



The swiftness of the man's attack surprised the cop

Strictly Scientific

By JAMES DONNELLY

Calder was a cop's cop, but he was smart enough to make use of science when all the routine methods failed!

CLAY HALLOWELL ran slim, short fingers through his hair. "I tell you I didn't kill her!" he cried.

Homicide Chief Tom Calder frowned. He was worried. This young man he was questioning wasn't a bum, someone picked up in a dragnet. The papers had a name for him—"scion."

He had money. His old man was a power in the city. Already the D.A. had neatly passed the buck to Tom Calder.

"Take complete charge of this case, Calder," he had said. "Remember that I want sound evidence before I touch it."

Chief Lanser had been more explicit:

"Don't pull a boner in this one, Calder. Be right. I wouldn't want to have to send you back to the sticks if you're wrong."

Well, you couldn't blame the chief. He was looking after his job. So was the D.A. So was Tom Calder, but his job was a little

more difficult.

He was a Homicide cop and there had been a homicide and every clue pointed directly to this young man sitting before him in his expensive tweeds.

"Mr. Hallowell," Calder said patiently, "you should realize the position you're in. Telling the truth will make it easier."

"I've told you the truth," Hallowell said wearily. "When I arrived at the Burroughs', the butler told me that Ann was swimming. It was hot and she often cooled off in their pool."

"You went there?"

"As I said, I found Ann under a beach umbrella beside the pool. She was dead. Choked to death."

Calder nodded. They'd been over the story time after time. Each time Calder had hoped for some variance, some small thing that would give an opening, a wedge for him to pry wider. But young Hallowell had not

varied the story.

"Miss Burroughs' brother says that you quarreled with her earlier in the day."

Hallowell looked sullen. "That's right."

"What about?"

Calder watched the man closely. This was information he had not sprung before.

"I don't see what bearing it has on the case," Hallowell snapped.

Calder snorted. "Be adult, Hallowell. A girl is murdered, and you've quarreled with her a few hours before. It has a darned important bearing on the case! Don't try that attitude!"

"If Carl knows that we quarreled, why doesn't he tell you what it was about?"

Calder's lips tightened. "All right, he did. He says that she returned an engagement ring to you this morning. That you became pretty violent about the whole thing—made some threats."

Hallowell looked suddenly deflated. He relaxed in his chair and stared in front of him with vacant eyes.

"I guess I was crazy," he said hoarsely. "Crazy about Ann—and then crazy because I was losing her."

"Why did she break the engagement?"

"She said she simply had stopped caring for me."

"You threatened her?"

"I guess I did. I said a lot of wild things. Later, after I had left, I called her and she said she would see me in the afternoon. She was going to the Red Cross center to do some volunteer work. When I got to Burroughs', I found her—"

TOM CALDER thoughtfully rubbed his lean chin. He'd seen men before who were crazy enough about a woman to kill the woman when he lost her.

"Did you kill her?" he asked abruptly.

Expression came back into the young man's face.

"No! I've told you! I didn't kill her! I—"

His lips quivered and he stood, his eyes fixed on the detective in a wild gaze.

"Can't you understand?" he cried. "I loved her! I couldn't kill her! Maybe I said things—maybe I was half crazy because I was losing her! But I didn't—didn't kill—"

His voice jerked into sobs.

Calder sighed. The man was becoming hysterical.

"All right," he nodded. "That's all."

Hallowell was taken from the room and Calder paced worriedly until a telephone bell jangled. He picked up the instrument. It was Chief Lanser.

"Get anything?" the chief rapped.

"No. He still says he didn't do it."

"Holding him?"

Calder sighed wearily. "No, I'm turning him loose and putting a tail on him. You said to be careful, didn't you?"

"Yes. His old man has a corps of lawyers already on the job. We've got to watch our step. The mayor called me awhile ago."

"Some day I'm going to quit this job."

There was a silence and then the chief's voice: "I know how you feel. We all do. I'd like to work that spoiled kid over myself, only—"

"Sure. Skip it. I'll keep the kid gloves on."

He picked up a notebook and looked through notes he had taken. Clemens, the butler, had been able to volunteer little except for one observation that bothered Calder now.

He had asked Clemens: "Did Miss Burroughs seem unduly perturbed when she left the house in the morning?"

"Not especially," Clemens had said. "In fact, I should say that she seemed relieved about something. She was laughing with Mr. Burroughs when they went out. He was to donate some blood to the Red Cross and she was teasing him about the 'coming ordeal,' as she put it."

"Was she still in good spirits when she

returned?"

The butler had looked troubled. "No, sir. It struck me that she was very worried or annoyed when she returned. She was earlier than usual and her face looked quite pale."

"What did she do when she came in?"

"She asked if Mr. Burroughs had returned. He hadn't. She decided to swim as it was so hot. He returned shortly afterward and joined her at the pool for a half hour or so and told me that Miss Ann would see Mr. Hollowell down there, when he came back to the house. Mr. Hollowell arrived a half hour later or so."

The butler could add nothing more to that and Burroughs had confirmed his sister's upset condition upon her return and attributed it to the quarrel with Hollowell earlier in the day.

A UNIFORMED cop stuck his head into the office, and Calder closed the notebook.

"Burroughs is still out here," said the cop. "He wants to know if you need him any more."

"Send him in," Calder decided.

Carl Burroughs was a large, handsome man in middle age. His black hair and dark skin were in direct contrast to the blondness that had been his sister's. Now he looked haggard and shaken by his sister's death.

"If you no longer need me," he said, "I have quite a bit to do. Funeral arrangements and—"

"I understand," Calder said. "There are a few more questions. I just finished with Hollowell."

"He confessed?" Burroughs asked tensely.

"No. He admits the quarrel and the threats, but he denies the murder."

A quick anger flashed in Burroughs' eyes.

"He did it! If you people can't handle—"

"Take it easy," Calder interrupted.

"We're doing everything we can. If he's guilty, we'll tag him."

Burroughs relaxed.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "This is all a great shock to me. As you may know, Ann and I had been apart since early childhood. Our parents were divorced, and I went with my father to Europe. He returned five years ago and was here when Ann was in a car accident, but I didn't return. He died two years ago, shortly after my mother died. Ann and I corresponded. I returned home last fall—a war refugee. Since then, Ann and I have had our first time together. It's been wonderful. To have this happen—well I guess I'm not quite myself."

"Did she seem to take Hollowell's threats seriously yesterday?"

"They worried her. I went to town with her. In college she took a great interest in science and laboratory work. She'd volunteered her services to the Red Cross, typing blood at their blood-donor center. I went with her yesterday to donate my share. On the way, she said she was afraid of Hollowell."

"Did she have any other enemies?"

"Not that I know about. Hollowell is your man."

Calder nodded slightly. "It looks as if you're right, but I have to get evidence."

"Let me know if I can help you more," Burroughs said.

"Thanks for your cooperation."

"She was my sister," Burroughs reminded the detective coldly.

The men regarded one another silently. Burroughs extended a large, capable hand.

"I know you'll convict Hollowell," he said.

After Burroughs was gone, Calder glanced at his strap watch. It was nine o'clock, but still light in the wartime evening. He had been on the case since four o'clock in the afternoon.

He had called his wife to tell her not to

wait dinner, and now he left Headquarters and stopped at the first cafe. He ate a large dinner and finished with two cups of coffee, his eyes narrowed in thought.

TEN minutes after leaving the cafe he followed an attendant to a table where a white sheet covered Ann Burroughs' body. The attendant removed the sheet.

The girl had been beautiful, but the agony of her death had contorted her features.

Carefully Calder inspected the girl's throat where bruises from throttling hands appeared. Suddenly he placed his hands over the cold skin and then motioned for the attendant to lift the girl's head.

Calder bent over and looked at the discoloration that extended beyond the tips of his fingers.

This was the second time he had checked the marks, and now he stepped back and stared at the body.

"You must have something to work on," the attendant suggested. "This is your second look at her."

"I don't know," Calder said.

After a moment he thanked the attendant and left. There was little more that he could do until morning, except, perhaps, spend a sleepless night trying to find the answer to the problem that bothered him.

His wife was knitting an army sweater when he arrived home.

"Kids gone to bed?" he asked.

"Early," she smiled. "Jimmy's scout troop is collecting old paper in the morning and Sarah Jane couldn't stay awake another moment. You've had a hard day, Tom. You look tired. Is it the Burroughs case that was in tonight's paper?"

He sank into an easy chair and took off his shoes.

"That's the one," he sighed. "It's one of those influential family affairs with everyone passing the buck."

"I met Miss Burroughs once," his wife said. "At Red Cross. She had something to do with the blood donors."

Calder leaned back and shut his eyes. It was good to be home with his wife's soft voice in his ears and the comfort of his easy chair.

"I guess I'd better go down there tomorrow," he said.

"They could use your blood, Tom. They need it so badly. They dry it and have it ready for our fighting boys when they need it."

Tom opened his eyes and stared at her. Then he grinned.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "Sometimes I forget there's a war!"

MISS BLAIN, trim and efficient in a white uniform, expressed her shock about Ann Burroughs' death the next morning. She and Tom Calder sat in the privacy of her small office at the Red Cross center.

"She was one of the best workers we had," Miss Blain said. "We all thought a great deal of her."

"She was doing laboratory work for you?"

"She classified the blood donations into types. She was highly trained in laboratory work."

"Did she seem in good spirits yesterday when she arrived?"

A frown clouded Miss Blain's forehead. "Especially good. She brought her brother for a donation. Some time after he left, she came in to tell me that she was leaving early. She seemed very disturbed."

"She didn't say why?"

"No. I asked her if anything was wrong, but she said not. However, she acted as if she had received a shock."

"You have no idea what may have caused it?"

"I'm sorry, I haven't."

“Did she receive any phone calls?”

“No. The call would have come through this office, and I would have known. But she made one. I left the office while she talked.”

“She didn’t leave here at any time?”

“She worked steadily, until she came in to tell me she was leaving.”

“She had a place where she worked? A place where she might have left anything?”

Miss Blain nodded. “She had a laboratory bench. It has a drawer. There might be something there.”

She took the detective to a small room furnished as a laboratory.

The bench where Ann Burroughs had worked was neat and clean. Calder opened a drawer. A few personal belongings were in it. A compact, rubber gloves, several clean handkerchiefs, a fountain pen, pencil, and a scratch pad.

Calder took out the pad and scrutinized the notations written on the top sheet:

AB! O. M-O, F-O. Mathiew’s?

“Have you any idea what these letters mean?” Calder asked.

“Blood types,” Miss Blain explained. “Blood, as you may know, varies in different persons. AB is a type. So is O. I don’t know what the M or F could mean, although I believe there has been some work in agglutinogens M and N.”

“How about Mathiew’s?”

Miss Blain was thoughtful. “It might mean Dr. Mathiew’s at the Medical Center.”

Calder thanked her and was about to leave when he hesitated.

“You need blood donors pretty badly?” he asked.

“Desperately.”

Calder rubbed his jaw. “I’ll be in when I clear up this case. I imagine I have some to spare.”

Miss Blain smiled. “Bring a friend,” she suggested.

DR. MATHIEWS was gray-haired, sharp-eyed and large. He sat at his desk and nodded a brief greeting to Calder.

“What can I do for you?”

Calder identified himself and the case he was on. Mathiew’s nodded.

“It was a terrible thing. I’d known Ann since she was a child.”

“Did she call you yesterday?” Calder asked.

The doctor looked a trifle surprised.

“Yes. Shortly after noon.”

“Could you tell me what you talked about?”

Mathiew’s hesitated a second. “I don’t see why not. She asked me to check the case history of her accident injuries five years ago.”

“Anything in particular?”

“Yes. Several transfusions were necessary. Her mother and father—he was in New York at the time and we sent for him—both donated blood. She asked yesterday what their types were. Said she wanted to be sure.”

“What were they?”

“Both of them had type O.”

“You could use it for Ann, of course?”

“Naturally. In fact, the check was actually routine as long as they were the parents.”

“I suppose Miss Burroughs’ blood was type O?”

“According to Mendel’s Law of Heredity, it could be O and nothing else. It’s about the only grouping that works out that way.”

“Did she ask anything else?”

“That was all. She’s been doing work of that sort at the Red Cross. I suppose it was in relation to her work.”

“Can you give me any information that might help us solve this case?”

The doctor shook his head slowly. “I’m afraid not. From what I gather from the newspapers, it would appear to me that

young Hallowell is guilty. He—well, I've attended him for years. He's not too stable emotionally. Almost neurotic, in fact. But I shouldn't like to be quoted on that. I'm not a psychiatrist."

Calder left the medical center and returned to his office.

Chief Lanser cornered him within moments. He was flushed and obviously worried.

"Trouble's breaking loose on that Burroughs case!" he erupted. "The papers indicated that we suspect young Hallowell and the old man is putting on the pressure. We've got to break this in a hurry!"

"Maybe we will," Calder smiled tightly.

"You're picking up Hallowell? You have got evidence?"

CALDER stood at his desk and nodded abstractedly. After a moment he pulled out a desk drawer and rummaged until he found a battered book titled: *Modern Criminal Investigation*.

"I think maybe Sodermann and O'Connell might help on this," he remarked.

Chief Lanser watched him with puzzled eyes. After a moment he snorted.

"*Something'd* better help us!"

Calder thumbed the pages and finally studied a chart. Abruptly he closed the book and stared for a long time at his desk surface, nodding occasionally.

He reached for a telephone and then asked for a connection.

