

OUT OUR WAY



—By Williams

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

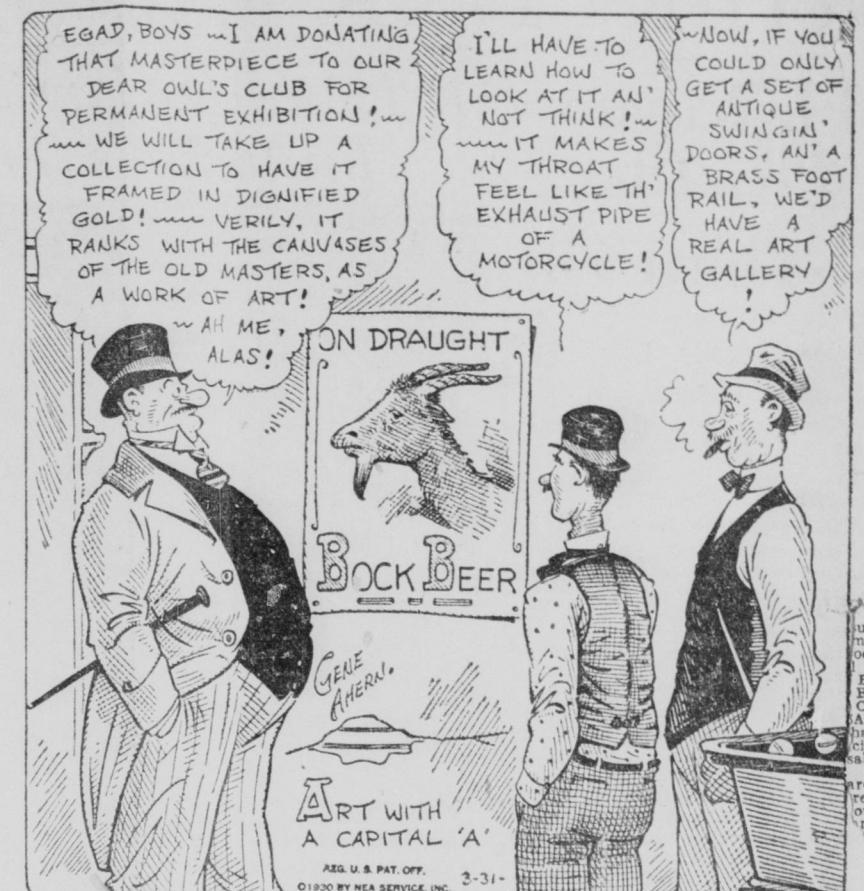


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



—By Ahern

MURDER BACKSTAIRS

By ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT (Continued.)

You went to the roof immediately, by the stairs, just as you said, because even then you were planning an alibi in case it became necessary to kill your wife. You met your wife, she charged you with having married her for her money, with having been unfaithful to her; or with some more serious crime, the exposure of which would have ruined you socially.

"It is true, Captain Strawn," Dundee conceded willingly, "that Mr. Crosby added, immediately after Mrs. Lambert's news, that he would be delighted to see Doris."

"Huh!" Strawn snorted, skeptically. "Well, the point is, Crosby, you lost no time in getting to Doris Matthews and—"

"Pardon me! The meeting was entirely accidental," Crosby interruped. "I happened to open the door of my room and saw Doris in the hall, walking toward the backstairs. I called to her, and she came to me, standing just outside my door. We talked—"

"Kathy, I've seen and talked with Mr. Crosby!" Strawn prodded skeptically. "I don't dare write exactly what he said and what I said, even to you, but he gave me— There, Crosby, you have the last words a murdered girl ever penned. I suppose you have time to think up a nice, harmless explanation?"

Seymour Crosby's lean, handsome face flushed darkly. "My impulse is to refuse an answer, but I believe the truth will be less painful to— Miss Berkley than the construction you are putting upon what Doris wrote. After we had exchanged the ordinary greetings and inquiries as to how Doris was for the night—"

"THAT is not true!" Crosby flashed. "I did not leave my room again last night and you can not possibly have any proof that I did so!"

"Yeah?" Strawn grinned, as if nursing secret proof.

But Dundee knew his chief had nothing more up his sleeve. During the lull the younger detective became aware that some forgotten fact was tapping at his memory. Suddenly he had it and his tilted chair crashed to the floor as he asked:

"Mr. Crosby, was this conversation between you and Doris overheard by any one at all?"

"Overheard?" Crosby puzzled. "Why, no, I don't think so. We spoke in low tones on whispers and I was alone—"

"Where was the valet Mrs. Berkley had hired especially for you?" Dundee asked tensely.

"Valet?" both Strawn and Crosby repeated blankly.

Then Crosby's somber eyes flashed with sudden comprehension. "By Jove, Dundee! In all the excitement I had completely forgotten about Johnson! The fact is, he was not on duty when I returned to my room last night—and I have not seen him since!"

"What's all this?" Strawn sputtered.

Dundee explained: "Last night, when Mrs. Berkley greeted Mr. Crosby, as he appeared in the drawing room just before dinner, she hoped Mr. Crosby had not found Johnson 'too ghastly' a valet and remarked that he was the best she could do locally. She explained that Mr. Berkley would not have a 'man' for himself—"

"Well, where is this bird now?" Strawn interrupted disgustedly.

"In other words, 'Gentlemen be damned,' eh?" Strawn paraphrased contemptuously.

"I am not a penniless fortune-hunter, Captain Strawn!" Crosby retorted with dignity. "When I married Phyllis Benham I was a man of fair amount of means."

"Part of my small fortune was lost in unwise speculation after my marriage, in an endeavor on my part to more than equal my wife's income from her father."

"But I still have an income of approximately \$10,000 a year, sufficient for a single man to live on comfortably—abroad, at least. I was not marrying Clorinda Berkley for her money."

"Well, where is this bird now?" Strawn interrupted disgustedly.

(To Be Continued)

THE SON OF TARZAN



CHAPTER TWENTY NINE
"I'm sorry, Dundee," Seymour turned to the younger detective, ignoring Captain Strawn's charge for the moment. "I told you an untruth, the first I have uttered since this questioning began."

"I did not receive a letter from Mrs. Lambert, mentioning the fact that Doris had come here to be

"And I believe Doris did not dare

Paulvitch pretended to show the boy how to使 the ape should it exhibit signs of rebellion during the trip. Jack laughed: "That's not necessary—he'll do whatever I tell him." "Come here!" said the man, "and do as I tell you, or you can't take him to Dover." The boy did as told. Still smiling, he held his hands behind him. The Russian slipped the noose over Jack's wrists and quickly knotted the cords tight.

The fellow's attitude of friendliness now changed immediately! With an ugly oath he wheeled his prisoner about, hurling him violently to the floor. His fingers sought the boy's throat as he gripped down horribly into his victim's face. "Your father ruined me," he mumbled crazily. "This will pay him! I will bring him to your house—and tell him the ape did it!" The twisted hand cracked with gloating laughter,

Suddenly the room echoed with the growls of the maddened ape! Its great muscles surged out beneath its shaggy hide. Paulvitch looked up, his face white with terror—THE APE WAS FREE! With a single bound the beast fell upon the man, wrenching him from the struggling boy. Great fingers sunk into the wretch's throat; yellow fangs snapped shut, and when they closed the breath of life had gone forever from the dastardly Paulvitch.

Assisted by Akut, the boy worked over the bonds that held him . . . Finally they yielded their secret. He cut the cords from his body. Opening one of his bags he drew forth some garments. His plans were well laid! The beast docilely did all that Jack directed. Into the midnight stillness, unmolested, the pair slunk from the house. No casual observer would have noticed that one of the two was an ape!