

MURDER TO MUSIC

By NARD JONES

CAST OF CHARACTERS
MYRNA DOMBEY—Nervous, wife of the sensational swing band leader.
ROBERT TAIT—Hero. Newspaper photographer—detective.
ANNE LESTER—Myrna's closest friend.
DANNY FEELY—Officer assigned to investigate Ludden Dombe's murder.

Yesterday, Tait and Anne start out for the country where Myrna may be hiding, and Tait reveals that after the shooting he found Myrna's bag with a gun in it.

CHAPTER FIVE

TAIT turned quickly to see how Anne would receive the news that there had been a revolver in Myrna's bag. Even in the dim light from the instrument panel he could see her face blanche.

"That's—not true!"

"It is, though," Tait said. "Did Myrna own a gun?"

"Never that I knew of," Anne answered quickly. "Someone was trying to make her seem the guilty one."

"I hope you're right. But shooting Ludden Dombe and getting that gun into Myrna's bag before the lights went on would be a neat trick. And, if she wasn't implicated in some way, why has she run away?"

Anne sighed. "Heaven knows why. But it isn't because she had anything to do with it. I know that. I'd bet my very life on it."

They lapsed into silence, and Bob Tait pressed the coupé hard. They had long since left gasoline stations and roadside stands. Farmhouses were growing fewer. Soon they were in a country of vast rolling hills with an occasional tree standing eerily in the darkness.

"I'd forgotten there was a country like this," Tait said suddenly. "Reminds me of when I was a kid. But I liked it better in the daytime, then—and I think I still prefer some light on it."

ANNE shuddered involuntarily. "It is lonely. I wonder if I haven't been wrong, getting us out here."

"I'm afraid you have, pal. I can't imagine Myrna rushing out here in a rented car, or a cab—to stay alone in a shack."

"She wouldn't be afraid. Oh—I hope we're right."

"And so do I," breathed Tait fervently. "If this is a wild goose chase we've lost some valuable time." He looked at the girl beside him. "And if ever I find you were leading me along the wrong path purposely I'll wring your neck with my bare hands."

Anne was not resentful of Tait's doubt. She merely said, "I'm more anxious to find Myrna than anyone."

The countryside grew more hilly, and Tait had to resort time and again to the car's second gear. "We're getting near," Anne said at last. "There's a fork in the road just along here. Take the road to the left."

In the next quarter of a mile Tait's lights picked out the fork, and his hand pulled the steering wheel abruptly to the left. The road grew narrower and more rutted. "Are you sure we're right?" he asked, slowing down. "This looks to me like one of those roads that peter into a lane."

Anne was peering through the windshield. "I'm sure this is the road. The cottage is right up there on that hill. It—" She stopped suddenly and pointed. "Look! There's a light! She's there!"

Tait increased his speed. "Good!" He scanned the darker outline of hill above them. "I don't see any light. Are you sure?"

"Positive. Well probably see it again at the next curve in the road."

"I wonder if we ought to go the rest of the way on foot?" Tait mused. "We might frighten her out of the cottage. After all, she doesn't know you and I are out here after her."

Anne nodded. "You won't be able to drive much further, anyhow. We'll come to a fence-line, and the rest of the way is along a footpath."

"Well, then can I have tomorrow off? If the Yankees keep winning that'll probably be the last day of my grandmother's funeral!"

HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis

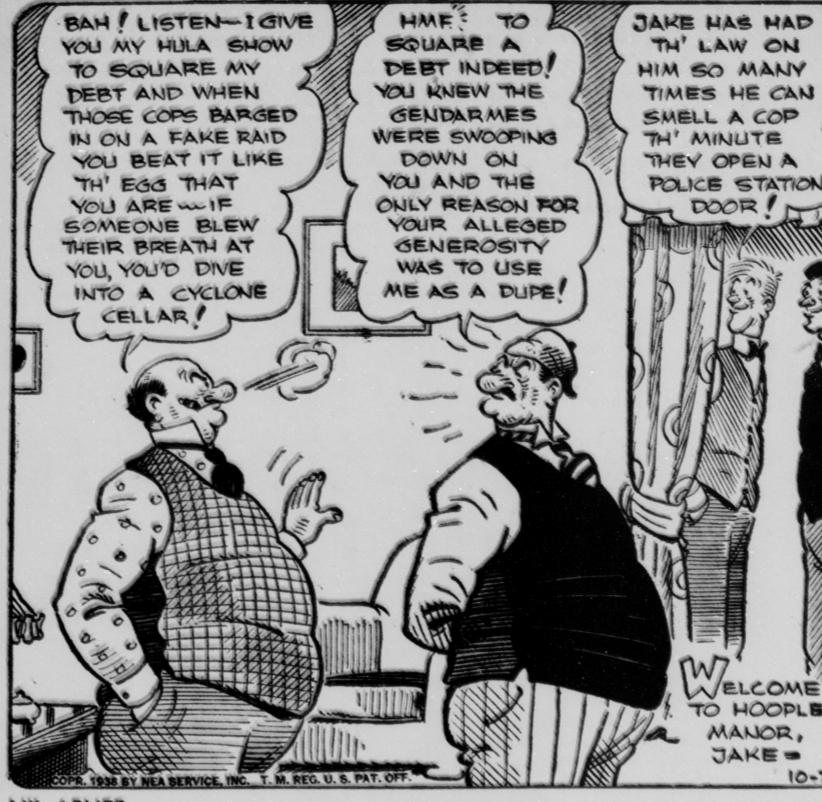


COPR. 1938 BY N.E.A. SERVICE, INC.

"Please, lady, why don't ya make another stab at paying for this thing?"

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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With Major Hoople



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OUT OUR WAY



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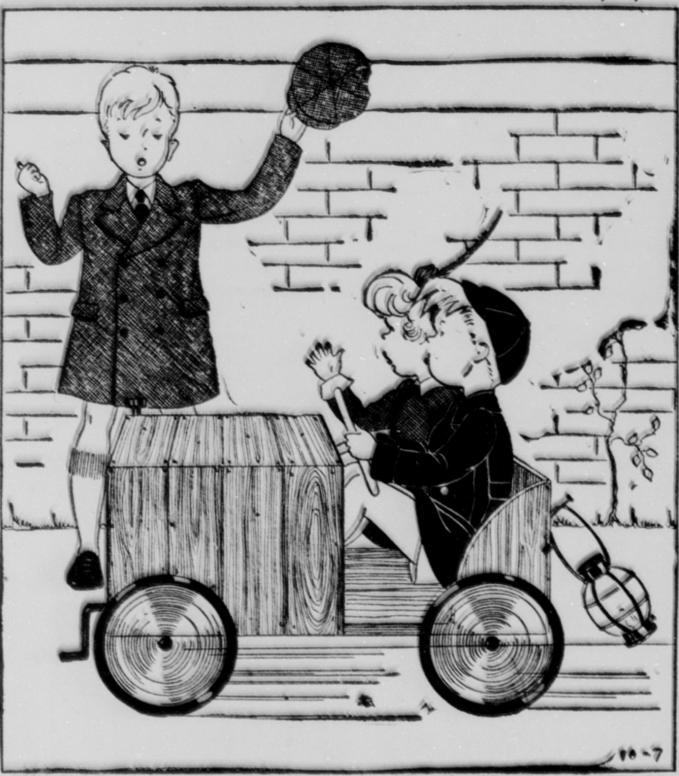
FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1938

By Williams

NO, THEY ROAMED
IN HERDS, THEY
SAID THE HERDS
WAS SO BIG
THEY'D HOLD A
TRAIN UP FOR
HOURS... TRAFFIC
LIGHTS DELAY
ME LONG
ENOUGH—I
DON'T WANT
NO BUFFALOES!

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Hitch-hikers haven't got a speck of pride—they'd ride in ANY old rattletrap."

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



COPR. 1938 BY UNITED FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

"Well, then can I have tomorrow off? If the Yankees keep winning that'll probably be the last day of my grandmother's funeral!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



(To Be Continued)

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