

## New York Jungle

By Wray Wade Severn

YESTERDAY—Waiting for police to arrive, Hugh was reporting his actions during the period of darkness. Nella smells smoke. Hugh and Sidney return to the Jungle to investigate. Only half of the lights are out of order. Sidney discovers a broken window. When he suggests that each of the guests has a motive for murder, Hugh insists the shooting was committed by an outsider.

## CHAPTER SIX

HUGH FOLLOWED the attorney up the stairs and into the drawing room. The lights were still on. Across the room, curtains and drapes fluttered in the wind from an open window.

"Look, Hugh, here's where he came in."

Braitwood hurried to the window, glanced out, then dropped to his knees and felt the carpet. "It's dry, except where the rain has blown in. No tracks." He looked up at Hugh. "If the murderer goes in the house through this window, he took off his shoes. The walk is flooded and that pile of leaves on the veranda would have soaked his shoes."

Hugh nodded, as Sidney joined him at the window.

"Togi said he closed all the windows, but this one may have blown open. When the house was modernized Adam had all the old windows replaced by this kind that swing out rather than lift. The catch may have slipped."

A sudden flash of lightning illuminated the scene below them. There was no trace of any human but there in the storm.

A hurried search of the room revealed no sign of fire. Other than the open window, there was no indication that the room had been entered since they had gone into dinner. They turned to the second floor of the house.

Adam's room and that of his wife were in the front part of the house. Nella occupied a suite in the rear. Braitwood, himself, had been installed in the guest room at the head of the stairs.

Curious to know if his own quarters had been entered, Sidney opened the door, glanced around. Nothing seemed disturbed.

Nella's suite showed no signs of disorder. Windows were securely fastened, everything in place.

"That's the way she always keeps it," Hugh said.

THEY WALKED down the hall to Adam's room. Suddenly the door of his room opened.

Hugh and Sidney flattened against the wall. Sidney's gun clicked as he pulled back the hammer. He sniffed, thought he detected the odor of burned paper, but it was so faint he could not be sure.

"Be careful," Hugh whispered. He edged cautiously toward the open door.

It swung wider . . . then slammed shut with a sharp bang.

"Must have been the wind . . . another open window," Hugh suggested. "Let's find out."

Sidney held his revolver ready—an old western style Colt—while the engineer reached for the knob, turned it quietly, then threw it wide open. He jumped back.

There was no doubt now about the burning paper. The odor was definite now, sharp and acrid in their nostrils. Hugh reached for the switch, flooded the room with light.

Havoc met their eyes. Curtains writhed before an open window, opening out over the porte cochere. Desk drawers yawned in disarray. The room had been ransacked. In the grate they found a mass of charred paper.

"Looks like someone tried to start a fire, but the rain put it out," Sidney suggested. Hugh was at the window.

"It adds up, Sid," he said. "These open windows and ransacked drawers. The murderer came in through the drawing room, looking for something here. Not finding it, he decided Adam had it and he killed Adam to get it—whatever it may have been."

"You may be right," Braitwood agreed. "If Gundrum or Togi failed to search the furnace room or the storeroom thoroughly, the murderer could have been hiding there. He could easily have entered the Jungle while we were upstairs. But how could he have escaped?"

Hugh did not answer. He was studying the fireplace.

"By Jove, Sid, I've got it," he shouted. "This fireplace! Adam told me his grandfather bought this house from an abolitionist who used a stairway concealed in the wall as a hiding place for runaway slaves. This fireplace may lead to that hidden stairway."

Sidney joined him. "It's big enough, all right. But I can't see anything unusual about it, otherwise. Later, let's have a look right now."

"Craig and I are coming up," Pat Landon's voice interrupted him. "I've something to see about. I'm going to do it now."

Sidney heard them running up the stairs before he had a chance to answer.

"It's about my pearls," Pat explained, when she and Gundrum joined them in Adam's room. "I keep them in a wall safe in this room. They must be safe. Adam told me no one but himself knew of the secret hiding place, so I hesitated to mention it."

"Anxiety over that string of pearls has been getting caution ever since we found ourselves locked in," Gundrum added. "Finally, anxiety won."

PAT CROSSED the room quickly to toss a half-smoked cigarette out the window. Braitwood noticed her, but it was not until later that it occurred to him that it would have been easier to use the ash tray within a few inches of her hand. Nor did he think, at the time, that Pat might have tossed more than just a cigarette away. She had plenty of opportunity to do so, with her back to the three men.

