

The DARK BLOND

by CARLETON KENDRICK
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CHAPTER LXI

men were pushing them back, clearing the hallway with swift efficiency.

Sergeant Mahoney wasted no time on the elevator. He took to the stairs. Millicent and Norman followed him. Once in his car, they heard the scream of the siren as the car tore through the streets.

Sergeant Mahoney skidded around a corner, slammed on brakes.

"This is Dick Gentry's apartment," Norman Hupp said.

"Exactly," Mahoney told him. "Your father wasn't kidnapped by force. Gentry COULD have lured him to his apartment. We'll see what we can discover."

He fitted a key into a lock and opened a door, switched on lights and ran across the room.

Jarvis Hupp, apparently lifeless, lay sprawled on a bed.

Sergeant Mahoney leaned over him, put an ear to the man's chest.

Jarvis Hupp lay motionless.

Sergeant Mahoney got to his feet, strode to the telephone, jerked the receiver from its hook, said, "Police headquarters." While he waited for connection, he turned to Norman Hupp and said, "He's alive, but drugged. I think they gave him an over-dose at the least, but we can save him if we can get him to a hospital in time."

Into the telephone he said, "Headquarters? Sergeant Mahoney. Rush an ambulance, Doctor Cathcart, a stomach pump, and complete equipment for treatment of drug poisoning to apartment 104, 6413 Cherry street. I want them here within five minutes."

He slammed up the receiver, turned to Norman Hupp and said, "Start talking. Tell me everything you know about the woman in the black ermine coat."

Norman Hupp said, "Why, there isn't much to say. I've seen her several times. She comes to call on Cynthia and advises her about numerology and astrology. She."

Sergeant Mahoney nodded. He went into the kitchen of the apartment, pulled open cupboard doors.

"Millicent," he said, "make some strong black coffee. The doctor will want some when he gets here. I'm going to talk with Norman."

Millicent went to the kitchen, made coffee, and had no more than brought the pot to a boil when she heard the sound of feet in the corridor, heard Sergeant Mahoney saying, "You made a record run, Doctor. Here's your man."

A moment later the kitchen door opened and a bald-headed, short, thick-set individual with a smiling face said, "Have you some coffee?"

Millicent nodded.

Sergeant Mahoney said, "Pull him through, Doctor. These folks are going with me to headquarters. Come on, you two."

His dynamic personality dominated everything and everyone. Unquestioningly, Millicent and Norman accompanied him to his car.

"Your father will live," he said to Norman as he started the motor and snapped in the clutch. But he said nothing more until he slammed the car to a stop in front of police headquarters.

"Come on," he said.

(To Be Continued)

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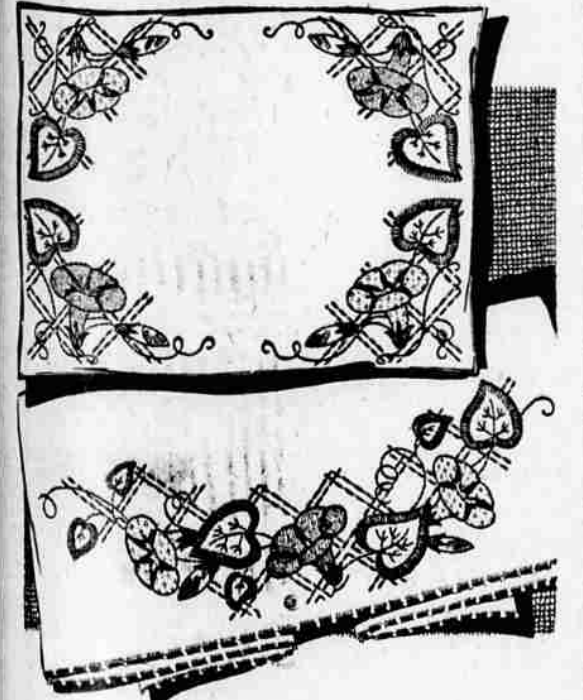
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