

A CASE FOR 3 DETECTIVES

By LEO BRUCE

CHAPTER 40

"THAT'S scarcely the point," said Williams coldly after Sergeant Beef had told us how impressed he had been with the various theories advanced. "What we have to do is to decide who is guilty, and arrest him."

"Oh yes," admitted the sergeant, "I was forgetting that. I know 'oo done it, of course. But that ain't nothink—not finding out 'oo done it isn't. Why, I could never 'ave made up them stories if you'd paid me, sir. Wonderful, they was."

"Well, sergeant, you've been saying for a long time that you know who is guilty. Suppose you tell us your theory?"

"I 'aven't got no theory, sir. I wouldn't presume to 'ave, not in front of these gentlemen. I couldn't express myself like that, wotever you was to give me."

"You have no theory? But I thought you said you knew who had done it?"

"So I do. But that's nothink, sir. Not after 'earing wot I 'ave tonight."

"Well, for heaven's sake, man, tell us what you know."

"Well, it's really too simple, sir. I don't 'ardly like to disappoint you now."

"Come along. Did the murderer have an accomplice?"

"Yus. 'E did. 'E 'ad two."

"Two? Are you going to arrest these accomplices?"

"Can't do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because one of 'em's dead and the other didn't know wot would come of it."

"One's dead?"

"Yus. See, it began really when you was talking about murder stories, before you 'ad your supper." Lord Simon shivered at the word. "And I wouldn't 'arf like to know 'oo started that conversation."

Suddenly I remembered. It had been opened by Thurston. "As a matter of fact," I said, "though of course it's of no importance, I remember now." I turned to Dr. Thurston. "You probably remember, doctor? You turned to me and asked me whether I had heard any good murder stories lately. Of course the whole thing is ridiculous, but I just happen to remember that."

Dr. Thurston smiled patiently. "Did I? Very likely. I can't remember."

"Anyway, what has that to do with it?" asked Williams.

"You'll see in a minute. Well, Dr. Thurston starts you talking about murderers, and whether they gets copped. And Mr. Norris says 'e doesn't 'old wiv crime stories and that, because they aren't true to life. And so on. It was just 'ow anyone might go on."

"Well?"

"Well, when Mrs. Thurston goes upstairs, Dr. Thurston goes to 'is own room and gets dressed. Then, after Mr. Strickland 'ad come out of 'er room, 'e slips in. 'Ere, 'e says, 'I 'aven't 'arf got a good idea for a lark,' 'e says. 'Wot say we bamboozle 'em tonight wiv a murder, and see whether they can find out 'ow it's done?' 'Wot you mean, dear?' she asks. She was always a bit silly like and ready to be persuaded into anything."

At this point Williams stood up. "This is preposterous," he said. "Beef, we'll have no more of this nonsense. It is too painful for Dr. Thurston. Now . . ."

"Mais non!" said M. Picon. "Let the good Boeuf continue! He begins to become interesting!"

Beef went on. "The long and short of it was, 'e persuaded 'er



"Well, it's really too simple, sir."

"Now I'll tell you wot to do," 'e says, "When you go up to bed, don't undress, but lock your door, and shut your window. Then take this 'ere bottle of red ink, and pour it on your pillow. Get 'old of your lipstick, and paint a 'ell of a great scar across your throat. Then scream like blazes as 'ard as you can, see? We'll come and break down the door, and then we'll see whether these people wot says you can't commit a murder without being found out can see 'ow the murderer escaped! Got it?" 'e says, and she says it's O. K. Then 'e says, 'Tell you wot,' 'e says, 'I better take this bulb out of the light, otherwise they'll be able to see you 'aven't really been murdered.' And 'e does so, and chucks it out of the window."

"Then why weren't there any fingerprints on the glass?" I asked. I thought that would squash him, since obviously Thurston could not have put on a glove to do it.

"Why not? Because the light 'ad just been burning, of course. It was still 'ot. So naturally he pulls out 'is 'andkerchief to 'andle it with. See?"

I saw. I began to feel a little nervous. Suppose this blundering policeman had got together enough nonsense to look like evidence? It would be uncomfortable for Thurston to have the inconvenience of defending himself.

"Well, to go on with what 'e said to Mrs. Thurston. 'When we've got 'em on a string,' 'e says, 'we'll tell 'em it was only a joke, see? Only don't you move,' 'e says, 'till I give you the wink. We don't want to let it out too soon.' And she agrees. I knew the lady myself. She was always a bit childish, like. Anything like a bit of acting an' that would 'ave got 'er, easy. She was game for what she thought would be just a lark, poor lady."

