

MURDER TONIGHT

BY LAURENCE W. MEYNELL

Chapter 35
ADVICE TO DALE

HYLTON nodded and rose to his feet.

"Don't forget you're still under suspicion; if your story doesn't check up you're in for trouble. Oh and by the way," he turned at the door to add his last words. "I suppose it has not entered your head to let a decent girl get hold of you and try to make something worth while out of you, has it?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dale. "If any girl had done for me what Miss Featherstone did for you today, Shipley, I'd go down on my knees to thank her; but you're so damned egotistical you're blind." Hylton slammed the door behind him and left a surprised and crest-fallen young man in the drawing room.

Nancy was waiting in the hall. "Mr. Hylton," she said quickly, as he came towards her, "I want to apologize for what I did. Please don't think I'm running away from it, I'm only speaking personally now." "Miss Featherstone," he said gently, "I've been cursed with a most curious memory. Do you know, I am beginning to think that I can forget all about what happened today—on one condition."

but there was a look about her, something wild and frightened and yet horribly triumphant in her eyes. He was just about to ask the woman what she wanted when she shook her head. She said nothing, but simply moved her eyes in the direction of the man who had just left the room, and back again to the Inspector nodding twice quickly; then she dropped her detaining fingers from his arm and noiselessly moved into the center of the kitchen.

Hylton hesitated for a moment and then followed the Sergeant. "I suppose you hung round the Hoops most of the day," he said after he had lit a cigar and made himself comfortable.

"A good part of it. I naturally didn't want to miss you." "My fault entirely—as a matter of fact I had quite a peculiar day. I was up at Fielden Cottage early this morning and the first things I discovered there was that young Shipley had done a bit."

JAMES WHITE seemed interested for the first time that evening. "Mr. Shipley bolted?" he asked. "Whatever for?" "Curiously enough, Sergeant, that's the very question I asked myself. Do you know anything of Miss Frances Lawson?" "The Lodge-keeper's daughter?"



"I think you are a frightfully good sort."

"On one condition?" "Yes, that you go, now, into that room, and tell Dale Shipley what you did and why you did it."

Nancy Featherstone stared at him; then she turned from white to brick red. At length she managed to blurt out:

"I—I think you are a frightfully good sort."

Kingsley Hylton smiled and went towards the front door.

"GOOD evening, Inspector."

Even in his own mentally agitated state, it was on the tip of Hylton's tongue to cry out "Good Lord, what's the matter with your wife?"

Alice White was standing in a corner of the room, poker-straight against the wall and looking as white as death.

"I went to the Hoops as you told me," Sergeant White said.

"Yes—I say, I'm sorry I wasn't there, as a matter of fact I've had rather an extraordinary day."

"Yes?"

The man's voice was so entirely wooden and uninterested that Hylton glanced up sharply.

"I say," he laughed, "I'm afraid I have interrupted tea. I'm sorry."

"That's all right, sir."

A long thin knife on the table caught Hylton's attention. He picked it up and said, "That's a useful looking sort of knife, Sergeant."

"Perhaps we better go into the office," White suggested.

"Right-o, let's. There are half a dozen things I want to talk about—if Mrs. White will excuse us." He looked up with one of his quick smiles at the woman who had not yet said a word; she nodded, and when the two men moved across the room she followed them.

White led the way, and the Inspector was half through the doorway following him when something plucked at his arm.

He turned to find Alice White standing there. She said nothing.

From what I can hear of her she's like the rest of women, take up with any man she can get hold of."

Hylton gave a full account of Dale Shipley's story, to which White paid so little attention that the Inspector was moved to break off and enquire rather sharply, "You listening, Sergeant?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"And you think it likely or not?"

"Very likely I should think. Besides if Shipley cut and run because of this murder business he would hardly stroll back a day later, would he?"

Hylton was forced to admit the force of this. "Not unless he's very deep," he said. "I went straight to the Lodge and was lucky enough to catch Miss Frances alone. She 'came clean,' and I must say her yarn fitted in in every detail with young Shipley's."

"Then it looks all right."

