

SERIAL STORY

5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

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Yesterday Dawson decided that someone who knew Benthorpe's operations "planted" the cat for him to see. He also recalls the "three on a match" episode before di Torio's death. As he goes upstairs to search Mrs. Benthorpe's room again, he finds Alston at the door. The old man takes two more sleeping tablets, gives the box to Dawson. Dawson throws open the door to Helen Benthorpe's room.

CHAPTER XXII

THE room was practically unchanged since Dawson's last visit. Someone had made the bed, and the spread was tightly and neatly drawn. Ara, Dawson thought. A pillow on the chaise longue indicated where she had tried to rest.

He walked to the bed, lifted the mattress, then turned it completely over and on to the floor. If there had been a gun hidden there, it was certainly gone now. Dawson studied the underside of the mattress carefully, and the cover of the box springs. No trace of any outline that a revolver would certainly leave.

Where was that gun?
A slight noise startled him. He rushed to the door. It had sounded as if Alston's door had been opened. There was no one in the hall. A glance in Alston's room showed the old man again stretched on the bed.

"It would take a bomb to wake him up now," Dawson said, half aloud. Deciding not to disturb Alston, the detective closed the door again, called Krone from the head of the stairway. The patrolman came up on a run.

"Keep an eye on this hall, and the one below, too, if you can Krone," Dawson ordered. "Who is downstairs?"

"The coroner's deputy just arrived and the coroner is with him I left them with di Torio. Mrs. Benthorpe was in the living room."

Dawson nodded and returned to the bedroom. Krone took his post at the stairs, so that he could see both the upper and lower halls. In a few moments he saw Helen Benthorpe walk through the archway from the living room. Krone leaned out to watch her as she walked along the hall to the study. Then he heard the dining room door close and her footsteps died away.

HELEN BENTHORPE watched the coroner and his assistant at work over di Torio's body. When they took a few preliminary pictures she took care to be well out of camera range, but when they started to lift the raincoats Dawson had ordered spread over the body, she could stand it no longer.

"Do you mind if I leave now?" she asked.

The coroner looked up. "No reason for your staying. If Captain Dawson had wanted you kept here, he'd have said so." She left hurriedly.

She knew Krone was watching her as she passed through the hall. She paused at the study door, to see Ara and John talking earnestly. It's lucky for them to have love, she thought, and inwardly she voiced a prayer that this whole affair might turn out well for them.

The breakfast dishes were still on the dining room table. She'd have to speak to Jameson. Then she recalled that Dawson had ordered the butler and the entire staff of servants placed under guard in Jameson's quarters after the second shooting. That officer—the Irishman was probably there too.

She stopped at the refrigerator, found a pint of milk and went on to the rear entry. There was a coat hanging in a closet near the door and she slipped into it, hiding the bottle of milk in a deep pocket.

Outside, she hesitated, glanced around to see if any patrolmen were near. The sun was trying to break through massed clouds, but last night's rain left it still wet underfoot. She went on across the driveway, disappeared into the garage.

DAN FLYNN saw her coming, and crouched lower in the rear seat of Benthorpe's limousine. If she intended trying to get away in a car, he reasoned, she probably would take the small roadster. It was likely her own car.

But she evidently had no such intention. She passed the car, went on to the rear of the garage, toward the stairway that led to the loft. As she reached the door, Flynn stepped out of the limousine, called to her.

"And where are you going, Mrs. Benthorpe?" She swung around, surprised.

"I was just going upstairs for some luggage that's stored up here," she explained. "I couldn't find any of the servants and I wanted—"

"There's no luggage or anything else up there and you know it, Mrs. Benthorpe," Flynn answered. "The Captain will want to see you. Come along with me." He took her arm, led her back to the house.

"I FOUND her going up to the garage loft, just as you thought she would, Captain, with this bottle of milk in her pocket."

Flynn announced as they entered the bedroom.

Helen Benthorpe stared about her. While Dawson had been somewhat careful, however thorough, in his first search of her room he had spared nothing in his second. He had made no attempt to replace the mattress on the bed, her closet door stood open and the cushions of her chairs had been pulled out, pounded and awkwardly replaced. When they entered, Dawson had been carefully tapping the walls.

"What were you doing in the garage, and why were you going up to the loft?" Dawson asked.

"I've told the officer what I wanted. There's some luggage stored there. I can't stay here after—after last night, I couldn't find the servants."

"And why would you carry a bottle of milk?"

Helen Benthorpe did not answer. She groped for a chair, sank into it.

"Go get the cat, Flynn!"

At the mention of the word, Mrs. Benthorpe looked up, startled. "Cat?" she queried. "What cat?"

"We'll see, soon."

She fled in her chair as they tapped. Dawson went on with his tapping.

