

The Eighth Commandment

By NORMA HENDRICKS

CHAPTER 35
SOBERLY TIM made a mark on his cuff with his pencil. "One for the inspector," he murmured to the room at large.

"The day that you showed Dan the gun, Jamieson—when would that be?" Lee resumed the questioning.

"Let's see—Thursday I think," replied Jamieson thoughtfully. "Yes, that's right. Because it was on Wednesday that Reeves asked if he could borrow the gun and I brought it down to him the next day."

"Just right, Dan?" asked Lee.

The old fellow nodded agreement. "Must have been, because I was accepting down the steps and I always do that on Thursdays."

Lee waved his hand in genial dismissal. "You might as well move along, then. But don't ever try this business of concealing stuff from the police again. It just gets you and everyone else into trouble."

The girl and Dan arose but Jamieson sat still, looking at the inspector. "Is it all right for me to ask a question?" he said finally.

"I won't promise to answer it," the inspector assured him, "but you can ask anything you want."

"Have you let Mrs. Reeves go?"

"Mrs. Reeves," Lee looked at him, open-eyed, her smooth forehead wrinkling into a tiny frown.

"You see," the man went on, a little nervously. "I know that you know I was lying last night when you talked to me, but you haven't asked me about it today and I've been wondering what had happened, what you found out."

"Mrs. Reeves has been released," the detective told him. "She described to Blade here a man who entered the English House as she left and Blade found him. We have no reason to doubt that he told the truth when he said he left Reeves alive at 10:45 and that lets both of you out because of witnesses who say you were both in your own apartments before then."

"By the way," he asked curiously, "do you mind telling me what you thought happened—that you felt called upon to lie so strenuously, and I might add, very well?"

Jamieson grinned. "I'm not very good at it, am I? Well, I had left Mrs. Reeves at the door of the English House. I knew she was going up to straighten out that quarrel. I thought maybe they'd get to quarreling and that Reeves had pulled out the gun. She might have got it away from him and fired in self-defense, or at least I thought so. She—she can be very determined,

you know," he added in further explanation.

"Young whippersnapper," muttered Tim to Hall. But the frown left Ruth's brow and her smile was serene again. Young, though she was, she knew that wasn't the way a man spoke of the woman he loved or thought he loved.

The pair departed happily, the girl clinging to Jamieson's arm, and old Dan following after like some devoted retainer.

Hall rose almost as soon as the door had closed behind them. The lazy interest with which he had watched the scene had disappeared and his slender, mocking face looked tired. "I'll be moving along," he announced, his eyes fixed steadily on Tim. "Behind a cloud of smoke, I'm sure, and my presence will only impede you."

"Such an understanding soul," remarked Tim as he accompanied him to the door.

No sooner had the investigator than Tim leaped back to Lee's desk and picked up the phone. "Hall's leaving, see that he's trailed," he snapped into the mouthpiece. "Inspector's orders."

"And now, suppose you spill it," invited Lee. "What happened between you and Hall while I was upstairs. And what was that crack of his about 'much to do'?"

"Hall gave me his alibi for last week," said Tim gloomily. "He says he was in Atlantic City on a jewel burglary. And I'd wager a week's pay he knows why he gave it, too."

Behind a cloud of smoke, Lee thought out Tim's news. "Well, he still could have committed the murder," he concluded. "Remember, it's only two hours flying time between Center City and Chicago."

"He left me his fingerprints, too. You can get them off the handle of that confidence machine over there," Tim said.

"You pulled a fast one, eh?" said Lee.

"No," not especially," replied the reporter. "I have an idea he saved them to us purposely." He put on his battered felt hat, jerking it down to shade his glum face. "There is something damned cockeyed about this business," he declared at the door, "and I am going to find out what it is."

Inside his own apartment, Tim flung his hat into the big red leather chair which he had bought in an extravagant moment, tossed his coat on theavenport and disappeared into the bedroom. Five minutes later he was under the cold shower, scrubbing himself savagely.

When he returned to the living room shortly, he was freshly clothed and was struggling with his tie. Lightening a cigaret, he tossed the match into an ash tray, which, he noted with satisfaction, was empty. That meant Mandy had arrived safely this morning. Mandy didn't always arrive. She had a drunken husband and led an adventurous life. Besides, Mandy tired very easily of dusting all his books and picking up his belongings which he habitually strewn about carelessly. She needed innumerable days off.

He took it as a good omen that Mandy had been there. To hunt an empty ash tray would have been the last straw. He would probably have hurled them out the window, ashes and all, and the tenants downstairs didn't like that.

He settled himself into the red leather chair, his long legs thrown over one arm, and tried to think. But his thoughts only buzzed about uselessly. "There were too many questions he wanted answered and before he had finished dealing with one, another had intruded itself."

With a gesture of frustration, he left his easy chair, sat down in front of his desk, and opened his portable typewriter. Six crowded years of reporting had made Tim visual-minded. He could think better over his typewriter than with a pencil or with his mind alone.

He stared vaguely at the white sheet of copy paper in the machine. Then he began to tap out swiftly:

Question 1. Why did Hall leave his fingerprints and tell his alibi? The latter was intentional, I believe. Of course he might have lied to gain time, but he knew it would be checked immediately. Perhaps he didn't mean to leave his fingerprints—that I grant might have been accidental—but why? Of course, Hall isn't a careful, cautious sort but even a daredevil is apt to be on his guard in the case of fingerprints.

Question 2. What is the explanation for the show at the English House last night? The man in the third floor room last night wasn't Hall. Of that one fact I am positive. Which means that either Hall has an accomplice in Center City or that someone else has an interest in the evidence. How could either of these facts be true?

Question 3. Who was the man living in the third floor bedroom before the murder? If the fingerprints found there match Hall's—

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Successful in their first game, Coach Hank Anderson and his three assistants will present the 1934 State College Football to home folks Saturday night when State meets Wake Forest in Riddick Field. State opened its schedule with a 7-0 win Saturday night over Davidson at Greystone. Left to right the coaches are: Don Wilson, backfield; Frank Reese, backfield; Hank Anderson, head coach; and Ed Kosky, end.

Priming Pack For The Deacons

Heel Board Of Strategy Maps Plans For Vol Game

Snavely in Lengthy Session with Scouts—Tennessee Showed Them Plenty Saturday; Hear Vols Might Have Double Score; Neyland's Last Year

Chapel Hill, Oct. 2.—Carl Snavely, head football coach, and R. A. Peizer and W. D. Skidmore, who scouted the Tennessee game, had their heads together all morning, going over the Vol attack play by play and mapping out their strategy for the game Carolina plays Tennessee here Saturday.

The powerful, deceptive Tennessee freshmen and will be given in scrimmage against the varsity either today or tomorrow.

Encouraged by its 21-0 victory over Wake Forest and strengthened by the return of two injured lettermen, Jack-

"Robbie" Goes On With Gen. Johnson

(Continued from Page One.)

general's "right hand" even as he passed into retirement.

SPEEDING RAILROADS

With the passing of daylight saving time on September 30, railroads between New York and Chicago once more speed up the schedules of the average non-extra fare trains.

In view of the criticisms of the railroads that they do not keep up to date, they are eager to prove that the criticisms are a calumny against a much abused industry.

NEW STYLE

The new English super-lineer, Queen Mary, will present something entirely different in ship.

It will be on the "hotel plan". That is, one will pay so much for a room and buy his meals in any one of seven types to restaurants—to suit the purse.

There will be no classes.

Life is a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained.

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LAST TIMES TODAY

Admission 10-26c

LESLIE HOWARD
 KAY FRANCES

—IN—

"BRITISH AGENT"

Added Lloyd Hamilton Comedy
 "POP'S PALS"
 PATHE NEWS

11c-MOON-11c

TODAY ONLY

WARNER BAXTER
 ROSEMARY AMES

—IN—

"SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS"

Added: Mickey McGuire Comedy

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Admission: Matinee and Night 10-36c

On The Screen—"COLLEGE COACH" with Dick Powell—Pat O'Brien

RAY REX COLORFUL FOOTBALL PLAYER

College Station, Raleigh, Oct. 2.—Ray Rex, N. C. State's 215 pound fullback, is being spoken of as the Babe Ruth of North Carolina football.