"Then 'praps it was 'er 'oo thought of the next thing. 'Suppose someone was to run down-

stairs and phone the p'lice,' she says, 'that wouldn't do, would it?' And 'e says, 'No more it wouldn't. I'll tell you wot,' 'e says, 'I'll run down an' cut the telephone wire, then no one can't phone,' 'e says, and off 'e goes to do it, like wot we know it was done."

"Then down you all comes to 'ave your grub, and Mrs. Thurston's in 'igh spirits, because al- though she's been blackmailed a bit by that Stall, 'oo I'm going to run in presently, she knows 'e's got the sack, an' he's gone in a couple of weeks, and besides, there's this 'ere joke on, and she's like a kid with a joke. She probably kep' looking across knowin'- like to 'er 'usband, and thinking of 'ow you was all going to be took in."

"Well then, Mr. Strickland goes off to bed, and soon after 'im Mr. Norris, and then the vicar. We'll come to 'im later. And at 11 o'clock, as per usual, Mrs. Thurston gets up to go to bed. When she opens 'er door, she finds Stall standing there, leaning on 'er dressing table, 'elping 'imself to snuff. 'What are you doing 'ere?' she asks, though she knows very well 'e's come for 'is two 'undred quid. But she doesn't waste a lot of time arguing, she gives 'im the notes to get rid of 'im, and when 'e's gone she starts getting ready for 'er lark."

"Poor lady! She must 'ave been laughing to 'erself, little knowing what she was letting 'erself in for. She takes the bottle of red ink and pours it over 'er pillow (same as a schoolboy 'oo wants to get out of class pours some on 'is 'andkerchief and says 'is nose is bleed- ing'). Then she paints 'erself 'orrid round the froat, and bolts the door top and bottom. Now she thinks everything's ready, and she lays down on the bed, and lets out three screams, as blood- curdling as she can make 'em. Then she shuts 'er eyes, and waits for wotever's going to 'appen."

(To Be Continued)

posing that they disregard his ukase, he can't penalize them immediately, but his notice is to the effect that he will not take their part if they make themselves objectionable to Uncle Sam's officials and are, for example, deported. And, if they are deported—back to Germany—he can make it mightily unpleasant for them when they get there.

There is nothing empty, therefore, in his warning to Germans in this country only as visitors, to keep out of Yankee politics.

As To Citizens.

I would not have thought that we have 400,000 unnaturalized Germans in our midst, as estimated, but the principle stands, regardless of their exact number.

However, Hitler cannot dictate to Americanized naturalized Germans, or to Americans of German descent, in the event, we might cancel a naturalized German's American citizenship and ship him back to the Fatherland, but we could not do so in the case of a so-called German-American who was born here—and maybe his father and grandfather also.

And quite a few of these descend-

ants appear to be Bund members. It is necessary to consider them locally.

Stewart's View.

Now, is it permissible to tell the folk—Americans of long standing like the rest of us—that they cannot advocate Nazi-ism, as generally desirable politically and economically?

I do not like their doctrine.

I do not like Fascism or Communism or miscellaneous Socialism.

But I would not say that a Nazi, Communist, a Fascist or the advocate of any other sort of an "ism" should be forbidden to preach his own "dope", so long as he goes no farther than to advocate it.

Injunction Valid?

Yet we have had a superior court judge at Gary, Ind., recently issuing an injunction against the Volkbund from soliciting members, holding meetings, hiring halls, from vilifying race, or from attacking principles of the United States Constitution.

To be sure, it was only a temporary injunction.

Nevertheless, it struck me as queer Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

My motto would be, "Let 'em agitate indefinitely."

"Let your own taste tell you"

