

ENEMY'S KISS

Chapter 44
DEAD DOG

THE sergeant gave a sigh of satisfaction. "That's the car wanted in connection with the Warley case," he said importantly.

"I want to ring up my solicitor, please," said Guy firmly. "And I'd like you to get in touch with Chief Inspector Grice at Scotland Yard, he knows me. Can I speak to him from here?"

"You'll have plenty of time to speak to him," said the sergeant grimly. "Take him along to the cells, Fletcher. I'll ring up headquarters." It was exactly one-thirty that a car stopped at the police station and Chief Inspector Grice himself, lean, ferret-faced and red-haired, got out. "Grice!" Guy started with relief as the door opened. The inspector held out his hand.

"Well, now, sir, what's all this?" he asked. Guy's statement of the facts took just three minutes.

"Quite so, quite so," said Grice soothingly. "I understand! But of course, whatever he did you shouldn't have pushed him, sir."

"I know but well—I was in a hurry. I'll apologize, anything, but can you get me out of this?" urged Guy. "I tell you, Grice, I'm scared blue! This lady—the young lady I'm telling you about, who was with me, has gone to Mrs. Poynter's flat now and Lord only knows what's happening!"

"I'll do what I can," Grice promised, "but I'll have to ask you a few questions first."

"Make 'em snappy, then!"

"I'll try to," Grice conceded. "Put in a nutshell, the position's this: Mrs. Summers or Poynter, or whatever her name is, came round to see us this morning. Mrs. Summers had said that she knew nothing—that her furniture had been moved, that she'd only been down there to see it out and that she'd not been near the cellar. That was confirmed by the movers' men, who said the door was locked and the key gone. Anyway, there wasn't any doubt she had an alibi."

"Well!" Guy's eyes were on his watch; he was sweating lightly. "Well, this morning she came round with a tale that she had the number of the blue car that was seen up on the downs. Said her gardener had spotted it coming by his cottage round about nine-thirty the next morning and had written to her—though why I don't know!"

"I see," agreed Guy. "What do you want me to tell you?"

"Can you explain, sir, what your car was doing down at Warley that night?"

Guy hesitated. "Officially" he asked.

"Yes," said Grice. "There was a pause that lasted a bare fraction of a minute and their eyes met."

GUY took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. It had a set, grim look.

"By the way, how's your wife?" he asked pointedly. "All right again?"

"Getting on fine now," said Grice reproachfully. "But that's not strictly, sir, if I may say so."

"I know it's not," said Guy. "But—for Heaven's sake be human!"

Grice looked at the door and at the captive. But he saw neither. He was thinking of a woman who had lain ill, despaired of, and this man beside him who had saved her life.

"Go on, sir!" he captivated. "So Guy told for the second time that day the story of his movements on the night he went to Warley, and of his meeting with Allison."

Grice heard him through without expression. "You yourself saw no one in the house that night except the young lady?"

"No one," agreed Guy firmly. "Could you tell me a little bit more clearly what you did down in the cellar?" he asked.

"As far as I remember, Miss Rede and I went through it, very carefully, flashing the light about and looking into all the corners. We found the main switch box turned on the electric light."

"Just a moment, sir—you didn't do anything before turning on the main? Didn't shift anything?"

"No," Guy looked at him wondering. "Oh! Yes! There was one thing."

"What?" Grice was leaning forward, his small pale eyes glittering eagerly.

"There was a big roll of linoleum in one corner, near the recess under the stairs," said Guy. "It fell over. A rat ran out—I suppose he'd got

frightened at our moving about. Why? What's the matter?"

Grice did not answer the question. Instead he asked, "Did the linoleum fall lightly?"

"Lightly? No!" Guy looked up startled. "It fell over with a terrific crash. Why?"

"Linoleum's a heavy stuff, of course," said Grice. "But there wasn't much of it."

"Not much? There was a huge roll about eight feet high, I should think."

"How big around?" Grice snapped out that question.

"Nearly three feet in diameter, I should say." Then grasping the import of the question, he cried, "Good Lord! You don't mean?"

"I can't be sure, of course," admitted Grice. "But it's possible. You see, the roll we found was quite small."

"YOU think he was hiding in there all the time?" Guy was eager now.

"More likely to be hiding in the cellar. He might've heard you coming and have gone and got inside the linoleum. It's only guesswork, of course."

"But if he did that, why should he fall over?" Guy was frowning.

"That's just it," said Grice. "Did you see a little dent stool about two foot high, sir?"

"No-no. No! I'm sure I didn't."

"There was one, when the body was found," declared Grice. "If he'd put that inside the roll and stood on it to get the edges wrapped 'round him—"

"He'd be topheavy!" ended Guy. "Exactly."

"You mean he got killed like that?"

