

SERIAL STORY
NEW YORK JUNGLE
BY WRAY WADE SEVERN

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YESTERDAY, Although Gundrum suggests the missing man and intruder theory in his questioning, Maria gives only the facts in her account of touching Adam, then fainting. Barker repeats his story, but adds that, earlier in the evening, he saw a shadow in the window of Miss Hempfield's room.

THE DOG COMES BACK

IT was after 3 o'clock when the medical examiner departed with his grim burden. Two more troopers had arrived from the state barracks and Plowman had concluded a preliminary investigation. The frightened members of the house party had retired behind locked doors.

Braitwood found sleep impossible. He changed into a dressing gown, put his revolver on the table beside him, and tried to think. Outside the storm had subsided. Only quiet sounds of the countryside, the drip, drip from still-wet eaves, the low murmur of weary trees, the weird hoot of an owl were audible.

Sidney's thoughts slowly clarified. He could now arrange evidence in an orderly fashion as a lawyer should, despite the fact that all of this concerned the murder of an old friend.

MUCH appeared significant. The broken window in the Jungle; the Lilliput gun in the paw of the great ape; the hidden key; the short circuit in one part of the Jungle while the lights had been turned off in the other.

Sidney groped for an answer. There was that fact that one could have drawn a straight line from the broken window to the new liveness and from there to the coffee table where a tiny flame had pricked the darkness beneath Pat Langdon's piquant face.

Could Pat have been the desired target? Had Adam, by chance, been in the direct line of fire? But Adam had been facing in the wrong direction.

What about the ransacked desk and the open windows in Langdon's bedroom and in the drawing room below?

The footprints of the mysterious dog stood by themselves. It was impossible to fit them into any theory.

And who had made a shadow against Maria's window?

Silently, carefully, Braitwood reviewed events of the past 12 hours, searching in vain for some careless word, some hidden action, that might give him the answer to this baffling puzzle.

He considered various theories, argued them out, rejected them as impossible. Somewhere, in this house, there was a clue that would solve everything. Could he discover it?

Why had Adam been shot? Was it murder, or accident? An outsider, or an enemy in the room? Gundrum's story of a valuable map had its points, Sidney mentally agreed, but had the professor actually solved the crime with a hit-and-miss story? Who would wish Adam dead?

Craig Gundrum had an age-old motive for the murder. So, for that matter, had Maria. Gundrum could have slipped back into the Jungle if he had made quick work of his search of the storeroom, and aided by a flash of lightning, he might have killed Adam.

Most puzzling of all was Adam's reason for standing on the block by the lioness. True, it was in direct line with the door, but he could not have seen anyone enter except in a flash of lightning. Why had he remained there, instead of joining the ladies at the table where he could have reassured them?

ABRUPTLY, Braitwood started. Had he heard steps outside? He slipped his revolver into his pocket and peered into the hall. At Pat's orders the entire house had been left lighted, but he could see no one. Yet the conviction that some person had passed remained.

Nella's room was opposite. Pat's and Adam's divided the front of the house. Then he noticed that Adam's door was slightly ajar. If the thief had returned for whatever it was he had failed to find earlier in the evening, he certainly had courage.

The door opened a little more and Nella peered out. In a long, clinging white gown and with dark eyes brilliant as stars, she looked unreal. Had anyone told Sidney that she had sufficient courage to enter the murdered man's room alone, at that hour, he would not have believed it.

She saw him then and beckoned. Still without speaking, she motioned him within the room and to a door which connected Adam's room with that occupied by Pat. Then she indicated that he must kneel at the keyhole and listen.

Kneeling, Sidney could see only the back of a divan that blocked the door. He heard two guarded voices.

"YOU should not have come here. It's suicidal, under the circumstances," Pat Langdon was saying. "Langdon's friends and relatives are all against you, Pat." Craig Gundrum's low, firm tones could not be mistaken. "I had to see you. No one saw me." "Hush, Craig... Plowman believes we did the murder. I could read it in his eyes." "Don't talk so loudly." The talk became inaudible then, and in a few moments Pat's door closed softly. Silence followed.

NELLA drew Sidney back to the center of the room. "I couldn't sleep," she whispered. "I decided to go to you. I had hardly opened my door when I heard someone coming softly downstairs. I closed the door, but I saw Mr. Gundrum. Then I heard Pat's door open. I hear so well."

"In my eagerness to know what they had to say to each other, I forgot to be afraid. I came here to listen." She was trembling, but she added, "Suddenly I became afraid again, and I wanted you." "They have not really condemned themselves, Nella," Sidney reasoned. "Both realize that they are under suspicion; that is all we heard them admit."

"She is after Uncle Adam's money," Nella half sobbed. "But Oh, Sidney, I'm terribly afraid. They may try to put me away, too. That's what made Uncle Adam so queer. He feared her." "Why should Adam have feared her, Nella? He has faced many dangers without fear."

"I—don't know why, but I'm convinced that he did," Nella insisted. "Many women marry for money, Nella. Let us not make Pat a monster until we have proof that she is one." He led the girl back to her room and had turned toward his own door when he heard a soft tread in the hall above, and the whimpering of a dog. (To Be Continued)

Chief of Draft Trouble Shooters



Capt. Gareth N. Brainerd, above, who was recently named head of a "Flying Squadron" of trouble shooters which will visit all parts of the nation to iron out kinks in draft machinery and accelerate conscription. First scheduled trip will take Capt. Brainerd to mid-west.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



BATS PRODUCE ONLY A SINGLE YOUNG... WHICH THEY CARRY ABOUT WITH THEM.



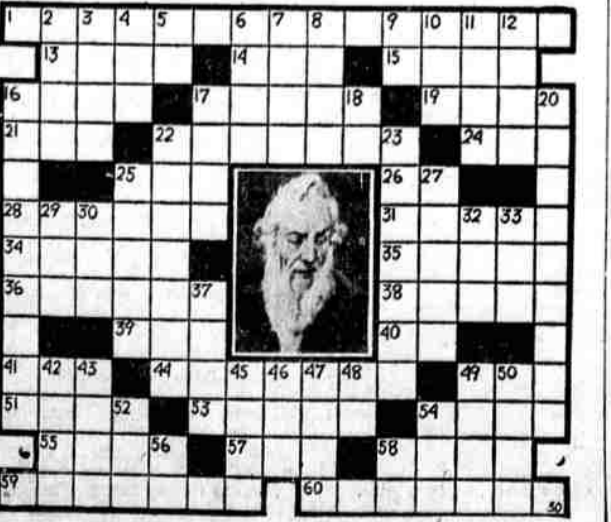
IN ANCIENT TIMES, FLESH OF THE RAY FISH WAS EATEN AS A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

NAME FOUR PLANTS THAT MENTION TIME IN THEIR NAMES!

ANSWER: Day lily, four o'clock, evening primrose, century plant, morning glory, evening star, night-blooming cereus.

BOAT BUILDER

- HORIZONTAL: 1 Pictured inventor of a war vessel. 13 Shoe. 14 Ratite bird. 15 Hammer. 16 Black. 17 To lift up. 19 Couple. 21 Pile of fabric. 22 His boat had revolving. 24 Fish eggs. 25 Swamp. 26 Additional message (abbr.). 28 Surmises. 29 Dispositions. 34 Brads. 35 Stormed. 36 Hole for a shackle. 38 Fuel basket. 39 Sneaky. 40 Ell. 41 Battering machine. 44 To splutter. 46 Vernish ingredient. 51 Long aperture. 53 Magistrate. 54 Shoe bottom. 55 Street car. 57 Yes. 58 Emanation. 59 Name of his boat. 60 His type boat is used for coast.
- VERTICAL: 2 Father. 3 Boat deck. 4 2000 pounds. 5 In. 6 Stinging commander. 7 Arabian. 8 Trick. 9 Court (abbr.). 10 To soak up. 11 To fly. 12 Potpourri. 16 He was a Swedish (pl.). 17 Carpets. 18 And. 20 His was in America. 21 Stone supports. 22 Sprinkler. 23 Gongs. 27 To speak crossly. 29 No. 30 Sound of disgust. 32 Bugle plant. 33 Encouraged. 37 A model. 42 Singing voice. 43 Morning. 45 Armadillo. 46 Your. 47 Touched with toes. 48 Noun ending. 49 Beret. 50 Exclamation. 52 Japanese fish. 54 To woo. 55 Mountain. (abbr.). 58 Africa (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



THEY GOT HIM!

RED RYDER



BY FRED HARMAN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBS



BY CRANE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