"It looks all right, certainly; but if Dale Shipley didn't do it—"

"I don't think Dale Shipley did the murder, Inspector."

"You've said that before, White. But if Shipley didn't do it, who the devil did?"

Any answer was forestalled by the shrill insistence of the telephone bell.

"The super at Morechester wants a word with you, sir," White said, handing the instrument over.

"Damn," Hylton said fervently, replacing the instrument after a moment. "They want me to go over to Morechester—started some hare-brained theory, I suppose, but I shall have to go; they're sending a car to the Hoops."

Sergeant White shut the door after the departing Hylton and went slowly into the kitchen.

He found it as he expected to find it—empty.

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Hylton walks in the dark, tomorrow—and finds a man hanging.

BANKER HARRIMAN TO GET PAROLE AUG. 27

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Department of justice officials reported today a parole would be granted to Joseph W. Harriman, New York banker, effective August 27.

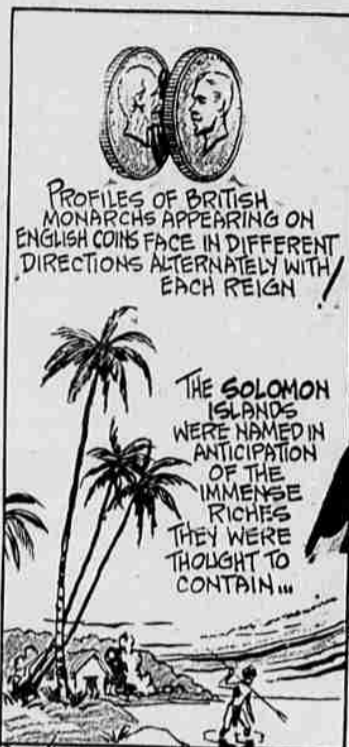
Harriman, former president of the Harriman National Bank and Trust company, was convicted in 1934 and sentenced to four and a half years in prison. He was charged with falsifying bank records to the extent of \$1,713,000 and with misapplying approximately \$600,000.

Cop's Pistol Stolen
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Patrolman James McDevitt reported on duty in his new summer uniform but minus his regulation pistol. "I had it when I left home," he said. "Somebody must have stolen it on the subway."

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 11.—(AP)—A heart attack claimed the life of Dr. William E. Hedges, 60, Portland physician, while he was visiting here Saturday from a CCC camp near Baker, where he was stationed as surgeon.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



PROFILES OF BRITISH MONARCHS APPEARING ON ENGLISH COINS FACE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS ALTERNATELY WITH EACH REIGN

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS WERE NAMED IN ANTICIPATION OF THE IMMENSE RICHES THEY WERE THOUGHT TO CONTAIN



Thomas D. SCHALL—late Senator from Minnesota, WAS AN EXPERT PISTOL SHOT AND HURDLE HORSEMAN THOUGH TOTALLY BLIND!

THE CLOSEST FINISH—ACHILLE VARZI WON A 183-MILE AUTO RACE BY 1/10TH OF A SECOND.

WHILE 2 OTHER CARS DEAD-HEATED FOR THIRD PLACE!



Avus Track, Berlin, 1933

Blind Marksman
Struck totally blind at 30 when an electric cigar lighter exploded in his face, the intrepid, late Thomas David Schall refused to let the handicap interfere with his career. Strange as it seems, Schall was a member of the U. S. Congress for 21 consecutive years. After rising to political prominence in Minneapolis during his practice of law there, he was elected to the House of Representatives in 1914, holding the office until 1925. In the fall of 1924 he was elected U. S. Senator and retained this position until his death in 1935 when he was fatally injured by an automobile.

Schall depended upon his acute sense of hearing for his amazing ability as a pistol marksman and horseman. Standing at a considerable distance from the target, he had attendants stand by to tap the bulletseye. Basing his aim on the direction of the sound he hit the target with uncanny regularity. His method in leaping hurdles on horseback was also dependent on sound. Galloping up to the hurdle, he gauged his distance by the noise of bells and buzzers sounded by attendants who were stationed near the leap.

