MURDER WILL NOT OUT"
by WHITMAN CHAMBERS

APTER VIII

instant the hall door Mogo Finelli stepped threshold, took in the ith one quick sweep of lack eyes, and started

Finelli!" Johnnie clipped. old it.

here and close that door. yourself, fellow."

re, I'll come in. But this eef, big boy."

watched him close the tep into the room. Mo- as wary as a sword His eyes were slits.

uch did you clean up e red, Finelli?"

gangster shrugged pon- alders. "About ten G's." ur billfold on the floor."

Finelli fumed. "Look-a- l you this ain't my beef. dough square, I—" on the floor."

his eyes on Johnnie's gun, withdrew a thick wallet hip jocket and threw it

ead," he moaned. "Take ke a guy's last dime. Toss my ear without—"

s one thing we pride our- here, Finelli," Johnnie's ed in a queer smile. "Our e all straight. Later we'll 00 out of that wallet and what's left. Now I want where and when and how led to the fact that this not Leland Ramage."

Finelli sighed. "A guy on has a lot o' time to read And one o' the magazines I read is called the Asiatic Weekly Review. Couple days before I got out I was reading in this review about Leland Ramage. He just come out of Tibet and was in Shanghai outfitting a big expedition to go back to Tibet again for a year.

"Yesterday I was at Glendale airport waiting for a plane to take me back to Cni. I saw this blue Petrel come roarin' in. There was a couple reporters there and I heard 'em say Leland Ramage was in the Petrel.

"Well, nobody ever said Mogo Finelli ain't quick on the uptake. I spotted this mug for a phoney. And I says to my pal, "This guy ain't pulling this gag just to get a rise out of some reporters. Let's go.' So we followed the plane down here and muscled in."

"An opportunist, in other words," Johnnie said.

"Huh? Well, maybe. But get this straight, big boy. This ain't the kind a rat, and all that, but I never ordered my mob to kill a guy that didn't have it comin'. And my mob never bumped innocent bystanders or women. I just want you to know that, big boy, because I got a little pride and I don't like to be hooked up with no mugs that—"

"Skip it, Mogo!" The sharp command came from the open door of the darkened bedroom. "Drop that gun, De Voe. Drop it and reach."

The voice was Harry Smith's The heavy automatic hardly made a sound as it plumped on the thick carpet.

Johnnie looked at Red, and his smile was tired. "Sorry, kid, I forgot the balcony."

"L. Ramage" had swept up the automatic. He said, "Nice work, Harry. "How'd you get in?"

Harry stood in the doorway, covering the room with a big police special. "I got the dough from Ruby and Hawks and the old lady, and was bringing it up when I heard the beef. I found an open door down the hall. Went through somebody's room to the balcony and came on in through the bedroom window. I been there for 15 minutes. Just wanted to see how much this long drink of water had on the ball."

"He's got plenty, Harry."

"So what?"

"So what the devil do you think." the taller crook snapped. "And you, Finelli, where the devil are you goin'?"

Fineli, who had edged toward the door, looked sheepish. "Me? Look, boys. This ain't my beef. I—"

"Yeah?" the stocky pilot jeered from the bedroom doorway. "This ain't your beef, but you came up here to collect half the take. You thought you was cocky when you muscled into our racket, didn't you? Well, you muscled in just once too often."

"Says you!" Finelli sneered. "Did you ever pick up a hot potato? That's what you dumb clucks got now, see? Three hot potatoes. And there ain't nothin' you can do with a hot potato except drop it. Now lock us in here and scram."

The pilot's laugh jangled. "That's what you think. Big Shot. You got the idea we're just gonna maybe tie you up and adhesive your mugs and take a powder for ourselves. Just an old Chicago custom. Well, this ain't Chicago. This is Mexico. And we got an old Spanish custom down here that's got adhesive backed off the map for keepin' a lug clammed up. Lee, keep your eyes on these guys."

He disappeared into the bedroom and a minute later they heard him telephoning.

"Hawks, please. In C-14. . . . Right. . . . Hello, Mr. Hawks. This is Smith, Harry Smith. I wonder if you'd care to come over here to the hotel and handicap tomorrow's card with Ramage and me. . . . . Yes, in Suite One . . . . O. K., And don't forget to bring your form chart." Harry Smith came out of the bedroom. His lips were twisted in a leer. His laugh was like the rasp of a file. "Form chart. That's good, huh? Well, mugs, this particular form chart ain't got anything to do with horses. Our friend Hawks has been studying anatomy. Neat, huh?"

"Not half as neat as the jackpot you two are in," Johnnie said placidly. He leaned back against the wall, smoothing his rumpled straw-colored hair with a steady hand. "In the first place, your friend Hawks is right now being taken into custody by our police. I left the order before I came up here."

Smith's gun hand tensed. The other crook took a quick audible breath.

"And in the second place." Johnnie went on cooly, "a gun shot from this suite would bring more house dicks swarming in here than the room would hold. "You're on a spot, you two. You'd better call it a night and give up."

The tall one's lips compressed. His shoulder jerked toward the bedroom. He rapped:

"Get the Tommy!"

With those words Johnnie De Voe's shoulders sagged. He seemed to wilt and grow preceptibly shorter, as though something had suddenly turned his backbone to rubber. He looked frightened, licked.

The burly pilot turned toward the bedroom. And as he turned, Johnnie's long lithe body shot forward. Four strides and he left his feet in a flying tackle. And in that moment of gripping silence, while Johnnie's body was in the air, the click of the hammer in the tall crook's gun rang sharp and crisp. There was no explosion.

Smith half turned as Johnnie's shoulder drove into his thighs. Knocked ten feet into the bedroom, the stocky crook went down on his face with a dull crash.

Before he could roll sidewise and bring his revolver into play, Johnnie had his gun wrist in his left hand. Johnnie's right fist swung in a long vicious loop, landed dead on its mark at the base of the brain. Smith went limp and the gun rolled from his fingers.

Johnnie caught it up, scrambled to his feet and leaped back to the living room door. He brought up there, watching Red Munson dodge and drive a right and a left into the man's face.

The crook staggered backward, raised the gun again. Johnnie barked:

"Hold it"

And as the two men checked themselves, he ordered, "Drop that gun and put your hands up."

The tall fellow sullenly obeyed and Red backed off, puffing. "That gun he took from you wasn't loaded," Red grunted. And added, with a sudden grin, "Lucky for you."

Johnnie smiled. "The clip is full, but there's no shell in the chamber. I just wasn't taking any chances. A gunshot in a place like this might start rumors that would ruin Fuente's reputation."

"The demon press agent to the end," commented Mogo Finelli, with a calm laugh.

"Look out!" Red Munson yelled.

Too late Johnnie heard the gurgle of water behind him. He lurched sidewise and the water carafe in Harry Smith's hand struck him just above the left ear, glanced onto his shoulder, knocked him to his knees. He put out his hand automatically.

Red jumped toward the tall crook. The latter sidestepped neatly, turned, leaped, came down with both feet on Johnnie's right hand. The husky pilot batted Johnnie's head again with the water carafe, tumbled over him, came up with the revolver. He squatted on one knee, barked:

"Easy, you mugs! Take—it—easy!"

Johnnie tried groggily to pick himself up and sprawled on his face. Red, standing in a half crouch with fists clenched, watched Johnnie and cried:

"You dirty rats- "I'll get you for this!"

The tall crook knocked Red down with a long right. He kicked him twice in the face before Munson scrambled to his feet and backed off, cursing in a low, bitter monotone.

(To be Continued)

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British Envoy Asks More Aid

Lord Lothian (right), British ambassador to the U. S., chats with Major General Barton Yount and Mrs. Yount at LaGuardia Field, N. Y., after returning from England by clipper. General Yount was a fellow-passenger. The envoy reported Britain is coming "to the end of her financial resources" and must get more U. S. aid if she is to survive.

Uncle Sam Is Ready To Deliver Your Christmas Gifts – Are You? Mail Early

When Christmas comes around Uncle Sam faces his greatest responsibility in the tremendous delivery task for his army of mailmen. But annually this job is carried through cheerfully, efficiently and with elaborate preparation.

Yet, the final answer to this problem of delivering Christmas gifts before Christmas Day, rests on the sender—determined by the time the gift was bought and when it is mailed. This year, more than ever, mailing of Christmas gifts should be done as early as possible.

There is good reason why "mail early" this Christmas becomes a Christmas slogan equally important as the traditional "shop early" emphasis.

Firstly, business conditions are improved, forecasting a greater measure of Christmas gift joy for more people, and correspondingly a heavier Christmas mailing season.

Secondly, the burden will be further increased because of the defense measures. With hundreds of thousands of men participating in America's defense mobilization, many of whom will be unable to return home for the holidays, mailing of gift packages to them adds a new delivery problem.

Thirdly, the post office department faces a perplexing and difficult problem in the dispatching of gift packages to foreign lands.

Every one of these problems can be more easily solved if senders of Christmas gift packages will cooperate with the post office by mailing early.

Gifts will be delivered to men in service anywhere in the country as though they were civilians, without trouble or delay.

Gifts sent to foreign lands, especially to Europe, must face war embargoe on parcel posts and disrupted transportation facilities in many countries.

However, some nations have no such limitations yet, and early mailings may reach their destination without undue delay. You can get a list of foreign lands that will receive such mailing from you local post office.

Christmas gift packages to Central and South America afford no difficulty and letters as well as Clippers mails will find smooth deliveries. But all such mailings should be early, advises the post office.

More than ever this year, the post office is urging citizens to get their gift packages out early and their usual campaign beginning on November 1, takes on added significance due to the factors mentioned above.

Your link between the boys serving Uncle Sam in national defense and home is the post office.

Gift senders will find happy cooperation from the mailmen in quick, cheerful service.

The joy that such Yuletide expressions will bring is certain to infuse a heightened spirit and patriotic significance to these men. A Christmas gift package is a symbol of warmth and unity between the boys at camp and the folks at home.

Mail them early.

Pisgah Forest Wardens Trying To Trap 300 Deer

Utilizing an ingenious box, live trap developed over a period of years, game wardens of the Pisgah National Game Preserve are conducting a systematic live deer trapping program for the transfer of deer to other refuges for stocking purposes. The trapping season will extend through the winter months and forest officials have set as their goal, 200 deer trapped and transferred to new homes in new forest game protected areas in the southwest.

King's Heart to Battle

In Robert Bruce's last years he wished to join a military expedition to the Holy Land. Knowing that he would die before fulfilling his desire, he requested his friend, Lord James Douglas, to take his heart after death and carry it into battle. Douglas placed the heart in a silver casket and carried it into the battle in which he perished. One of his knights recovered Bruce's heart and took it back to Scotland, where it is buried in Melrose abbey.

An acre of ground may contain 50,000 earthworms.

The
RIGHT WAY
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LONG DISTANCE CALL

When placing out-of-town calls you will always get GOOD service, but you will get the QUICKEST service if you do it this way . . .

In the case of a Person-to-Person call,* first give the Long Distance Operator the name of the place you are calling, including the state, and then the name of the person you wish to reach and the telephone number if you know it. If you do not know the telephone number, give the person's address.

Give your own telephone number when the operator asks for it. Your information given in this order enables the operator immediately to start making the connection.

When placing a Station-to-Station call,** make this clear by first saying, "Station-to-Station." Then give the name of the place, the state and the telephone number. If you do not know the telephone number, give the operator the name and address under which the telephone is listed.

Give your own telephone number when the operator asks for it.

* A Person-to-Person call is one where you ask to be connected with a particular person at a distant telephone. Timing of a Person-to-Person call does not begin until the person you want is on the telephone.

** A Station-to-Station call is one where you merely ask to be connected with a distant telephone. The charges on a Station-to-Station call begin when the distant telephone answers. This service costs considerably less than Person-to-Person service.

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