

Murder in New Orleans

By BRETT HALLIDAY
(Author of the Michael Shayne Stories)

(Chapter Two)
"Shouldn't you tell him?" Lucy asked, alarmed. "He can't possibly catch the murderer without knowing who was killed."
"Nuts. Denton couldn't catch a cold in a flu epidemic. Get me the St. Charles hotel," he went on swiftly. "Ask if a W. D. Carson has registered with them and get his room number."

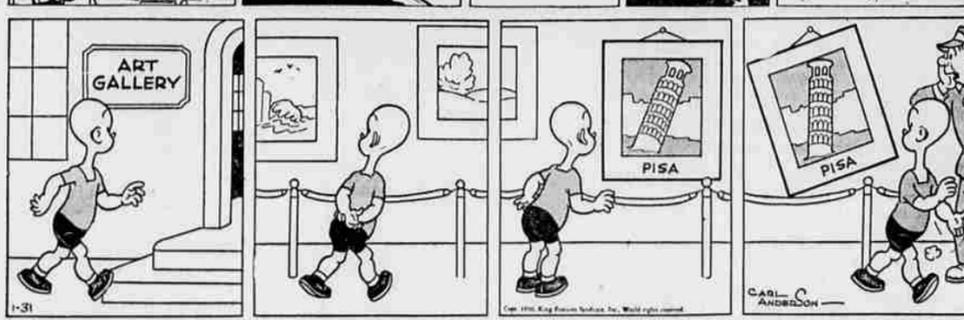
Shayne pulled a bottle of cognac from the drawer of his desk, and took a long drink. As he returned the bottle to the drawer Lucy appeared in the doorway. She was excited.
"You were right, Mike. Mr. W. D. Carson has room three-o-six, but he isn't in."
Shayne got up and put on his hat. "Okay," he said. "I'll go."

He went out of the office and down the hall to the elevator. After reaching the sidewalk, Shayne loitered along looking in show windows. Out of the corner of his eye he was searching for anyone who showed signs of trailing him. Then he walked a short distance to an alley and darted into it.
By a circuitous route he made his way to another street where he hailed a cab.
As they passed the intersection of Gravier, he told the driver to pull to the curb and stop. He got out, waited until the cab roared away, then hurried to the St. Charles hotel.

Entering the lobby, he went to a waiting elevator and got off at the third floor. He swung down the hall to Room 306, and took out a ring of keys. The second key he selected opened the door. He slipped inside and closed the door behind him.
Except for a soiled white shirt tossed across the neatly made bed and an expensive pignat suitcase lying on a chair, the room bore no evidence of occupancy.
Shayne wrapped a handkerchief over his right hand and went to the suitcase. It contained an extra clean white shirt, size fifteen; undershirts and shorts, thirty-four waist, and socks, handkerchiefs and ties. The sizes were about right to fit the dead body.
He found no personal belongings in the room.
He went back to the lobby and strolled around until he spotted a tall, thin-faced man.
Shayne went up to him. "Hi, Steve," he said.
Steve Rodell took a slim cigar from his mouth and said, "Hello, Mike. Working?"
"Sort of. Can you get me some dope on Three-O-Six?"
The house detective studied Shayne warily with bright blue eyes. He returned in ten minutes with a slip of paper in his hand. He sat down beside Shayne and read from his notes:
"W. D. Carson, Small town banker from Cheepee. Been stopping here off and on for four years—sometimes with his wife. Checked in at four-thirty yesterday. Said he was only staying over-night. Made phone call from his room." He gave Shayne the telephone number.
"Thanks, Steve," he said.
Rodell folded the slip of paper and put it in his pocket. "Carson made that call at seven-sixteen and no one remembers seeing him around since. His key is in the box and the maid reported he had not slept in his bed."
Shayne said, "Good work," and started to get up.
Rodell detained him by a gesture. "Hold it, Mike. What gives? Anything we ought to know, he figures to jerk my license."
"Can you keep the hotel out of it?" Rodell asked.
"That's it," Shayne explained the whole situation. "Do what you want about it, if Denton can prove it refused to cooperate, he figures to jerk my license."
"Can you keep the hotel out of it?" Rodell asked.
"That's more than Denton would do," Rodell said. "Let him identify his own bodies."
Shayne thanked Rodell again, then went over to a telephone booth and called the number Rodell had given him.
A pleasant feminine voice said, "Park Plaza Apartments."
Shayne hung up. He looked in the directory and found that the Park Plaza was on Bourbon street. He hurried outside and got in a waiting taxi.
"Park Plaza on Bourbon," he said as the cab pulled away.
The Park Plaza was a new brick building. Shayne entered a small lobby with a glass-enclosed office near the elevator.
A girl was seated at the small open window. When Shayne came up she smiled and said, "Yes?"
"I'm a detective," Shayne told her. "I'm trying to get a line on one of your guests, a man who murdered last night. We know he made a call from the St. Charles Hotel to this number at seven-sixteen last night. It might help us a lot to know whom he called here, because that person may be the last one who talked to him before he was killed."
She shook her head regretfully. "I don't see how I can help you. I don't keep track of incoming calls."
"Could you check and see if any of your people called the St. Charles?"

