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily.



A MILLION DOLLARS! GEE, DADDY—NO BODY CAN TOUCH US NOW—



HUH! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, ANNIE—BUT A MILLION IS JUST A BEE-BEE SHOT IN THE WAR WE'RE GETTING INTO—



I HAVE THAT FORMULA IN A SAFE PLACE NOW—(I HOPE) BUT OLD WHISKERS—HE COULD BE SWEATED FOR THE SECRET—AND THAT PAPER COULD BE REMOVED FROM ANY HIDING PLACE—



WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO ANNIE, BEFORE WE REACH SAFETY—OTHERS KNOW THE VALUE OF THIS THING TOO, YOU KNOW—AND NOW THEY KNOW WHERE IT IS—



THANKS TO YOU, ANNIE, THEY DIDN'T GET THE FORMULA THE LAST TIME THEY CALLED—THEY'LL HARDLY TRY AGAIN SOON, BUT SOONER OR LATER, THEY'LL BE BACK—



SH-H-H— ISN'T THAT SOMETHIN' OR SOMEBODY IN TH' YARD?

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



THROUGH ROUGH AND DESOLATE COUNTRY PRINCESS ARETA, TIM AND SPUD PRESS ON TO THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AT FT. LECOR.



MEANWHILE QUEEN ANTONA'S SOLDIERS SCOUR THE COUNTRY FOR THE TRIO



GEE—IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A DREAM! HERE SPUD AND I ARE HELPING A PRINCESS ESCAPE FROM A STRANGE PEOPLE WHO HAVE LIVED ALMOST 1000 YEARS!



GEE—IT'D BEEN TERRIBLE IF PRINCESS ARETA HAD MARRIED COUNT RELLOS—



A FRENCH MILITARY PLANE HUMS INTO VIEW!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Dreams of an Empire

By MARTIN



BOOTS, HERE ARE SOME ORDERS FOR NEEDLE-POINT



BOOTS, ARE THE ORIENTALS ALL GONE?



OW! THINGS ARE MOVIN' TOO FAST AN' GETTIN' TOO BIG FOR ME! GEE, I-I'M SCARED



LISSEN, COOKIE—WE'RE DOIN' OK—BUT, ALL THIS SMALL STUFF—PETITE POTATOES! LET'S GET OUTTA TH' KID CLASS N'DO THINGS IN A BIG WAY



I'VE DECIDED T'BUILD A BUILDIN' OF MY OWN! LOOK—I'VE DRAWN TH' PLANS FOR IT—A REAL CLOUD-SCRAPER, TWO OR THREE HUNDRED STORIES MEbbe! WE NEED A LARGER PLACE, SO WE CAN HANDLE OUR BUSINESS—THEN, LATER ON, I'LL BUILD A CITY—N'MEBBE SOMETIME I'LL BUY A WHOLE COUNTRY! THEN, WE CAN REALLY SPREAD OUT

BRINGING UP FATHER



DADDY—I SENT YOUR SUITS OUT TO BE PRESSED—IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU?



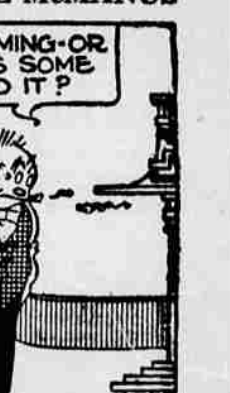
AH—THANKS, DAUGHTER



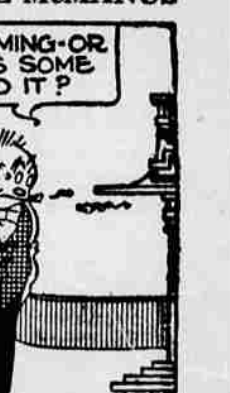
WHAT?



I'M COOKING SOME CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE FOR YOU, SO DON'T GO OUT



OH, I WOULD LIKE TO GO WITH YOU TO THE MUSICAL, BUT I HAVE TO FIX MR. JIGGS' ROOM FOR HIM



I'M DREAMING—OR THERE IS SOME CATCH TO IT?

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"A STABLE SUGGESTION."

MONDAY—"NEEDLES ON A HAYSTACK."

By E. C. SEGAR



AHOY, TOAR, YER DOCTOR QUIT—HE GOT MAD ON ACCOUNT OF HE COULDN'T CURE YA!



OOOW!!



I'LL CALL IN ANOTHER ONE



PIPE DOWN WHILE I PHONES



COME IN, DOCTOR, HERE'S YER PATIENT



OOOOW!!



WHAT YOU WANT IS A HORSE DOCTOR!

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



GOOD NIGHT! LOOK AT HIM. YOU CAN TELL A HUFF HOUR AHEAD WHEN HE'S GONNA HIT AT YA! YOU TELEGRAPH YOUR PUNCHES—YOU LET 'EM KNOW THER COMIN'. HOW DUMB.



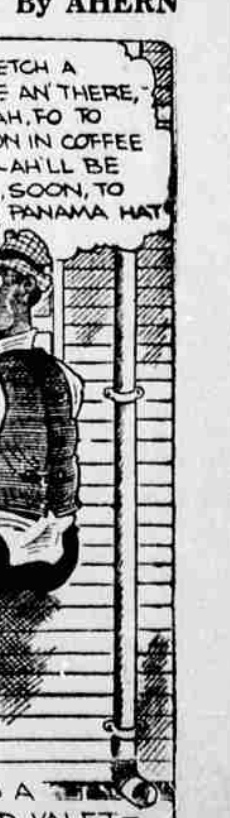
OH, I DON'T KNOW. A BILL COLLECTOR THAT LETS YOU KNOW HE'S COMIN' AN' STILL GITS YOU, IS GOOD. TH' SAME WITH A PUNCH.



WHY, JASON!—EGAD—WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER HERE AT TANDLER'S HOUSE?—HM—WASHING WINDOWS—FAW!—MY VALET—UM—A GENTLEMAN'S MAN OUT FREE-LANCING ODD JOBS—UFF—SPUT—T—SAY I WISHED MY EVENING CLOTHES LAID OUT, BUT MY VALET IS AWAY, BEATING A NEIGHBORS RUGS, OR WASHING WINDOWS!—HM—MY VALET!—UNTHINKABLE!



AH HAS TO KETCH A QUARTER, HERE AN' THERE, MISTAH MAJAH, FO TO KEEP OL JASON IN COFFEE AN' DUNKS!—AH'LL BE GITTIN' OVAH, SOON, TO FLASH UP YO PANAMA HAT TO SUMMAH!



JASON IS A DIVERSIFIED VALET