● SERIAL STORY

5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

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Yesterday: Joey di Torio admits he and Benthorne were "associated" in several rackets. Dawson believes the gangster killed Benthorne to silence him. Joey finally admits he left the club, but maintains it was after midnight. He also reminds Dawson of one other thing that will prove his innocence—ballistics.

CHAPTER VII

PATROLMAN DAN FLYNN'S feet hurt.

It was bad enough, he told himself, to stand half the night in the rain, but to have a murder piled on him, to have the captain sore at him, and to have to find a will-o'-wisp taxi driver at 4 a. m. was asking too much of his even Irish temper.

How the devil did Dawson expect him to locate one taxi driver—Nick Smith—in a city full of taxi drivers? The taxi company had been a great help—yeah!

"Smith reported in tonight," the office clerk told Flynn. "He's on cruising service, reports in if business is slow, but goes on his own if business is good." That helped a lot, yeah! They'd be glad to have Smith come in if he called, but Flynn knew that Smith would stay out just as long as he could. Probably halfway to Florida by now, with the cab parked on a deserted road.

Smith wouldn't show up at home either—too smart for that. Smith was just too, too smart. Dawson was too smart. Benthorne was too smart. Everyone was too smart—everyone but Dan Flynn. And he was just a dumb cop. And his feet hurt.

Well, there was no use pacing up and down the sidewalk in the rain in front of a deserted taxi stand. There was a chance that Smith might, from force of habit, return to his usual haunts. But it was a small chance, Flynn knew. A cab hurried by. Flynn whistled, but the cab sped on. Another taxi, hurrying down the opposite side of the street, whirled around and the door swung open before Flynn.

"Just drive," he ordered, and slumping in the seat, kicked off his shoes, wiggled his toes in damp socks and promptly went to sleep.

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HE awakened half an hour later. The cab was stopped, even the meter was silent. Flynn looked around, saw he was parked in front of an all-night lunch stand. Driver evidently decided he needed a cup of coffee. Coffee might go well, Flynn thought. And ham and eggs and maybe some pie. He bent over, fumbling in the darkness for his shoes.

A car paused beside the cab, then pulled in front to park. Flynn grunted as he tied the laces, raised his head just in time to see another driver climbing out of the taxi parked directly ahead. He held his breath as the man paused at the door of the lunch stand.

What was that Dawson had said about luck? The taxi driver going through the door was—Nick Smith!

A moment later Flynn's service revolver was in his raincoat pocket, and Flynn was pushing into the lunch stand.

"Hello, Nick!" he said softly.

"I've been looking for you, Nick," he went on. "About that fast one you pulled tonight. Here's your driver's license."

"Oh, that!" Smith turned to him. "Sorry if I almost spilled you, Sergeant. That girl—"

"Yeah, that girl—" Flynn broke in. "Where is she? Where did you pick her up?"

"I don't remember. Hell, she was just another fare to me—didn't even give me much of a tip," Nick growled over his coffee.

"You better start remembering, Nick," Flynn said quietly. "There was a murder—and you're a possible accessory."

"A—a what?" Smith choked.

"A murder—man killed. Maybe that kid who jumped out of the car did it. You helped him and the girl get away. How about it, Nick? Are you going to talk or am I going to have to take you in?"

"I'll talk.

• • •

"I PICKED them up—this guy and the girl—over on the avenue, in front of some of those apartment houses. I thought they was just a couple of petters. They said to just drive around and they talked for a while.

"Finally the fellow asks me if I know where there's a preacher. Said they wanted to get married. Then they argue some more and it seems like the girl is doin' most of the talking. Then she asks me to stop.

"'Driver,' she says in that soft voice, 'will you help us out? My fiance and I want to get married, but his father don't like it.'

"Now me, I'm sort of a romantic guy, and I like to help out a couple of kids—"

"You can tell your love story to the captain, Nick," Flynn said shortly. "Right now I want to know one thing. Where does this girl live?"

"I swear—I swear I don't know. Honest, I let her out at a subway—honest—"

"There are ways of improving your memory, Nick," Flynn interrupted. "I hope we don't have to use them."

• • •

THE girl with the smoky eyes tugged at the straps on her battered suitcase, pulling it closed, finally turned the key in the lock. She rose hurriedly, moved to the dresser, slammed drawers open and closed as she made sure nothing had been forgotten.

The mirror caught her reflection as she paused to light a cigaret. Her dark hair needed attention; she applied lipstick hurriedly to her firm, full-lipped mouth, centered in a girlish face. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes tired and for the moment lacking fire.

Tomorrow I'll be home, she thought. Everything is finished here. The police will never know, not even John Douglas will know.

The thought of him made her pause, stare at her own reflection in the mirror. John had been so kind, so helpful, without knowing. He had asked no questions, demanded nothing. He was in love with her—wholly, helplessly.

Perhaps he would hunt for her. No—he would return to the place he had first met her—and she would never go back.

It was just as well. There was no place in her life for love. But—

The buzzer interrupted her thoughts. Someone at the apartment door. The porter, for her bags. She hurried to open it.

Dan Flynn was framed in the doorway. He was smiling. His glance took in the disordered room, the packed suitcase on the floor.

"You going somewhere, Miss Johnson?" he asked pleasantly. "Sorry to upset your plans, but you'll have to come with me."