Charles between four-thirty yesterday and two this morning?"
"That's not very difficult," she turned to a large ruddy day-book.
Shayne lit a cigaret while she waited. It was half-smoked when she closed the book and said, "No calls to the St. Charles."
Shayne frowned. "What sort of people live here?" he asked. "Could you give me a list of their names, and some sort of description of them?"
"I'm afraid that I could give you won't help," she said. "You see, all but two of our tenants are middle-aged couples who have lived here for years and years. Miss Etta Hobson in One-F, and Mrs. Sydney G. Jones in Two-A."
"You know you know anything about either of them?"
"Well, Miss Etta Hobson looks about thirty, but she dyes her hair to hide the lines. She's a saleslady, but has more money than most salesladies."
"What about Mrs. Sydney Jones?"
"The girl made a grimace of distaste with her full red lips. "She's thin and has halitosis. I guess he's about thirty. I don't know what he does. He's only been here about four months. Elaine—that's the night operator—told me the woman gets in until two or three o'clock in the morning."
Shayne said, "Thanks very much," and went out.

"What's that?" he asked. "I've got a job to do. Call the Plaza and ask for Mr. Sydney G. Jones. Tell him you're Mrs. Carson from Cheepee, and that you're worried about your husband. Listen carefully to what he says and use your woman's intuition for what he doesn't say."
"Then call the girl who'll be on duty at the switchboard at the Park Plaza and find out where Miss Hobson is employed as a saleslady."
Inspector Quinlan was sitting behind his desk when Shayne walked in.
"How are you and Denton hitting it off, Shayne?" he queried.
"Not too well," Shayne pulled up a chair and sat down.
"I advised him against it, but Denton is stubborn. He thinks you're holding out on him and he's hell-bent on proving it."
Shayne scowled. "What have you got on the dead man, thus far?"
"All I know is what I hear rumored around the corridors."
Shayne looked at him with incredulity. "Aren't you handling it?"
"I'm Denton's baby," he said. "Hell! You're still head of Homicide aren't you?"
"Theoretically," the inspector's voice was mild. "But Denton got a special dispensation from the police commissioner to take over last night's job. It was in his precinct."
"You wouldn't mind having that case tied up in a murder case, would you while he's still running around in circles."
"No—I wouldn't mind that at all," Quinlan agreed quietly. "But don't do to Shayne. He told the truth last night and don't know the man, his murder doesn't mean anything to you."
"He was a prospective client," Shayne said. "Somebody beat me out of a possible fee when he was gunned. I can't sit back and let people kill off my clients before they can get to me."
"He asked for this," Shayne said angrily.
"Pushing you out on a limb," Quinlan agreed placidly.
"All right. So I'm on a limb. What killed the man?"
"A slug from a thirty-two. One of those short-barreled S and W's."
"A Banker's Special," Shayne wasn't surprised. "Sure it wasn't appropriate. Sure it wasn't appropriate."
"What do you mean by appropriate?" Quinlan threw him a sharp glance. "What suggests suicide to you?"
"Just shooting off my mouth," Shayne assured him hastily. "Go ahead. So it wasn't suicide?"
"Hardly. The direct course of the bullet into his heart from close up precludes that. Patrolman Moran heard the shot at one-twenty while on his beat. It took him about four minutes to get to the scene. A car pulled away fast as he came up on St. Louis. The man had died instantly and the body had been searched—evidently in great haste, since the appointment book wasn't taken."
"What does Ballistics say about the slug?"
"They guess it was fired from a Bulldog S and W. It's plenty good for comparison if they get another one to match it with."
Shayne nodded and got up.
Lucy Hamilton was hanging up the telephone when he returned to the office. She made a wry face.
"I just finished talking to that guy Jones," she said.
"Mr. Sydney Jones?" Shayne grinned widely. "What did you find out?"
"That Mr. Sydney Jones is a louse. He wanted me to call him Syd, and when I told him I was Mrs. Carson and was worried about my husband, he wanted me to come to his apartment to tell him all about it."
Shayne chuckled and reached over to reach her pointed chin. Lucy pushed his hand away and grew prim.
"What about Miss Etta Hobson?"
"The girl at the switchboard tried to find out WHY I wanted to know where Miss Hobson worked before she'd tell me. She sounded awfully curious and excited. She finally told me that Miss Hobson worked at the Vogue Dress Shop."
Shayne said, "I'll check on them later. Right now I'm going to take a short trip to Cheepee. I'll wire you if anything important comes up."
"Will Shayne discover the secret of the murder in Cheepee? Don't miss tomorrow's installment.)



RADIO PROGRAMS

TUESDAY—P.M.

| KGW | KOIN | KEX | KSLM | KOCO |
|----------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|------------|
| 630 NBC | 970 CBS | 1190 ABC | 1390 NBC | 1490 Kc |
| 5:00 The 3 of Us | Feature Story | Green Hornet | Stralich Arc | Swine Time |
| 5:30 News Brief | Little Show | Green Hornet | Stralich Arc | Swine Time |
| 5:45 Fanny Brice | News | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 6:00 Pop Hope | Life With Lulu | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 6:15 Pop Hope | Life With Lulu | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 6:30 McGee & Molly | Meditation | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 6:45 McGee & Molly | It's My Belief | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 7:00 State | Lum & Abner | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 7:15 State | Lum & Abner | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 7:30 Pen, are Punny | Escape | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 7:45 Pen, are Punny | Escape | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 8:00 Sinatra, Kirst | Lum & Abner | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 8:15 News of World | Mr. North | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 8:30 Carvelade | Mr. North | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 8:45 Carvelade | Mr. North | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 9:00 Ronald Colman's | Mystery Thea. | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 9:15 Ronald Colman's | Mystery Thea. | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 9:30 Big Town | Club 18 | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 9:45 Big Town | Club 18 | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 10:00 Sam Hayes | 5-Star Final | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 10:15 Sam Hayes | 5-Star Final | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 10:30 Sports Page | Orchestra | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 10:45 Sports Page | Orchestra | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 11:00 News | Serenade | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 11:15 Mr. Fix-it | Concert Hour | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 11:30 Wax Museum | Concert Hour | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 11:45 Wax Museum | Concert Hour | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |
| 12:00 Sign Off | Silent | Jack Armstrong | B-Bar-B Ranch | Blue Cross |

PM Muz., KGW 100.3, 5-10 p.m., KOIN 101.1, 6 a.m., 12 p.m., KEX 92.3, 8 to 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| 6:00 Hodge Podge | News | Farm News | Morn. News | KOCC Klock |
| 6:15 News Time | KOIN Klock | Keep Smiling | Music, Tim 'n' | KOCC Klock |
| 6:30 Farm Time | KOIN Klock | Keep Smiling | Music, Tim 'n' | KOCC Klock |
| 6:45 Farm Time | KOIN Klock | Keep Smiling | Music, Tim 'n' | KOCC Klock |
| 7:00 Early Bird | News | News | Hummaway | Tex Ritter |
| 7:15 Old Songs | News | News | Hummaway | Tex Ritter |
| 7:30 Sam Hayes | News | News | Hummaway | Tex Ritter |
| 7:45 Sam Hayes | News | News | Hummaway | Tex Ritter |
| 8:00 Eddy Albert | Consumer News | Breakfast Club | Burg Counter | King's Crusades |
| 8:15 Eddy Albert | Consumer News | Breakfast Club | Burg Counter | King's Crusades |
| 8:30 Eddy Albert | Consumer News | Breakfast Club | Burg Counter | King's Crusades |
| 8:45 Eddy Albert | Consumer News | Breakfast Club | Burg Counter | King's Crusades |
| 9:00 Second Cup | Wendy Warren | Mildred Hedell | Northwest News | Time for Melod |
| 9:15 Second Cup | Wendy Warren | Mildred Hedell | Northwest News | Time for Melod |
| 9:30 Second Cup | Wendy Warren | Mildred Hedell | Northwest News | Time for Melod |
| 9:45 Second Cup | Wendy Warren | Mildred Hedell | Northwest News | Time for Melod |
| 10:00 Marriage for 3 | Big Sister | Sage Riders | Glen Hardy | N. W. News |
| 10:15 Marriage for 3 | Big Sister | Sage Riders | Glen Hardy | N. W. News |
| 10:30 Marriage for 3 | Big Sister | Sage Riders | Glen Hardy | N. W. News |
| 10:45 Marriage for 3 | Big Sister | Sage Riders | Glen Hardy | N. W. News |
| 11:00 Double or Nothing | Mr. Hurst | Victor Lindvall | Ladies First | Music Mart |
| 11:15 Double or Nothing | Mr. Hurst | Victor Lindvall | Ladies First | Music Mart |
| 11:30 Double or Nothing | Mr. Hurst | Victor Lindvall | Ladies First | Music Mart |
| 11:45 Double or Nothing | Mr. Hurst | Victor Lindvall | Ladies First | Music Mart |
| 12:00 Kansas News | Head of Get It | House Party | Meet Menlo | Top Trades |
| 12:15 Kansas News | Head of Get It | House Party | Meet Menlo | Top Trades |
| 12:30 Kansas News | Head of Get It | House Party | Meet Menlo | Top Trades |
| 12:45 Kansas News | Head of Get It | House Party | Meet Menlo | Top Trades |
| 1:00 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 1:15 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 1:30 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 1:45 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 2:00 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 2:15 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 2:30 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 2:45 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 3:00 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 3:15 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 3:30 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 3:45 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 4:00 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 4:15 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 4:30 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |
| 4:45 100% Success | From Newhere | Jack Holt | Bob Mitchell | Mac's Melodies |

