

Outrageous Fortune

by Patricia Wentworth

Chapter 46
THE POLICE

CAROLINE heard Jim say, "It's all right."
They came out into the open. Kitty and Jock were close together, whispering. The torch played on Jim again. Kitty ran forward.

"The next clue is the Heart and Hand at Hinton. We can all go together—it'll be much more fun. Hurry up—there are more cars coming!"

Jim slipped a hand through Caroline's arm. They crossed to the other car and he helped her in. She and Kitty had the back seat. Jock Anderson took the wheel. They passed a couple of cars in the lane, and Kitty screamed out.

"We've beaten you! You'll have to hurry!"

As soon as they were out on the main road Jim spoke.

"I'm afraid I don't want to go to the Heart and Hand."

Jock Anderson said nothing. Kitty gave a stifled giggle.

Jim spoke again.

"I don't think you're deaf, Anderson, but perhaps you don't speak

ming. The light swept over them all and was gone again. Kitty saw the back of Jock's head, Jim Randal's profile, and, as she turned to get the glare out of her eyes, Caroline. She took Caroline's face back into the darkness. What did she want to look like that for? It spoiled the look. It made her feel as if someone had poured cold water down the back of her neck.

They came into Hinton, and stopped at Major Anderson's gate. The house faced the Heart and Hand across the village street, a circumstance which had oppressed the landlord for twenty years. A man may be sober, honest, and law-abiding, without finding it agreeable to have the eye of the law for ever trained upon his premises.

"I haven't seen a drunken man in Hinton for fifteen years," Major Anderson was wont to say.

He lived in a low two-storied house which was hardly more than a cottage. It held himself, a quiet elderly sister who kept cats, and sporadic nephews and nieces who turned things upside down and left rather a blank when they went away.

The party of four had reached the porch, when the door of the house was opened, showing the lighted



"We've beaten you. You'll have to hurry!"

unless you've been introduced. Let me introduce myself. My name is Randal—Jim Randal."

"Well!" Jock Anderson's voice was defiant.

"Well, I don't want to go to the Heart and Hand, but I needn't take you out of your way. I suppose Major Anderson's still just across the road—I don't seem to see him moving house."

Caroline sat up straight and stiff. The blood thumped in her ears. Nobody spoke.

"I've got business with Major Anderson," said Jim in the most ordinary voice in the world.

Jock Anderson found his tongue.

"I was going to take you there anyhow," he said roughly.

Kitty leaned forward, elbows on knees, quick breath nearly choking her. What was going to happen next. Would he try and hit Jock over the head and grab the wheel? And if he did, would it be any good her trying to scrag him?

"What a lark!" said Kitty ecstatically. She did not say it aloud, because Jim was speaking again.

"You needn't have bothered to put Miss Leigh's car out of action—He cut the leads," he explained over his shoulder to Caroline. Then, "I don't know if she'll want to run you in for it, but I expect it's actionable all right. We can ask your uncle—he's sure to know."

THE car swerved.

"I should think you'd have enough to ask him on your own account," growled Jock.

"Oh, we'll get down to you. I dare say you won't mind waiting."

The drumming sound in Caroline's ears ceased. She was very cold, and there was a sick weight on her heart. She went on sitting up straight. Her hands gripped one another desperately. Since they had come to the end, she must keep her head up.

Beside her Kitty drew a long breath of disappointment and sat back. There wasn't going to be a scrap after all. Of course you never knew—he might be waiting to get Jock off his guard. She had better keep her eyes open.

A car passed them without dim-

hall. The man who had opened it spoke over his shoulder.

"Very well, sir, I'll report in the morning."

Major Anderson came into view.

"Just a minute Gray." Then, as he caught sight of his nephew, "Hallo, Jock—you're back early. Whom have you got with you? I can't see."

Jim Randal took Jock by the shoulder and put him out of the way.

"I expect you've forgotten me, Major Anderson," he said. "I'm Jim Randal."

Caroline followed him into the hall. There was a dead silence for a moment. Kitty and Jock came in and the door was shut. Then Inspector Gray moved forward and spoke.

"If you are Mr. Randal of Hale Place, I must ask you to accompany me to the police-station."

Jim looked past him at Caroline.

