

SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY, Martin Saylor invited five guests for dinner. Dale Appleby, his stepfather, whose father Saylor refused to release, Rhoda Waters, Dale's sweetheart, whom Saylor has called a gold-digger, Hazel Leighton, in whom Saylor is interested, Winslow Mardell, a gambler, and George Harbourn, Saylor's partner. After talking to Harbourn, Saylor returns to his study alone. In 30 minutes Hazel goes to the door. Saylor dead.

CHAPTER II

THE still form of Martin Saylor was a thing of hideous fascination. One arm encircled his head, buried partly in the rug. The other came out straight from his body and bent at the elbow. Only the white sleeve of his linen suit seemed stained by the blood that darkened the rug.

The five of them stood for minutes in the doorway. It was Harbourn who finally broke the spell. "Well, I'll be—I suppose that had to happen sooner or later."

"Maybe he's still alive," Rhoda suggested.

Dale looked at her, and she thought she recognized a glimmer of something fearful in his eyes. "Let's see," he said. They didn't need to look too closely. As they stood over the body, they could see one side of Saylor's face. His eyes were still open—still hard and friendless. There wasn't any question about it. Martin Saylor was dead.

Mardell bent down and put his hand on the dead man's shoulder. "Don't touch him," Dale commanded. "What are you trying to do?"

Mardell straightened. "I was just going to turn him over."

"Well, don't. Don't anybody touch a thing. Not until the police get here."

Hazel stiffened. "The police? Must we—"

Dale turned toward her and said dully, "What do you think?"

From the library, at the other end of the room, a tall, gray-haired man in butler's livery had entered the room and was standing stiffly at attention. "Is there anything I can do, sir?" he asked.

Dale turned toward the butler. "Nothing at the moment, Willows."

Mr. Saylor is dead."

"Yes, sir, I know." And there was no sorrow in his voice.

"Go back to the kitchen and tell the others to remain there until the police arrive."

Willows retreated. Dale hurried over to the desk in the southeast corner of the room, diagonally across from the doorway through which they had entered to discover the body. He picked up the telephone and asked for police headquarters.

Barbourn stood peering out of the heavily curtained French windows that broke the array of bookcases just west of the desk. Dale cautioned him not to touch anything and then he turned his attention back to the instrument in his hand.

"Homicide squad? Who's in charge there now? Lieutenant O'Leary. Thank you, may I speak to him?" A brief pause. "Lieutenant, Dale Appleby is my name. My stepfather, Martin Saylor, has just been shot to death. . . . Yes. . . . I wish you would. Fifteen minutes, then. Yes, everyone will stay here. He gave the address and hung up."

"Can't we wait in the other room?" Rhoda asked.

"I think it would be better," Dale agreed. "The police will be along quickly. Just tell them what you know about this. Lord knows that isn't very much."

THE police weren't long in coming. Dale was standing at the drawing room window when the lights of several cars flashed up the driveway. Dale himself went to the door and admitted two men in civilian attire and three uniformed officers.

Lieutenant O'Leary introduced himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered—a tremendous bulk of a man. But there was a friendly twinkle in his eye.

"This is Sergeant Carroll," he pointed to the shorter man, with fat jowls and unsmiling features. "I suppose you're Mr. Appleby."

"Yes," said Dale. "The others are in the drawing room. Nothing's been touched."

O'Leary nodded approval. "Where is it?"

Dale indicated the closed door of the study. O'Leary ordered the uniformed men to wait in the hallway, and then he led the way into the study. When he saw the body, the lieutenant glanced swiftly at his assistant and then at Dale.

"How'd it happen, Mr. Appleby?" he asked.

"I don't know. We were sitting in the drawing room. Saylor had gone back to this room a little before. He wanted to see one of his guests—Miss Leighton. When she came into the room, she found him here—just like this."

"What about the shot?"

"No one heard it."

O'Leary thrust his hands into his hip pockets and stood for several minutes studying the room. It was fully 40 feet long and more than half as wide. The entire floor was covered with heavy carpeting. Three of the walls faced outside. Along the north wall, the room could be entered from both ends—from the library or the reception hall. The entire room was lined with bookcases, windows, several full-length mirrors and a massive fireplace in the center of the south wall. French windows, that opened nearly to the floor, flanked one side of Saylor's desk. On the other side of the fireplace, similar windows flanked a doorway that led out onto a broad terrace.

One divan was set directly in front of the fireplace. Another stood on the north wall, opposite, between two long mirrors. A

third was placed against the west wall.

O'Leary motioned Dale into a chair near the west doorway.

"How long was your stepfather in the drawing room before he went into the study?"

"Just a few minutes. He'd been in this room with Mr. Harbourn, one of the guests, and they came out together. He said he would see Miss Leighton in 10 minutes, and then he came in here. Hazel—Miss Leighton waited 20 minutes and then came in here."

"What time was that?"

"Nine-thirty."

"How long was Miss Leighton in the room before the rest of you followed?"

"As a matter of fact, she wasn't in the room at all. She was at the doorway. As soon as she opened it, she screamed, and the rest of us came running."

Sergeant Carroll entered the room, followed by a small, bald man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a thin, gray mustache.

"Here's the doc," Carroll said brusquely.

O'Leary quickly introduced Dale and the medical examiner.

"Now, Mr. Appleby," O'Leary suggested, "if there's some other place we can go for a few minutes, we can finish our talk. I think you'd rather not be here while the details are taken care of."

"There's the library," Dale said.

"What was going on here?" O'Leary asked, after they were seated.

"Nothing in particular. Just a little dinner party."

"Did your uncle often have them?"

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"Yes, the library," Dale said.

"No, as a matter of fact he didn't. They were a bit rare."

"What was the occasion for this one?"

Dale traced shapeless figures in the plush arm of his chair. "Why, I—I really don't know. That is, there was nothing—no occasion really."

O'Leary smiled faintly. "Okay. We'll get to that later."

The medical examiner appeared at the doorway. "May I speak to you a moment, Lieutenant?"

The burly officer walked to the doorway and consulted the doctor briefly. When he returned to his chair, he said, "Your stepfather's body will be removed at once. A further examination will be made downtown. The doctor confirmed the fact that he was shot."

Dale seemed uninterested. "There's a thing I must ask you, Mr. Appleby," O'Leary continued. "Did you touch the body?"

Dale shook his head. "No. No one did."

"You didn't turn it over?"

"No."

"And you're sure no one heard the shot?"

"Positive."

O'Leary settled back into his chair. "That's strange," he mused. "Very strange."

Dale's interest awakened. "Something wrong, Lieutenant?"

"I was just wondering," O'Leary said casually, "how you happened to know your stepfather was shot. That's what you told me over the telephone. You didn't hear a shot. And there was no way you could tell by just looking. It might have been anything—stabbing, for example. But you said he was shot."

(To Be Continued)

It is true that order is required to sustain liberty. This is often difficult for young people to understand, as any college dean will testify. — President Harold W. Dodds of Princeton.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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GOLDFISH CAN LIVE IN WATER BETWEEN THE TEMPERATURES OF 32 AND 90 DEGREES.

COTON BLOSSOMS ARE YELLOW, WHITE, PINK OR LAVENDER.

ANSWER: White, but after the first day they may turn to yellow, pink or lavender, depending on the variety.

UNUSUAL ATHLETE

HORIZONTAL

1 Feminine athlete. — Zaharias.

12 Blue.

13 Female deer.

14 Ventilated.

16 Native metals.

17 More modern.

19 Jewel setting.

20 Born.

21 To wander aimlessly.

23 Limb.

24 Southeast (abbr.).

25 Twice.

26 Form of "be".

28 Railroad (abbr.).

30 Spar.

32 Moisture.

33 Apportioned.

35 Newspaper paragraph.

36 Challenge.

38 Vulgar fellow.

39 Right (abbr.).

37 Cheerless.

40 Morindin dye.

41 Musical note.

42 Unit of work.

43 Multifaceted.

49 Card game.

50 Soil.

52 Done in silence.

53 Celtic foot soldier.

54 Meadows.

56 Convert worker.

57 Part of a window.

58 She was an — game champion.

59 She is now a professional — (pl.).

60 Card game.

61 Wattle tree.

2 On the leg.

3 Genus of cows.

4 Noun ending.

5 Notion.

6 Opposite of up.

7 Long grass.

8 Genus of the body.

9 To drink slowly.

10 Spoken.

11 At no time.

12 She is generally — the world's best woman golfer.

15 Descent.

17 Bird's home.

18 Musical note.

21 Violent northeast wind.

22 Extreme.

25 Ruby spinel.

27 Iron.

29 Insane.

31 Married.

35 To retract.

38 To warble.

41 More painful.

43 Color.

45 Bench.

46 Small shield.

47 Finger ornament.

48 Preposition.

49 Smooth.

51 Beret.

53 Emerald mountain.

55 Spain (abbr.).

57 Plural (abbr.).

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE