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Tuesday A.M.—5, Children's Theatre; 5:15, on the U-boat; 5:30, Sports Club; 6:00, News; 6:10, Organ; 6:30, Round the Campfires; 7:15, Evening Farm Hour; 8:00, OSC Music Dept.; 8:15, Research; 8:30, Artistry in classes; 8:45, News and Weather; 9:00, Music; 9:15, News; 9:45, Evening; 10:00, Sign Off.

KOAC Wednesday A.M.—10:00, News and Weather; 10:15, Special; 11:15, Concert Hall; 12:00, News; 12:15, Noon Farm Hour; 1:00, Ride 'em Cowboy; 2:00, Freedom in Grow; 2:30, Memory Book; 3:00, Music; 3:15, School of Art; 4:00, Music; 4:15, Keren & Ashing; 4:30, Report from Congress; 4:45, Defense; 5:00, National; 10:00, Sign Off.

Program Postponed For Silverton PTA

Silverton—Miss Hannah Olson, publications chairman, is announcing the postponed January meeting of the Silverton Parent Teachers association to be jointly with next program February 2 at Eugene Field auditorium as an evening affair.
The panel discussion on "What Can Be Done to Better Our Community" will be sectionally introduced and directed by Harley DePeel on "Safety"; Helen Wangsgard, "Health"; M. B. Ford, "Welfare"; Judge Alf. O. Nelson, "Law Enforcement"; Mrs. F. E. Sylvester, "Civic Pride." Miss Wangsgard is the local county health nurse.
Mrs. Harry Riches is to be in charge of the February Founders' Day program at which time past presidents of the association will be complimented and the hostess hour to be in charge of faculty members.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Tally
- Golf shot
- Chart
- Wing
- Regarded
- Palm leaf
- Kind of carpet
- Shutter
- Creeping
- Not hollow
- Tax
- Year
- Important
- happening
- Sweated coins
- Notion
- Broad street
- Squawk
- Chinese diplomat

DOWN

- Ring
- Sleigh
- Long narrow piece
- Symbol for nitrogen
- Dear
- Shatter
- Take solid food
- Sorrow
- Year
- overcoats
- Feet
- Coral island
- Upright supporting a horizontal beam
- Mentions specifically
- Tear

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Marble
2. Mchabme's adopted son
3. Fall
4. Vail
5. Went quickly
6. Player at certain extreme
7. Forbid
8. Official of ancient Rome
9. Shaped
10. Leverage
11. Monthly value of stock
12. Small child
13. Fairy tale
14. Secret procedure
15. Strikes with the open hand
16. Desire
17. God of war
18. Most easily made
19. Conjunction
20. Kind of snowshoe
21. Region
22. Short for a man's name
23. Poisonous gas
24. Dealer in headgear
25. Stately dance
26. Ovals
27. Adds
28. Additions to buildings
29. Fish eggs
30. Not a tree
31. Yolk
32. Mical Hinga
33. Incubation

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

"Y'KNOW, ROBIN, I THINK THE METHOD OF AWAKENING PEOPLE BY AN ALARM-CLOCK BELL IS ARCHAIC. THE BELL IS TOO ABRUPT AND IRITATING. I KNOW ITS PURPOSE IS TO AWAKE THE SLEEPER, BUT I SAY THERE MUST BE A MORE CHEERFUL MANNER AND I'M GOING TO INVENT ONE!"

"ANY IDEA OF A PERFECT ALARM CLOCK IS ONE THAT'LL WAKE YOU TWO HOURS BEFORE TH' SET TIME TO GET UP? YOU'LL KNOW YOU HAVE A FEW MORE HOURS TO SLEEP!"

ROBIN IS AN OLD DAILY ALARM-CLOCK MAN.