

the dark ships

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

Chapter 42 "There's Your Murderer!"

SERGEANT WILSON sneered. "This bit of camouflage isn't going to do you any good, miss. We know all about him."

Then Neill understood. She was denying him for his own sake. A wave of feeling swept over him. He flung an arm around her and drew her hard against his side. "Janet, dear, what's the use?" he murmured. "We're up to our necks in this thing! For better or worse."

She still tried to push him away. "No! No!"

"Tell the whole truth now. It is better."

The unnatural strain relaxed. Her lips began to tremble. She clung to him and hid her face. "Oh, Neill, you shouldn't! You shouldn't!" she whispered. "This will ruin you!"

"If it does, it's my own fault, dear!"

"Stand apart, please," said Sergeant Wilson. "I'm conducting an examination here."

Neill kept an arm around Janet. "It is all right, Sergeant," he said grinning. "We admit everything except the shooting of Fanning. I found Miss Emory lying in a dead faint on the yacht. I took her up. I carried her up to the ship and hid her there. I lied to all of you. So make what you want of it."

The examination went on. Since there was to be no further browbeating of a woman witness, Bonninger returned to the office. Wilson questioned Neill as to every detail of the past three days. Neill answered with entire candor. Bonninger frowned at his attitude, and said more than once:

"Remember, anything you say can be used against you later."

"That's all right," said Neill. When Wilson had finished, Neill said: "Is it proper for me to ask a few questions now?"

"Certainly not!" said Wilson staring. "You are one of the accused now. Buckle up, you are trying to shield you, but by your own confession, you were back of the whole thing!"

Neill laughed.

"This flip attitude will do you no good," said Wilson angrily. "If he can throw any further light on the matter, let him speak," said Bonninger.

The sergeant was obliged to submit. "Go ahead," he muttered.

Neill addressed Kettering. "You didn't know, did you, that on Monday night I was trying to get hold of you, and again on Tuesday before I came down here?"

"Why no. Were you?" was the smiling answer.

"Where were you?" asked Neill. "What's that got to do with the case?" Kettering laughed.

"Do you refuse to answer?"

"Certainly not. I don't want to waste anybody's time, that's all. Let me see: on Monday night I didn't go home to dinner. I dined in a restaurant and went over to Washington by train later, to see a client. I stayed at my client's house all night and returned to Baltimore on Tuesday afternoon."

"Do you mind telling us the name of your client?"

"I can't do that," said Kettering politely. "Our business is of a confidential nature."

"You dined with your family on Tuesday and spent the night at home?" Neill went on.

"Yes. That is to say the greater part of the night. My son and I got up very early to prepare for our fishing trip."

"This is a waste of time," put in Wilson impatiently.

"Oh, let him go on," said Kettering. "It doesn't bother me."

The Pipe Cleaner

THE man's manner was perfect and Neill became secretly uneasy. Was he, after all, on the right track? However, he perceived that Kettering was sweating a little and pushed him harder. "Is Mr. A. Lanassa, the banana importer, a client of yours?"

"Surely. A client of many years' standing."

"Is there any other banana importer in Baltimore?"

"No."

"Are you his only lawyer?"

Kettering didn't see any danger in this question. "No," he said easily. "He employs others from time to time. But I'm his only personal attorney."

"What was in the little package that you mailed from Absalom's postoffice on Wednesday morning?" asked Neill suddenly.

"I have mailed no package from Absalom's at any time."

He kept his easy manner, but Neill perceived signs of an inner panic. He knew that he had made a mistake. "I expect to produce the wrapper of the package in due course," he said quietly.

"This is good comedy," said Kettering, laughing. "Why don't you tell us right out what you are getting at?"

He was visibly shaking now. In order to recover himself, he

EX-HUSBAND HELPFUL IN WIFES REMARRIAGE

When Alexander Starovich, 49, and Mrs. Mildred Sheehan, 34, applied for a marriage license here, Frank Sheehan, Mrs. Sheehan's divorced husband, signed the paper as a witness. "I just wanted to help them," he explained.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

S'MATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE

COME HERE. I WANT TO SHOW YA SUMTHIN'!

YOU COME HERE. YOU ARE THE NEAREST!

NO! YOU ARE NEARER TO ME!

TSSET YOU A CENT I AINT!

ONE word of the stranger's speech as reported by Helmerich had given Neill the clue which finally led to his identification as Kettering. "He said he had a client who was a banana importer."

From a servant in the Kettering home, Neill had adroitly fished the information that: (a) her master had not been at home since he had left for the office Monday morning; (b) Horace, junior, and his wife lived with the old folks; (c) Horace, junior, was out of town with his father; (d) Mrs. Horace, junior, was quiet as well.

A flitting note near the Kettering home had informed Neill that Horace, junior, had started out alone at 5 a. m. Wednesday with the camping stuff.

The question about the package mailed from Absalom's was a shot in the dark that found its mark. Neill had deduced that the clever Kettering would dispose of the loot in this manner.

After his primary breakdown, Kettering was unable to recover his grip. Before daybreak Wilson got the whole story from him.

A month or two before Kettering and his son, prominent and successful lawyers, had found themselves in money difficulties. Securities entrusted to them by clients had been hypothecated; and, faced with ruin and disgrace, they were ready to do anything.

Kettering had got into conversation with Fanning on a Baltimore-New York train. Attracted by the man's good style and frank unscrupulousness, he had followed up the acquaintance.

The upshot was that Kettering told Fanning of the golden goose that awaited plucking in Baltimore. And when Fanning came to Baltimore he engineered his meeting with Miss Rayner through the unsuspecting estate agent. Barney was guileless of any wrongdoing.

For obvious reasons, Kettering and Fanning kept their association a secret, and when they met in Baltimore it was as casual acquaintances. All their communications were by telephone. It was part of Kettering's job to keep Fanning informed of what went on in the old lady's household. Kettering never approached Miss Rayner direct, but kept lines on her lawyer, her estate agent and her servants, unknown to them.

Kettering shared with Fanning the one thing that he had obtained. Towards the end he began to suspect that Fanning was deceiving him and set about watching him. Fanning made various excuses to delay handing over Kettering's share of the money. On Monday night the lawyer allowed Fanning to the yacht. He knew, as soon as he saw it, that Fanning was preparing to double-cross him and make a get-away.

When he thought of all he had risked to win this stake, Kettering went mad with rage. He stole down the after-companionway while Fanning and his friends were dining forward, and locked himself in the clothes closet of the principal cabin. Having had no opportunity to eat while he was following Fanning around, he had stuffed a couple of sandwiches in his pocket.

During the night, while Janet slept in her cabin and Fanning in his, Kettering prowled through the yacht looking for the loot which he knew must be aboard. But he did not find it then. On Tuesday he was forced to remain shut up in his closet for nearly the entire day while the yacht lay at Absalom's. He could only venture out on the occasions when Janet was permitted to leave her cabin.

(Copyright, 1937, by Hulbert Footner)

How Neill Checked Up

ONE word of the stranger's speech as reported by Helmerich had given Neill the clue which finally led to his identification as Kettering. "He said he had a client who was a banana importer."

From a servant in the Kettering home, Neill had adroitly fished the information that: (a) her master had not been at home since he had left for the office Monday morning; (b) Horace, junior, and his wife lived with the old folks; (c) Horace, junior, was out of town with his father; (d) Mrs. Horace, junior, was quiet as well.

A flitting note near the Kettering home had informed Neill that Horace, junior, had started out alone at 5 a. m. Wednesday with the camping stuff.

The question about the package mailed from Absalom's was a shot in the dark that found its mark. Neill had deduced that the clever Kettering would dispose of the loot in this manner.

After his primary breakdown, Kettering was unable to recover his grip. Before daybreak Wilson got the whole story from him.

A month or two before Kettering and his son, prominent and successful lawyers, had found themselves in money difficulties. Securities entrusted to them by clients had been hypothecated; and, faced with ruin and disgrace, they were ready to do anything.

Kettering had got into conversation with Fanning on a Baltimore-New York train. Attracted by the man's good style and frank unscrupulousness, he had followed up the acquaintance.

The upshot was that Kettering told Fanning of the golden goose that awaited plucking in Baltimore. And when Fanning came to Baltimore he engineered his meeting with Miss Rayner through the unsuspecting estate agent. Barney was guileless of any wrongdoing.

For obvious reasons, Kettering and Fanning kept their association a secret, and when they met in Baltimore it was as casual acquaintances. All their communications were by telephone. It was part of Kettering's job to keep Fanning informed of what went on in the old lady's household. Kettering never approached Miss Rayner direct, but kept lines on her lawyer, her estate agent and her servants, unknown to them.

Kettering shared with Fanning the one thing that he had obtained. Towards the end he began to suspect that Fanning was deceiving him and set about watching him. Fanning made various excuses to delay handing over Kettering's share of the money. On Monday night the lawyer allowed Fanning to the yacht. He knew, as soon as he saw it, that Fanning was preparing to double-cross him and make a get-away.

When he thought of all he had risked to win this stake, Kettering went mad with rage. He stole down the after-companionway while Fanning and his friends were dining forward, and locked himself in the clothes closet of the principal cabin. Having had no opportunity to eat while he was following Fanning around, he had stuffed a couple of sandwiches in his pocket.

During the night, while Janet slept in her cabin and Fanning in his, Kettering prowled through the yacht looking for the loot which he knew must be aboard. But he did not find it then. On Tuesday he was forced to remain shut up in his closet for nearly the entire day while the yacht lay at Absalom's. He could only venture out on the occasions when Janet was permitted to leave her cabin.

(Copyright, 1937, by Hulbert Footner)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Ominous Hint!

YOU SAY TOMPKINS WAS SEARCHING MY AUTO?

YEP! WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS LOOKIN' FER BUT WE 'LOWED YO' 'OUGHTA KNOW!

YOU TWO ARE TO BL THE GUIDES ON THE MOUNTAIN CLIMB TO-MORROW, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS!

IT MIGHT BE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY TO YOU BOTH IF AN ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

I GETCHA, BOSS!

SHORE! I'LL USE TH' DOUGH!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Newcomer

SAY, JONES, YOU'VE MET THIS WEBSTER KID THAT'S BEEN PARADIN' AROUND HERE, HAVEN'T YOU?

OH, YES, INDEED, MR. STRALE.

WELL NOW, GET THIS STRAIGHT FROM ME—THAT KID'S A FAKER—HE DON'T REPRESENT TRADD JORDAN—

REALLY?

YES, REALLY! AND IF YOU SEE HIM AROUND RAILROAD PROPERTY, THROW HIM OFF!

SO THAT'S YOUR PLAN, EH? AND—HELLO! WHO'S OUR PRETTY VISITOR?

THE NEBBS—Dark Days?

LOOK, PAPPY! FROM BRUCE!!

I HOPE HE SENDS CANDY AFTER THE WEDDIN'—HE'S STOPPED SENDIN' ME TOBACCY ALREADY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAPPY, AIN'T YOU HAPPY 'CAUSE I'M GETTIN' MARRIED? I AIN'T NEVER GOING TO LEAVE YOU—YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME!

I AIN'T WORRYING ABOUT MYSELF. IT'S YOUR HAPPINESS I'M WORRYING ABOUT!!

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THAT FELLER'S LIFE OR MAKE-UP THAT WOULD MAKE HIM LOVE MY DAUGHTER OUTSIDE OF HER MONEY—I DON'T CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT THE MONEY 'CAUSE I AIN'T USED TO IT BUT IF HE BREAKS HER HEART I'M GOIN' TO LEAD IN HIS SYSTEM!!

EX-HUSBAND HELPFUL IN WIFES REMARRIAGE

When Alexander Starovich, 49, and Mrs. Mildred Sheehan, 34, applied for a marriage license here, Frank Sheehan, Mrs. Sheehan's divorced husband, signed the paper as a witness. "I just wanted to help them," he explained.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

S'MATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

ONE MORE COOKIE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Ominous Hint!

YOU SAY TOMPKINS WAS SEARCHING MY AUTO?

YEP! WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS LOOKIN' FER BUT WE 'LOWED YO' 'OUGHTA KNOW!

YOU TWO ARE TO BL THE GUIDES ON THE MOUNTAIN CLIMB TO-MORROW, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS!

IT MIGHT BE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY TO YOU BOTH IF AN ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

I GETCHA, BOSS!

SHORE! I'LL USE TH' DOUGH!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Newcomer

SAY, JONES, YOU'VE MET THIS WEBSTER KID THAT'S BEEN PARADIN' AROUND HERE, HAVEN'T YOU?

OH, YES, INDEED, MR. STRALE.

WELL NOW, GET THIS STRAIGHT FROM ME—THAT KID'S A FAKER—HE DON'T REPRESENT TRADD JORDAN—

REALLY?

YES, REALLY! AND IF YOU SEE HIM AROUND RAILROAD PROPERTY, THROW HIM OFF!

SO THAT'S YOUR PLAN, EH? AND—HELLO! WHO'S OUR PRETTY VISITOR?

By HAL FORREEST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Newcomer

SAY, JONES, YOU'VE MET THIS WEBSTER KID THAT'S BEEN PARADIN' AROUND HERE, HAVEN'T YOU?

OH, YES, INDEED, MR. STRALE.

WELL NOW, GET THIS STRAIGHT FROM ME—THAT KID'S A FAKER—HE DON'T REPRESENT TRADD JORDAN—

REALLY?

YES, REALLY! AND IF YOU SEE HIM AROUND RAILROAD PROPERTY, THROW HIM OFF!

SO THAT'S YOUR PLAN, EH? AND—HELLO! WHO'S OUR PRETTY VISITOR?

THE NEBBS—Dark Days?

LOOK, PAPPY! FROM BRUCE!!

I HOPE HE SENDS CANDY AFTER THE WEDDIN'—HE'S STOPPED SENDIN' ME TOBACCY ALREADY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAPPY, AIN'T YOU HAPPY 'CAUSE I'M GETTIN' MARRIED? I AIN'T NEVER GOING TO LEAVE YOU—YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME!

I AIN'T WORRYING ABOUT MYSELF. IT'S YOUR HAPPINESS I'M WORRYING ABOUT!!

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THAT FELLER'S LIFE OR MAKE-UP THAT WOULD MAKE HIM LOVE MY DAUGHTER OUTSIDE OF HER MONEY—I DON'T CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT THE MONEY 'CAUSE I AIN'T USED TO IT BUT IF HE BREAKS HER HEART I'M GOIN' TO LEAD IN HIS SYSTEM!!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Dark Days?

LOOK, PAPPY! FROM BRUCE!!

I HOPE HE SENDS CANDY AFTER THE WEDDIN'—HE'S STOPPED SENDIN' ME TOBACCY ALREADY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAPPY, AIN'T YOU HAPPY 'CAUSE I'M GETTIN' MARRIED? I AIN'T NEVER GOING TO LEAVE YOU—YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME!

I AIN'T WORRYING ABOUT MYSELF. IT'S YOUR HAPPINESS I'M WORRYING ABOUT!!

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THAT FELLER'S LIFE OR MAKE-UP THAT WOULD MAKE HIM LOVE MY DAUGHTER OUTSIDE OF HER MONEY—I DON'T CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT THE MONEY 'CAUSE I AIN'T USED TO IT BUT IF HE BREAKS HER HEART I'M GOIN' TO LEAD IN HIS SYSTEM!!

By SOL HESS

OREGON TRAFFIC MISHAPS DWINDLE

SALEM, Ore., Oct. 22.—(AP)—Oregon showed a 2.6 per cent traffic accident increase in September over a year ago, while Portland had fewer accidents than in September, 1936. Secretary of State Earl Snell said today.

Thirty-two persons died in traffic accidents last month, three more than August and two more than September, 1936.

"The September reports," Snell said, "indicate the virtual stopping in acceleration of the accident rate. During the first four months this year Oregon accidents were leaping

ahead of last year's record, the rate of increase being 33 per cent. We've halted this increase and are now turning our attention to bringing about an actual reduction in the number of accidents."

He urged drivers to reduce their speed during bad weather and not drive while fatigued.

SCHOOL BOARDS RULE OVER BUILDING USE

SALEM, Oct. 22.—(AP)—School boards have authority to deny the use of school buildings to any organization, Attorney General F. H. Van Winkle ruled today for Rex Putnam, state school superintendent.

Roy E. Cannon, Multnomah county school superintendent, asked Putnam whether the school board had authority to grant a group of persons permission to hold a meeting in a school building to raise funds for Americans fighting in the Spanish civil war.

\$7,050.00 IN PRIZES FOR CUSTOMERS AND DEALERS ON THE WEST COAST!

3 ALLSWEET 2-WEEK CONTESTS
Prizes every 2 weeks:
\$1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE
70 SETS OF CHINA
1,000 MIRACLE MIXING KNIVES

Golden Wheat Pattern 38-PIECE SET
Banded in 23 k. solid gold!

WHAT A GLORIOUS PRIZE LIST! AND ALL I DO IS WRITE 25 WORDS OR LESS ON WHY I PREFER ALLSWEET MARGARINE THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY!

7050 GIVEN AWAY

LOOK, JOHN, I'VE GOT MY ENTRY BLANK FILLED IN. I'M SAYING THAT ALLSWEET TASTES AS FINE AS SPREADS THAT OFTEN COST NEARLY TWICE AS MUCH.

PERFECT! YOU CAN'T SAY TOO MUCH ABOUT ALLSWEET'S DELICIOUS FLAVOR.

SAY—I THINK I'LL TAKE A CRACK AT THAT ALLSWEET CONTEST MYSELF.

GOOD! I HOPE I'LL WIN THE 1000th FIRST PRIZE, AND YOU WIN A SET OF DISHES. WE NEED THEM BOTH!

Enter now! First Allsweet Contest closes Oct. 30

Housewives! Husbands! Enter this first big easy Allsweet Contest now... today! All you do is complete an official entry blank with 25 words or less the statement "I prefer the new Allsweet Margarine because..." It's as simple as that! Official entry blanks and full details come with every package of delicious Allsweet, the marvelous new thrift spread. Allsweet tastes as fine as spreads which often cost nearly twice as much, yet it sells at thrifty margarine prices! Naturally it is ideal for every purpose. Use Allsweet on bread, toast, hot cakes, hot vegetables. And in cooking and baking, too. It's pure, wholesome, nutritious. Your nearest food dealer carries Allsweet.

SWIFT'S Allsweet OLEOMARGARINE