

SERIAL STORY
5 WOULD KILL
BY TOM HORNER

Yesterday, Captain Dawson began the investigation after Ben-
thorne's murder. He heard that
the door to Benthorne's room was
locked by a heavy chair, that
there was some delay in getting
into the house, searching the
wastebasket, he finds Benthorne's
last note.

CHAPTER IV
FLYNN read on, in speechless
amazement. When he had fin-
ished, he handed the paper back
to Captain Dawson.

"He named five of them, Cap-
tain. Only Mrs. Benthorne and
Mr. Alston were here. Now all
you have to do is find out which
one."

"Are you sure the other three
were not here, Flynn?" Dawson
shot at him. "Joey di Torino, 'Big
Red,' and a woman named Ara?
The way you and Krone were let-
ting people by, there could have
been a murderers' convention here
last night. How do you know?"

"That's it, Captain. That's it!
The girl in the taxicab—her name
was Ara—Ara Johnson!"

"I was wondering when you'd
get around to remembering that,"
Dawson smiled. "You know,
Flynn, if your memory doesn't im-
prove, you'll be off the homicide
squad and back on a beat."

"Aw, now, Captain—why you
and me—"

"Yes, I know. If it weren't for
your all-fired Irish luck I'd never
put up with you. Now see if your
put up with me and bring in those
two who wanted to get married.
The taxi driver should be easy to
find. Rout him out, threaten him
with accessory to murder charges.
He'll talk," Dawson concluded.

Flynn understood. "Okay, Cap-
tain. I'll have them here by
dawn. I'll get Joey first."
"I'll give you until 10 o'clock.
But before you go, bring Mrs.
Benthorne here. I want to talk
to her. I want to talk to all of
the five persons Benthorne feared."

DAWSON had seen Helen Ben-
thorne's picture in the society
columns many times, and he had
glimpsed her as she came into the
house after Benthorne was shot,
but he had not realized she was
as young or as beautiful as she
appeared at the door of the study.

"Captain Dawson is here, Mrs.
Benthorne," he heard Flynn say
as the door swung wide.

As she caught sight of him,
seated behind the desk, Helen
Benthorne uttered a strangled
little cry; her hand went to her
throat.

Dawson was on his feet, leaning
into the light. "I'm sorry to bother
you, Mrs. Benthorne," he began.

She regained self-control quick-
ly. "You gave me a start, Captain
Dawson," she explained as she
seated herself beside the desk.

"Seeing you behind the desk, in
the shadows, I almost believed—
Oh, this is all so terrible!"

She forced back her tears by
sheer will power. Only the quiv-
ering of her chin and the nervous
twisting of her handkerchief bet-
rayed her emotional struggle.

Dawson waited patiently. At last
he began:

"I know how difficult this is for
you, Mrs. Benthorne. I wish that
we might leave you entirely alone
until the inquest. Under the cir-
cumstances, however, I am sure
you see that is impossible. Will
you please tell me, just where
you were, and what you were do-
ing when you heard the shot?"

"I was in my room, Captain
Dawson. I was awaiting the ar-
rival of my father. At the instant
of the shot I was reading—I can't
even remember the title of the
book now—I slipped into a robe,
hurried down the front stairway
and to the study."

"You didn't see anyone in the
lower hallway, before you started
down the stairs?" Dawson queried.

Mrs. Benthorne paused. "No—I
saw no one. I tried to open the
door, found it locked. Then James-
on came from the back hallway
and led the officers in the front
door. I told the officers the door
couldn't be locked."

"How were you sure of that?"

"There was no lock on the door,
only the knob. The lock had been
sticking and only a few days ago
Arnold—Mr. Benthorne—men-
tioned it. I had Jameson take the
lock to a locksmith yesterday."

"Do you think Mr. Benthorne
put the chair in front of the door?"

"No, I don't, Captain Dawson."
Her voice was firm. "I'm sure that
he did not. I heard someone mov-
ing about in this study, after the
shot was fired. I tried to tell the
officers that, when they tried to
smash in the door, but they
wouldn't listen."

"They thought you were hyster-
cal," Dawson said.

"I know—maybe I was. But I
am sure I heard someone in the
room after Arnold was—was—"

She could not keep the tears
back, and Dawson let her weep,
without comment. After a few
minutes she wiped her eyes, met
his steady gaze once more.

