

SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY, O'Leary explained the second shot. He questioned Marshall, Dale and Rhonda. All suspects are to remain in the house overnight. Later, as O'Leary and Carroll wait in a darkened study, a man comes in, criticizes the safe, O'Leary's shot brings a shot.

CHAPTER VII

A SPLIT second after the shot was fired, there was a thud that seemed for a moment like the echo of the gun's explosion. O'Leary leaped up from the floor where he had sprawled when the man's light went out. He fumbled with the switch on a nearby lamp, and when it snapped it, he found Sergeant Carroll standing over the man they had seen at the safe. The intruder was slowly lifting himself from the floor, dazed by the force of the sergeant's blow.

It was Riggs, the chauffeur. Carroll bent down and picked up the gun that had been knocked from Riggs' hand. "Are you hurt, Chief?" he asked solicitously.

"No, I'm all right. I ducked when the flashlight went out. You certainly came out of hiding fast. Lucky you didn't walk into that hot slug."

Quickly Carroll searched Riggs and satisfied himself there were no more weapons handy. "You better talk, mister," he advised the bruised chauffeur. "Talk fast and plenty."

Barbour suddenly burst into the room. "What's happening?" he saw O'Leary and Carroll. His hands nervously twitched along the sides of his dressing gown. "I thought you had left for the night."

"Yes," O'Leary explained. "So did Riggs, here. Nobody's hurt, and everything's under control. Please go back to your room. We'll take care of everything. I hear the others coming down the stairs. Please tell them nothing's the matter. I'll explain everything later."

O'Leary heard him walk back into the reception hall. There was confused chatter at the foot of the stairway and, after several minutes, he heard the sound of footsteps as the startled host and his guests made their way back upstairs.

O'Leary had not taken his eyes off Riggs. He was studying the man closely. "What's the big idea?" he asked finally.

Suddenly, the man glanced at him. "That's my business," he snarled.

"And ours," O'Leary snapped. "Sergeant, get one of the boys to take him down to the station. Book him on a charge of murder—the murder of Martin Saylor."

Carroll nodded grimly. Riggs' gun was in his pocket, and he was using his own service revolver to keep the captive covered. "Come along, wise guy," he commanded.

Sergeant Carroll came back a few minutes later. "Officer Rafferty is getting the wagon up here. No use taking chances. After all, the mug tried to bump you off."

O'Leary was sitting at Saylor's desk again. Before him were several bundles of papers. "Fine, Sergeant. I was just looking over some of this stuff. Mighty interesting."

Carroll looked crestfallen. "You ain't going to hang around here any longer, are you? It's 2 o'clock, and we got the murderer. We can clean up this job after we get a little sleep."

O'Leary yawned. "You're right. It's pretty late. Maybe you'd be interested in some of these yourself, though. I just flipped through some of them on top, and I found this. Here." He held out a jacketed document toward the sergeant.

Wearily, Carroll took the paper and read the words on the cover. He saw the words "Parole" and "Carlos Gomez."

"Carlos Gomez?" He squinted for a moment, then he laughed. "Why, ain't that the guy—Riggs—the mug we just put on ice?"

O'Leary nodded. "That's right. Mr. Gomez, it seems, did a little job in the state pen. And then Mr. Saylor entered the picture. He got Gomez this parole. That was six years ago. The parole ran out two years ago. Gomez was paroled to Saylor who evidently gave him this chauffeur's job. And after the parole ran out, Gomez, alias Riggs, just stayed on."

Carroll scratched his head. "Well, I'll be damned. I guess that just about clinches things, Chief. An ex-con. He's the guy who pulled this job tonight. Any guy who's as handy with a rod as he is wouldn't mind a small murder or two. I told you he was the guy, Chief. Remember?"

The lieutenant smiled. "We can't be sure yet. We've got to check the gun and dig up a little more evidence."

Carroll gestured with a broad, sweeping motion of his hand. "Hell, he's our man. He was the only one who could have done it. He's the only one in the house without an alibi."

O'Leary continued to thumb through the piles of papers. He pulled one jacket out of the pile. It consisted of a bundle of papers tied together neatly. Deftly he untied the string and scanned the typed sheets.

When he looked up, the exhaustion was out of his face, and there was a bright gleam in his eyes.

"Sergeant, did you notice anything tonight—after Riggs tried to dust me off?"

Carroll screwed his face up in deep reflection. "Why, yeah. Lots of things. What are you thinking of in particular?"

"About Barbour—didn't it seem to you he got here pretty fast?"

Light dawned on the sergeant. "Come to think of it, he did. Johnny on the spot."

"Too fast, I think, Sergeant. He was here only a few seconds after the shot was fired."

"That's right. I never thought of that."

"And we didn't hear him coming down the stairs. We heard the others easily enough."

Carroll looked interested. "How do you figure it?"

"George Barbour was already downstairs when the shot was fired. That's why he was here so promptly. He was after something. I think this is it. If we had waited another couple of minutes, Barbour might have surprised Riggs at the safe—and maybe Riggs wouldn't have missed when he fired."

"When?" said Carroll.

"This is what Barbour wanted—and I can't say that I blame him." O'Leary picked up a thick sheaf of papers. "This is an auditor's report. It shows that Barbour has been doing a little embezzlement with the money in the partnership of Saylor & Barbour. This other pile of papers is a complete set of evidence, with a formal complaint, signed by Saylor—ready for a court."

"And this harmless-looking paper, Sergeant, is a petition which was to have been presented to the state bar association by Saylor demanding the disbarment of George Barbour."

O'Leary wrapped the papers which were now spread on the desk before him. "This mess of papers would have ruined Barbour like no man has ever been ruined before. He would have been disgraced, thrown in jail and stripped of his means of earning a living."

"Cripes!" said Carroll. "Looks as if our pal Riggs saved Barbour an awful lot of trouble—if it was

Riggs who did away with Saylor." O'Leary thrust the bulging portfolio into his coat pocket. "Maybe," he said. "And then again, maybe not. You're right about one thing—we need some sleep now." He looked up again at the sergeant. "But I'm not so sure this case is closed. There are a awful lot of loose ends to this whole business."

(To Be Continued)

PURCHASERS FACE TAXES

Commencing July 1, the Canadian government is imposing heavy taxes upon new car purchasers, according to Dr. E. B. McDaniel, president of the Oregon State Motor association. Tax is 10 per cent on car values up to \$700 (manufacturer's price to dealers), 20 per cent on excess of values over \$700 and up to \$900, 40 per cent of the excess value over \$900 and up to \$1200, and 80 per cent of the excess value over \$1200.

CARRIAGE TAX

Persons who believe that taxes on vehicles originated after the advent of the automobile must now consider new evidence that such levies are much older than the horseless carriage.

According to the Oregon State Motor association a tax receipt, more than 120 years old, was discovered recently at Birdsboro, Penn., showing that \$2 was paid as a year's license on a two-wheel carriage.

Dirty water or water containing excessive amounts of mineral salts should not be used in the radiator of the car because of the chance of clogging radiator passages, according to the emergency road service of the Oregon State Motor association.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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IN MONTREAL, CANADA, STREET SIGNS ARE IN TWO LANGUAGES—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.



ANSWER: Zero, Freezing, Temperate, Summer Heat, and Blood Heat.

SCOUT MASTER

HORIZONTAL - Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. 7 Famous Boy Scout master.

11. Glantess of fate.

12. Sponge spicule.

13. Fearful.

14. Convex molding.

16. Employed.

18. Heavy blow.

19. Of the thing.

20. Hops kiln.

21. Street (abbr.).

23. South Africa.

24. He is a writer and — by profession.

29. To wash earth.

31. Monkey.

32. Mongrel.

33. Indian.

35. To be kindle.

37. He is still a scout movement.

39. Measure.

40. Writing table.

42. Hops kiln.

43. Sloth.

44. To scatter hay.

45. Circle part.

47. Signal for help at sea.

49. Portico.

51. On fire.

53. Witticisms.

55. Morindin dye.

57. He is still a scout movement.

59. He was a — or starter of the Boy Scouts.

60. Obstinate and stupid.

13. Scriptural poems.

17. Cloths used on wounds.

21. Registered for an appointment.

22. To accent.

24. Wayside hotel.

25. Compass point (abbr.).

26. Red Cross (abbr.).

27. Large room.

28. Scepter.

30. Since.

34. Beverage.

36. Thought.

38. Tiny particle.

41. Infidel.

42. Tubular sheath.

44. Balsam.

46. Edge.

48. Songs for single voices.

50. Peasant.

51. Milk drink.

52. Being.

54. 2000 pounds.

56. Advertisement.

57. Note in scale.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



ALLEY OOP

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THAT'S ELEVATING THE NOSE, MAJOR

BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



ALLEY OOP