Rex is the player fans like to pay their money to see in action. He is the most colorful player in the State and can always be counted on for at least one thrilling run a game.

Rex brought fans attending the State-Davidson game Saturday night at Greensboro to their feet frequently with his line drives, getting loose often for five and ten yard gains.

This is the last year at State for

Duke-Clemson Tilt Major Early Clash In Conference Race

Durham, Oct. 2.—Just as the Duke-Georgia Tech game here on October 13 looms as the major early season grid contest in the South, Saturday's engagement between the Blue Devils and the Clemson Tigers ranks as the outstanding game of early Southern Conference clashes.

Clemson certainly won the right to be listed as a dangerous contender for the 1934 Southern Conference championship by its great showing against a powerful Georgia Tech team in Atlanta on Saturday.

The Tigers completely topped Tech's highly-rated ground game and forced the jackets into the air to win the ball game. But for a fumble in the first quarter after they had advanced the ball to the one-yard line, Clemson might have put the game on the victory side of the ledger.

The winner of Saturday's battle in Duke stadium, which will be Duke's first home showing of the year, may be the 1934 title-holder. In any event, the game, bringing together Jess Keely and Wallace Wade for the first time as opposing coaches after years of working together at Alabama, promises to be as great a game as will be played in this section of the country this season.

CARDS GO TO SCENE OF WORLD SERIES

Starting Huriers for Detroit and St. Louis Have Not Been Announced

St. Louis, Oct. 2 (AP)—Frankie Frisch's madcap Cardinals, as co-sure of world series glory as their own great Dizzy Dean, headed for the liar of Mickey Cochrane's Detroit Tigers last night.

They were a trifle exhausted and their nerves were slightly frayed as a result of their dazzling drive past the routed New York Giants for the National league flag. No one of them knew for sure who was going to pitch in the world series opener, but to a man they were confident of twisting the Tiger's tail.

Dizzy Is Ready

"Leave it to us," promised Dizzy to the excited fans, who blew the old town wide open last night with one of the most tumultuous celebrations St. Louis has ever staged. Then the big fellow, who clinched the pennant Sunday by shutting out the Cincinnati Reds, 9 to 0, for his 30th win of the season, looked up Manager Frisch to make another plea for the right to pitch the series opener Wednesday.

Manager Frisch was set on the rest of his starting lineup, figuring to use the same team that clinched the pennant Sunday, but he was still uncertain as to the wisdom of sending Dizzy to the mound after only 72 hours' rest. He wanted to give his ace the assignment, but wanted him to get his chance at his very best.

Although the starting pitcher represented a problem to Frankie, the wis ones last night figured "Wild Bill" Hallahan would be sent to the mound for the first engagement against the heavy hitting Tigers. "Wild Bill" has had indifferent success this season, but he stood the same Tigers on their tails in exhibition games this year at Detroit and Battle Creek.

Governor Holding Trump On Leasing

(Continued from Page One.)

as rental for other properties which it has been using for years without paying rent.

Governor Ehringhaus continues to decline to say whether any officers have been received from any of the larger railroads in the State for a lease to the "Mullet" road. But the fact that he conferred at length here Monday with the members of the Morehead City Port Commission, during which there was much study of a detailed railroad map of the State, and at which statistics were regarded to the number of tons of freight handled by the Atlantic and North Carolina road and the amount available in that territory, has convinced observers here that he is holding an ace card in his hand.

It was also learned that when the receiver and other officials of the Norfolk Southern came here last week they were very confident and sure that their lease was no going to be cancelled. But when they left the

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Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is a real corrective of Malaria because it contains two things. First, tasteless quinine which kills the Malaria infection in the blood. Second, tonic iron which helps overcome the ravages of the chills and fever and fortifies against further attack. Play safe! Take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It now comes in two sizes—50c and \$1. The \$1 size contains 2 1/2 times as much as the 50c size and gives you 25 per cent more for your money. Get bottle today at any store.

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We have Suits and Topcoats for men and young men—not just a few, but by the hundreds, in every size, pattern and material.

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\$2.95, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50

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