SYNOPSIS he thief enters the pala-He rous out again in-to the hands of a detrechlests he had "nothing chat's in dere."
or of a room lies a man

other, the front of his with blood and by his y revolver. The table with champagne on The house is beings. Cerreling tikn, and at one time

Mrs. Creveling is efforts to bring the Creveling, objects to ad desire to uncarth The dead man is vequarreled with Honger had been a robbery ets, and Han, Mrs. nid. was arrested, let ed disappeared.

enlet had been placed reportion of the murder. a keep watch of his then entrance is forced uptu. The whole thing

## HERE IT CONTINUES

ar what the inspector has the's wniting for us

e very much of the same Donnies McCarty told the of the night's vicissitudes. off not at all in the retting the woman known to escape, but the of consure him. Instead ight his hand down re-the desk before him.

the desk before him, shout the last link we see shain of evidence. I clared. "We'll clean this condition now, Mac. Don't the woman; she won't get sagain now that we know sity, and Yost has phoned hack in the Creveling house, a contside the follow's door look at his cigarette case; twill be worth your while."

here anything from Marhe officer on the beat u

and your instructionthe woman was founding the flat, and I'll see the most reliable mer the bureau. We'll wait he woman tries to com-Hill and then gather

are of murder sir?" Mewas respectfully inquiring a a skeptical quality in a

> We've got the motive ht before that it might He's infatuate dwhether she's guilty or g n long term in prison out leaving the box Creveling's testimon trate which was mofor my one else to cla. I suppose shall against Crevelin e details yet of what but they must have erel for the man to

er." McCarty in I didn't start work tonight when I first Some of it would lell being guilty, but he couldn't have had would put them

> folk, Mac ? boselle of them and expressively.

finencia except the every one lying o ng and hold our or and when you and igh the rooms unwas Hill I heard worn when we wer quarters and Hill's o stairs."

the rooms upstairs that of the house. on and Inspector it more certain.

## much trouble in Met'arty nequi-

I pair of gloves or to look for when house and that's evidence against thined and recking

the pisted that killed

in in lengue with a delicate shore broke see the looks that McCarty's face purpled and the was they All Children to house for murdering hi-Lucket?

revert incorners, if terrior: remarked tired how reads to deide theory which when he saw to was prepared to seandal in Crev

it, and rather than have if unearthed as it was bound to be if we hadn't so promptly discovered the identity of the murderer, he preferred to let sleeping dogs lie.

"So do the rest of them, it seems Wait, sir, fill you hear." Matt. Sir. till you hear.

McCarty gave the gist of his interviews with Douglas Waverly, Mrs. Kip.

Miss Frost, the Fords and Nicholas
Cutter, but when he and concluded the

aspector shoult his head

"Whatever reasons they may have for olding out on you as you suspect. Mac it isn't because of a guilty knowledge of the nurder. By your own showing the Fords. Cutter and Waverlys have established alibis which no possible circumstantial evidence could shake, and you haven't a thing to connect Mrs. Kip with the affair. You can take what thatex-chaperone of hers said about her with a grain of sail: the old woman was mad enough at being sent packing to have sworn Mrs. Kip's life away, I'll wager, and at that she could tell noth-ing incriminating. You'll find that Mrs.

ing incriminating. You'll find that Mrs. Kip's little mystery, whatever it may be, is her own affair."

"Well, sir, 'tis your ease and you know hest." McCarty rose. "Eve had no sleep since night before last and 'tis getting on to morning. If so be you've no further instructions for me new Ull go home and rest and be on the job again bright and early."

goin bright and early."

Inspector Druet laughed somewhat "Which means that I haven't con

inced you and you've taken the bit in our teeth again! I've no instructions only suggestions; you know for you, only suggestions; you know well that I have always given you your head in every case you've worked on with me since you resigned from active duty and I've never regretted it, especially the last instance, Mac." His face sobered, "Go ahead your own way

and if you can prove to me that I'm wrong I'll be only too glad to acknowldge it, but I tell you now that you neven't a chance! The guilty man-Does that mean, sir, that you won ake in Hill right away?" McCarty in errupted quickly.
"No. We can afford to wait a bit

nd I told you we would do so to se f the woman tried to communicate with nim; we might as well kill two bird ith one stone and we've proof now that was an accessory both before and "We'll give her two or three days to

worth your while."
The inspector started slightly.

"You don't mean—? See here. Manhas that observation of yours anything to do with the eigarettes that we found on the supper table and that piece of a "Not that I know of, sir, but 't's

hin and shaped like this playing card are and there are nine diamonds stuck n it: nine real diamonds arranged just ike the spots on this card." This time Inspector Druct's laughter

was frank and hearty.
"You've still got your eyes out for something dramatic, haven't you?
We're not living in dime novel times. Mac. and that card doesn't mean any-thing. It might have been lying on the door there in the study for days; you saw yourself that the bouse bash't been kept any too orderly since Mrs. Creve ling has been away. Hill may have no-ticed it spattered with blood after be killed Creveling and slipped it under he table cover without thinking; a man susually dazed after a crisis like that nd apt to do a lot of meaningles-ings in a mechanical sort of way as to records of the department show. You'll find there's some such simple splanation of it and as for Waverly's igarette case ! I suppose it's no use o talk to you, though. You'll be see-

until Hill goes to trial." McCarty's expression did not change he slipped the card into his pocket

"I'd like to see the rest of the pack his came from, he vouchsafed ins-erturbably. Denny and I'll be getting on, then, sir. You'll hear from me if

The ride back uptown to McCarty's oun was a long and tedious one and the conversation between the two friends of a merely desultory nature. for Donnis was frankly sleepy and McCarty felt the reaction from the expression overshadowed his natural lineyancy of spirit and he was too fatigued mentally and physically to

The escape of the girl, Ilsa, from be nenth his very hands had been bud enough, but the stand the inspector had taken in the case added ten-fold to the lifficulties before him and he could see to way out. Not for a moment would be accept the theory of Hill's guilt, depite the circumstantial evidence against If him; slowly and almost without concious reasoning an idea had been form ing in his mind ever since he stood be ide that disordered supper table and nothing he had learned since had couled to eradicate it. Now with little idded in support of it, it was gradu-

alle strengthening Into conviction, albeit a vague and still obscure one.
"I'll go on back to the dormiter; at the firehouse," Dennis announced as they but the ear at last. "Tis too late to be breaking into my room at Molly's for that soungster of hers sleeps with both the cars of him wide open for fear in 'Il miss something and he'd scream fit to wake the dead. I'm on duty from to to it again tomorrow and then off for

wenty four hours, so you'll find me if you want me." "Come on up to my rooms instead."
McCarry invited. "Tis after 3 o'clock and you'll get little enough sleep as it is. By the sainted powers—there's neight in my windows." Thieves."
He had halted in astonishment, but

row he broke into a run and with Den-ple at his beels sped to his own stoon the gan if it was pis at his beels sped to his own stoor and the can left The entrance door stood wide, and sti

Metarty sug-sufflix but with a new they stole up the stairs. Answay, what has There was no key at the door leading they stole up the stairs. words to do with to Met arry's living come, but it stood and and in the eight which next their caze through the aperture Met'arty indicate and the approximation a

Wade Terlinne - long, attenuated bgthe strip of cover see lay stretched out confortably in the best armeliair with a tattered drain book open and bing face downward would be be doing eighted which in least with a deficite shoes in while they stared, a deficite shoes the silence and see the look that Markey's face outside

That china tray had been his mothrist than true and been also mothers:

er's: its rightful joines was upon the mantel and tobacco had never profuned, it before: As to the dream book, its possession had been the one shameful fut fassinating secret in Metarty's life where and that moddlessons officious m-of a gun found it, and how had be

"Is it bourders you're taking?" Densinguired innecently. " Twould be is inquired innocently. well for you if you had as good bolts on. your doors as the Hildreth woman had!

CONTINUED TOMORROW

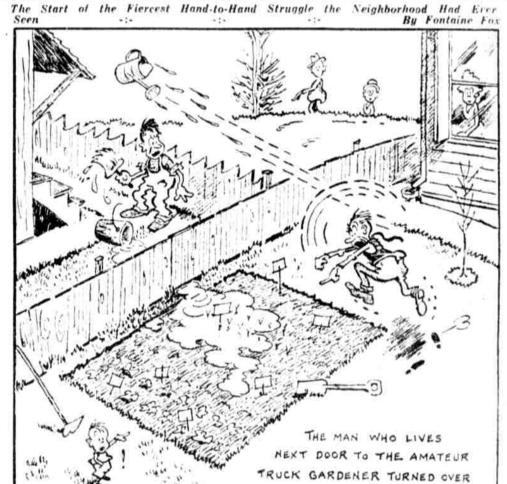
THE GUMPS-A Neck Shave Is a Haircut With Andy Now

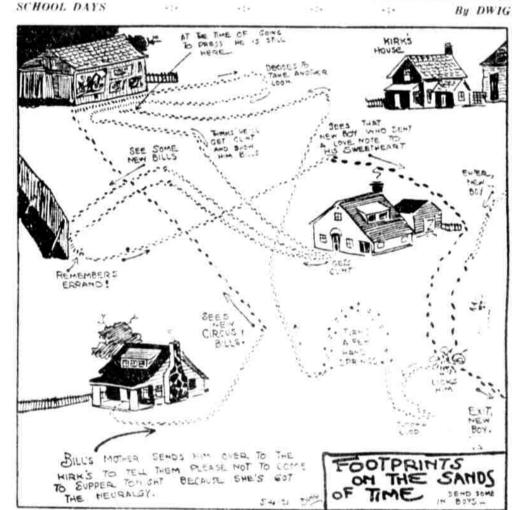
LOOK AT THAT HEAD - FROM ON WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY THE GUY THAT HANDED ME I USED TO WALK INTO A THE NECK UP I LOOK LIKE THAT HAIR BRUSH WAS KIDDING AND HAD THAT WONDERFUL FLOCK BARBER SHOP WHEN I WAS A DANDELION AFTER YOU OF HAIR - I REMEMBER HOW ME- THAT'S ALL- HE SHOULD 15 YEARS OLD AND HOW IT BLOW 3 TIMES TO SEE IF THEY USED TO CURL IT - IT WOULD HANG DOWN OVER MY SHOULDERS LIKE A HORTH DAKOTA WHEAT HAVE HANDED ME A CHAMOIS FLATTERED ME WHEN THEY ON A STICK- POLISH IT-ASKED IF I WANTED A AND THE BOYS WOULD CALL ME SHAVE- BUT NOW WHAT NOT BRUSH IT-SISTY AND I GOT MAD-WAS A REGULAR SAMSON NOULDHT DO IF SOME KIND HEARTED BARBER WOULD JUST ASK ME IF I WANTED SIDNEY SMITH -

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Outer Office By Hayward NIECKTIE - SUIT -MICE HAIR - EYES -MISTER SMITHERS IS IS MISTER BUSY JUST NOW. MEXT. SPATS -HE'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES. -E-HAYWERD - &

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young buly neross the way says her father's so crazy about golf that she verily believes he talks about patts and calls in his sleep,





By Sidney Smith



A BIG BUCKET OF WHITEWASH.

