

# The HOUSE on LILAC STREET

by FRED BAYARD

(Chapter 10)

As Derris disappeared through the door, Haid's manner underwent an abrupt change.

"O.K.," he swung on Holway. "What's the gag?"

The other straightened in obvious surprise, putting down the glass he had been holding.

"I don't think I follow you. Say what's eating you, anyway?"

Haid quickly crossed the room and closed the door.

He came back across the room. "This Martin girl—does she come over here very often? She a close friend of yours?"

Holway shook his head. "She's a friend of Cherry's. This is the first time she's been over in about a month. Why?"

"That," he said slowly, "was the blond girl I told you about. The one on the bus."

If Holway was surprised, he managed to cover it up well.

"Haid wanted to see a cigarette. It was a minute or so before he spoke.

"You're quite sure?"

"Absolutely."

Holway was thoughtful.

"I wonder what she's up to."

"How so?" Haid eyed him intently.

"What did she mean by that San Francisco business and all this talk about counterfeiting?"

"Maybe she saw something in the papers, although it could be just a shot in the dark, but it's getting close to home at that."

"Sure you didn't tell her anything? After all, from what you told me, things were sort of mixed up that night."

"Not as mixed up as all that. I'm not in the habit of shooting off my mouth—you should know that, Holway."

"Don't get sore," the latter pleaded with him. "I was just thinking out loud."

"Well, don't," Haid made no effort now to hide his anger. "If you hadn't been so suspicious, things wouldn't have worked out the way they did. I didn't know those two tails were your men, though I might have guessed it. He added bitterly, "Before you get them to shadow anybody else, you better make sure they take a few lessons. The only reason I didn't try to dodge them was because I wanted to see what they were up to. Then when they turned up at Harman's place, after I got away from the police, I began to get worried. For all I knew they might have tipped off the cops who made the raid. Right then and there I decided it was time to stop playing games. I saw a chance to get rid of them and I did. It wasn't my idea for the girl to take me to her place."

"You've got to hand it to her," Holway said. "She's a cool customer. Your walking in here like that must have been a considerable effort on her part."

"Yes," Haid agreed. "She doesn't rattle very easy and she can put two and two together. That's why we've got to be careful. Right now I think she's just playing along to see if she can find out anything. So far she hasn't connected you up at all; she's not even quite certain about me. She may even come to you with her suspicions."

Holway shrugged. "We'll have to let it ride for the time being. That night, Sarah was waiting for Derris at the front door, her face steamed in gloom.

Derris hurried across the patio.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Is Maria," Sarah replied in a hushed voice. "She's dead."

"But that can't be! Who told you? What happened? What did she die of?"

Sarah shook her head.

"That's what worries me most. I don't know. I keep wondering if she had anything to do with what she told you."

"There's a car coming up the lane," Sarah suddenly exclaimed as she looked out the kitchen door. "I believe it's the doctor's—yes, that's who it is," she asserted as she watched it come closer.

"I see that you've heard," he said. "Whatever happened?" Derris asked. "Why, she was never sick, was she? She seemed perfectly well when she was here Sunday."

"That's the trouble with gastroenteritis," Dr. Bayles nodded gravely. "It's sudden, and in its later

stages, there's very little anyone can do. It's hit her family hard—very hard."

Derris suddenly remembered that she had news of her own to tell.

"Dr. Bayles, supposing I told you that I've found our mysterious Mr. X."

The doctor's surprise was obvious. "What sort of a joke is that?"

"No joke at all. I not only was introduced to him, but I even sat at the same table with him, drinking cocktails—and as recently as this morning. His name is Haid Scott."

"Where did all this happen?"

"At the Holways! Apparently he's a friend of Dave's, and that's what worries me. They're working on some business scheme, which sounds perfectly legitimate. Honestly," her tone was much more serious now, "I don't know where to take it from here. David isn't the sort to welcome gratuitous advice. Even if I went to him with my story, he'd be quite right in laughing it off. On the other hand, circumstances being what they are, shouldn't I put him on his guard?"

"What about the police?" the doctor asked.

"Having already reported the accident, couldn't we go to them and tell them we know where he is? They're sure to question him."

"But if we did that, would we be putting the Holways into a bad position? A move like that on our part, might easily involve Dave, and he could stand to lose a lot of money. I have no way of knowing how much he's sunk into this deal."

"I really can't understand you, Derris. You seem to have an unreasoning reluctance to bring the authorities into this. I don't think it is very wise to encourage you in these whims, and yet if you've made up your mind, it's really not for me to interfere. You're not a child."

"You're quite right, Doctor. I'm not a child—and for the time being, I think I'll just play this little game my way."

(To be continued)

2946  
SIZES 12-40

2897  
SIZES 22-36 IN.

Good Teamwork—The skirt and blouse team is a wardrobe basic! For new top interest, pick peplum blouse No. 2946—double breasted and dashing. Skirt No. 2897 features inverted pleats for walking ease. (Two separate patterns).

No. 2946 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

No. 2897 is cut in waist sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36. Size 28 1 1/2 yds. 54-in.

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BETTER COUNT THEM, FILM IS PRETTY EXPENSIVE STUFF.

"THIRTY-EIGHT, THIRTY-NINE... FORTY--GOLLY, BILL! THERE ARE A LOT MORE THAN FORTY CANS HERE!

THAT'S ODD! LET'S COUNT 'EM ALL AND SEE HOW MANY.

HEY, BILL! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! THESE EXTRA CANS FEEL AWFUL LIGHT--AS IF THEY WERE EMPTY!

NOT A BAD SALES TALK--EH, MARY? MARRY ME AND YOU CAN SPEND MY MILLIONS DOING GOOD!--SECONDLY, BEING BLIND, I'LL NEED YOU!--LAST, BUT FAR FROM LEAST--I HAVE GROWN VERY FOND OF YOU!

THAT, I FEAR IS BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE... HOW OLD I AM!

ROSH!--NO SPRING OR SUMMER BEAUTY HATH SUCH GRACE--AS I HAVE SEEN IN ONE AUTUMNAL FACE!

HOW PRETTY! DID YOU WRITE IT, DRUM?

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I--I DON'T KNOW, DRUM! YOU'RE A VERY HARD SALESMAN TO TURN DOWN--ONCE YOU GET YOUR FOOT IN THE DOOR OF A WOMAN'S HEART!

NOT A BAD SALES TALK--EH, MARY? MARRY ME AND YOU CAN SPEND MY MILLIONS DOING GOOD!--SECONDLY, BEING BLIND, I'LL NEED YOU!--LAST, BUT FAR FROM LEAST--I HAVE GROWN VERY FOND OF YOU!

THAT, I FEAR IS BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE... HOW OLD I AM!

ROSH!--NO SPRING OR SUMMER BEAUTY HATH SUCH GRACE--AS I HAVE SEEN IN ONE AUTUMNAL FACE!

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THEY CHECK WITH THE LIST, BILL, FORTY FILM CANS CONTAINING FOUR HUNDRED FEET IN EACH.

BETTER COUNT THEM, FILM IS PRETTY EXPENSIVE STUFF.

"THIRTY-EIGHT, THIRTY-NINE... FORTY--GOLLY, BILL! THERE ARE A LOT MORE THAN FORTY CANS HERE!

THAT'S ODD! LET'S COUNT 'EM ALL AND SEE HOW MANY.

HEY, BILL! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! THESE EXTRA CANS FEEL AWFUL LIGHT--AS IF THEY WERE EMPTY!

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