

## SERIAL STORY

## 5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

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Yesterday Dawson sends Flynn to find the taxi driver, Nick Smith, then questions Mrs. Benthorpe. She admits that she had quarreled with her husband, had sent for her father. She also admits she is an excellent pistol shot.

## CHAPTER V

"I AM not accusing anyone of Arnold Benthorpe's murder," Captain Dawson said. "The fact that you once captained a pistol team does not make you a killer. I could have found out from the records anyway, but I prefer to have you tell me." Helen Benthorpe sobbed into the back of her chair. "Oh—I can't—I can't stand any more!" Gently, Dawson lifted her to her feet. "I know, I know," he said soothingly. "You may go upstairs now, try to get some rest." He led her to the doorway, beckoned to Krone, standing at the end of the hall. "Take Mrs. Benthorpe to her room and send that butler, Jameson, here."

"YOU called for me Captain Dawson?" Jameson bowed stiffly and opened the room. Dawson stopped his pacing across the study door.

"Where was she when Benthorpe was shot?" Jameson said. "I let Mr. Alston in the study, sir," Jameson said. "I wanted to take his things—his coat and hat—but he seemed to be in a hurry. I knew Mrs. Benthorpe was expecting him—she had asked me to be sure he got in the back way all right. He—Mr. Alston—seemed quite upset, if I may say so, sir."

"You may. What did Alston do?" "He started up the back stairway—it's closer to Mrs. Benthorpe's rooms—and told me to go to bed."

"And he told me not to tell the truth, sir, I forgot all about your order for the front door."

"Mr. Benthorpe seemed to be expecting someone, sir. He told me to unlock the side entrance."

"What side entrance?" "I thought you knew, sir. It looks like a closet door, sir. It's right across the hall." He led Dawson out of the study, opened the doorway a few feet down the hall, pointed down a long passageway. "It opens directly on the street, sir," he explained. "Many of Mr. Benthorpe's visitors used this entrance."

"ABOUT how long, Mr. Alston, were you in the house before you heard the shot?" "Not more than five minutes, Captain," William Alston replied after a pause. "I had just reached the second floor. I can't move very fast, especially up stairs—my heart."

Dawson nodded, waited for Alston to continue.

"Let me in the back door," Alston went on. "Mrs. Benthorpe—my wife—called. She and Arnold had a tiff—some family quarrel about a girl. I understood her over the phone."

"I dismissed Jameson and started up the rear stairway. Then I decided to see Arnold, get the side of the story before seeing Helen. I started toward the study—I knew I'd find him there. Then I changed my mind again and went back up the stairs to Helen's room. I—I was afraid Arnold might be in a nasty mood. I didn't want to quarrel with him. I hoped to be able to settle this difference between him and Helen."

"I had just reached the second landing when I heard the shot. I was terrified for a moment for it seemed to come from Helen's room. I hurried on up the stairs, came down to Helen's room. I searched through her sitting room and bedroom—even looked into her bath—afraid that I might find her body. Then I came down the front stairs and found your officers and Helen at the door of the study. You know the rest."

"I can imagine your feelings, Mr. Alston," Dawson observed. "Tell me," he went on, "was Mrs. Benthorpe angry or hysterical when she called? Was this 'tiff' so important that you would come in a storm at midnight?"

Alston leaned forward, instantly alert. "I can see you're not a father, Captain," he explained indignantly. "When one's child is hurt a storm makes no difference. The pain has to be eased, the hurt kissed away. Helen is my only child. I'd do anything to keep her happy."

"You're wrong, Dawson!" Alston countered angrily, meeting the detective's eyes. "I was very fond of Arnold. He was my son-in-law, my partner in Alston Motors."

"You mean you married your daughter to him to save your precious Alston Motors?"

"I wouldn't put too much faith

In what you read in the papers," Alston laughed, without mirth. "How much does it mean to you to have Benthorpe dead?" Dawson's sudden start told him he had scored a hit. Alston's weary calm returned almost immediately.

"You might as well know, Captain," he said slowly. "It will come out with the probating of the will. Upon my death full control—my shares—of Alston Motors were to go to Arnold. His death returns his holdings to me. We had arranged it that way for Helen—and any children she might have. No outsider will ever own Alston Motors."

"THE slamming of the front door interrupted him. Angry voices rose from the outer hall. Then Flynn pushed open the study door.