But Grice was cautious. "It's possible. You see, we found him with his skull fractured and his head cut open at the back where it had hit the edge of the iron brace across the stairs, and that must've killed him. But he was lying with both arms straight down beside him. That's what made it look like murder—or manslaughter—his arms being at his sides like that, and the key being gone."

"But I don't understand," Guy spoke slowly. "The linoleum fell back into the recess. If he was in it and got killed like that what was there to puzzle you?"

"Ah!" said Inspector Grice. "But there wasn't any linoleum when we found him. The stool was by him in the recess but nothing else. The only roll of linoleum we saw was on the top of the electric switch box!"

"The electric switch! But there was nothing there! I switched on the lights myself—and Miss Rede turned them off in the morning!"

"Exactly, sir," said Grice. "That's why I believe your story."

"But if the linoleum was moved?"

"Who moved it?" ended the inspector. "Who is there who'd an interest in making an accident look like a murder?"

"I can tell you that!" said Guy. "But for Heaven's sake get me out of here first!"

"All right, sir. You stay here, I'll speak to the sergeant."

THEY were coming, Allison found herself trembling all over as she saw Daphne, with the coarse-faced woman behind her.

"All right, Bob. You'd better go and leave us," Daphne was calm again now. "This is your new maid, Preedy. Allison. She has brought some smelling salts and said volatiles and—Bob, don't eat that!"

Robert started and look round; he had taken a chocolate from the box.

She said quickly, "I'm sorry! Those are the creams I made for Allison. I've some of the nutty sort you like out in the car."

"Oh! All right. The little white dog, scenting the sweetstuff, had been begging and Robert let the chocolate drop into its mouth."

"Come on, we're late," said Daphne.

But no one either listened or obeyed. They were all three staring at the dog who was running 'round in little circles.

Daphne repeated angrily, "Bob! Come on!"

But Robert Rede paid no attention. He dropped on his knees. His hands went out to catch the dog as it rolled over on its back with a convulsive struggle, both legs stiffly in the air.

Then with a jerk its head fell back. A faint, sticky reek of bitter almonds lingered in the air.

"Cyanide," said Robert Rede slowly. Above the body of the dead dog, he looked up at Allison and their eyes met.

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Robert Rede is convinced, tomorrow.

BRIDE OUT \$735 AND HUBBY SHE MET ON STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—(P)—Authorities of San Francisco and other Pacific coast cities today searched for Jack Franklin Mills, whom his bride of three weeks charges deserted her after eluding her of \$735. The disillusioned bride, Mrs. Gertrude Washburn Mills, advertising woman of Toledo, O., swore out a grand theft warrant for his arrest.

Mrs. Mills told police here that she met Mills in "a sidewalk flirtation," three weeks ago. He told her he was a radio star, screen actor and an engineer for both the Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridges.

They went to Reno the next day and were married. She said she financed all their expenses, accepting Mills' statements that he was temporarily without funds, but would soon have money.

Last week he left her, declaring he had to make a business trip to Seattle. She checked up on some of his claims, she said, and when she discovered they were false, she appealed to the police.

The Seaside city council recently licensed their operation. The sheriff said Irving Allen, Seaside city attorney, had intimated that court action would be taken to reclaim the machines.

SAYS SKILL NO FACTOR WITH SLOT MACHINES

ASTORIA, Ore., July 3.—(AP)—Whether slot-machines in Clatsop county are so constituted as to have an element of skill appeared today to be a question the courts may have to decide.

Sheriff J. V. Burns brought a score of the devices here from Seaside. He claims they have no element other than gambling, in opposition to the state law.

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Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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INTERLUDE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THINKS IT'S TIME SOME OF THESE AUNTS OF HIS STOPPED KNITTING AND PAID A LITTLE ATTENTION TO HIM

FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON PUG HUNG HIS HAND TO MOUTH. AUNT SEES HIM AND SHRIEKES HE'S SWALLOWING SOMETHING

SCENES POSSIBILITIES OF FUN AS AUNTS RUSH FORWARD AND RETREYS TO FARTHER END OF CRIB

KEEPS HIS ARMS AND LEGS WHIRLING PREVENTING AUNTS FROM EXPLORING HIS MOUTH & SEE WHAT HE'S GOT IN IT

BY COMBINING FORCES AUNTS HOLD HIM STILL LONG ENOUGH TO FIND HE HAS NOTHING IN HIS MOUTH

IMMEDIATELY BECOME SURE HE HAS SWALLOWED OBJECT, AND START COUNTING PINS AND BUTTONS TO SEE THAT ALL ARE THERE

IN MIDDLE OF COUNT STARTS GYMNASTICS, MAKING THEM BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN

INVENTORY IS COMPLETED AT LAST, WITH ALL PINS AND BUTTONS PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR. AUNTS SIGH IN RELIEF

RETURNS CONTENTEDLY TO PLAYING WITH TOYS, REFLECTING HOW EASY IT IS TO STIR UP A LITTLE EXCITEMENT

S-MATTER POP

POP

SMATTER?

