

Continued from preceding page

The Killer Flees To The Woods

that smoke was drifting out through the open front door of the shack. She quickened her pace.

Near the door, with the billows of dark smoke choking her, she saw, dimly, the figure of a man. He was wearing blue coveralls and a blue work shirt. His face seemed to be smeared with soot or a black grease of some kind. This blackened face plus the enveloping smoke made him unidentifiable in that instant. Miss Millington stepped forward.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

The man didn't answer. Instead he took a step forward and, to Miss Millington's dumfounded amazement, punched her very solidly in the eye. Lights went off in front of Miss Millington's suddenly blurred and painful vision. She staggered back and fell in the dirt-littered doorway. The man jumped over her prostrate form and was gone.

For a moment or two Miss Millington lay where she had fallen, unable to move. Finally she struggled to her feet and instead of running away went bravely into the smoke-filled shack. Old Dave Champagne, the junk man, lay on the floor of his shack, his head beaten in. A bloody poker lay beside him.

She turned to the old potbellied Franklin stove a few feet from the body. The source of the smoke was obvious. Someone — presumably the murderer who was, presumably, Miss Millington's attacker — had dumped the coal fire out onto the floor.

With her courage still up, Miss Millington went to the galvanized iron sink in the corner. She pumped a pail of water and carried it over to the glowing coals on the floor.

As they hissed and sputtered under

quenching water, Miss Millington heard voices. She turned toward the door and there she saw young Joey Trimble, backed by a tall old man with a rifle tucked under his arm. The old man had just given a hand signal to a setter dog who stood like a statue in the doorway.

Young Joey Trimble seemed to take the evidence of murder in his stride. His

eyes were fixed on Miss Millington's face. He had a secret passion for Miss Millington.

"Jemus, Miss Millington!" he said. "You're going to have a beaut of a shiner!"

Uncle George Crowder stood there, a muscle rippling along the line of weathered skin stretched over his jaw. He

MASTER OF A MODERN "TORTURE CHAMBER!"

HE'S ONE OF THE ATLAS AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALISTS, A GROUP OF "MASTER TORTURERS" WHOSE WORD IS LAW IN DECIDING WHETHER A PRODUCT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR CAR

When you drive down today's super-highways, it's comforting to know your Atlas Tires, Battery or Accessories have passed shattering tests like the "tire rupture test" shown below.

Called by many "the toughest critics in the world," Atlas Automotive Specialists design and develop Atlas products, then subject them to ex-

haustive tests — in the laboratory and on the road. These experts actually set performance standards for Atlas Tires higher than for the tires that came on your new car! They insist Atlas Tires have extra traction, skid-resistance and mileage built in, or they will not pass them. Best news of all — you pay no more than for ordinary tires!