"Tell me, Mrs. Benthorne,"
Dawson said suddenly, "did
you love your husband?"

"Captain Dawson!"

"You're wrong, Captain Dawson.
I did love Arnold. I married him
because I wanted to. He was
everything a girl of 20 could wish
for—handsome, wealthy, polished.
Any girl would have jumped at
the opportunity to marry him."
"But you had quarreled with
him—last night!"

"Yes," she answered slowly.
"That's why I had called my
father. It was nothing serious—
just an argument over—over
money matters."

Dawson's smile revealed noth-
ing. He leaned toward Helen Ben-
thorne, demanding:

"And it is true, isn't it, that you
are an excellent pistol shot?"

Helen Benthorne was out of her
chair, her eyes blazing.

"Are you insinuating—?" she
demanded angrily.

"I am insinuating nothing, Mrs.
Benthorne. Your husband has
been murdered and it is my job
to find out who killed him." Daw-
son's voice was steady, his tone
reassuring. Helen Benthorne sank
back into the chair.

"Yes, Captain Dawson," she said
evenly. "I was captain of the girls'
pistol team at college."
(To Be Continued)

The low-wing monoplane, spe-
cial-built Northrop Gamma,
equipped with a Wasp motor, used
by Lincoln Ellsworth, on his an-
tartic expedition in 1935, enabled
the expedition to obtain nine
miles per gallon of gasoline at a
cruising speed of 150 miles an
hour.

Skimmed milk is used in the
manufacture of buttons. Chem-
ists, astounded at the enormous
waste of milk after the cream had
been removed, experimented and
succeeded in producing a horn-
like substance from it.

Gold has been discovered in
Georgia. All that glitter are not
peaches.

Now comes the story of the man
who was shot by a dog. But then,
that doesn't quite fit the defini-
tion of news, so you may as well
forget it.

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**New Key Man
For Mussolini**



Here's the latest picture of Ettore Muti, Italian Fascist Party's new General Secretary. "Most be-
medaled man in Italy," he re-
placed "Pantherman" Achille
Starace in Premier Mussolini's
recent drastic cabinet shakeup.

Russian Ambassador Oumansky
is back in Washington, ready to
throw red roses instead of insults
at his German diplomatic neigh-
bors.

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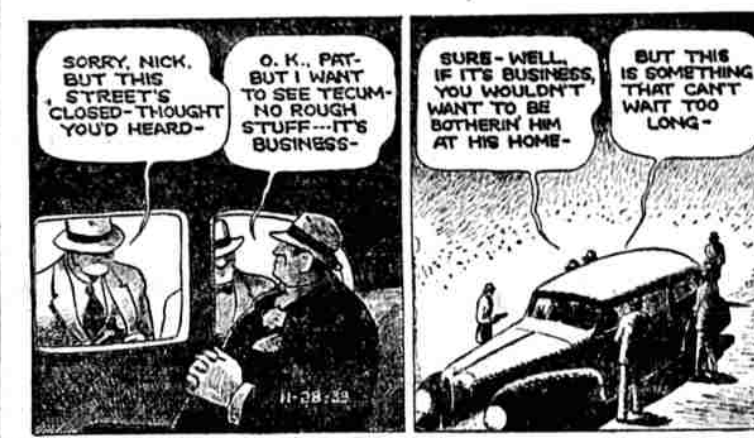
OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



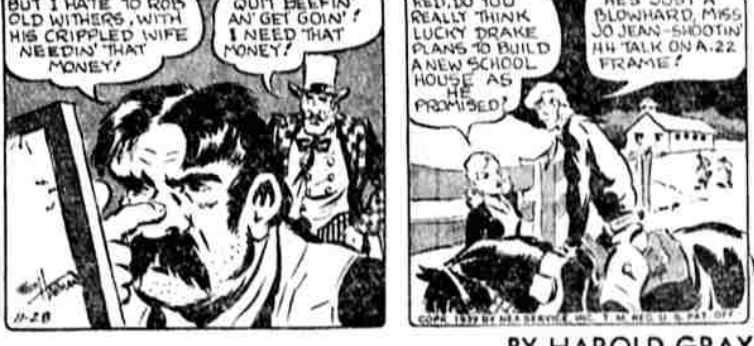
ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

