

GUILITY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of "MAD MARRIAGE" ©1931 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE (Continued)

Chris put her arm around the other girl. "We're all going to you, honey. But Bob's right. You couldn't refuse to go on now."

NORMA turned away. When she faced about a moment later she said unsteadily, "I'll try to do it!"

Public indignation, manifested by protests from civic groups and women's clubs, denunciations from pulpits and platforms, swelled into a rising tide during the next seven days.

The onrush broke about the heads of certain city officials. It crashed against the Marlboro police department.

The agitation was responsible for unprecedented promptness in launching the official investigation. Lave Flynn was not alone among city politicians to see the possibilities of such a scandal.

Apparently Flynn's opposition assured that the affair could not be hushed as soon as possible before the fall election.

Norma went back to her desk in Stuart's office on Monday. She evolved the formula of answering all questioners with "I have nothing to say." It was a hard and trying week, but she managed to live through it.

"When this is over," Norma told herself repeatedly, "they'll have to let me have Mark!" That was the litany of all her prayers. "They'll have to let me have Mark!"

Thursday evening she and Chris arrived at the apartment at the same time. Chris was ahead and opened the door. She picked up an envelope from the table in the hall.

"A letter!" Chris said. "It's for you, Norma."

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX
The address on the envelope had been typed. One swift glance told Norma the letter had been posted in Marlboro. She tore back the flap and drew out a folded sheet.

"Why—there's no signature! Look, Chris!"

There were two paragraphs on the typewritten page. The unsigned letter read:

"Dear Miss Travers: This is to warn you that if you tell any more to the newspapers you will be out of the picture. You are being watched night and day."

"If you go to the Wellington investigation you'll never live to get out of the courtroom. Watch your step and keep your trap shut and nobody will hurt you. If you regard this warning you'll regret it."

The rest of the page was blank. Norma raised startled eyes as she read the last words. "Who—who in the world—?" she began.

Chris put a hand on the other girl's arm. "Up to the apartment!"

They went up the two flights of stairs. Chris put her key in the lock and turned the knob. It was not yet 6 o'clock, but the apartment was dusky.

Chris pressed the electric light switch at the side of the door before entering. She gave a quick, searching glance about the room.

"There's nobody here," she said almost as though she had suspected there would be.

Norma closed the door and put the packages she had been carrying on the table. She held up the letter again.

"But isn't this strange, Chris?" she asked in a puzzled voice. "Who on earth could have written such a thing?"

"Did you lock the door?" the other girl said sharply.

"Why, of course not! You don't mean—you don't think there's anything to be frightened about?"

Quickly Chris crossed the room, turned the night lock on the door. She turned and faced Norma defensively.

"I don't know what to think," she said, "and anyhow thinking isn't safe! Don't you realize that three-fourths of the corruption of Marlboro is linked in this thing?"

"Of course I'm frightened. They might do anything! Anything! These judges who have been letting criminals get by—the men higher up—oh, Norma, I was a fool to let you do this!"

CURIOUSLY enough it was Chris instead of Norma who was thrown into panic by the threatening note. Norma insisted the letter was harmless, sent by some practical joker with a distorted sense of humor or by some one suffering from hallucinations.

To all this Chris protested: "I hope you're right! Heaven knows I hope you're right! But we're not going to take chances!"

Half a dozen times during the evening Chris thought she heard sounds in the hall. She insisted on leaving a light burning when they went to bed.

In the morning she looked worn out and as though she had slept little.

"But, Chris," Norma protested, "I don't see why you should worry so about that letter. If anybody wanted to harm me they wouldn't warn me about it, would they? Of course the letter doesn't mean anything!"

"Will you believe it means something if Bob says so?"

"He won't," Bob would say the very things I've been telling you."

"Well, I want to show it to him. Will you let me take the letter this morning and show it to Bob?"

"Of course. Let's see—what did I do with it?"

The message was produced and folded away in Chris' handbag. When the two girls left for the office, it was Chris whose eyes had dark shadows and whose cheeks were too white.

As they boarded the street car she noticed a man wearing a gray cap across the street. He had been watching them. Chris did not mention the man to Norma.

The day in Frederick Stuart's office passed just as its predecessors. At noon Norma had sandwiches and coffee sent up from the first floor lunch counter.

She did not like to go out these days, because she was sure to be stared at. A boy brought in the afternoon newspapers and laid them on her desk.

Norma scanned the first pages. District Attorney Flynn was quoted for almost a column. The Wellington prosecution was to open next Wednesday.

Nothing in the newspapers the girl had not known. A heated denial from the police chief that anything was wrong in his department followed the Flynn interview.

There was a picture of "Whitey" Black printed under the single word "Witness." The caption explained that Black was to present evidence in the investigation into activities of the vice squad next week.

Norma put the newspapers aside distastefully. Little later she heard foot steps and looked up. Chris Saunders stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Chris! You startled me!" Her roommate entered the office. "Anybody here?" she asked in a low voice.

