

# FILED IN PERSON

By C. K. M. SCANLON



JOHN BARSTOW, district attorney, did not understand his wild-eyed secretary. "You called me here to your apartment to tell me you had located 'Gunner' Overholt who sent your sister to prison for manslaughter," he said slowly. "With that Malone confession we have—"

A gun was shoved against his back from behind a screen where Diana Wayne had been standing. Gunner Overholt, himself, wanted killer, stepped out. "Miss Wayne wants the keys to your office, mug," the thug directed Barstow.

Barstow understood. The dying statement of 'Whitey' Malone, written on the back of a police circular of Anne Wayne, now on file in his office, identified Overholt himself as the Davidson murderer.

Instead of obeying, John Barstow whirled and grappled with Overholt. The killer brought down his gun and knocked the prosecutor unconscious.

When Barstow came to, he was alone in Diana's living room, bound hand and foot. Groaning, Barstow writhed convulsively. In a few moments he was free. Rushing to the street he hailed a taxi. He must get to the municipal building in time!

Getting a duplicate set of keys and a gun from the night watchman, Barstow rushed up the back stairs. There were a few tricks about his office that might save the situation yet. He visualized the layout—reception room, main office, filing room, and the alcove exit behind the files that was so handy to spirit witnesses out unseen.

Silently Barstow entered the suite by this back way. He crept forward to the narrow opening between the right-angled barricade of filing cabinets. He heard the sound of shuffling papers in the filing room, and cautiously peered in. Diana was bending over an open drawer. Overholt was menacing her with his gun.

"Quit stalling!" snarled the killer. "Get that damn mugsy of your sister quick! Ah! That's it. Lemme see the back. 'I seen Gunner Overholt shoot Henry Davidson—' That's it! Here's a match. Burn that damn evidence right now!"

There was the scrape of a match and a soft gasp from the girl. It was now or never. Swiftly Barstow pressed a little button on the alcove wall. Instantly a buzz sounded in the main office. Diana and Overholt jerked around, startled. The killer's gun swung doorward. Barstow pushed forward with leveled gun.

"Drop it, Overholt!" he snapped.

Diana uttered a cry and dropped to the floor, frantically beating out the flame eating into the damning circular. Overholt whirled with a curse, and Barstow covered him.

"Thank God!" breathed the girl. "I couldn't warn you at my house. He made me call you. I hoped you might trick him somehow."

"How the hell did you do it?" snarled the murderer.

"I just buzzed the signal to the main office that a witness was safely out of the way," Barstow informed grimly. "The star witness this time, Overholt. Thanks for coming in and sort of filing yourself to complete the case."