

The UNKNOWN BLOND

By Laura Lou BROOKMAN

BEGIN HERE TODAY

DAVID BANNISTER under-
takes to find out who killed
TRACY KING, orchestra leader
killed in his hotel apart-
ment. Bannister, an author and
former newspaper man, works on
the murder case with GAINES,
star reporter for the Post.

Among those suspected of the
crime are GUILLET FRANCES,
blond and pretty, known to have
visited King shortly before his
death; HERMAN SCURLACH who
wrote King a threatening letter;
and JOE PARROTT, down-and-
out vaudeville actor. It is also
known that MELVINA HOLLIS-
TER, middle-aged spinster, had
quarrelled with King recently.

King was engaged to wealthy
DENISE LANG, MATTHEW HOL-
LISTER, Melvina's brother. Bannister
believes his sister
knows something she is keeping
from the police.

AL DRUGAN, friend of King's,
is found dead in a wrecked auto.

Bannister convinces POLICE
CHIEF HENLEY that the best
way to get information about
Juliet Frances is to release her
and then watch her closely. He
takes her to his aunt's home,
ostensibly as a guest. Later he
learns that Joe Parrott has been
found.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIX

THE news of Joe Parrott's ar-
rest had reached the Evening
Post office by telegraph. Parrott
had been picked up by St. Louis
police and was being held there.
Already Captain McNeal had an-
nounced he would send a man
to bring Parrott back to Tremont.

The detective was leaving on a
night train. Parrott was wanted.
McNeal said, for questioning con-
cerning the Tracy King murder
and "another serious offense."

Bannister talked it over with
Austin, the assistant city editor.
The report that had come on the
teletype machine was nothing
more than a few lines saying Par-
rott was being held until instruc-
tions were received from officials
in Tremont.

"So he went back to his old
stomping ground!" Bannister ex-
claimed. "McNeal told me Par-
rott was in some kind of a mix-
up in St. Louis last winter. Ar-
rested or indicted—I've forgot-
ten. I believe it had something
to do with dope."

"I'll have Gaines check up on
that," Austin said quickly. Aus-
tin had read Bannister's novels
and admired them. He couldn't
quite bring himself to assign
chairs to this celebrated writer
as he would have to a reporter.

After all, Austin was only an
assistant city editor, and a young
one.

"What's McNeal mean by this
other 'serious offense'?" he asked.
"The boys couldn't get him to say
anything more about it."

Bannister shook his head.
"Don't know," he said. "McNeal's
got something up his sleeve. I've
been sure of that for a long while.
But he won't show his hand. You
know McNeal wasn't sure Al Drug-
gan's death was just an accident.
He told me so. Maybe he thinks
Parrott had something to do with
it."

They talked for half an hour
longer, mulling over the case.
Then Bannister left the office,
took a street car and rode home.

As he stood before the mirror
in his bedroom, trying his neck-
tie and then retying it, Bannister
reflected this was the first even-
ing in many that he had both-
ered to dress for dinner. It was,
as a matter of fact, the first even-
ing in the week he had spent
at home. Days and evenings,
too, had become very much alike.
He spent them at the newspaper
office, at police headquarters, now
and then launching out on some
wild and fruitless expedition.

BANNISTER studied himself in
the mirror, frowned and
grasped the ends of the offend-
ing necktie. He pulled them loose
and for the third time knotted
them again.

He turned away from the mir-
ror, walked to the window. It
was dark outside. Time to go
down stairs. Still Bannister in-
glered.

He picked up a paper knife,
toyed with it and put it aside. He
sat down on the edge of the desk.

It wasn't, he assured himself
once more, that he had intended
doing Juliet Frances a favor by
bringing her to his aunt's home.
It was pleasant for her here, of
course, but that wasn't why he
had done it. She was here be-
cause Bannister believed Captain
Henley was right. The girl was
the key to the mystery of the
murder. She knew more than
she had admitted and finding out
her secret was the task Bannister
had set for himself. Living here,
unaware that anyone was watch-
ing her, she could be sure to give
herself away.

Bannister was pleased with the
way he had handled matters. The
girl evidently had accepted his
story. Aunt Kate, likewise, had
shown no signs of doubt. He had
told her that Miss Frances was an
old friend, a girl he had known
in New York. He had happened
to meet her, had discovered that
she was remaining in Tremont for
a few days until she had news
about a job she had applied for,
and felt it was no more than
courteous to ask her to stay with
them. To all this Aunt Kate had
agreed.

The rest of the task was going
to be more difficult. Bannister
straightened his shoulders, stood
up. He'd better go down and
have a talk with Miss Juliet
Frances. And he was aware of all
her trickery now! She wouldn't
fool him as she had before.

But there was no time then to
talk. Bannister went down stairs
and met his aunt in the hallway.
"Oh, there you are, David!"
she exclaimed. "I was just going
to call you. Everything's ready
to put on the table."

"Has Miss Frances come down?"
"Yes, she's in the living room.
You go tell her that dinner's
ready."

In buying fur beauty may be
so be skin deep.

OUT OUR WAY

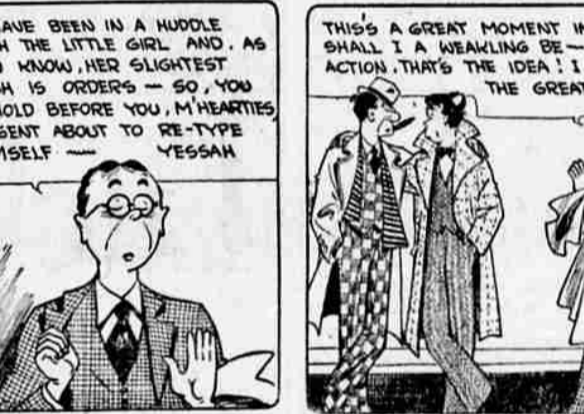
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



Flapper Fanny Says

By going through the regular stages of promotion, it would take a marine 140 years to become a general. Now, who would think General Smedley Butler was that old?

Monetary maneuvers cannot bring an effective and lasting rise in prices. If we wish to delude the human race, we can resort to what once was called money clipping.—Premier Mussolini.

By going through the regular stages of promotion, it would take a marine 140 years to become a general. Now, who would think General Smedley Butler was that old?

Flapper Fanny Says

In buying fur beauty may be so be skin deep.

THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP

