

SERIAL STORY

MURDER INCOGNITO

BY NORMAN KAHL

COPYRIGHT, 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY Hazel Leighton explained that she intended to "ghost" Saylor through a breach of promise suit or a marriage certificate...

CHAPTER X

WITH O'Leary dragging him by the arm, Carroll reached the hot street and entered the police car. O'Leary leaped into the seat beside him.

"What's the idea, Chief?" Carroll asked. "Sergeant, if you were a girl on the lam, how would you get out of town in a hurry?"

Carroll thought that over briefly. "Fly, I guess—sure, that's it. She took a plane. But where did she go, Chief?"

"Maybe nowhere yet," O'Leary glanced at his watch. "Twenty minutes to 2. There's a plane for New York at 2. My hunch is that Rhoda Waters is planning to take it."

THE 2 o'clock plane for New York was waiting at the passenger gate with its giant engines rumbling in monotonous melody when Carroll slid the car in front of the administration building at the airport. O'Leary bounded up to the ticket desk and produced his badge.

"Have you a Miss Rhoda Waters on that plane out there?" he demanded. An efficient official hastily consulted a chart and nodded.

"She bought a ticket a little while ago. She wouldn't have got it except that someone else canceled his reservation at the last minute."

"Good," O'Leary said. "Listen, we don't want any fuss. Have the stewardess go into the plane and tell her to come out for a minute."

Sergeant Carroll wiped his moist forehead with his handkerchief as he and O'Leary waited in the passenger room. In a few minutes, a stewardess came in with Rhoda Waters. Rhoda looked around curiously, and when her eyes fell on the officers, red flashed involuntarily in her cheeks.

For an instant, it appeared she intended to flee. Then she composed herself and walked over to where the detectives were standing. "Did you send for me?" she asked.

"Yes," O'Leary said curtly. "Stewardess, have Miss Waters' bags taken off the ship. She won't be traveling with you."

Rhoda's eyes flashed fury and her lovely features reflected the anger in her heart. "How dare you! I'm not a criminal. You can't order me around like this. I haven't done anything."

"Why were you leaving, Miss Waters?" the lieutenant inquired calmly.

"That's none of your business. I can go as I please. You've got your murderer. What more do you want? Let me go. I intend to take that plane."

O'Leary was patient. "I know how you feel, Miss Waters, and I'm sorry. But you'd better stay voluntarily. Otherwise—"

The girl looked appealingly at the lieutenant and then a freshet of tears rolled gently down from the corners of her eyes. "I just wanted to get away... I couldn't stand it any longer. Dale knew I was going. He was going to meet me in New York in a few days. We were going to get married."

She sat down on one of the long benches. From her large, red handbag, she extracted first a handkerchief and dabbed at her tears. Then she opened a tiny make-up kit and patched up the tear-splattered rouge. "I'll go back," she said.

O'Leary patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "That's better. I'm really very sorry it has to be like this. Murders are always disagreeable though... for everyone. Come on, we'll take you back."

"You can go over the whole story again, if you don't mind," O'Leary suggested. "We want to be sure everything is straight. You can tell Sergeant Carroll all about it—in the drawing room, if you will. I'd like to look around this place once more."

When Lieutenant O'Leary was alone, he stood for a moment in the center of the broad room, and little furrows creased his brow unevenly. He looked about the room, as if grasping for something tangible—something that would give a key to the sinister mystery of Martin Saylor's violent death.

He sauntered over to the window and looked out. Idly his fingers probed the small catch that was still unlocked as it had been the night before. He turned away from the window and started momentarily when he saw another figure across the room. It was his own reflection in the mirror directly across.

There was something about the arrangement of the books in the room that bespoke Saylor's character—his insistence upon order and organization. Each book was

lined up perfectly, indented about two inches from the edge of the shelf. Sets of law books were arranged by numbers, and miscellaneous volumes were all carefully placed in alphabetical order.

In the cases between the fireplace and the window, O'Leary discovered two books transposed. The entire shelf contained state supreme court decisions. Volume 1915 had somehow got squeezed between 1916 and 1917 and was jutting out about an inch farther than the others. O'Leary started instinctively to replace the heavy volume to its rightful position when he stopped.

"That's strange," he muttered to himself. "I wonder—"

And then, suddenly, the lieutenant stiffened. He walked swiftly to Saylor's desk and pressed a button. Willows, the butler, appeared presently.

"Tell the housekeeper I want to see her—in here," O'Leary ordered.

LIEUTENANT O'LEARY was still peering abstractedly into the bookcases when Dale Appleby and Sergeant Carroll returned to the room half an hour later. For several seconds he appeared not to have detected their presence. Then he turned slowly.