"Here's Torio, Captain," he announced. "Says he's got an alibi. Better make it good, Joey!" And he shoved the angry, glowering night club proprietor through the doorway.

(To Be Continued)

Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes has been invited to join the Grouse Club of America because of his recent book, criticizing the American press. Maybe Mr. Ickes wasn't really mad about it—just hurt.

Max Schmeling says he would like to come to America to challenge Joe Louis to another fight if he could only figure out some way of crossing the Atlantic. Would it help any if we sent the Brown Bomber over there, Mr. Schmeling?

Social function at the White House are being curtailed, and guest lists to receptions are being limited to 100 names. Just a nice, homey little crowd.

## Says 'Colonies' Not Democratic



Charging that a democracy "has no business having colonies," Dr. Ernest H. Gruening, newly appointed governor of Alaska, urges that American territories be prepared for political equality with states.

The main question before us as a nation is not "Can we keep out of war, and how?" but "How can we best serve mankind, the welfare of the world, at whatever cost to ourselves?" — Bishop Charles W. Flint, head of eastern states area, Methodist church.

Word comes from Hollywood that, after all the trouble they went to, press agents are now trying to un-glamorize Ann Sheridan. The oomph is going poof.

State gasoline taxes as of Aug. 1, 1939, averaged 4.46 cents a gallon and federal taxes 1 cent.

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"If we're goin' in the car, you better put on the chains—the sidewalks are slick as glass."

## WEAVER OF TALES

## HORIZONTAL

1. Tremendously popular writer of last century.

12 Roof finial.

13 To spout forth.

15 Self.

16 Crucifix.

18 Some.

19 Flabby.

20 Suture.

22 Father.

23 Rodent.

25 To intrust.

28 Small island.

30 A gratification.

31 Lieu.

33 Sphere.

35 It is.

36 Tennis point.

38 Falsehood.

40 Myster.

41 Scampered headlong.

44 Mama.

46 Footprint.

## Answer to Previous Puzzle

GEORGE GOETHALS

RAY SPANK OLIA

ERSE PRICE BANC

NOLLIONESS RIG

CRILLIE TITAM

LOLOTS GEORGE

NOISES ARAB

EAT RAI COETIAL

RAT SAI LAAT

RIPULSOMETERSE

SOAR CREDOMOLD

RIGS AND SORA

GENERAL AMERICA

47 Does wrong.

49 Pertaining to the sun.

51 Tribunal.

53 "David Copperfield" is the story of his own.

55 To make lace.

56 A set.

58 To observe.

59 He was an English.

60 Sheen.

36 Vertical

2 Pronoun.

3 Disciples of Christ.

4 To ascend.

5 Electrical unit.

6 Health resort.

7 Arid.

8 Neuter pronoun.

9 Parrot.

10 Ovum.

11 Wooden pin.

14 One who ruins another.

16 His well-known story "Carol."

17 Sorrowful.

19 Baseball stick.

21 Intersected.

22 Cavity.

24 Stirring.

26 Preface.

27 Pur.

29 Each.

32 Dating machine.

34 Maudlin.

37 Tube cover.

39 Fish.

41 Condition.

42 Crease in cloth.

43 Scum.

45 Tree.

46 Slovak.

48 Mutton fat.

50 Indian.

51 Public auto.

52 Right.

54 Golf device.

56 Musical note.

57 Ell.

## OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



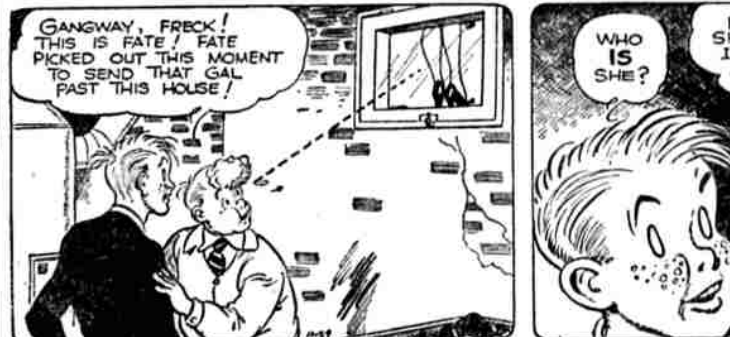
## RED RYDER



## 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