"There may be a cat around here, but it probably belongs to one of the servants," she said. "I can't see what—"

"It's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Benthorpe," Dawson assured her. "Just a little experiment of mine to determine the ownership of a certain cat. If you know nothing about it, you need have no fears. Huh, sounds like Flynn's having trouble."

Flynn appeared at the doorway. In his arms he struggled to hold a spitting, biting, scratching cat.

Long scratches on his hands showed that the cat had not been captured without something of a battle.

"All right, Flynn, you can let go now," The officer complied, gladly.

The huge black cat ran lightly across the room to Helen Benthorpe, paused for a second at her feet, then leaped to the arm of her chair, to fawn against its mistress and glare back at Flynn.

(To Be Continued)

Engaged



The engagement of Mary Averell Harriman to Dr. Shirley Fisk, New York physician, was announced recently. The prospective bride is the daughter of William Averell Harriman of New York, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad, and a granddaughter of the late Edward H. Harriman, famed financier and railroad pioneer.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Ohh, Ted—I'll be a little longer. Maybe you'd better wait for me in the hall where it isn't so crowded."

ANTARCTIC EXPLORER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured is a modern Antarctic adventurer.

10 Unemployed.

11 Fragrant smell.

12 Fruit.

13 Waxy substance.

14 Advertisement.

15 Remuneration.

17 Bone.

18 Male sheep.

19 South America.

20 Renovation.

21 Drunkard.

22 To gamble.

23 Turkish officer.

24 To be sick.

25 Sisterly.

26 Company.

27 Mesh of lace.

28 Footlike part.

29 Opposed to come.

41 Unit of work.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

WASHINGTON ALAR

OLEIN AEROPLANE

ONE ELSE ABOUT

CUT FLAT CREDIT

OD ARE AISIR

USE A WASHINGTON

MAW CT MONUMENT

BY PRO ACEF

PHARMACIST ME

AMAIN ALATE CAR

ORAL PRATE POIT

OLETISKS MARBLE

VERTICAL

1 To tear stitches.

2 Notions.

3 Dressed.

4 Pronoun.

5 Type of grape cluster.

6 Sketched.

7 Northeast wind.

8 Primeval giant.

9 Inner soles.

10 Musical drama.

11 Bay window.

12 To carry.

13 Category.

14 Hottentot instrument.

15 Matgrass.

16 Common verb.

17 To abound.

18 Rind.

19 Light brown.

20 Stream.

21 Compass point.

22 Spain.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



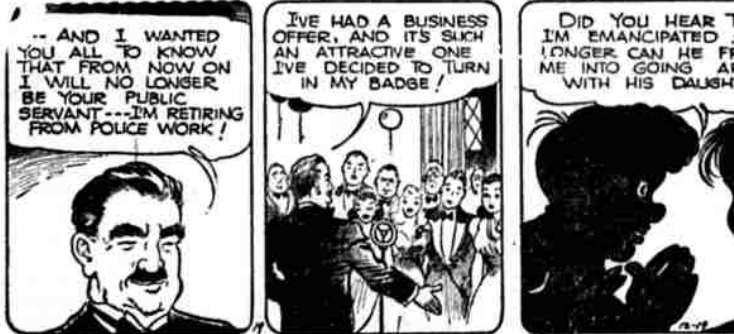
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



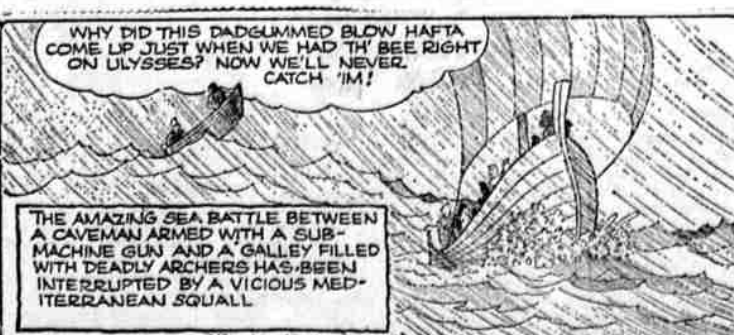
WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



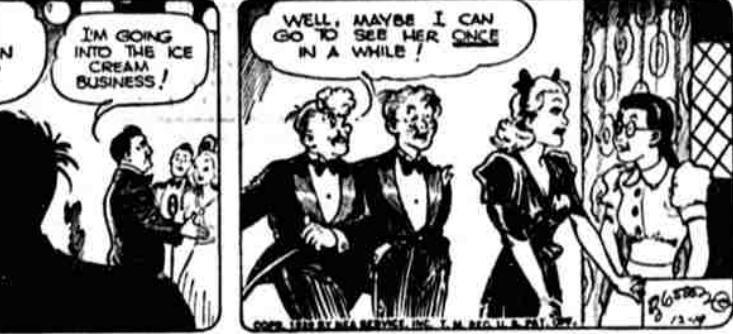
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