"It's all right—don't worry," he said.

Then he turned to Major Anderson.

"I came here to make a statement about the Van Berg affair, sir."

"A voluntary statement?"

"Yes. I want to make a statement—came here to make one."

Major Anderson opened the door behind him.

"Come into my study. Jock, you'd better take Kitty and Miss Leigh home."

Caroline turned piteous eyes on him.

"Major Anderson, please let me come in. I want to make a statement too. I know some of it better than he does."

She came up to him. He surely couldn't have the heart to keep her out. She blessed the Inspector when he said,

"I think we'd better have her in, sir."

And then there were four of them in the small smoky room, with its neat writing-table and its comfortable shabby chairs. Caroline sat down on one of them, and the door was shut. The Inspector was speaking to Jim.

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Tomorrow, Jim tells his story to the police.

CUT INTEREST ON RAILROAD LOANS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—(AP)—The Reconstruction corporation today

reduced interest on loans to railroads from 5 to 4 per cent a year for the 12 months beginning last November 1, with the understanding that the carriers will use the savings to employ additional men during the winter.

from a number of railroad executives who have offered to use the amount of such reduction together with substantial additional funds in making extraordinary expenditures during the next six months.

purpose being to help promote the president's recovery program."

ATTITUDE OF ICKES ON PWA WORRIES

PORTLAND, Nov. 13.—(AP)—Grave concern continued in Oregon today

over word from Washington, D. C., that Secretary Ickes, public works administrator, has declared Oregon and other Pacific coast states already have received their share of public works money.

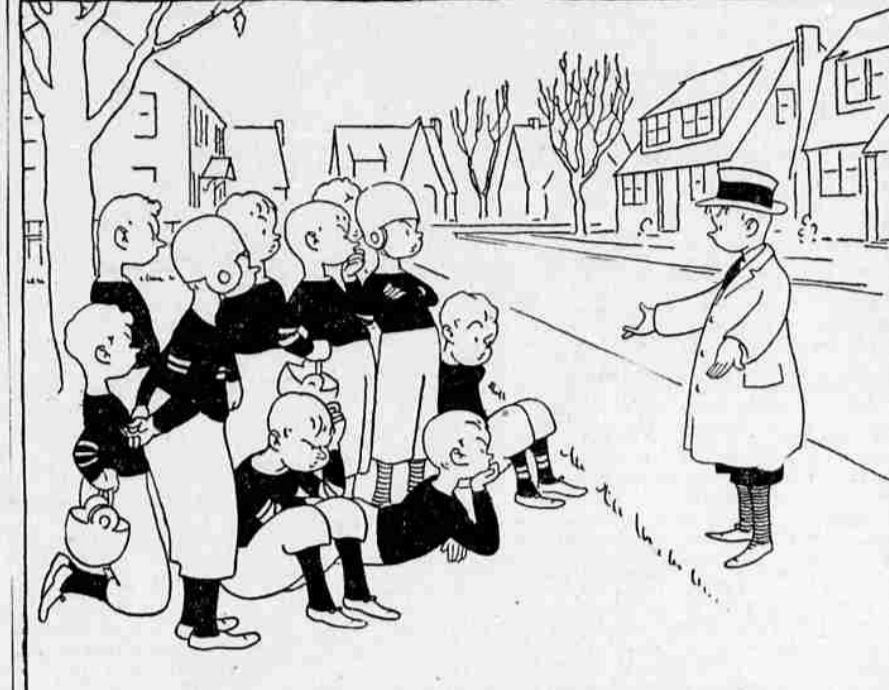
S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. PAYNE

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SERIOUS SITUATION CONFRONTING THE ELM STREETERS ON THE AFTERNOON OF A GAME WHEN THEIR STAR HALFBACK DOESN'T DARE PLAY IN HIS GOOD SUIT, WHICH HE HAS HAD TO WEAR TO THE DENTIST, AND DOESN'T DARE GO HOME TO CHANGE BECAUSE HIS FATHER WILL MAKE HIM HELP CLEAN THE CELLAR

