

"So long as the death was listed as suicide, everything was all right. Murder made it different. Cerroni could talk and Fielding went there this afternoon and the old man probably didn't know it was murder yet and they had a drink and —"

"And if you hadn't come when you did," Mary said. "He'd be dead now."

Remembering how close he had come to postponing his hunch, Standish shivered unconsciously. If he had kept his date with Louise, she would still be his girl, but Cerroni . . .

He saw again the two pictures on the buffet and the poor neat room and somehow he did not feel so

badly. He looked at Mary and saw the warm glow in her cheeks and the way her brown hair framed her sweet young face. He thought, *She's lovely, and she understands.*

He felt his grin come. He pushed up in his chair and all at once, though he did not know why, he felt better. "Hey," he said. "I'm hungry. How about you?"

"Yes," Mary said.

"Then let's eat." Standish rose and pulled her with him. "Get your coat," he said. "A martini and then some food, huh?"

She bobbed her head. She didn't say anything; but her eyes did and what Standish saw there was sufficient.

ALIBIS ASSORTED

A Cincinnati man, explaining to police why he stole three white-wall tires: "I found one and needed three more to match it."

A Chicago man, arrested for drunkenness: "I really didn't intend to drink the whole bottle all at once, but I lost the cork."

Washington police who caught a man working with file and pliers on the back door of a local church were told by the offender that he was merely seeking "spiritual guidance."

A man in Wellington, New Zealand, told a court that he had jumped from a theatre balcony into

the lap of a woman seated below in order to practice what to do in case of an earthquake.

A patron in a Mexico City restaurant, explaining why, after eating 100 sandwiches and refusing to pay his check, he stuck around until police appeared: "I was so full I couldn't move."

A nurse of Youngstown, Ohio, who, ignoring a railroad brakeman's red lantern and driving her car around him, crashed into a train: "I didn't want to stop in that neighborhood after dark."

PAUL STEINER

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In this issue—**CATCH A KILLER** by **ROBERT MARTIN**

Beautiful Francine Hopkins was worth a couple of million dollars but the four men who wanted her didn't even know it. They wanted something else and one of them had a head start. Bandleader Johnny Wingate looked like the winner—he was a two-timing crumb and a heel-of-sorts but you couldn't tell Francine that; especially after they found him dead with a .38 slug in him.

Next issue — on newsstands July 24th, will feature a full book-length original novel, **EPITAPH FOR A VIRGIN**, by **ROBERT ARTHUR**. Max London wasn't looking for trouble when he went to Dunn's gambling casino—it was just a matter of checking on some IOU's. But when he left, Dunn was flat on the floor, there were \$30,000 in IOU's on the table, and Dunn's girl was standing there with a look in her eye and nothing on from the waist up. Max had no time for her just then. He had stumbled on something that couldn't wait, something that made even the \$30,000 small-change. But before he