"Miss Blain? Calder of Headquarters speaking. Could you read to me the complete results of the tests Miss Morrow made yesterday? . . . Fine! I'll wait."

His finger drummed on the desk for several moments and then he listened intently. Finally he interrupted: "AB? You're sure about that? . . . Thanks!"

He broke the connection and then thoughtfully lifted the instrument again. He asked for "Grady."

"Grady? Calder. That Burroughs dame wore a blouse, didn't she? Bring it to my office." He replaced the telephone.

He sat back and after a moment he carefully shaved lead from a pencil until he had a small pile on a sheet of paper.

Lanser stopped pacing and stared at him.

"What are you doing now?" he snapped.

"Getting ready to take a chance," Calder said. "I'm either going to break this case in a hurry, or I'll be pounding the sticks for a long, long time!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I've gone strictly scientific, Chief," Calder said. "Strictly scientific!"

Calder was late returning from the County Clerk and Recorder's office where he had spent an hour going through records from the probate court. He smiled broadly as he hurried to his office. In the last hour he'd learned several interesting things about the Burroughs family.

In his outer office, young Hallowell and Burroughs waited. Hallowell looked distraught and nervous. He jumped when Calder slammed the door behind him.

Burroughs was dressed in a dark suit. He wore a mourning band on his arm.

He watched Hallowell with a set, stonelike expression of hate.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Calder said. "Be with you in a moment."

He went into his private office and closed the door. Chief Lanser sat behind the detective's desk, impatiently smoking a cigar.

"All right," he barked. "They're outside like you ordered. What's the score, Calder?"

Calder shook his head and picked up his telephone.

"Send in Czenick to take dictation and you can bring in Hallowell and Burroughs. Bring in fingerprinting equipment."

He opened a desk drawer. Chief Lanser got out of the detective's chair and took one across the room.

REMOVING a neatly folded woman's blouse from the drawer, Calder placed it on the desk as Hallowell and Burroughs were brought in. The blouse was the one which had been worn by Ann Burroughs.

Czenick, a small, dark man, glanced at the lanky detective and settled down at a table with open notebook and poised fountain pen. A cop placed fingerprinting equipment on the desk and stood back.

"I want Hallowell's prints," Calder said bluntly.

Hallowell started. His eyes widened a little.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Why do you—"

"Just give us the prints, Hallowell. I'll explain later."

Hallowell looked around the room with worried eyes and then shrugged.

"Take them," he assented.

While the cop went about his task, Calder handed a sheet of typed paper to Burroughs, who read his own statements of the day before.

"Correct?" Calder asked.

"Absolutely," Burroughs said, and returned the paper. Calder handed it to an assistant who left with it.

Calder watched the cop finish Hallowell's prints.

"Take him outside," he ordered. "I'll call for him later."

An attendant took the young man out and closed the door. Calder sat back in his chair.

"I think we've broken the case," he told Burroughs.

"Fine! I'm glad you have evidence enough to convict him!" Burroughs said.

Calder snapped. "They always make a mistake. This time it was fingerprints. We've gone a long ways with prints lately. Few persons realize that we can even get them from cloth. The murderer left some on Ann Burroughs' blouse collar."

He unfolded the blouse and displayed the

collar. Several fingerprints showed up plainly, dark against the whiteness of the material.

"Nice job in the laboratory," Calder remarked. "Those prints are as clear as we could want. They have photographs of them down in the lab. They will check them against Hallowell's and we'll know in a few moments if they're his prints on the cloth. I thought you'd like to be here to fill in details, if necessary."

Burroughs nodded. He lit a cigarette and squinted through the smoke.

"I'll be happy to see the case finished," he said. "Of course, he was the only suspect. There couldn't be much doubt."

Calder shrugged. Across the room, Chief Lanser stirred restlessly. Czenick continued to take notes.

A heavy silence came over the room for five minutes, and then the door opened and a cop came in with several papers. Calder spread them on his desk and studied them closely, his face showing sudden displeasure.

He looked at the others in the room.

"The laboratory tests show that the prints on the blouse are *not* Hallowell's," he announced.

He looked back at the desk and after a moment his lips became thin. He picked up a sheet filled with typing and turned it over. For several moments he compared the back side of the sheet with a photograph and then again read an inter-office memo.

"Burroughs," he said pleasantly. "Maybe you can help us."

Burroughs frowned and sat forward in his chair.

"Something has disturbed me about this case from the start," Calder said. "I checked the bruises on Ann Burroughs' throat. They extended all the way around and met in the back. Did you ever notice Hallowell's hands? He's nervous – runs his fingers through his hair a lot.

"They're slim, small hands with short

fingers. I believe he'd have trouble inflicting such bruises on her throat.

"I matched my hands against the marks. My hands were too small and they are larger hands than his. It would take very large hands—for instance, such as yours, Burroughs."

Burroughs shook his head, puzzled. "But the fingerprints should—"

"Something else bothered me," Calder interrupted. "Her quarrel didn't disturb her greatly yesterday, but something happened after she was at the Red Cross that did. She came home quite upset."

He stopped to glance at the stenographer who was busy taking down every word. Czenick glanced up and nodded.

"So I did quite a bit of research today," Calder said. "Scientific and otherwise."

Lanser cleared his throat nervously.

"I investigated blood types, Mendel's Law of Heredity, and Mrs. Burroughs' will, filed in probate court. She left you fifty thousand dollars, Burroughs. Three times that to Ann."

Burroughs straightened. "That's right, but I don't see what—"

"Burroughs," Tom Calder snapped, "your blood was typed yesterday. It's type AB. Ann's was O. It had to be because both of her parents were type O. *And they could not have children whose blood was type AB.*"

Burroughs watched the detective with expressionless eyes.

"Let us suppose," Calder continued, "that Ann's brother in Europe knew a man quite well. He told the man all of his family affairs, about his sister, the money he had inherited. Suppose that Burroughs died, maybe murdered, and that man saw an opportunity to come to America and take his place. Ann had not seen her brother since babyhood—she wouldn't know him. The parents were dead. He could step into Burroughs' shoes and inheritance.

"Suppose he did. One day he offered to donate blood to the Red Cross. His supposed sister worked there and typed his blood and discovered that he couldn't possibly be her brother, because his blood was AB whereas her parents could only have children with type O. You'll find the explanation in this book, Burroughs."

Calder held up the book on crime he had studied.

"She returned home," he went on, "and accused the man who posed as her brother. Realizing that he was discovered, he killed her. He knew about the quarrel she had with Hallowell and that Hallowell was returning later. He would shift the guilt to Hallowell and not only keep Burroughs' inheritance, but get Ann's as well."

Calder stopped. Burroughs stared at him with intent eyes, lips pale.

"The so-called brother told about his blood donation. He knew we probably would check Ann's activities. Concealing his Red Cross visit might provoke suspicion. Ann probably admitted that she had informed no one of her discovery, so he was reasonably safe."

Burroughs leaped to his feet.

"This is a frame-up!" he cried.

CALDER smiled and held up the typed paper. "The statements you read," he explained. "Your fingerprints were recorded on the back of the paper when you handled it a while ago. It was easy to compare them with those on the blouse. We believe we can locate other refugees who knew the real Burroughs in Europe and can identify you as an impostor."

A wild look appeared now in "Burroughs' " eyes. He looked around nervously toward the door. A uniformed cop standing there was watching him.

"Want to make a confession now?" Calder asked quietly.

Instead of answering, the man called

Burroughs bolted for the door. The cop there hauled out his gun. Burroughs grappled with him, and the swiftness of his attack surprised the cop. Burroughs' fist came back, ready to deliver a blow.

The cop slapped sideways with his gun. Stunned, the man called Burroughs sagged toward the floor. The cop and Chief Lanser helped him back to his chair. All the fight had gone out of him now.

"I—I'll confess," he mumbled. "Ann's brother died in Europe when we were getting out. I saw a chance to take his place—we looked a little alike. I got a forged passport. Yesterday Ann discovered about the blood. When I met her by the pool she accused me. I didn't know about blood types or Mendel's Law. I killed her, just as you had it figured out."

* * * * *

Calder and Chief Lanser were in Casey's back room drinking beer.

"Our laboratory must be pretty good," Lanser enthused, "getting those prints on the blouse."

Calder grinned. "Those were my prints, Chief," he said. "I put 'em on with lead pencil shavings. But Burroughs didn't know that. He assumed that they were his and our taking Hallowell's prints for comparison made him think those on the blouse probably were authentic."

Lanser stared at him. "You mean you staged that whole affair?"

"Well, I had the motive when some notes on Ann's scratch pad—an M for mother and an F for father—a talk with Dr. Mathews and Mendel's Law tipped me off. But I needed a confession. We lacked evidence to convict." Lanser's mouth was open in surprise.

"Reminds me!" Calder exclaimed.

He motioned for Lanser to follow him to a telephone booth where the detective dialed a number.

"Miss Blain? This is Calder again. About that blood donation. I'll be in tomorrow morning."

He hesitated to grin at Lanser.

"And I'm bringing a friend!" he added.