British Coins
As has been his practice with so many of the time-honored English customs, it is reported that Edward VIII is seriously considering ending the alternate profile coin system. As he parts his hair on the left, Edward prefers his left profile and it is believed he plans to have that side of his head shown on new coins. King George V, his late father, was shown in this position on coins of his reign.

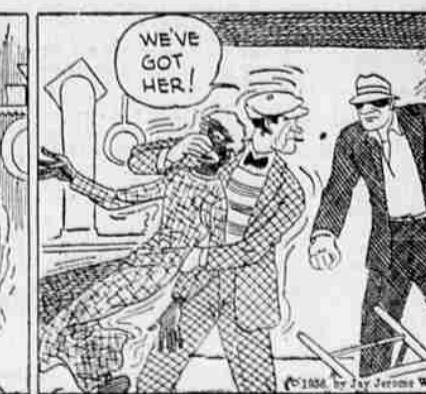
Solomon Islands
Alvaro Mendana, Spanish discoverer of the Solomon Islands, named them after the wealthy king of Biblical times, in the belief that they contained enormous natural riches. The islands have never proved to be of any really great value. Tomorrow: Bench-Warming Batter.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter... Works... Under Pressure

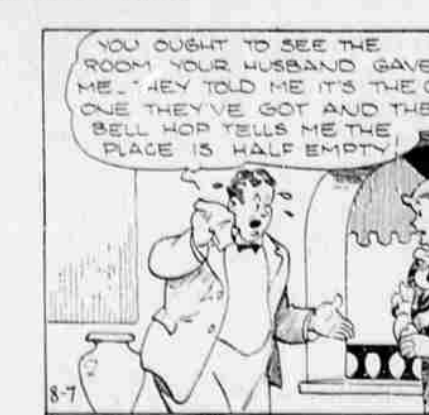
JUST AS THE SKY BANDITS WERE ATTEMPTING TO FORCE TOMMY TO TELL THEM WHERE THE BANK LOOT WAS HIDDEN, AND WHICH, OF COURSE, HE HAS NO KNOWLEDGE OF... A BUS ROUNDED A BEND IN THE HIGHWAY... ONE OF THE KILLERS BECAME NERVOUS... AND SUGGESTED THAT THEY SHOOT TOMMY QUICKLY AND TAKE OFF IN THEIR PLANE... MEANWHILE... SKEETER...



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What Happened!



THE NEBBS—Discord



WITNESS IN MURDER ON WAY TO G. PASS

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Martin Jennings, material witness in the coming first degree murder trial of Clarence Burke for the slaying two years ago of Roland Burr has been located. District Attorney Sherman S. Smith announced today he had received a telegram from Reno, Nev., saying Jennings has been found and was on his way here.

In April, 1934, while badly wounded, Jennings walked over 18 miles of mountain trail along the Rogue river west of here and charged Burke with shooting Burr and Jennings. Burr's body was later found in a deep pool of Rogue river.

Reckless Auto

PORTLAND, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Two patrolmen saw an automobile without lights plunging down a hill toward two pedestrians unaware of their danger. Their warning shouts enabled the couple to leap aside. Quickly the patrolmen pursued the automobile, drawing abreast as it collided with a parked motorcycle. Instantly they jumped out. The automobile was empty. Its brake had slipped on the hill.

MINERAL SURVEY NOW READY FOR INQUIRERS

SALEM, Aug. 11.—(AP)—To aid dissemination of Oregon mineral facts the state board of control authorized today printing of 1000 copies of the extensive survey made by the planning commission recently. The books will be available at the Portland office of the commission. Governor Martin commented that hundreds of inquiries have been received on the mineral deposits within Oregon.

Retired Editor Dies

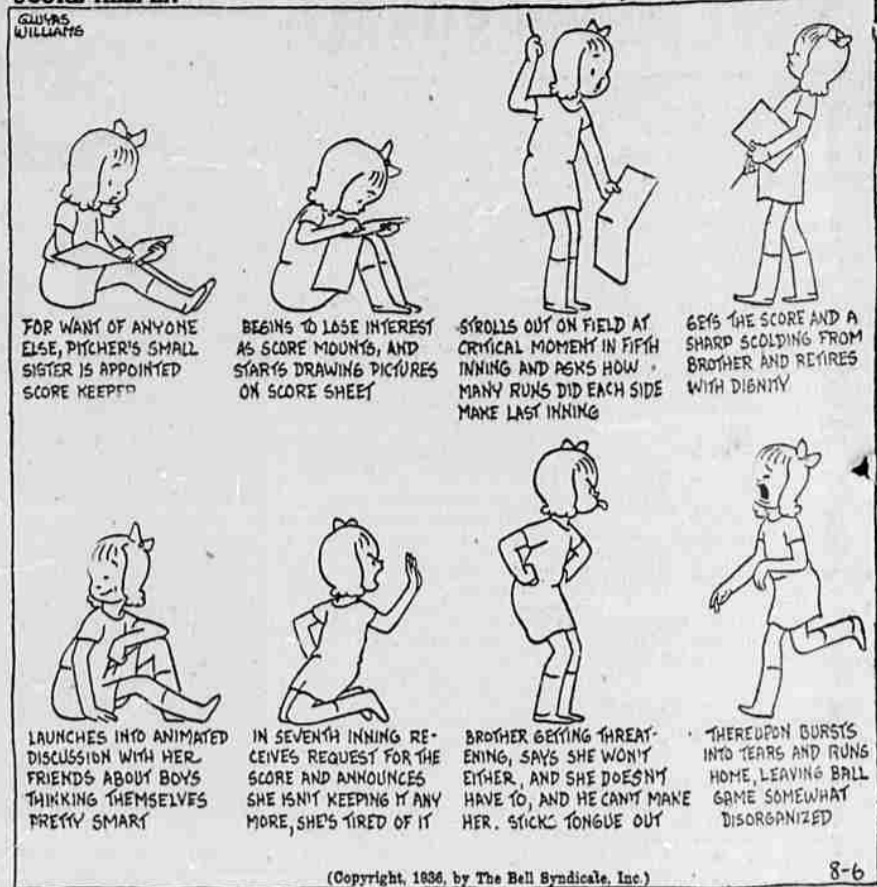
SEATTLE, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Frank Whitney, 83, retired Yakima newspaper publisher, died yesterday at the home of his son, G. J. Whitney, of injuries suffered in a fall. He retired in 1932 after publishing the Yakima Independent 21 years.

CORVALLIS, Aug. 11.—(AP)—A. L. Stevenson, 63, president of the Corvallis department and of the Corvallis rotary board and one of the northwest's most prominent auctioneers, died here Saturday. Stevenson was born in Wisconsin, and came here in 1904. He is survived by his widow, a son, and two brothers.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SCORE KEEPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FOR WANT OF ANYONE ELSE, PITCHER'S SMALL SISTER IS APPOINTED SCORE KEEPER!

BEGINS TO LOSE INTEREST AS SCORE MOUNTS, AND STARTS DRAWING PICTURES ON SCORE SHEET

SCROLLS OUT ON FIELD AT CRITICAL MOMENT IN FIFTH INNING AND PENS HOW MANY RUNS DID EACH SIDE MAKE LAST INNING

GETS THE SCORE AND A SHARP SCOLDING FROM BROTHER AND RETIRES WITH DIGNITY

LAUNCHES INTO ANIMATED DISCUSSION WITH HER FRIENDS ABOUT BOYS THINKING THEMSELVES PRETTY SMART

IN SEVENTH INNING RECEIVES REQUEST FOR THE SCORE AND ANNOUNCES SHE ISN'T KEEPING IT ANY MORE, SHE'S TIRED OF IT

BROTHER GETTING THREATENING, SAYS SHE WON'T EITHER, AND SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO, AND HE CAN'T MAKE HER. STICKS TONGUE OUT

THEREUPON BURSTS INTO TEARS AND RUNS HOME, LEAVING BALL GAME SOMEWHAT DISORGANIZED

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



Jus' A SECOND!

HEY! WHERE THA SAM HILL ARE YOU GOING WITH MY TOOTHBRUSH?

MAW NEEDS IT!

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By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS