

MURDER TONIGHT

BY LAURENCE W. MEYNELL

SYNOPSIS: One by one most of Inspector Hilton's clues to the murderer of old Arthur Burdett have faded out. But just as he is about to start afresh, an accidental encounter with a tramp gives him proof that Dale Shipley, old Burdett's half nephew, was alone in the immediate neighborhood of his uncle's house, and at precisely the time of the murder. The tramp is trying to explain how he came to have Dale's cigaret case, and giving away something much more important to Hilton and Sergeant of Police White.

Chapter 25
HALF AN HOUR
AND in the course of the conversation you stole the cigaret case?" Hilton asked. This was precisely what Alf Durley, being an expert pick-pocket, had done; but having told the strict truth for five minutes or so consecutively, he felt that a little deviation into the realms of imagination was now not only permissible but highly desirable. "Guv'nor," he said with great earnestness, "swelp me bob, when the young toff suddenly goes off and leaves me there, what do I see lying on the ground? This 'ere case. Corse I picked it up." Hilton laughed and dismissed the matter for the moment with a wave of his hand. "Never mind about that for the present," he said. "Read out what you've got down, White, and see if Durley agrees with it." Alf Durley nodded lugubriously after the reading. "What did you do then?" Hilton asked. "Go up to the Court?" "Up to the big 'ouse? No, that I didn't, Mister. I came straight into Enderton, that's what I did, why I was in the 'oops 'aving a pint before eight, I can prove it." "All right. I darsay we can check that," Hilton drew out one of his black cigars. "Ring up Morechester, Sergeant, and tell 'em to have a cell ready; we'll



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have to keep you for the night, Durley." "What, keep me guv'nor! Whaffor?" "Technically on a charge of stealing by finding, but I'll see it doesn't come to anything if you behave yourself and help us." Mr. Alfred Durley felt too aggrieved to argue. He confined himself in a dignified and injured silence until the police car came from Morechester to take him to his night's free lodging. The moment Durley had gone the Inspector began to talk. "Let's have a look at that map of yours, White—good—where are we? Fielden Cottage—here; now then Fielden Cottage to Ferney House, here's the obvious way to go, by road. How far do you make it?"

"I always reckon it just about a mile, sir." "So does the map, a shade under if anything. How long would Dale Shipley take to walk a mile?" "Give him twenty minutes at the outside. He left Fielden Cottage at a quarter to seven, when does he arrive at Ferney House?" "Seven o'clock or five past sir?" "After half past, White." The Sergeant whistled. "Exactly. I've checked those times up pretty accurately. Mr. Shipley's got half an hour to explain away that half hour and the side lane business; all I can say is I shall be very interested to hear what the explanation is. "And look here, Sergeant," he leaned over the table and waved his cigar at the attentive White, "it isn't only the half hour business. Just see how Shipley fits in. We know (though he doesn't know we know it) that he had a row with the old boy only last week, and that as a result he was cut out of the will entirely. It's a million to one Burdett told him that, and anyone who has suddenly lost a matter of sixty thousand through an old man's spite is apt to feel a trifle sore. That gives us motive."

Shipley would know that Lumsdale would be out on a Monday, of course; and moreover when old Burdett went to the door and saw his nephew there he wouldn't hesitate to let him in. Opportunity. And White, oh White, just think about the clubs, how beautifully clear it makes that."

"Well, I can't say I quite tumble to it, Inspector." "Young Shipley leaves his place at a quarter to seven. He knows that his Uncle, whom he never liked, has cut him out entirely from the will and so ruined all he was looking forward to. He's stone-cold, consuming angry. He gets to the Court just after seven and rattles on the door, his stick behind his back. The old man shuffles over the hall and opens the door a few inches."

"I say, Uncle, I want to have a word with you and apologize about that row the other day." "Burdett mumbles something and undoes the chain. They go

HOT SUN BLASTS OHIO HIGHWAYS

Damage Put at \$50,000 With 682 Explosions Caused by Heat

By The Associated Press
COLUMBUS, O., July 14.—Explosions of pavement in the state highway system caused by the heat mounted to 682 today as State Highway Director John Jaster, Jr., described the situation as the worst of its kind in Ohio's history. Harry Flasher, maintenance engineer, estimated the damage at approximately \$50,000. The eruptions, he added, are being repaired as rapidly as they occur. Maintenance workers were on the job all day Sunday in some sections, giving attention to the damage. Flasher said that approximately \$25,000 damage had been caused to bituminous highways by the hot sun, which caused the surface to melt and smear. Division No. 11—Total 38, Belmont 2, Columbus 7, Holmes 3, Jefferson 3, Tuscarawas 17.

Into the little sitting room together. "In the room old Burdett whips around on him. 'Sucking up to me now to try and get the money back, eh? Well you won't' something like that and Shipley's control snaps, out flies his stick and out runs the old man's brains. "Then with a rush he begins to realize things. He hasn't fingered anything; no finger prints; but his stick is what worries him. Shipley isn't a fool, he keeps his head, and there and then he thinks of a damned clever trick. He spots those heavy clubs up on the wall, stands on a chair and gets plain away some more. Let's have another look at the map, where's that side lane that runs up to the back drive of the Court?" "Here sir."

White shook his head. "It's off his route, sir, that's certain." Hilton pushed the map away and lit his cigar. "Well," he said, "Mr. Shipley may be able to explain away that half hour and the side lane business; all I can say is I shall be very interested to hear what the explanation is. "And look here, Sergeant," he leaned over the table and waved his cigar at the attentive White, "it isn't only the half hour business. Just see how Shipley fits in. We know (though he doesn't know we know it) that he had a row with the old boy only last week, and that as a result he was cut out of the will entirely. It's a million to one Burdett told him that, and anyone who has suddenly lost a matter of sixty thousand through an old man's spite is apt to feel a trifle sore. That gives us motive."

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Married Comrades

A Sequel to "Given in Marriage"

By ADELE GARRISON

AS I STEPPED to the curb from the car in swift and vehement protest against the atrocious thing Dicky was saying about Robert Savarin's deed of property to me, he made a lunge toward the side of the car with outstretched hand, evidently intending to prevent my alighting.

But my movements had been too swift, and he glared at me for an instant, too angry for speech. "Get back in this car," he said at last in low, tense tones, but I shook my head. I was fairly secure from observation, there were no loungers near us, and the cars which passed us were going at too great a rate of speed for their occupants to take any notice of us. "I'm not getting back in the car," I told him, "except upon one condition, that you take back what you said just now about Robert Savarin and me."

Dicky Really Angry
Dicky can change front and get out of a tight place more quickly than anyone I ever have seen. "For the love of Abraham and all his descendants!" he adjured me angrily, but with a distinct lessening of the savagery which had marked his intonations. "What's eating you now? I said nothing whatever about Savarin and you that should have got your dander up like this."

"I don't deny that I'm pretty darned mad about this whole blasted business, about which I haven't the faintest glimmering of an idea, but I haven't said anything to make you jump out of the car as if you were a girl who had to walk home from a party."

I could not resist a provocative "No" with an upward inflection. Then I added hastily:

"But I'm willing to take your word that you're not aware of the atrocious things you said. And I'm willing to get back in the car if you'll promise to listen quietly to the explanation I have to offer you, and—"

My voice trailed away, and Dicky growled, "Cut out the rough stuff, I suppose you mean. Well! I'll tell you frankly that if it weren't so

far from a railroad station, and if that mess at the farmhouse were cleaned up, I'd let you stay right where you are. But, unfortunately, I'm responsible for you, so get back into this car as quickly as the Lord will let you."

"I won't say anything more to offend your sensitive shell-like ears, and I'll promise to listen quietly to whatever explanation you have to make of this business. But I warn you it will have to be a good one."

I did not protest further. "Victory had perched upon my banner," and I wanted to take ever advantage of the lessening of Dicky's anger.

"Don't get out!" I said quickly as with the instinctive courtesy which does not desert his actions in moments of anger, he opened the door on his side, with the evident intention of coming around to my side and helping me back.

"Don't be an idiot!" he growled, but I had climbed back into my seat before he was fairly on the ground, and there was nothing left for him to do but get back in again. I wasted no time in sparring with him about courtesy but plunged directly into the explanation to which I had hoped now that he would listen.

"There is an explanation of all this," I said, "and personally I believe it to be a very good one." "I'm not interested in what you believe," he said. "I want to know why Robert Savarin decided half his property to you."

"So that I could turn it over to Lillian and Marion if they ever needed it," I said. Dicky gave a low whistle. "Well! I'll be eternally roasted on a special grilliron!" he said. "So that's the lay of the land is it?" "That's the lay of the land!" I repeated demurely and my husband muttered a picturesque oburgation. "He would think up something bright like that the old fossil!" he said. "I suppose this is a deep secret from the Underwood clan. I know it must be from old Harry, for I've never heard any roars

such as a lion barked of his prey might give, and therefore I know that he is complete ignorance of this precious little financial idyll. Am I right, or am I right?" (To Be Continued)

Co-ed Just as Sweet as Grandmother-Wiser

By The Associated Press
CINCINNATI, July 14.—The modern college girl has grown in wisdom and is just as sweet as her grandmother was, in the opinion of Miss Emilie Dakin of North Dakota State college. Miss Dakin, for 18 years in charge of the campus store at Fargo, is here attending a convention of the National Association of College Stores. "I'm for her," Miss Dakin declared of the modern co-ed. "She's as charming and good as her mother and grandmother were, but she frankly knows more about life than they did."

BEWARE OF COLITIS If Constipated

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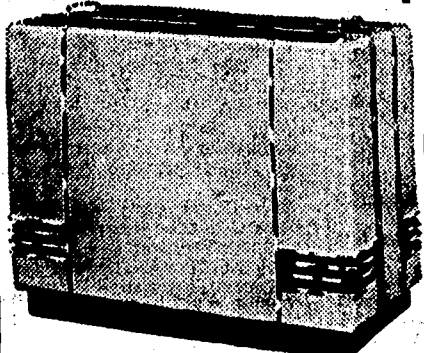
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