

# THE WAYNE MURDER CASE

By ARTHUR HOERL

CHAPTER I.

Robin Dale at the night desk was looking up the telephone with a sharp click, swung around in his creaky chair, adjusted his heavy horn-rimmed glasses and peered in squinting fashion through office. At the far end of the room, hunched over a typewriter, he spotted the object of his speech.

"Dale — something good," he called in a throaty voice.

Robin Dale straightened up, took one look at Pop Beacon and grabbed his coat.

"What is it, Pop—murder?"

"Nothing less, boy. Go up to the Wayne place, just off the Drive at about One Hundred and Eightieth. The old man's been bumped off and there's a lot of mystery about it."

"Really at the D. A.'s office just called me. There's a big story in this, Dale, and I'll hold the spot in the first edition for it. So go out and get it!"

Robin Dale hurried out into a misty rain-driven night. It was late October and the rain, driven on the first chilling blasts of oncoming Winter, sent a coldness penetrating to the marrow of the bones. He set huddled up in a corner of the taxi

business, which needed no betterment. He sent a trusted employe to the penitentiary for defrauding him and then adopted the employe's homeless child. He was a confirmed bachelor, for his much-printed-and-disputed creed was that a woman gave nothing to a man but took everything—his money, his time and even his name.

Dale had framed a nice little feature on the sidelights of the Silas Wayne tragedy by the time his taxi turned into the driveway of the estate. The house was set back a hundred yards from Riverside Drive on a lot of land which stretched to the Hudson River. The

tically and motioned Dale in and shut the door.

"Who killed the old man, Sarge?"

"The chief and the D. A. himself are in there now trying to figure it out. There's something queer about this whole thing."

"Before you explain, let's have a cigarette."

Jardin held out a pack of cigarettes with a grimace of disgust which required no utterance of words. Dale took one, lit it and propped himself on the edge of a small table.

"Now let's have it."

"Well, today Wayne sends for a man from Central Office, says he was here tonight at eight. The man says me. At eight we

to fight over it. I can still hear that laugh when he said these wouldn't be anything to fight over when he got through giving them their legacies. Then, as he reached to the desk for some papers, he suddenly collapsed and fell face down across it. For a few seconds no one moved until the doctor went to the old man's side and took hold of his pulse. A queer look came over the doctor's face as he lifted the old man back into his chair. One of the women gave a piercing shriek for these, stuck in Wayne's heart, was a dagger!"

Jardin paused. Dale dropped the cigarette into the little tray and stamped it out nervously.

"You were there when it happened? You mean he was killed right under the eyes of eight watching people?"

"Just shaded there's something unnatural about it. Nobody nearer than ten feet, no dagger thrown or we'd have seen it couldn't possibly have killed himself, even if he had a reason for which he didn't want to die through his heart and not a chance for trick contraptions about the desk because I investigated."

"Well, I might just as well get busy and figure it out if I want to get the big story in the morning paper."

"I suppose you'll tell us who did it. Between

giving advice on 'grubbin' cigar-ettes, you'll be makin' yourself a pest."

Suddenly, high-pitched, angry words came to them from the living room. "Why don't you let her alone? You see she doesn't know anything about it. If Silas Wayne was murdered, it wasn't any more than he deserved!"

"That's the doctor. I got a hunch he knows more about this whole affair than we think."

"Let's go in and see what's developed. That's better than playing hunches. If you're really interested in crime, Sarge, I ought to tell you that it's a very exact science."

Before Jardin could reply Dale had opened the door to the living room, where the investigation was under way.

(To Be Continued)



As he reached the desk for some papers, he suddenly collapsed and fell face down across it.

big, old-fashioned, turreted house set like a broad, horned spectre against a dull background of leaden sky. Dale dismissed the cab and hurried to the porch. The desolation of the place, the moaning of the wind through the bare branches of trees, the incessant patter of rain on the dry, dead leaves, all seemed to give grim forebodings of tragedy and sent a shiver through Robin Dale's body. He dropped the knocker and a sharp report echoed hollowly at the far end of the porch.

It was a long moment before the door was opened, but finally it swung back and in the dimly lighted hallway stood Sergeant Jardin, from Central Office.

"Lo, Sarge. Cheerful sort of a place, isn't it?"

Jardin grunted unenthusias-

go upstairs to a musty old library that's enough to give a fellow the creeps. I still don't know why I was there because the old man never got that far. There was Wayne; his nephew, Claude Wayne, who's his secretary; Robert Wayne, another nephew; Sarah Boulter, a niece, and her husband; Gloria, the old man's ward; Miss Sheen, his housekeeper; a Doctor Bailey, who had been attending Miss Gloria, and myself. Nine in all. First Wayne insists upon seeing that all windows and doors are closed and then the goes behind his desk. The minute he started to talk I felt creepy all over, not only at what he said, but the way he said it. He told them he got them all together to let them know what he was going to do with his money so they wouldn't have

## Seventeen Receive Grants From The Rationing Board

Seventeen persons and firms received favorable action on their applications to the local rationing board during the past two weeks, it was learned from the clerk, Miss Winnie Kirkpatrick.

The group includes the following: Cicero Crawford, of Waynesville, logging operator, 1 truck tire; Farmers Federation, of Waynesville, delivery of feed and fertilizer, 1 truck tire and 1 truck tube; West Mining Company, of Waynesville, mining operations, 1 truck tire; Grace Lumber Mills, of Lake Junaluska, lumbering operation, 2 truck tires and 2 truck tubes.

Joe Welch, of Waynesville, lime and farm hauler, 1 truck recap; Underwood Lumber Company, of Waynesville, lime and lumber hauler, 2 truck recaps; W. E. Green, of Clyde, route 1, lumbering operations, 2 truck recaps.

Rev. L. C. Stevens, of Dellwood, minister, 1 passenger tire (obsolete); B. E. Price, of Clyde, route 1, farmer, 1 passenger tire (obsolete); John M. Spivey, of Waynesville, supervision and maintenance of orchard, 4 passenger tires, 2 tubes (obsolete).

Mrs. Turner Gaddy, of Waynesville, transportation of defense workers, 1 passenger tire (obsolete); George H. Ruff, of Waynesville, general taxi, 2 passenger recaps; Raymon Blanton, of Waynesville, food supplier, 2 passenger recaps; W. W. Davis, of Waynesville, mining operation, 2 passenger recaps.

G. C. Hooker, of Waynesville, defense worker, 1 passenger recap; John E. Barr, of Waynesville, food canning supervisor, 2 passenger recaps; M. O. Galloway, of Waynesville, lumbering operation, 2 passenger recaps.

### LOOKING BACK TO AMERICA 20,000 YEARS AGO

A cavern discovered in Arizona reveals the presence of a strange tribe which may solve the mystery of the Folsom man of America's ancient past. Don't miss this interesting article in the October 25th issue of

The American Weekly  
The Big Magazine Distributed With The  
BALTIMORE  
SUNDAY AMERICAN  
On Sale At All Newsstands

## THE FLAG

It's the sun of California  
It's the rugged coast of Maine,  
It's the pines of Carolina,  
It's the covered wagon train,  
It's a bugle call at Yorktown,  
It's a clipper in the bay,  
It's a rustic bridge at Concord,  
It's a soldier lad away,  
It's a country's shining glory,  
It's red, white and heaven's blue,  
It's an emblem and a beacon,  
It's the banner of the true,  
It's the prairie and the forest,  
It's the hunter's lonely camp,  
It's a homestead on a hilltop,  
It's a housewife's evening lamp,  
It's the joy of good companions,  
It's a pleasant evening's end,  
It's the happiness of children,  
It's the handclasp of a friend,  
It's the magic of the mountains,  
It's the rivers and the sea,  
It's tolerance and courage,  
It's a people brave and free,  
It's the kindly deeds of neighbors,

It's forgetting race and creed  
It's the good works done together  
It's a hand for one in need;  
It's a lookout's lonely vigil,  
It's a worker at his trade,  
It's a haven for the outcast,  
It's a stout heart undismayed,  
It's the sunlight and the starlight  
It's the rainbow in the skies,  
It's humanity triumphant,  
It's the grandest flag that flies  
—JOE COLTON

To foil enemy bombers, Britain has dispersed her huge production all over the country. Parts of tanks are made in 6,000 shops and then assembled. Underground quarries have been converted into factories.

Commercial information pertaining to 600,000 foreign business firms is available in the files of Department of Commerce.

# NOTICE

## To All Voters

Registration Books will be open at the voting places in each precinct in Haywood County on the following Saturdays:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24

Saturday, October 31, will be Challenge Day. All voters who are not registered and who desire to vote in the General Election to be held November 3, should see the Precinct Registrar on one of the two Saturdays listed above.

C. G. BRYSON, Chairman  
Haywood County Board of Elections.

TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate (As Recorded to Monday Noon Of This Week)

Clyde Township  
Florence Jones, et al to R. J. Jones, et ux.  
Florence Jones, et al to H. M. Jones, et ux.  
R. J. Jones, et al to Florence

Jones.  
Pigeon Township  
G. W. Williams, et ux to H. A. Osborne.  
J. B. Sentelle to W. W. Russell.

Waynesville Township  
Board of Missions of the M. E. church to William J. Ashworth, et ux.

Get In the Scrap

It's A Fact  
It requires as much power to carry 20 tons of four-engine bomber through the sky as is needed by a crack passenger locomotive to haul 1,000 tons of cars and tender over the rails.

Direct price control is one of the most formidable administrative tasks ever undertaken by our government, according to the Department of Commerce.

# NOTICE

## Regarding Absentee Voting In General Election of Nov. 3

Applications for Absentee Voter's Ballot May Be Made to the Chairman of the County Election Board.

Before Making Application, All Persons Are Urged to Read the Following Sections of the State Law Concerning Absentee Voting This Year:

Section 1. Any qualified voter of the State who finds that he will be absent from the county in which he is entitled to vote during the day of the holding of any general election, or who by reason of sickness or other physical disability will be unable to travel from his home or place of confinement, to the voting place of his precinct, may vote in any such general election, in the manner as hereinafter provided.

Section 2. Such voter, not more than thirty days, or less than two days prior to the date of such general election shall make application, in person, by some member of his or her immediate family (husband, wife, brother and sister, parent and child only) or by mail, in writing, to the Chairman of the County Board of Elections of his county, for an official ballot to be voted in such general election. Provided that said two days minimum shall not apply to voters becoming unexpectedly physically disabled to attend the polls.

C. G. BRYSON, Chairman  
Haywood County Board of Elections.



THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT OVER NINETY PER CENT OF THE EMPLOYEES OF Carolina Power & Light Company ARE BUYING U. S. WAR BONDS THROUGH THE PAY ROLL SAVINGS PLAN

Henry Morgenthau Jr.  
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Julian Pines  
CHIEF CLERK

Ch. Robertson  
STATE ADMINISTRATOR