

SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY, O'Leary escapes the bullet, discovers the intruder is Riggs, the chauffeur. He sends the man to jail, studies the contents of Riggs's safe. Riggs is an assassin, partner in the partnership and Saylor intended to have him disbarred. O'Leary is not sure Riggs is the murderer.

CHAPTER VIII

SERGEANT CARROLL tried painfully to suppress a yawn as he walked through the marble corridors of Central Police Station the next morning. A policeman's lot, indeed, was not a happy one, he reflected. Especially when something like this Saylor murder business came up.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Carroll turned into the detective bureau. He nodded curtly to the man at the desk and walked directly to O'Leary's office. The weary sergeant was astonished to see how fresh O'Leary looked after only a few hours' sleep.

Carroll pushed his hat toward the back of his head and sank down into a chair. "Chief, I thought we had that thing cleaned up. What if Saylor did have George Barbour behind the eight-ball because he discovered Barbour had been dipping his fingers into the till? And what if Saylor was going to toss Hazel Leighton overboard because he didn't love her any more? And what if he didn't want young Appleby to get any money because he didn't like the Waters girl? And what if Mardell did owe him some dough on gambling accounts?"

O'Leary tapped the desk with a pencil. "You think we ought to forget all that—concentrate on Riggs now?"

"Sure," Carroll insisted. "He did the job."

"I don't know. But he was the only one who had a gun and the time to do it."

O'Leary nodded. "Sure, but what if it isn't the right gun?"

"Ain't we got a report on it yet from the ballistics expert?"

The lieutenant picked up the phone at his elbow. "Well see." Carroll finally took off his hat, timed at the rack, and missed. "If it was Riggs' gun that killed Saylor, let's forget all those other angles, Chief."

"I'd be glad to... If I could find some more answers," O'Leary said. "If it was Riggs who shot Saylor, he must have done it while he was standing somewhere near that window in the study. Maybe he was pressed against the fireplace near the desk. That's the angle of the bullet."

"But why would a murderer bother to pen himself in on that side of the room? Wouldn't it have been much easier just plugging Saylor from somewhere near the library door where the killer would have had to enter? Then he could have made a quick getaway."

Carroll didn't have a chance to answer. The door opened, and a lean man, wearing silver-rimmed spectacles, came into the room.

"Have you got the report, Murdoch?" O'Leary inquired.

Murdoch placed several sheets on O'Leary's desk. "Here it is, Lieutenant."

Carroll got up and squinted down at the papers. "Just tell me one thing, Murdoch. Was the gun we gave you early this morning the same one that knocked off Saylor?"

"No," the man said with emphasis.

O'Leary's expression remained unchanged, but Carroll's face fell as he glared at Murdoch. "Looks like we start all over again," he said to no one in particular.

O'Leary swung back in his chair. "Okay. Thanks, Murdoch. Tell Sweeney to bring Riggs in here, will you?"

In a few minutes, the swarthy chauffeur was led into the room. His temper had been somewhat subdued during his stay in jail, but a slow-burning anger still pervaded his features.

"I'm going to start right off by telling you, Riggs," O'Leary said, "that we're not pinning a murder rap on you. We know you didn't do it. But we're still holding you for attempted murder and larceny. Now to make everything easier, why don't you tell us the whole story?"

Riggs sat mutely. At first his eyes darted antagonistically at O'Leary and then at Carroll. "Okay, what do you want to know?"

"Why did you want those parole papers?"

"I don't know... I thought they'd look bad if you fellows found them."

"You didn't like Saylor, did you?" O'Leary asked.

"No."

"Why did you stay after your parole ran out?"

"He wouldn't let me go."

"What do you mean?"

"He couldn't hold you after the four years were up."

Riggs twisted his lips into a sneer. "Oh, yes he could. Not legally. But he never did anything legally. He told me that if I ever tried to leave him, he'd frame me and get me sent back to the pen. He would have done it, too. He did it to others."

O'Leary pondered a moment.

"Why did he want you to stay in his employ?"

"I knew too much. He needed a chauffeur who could drive him around everywhere and who could run all his dirty errands. I was perfect because I was under his thumb. When my parole was over, I wanted to bust loose and go into the garage business with my brother. He wouldn't let me. I hated his guts. Ever since I got out of jail, he's never paid me a salary. Just a couple of bucks for

cigarettes once in a while. That was the fee I had to pay for letting him get me a parole."

O'Leary waved his hand toward the officers. The policemen moved forward to take Riggs away.

When O'Leary and Carroll were alone again, the lieutenant said suddenly, "We're going places, Sergeant. We're going visiting. The first thing I want you to do is to call Appleby and tell him to let all his guests go to their homes. They know Riggs was arrested, so they'll think the case is closed. Be back here at 11:30. I think we'll call on Miss Leighton first."

Hazel Leighton's face reflected her shock at seeing the two officers at her apartment door. Fatteringly, she led O'Leary and Carroll into the living room and asked them to sit down. The lieutenant chose a stern-looking chair near a walnut secretary, placed in the center of a jutting solarium at one end of the room.

"We're just checking up on some loose angles," he explained. "Nothing to become alarmed over, Miss Leighton."

Hazel nodded nervous agreement. "Anything I can help you with, Lieutenant?"

"You can," O'Leary said abruptly. "That letter on the desk—may I see it?"

Hazel sprang to her feet and started for the desk. "No... please, it's personal." Her cheeks were creased with a glow of pink.

O'Leary said, "I'm sorry." But he was already reading the letter: "Jed Darling: 'I'm afraid the party is over.'"

Saylor had me cornered and it was the only way out. The rat tricked me and spoiled our game... and now all his little games are over forever. You must know what I mean. You've read it in the papers by now. "I tried to put the deal across the way we had planned. Honestly I did, dearest. Saylor was just a little smarter than we figured. Maybe the next time..." (To Be Continued)



Appointment of Sir John Greig Latham above, as Australia's first Minister to Japan followed announcement that the two countries would exchange envoys. Sir John, Chief Justice of the Commonwealth High Court, is well-liked in Japan, having led a good-will mission there in 1934.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: An emergency parachute jump from an airplane.

CEREAL GRASS

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured cereal, Indian

5 It has been since the discovery of America.

13 Narcotic.

14 Sailor.

15 To depend.

16 Networks.

19 Animal's stomach.

20 Note in scale.

21 Predicament.

23 And.

24 Laughter, sound.

25 Fuel.

26 Pep.

28 Measure of this type.

30 To attitudinize.

31 Fish.

33 Eminent.

35 Words.

37 Thin silk.

39 Beasts of burden.

40 Preposition.

41 Sun god.

42 Transposed (abbr.).

VERTICAL

43 Spain (abbr.).

44 To increase.

46 Fiber knots.

48 Hawaiian bird.

50 Aye.

51 Spike of this grain.

53 To undermine.

55 Great expert.

57 Scap covering.

59 Flannel.

61 It is a North American cereal grass.

62 Its ears have a — of silk.

21 Arrant cowards.

22 Perturbs.

24 This grain is fed to —.

25 A spur.

27 Poems.

29 Quantity of matter.

30 Confined.

32 Formerly.

34 To harvest.

36 Fish.

38 Youth.

43 Early.

44 Pertaining to air.

45 To postpone.

47 Chums.

49 Land right.

50 Still.

51 Each (abbr.).

52 Railroad mosque priest.

53 Go on (music) (abbr.).

54 Dance step.

56 Bow in sky.

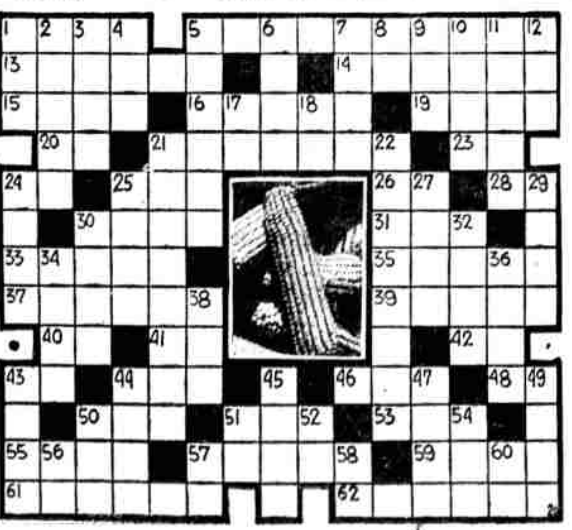
58 North Africa (abbr.).

59 Pronoun.

58 Street (abbr.).

17 Ell.

18 I am (contr.). (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



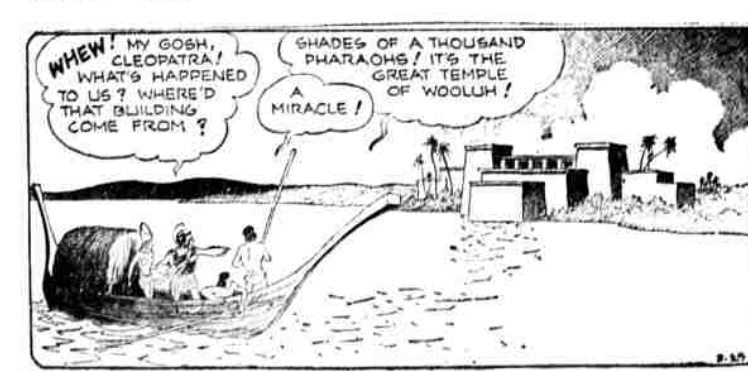
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