"Mr. Appleby," he said. "I'll have to trouble you once more. I want to use this room tonight, and I'd like to have everyone here—say at 8:30. Will you call them, please? Those who were here last night. And I'll want the servants on hand."

Appleby looked startled. "Of course, Lieutenant, but I—"

"Just a little idea of mine," O'Leary said brusquely.

Calls Lindbergh, Ford, Nazi Tools



In a recent speech over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Robert E. Sherwood, above, famed Pulitzer Prize playwright, called Henry Ford "stupid," classed Col Charles Lindbergh with "bootlickers of Hitler" and scored both as important men who have succumbed to Nazism.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

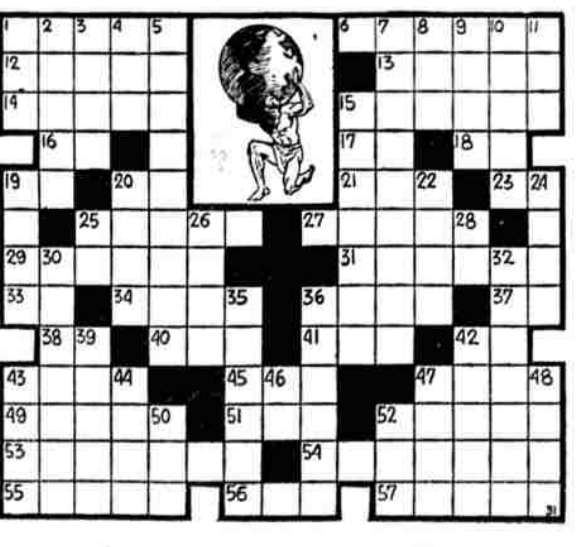
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Diamonds.

GREEK GOD

- HORIZONTAL: 1 God of the Greek Myths. 6 He held the... on his head. 12 Apportioned. 13 Hoisting machine. 14 Machine for dating. 15 Heavy silk. 16 Compass point (abbr.). 17 Credit (abbr.). 18 New England (abbr.). 19 Pronoun. 20 Onward. 21 Lubricant. 23 Ream (abbr.). 25 Wild sheep. 27 Sea eagles. 29 Trigon. 31 Groundless frights. 33 Masculine pronoun. 34 Afresh. 36 Local position. 37 Like. Answer to Previous Puzzle: MAETERLINCK, BRASS, VIA, WANTS, LITNK, BATTIA, DORP, USE, REDEEMS, TAR, ET, THREE, NATS, MI, BI, MOO, RAT, EAR, IN, IDIOMS, R, FACING, RUE, BELGIUM, DOS, DONT, NAUTIS, LESS, SEA, DIMETER, ASP, ALONE, EOS, I, PLAYWRIGHTS, 38 Court (abbr.). 40 Seaman. 41 Garden tool. 42 Cubic (abbr.). 43 Bound, material. 45 God of war. 47 Formal dance. 49 Sheeted home. 51 To arrest. 52 Eagle's home. 53 He was punished for... 54 Afresh. 54 He became. 7 Without a keel. 8 Branch. 9 Concealed. 10 To go in. 11 Born. 13 Zodiac sign. 19 His story is an old... 20 Measure. 22 Smooth. 24 Bulk. 25 Sloth. 26 Toward sea. 28 Musical note. 30 Narrative. 32 Belonging to a stem. 35 Writhes. 36 Seedy. 39 Earth. 42 Troubles. 43 Dresses leather. 44 Soil. 46 Sun god. 47 Sleepers' couches. 48 For fear that. 50 Fruit pastry. 52 Constellation.



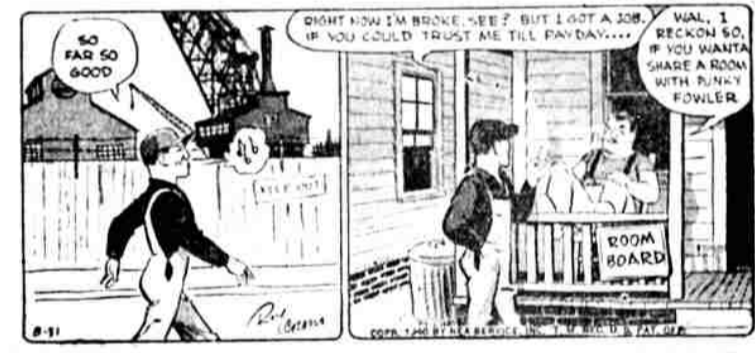
WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