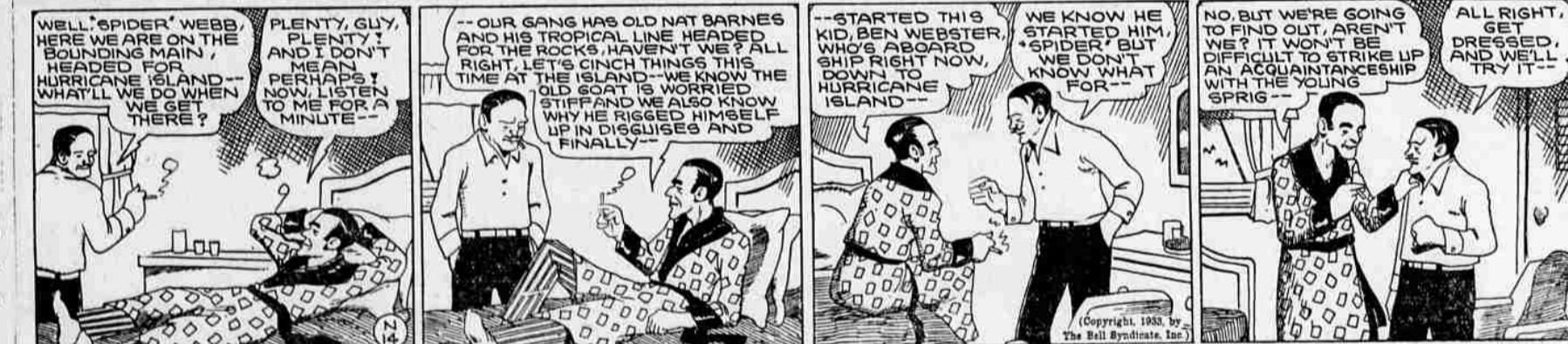
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie "Knocked Out!"



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—In The Captain's Cabin



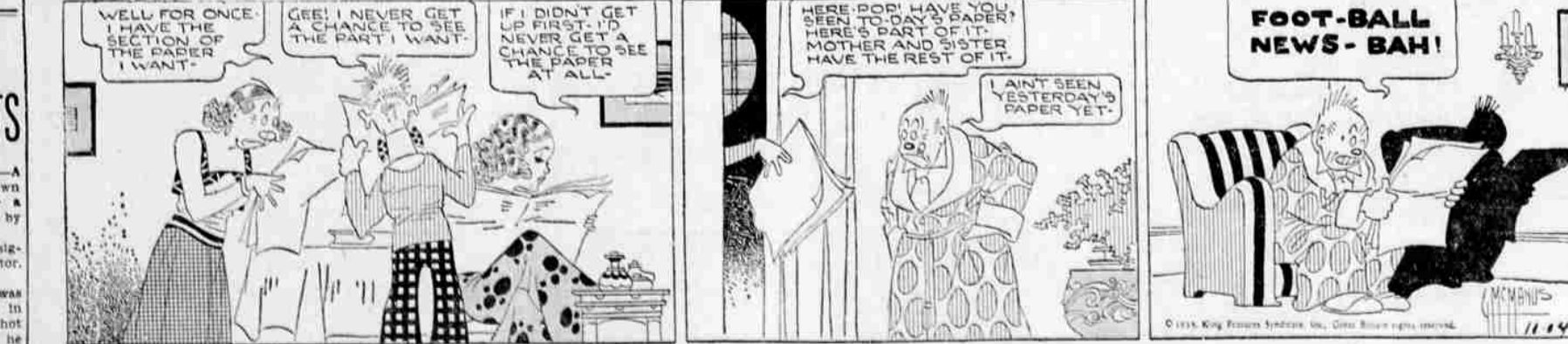
By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Only Fooling



By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

LA GRANDE YOUTH KILLED IN CRASH

LA GRANDE, Ore., Nov. 14.—(AP) Funeral services for Raymond V. C. Griffin, 26, of La Grande, fatally injured in an automobile accident near here early Saturday morning, will be held tomorrow afternoon. Griffin, a sergeant in Company E, 188th Infantry, will be given a military funeral.

CAFE PROPRIETOR SHOTS BANDITS

OILROY, Calif., Nov. 14.—(UP)—A restaurant proprietor here shot down two alleged bandits today after a waitress had given the alarm by pressing a button.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation