

# Another THIN MAN

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO GOLDWYN MAVER PICTURE  
By HALSEY RAINES



**WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR:** Trying to solve the mystery of who killed Colonel MacFay on his Long Island estate, Nick Charles is saved by Lois MacFay from a bullet fired by Dudley Horn, Lois' fiancé. Horn is killed by police, and Nick goes on to collect data about Phil Church, the principal suspect in the MacFay murder. Mrs. Bellam, MacFay's housekeeper, discloses to Lois, an adopted daughter of the Colonel, that she is really her mother. Arriving at the West Indies Club, Nick finds his wife Nora there, also scouting about. Nick talks to Dum-Dum, Church's faithful Cuban servant, and to an underworld character, Cookie, who tells him of Church's former girl friend, Linda Mills. As Cookie is about to make other disclosures, Dum-Dum knocks him down, and a general noise starts.

Copyright 1939 by Loew's, Inc.

### Part Three

The sounds of shattered glass, crashing tables and feminine screams were mixed with those of fists colliding with faces. In a minute a police whistle sounded outside, and in another minute somebody had found a way to get the lights on.

Nora found herself alone in the middle of the dance floor with Nick. The club was virtually deserted; the police alarm had sent everybody scurrying.

Neither Nick nor Nora observed the two swarthy, roughly dressed men who were watching outside the building as they came out.

Nick's next thought was to check up on Linda Mills. Spending the time in the Chestover cab, he asked Nora to wait, then gained permission from the landlady to look at Miss Mills' quarters.

Her room was an odd mixture of Oriental furniture, rare books and art curio. It was something else, however, that fascinated Nick: a bullet hole concealed on the wall, behind the picture, and an odd, scorched spot on the carpet.

He was bending down when a strident voice cried: "Put 'em up!"

The thugs who had trailed him from the club had come up the fire escape.

"Turn out that radio!" one of them commanded. "Got any 'Famous Last Words'?"

Nick permitted himself to be backed to a chair. All at once another "Hands up!" sounded. The time it was Lieutenant Guild and a plain clothes man, climbing in the window.

"Gee, Nick," said Guild, "It's a good thing you phoned me to trail you."

know it'd be this soon. I'm dressing again. Charles. Only this time it's about you."

"You'd better be psychoanalyzed," said Nick.

Church disregarded the levity. "Twice I've seen you dead in my dreams," he went on, "and each time you were mugged up just the way MacFay was." He glanced at Nora. "If you don't want to be a widow, Mrs. Charles, cause I'm going to have that third dream."

"I'm packing right now!" Nora murmured.

"Okay," replied Church. Slowly he backed toward the open window, keeping them covered. Turning quickly, he crawled out on the ledge leading to the apartment next to Nick's.

Suddenly, with a terrifying sharpness, a shot rang out. Nick and Nora, peering out the window, saw the figure of Phil Church waver momentarily on the ledge, then plunge sickeningly to the sidewalk, four stories below.

Amid the shouts and disorder down below, a crowd was collecting. Two policemen were striving vainly to keep order. A taxi, shut-

threatens MacFay . . . everyone is sure he did it. Then, when things look blackest, he walks into the hands of the law. His plan is to get tried for the murder, spring a sure-fire alibi, and walk out of that court scot free.

"You mean that all that time he had an alibi?" asked Van Slack disbelievingly.

Nick nodded. "He had it, but he didn't want us to know it. That's why Dum-Dum beat up a drunk last night when he started to give it away to me. His alibi was playing poker with some important people at Mr. Vogel's while the murder was being committed. Vogel knew I'd found out, and sent some man to kill me."

"Was that it?" cried Van Slack.

"Okay," nodded Vogel gruffly. Nick turned now to study the circle of tense faces. "Let's imagine this is MacFay's room," he said. "His bed over there . . . a newspaper . . . glass of water . . . books."

Arranging the various replicas, Nick turned out his own gun, and propped it against one of the books, in contact with the bare floor. Then he reached for the floor lamp, and ripped the cord

paper from under the gun. The water was acting as a perfect conductor between the two ends of the electric light cord. There were sounds of sizzling and spitting.

All at once the heat of the current, passing through the water, touched the fuse link on the hammer of the gun. With a click, the hammer was released. The gun went off.

"It worked!" cried Nick, triumphantly. "The trick I just showed you gave the murderer five minutes to get an alibi. There was only one person who could get that particular alibi."

He turned to face Lois, amid gasps of bewilderment.

"Church planned this trick and you carried it through!" he cried. "That's why Church had Smithy to stooge for him . . . so no one would suspect him of being mixed up with another woman. You were alone with Church and Dum-Dum. That's why your dog leaped them go and come as they pleased . . . that's why your dog stood up on his hind legs, as the prints showed, with his paws on the killing shoulders when he got his throat cut!"

"What are you saying?" cried Lois, apparently the picture of malignant innocence.

Freddie, wild-eyed and deadly pale, rose and faced Nick.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "I killed MacFay . . . I did it!"

Nick pursed his lips. "Careful, Freddie!" he warned. "Remember what happened to Horn when he tried to protect her."

"What . . . who do you mean?" stammered Freddie.

"Horn must have known she committed the murder," continued Nick. "He knew if it was pinned on her, his chances of marrying her and her money were gone. So he had to protect her. He was frantic to get me off the case. When I went out on the grounds looking for Anita and that knife, he felt it would be fairly safe to shoot me."

Nick turned to Lois again. "You were afraid of Horn — of the fact that he might break and give you away. Besides, you were really stuck on somebody else — Freddie. So you let Horn go out to get me, then you ran on ahead and warned me, so I'd have time to draw a gun on him. Then you pushed me out of the way of his bullet, feeling I'd shoot him in self-defense. That's just what I was going to do when the police stepped in and did the job for both of us."

Lois stared at him. "What chance could there be in my killing Father?" she demanded.

"Because you wanted his money, and you wanted it now."

"Why, Father gave me everything I needed," said Lois. She hesitated, eyes darting back and forth.

"That wasn't your kind of life," rejoined Nick. "Your kind of life is the Linda Mills life."

"Linda Mills?" interjected Van Slack.

"Yes, L.M. for Linda Mills and Bob MacFay. Linda Mills . . . in whose apartment there's a scorched spot beside the bed and a bullet hole in the wall . . . where this trick was rehearsed."

"You can't say these things!" cried Freddie.

"It's easy enough to prove," said Nick. "Just as easy to prove as it is that you shot Church. We'll just take her over to see the landlady at the Chestover."

Realizing at last that she was trapped, Lois dropped all further pretense and, with a haughty manner, her voice was cold and calculating as she turned to Van Slack.

"Okay," she said, "let's go along." As the others shook themselves from the spell they had been under, Anita's sharp premonitory bark was heard from the next room. Nora darted for the door.

"Excuse me," she explained. "That's the signal that it's time for the baby's next bottle."



"Twice I've seen you dead in my dreams," said Church.

ting past, stopped abruptly, while Van Slack and Lieutenant Guild got out.

"What's going on?" cried Guild.

"Phil Church was just shot," said the plain clothes man. "We nabbed a man and woman. They were the only ones around."

The prisoners were Smitty and Dum-Dum, the birthday party having broken up, had joined an oddly assorted group of people in the Charleses' living room.

Within a few minutes Smitty and Dum-Dum, the birthday party having broken up, had joined an oddly assorted group of people in the Charleses' living room.

"He'd go free," said Van Slack.

"Suppose after you freed him, you found out he was guilty . . . that he'd planned the whole thing. What could you do?"

"Not a thing," admitted the other.

"You mean you'd let him get away with it?" interposed Nora.

"We'd have to," said Van Slack.

"You can't try a man for the same crime twice. If he's acquitted, he could even boast he did it and we couldn't touch him."

"That was Church's plan," said Nick. "His idea was to advertise himself as the murderer, while his accomplice did the dirty work. He takes a house on the island"

from the socket. Taking the two ends of the wire, he placed one in contact with the cap of the shell, the other half an inch away.

"This trick should work," he said. "Church planned it and Church was an engineer. Just one sheet of newspaper will do . . . thanks . . . now for the water."

Nick poured the whole glassful on the newspaper, directly over the hammer of the gun. It rested there in a pool, between the support of the books.

"MacFay didn't fire the shot everyone heard," said Nick. "He was dead when it went off. The murderer staged this whole thing . . . just the way I did, to make it look as if there'd been a row. The trick provided the change for him . . . or her . . . to get away and establish an alibi."

"That broken wrist eliminates a woman, doesn't it?" asked Van Slack.

"It's easy enough to break a dead man's wrist," said Nick. He turned to Mrs. Bellam. "You were the last one to see Colonel MacFay. What time was that?"

"About midnight. Suddenly she lost her wits and self-control. But you can't say I did it!"

"You were going to get a hundred thousand when he died," cut in Van Slack.

"I didn't know it," protested Mrs. Bellam.

"Don't give me that. You knew Church. You planned it with him. Didn't you? Didn't you?"

Mrs. Bellam shook her head wildly. "No! I didn't!"

"Look, Nick!" cried Nora, suddenly, pointing to the paper. "It's smoking!"

Everyone turned. The water had gone through the newspaper by

THE END.

Guard, Portsmouth, Va., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lane visited Miss Miriam Lane, in Norfolk, Va., last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Cullipher, of Merry Hill, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sammie Riddick.

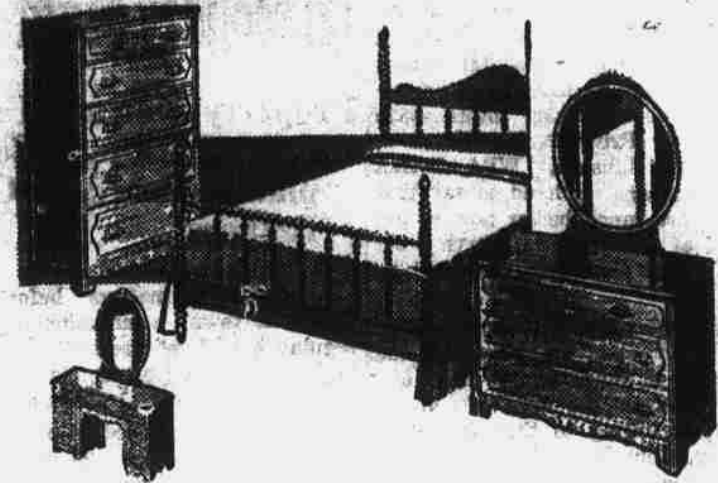
Mrs. A. U. Winslow spent Saturday night and Sunday in Norfolk, Va., with relatives. Miss Clemma Winslow, who had been visiting relatives in Norfolk for the past two weeks, accompanied her back home.

## Quinn's First Store-Wide Sale IN 20 Years

Everything in this entire stock of over \$50,000 drastically reduced, except nationally advertised goods. The values are so compelling . . . the assortments are so great . . . the quality in each price range is so meritorious — that we say with conviction, "This is one sale you can't afford to miss." These are only a few of the values that are in store for thrifty shoppers. So, come expecting the biggest bargains of the year!

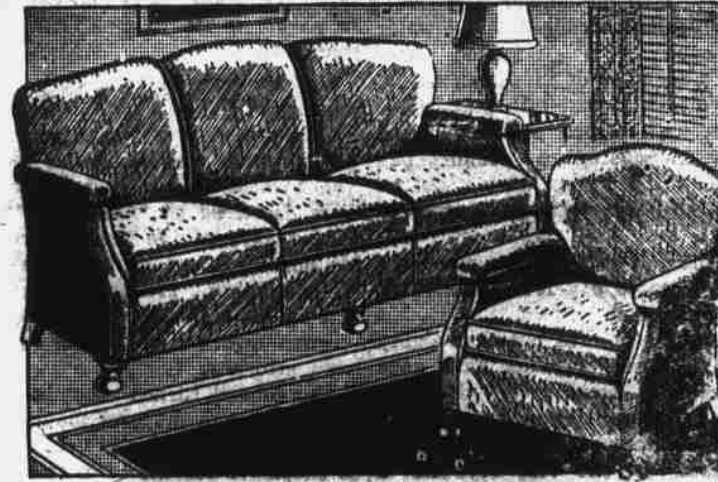
Because we are reducing our entire regular stock to such extremely low prices, no merchandise will be charged and no trade-ins will be accepted at these prices.

### CASH SALE!



3-piece Poster Bed Room Suite with Large Chest and Triple Mirror Vanity  
REGULAR \$49.50—WHILE THEY LAST—

Sale Price—\$29.50



3-piece Living Room Suite with Reversible Cushions in a Variety of Colors and Covers  
REGULAR \$64.50

Sale Price—\$39.50



9x12 Felt Base Rugs  
Variety of Patterns. Regular \$5.95

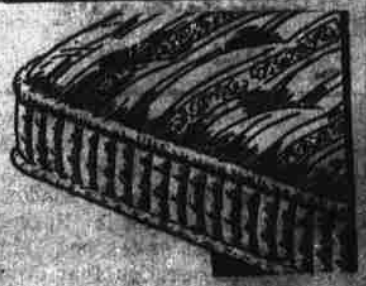
Sale Price  
\$2.95



7-Way Indirect Floor Lamp  
Regular \$6.95  
SALE PRICE  
\$3.95



PART WOOL DOUBLE BLANKET  
(70x90) Regularly \$3.50  
Sale Price \$1.85



Full 55 Pound Cotton Double or Single Size MATTRESSES  
A Limited Number  
Sale Price \$3.95

QUINN FURNITURE CO.  
608-215 N. PONDEFTER ST. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

## Larceny Leads In Charges Against Children In Jail

Most of the children put in county jails in North Carolina during the four-year 1936-1939 period were taken into custody on charges of larceny and breaking and entering. W. C. Ezell, director of the division of institutions and corrections of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, said this week.

Jailed in 1936 were 1,331 children under 16; the number lowered to 1,070 in 1937; dropped to 883 in 1938 and last year was down to 784.

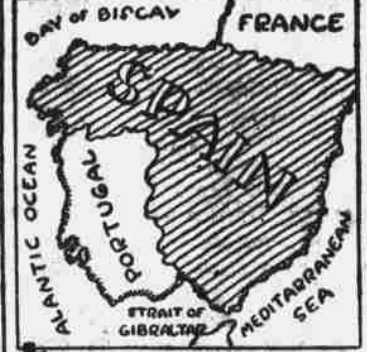
Said Mrs. W. T. Bost, State Welfare commissioner, in commenting on the decrease: "This reduction is very gratifying to the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, but it has not been made without great effort. Even yet many children are put in jail without the knowledge of the county welfare officials."

The 784 children under 16 jailed last year "includes 97 in Buncombe county held in what the Buncombe juvenile court calls 'detention quarters' but which are termed a jail in view of the interpretation placed on the law by the State's attorney general," Ezell explained.

Other counts on which incarcerations were made ranged from murder, arson and forgery to violation of the liquor laws and investigation, with the largest number other than the larceny group falling under the investigation classification.

One white boy by the name of Church was booked because of "disturbing religious worship" during 1939. In the last three years a total of 187 children under 10 years of age were placed in quarters where they come in daily contact with

### DO YOU KNOW—



That Spain, according to the census completed March 31st and announced recently, has a population of 22,127,699. The last previous census figure, in 1920, was 21,347,335—nearly a gain of a million.

hardened criminals, the director said. Boys and girls 10 years old and under were placed in county jails last year in the following counties: Cabarrus, Carteret, Caldwell, Cleveland, Craven, Cumberland, Edgecombe, Gaston, Greene, Polk, Pitt, Randolph, Robeson, Rockingham, Rutherford, and Wilson.

### WHITESTON NEWS

Mrs. Miriam Lane, of Norfolk, Va., was the week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lane.

Mrs. DeWitt Winslow, Mrs. Edna Winslow and Alvah Winslow visited Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane, in Hertford, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Kate White and children spent Monday in Hertford with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Winslow.

Leverette Winslow and Pat McCellan, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Winslow.

Willard Baker, of U. S. Coast

## Farmer Friends:

FOR BETTER YIELDS FROM YOUR FIELDS

## Use SCO-CO Fertilizers

There Is a SCO-CO Fertilizer For Every Crop

Manufactured By

The Southern Cotton Oil Co.  
HERTFORD, N. C.