JAP, YAP, YAP!

YAP, YAP!

YAP, YAP!

YAP, YAP!

YAP, YAP!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Becomes a Colonel!

SKETEER AND EL ZORRO, THE SWAMP FOX, BANDIT CHIEF, AND HIS SOLDIERS HAVE ARRIVED AT RIO NORTE WHERE SKEETTS VISITS THE CONSULATE AND EARNS THAT

AMERICA SOMETHING'S GONE AWAY, MISTER SWAMP FOX, MY OAL AN HERE! HE NEVER REACHED HERE

NOMBRE DEL DIABLO! YO TEENK EES CAPTURED BY THOSE EL LIBERATOR?

THAT'S MY HUNCH! NOW I GOT PLENTY REASONS TO GO WITH YOU TO SANDO CALIENTE AN CAPTURE THAT COOKIE, EL LIB!

BUENO! I MAK YO CORONEL-I BE THOSE GENERAL! WE GO WANNNA GET IN THIS HERE WAR— BUT NOW I GOTTA GREAT CAUSE—I'M TH THREE-POINT PATRIOT FROM NOW ON!

VIVA EL GRAN PATRIOTA!

VIVA SKEETTAIRE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Clammy Captured

STICK 'EM UP! I'LL BE AFTER ASKIN' YOU A FEW QUESTIONS, AN YOU'LL BE AFTER GIVIN' ME ROUTE ANSWERS—

GURE I CAME FROM LOST CANNON RANCH AND I HOPE I DRILLED A HOLE THROUGH THAT KID I WAS CHASING—

CLAMMY, OF COURSE, BELIEVED THE JIG WAS UP— BUT TO LUKE AND JIM, MINDFUL OF THE RIDERLESS HORSE, CAME THE DREADFUL THOUGHT THAT BEN WAS INJURED, PERHAPS DEAD!

COME OFF O' THAT HORSE, YOU WORM! IF YOU'VE HARMED AS MUCH AS A SINGLE HAIR ON BEN WEBSTER'S HEAD, ME BARE HANDS'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

THE NEBBS—Exit Mr. Boosel

WHAT'S THIS— DON'T BUY STOCK— STRUCK A SPRING AND MINE IS FULL OF WATER—

WELL, I'LL JUST SNEAK OUT OF TOWN AND LET THAT GREASE METER KEEP HER STOCK

OH, AH... MISS GRUNTLEY, ER... AH... I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU... I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU --

MR. BOOSEL, I'M SAD TO TELL YOU THIS BUT MR NEBB OFFERED ME \$400 AND BESIDES HALF OF THE PROFITS, THAT'S WHAT HE DID, HONEST, I CAN SWEAR TO IT

WELL, MISS GRUNTLEY, KNOWING YOUR INSINCERITY AND YOUR DISPOSITION TO BARGAIN I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST OFFER— \$1000 TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT— NO MORE OFFERS

OH, MY STARS!

WHEN HE KICKS IN THAT THOUSAND BUCKS AND FINDS HE BOUGHT A SUBMERGED LAKE, IF HIS INTELLIGENCE WILL PERMIT, HE MIGHT REALIZE IT'S A GOOD THING TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Ah, He's Here

Hello Hartford! Ah, about those papers that disappeared. We found a button here and, oh you did lose a button? Well, yes, okay Hartford.

He'll be right over.

And he admits he lost that button. Ha!

Oakdale! So soon as I hear his name after losing my papers I know.

Listen, everybody, I know from what he just said that Hartford welcomes a chance to explain everything.

Oh he's always very handy at explaining things, but this is a very cheery fellow.

Tell me, Hartford a second-story worker? No! No!

I regret, Mrs. Bungle, that this affair has caused you so much concern, but—

Oh it's no trouble at all. I've always wanted to hear Mr. Oakdale explain something like this and—

at last! The doorbell. It's him.

HOUSING PROJECT COIN ALLOTTED BY PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, July 3.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today allotted \$160,000,000 of work relief funds for low cost housing projects.

Secretary Ickes announced that approval by Comptroller General J. B. McCardi had made the money immediately available.

Fifty projects were included, Ickes said, including \$60,000,000 announced yesterday as approved by the president.

Ickes said one of the projects was the \$4,700,000 development in Harlem, New York City. He declined to reveal other developments.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

AAA PROCESSING TAX CHALLENGED IN COURT

NEW YORK, July 3.—(AP)—The constitutionality of the agricultural adjustment act and the right of the government to collect \$400,876 due in processing taxes was challenged Tuesday in a federal court action by four large cereal companies.

Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard granted a temporary order restraining the district collector of internal revenue from collecting the taxes, due July 1, and set Tuesday for arguments on continuing the injunction until settlement of the suits.

A 1,000,000-bushel grain elevator under construction at Enid, Okla., will bring the city's capacity to 11,500,000 bushels.

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