Norma shook her head. "Mr. Stuart's gone to lunch."

CHRIS sank to a chair beside the other girl. "I've just been talking to Bob," she said, dropping her voice almost to a whisper. "He's taken the letter and gone to see Flynn."

"It's what I thought, Norma! Whitey Black's been getting anonymous threats in the mail, too. They have hidden him away somewhere and the police are guarding him. In spite of all he's said about them, the police have got to protect him."

"If anything happened to him now it would be the worst possible indictment of the public safety department. Bob's coming back as soon as he can. He said you're not to leave the office until he gets here!"

"But, Chris—" "I can't stay any longer, honey. I've got to get back. Bob agrees."

with me it isn't for you to stay on at the apartment.

"He'll tell you what to do. I'm not going to stay there, either. I'm going to Minnie Baker's."

A figure loomed in the doorway and Chris started. It was only Frederick Stuart, back from his lunch hour.

After she had gone Norma stared for several moments at the blank sheet of paper in her typewriter. Presently her fingers began tapping the keys again.

It was not Bob Farrell who was Norma's next caller, but a middle-aged woman dressed in brown. She gave the name "Mrs. Everett" and asked to see Norma's employer.

Five minutes after the woman had entered Stuart's office the buzzer rang. Notebook in hand, Norma answered.

Stuart was leaning back in his desk chair and Mrs. Everett sat facing him.

"Come in, Miss Travers," Stuart said. When she had closed the door he continued, "Mrs. Everett has come from District Attorney Flynn's office. She has told me that because of the importance of your testimony at the hearing next week, the district attorney thinks your whereabouts should be concealed."

Mrs. Everett has come to take you to a place where you will be safe and where you will be assured of freedom from annoyances of all sorts. Here is the message from Flynn."

Stuart handed Norma a sheet of paper on which a dozen lines were written. She recognized the district attorney's signature. The note said that the bearer was an accredited representative and that she would explain the purpose of her visit.

"I think we should leave at once," Mrs. Everett told the girl. "I have a car downstairs waiting and here is a wrap and hat for you." She held up the coat she had been carrying over her arm. "See how it fits," she added.

IN the gray coat and hat, with heavy rimmed spectacles over her eyes Norma could hardly recognize herself.

The elevator operator did not give her a second glance as she followed Mrs. Everett into the car. The two women swept through the ground floor lobby and out on the street.

A taxicab that had been waiting a little to the left drew up before the entrance. Mrs. Everett and Norma stepped inside.

The girl did not recognize the address she heard given to the driver, but presently they were skimming out of downtown traffic and heading west. They drove along well-kept residential streets, past massive apartments.

"Is it far?" Norma asked. "Not much farther. We're almost there."

The taxi halted before a five-story apartment building. Mrs. Everett paid the driver and led the way inside. "My rooms are on the second floor," she said. "I usually walk instead of taking the elevator."

They went up the carpeted stairway and down a hall. Before one of the doorways Mrs. Everett halted. It was a pleasant, roomy apartment which opened to them. The suite contained a living room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath.

"I HOPE you are going to be comfortable here," the woman said, smiling. "It's my own place. Would you like to rest a little before dinner? There is your room and you'll find a dressing gown and night things in the clothes closet. There's powder and cold cream on the dressing table."

(To Be Continued.)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



HORIZONTAL

1 Des Moines is capital of _____

5 Things bought _____

10 False face _____

14 To sketch _____

15 Impels _____

16 Opposite of awether _____

17 To wash _____

18 Alluvial matter _____

19 Cognomen _____

20 Dwelling place of happy souls after death _____

22 Colling leaves _____

24 To stuff _____

26 Inlet _____

27 To run away and marry _____

31 Male cat _____

32 Time _____

37 Close _____

38 Anticlimax _____

39 Thought _____

40 Reckoned chronologically _____

42 Perched _____

43 Completed _____

44 Turt _____

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

1 Wing-like _____

12 Half _____

13 Flat-bottomed ship _____

21 Frozen water _____

23 Frost bite _____

25 Maxim _____

27 Conclusion _____

28 Field _____

29 Grain _____

30 Clite _____

32 To main _____

34 Queer _____

35 Born _____

36 To wander about _____

41 German flying boat is named _____

42 To recede _____

43 Ruler for a zodiac _____

47 To match at corners _____

48 Herb _____

49 Cape _____

50 Alaska? _____

51 Valley _____

53 To eject _____

54 June flower _____

55 Greedy _____

56 Smaller _____

59 Uncooked _____

VERTICAL

1 Unoccupied _____

2 Verbal _____

3 Curly _____

4 Inspires reverent _____

5 To portend _____

6 Burns _____

7 Era _____

8 Err _____

9 Con _____

10 Chinese public office _____

CHECKERS

The two games spelled when the dots are replaced with the proper letters are "CHECKERS" and "CHESS."

CROSSWORD

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36

37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56

57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66