

SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY Hazel Leighton explains how she found the murderer...

CHAPTER V HAZEL LEIGHTON looked incredulously first at Sergeant Carroll...

O'Leary sighed the deep sigh of a police officer who has a job on his hands...

Hazel glared at the lieutenant disdaintly. And then suddenly her eyes grew larger and her eyebrows arched ominously...

"Everyone's a suspect until we find the right party," said O'Leary.

"That's ridiculous," Hazel snapped. She got to her feet. "All of us had plenty of reason to want to see Martin out of the way..."

The two officers watched her as she walked out of the study. Then Carroll shook his head sadly and sauntered over to the desk...

O'Leary smiled weakly. "Maybe she did. She's been Saylor's girl friend and he wanted to call it quits..."

Carroll scratched his head and squinted. "Yeah, but Chief, she couldn't have done it. She didn't have time. She left the other room and a couple of seconds later they heard her scream..."

"That's the trouble with this case, Sergeant—nobody could have done it... unless someone did. Have you checked the servants?"

"Yeah. They were all in the kitchen—all except the chauffeur. He was out in the room above the garage. He's the only one who was loose long enough to have taken a pot shot at Saylor."

O'Leary looked up quickly. "Where is he now?"

"Still in his room. A couple of boys have their eyes on the garage. I thought you might want to see him."

"Okay, bring him in, Sergeant. We'll have a little talk with him."

It took Carroll five minutes to return with a medium-sized man, with swarthy skin and dark, wavy hair...

"Yes, sir. The cops—the officers told me."

"What's your name?" "Riggs." "Is that your real name?" "No, sir. That's what Mr. Saylor called me. My name's Carlos Gomez."

"Riggs will do... we'll call you that." Carroll made a quick entry on a loose envelope in his pocket. O'Leary walked along the south edge of the room and perched finally on the arm of a broad sofa that stood before the fireplace.

Riggs looked at him, and for a moment his eyes remained pinned to the large blotch in the sand-colored rug.

"Where were you tonight, Riggs?" O'Leary asked. "Right here on the grounds... in my room."

"And you stayed there?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Did you hear anything—any noises at all—like someone prowling around?" "No, sir."

"What were you doing in your room?" "Reading a magazine." Carroll kept his gaze steadily on the chauffeur, who stood rigidly at attention. O'Leary shifted his cigar from his hand to a corner of his mouth.

"How long have you worked here, Riggs?" he asked. "The man calculated for a moment and then said, 'Six years... a little more.'"

"Did you drive Mr. Saylor everywhere he went?" "Almost everywhere. He couldn't drive a car himself, but he sometimes took a taxi."

"Tell me, Riggs, did your boss have many enemies?" Riggs glared at the floor. "I suppose so... everyone has."

"I mean more than usual." "I don't know, sir." The chauffeur avoided the lieutenant's eyes. "That wasn't my business."

Sergeant Carroll blurted, "Listen, buddy, all hackmen know about their bosses' affairs. You better..."

Riggs. That's enough. Go back to the garage. You'd better not leave the grounds, though. We may not be finished with you."

"Yes, sir," Riggs looked quickly at O'Leary and Carroll and then turned and walked hurriedly from the room into the library.

CARROLL watched him until he was out of the room. Then he wheeled swiftly on O'Leary. "That's our man, Chief," he said. "What makes you think so?"

"Who else could it be? He was the only one who was loose long enough. Nobody was with him from 8:15 until we came. Any way, he looks like the kind of guy who might pull a job like this."

O'Leary shook his head. "Maybe. Maybe you're right. Only I'd hate to try to get a conviction on the evidence we've got now. Remember, the shot was fired from this window... only the window was never opened. Not from the outside, at least."

O'Leary sauntered over near the door. In the drawing room across the hallway he could see Marshall gesturing to Hazel Leighton. Rhoda Waters was sitting nearby. Dale Appleby and George Barbour were probably there, too.

The lieutenant walked briskly back to the window and motioned Carroll to come over. For a few minutes, the two men spoke softly.

When O'Leary entered the drawing room, the conversation stopped abruptly. The officer stood poised in the doorway a moment. His trained eyes swept the five persons in the room. "One of these people," he thought, "may be a murderer."

"I'm going to ask some questions," the officer said. "Some of them may seem kind of personal, but that can't be helped. There are a lot of things we've got to know about if we're going to get to the bottom of this thing. Frankly, we don't know very much yet, but..."

O'Leary didn't finish. From somewhere in the den, a shot rang out that made the whole house quiver.

(To Be Continued)

HORSE HELPS

The rear side of a horse is the left side, facing the same direction as the horse; the off side is the right side. Riders always mount a horse from the rear side.

More than half a million dollars have been expended in expeditions to climb Mount Everest, world's highest point.

In Trotsky Quiz



Sylvia Ageloff, Brooklyn, N. Y., friend of Frank Jackson, confessed assassin of Leon Trotsky, held incommunicado by Mexico City police as authorities declared they believed an "international master mind" was behind the assassination.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

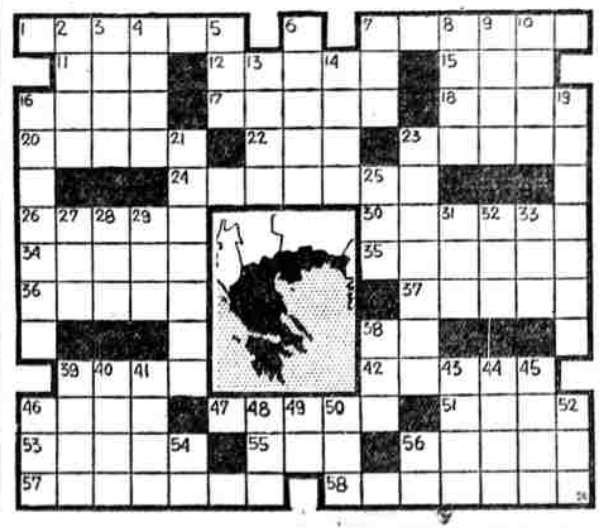
THE NINTH GREEN OF THE NORTH PORTAL, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADIAN PLAYERS, DUE TO RECENT REGULATIONS, MUST HAVE A PASSPORT IN ORDER TO PLAY IT.



ANSWER: Dinosaurs were extinct millions of years before mammoths came into existence.

ANCIENT LAND

- Horizontal: 1 Pictured is the map of... 7 This land's capital... 11 English coin... 15 Silk worm... 16 Death notice... 17 Mysterium... 18 To discover... 20 Dog's chain... 22 Rattle bird... 23 To direct... 24 To slander... 26 Badge of valor... 30 Positive electric terminals... 34 To publish... 35 Chasm... 36 Immoderate... 37 Pithy... 38 Hawaiian bird... 39 Undermines... 42 Hauled... 46 Pine fruit... 47 Pang... 51 Booty... 53 Assumed name... 55 Deity of war... 56 Human trunk... 57 It is located in a peninsula of the... 58 Overseers... 59 Vertical: 2 Cloak... 3 Assam silk worm... 4 Devours... 19 Bureau... 21 Nooses... 23 Member of a senate... 25 Membranous hat... 27 Eagle... 28 Accomplished... 29 Deity of sky... 31 Single thing... 32 Drone bee... 33 Being... 36 Poem... 39 Plant... 40 Indigo shrub... 41 Mountain top... 43 Bitter herb... 44 Crawling animal... 45 Organ of smell... 46 Taxi... 48 Pronoun... 10 Four and five... 13 To thump... 14 Drop of eye fluid... 16 Mount... mythical home of the gods is here... 56 Transposed... (abbr.)...



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP