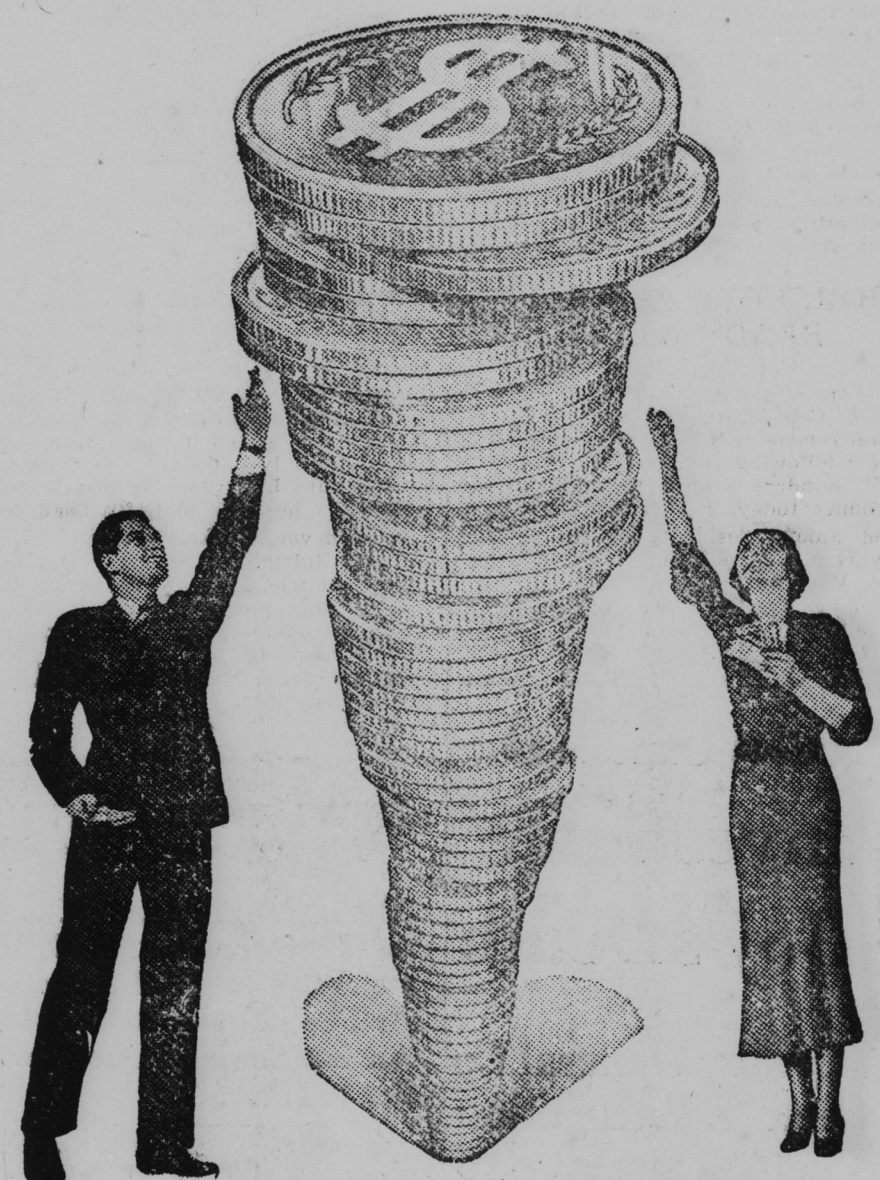
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ECONOMY STORES OFFER NEW TIRE

Two Years Research Brings Out New Safety Tire With Special Tread

A new automobile tire, incorporating a revolutionary tread design engineered to give the most positive non skid and breaking effectiveness so far developed, is announced by E. C. Mitchiner, owner of the Henderson unit of Economy Auto Stores located at 424 S. Garnett St. The tire was produced after two years of research and test by The E. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio, America's oldest tire manufacturer.

"This new tire, we believe, is one of the most outstanding contributions ever made to greater safety on the

streets and highways." E. C. Mitchiner said. "The special tread design adopted after more than 100 types have been tested and rejected, will do much to prevent those accidents caused by skidding or inability to stop quickly enough when an emergency arises."

"The new tire is now in Henderson and may be inspected at any time," Mitchiner said.

BALDWIN'S SPEECH RESPONSES VARIED

Some Willing To Fight Again for Britain's Rights; Others Denounce Program

London, March 8 (AP)—Prime Minister Chamberlain's "peace or we fight" declaration to the world brought a mixed response today from London's man-in-the-street.

To some it seemed all right.

"Sure; I'd fight again," grinned a bus conductor with a gunpowder-marked face.

Many didn't give much thought to

NAZI GROUP HERE HAS SOME RIGHTS

Hitler Has No Power Over Them, and Our Own Is Limited

By CHARLES P. STEWART, Central Press Columnist

Washington, March 8.—Herr Hitler's order prohibiting German citizens, resident or sojourning in the United States, from belonging to organizations like the Amerika-Deutsch-Volkshund or German-American Bund is all right, of course.

While they are here the reichsführer has no authority over them. Sup-

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