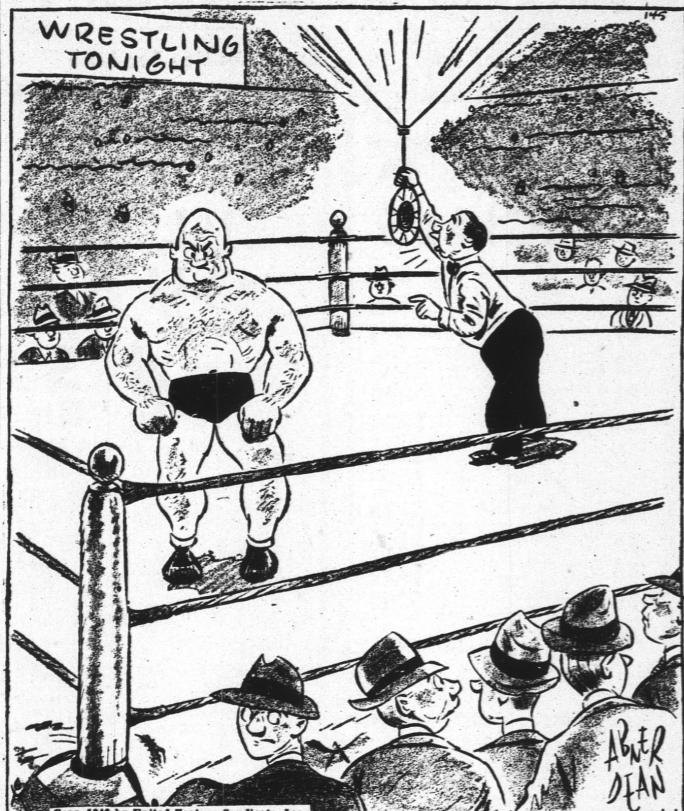
"Will you leave me alone while I make you?" she asked with a smile. "The little safe is a family secret."

"For your own sake, we can't do that, Mrs. Landon," Braitwood told her.

"Then by all means follow my

## FUNNY SIDE UP

By Abner Dean

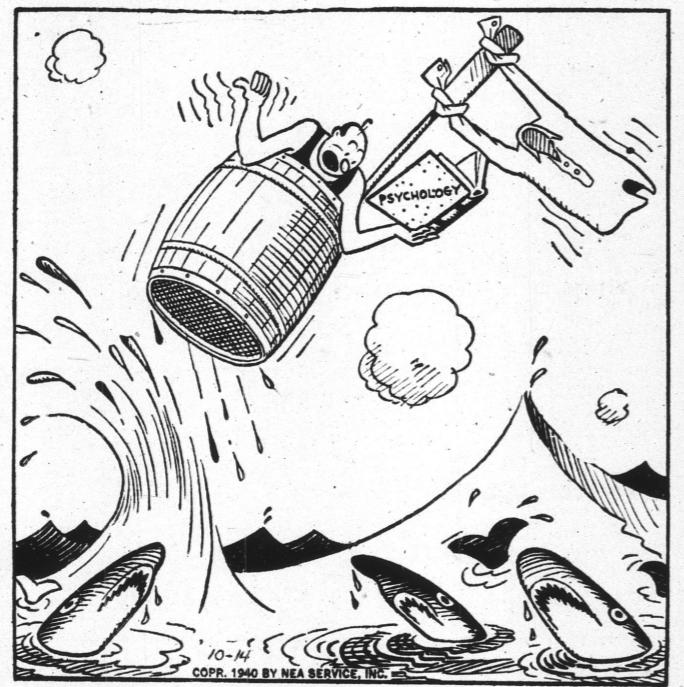


"If there's a Mister Stranger Ricco in the audience will he please return to the ring and finish the bout?"

## HOLD EVERYTHING



## FUNNY BUSINESS



## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



"Well, we might as well go back to the library. We've found out."

Deftly she disconnected what appeared to be an ordinary electric light fixture, manipulated some wires on the inside, removed the socket, and ran her hand inside. A small segment behind the fixture slid down, and she brought out a string of glittering iridescence.

"Safe!" she breathed in infinite relief.

"I don't blame you for being worried over those," Sidney con-

## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

GOOD HEAVENS!

THERE GOES THE

BELL AGAIN! IT'S

DRIVE ME

CRAZY!

WAIT-WAIT!

I'LL GET IT!

IS IT THE

TELEPHONE

OR THE

DOOR

BELL?

WHAT'S COME

OVER HIM?

I'VE NEVER

BEFORE SEEN

HIM JUMP UP

LIKE THAT

OF HIS OWN

ACCORD!

WELL, HE'S EITHER

HEADING OFF THE

MAIL MAN WHO'S

DELIVERING A

TERRIBLE REPORT

CARD, OR HE'S EX-

PECTING HIS TEACH-

ER TO CALL HOME

COMPLAINING ABOUT

HIS CONDUCT!

J. WILLIAMS

OCT-14

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

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