(To Be Continued)

A miracle is a work exceeding the power of any created agent, consequently being an effect of the divine omnipotence.—South.

When Bullets Flew in Prague

The bullet-shattered window of this Prague policeman's radio car is grim evidence of the terror that reigned in the former Czech capital's streets during recent student riots.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Now you're gettin' it! Haven't I been tellin' you, all you hafta do is just relax?"

GREEK DIVINITY

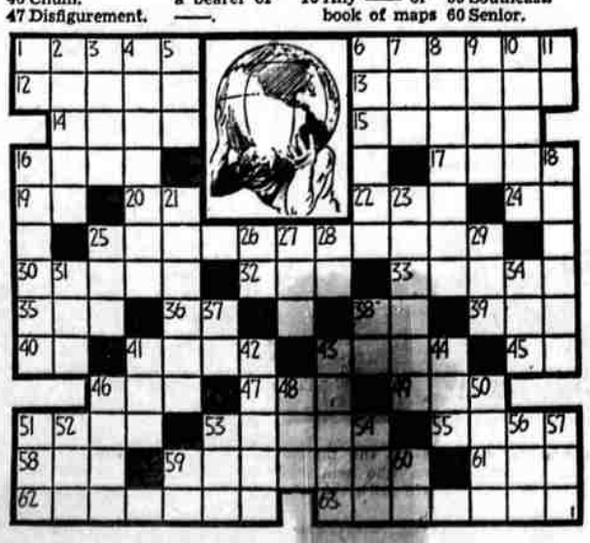
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Greek god.
6 He was in charge of the ——s or posts of the sky.
12 A moment.
13 Bird house.
14 State of bliss.
15 Sloping ways.
16 Enormous.
17 Cow-headed goddess.
19 Natural power
20 Mystic syllable.
22 Hops kiln.
24 Street.
25 Shrubs.
30 To say.
32 Eon.
33 Decree.
35 Fifth month.
36 Toward.
38 Postscript.
39 Greek letter.
40 Type standard
41 Flannel.
43 Doves' home.
45 Myself.
46 Chum.
47 Disfigurement.
49 Conjunction.
51 Disorganized flight.
53 Small wild cat
55 Platter.
58 Branch.
59 Indian food plants.
61 By way of.
62 His punishment for warring on Zeus was to uphold the ——.
63 He symbolizes a bearer of ——.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Preposition.
2 Footstep.
3 Covers.
4 Ketone.
5 Measure.
6 Drawing room.
7 Bugle plant.
8 Restricted.
9 Drinks dog fashion.
10 Musical term.
11 Railway.
16 Any —— or book of maps bears his name.
18 Marble figure.
21 Human.
23 Midday sleep.
25 Eye tumor.
26 To exist.
27 Unit of work.
28 Sun god.
29 To perch.
31 Beret.
34 Eccentric wheel.
37 Upon.
38 Italian river.
41 Upright shaft.
42 To accumulate
43 Fragment of bread.
44 Finish.
46 The cougar.
48 Data.
50 To penetrate.
51 Hurrah.
52 Gold quartz.
53 Males.
54 Romanian coin.
56 Crime.
57 Possesses.
59 Southeast.
60 Senior.



OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY

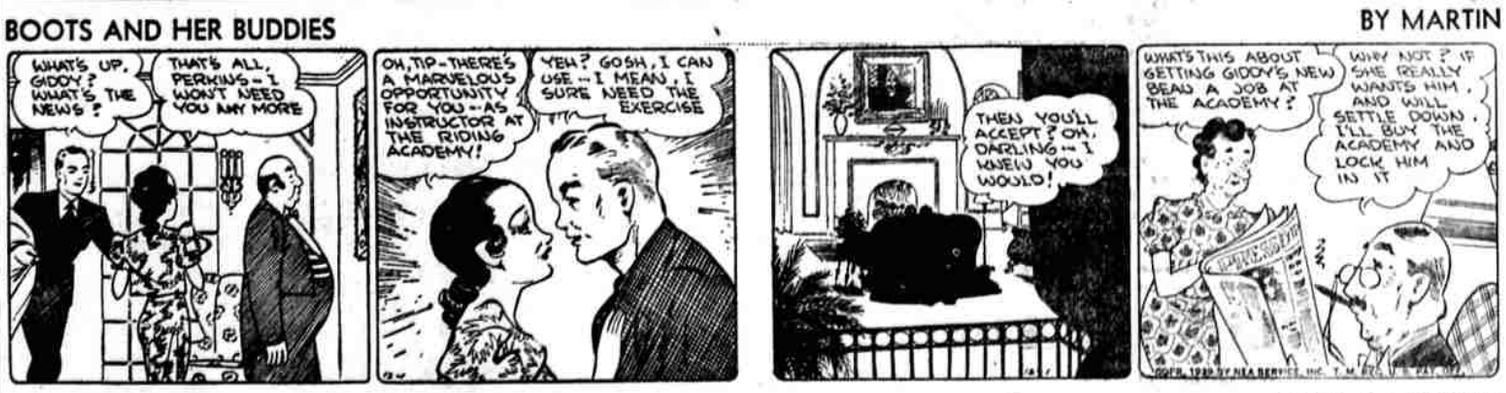
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN