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DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
Thrilling Fiction and Detective Mysteries of Real Life
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OF THE
ASSASSIN
BY ANTHONY WYNNE
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COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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The Illustrated Detective Magazine

VOLUME 1

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director
Catherine McNelis—Publisher

NUMBER 6

Cover Design from Painting by J. Erbit

Kenneth W. Hutchinson—Managing Editor
Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren à Hiller

Applicant for Membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations

Published monthly by Tower Magazines, Incorporated. Office of publication at 184-10 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and editorial offices: 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Home office: 22 North Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Hugh Weir, Editorial Director; Catherine McNelis, President; Theodore Alexander, Treasurer; Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary. Vol. 1, Number 6, May, 1930, printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada $1.80 a year, 15c a copy. Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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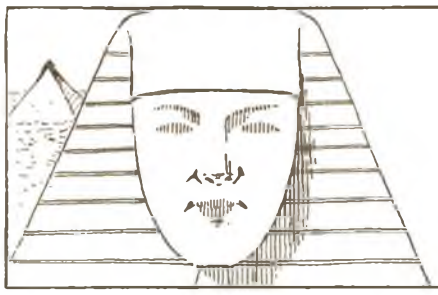


AT THE SIGN OF THE SPHINX

Conducted By
F. Gregory Hartswick

Can You Solve These Brain-Teasers? In Case You Can't Get Them All, Turn to Page 91

SQUARES AND CROSSES

SOME of the prettiest puzzles in the world come from the Greek Cross and its relations to the square. A Greek cross, you know, is a cross formed of five squares. You can see this by looking at Fig. 1. The dotted lines show how each of the arms of the cross is a square equal to the central square.

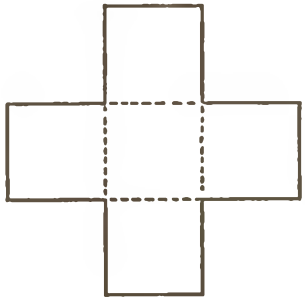


FIG. 1

Now, if you make cuts as shown in Fig. 2, snipping off a little triangle from each arm of the cross, you can fit the triangles into the notches left in the cross to make a square, as in Fig. 3. The cuts, it is clear, are made from one corner of an arm to the middle of the opposite side.

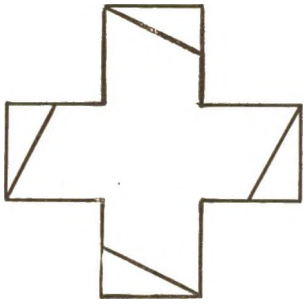


FIG. 2

This divides the cross into five pieces which can be put together to make a square. We can see that to find the length of one side of the square all we have to do is to draw a line from the corner of one arm of the cross to the corner of the next arm, as in Fig. 4, where AB is the side of the square required. Now here is a puzzle: cut the cross into only four pieces which will fit together to make a square.

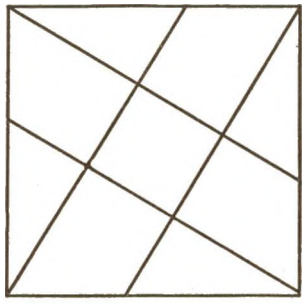


FIG. 3

When you have succeeded in that, try cutting the cross into four pieces which will make a square, having the four pieces of exactly the same size and shape. We will remark that you can always divide a Greek cross into four pieces which will form a square by drawing only two straight lines, which cross each other—the same as making two straight "cuts" with a pair of scissors, assuming that you held the two pieces together after making the first cut.

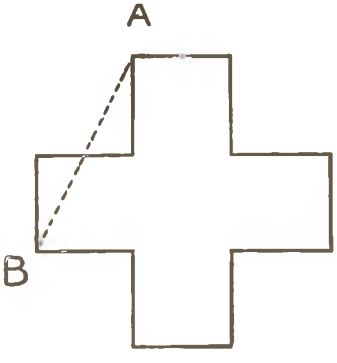
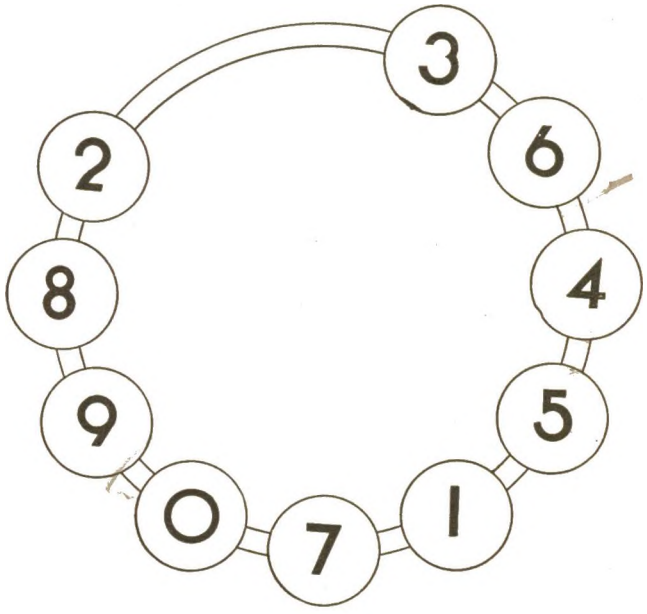


FIG. 4

Here is another puzzle based on what we already know about the Greek cross: take a strip of paper one inch wide by five inches long and cut it into four pieces which will go together to make a square.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Below we see ten counters arranged in a circle. Let's imagine that these counters can slide on the circle, as though they were studs set in a circular groove. You will notice that they bear the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 0 in a rather scrambled order. Our puzzle is to divide them into three groups by sliding them on the circle, so that one group multiplied by another



(Illus. A)

will give the third. The figures in each group are always to be read in a counter-clockwise direction as indicated in the following. For instance, we might divide them into the groups 907—1546—328; but unfortunately none of these two groups multiplied by another gives the third. If you are lucky, or if you see an obvious-looking combination immediately, you may solve the puzzle instantly; otherwise it may take considerable ingenuity.

THE FAMILY REUNION

At one of those family reunions that one occasionally hears about there were present one grandfather, one grandmother, two fathers, two mothers, four children, three grandchildren, two sisters, one brother, two daughters, two sons, one father-in-law, one mother-in-law, and one daughter-in-law. This would, apparently, make twenty-three people; and yet there were only seven people at that party. Can you explain this?

First sweeping HOLLYWOOD··then BROADWAY and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS··

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the loveliest complexions in the world

YOU can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do . . .

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, white soap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep *your* skin lovely just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars! You will be delighted with its instant, soothing lather. Use it for your bath and shampoo, too. Order several cakes—today.

LUX Toilet Soap *Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake..NOW* **10¢**

McFarland fired one shot squarely into Richardson's body.

From a Contemporary Print

By Marjorie Mears

Albert D. Richardson Wrote a Love Letter to Mrs. Abby Sage McFarland Which Fell Into Her Husband's Hands. Thus Began One of the Most Sensational Criminal Cases New York Had Ever Known Before Harry Thaw Came from Pittsburgh.

"DARLING, I should be afraid if you had fascinated me in a day or a week. The trees which grow in an hour have no deep root. Ours I believe to be no love of a noonday hour, but for all time. Only one love ever grew so slowly into my heart as yours has, and that was so tender and blessed that Heaven needed and took it.

"My darling, you are all I would have you—exactly what I would have you in mind, body, and estate; and my tired heart finds in you infinite rest, riches, and sweetness. Goodnight, my love, my own, my wife.

"Burn this, will you not?"

When Albert D. Richardson penned those passionate lines, he signed his own death warrant.

That letter, which is too long to be quoted in full, was the motivation of a tragedy which, in 1869, was as widely discussed as the Thaw case, three decades later, or the Rothstein shooting today. Indeed, it had curious points of similarity to both cases.

Richardson's letter to Abby Sage McFarland came into her husband's hands by one of those insignificant accidents which seem to work with the perfection of a machine, timed, oiled, and set in motion, by some band of malignant devils.

One day Daniel McFarland strolled into the office of the New York *Tribune*, where he was a familiar visitor. A careless office boy, observing only the surname on the envelope, handed him a letter.

"Here's a letter for you, Mac," he remarked, as he tossed it down upon the counter.

McFarland looked at the letter as it lay there like some hooded cobra waiting to strike. It was addressed to Mrs. Abby Sage McFarland, care of Samuel Sinclair, *Tribune* office, New York. He recognized Richardson's handwriting. And as further proof of its authorship, there was his monogram on the back, A. D. R.—stamped in red sealing wax. Deliberately, McFarland picked up the letter and pocketed it. Quietly he left the office, carrying with him the proof of a love affair which he had long suspected, between his wife and the man who had pretended to be his friend.

For three years, ever since his wife had met Richardson at a summer resort in the White Mountains, McFarland had been tortured by jealous suspicions because of their growing intimacy. What he read when he opened that letter removed the last doubt, and brought him back to the *Tribune* office three days later—murder in his heart, a pistol in his pocket.

Twilight had fallen on the late November afternoon when Daniel McFarland again entered the newspaper office. His duties as City Assessor often took him to the neighborhood. He had many friends among the profession, and it was his custom to drop in for a chat whenever he passed the building at the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets.

No one noticed anything unusual about his appearance. *Tribune* employees testified afterward that his manner had seemed rather nervous, and his eyes were bloodshot, as if he was under the influence of opium. An old friend who met him just before he entered the office remembered that he had looked doubled up—and queer. But the clerks in the counting-room were too busy at the time to pay much attention to a pair of watchful, bloodshot eyes.

McFarland inquired for Mr. Sinclair, publisher of the *Tribune*. Mr. Sinclair was out, and his visitor seemed willing to wait. For a half hour he chatted with the clerks about the weather, the current revolu-

THE DEATH WARRANT

tion in Cuba, and the activities of President Ulysses S. Grant. Apparently he was merely killing an idle hour.

But Daniel McFarland was there to kill more than an idle hour. There was a method in his casual move around the counter. He sat down on a stool behind it, in the shadow of an enormous pillar. For the next half hour he sat and watched the clerks who were busily sorting the mail.

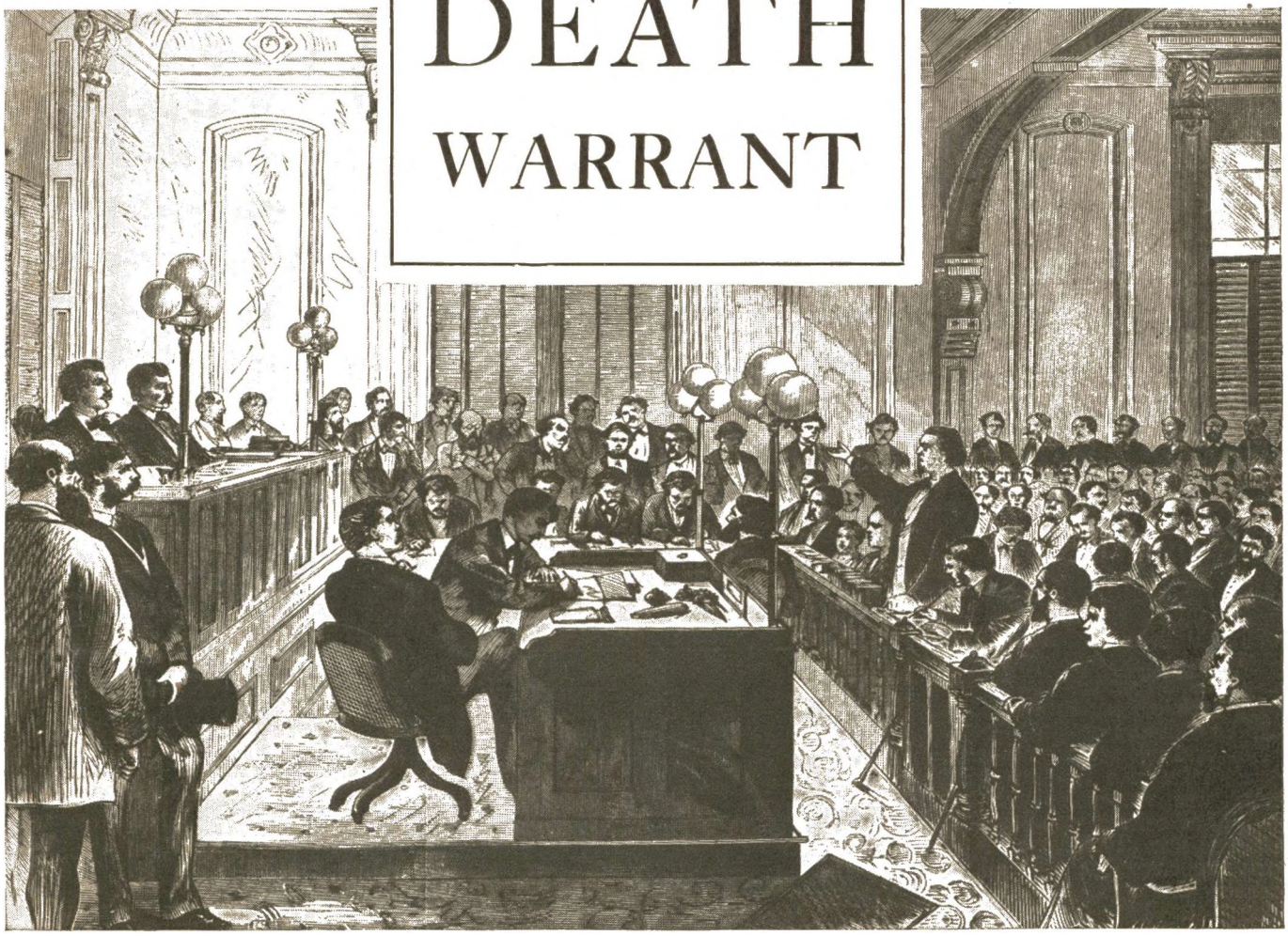
The usual office routine buzzed around him. Within a few feet an accountant was adding a column of figures. A gentleman called to look at the newspaper file. Another came in to purchase a morning issue of the paper. It was five o'clock, and reporters were arriving for work. Some were already upstairs grinding out the day's stories of battle, murder, and sudden death, unaware that under their very noses, on the floor below, there was soon to take place a tragedy that would fill the front pages of every New York newspaper.

Unseen, from his seat behind the counter, McFarland could survey the entire office. Through the front door came Albert Richardson, one of the *Tribune's* star reporters. Richardson paused to glance up at the clock. Then he came across the room to the counter and asked for his mail. The eighteen-year-old advertising clerk who turned aside to get it was Daniel Frohman, now one of America's foremost theatrical producers. As Frohman gathered up two papers and several letters, McFarland stepped forward from behind the pillar. Only the four-foot counter separated him from Richardson, who was standing, turned a little aside. Steadying his arm against the post, McFarland dropped his pistol to the counter level and fired one shot across it, squarely into Richardson's body.

Mr. Frohman was stunned by the report. The other occupants of the room were too stupefied to try to detain the murderer. In the ensuing confusion, he ran around the end of the counter and escaped. Richardson staggered up against it. Then, with incredible stoicism, he turned quietly, walked out of a door, and up four flights of stairs to the editorial office of Mr. Stowe. Here he laid calmly down upon a sofa and asked the editor to send for a doctor as he had been shot.

Dr. Charles V. Swan, resident physician of the Astor House, was hastily summoned. He found that Richardson had been shot through the stomach. Except that the ball took a downward course, whereas Arnold Rothstein was shot in the abdomen from below, their injuries were much the same. And just as Rothstein is said to have walked unaided down to the street, so Richardson had managed to pull himself up the long flights of stairs.

Doctor Swan probed unsuccessfully for the ball. Realizing the serious nature of the wound, he directed



From a Contemporary Print. Sketch by Stanley Fox

The first day of the McFarland trial—scene in the courtroom.

that Richardson, who was now in agony, be removed to the nearby Astor House, on the site of which the Transportation Building now rears its skyscraping head. Thither, on a stretcher, his friends carried the wounded journalist, and laid him on what was to be both his marriage and his death bed. There in room 115 was played out the drama of Albert D. Richardson's colorful life.

No one had noticed which way McFarland went when he fled from the *Tribune* office. But at ten o'clock on the same night, Captain Anthony Allaire found him sitting in his room at the Westmoreland Hotel, at 17th Street and Fourth Avenue. He displayed great agitation when Captain Allaire arrested him, but denied all knowledge of the crime. Finally realizing that denial was hopeless, since a dozen men could identify him, he said listlessly:

"Yes, yes. It must have been me."

Captain Allaire immediately took his prisoner to the Astor House. The wounded reporter was confronted with his assailant and asked if this was the man who had shot him. For a long moment the two men stared at each other. Then McFarland's head drooped as Richardson replied with quiet bitterness:

"That is the man."

No other words were spoken. And Captain Allaire took his prisoner away to the Tombs.

The news of the tragedy shocked the whole country. The story of the shooting pushed the rumbles of Cuba's internal convulsions off the front pages of the morning papers. Richardson had many friends. He had done brilliant reportorial work, and written an admirable account of his experiences at Vicksburg, in a book called "Field, Dungeon, and Escape." Messages of sympathy poured in. Horace Greeley, founder of the *Tribune*, was a constant visitor. Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President of the United States, called. Whitelaw Reid, later Ambassador to England, sat beside the wounded man through the long hours while he fought for life.

And one of the first to reach Richardson's bedside was Abby McFarland, who loved, and was beloved by the man whom her husband had shot down.

To find the reason for the crime, we must go back three years, to the time when Mrs. McFarland, on a visit in New Hampshire, met the attractive young newspaper man. Their common interest in writing drew them together. Although the mother of three children, Abby McFarland was still in her twenties. She was blonde, and beautiful. She had written a few articles and verses for the *Riverside Magazine*—and she was ambitious. Life with the husband, who was seventeen years her senior, was not all that she desired. He was uncongenial; Richardson was sympathetic. The tall, brown-haired, blue-eyed reporter, whose yellowish beard was trimmed in the mode of fashion, was popular with women. And Abby was no exception. He introduced her to the gay crowd of intellectuals of which he was a leader. So interested did he become, that when Mrs. McFarland returned to New York, Richardson went with her.

It might be well at this point to state that later developments were to indicate that Mr. McFarland might not have been the model husband that he seemed.

At that time Richardson was living at No. 61 Amity Street, while Mrs. McFarland, with her husband and two sons, boarded in a house at Number 72, on the same street. The two now spent a great deal of time together. They lunched and took long walks. Richardson lent her books and trained her in the art of dramatic reading. Through his influence she got an engagement to give a few dramatic readings at Steinway's Rooms on Fourteenth Street. He had met Mr. McFarland, and the two men were on friendly terms.

Abby McFarland was now desperately in love with Richardson. Although they lived almost across the street from each other, it seemed too great a distance to the lovers. Mrs. McFarland applied for rooms in Richardson's boarding-house, whither she planned to move her family. There being no vacancy, the mountain came to Mohammed, and Richardson engaged a room at Number 72. His new quarters adjoined the rooms occupied by the McFarlands. And it was easy for the lovers to slip back and forth unobserved. They spent long hours locked in her room while McFarland was out. On these occasions, Percy, the eldest boy, would be sent out on fabricated errands.

The McFarland family were experiencing lean years. And Abby was anxious to help support herself. Besides, she was too pretty to give up her be-ribboned bonnets, false curls, and camel's hair shawls. Through influential friends, Richardson was able to get her an engagement, at $20 a week, from the manager of the Winter Garden, the theater controlled by Edwin Booth. Mr. McFarland disapproved, but he could not dissuade her. And her growing coolness towards him was plain to all observers.

From Harper's Weekly

Daniel McFarland—photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.

Mrs. McFarland was now away from home most of the time, either at the theater or at parties, with Richardson in constant attendance. On one occasion McFarland came home unexpectedly and saw his wife coming out of Richardson's room. He remonstrated with her and received a flippant answer. Full of jealous suspicions, he remained at home the next day. About an hour after the husband usually left the house, Richardson, without the formality of knocking, opened the McFarlands door, and started to enter, with the air of a familiar and welcome visitor. But seeing its unexpected occupant he hastily backed out. Again there were words. Again McFarland accused

(*Continued on page* 89)

Helen Neilson Potts, victim of Carlyle Harris.

The BRIDEGROOM SLAYER!

By John Peavey

IMAGINATIVE down-and-outers who sleep through the summer night on the benches of Bryant Park, New York City, may have heard the whisper of a weeping bride's wraith, slipping through the darkness, seeking the love that was lost to her. There have been those who have *said* they heard her plaintive cries, but none has seen her. The green spaces which she once knew, when Forty-second Street was almost suburbia, have long since been built up in brick and steel. And yet they feel she might return when spring is in the air.

That lovely wraith is the memory of beautiful Helen Neilson Potts who gave her all for love of Carlyle Harris and was in turn callously betrayed.

The history of her love and murder and her lover's expiation of his crime is one of the most pitiful and at the same time most notable stories of crime in New York.

Before the final act of the tragedy, of which she was the heroine, was ended, when the switch of the then new electric chair at Sing Sing was turned on Carlyle Harris, his guilt or innocence had become a matter of statewide importance.

From a Contemporary Print

Carlyle Harris, wife-slayer.

Helen Potts was the daughter of a prosperous railroad contractor. She was a student at the Comstock School for Young Ladies, which was housed in 35 West Forty-second Street, a building which stood in what is now almost the northern center of Bryant Park. Miss Potts occupied a room in the school building with two other girls.

On January 31, 1891, her two room-mates, accompanied by Miss Lydia Day, head mistress of the school, attended a concert which kept them out until after eleven o'clock at night, a very late hour for pupils of that school. Miss Potts was indisposed on that evening and although invited to go with the others had decided to remain in her room.

When her room-mates returned they found Miss Potts unconscious and breathing stertorously, apparently in the throes of some unusual malady. After great effort they roused her sufficiently for her to protest against being awakened from beautiful dreams—and then she fell dead asleep again.

The room-mates, frightened by Miss Potts' actions and appearance, called Miss Day and she called Dr. E. P. Fowler who lived nearby. Dr. Fowler sent for another physician and proceeded to treat Miss Potts for narcotic poisoning.

For twelve hours the physicians worked over the schoolgirl unavailingly. She died just before noon the following day.

An empty pill box on the table beside the bed on which Miss Potts died, was the only clue to her death. Dr. Fowler diagnosed her case as an overdose of morphine. The pill box had contained capsules, each of which had contained one-sixth of a grain of morphine, not sufficient to cause anything beyond sleep.

But just as the physician was pondering over the contents of the pill box, or rather the pills which the box had held (it was empty then), the doorbell rang and a servant announced the arrival of Carlyle Harris—and from then until he died Carlyle Harris's name was in the newspapers every day.

Harris was the son of Hope Ledyard, a lecturer and writer on prohibition and W. C. T. U. topics. Under that name Mrs. Harris had attained quite a degree of prominence in her chosen field. Her father, in turn, was Dr. McCready, one of the prominent figures in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and a man of wide distinction. On the face of things Carlyle Harris was a person of some importance even though he was only in his second year at medical school.

In his capacity as admirer of Miss Potts, and as a medical student, Harris was taken straight to Dr. Fowler, who still pondered over the probability of the innocent pills having killed the schoolgirl. Dr. Fowler spoke of his suspicions and Harris immediately explained that he had prescribed the pills, purchased them, and given them to Miss Potts, because she was suffering with insomnia.

"Do you think the druggist could have made a mistake?" he asked. "Great God, what will become of me!"

The physician questioned him about the capsules and Harris protested that they were innocent.

"I gave her only four," he said, "and kept the other two. I can prove by the two I kept that they were harmless."

An analysis of the two he kept showed that they had only one-sixth of a grain of morphine each and could not have caused death. There was an investigation. Harris was questioned and told a straightforward story. He had been on a visit to Virginia the day before Miss Potts' death. That was all. For a while the case was shelved as another unsolved mystery.

Helen Potts was buried in the family plot in an Asbury Park, New Jersey, cemetery and it seemed that everything was finished. But instead there was everything to come.

A week after her daughter's burial, Helen Potts' mother went to the city editor of *The New York World* and disclosed that her daughter had been secretly married to Carlyle Harris for nearly a year and that she, Mrs. Potts, had been demanding for months that he make the wedding public.

Harris, she said, had finally agreed to go through a religious ceremony within a week or so—they had been married by an alderman—and make their marriage public. Then Helen had died of morphine poisoning.

She wanted the reporters of *The World* to dig up facts to prove that Harris had murdered her daughter.

Those were the days when the newspapers solved

Mrs. Potts, Helen's mother.

From a Contemporary Print

murder mysteries by the efforts of their own reporters and the young men of *The World* went to it. They scoured New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania, and New York getting their clues together; and then *The World* blazed forth with a bombshell of news that startled the city.

Carlyle Harris, the reports said, had fallen in love with Helen Potts eighteen months before when he had spent the summer at Asbury Park, already a gathering place for prohibitionists and W. C. T. U. organizations. The Potts family had a summer home at Ocean Grove, nearby. During the latter part of that summer Helen became alarmed at the progress of their love affair and pleaded that her lover marry her. At that time she was an unsophisticated, lovely, and religious girl of eighteen and she was overwhelmed with shame.

Harris did suggest to Mrs. Potts that he and Helen become engaged, but the mother objected to the young people starting a long engagement and refused to allow it.

The next step was taken three months later when Harris and Helen, now at the Comstock school, were married by an alderman in a secret ceremony under fictitious names.

Shortly after that Helen became ill and begged her mother to take her to her uncle, Dr. C. W. Treverton, of Scranton, who discovered that she had undergone an operation and was dangerously ill. He treated her for weeks and finally she recovered, after having admitted that she and Harris were married.

Then Mrs. Potts demanded that he make the marriage public, but Harris, fearing that his grandfather, Dr. McCready, who was paying his way through college, would withdraw his support if the marriage became known, threatened to skip out and go West if they insisted on publicity. Finally Mrs. Potts gave up for the time and they came back to New York.

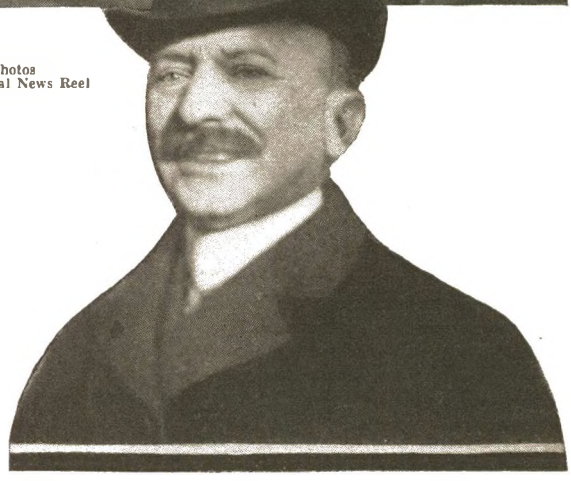
But she continued to demand that the marriage be made public, fearing a recurrence of what had happened. And her fears were realized. In December Helen told her she was to become a mother.

Mrs. Potts determined that Harris must do the proper thing and threatened to tell his grandfather. Then Harris agreed to make the marriage public, naming a date.

Also he bought the six innocent pills and filled one of them with five grains of morphine and gave four of them to his bride, who still trusted him and loved him. Then he went for a visit to Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where he waited for the news that would come.

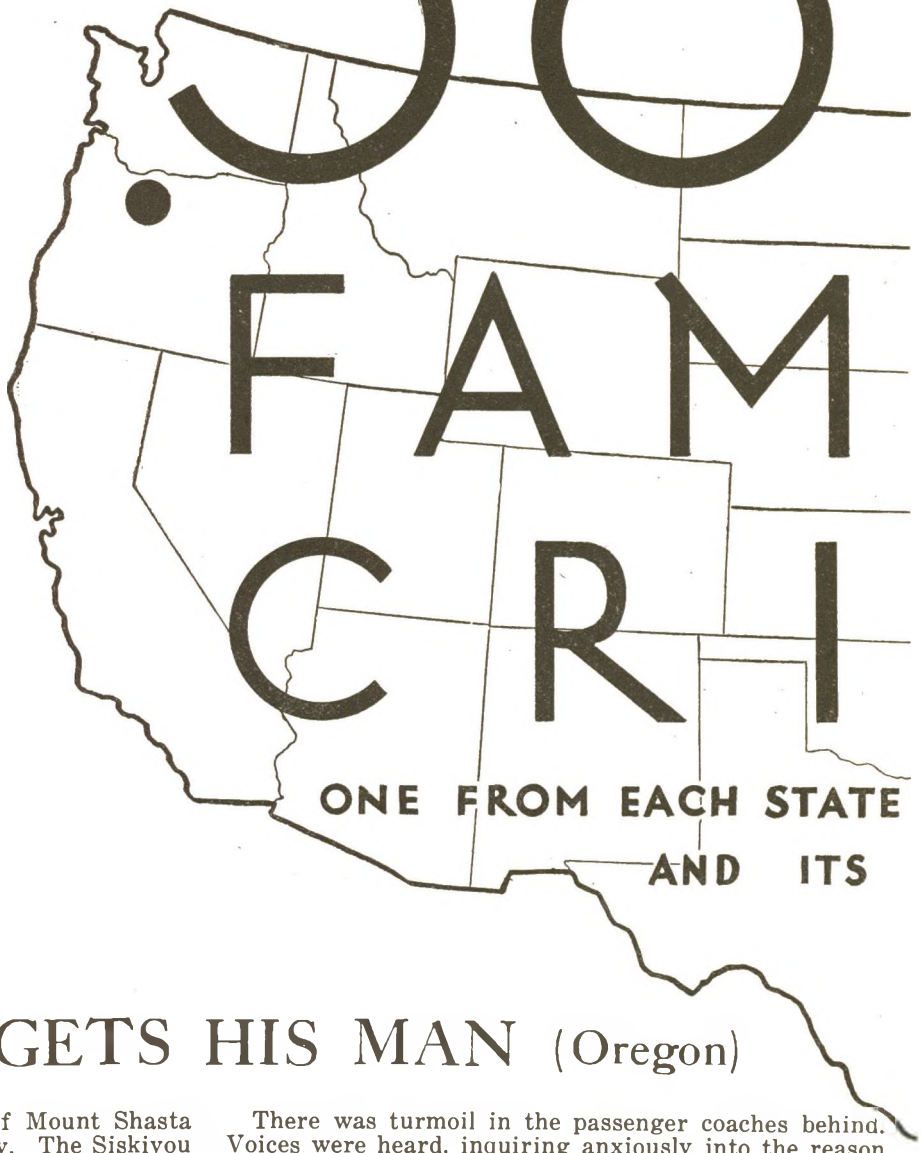
There was nothing about the pills to show which was the deadly one. Helen Potts took them, one each night, for three nights without effect. (*Continued on page* 130)

Photos
International News Reel



(Top) William Travers Jerome, one of the lawyers who defended Carlyle Harris. (Above) Abe Hummel, of the firm of Howe & Hummel, who was hired by the Harris family in an effort to bring about a new trial.

THE THIRD FOUR OF 500 FAM CRI



Uncle Sam Gets His Man (Oregon).

Small and Smart (New Hampshire).

UNCLE SAM GETS HIS MAN (Oregon)

HIGH noon and the snowy cap of Mount Shasta showing against the western sky. The Siskiyou Tunnel yawning in the Klamath Range to receive the panting Southern Pacific as it struggled up the slope. Three men, masked, inside the tunnel's mouth. It was October 11th, 1923.

The train moved at a snail's pace. It was at the peak of its climb. The three men, running through the dark entrance, easily boarded its tender. There they hovered like birds of prey. As the train moved at a slow crawl, they crept forward and dropped into the engineer's coach. They carried guns.

"Hands up!"

A startled engineer and fireman whirled about. A low voice ordered them to halt the train, and a gun-barrel in the ribs emphasized the command. The air whistled as brakes were applied. The train stopped, with the locomotive and tender inside the tunnel. Another command, and the crew dropped to the ground, menaced by two of the bandits. The third remained behind, working feverishly with a mechanism taken from the bag held in his hand. As the engineer and fireman backed away, the third man ran back to the express car directly behind the tender. In his hand he carried the mechanical contrivance. He tossed it through the door of the car. A thundering explosion.

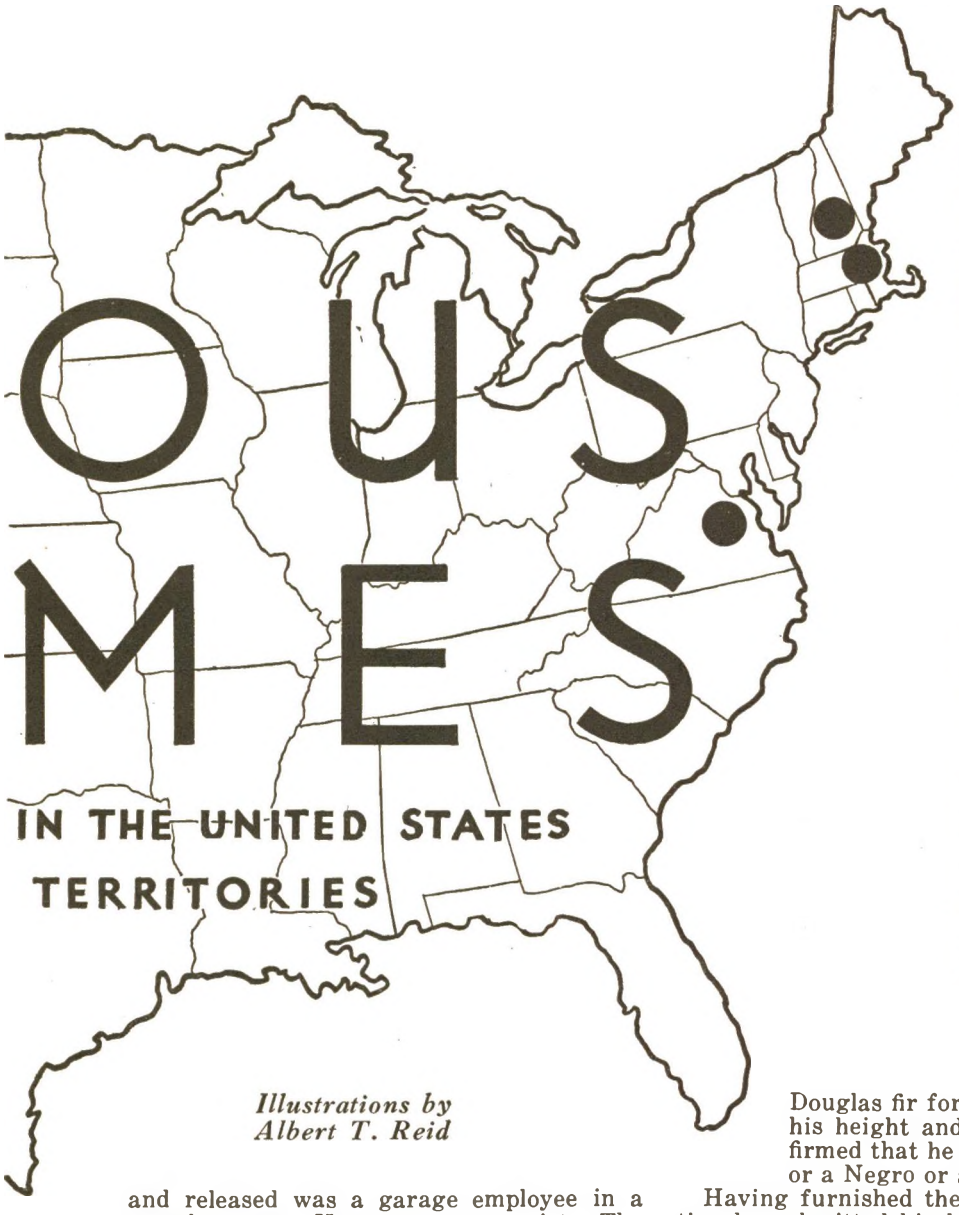
There was turmoil in the passenger coaches behind. Voices were heard, inquiring anxiously into the reason for the "wreck." A brakeman ran forward shouting. He was dropped with a bullet between the eyes by the man who had thrown the bomb. The engineer and fireman forgot the guns at their breasts and rushed their captors. Two more shots. They both fell dead. The express car was in flames, and the passengers were pouring from the coaches.

The masked trio stood bewildered for a moment, and then broke and ran. Like wraiths they disappeared into the hills.

One of the bitterest challenges to the United States Government was thus thrown down. Taking it up and carrying it to a successful conclusion cost not less than $500,000, employed the services of thousands of government, state and local officers, and four years of unrelenting pursuit. Four lives must also be added to the bill. Sanford Bates, engineer; Marvin Seng, fireman; Coyle Johnston, brakeman; and E. E. Daugherty were dead, the latter burned in the express car. The robbers left their loot behind them. Also they left two clues: an automatic revolver and a knapsack in which was a pair of overshoes and a pair of work-stained overalls, spotted with what appeared to be oil.

The first of the five hundred suspects to be arrested

By ALBERT T. REID and DEANE DAVENPORT



Illustrations by Albert T. Reid

The Linnell Murder (Massachusetts).

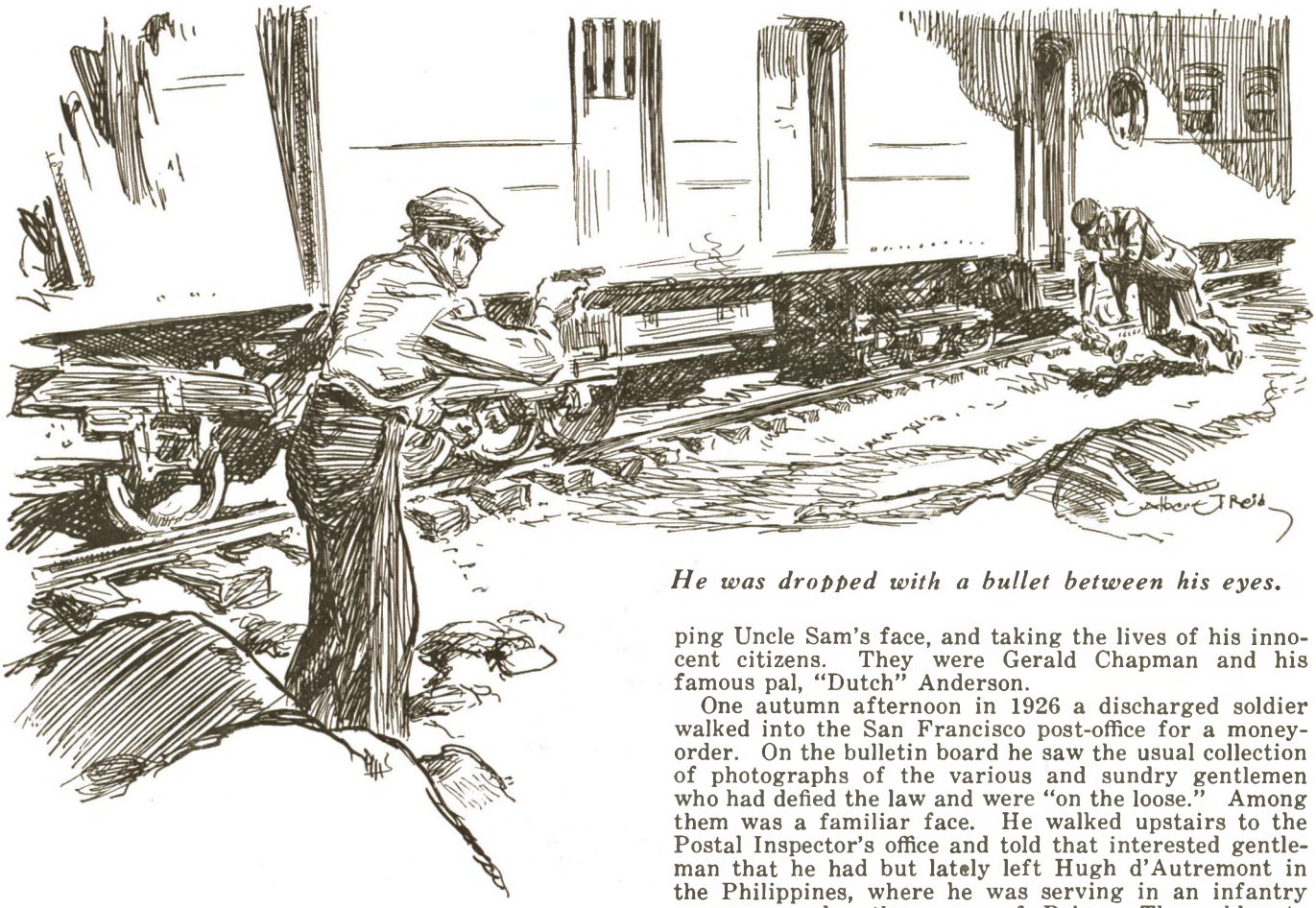
The Watch-Key (Virginia).

and released was a garage employee in a near-by town. He was an ex-convict. The batteries used in the magneto which fired the dynamite bomb in the express car had been bought in the garage where he was employed, and the overalls found in the knapsack fitted him perfectly. The fingerprints on the automatic were not his. The luckless chap might have had some difficulty in getting out of his scrape had it not been for the calling of Professor Edward Oscar Heinrichs, of the University of California, into the case. Professor Heinrichs is the epitome of the twentieth century detective. No gumshoes or false beards for him. His instruments are all of the laboratory, and when he discovered that the "oil" stains on the overalls left behind by the bandits were actually fir pitch, the search was transferred from garage employees to lumber workers.

Professor Heinrichs took the overalls to the laboratory with him. He emptied the pockets. What he found would probably have been missed by anyone but the scientist. In a few days he provided an accurate description of at least one of the murderers. He announced that the wearer of the overalls was a fastidious and left-handed individual, who had worked in the Douglas fir forests. He accurately established his height and the color of his hair. He affirmed that he was a white man, not an Indian or a Negro or a Chinaman or a Jap.

Having furnished the authorities with this information he submitted his last and most important find—a tiny piece of folded paper—a registered mail-order receipt. It took the postal authorities less than a day to discover that a mail-order bearing that number had been issued sometime before at Eugene, Oregon, by one Roy d'Autremont, to a brother in Artesia, New Mexico.

A few weeks previous to the hold-up, the three d'Autremont brothers, Hugh, Ray and Roy (the latter pair were twins) had appeared in the Northwest. They were sons of a barber, and of them, Hugh alone possessed a savory reputation. Ray and Roy were 23, Hugh was 19. The former had left their home state some years before, but Hugh had remained behind and continued his school. He was popular and brilliant, and promised to be the one member of the d'Autremont trio of sons who might amount to something. Ray and Roy had got into trouble very soon after arriving in the Northwest, and were said to lean toward Bolshevism. Ray was hard-boiled, so his acquaintances said. He had served a term in the Washington State Reformatory during the war for criminal syndicalism, and his fellows about Eugene remembered him for his incendiary remarks, and disrespectful attitude toward gov-



He was dropped with a bullet between his eyes.

ernment and the law. Hugh, it was said, had chosen to interest himself in higher matters. He liked good books, music and the like and was fond of reciting poetry. His heroes were Robin Hood and Jesse James.

The objects of an international pursuit thus became the d'Autremont brothers. A reward of $15,000 was offered for their capture, and over a million circulars were sent the police all over the world. The orders of Postmaster General New were that neither time, money or men were to be considered in the effort to apprehend the murderers.

It was reported from Canada that Hugh had been caught. False alarm. "Hugh" turned out to be a harmless lumberjack. Michigan said they had Ray. It was not Ray. Montana caught "Roy," or so they thought. Another false alarm. This "Roy" was only a whoopee-bent cowhand, looking for publicity. One day a New York state trooper broke up a fight at Bay Shore, Long Island, and took under his wing a man who was reported to be one of the d'Autremont twins. Wrong again. But Uncle Sam was not losing his grip. A body was found in the Columbia River. D'Autremont, Senior, said it was that of his son Ray. He was wrong, too, whether intentionally no one has ever ventured.

In the meantime, two other "bigshots" had been taken in and had paid the supreme penalty for slapping Uncle Sam's face, and taking the lives of his innocent citizens. They were Gerald Chapman and his famous pal, "Dutch" Anderson.

One autumn afternoon in 1926 a discharged soldier walked into the San Francisco post-office for a money-order. On the bulletin board he saw the usual collection of photographs of the various and sundry gentlemen who had defied the law and were "on the loose." Among them was a familiar face. He walked upstairs to the Postal Inspector's office and told that interested gentleman that he had but lately left Hugh d'Autremont in the Philippines, where he was serving in an infantry company under the name of Price. The cables to Manila were kept busy that night, and the next morning, his sergeant called "Price" out of line and told him that he was going back to the United States as a guest of the Federal authorities. "Price" bluffed for a few days, and then admitted that he was Hugh d'Autremont. Beyond that he would say nothing, and denied knowledge of the whereabouts of his brothers.

A familiar face.

A few months later, the Department of Justice received a note from Steubenville, Ohio. The writer said that twin brothers, known as Elmer and Clarence Goodwill, were living there, and employed by the Wheeling Steel Corporation. One of them was married and had a son. Hugh was to go on trial at Medford, Oregon on the ninth of June. The day before, a formidable group of Federal and local officers were waiting outside the Wheeling Steel Works for the Goodwill brothers. One of them appeared and was arrested. It was Roy. With him properly disposed of, the officers proceeded to the home of the remaining "Goodwill" twin. Ray told his captors that if they had tried to take him inside his home he would have killed them all, indicating that human life to him was no more sacred than it had been four years before.

The Federal prison did not yawn in vain for the brothers d'Autremont. They are locked up for the rest of their lives, "Guilty of First-Degree Murder."

Small and Smart (New Hampshire)

FREDERICK SMALL was too smart for his own good. Like many a criminal he made this discovery too late.

In less civilized times suspected criminals were often subjected to the "test of fire and water" and like devices. The odds were usually against the suspect, but it is probable that a fair percentage of criminals got their just deserts by such crude means. In the case of Frederick Small, it was a combination of fire and water that sent him to the gallows. He set the fire himself, but the water was an unexpected issue.

Many people sincerely interested in criminal psychology point to Frederick Hall Small as the perfect example of a man whose life was influenced in the wrong direction by accident. That the man suffered a deformity of the body which ultimated in total loss of conscience and deformity of the soul is beyond doubt.

He was born in Portland, Maine, about 1866. The distinguishing features of his youthful life appear to be that until he broke his leg playing baseball, he was a normal young man. The accident crippled him for life. His humiliation was increased by his small stature. He was but slightly more than five feet tall. While in his twenties he won a wife. She was Nettie Davis of Minot, Maine. About the time of his marriage, which took place in 1890, he started in the grocery business. Within the year he had lost both his bride and his business, the former in childbirth, the latter, for unknown reasons.

Small went to Massachusetts, and there, in 1899, married Laura Patterson of Salem. They lived on a farm near Hudson for a time, but fire drove them out, and they moved to Somerville and then to Boston. The conflagration which destroyed Small's home was the first of several which occurred during his interesting career. It was the old insurance "racket," which he practised with success on at least one other occasion.

In Boston, Small was known as a stock-market player and he seemed to have enjoyed a small success at it. His entire career may be summed up by saying that he was money-mad, as witness his first ambitious attempt at its accumulation. The occasion referred to has to do with a suit which never came to trial; the sued being A. H. Soden, former president of the Boston Baseball team; the purpose, to recompense himself for the loss of his wife's love for which he blamed Soden. The amount at which he assessed his loss was a half million dollars. The judge in the case reduced the sum to $10,000, and even then the case never appeared in court. The details are not available, but it is known that Small got a divorce and effected a settlement which left him a little better off financially than before.

Shortly after this, he advertised for a home for an invalid. The Curry family of Southboro, formerly of Brooklyn, answered his advertisement and Small moved into their home. Apparently he possessed persuasive ways despite his handicaps because within ten days he wooed, won, and married Florence Arlene Curry, the eldest daughter. His bride was 32, and he was 44.

In 1914 the couple moved to Mountainview, New Hampshire. The day after they departed from Southboro, their home which had been well insured, went up in smoke. Ensued two quiet years in a cottage on the shore of Lake Ossipee. The situation seemed to offer little for one of Small's peculiar talents. The tiny cottage, comfortable as it was, and beautifully located on the lovely lake, was insured for a paltry $3,000. He let it be known, however, that his wife possessed jewels valued at $6,000, and he had a bank account of $5,000.

Small's interests at Mountainview were equally divided between the bottle and idle experiments in mechanics. He bought a motorboat and fitted up a workshop. Often he went fishing, but (*Continued on page* 131)

They had found the body of Mrs. Small.

The Linnell Murder

(Massachusetts)

Sitting on the edge of the bathtub was Avis Linnell.

ON the evening of October 14, 1911, a group of happy, chatting girls stood in the lobby of the Boston Y. W. C. A. They were dressed to attend a concert and were waiting for one of their party, the pretty and popular Avis Linnell, a student of the New England Conservatory of Music, and singer in the Immanuel Baptist Church choir.

After a wait of nearly an hour, one of the girls decided to go to Avis's room and find out the reason for the delay. She found the door unlocked, and when she received no answer, walked in. The bed covers were turned back, and Miss Linnell's nightgown was hung over a chair as though she were planning to retire. The curious girl heard a low moan from the bathroom. Sitting on the edge of the bath tub, her body doubled over, was Avis Linnell. She was unconscious. Her friend carried her into the bedroom and called for help. In twenty minutes, Avis Linnell was dead.

The visiting doctor said it was suicide by poisoning. He found in the bathroom an envelope which had contained cyanide of potassium tablets. The police were inclined to concur with the suicide version, particularly as the poor girl's condition seemed to answer the question of motive. The matter was dropped by the authorities, and probably nothing would have ever come of it, had it not been that the girl's brother-in-law, William MacLean, was possessed of more than ordinary powers of observation. After a short investigation, MacLean bluntly stated as his opinion that Avis's death was not suicide, but murder. He went further, and mentioned as the possible murderer, the young and exceedingly popular pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, the Reverend Mr. Clarence Virgil Thompson Richeson.

MacLean gave, as the basis for his theory, the peculiar conditions existing when the dying girl was found. She had made normal preparations for retiring, he stated: she had drawn several inches of water into the bathtub, and, partly dressed, had seated herself upon its edge to soak her feet. It was MacLean's contention that a girl about to kill herself, did not set about doing so in such a fashion. It naturally follows, MacLean alleged, that Avis thought the poison she was taking was actually medicine. The reason for taking medicine was apparent. Developing the idea further, MacLean contended that had Avis bought the medicine for herself, she would not only know what she was getting, but undoubtedly would have been given instructions for taking it. It could only be that another had furnished her the fatal tablets. Such reasoning would certainly involve the man in the case, and the only man in Avis's life was the Reverend Richeson. The police scoffed at such reasoning at first.

In support of the theory ensued another interesting development. On the evening of her death, Avis had told her most intimate girl friend, Inez Hanscomb, that she had had lunch with the Reverend Mr. Richeson that same day, and afterward had gone for a long walk with him. It was wholly natural that Miss Hanscomb should, therefore, telephone Richeson of the death of his friend. This she did, and the manner in which Richeson treated the tragic news caused the Hanscomb girl to add her testimony to the theory of the young MacLean.

When called to the 'phone, Richeson had been noticeably cold, Miss Hanscomb said. After identifying herself, the latter stated she had told the minister that his friend, Avis Linnell, had committed suicide. Richeson replied coldly, according to Miss Hanscomb, saying, "Yes, but why call me about it?" To which Miss Hanscomb replied, "Because I thought you would like to know."

(*Continued on page* 87)

"Yes, but why call me about it?"

The Watch-Key

(Virginia)

The watchman peered more closely at the object.

IT was seven o'clock on the morning of March 14, 1885, when L. W. Rose, watchman of the old Reservoir at Richmond, Virginia, started his first round of inspection, as had been his daily custom for years. The scene of his employment could not by any stretch of the imagination have been called inspiring. On the contrary, it was extremely depressing. The only spot of color within the enclosure of the reservoir was a small pavilion at one end. To the south rose the ragged brick walls of the city pest house; to the east, a field of dirty, gray tombstones; and against the north wall were scattered dozens of rude coffins, destined to accommodate victims of the pest.

As Rose reached a spot near the middle of the south embankment, something attracted his eye. He later described it as a "furrowed-up" place. It was in the gravel walk close to the water's edge. Close to the wall was a spot of red. Closer inspection disclosed it to be a woman's glove, and beside it was a piece of a shoe-string. A few feet from the bank and slightly under the surface of the water, Rose saw what appeared to be a fragment of a woman's dress. The watchman peered more closely at the object, and what he saw there sent him running down the path, calling for help. Within a few minutes, his superior and the city coroner, who happened to be passing, were on the scene. The trio dragged from the water the body of a young woman who appeared to be about twenty. She was fully dressed, except for her hat, her face was slightly bruised, and above the right eye were two small holes, apparently made by a small-calibre pistol.

Before the crowd arrived, a footprint near the "furrowed-up" place was also observed, but in the excitement that followed it was destroyed. The coroner took charge of the body and the reservoir was drained immediately in the expectation of finding something to justify the impromptu verdict of suicide. A young man remained on the scene, however. Left alone, he started a close inspection of the spot where the glove and shoestring had been found, and in a few minutes he might have been seen to pick up a small object, which he placed in his pocket, and to hurry away.

The body of the dead girl was placed on exhibit in the morgue, and the coroner rendered an unofficial verdict of suicide. Later in the morning, a red shawl was found hanging on the picket fence in front of the home of R. R. Runstan, who lived a few blocks away from the reservoir. All this took place on a Saturday. All day Sunday, crowds passed through the morgue, but no one could identify the dead girl. Late Sunday night, a young man, never identified, called at the coroner's house, saying that he might know who the girl was, but upon being told that it was too late to open the morgue, hurried away into the night. All marks by which identification might have been accomplished were missing, and it was not until Monday noon that a friend announced that the dead girl was Florence Lillian Madison, governess in the home of a prominent Millsboro family. She had often visited her brother in Richmond, and was intimate with the Dunstan family, so the identification was immediately confirmed by her family and by other friends. The verdict of suicide was generally concurred in when the condition of the girl was announced by the authorities.

This opinion would undoubtedly have stood, had it not been for the curiosity of the young man above mentioned, who carried his mysterious find to Detective John Wren, of the Richmond police. Detective Wren startled the city on the day following Lillian's funeral by announcing that a murder had been committed. Neither he nor the county attorney's office would disclose the basis of their suspicions, however.

Millsboro, where the unfortunate girl had been employed, was a day's ride from Richmond, and the efforts to trace her steps subsequent to her departure from the home of her employer on the Thursday afternoon previous to the finding of her body began there. The Millsboro ticket agent reported the sale of a ticket to Lillian Madison on Thursday, and the family by whom she was employed gave out some interesting details. They told of a letter brought to the girl on Wednesday by the young son of her employer, upon the receipt of which she had shown great distress. As soon as she saw the postmark, she cried to the boy, "Oh, Willie, why did you not throw this into the river instead of bringing it to me." Pressed with kindly offers of sympathy, the unhappy girl had taken refuge in silence. But later in the day, she asked permission to visit a sick friend in Richmond. This granted, she had packed her bag and left at once. It (*Continued on page* 91)

CODES and CIPHERS

One of the earliest cipher methods is recorded by Herodotus. A slave's head was shaved, and the message tattooed on his scalp. After his hair had grown, he was sent on his way. When he reached his destination his head was again shaved, and the message read.

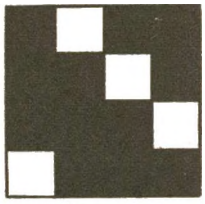
By Histaeus

Have you ever received a message in cipher? Would you like to know something of the fascinating art of deciphering code messages? This department, conducted by an expert in cryptography, will show how secret messages can be unraveled, and offer problems that will help you to do your own coding and deciphering.

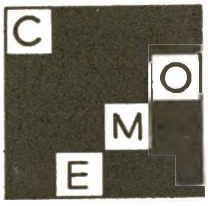
A FAVORITE type of code, and one which at first sight seems very difficult to solve, is called the "grille system." It consists in taking a square piece of paper in which holes have been cut at prearranged intervals, laying it on another sheet, and writing the message, letter by letter, with no punctuation or division of words, through the holes; when all the holes are used the square is given a quarter-turn, exposing fresh surfaces, on which more of the message is written; then another quarter-turn, and finally a last one. To take a very simple example, let us suppose our "grille" is four-by-four, and cut like this: (Illus. A). We wish to write the message "Come to me at once." We take our grille and lay it on the paper, writing in the openings COME. We then give it a quarter-turn and write TOME. We give it another quarter-turn and write ATON; and a last turn lets us write CEXG. We fill with XG merely to avoid blanks. Our message, when we lift the grille, looks like this:

C C A T
O T E O
O M M X
G E E N

and we would write it out thus: CCATTOTEOOMMXGEEN, and send it to our correspondent. He would have a grille to match our own; he would put the letters into a square — this is why the blanks must be filled—and then by laying his own grille over it read our message at once.



(*Illus. A.*)



The difficulty with such codes is that it is necessary to be provided with a duplicate grille, which is easily lost or mutilated, and that the messages are limited in length. Moreover, it is not difficult for the expert to decipher a grille. Remember that a grille is a "transposition cipher"—the original letters of the message are simply scrambled.

Suppose we received the following message:

T T O H A R S W A E S F
E E S A O T O N N E E U
T D T F H F A E I I S T Y
B B A O A N S K I U N D C
L A Y T G Q E H T E N I F S

We will also suppose that we suspect a grille. We could have such a suspicion after counting the letters, for there are 64, the square of 8. We arrange the letters in a square, ruling a piece of paper 8x8, as follows:

T	T	O	H	A	R	S	W
A	E	S	F	E	E	S	A
O	T	O	N	N	E	E	U
T	D	T	F	H	F	A	E
I	I	S	T	Y	B	B	A
O	A	N	S	K	I	U	N
D	C	L	A	Y	T	G	Q
E	H	T	E	N	I	F	S

(*Illus. B.*)

Now in a message of 64 letters there is pretty certain to be several THE's. Looking at our square, we see two T's and an H in the top row, and three E's in the second row; a T in the third row and two in the fourth, with an H and an E also in the fourth. There is also a T in the seventh row and an H and an E in the last. Out of these groups it is certain, or nearly so, that THE is represented, but we are embarrassed by riches; which one shall we start with? We might try them all, one at a time, but that would take a good while. Perhaps there is a better clue.

In the sixth row we see a K. Just before it are the letters ANS, and in the row above we see BBA. Suppose, just for a guess, we assume that the K ends the word BANK. It could, of course, be the last letter of ASK, but let's try BANK first. Lay a sheet of tissue-paper over the square, and outline the squares containing A, N, K. Of the two B's we might as well outline both for the present, as we don't know which is the right one—assuming that we are right at all. Now turn the paper upside down—give it a half turn, that is—and see what letters come under the squares. We see that under the squares that covered ANK appear the letters NEE, while under the B's are D and T. But NEED makes a good word. NEET is not so good, so we assume that the second B, which gives NEED, is the one we want.

Reverse our paper again, (*Continued on page* 89)

From Photo by International

Mrs. Ada LeBoeuf

No Night for MURDER

By Trueblood Gray

There Was No Eerie Wind That Moonlight Night—Nothing to Indicate That Murder Hovered Over Lake Palroude. Then—the Fused Roar of Two Barrels of a Shotgun Broke the Silence and James LeBoeuf, of Morgan City, Louisiana, Was Dead!

NO FICTION writer worthy the name would have so far departed from tradition as to have described it as a night for murder—that evening of July 1, 1927, when tragedy, traveling on two loads of buckshot, broke the quiet hovering over Lake Palroude, not far from Morgan City, Louisiana.

No eerie wind shivered through trees and whipped the water; no fantastic clouds banked in the sky to darken the soft night light; no owl warned, with three wailing hoots, that death's breath was abroad.

Certainly James LeBoeuf, as he shot his boat over shining waters with strong, steady strokes feared no outside evil. Only half obscured by the night which was amazingly dissipated by the low-swinging Louisiana moon, he was a picture of strength. Perhaps as he trailed his paddle in momentary rests, he wondered at the nearness of the stars, and at the needed peace they seemed to assure him. The silver which transformed the muddy water and the tangled shore line into things of soft beauty may have touched his tortured mind and dulled the gnawing of that cankerous jealousy which made his day-time existence a hell and turned him, so frequently, into a raging demon.

It was a night for muted guitars, for whispering lovers and clinging embraces, perhaps—but it was not a night for murder.

And did it soothe the tumult of hatred in the heart of Ada LeBoeuf? Did the silver moon, the great stars scarcely farther away, and the warm, laden air turn back for her the years to the first happiness of her married life with him, as she now pushed her little craft in the wake of his? Did it weaken her deadly resolution in this tryst with death, which she forced upon him?

For, somewhere near by, on the water of Lake Palroude lurked a third boat bearing two people—two men, one who hated Jim LeBoeuf for an injury done; the other who feared him for the threats he had made.

Perhaps Ada LeBoeuf wondered now if these two would silently emerge in the half-light to play their parts; perhaps she suddenly wished they would not. But——

"Hello there, Jim LeBoeuf!"

Too late now. The grim drama moved quickly to its climax.

The voices were close at hand, and to LeBoeuf's left.

Startled at the unexpected hail, LeBoeuf turned so quickly that his boat rocked.

"Yes," he called, "who are you?"

Two flashes, so close together that they merged, preceded by a fraction of a second the fused roar of the two barrels of the shotgun.

That was the answer Jim LeBoeuf received—an answer he never heard, but which echoed and re-echoed across the lake to be heard in Morgan City that night. And its slowly dying reverberations were heard through the nation.

Did it sound like the crack of doom to Ada LeBoeuf, as she put her boat about for shore, now that the work had been done?

P & A

Mrs. Ada LeBoeuf walks around the prison yard for exercise.

The murder of Jim LeBoeuf, who was manager of the Morgan City Power Plant and a man of some consequence in that little town near the mouth of the Mississippi river, was revealed a week later. In the meantime his absence was easily explained by Ada.

Jim had had another one of his tantrums and had left without saying where he was going. He so often did that—rushed off in the heat of his anger, aroused by an unreasoning jealousy. He would remain until his temper cooled, and then return to the normalcy of his life. Townspeople were well acquainted with these spells of rage and even feared them. So Ada's calm reply to their friendly questions created no disbelief but rather offered the expected explanation.

Then, after six nights had passed, another boat worked lazily over Lake Palroude. In it were several men who were taking advantage of the bright nights to hunt alligators. As their large searchlight pierced the water to reveal the submarine hiding places of their quarry, it outlined a vague object which seemed suspended a few feet down. A closer examination led to the ghastly discovery. It was a man's body.

International

Another study of Mrs. LeBoeuf.

The body had been securely bound and had been weighted with iron. Whoever had done this work, the finders told each other, had planned for the body to sink to the unmeasured bottom to be forever lost. But on the downward journey the corpse had caught on the upthrusting branch of a submerged bush.

The Morgan City authorities were promptly summoned, and within an hour the gruesome find had been hoisted in a boat and carried back to town. The coroner's examination showed that a double charge of buckshot had penetrated the man's heart.

There were other marks on the body—two long cuts. One slashed across the chest. The other had cut into the victim's stomach apparently to prevent the formation of body gases which might float the remains—a precaution added to that of the weights. About these cuts there was one significant characteristic—they were not murderously done, but expertly made, as if by one who might have had training in surgery.

Identification was a simple matter. The new rubber heels on the soaked shoes, and the peculiarly shaped thumbs told the officers that this mutilated body had once been Jim LeBoeuf, as clearly as though they could have recognized the decomposed features.

Louis Blakeman was chief of police and LeBoeuf's brother-in-law. It was his certainty that completed the identification. Then Sheriff Picot took charge.

As news of the murder spread, rumor kept pace with it. Citizens were not slow to express their opinions. Conjectures were rife. Latent suspicions, suddenly animated, pieced episodes and old wives' tales together in a crazy quilt of scandal.

Jim LeBoeuf's frightful temper, and the threats he had made against certain men because he believed his wife had more than a passing interest in them, were quickly recalled; as were the bruises that Ada LeBoeuf could not always hide. He had told her he would kill her, neighbors said—and now *she* had killed *him*, they whispered. There was the town's outstanding doctor, revered by all. Why, Jim had even threatened him—Dr. Thomas E. Dreher, who had so faithfully and so loyally served Morgan City's sick. Dr. Tom even forgot to charge, if his patients could not afford to pay. He had attended Ada LeBoeuf now and then, and gossip had wondered if she were really ill. So LeBoeuf's anger had flamed and he announced he would shoot the physician.

Even LeBoeuf's erstwhile close companion, Jim Beadle, the swarthy hunter and trapper, did not escape being given his part in the drama by the more keenly speculating minds. Did not someone say that he had been told by someone else that the two Jims' friendship had curdled, and that each had sworn to kill the other?

International

Jim LeBoeuf, her husband.

Sheriff Picot knew all of these stories, and hearing them again he decided to call upon Ada LeBoeuf. With characteristic abruptness, he roused her late the very night Jim's body had been recovered. He told her bluntly that her husband had been murdered. She assured him she did not believe it.

Was she too calm in her disbelief?

Picot was investigating the murder, he went on—he would search the house. Might find something that would help. Ada accompanied him, pointing out different recesses he might otherwise have overlooked.

Perhaps Jim had been killed right here at home, Picot continued, his eyes on the widow.

Oh, no—Jim wasn't dead, Ada was sure of that.

The fruitless search ended, the Sheriff took Mrs. LeBoeuf to headquarters for more questioning. He was joined by Chief of Police Blakeman who was, remember, the dead man's brother-in-law. For three hours the grilling went on, Blakeman urging Ada to turn State's evidence if she had been a party to the murder; Picot, sure she knew, dinning into her ears the same old question in a hundred different ways, "Who killed Jim?"

For a long time she retained her composure, insisting upon her complete ignorance. Little by little, however, her repeated denial became less sure. She amplified it a bit, becoming the while the more confused. At length she admitted that she had known all along her husband was dead. She had seen him die. It had occurred on Lake Palroude. In the darkness of night. There were two men in a boat. They fired. She turned her boat and hurried back. She kept still for she did not know what else to do. Then, when questioned, she lied. But to Picot's tiresome, incessant,

"Who killed him?"

Her unchanging reply was——

"I don't know."

And then a chance query disturbed her, as in another State not so many months before Ruth Snyder had been confounded when the name of Judd Gray had been launched at her. For Picot quietly asked,

"Was it Dr. Dreher?"

Upset by the question, Ada LeBoeuf was quick to defend the physician—too quick.

"No, no! It was a little man?"

For Dr. Dreher was nearly six feet tall, and heavy.

But it was too dark for her to see who had fired the shot, Picot pointed out. The squirrel cage began whirling again. As the minutes slowly ticked by, the sheriff persisted in his relentless attack, and in the end he had these facts in hand:

Ada LeBoeuf had suggested the boat ride to her husband.

She had hated him and had good reason to do so. She had rather have died than to have lived with him another day.

She was sure Dr. Dreher did not do the killing.

She had told the doctor the day after the murder that Jim's body was in the lake.

She was afraid Dr. Dreher would be accused.

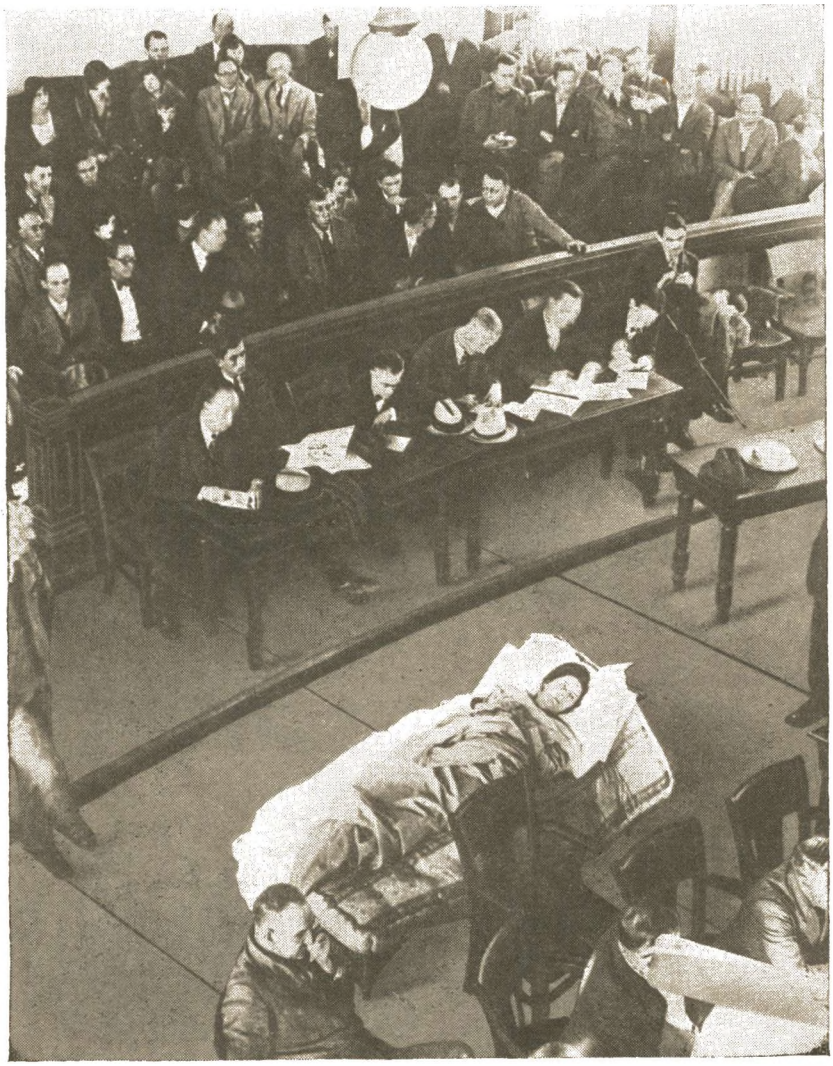
She knew of the gossip coupling their names, so now she defended him.

At long last Sheriff Picot took Ada LeBoeuf to the jail at Franklin. Then he called upon Dr. Dreher, with a warrant for his arrest.

The scene of the arrest was in the physician's home. Dr. Dreher, tortured by the memory of that moonlit night on the lake, expressed actual relief as he greeted the officers. He was quick to make a statement, admitting his part in the sordid plot but—he did not do the killing.

Jim Beadle had done that, the doctor averred, as he was being escorted to the Franklin jail. It remained only for Sheriff Picot to find Jim Beadle. This was not difficult, for Jim was at his home. He submitted to arrest quietly enough and underwent his course of questioning stolidly. There was no breaking his one statement, "I don't know anything about it."

Followed the indictment of the three for murder. In the latter part of the same month which had been ushered in by the crime, their trial began in the little courthouse at Franklin. Aside from the defendants, the leading figures were Judge James D. Simon, Prosecuting Attorney Vuillemont and his assistant, Isadore Gajan, and the defense attorneys, R. F. Walker, former speaker of the House of Representatives for Louisiana, L. O. Picot and J. E. Parkerson.



P & A

Mrs. LeBoeuf lies on a stretcher in court during her trial for murder.

There is no glamor in the story which rises from the testimony taken. Just another of the sordid, futile and ugly *affaires d'amour* which undermine the social strata in many communities. Now and then one flashes to the surface—as this one had—in an eruption of crime which throws its lava of petty intrigue and sly deceit into the consciousness of society.

As witnesses were heard and as the statements of the accused were recorded, this was the scenario of the drama soon to end.

Ada LeBoeuf, for twenty years the wife of Jim LeBoeuf, lived under his domination, resenting him more bitterly each day. She had borne him four children, had done his drudgery and had known little, if any contentment. Unlettered, she was attractive, but had none of the qualities which would enable her to rise to even a small measure of happiness. Her life was a cycle of hard work and brutality. At no place in the story does Jim LeBoeuf loom heroic in any sense. Ada was hungry for something, she did not know just what. On this point she would be inarticulate—a penned-in human creature, hunting frantically for release. And the doctor was kind to her.

What can be said to explain him? Here we find a man of good family and of education, married to a wife of charm and refinement, the father of a fine son, growing into manhood as this tragedy occurred, and of two attractive daughters. Had he wearied of the monotonous round of sick calls and of ailing bodies? Perhaps he saw in this comely, if ignorant wife of the hot-tempered LeBoeuf a chance for dalliance which would veneer the dullness of a country doctor's routine with a certain brightness.

Jim Beadle, the simplest of the three, is the easiest to understand. Crude and practically illiterate, he was actuated, in the whole matter, by an almost dog-like devotion to the doctor. This loyalty did not waver until the shadow of the gallows fell across his understanding. Only then did the instinct of self-preservation assert itself, and from his cell he issued a statement accusing the doctor of planning and carrying out the murder. Jim Beadle, until near the end, was true to his code. His part was (*Continued on page* 132)

In the Same Class as the Dot King and the Elwell Cases in New York's Roster of Unsolved Murder Mysteries Is the Florence Kane Murder. Almost Within Sight and Hearing of a Score of Persons This Lovely Girl Was Done to Death. Clues Were Not Lacking. And Yet——

WHO KILLED FLORENCE KANE ?

By David Frederick McCord

MAYBE Detective Jim Kane had old-fashioned ideas. His sister, Florence, thought so, at any rate, and said so, laughing at the idea that she needed protection whenever he urged her to take a taxi when she was out late at night after a date with her girl friends. "The streets are dark and it isn't safe for a girl to be out alone," he would insist.

"Don't be silly," Florence would reply. "This is the twentieth century. Girls aren't clinging vines any more. I go around alone a lot and nothing's ever happened. I can take care of myself."

"That's all right," Jim would answer, "but we boys on the force know about a lot of girls who found out they couldn't take care of themselves."

Florence couldn't understand this attitude. The notion that a pretty, self-reliant, muscular young woman of twenty-nine years and one hundred and forty pounds, who supported herself and helped to support her widowed mother, had anything to fear on the streets of a modern city, by day or by night, was something she simply could not grasp. Why should she worry about these improbable dangers? She had not an enemy in the world.

Her life was quiet, uneventful, bounded by her home, her office, and St. Matthew's Church, where she was active in all the affairs of the parish, particularly the sewing guild. It was with the other girls of the guild that she enjoyed most of her social diversions. Young men and emotional complications seem not to have entered her life.

So Florence was not thinking of Jim's warnings when she left her home at 1020 East New York Avenue, Brooklyn, on the evening of May 28, 1925. Why should a girl bother herself with such thoughts when she is off for an evening of fun—dinner in New York and a visit to the theater? It was an innocent form of celebration in which Florence and the other girls of the sewing guild indulged frequently. Perhaps she was humming a gay tune as she gave herself a final inspection in her mirror and was off.

The evening with the girls went according to schedule —dinner, theater, then the subway back to Brooklyn.

On the way home Florence left the train at the Nevins Street station with some of the girls and called her mother from the telephone booth on the platform. "I'll be in in half an hour," she said. "Don't wait up for me." Then she boarded the next train and went on to Utica Avenue, her regular stop.

Florence came up out of the subway at about twenty minutes after midnight and started the five block walk home. Past a line of taxis she went, perhaps with never a thought of Jim's cautions. Very few people were out. It was late and dark. She hurried. As she went along the almost deserted streets she passed Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill who were on their way home. And they saw what she neither saw nor heard—

a negro who was following her.

When she reached the intersection of Montgomery Street and East New York Avenue she hurried even a little more. The arc-light that shone here had been broken by boys at play and had not been replaced. The corner was shrouded in blackness. But beyond the blackness, past the vacant lot at the corner, she could see a light gleaming. It shone from a first floor window of the two-story frame dwelling she called home.

Lighted by the hand of her mother it was a beacon that guided and welcomed her.

Into the darkness she went—darkness that was like a veil wafted upward from the infernal regions to serve as a cloak for evil deeds.

Nobody saw what happened. It was too dark. But darkness does not stop our ears.

Mrs. Mary Zalon, who lived on Montgomery Street at the east end of the vacant lot, was roused from sleep by a cry. Hardly was she awake before another scream, seemingly from the lot, pierced the night air. Charles Beyer, her nephew, who lived with her, heard the screams, too. Aunt and nephew got up from their beds, huddled dressing gowns about them, and crept to a window to look out. But it was too dark. They could see nothing and went back to sleep.

Mrs. Mary Rogers, who lived on Ford Street, just around the corner, was at home with her daughter, Mildred. They, too, were disturbed. A woman screamed, "Mama! Oh, Mama! Mama!" The cry grew to a wild pitch and died out. Mildred Rogers went to a window, looked out and called back to her mother, "There's a man running away!" Mrs. Rogers hurried to Mildred's side in time to see the figure of a man going through the lot toward Utica Avenue.

And—how ironical it seems!—Mother Kane herself and her younger daughter, Mary, heard some one groaning; and Mary, who like the neighbors went to the window, made out in the darkness a man apparently in his shirt sleeves walking along a path through the vacant lot toward the Utica Avenue surface line. If they had only known!

The next morning Jim Kane's judgment was vindicated. Florence's body, cold and stark, was found in the vacant lot, about two hundred feet from her home.

P & A

Florence Kane, the victim.

International

Detective James Kane, her brother.

The slaying of Florence Kane, not a step nearer solution today than it was almost five years ago, takes its place beside the Dot King and Elwell affairs in the roster of New York's unsolved murder mysteries. True, Florence and her family were not well known or wealthy. No scandalous revelations accompanied the futile efforts of the police to solve the riddle. Other factors in the case caused it to enthrall the imaginations of hard-boiled, blasé New Yorkers for an entire summer.

To begin with it was a complete mystery, and that always holds the attention of the crowd. Then there were the almost frantic efforts of the police to trace the murderer. Jim Kane, the murdered girl's brother, was a city detective and one of the most popular of the younger men on the force. It was natural that the pick of the police gave of their best in this case so close to the heart of a brother officer. There was the decided suspicion that the crime was one of a black man against a white girl, which gained support from a number of other such attacks in the same vicinity at the same time. More horrors were added by another suspicion: that the murder was the work of a degenerate or a religious fanatic. Fantastic rumor was added to fantastic rumor as the summer of 1925 wore away. In all, it is estimated, some two hundred and fifty stories were investigated by the police.

And finally the case faded away from public notice on the most bizarre and grotesque of all the notes it had struck.

Florence had left the subway at 12:20 o'clock on the morning of May 29th. Six hours later Christian Junker, a milkman, came to the police with the story of how, on his morning rounds, he had found her body in the vacant lot at East New York Avenue and Montgomery Street. With two stories, for that matter.

At first Junker said that at five o'clock he had seen two men leave a red automobile and drag something into the lot. He was afraid to interfere in the presence of others, so he went along his route, returning later. He changed this however. In his second story he said that he saw no automobile and only one man who was stooping over something on the ground.

Florence's body lay about twelve feet from the sidewalk, face down. Much of her clothing had been torn off and parts of it had been used to tie her hands and gag her. Her pumps were off and lay on the ground nearby. She had been beaten and choked to death, but she had not been violated. On her throat there were still visible the prints of muscular fingers. Her rings, set with small diamonds, had not been taken. Neither had her handbag with its small change. Her imitation pearls still encircled her discolored throat.

And here was struck the first of the uncanny notes in this uncanny mystery. The murderer had taken the gold crucifix Florence wore about her neck on a chain and had placed it, as if intentionally, on her back. Who had done this? And why? Was the murderer a scoffer who chose this way to jeer at the girl's faith?

Or was it the gesture of one stricken with remorse? We do not know, any more than we know whether Florence Kane was the victim of a white man, a black or a yellow.

Mother Kane was prostrated. Jim was at work immediately. Told by sympathetic superiors to remain off duty, he chafed at idleness and before the day was over was at work trying to trace the slayer of his sister. But it was no use.

There was only a single clue. A pair of inexpensive gloves, made of cloth and imitation leather, such as laborers wear to protect their hands, was picked up near the body. But nothing was learned through them.

International

The vacant lot became the mecca of the morbidly curious. They threatened, by their crowding and tramping, to obliterate every clue that the earth might hold. To protect the spot the police made a circle of small cars about it. But feet, both police and civilian, had already done the damage.

The search for an eye witness was equally disappointing. The police never found the young man who told Mrs. Anna Rubin in her candy store on Utica Avenue of seeing four men putting a girl in an automobile at the vacant lot at the supposed hour of the murder. He thought that they were policemen arresting her. Neither did they find the young man who, with his face bleeding from deep scratches, took a taxi in the Kane neighborhood at one o'clock in the morning of the murder and was driven to a Washington Square address.

International

(Top) The empty lot in Brooklyn where the strangled body of Florence Kane was found. (Above) Photo diagram of the neighborhood of the murder.

The theory that the murderer was a negro was by far the most popular one and weight was given to it by the fact that earlier in the same evening two young women had been pursued by one near the vacant lot where Florence was killed. The search for a huge black man with long arms was almost desperate.

The police, missing not a single line of action, were not long in producing negro suspects.

One was picked up weeping, nervous and incoherent on an L platform. His story that at the time of the murder he had been asleep in a shack in a coal-yard was not considered a satisfactory alibi.

Another was a pal of a murderer and had himself done time for assault and robbery. He was identified as the man who had chased the young woman near the murder scene. He and his white common-law wife insisted that he had been at home the night of May 28. But he was held, nevertheless.

There were many more, so many that New York negroes became alarmed and indignant at what they considered race discrimination. Protest meetings were held, at one of which a speaker went so far as to declare that the police knew the murderer well enough. But nothing was gained from the questioning of the negroes. They were all released.

Fuel was added to the flame of interest at Florence's funeral at St. Matthew's church. The Rev. Father Costello, rector, said in the course of his sermon:

"I believe that the undertaker should take the crepe from the door of the Kane home and place it directly over the door of the City Hall so that those in power can realize the crimes resulting from their negligence."

New York buzzed for days with this denunciation of the administration. Rev. Father Costello had reference to the lack of police protection and inadequate street lighting which had often been the subject of protests in this section of Brooklyn.

An enterprising New York newspaper, *The Daily News*, participated in the efforts to bring Florence's slayer to justice. It put investigators of its own on the case. As a result of their findings, it announced in its columns that Florence had not been killed in the lot, because of numerous people who had been in the vicinity from midnight until six o'clock, and that she had been killed because she had recognized the man who assailed her.

But nothing came of this activity. The trails grew cold.

The summer wore along. The Kane murder case began to dwindle in interest, to fade out of the public consciousness. But, before it was completely forgotten by the majority, it flared up with one of the most grotesque manifestations in the history of criminal investigation and forever endeared itself to those who love to follow the unusual in crime.

Edgar Allan Poe, S. S. Van Dine, or Edgar Wallace might have imagined the last important appearance of the Kane case in print, but real life seldom outdistances art in this manner. Strangely enough, this grisly episode took place in Philadelphia rather than in New York.

Into police headquarters in the City of Brotherly Love on August 18th there stumped on one good leg and a wooden peg a piece of human wreckage — Thomas McAvoy by name, Times Square panhandler by occupation. One leg, one arm, no hands. His left arm was off at the elbow, his right leg was off at the knee. He had come to give himself up for the murder of Florence Kane. He had, he said, kicked, beaten and choked her to death. Motive? Revenge for having once been arrested by Jim Kane.

This is what McAvoy, as he gave his name, told the Philadelphia police of how he had gotten even with the detective:

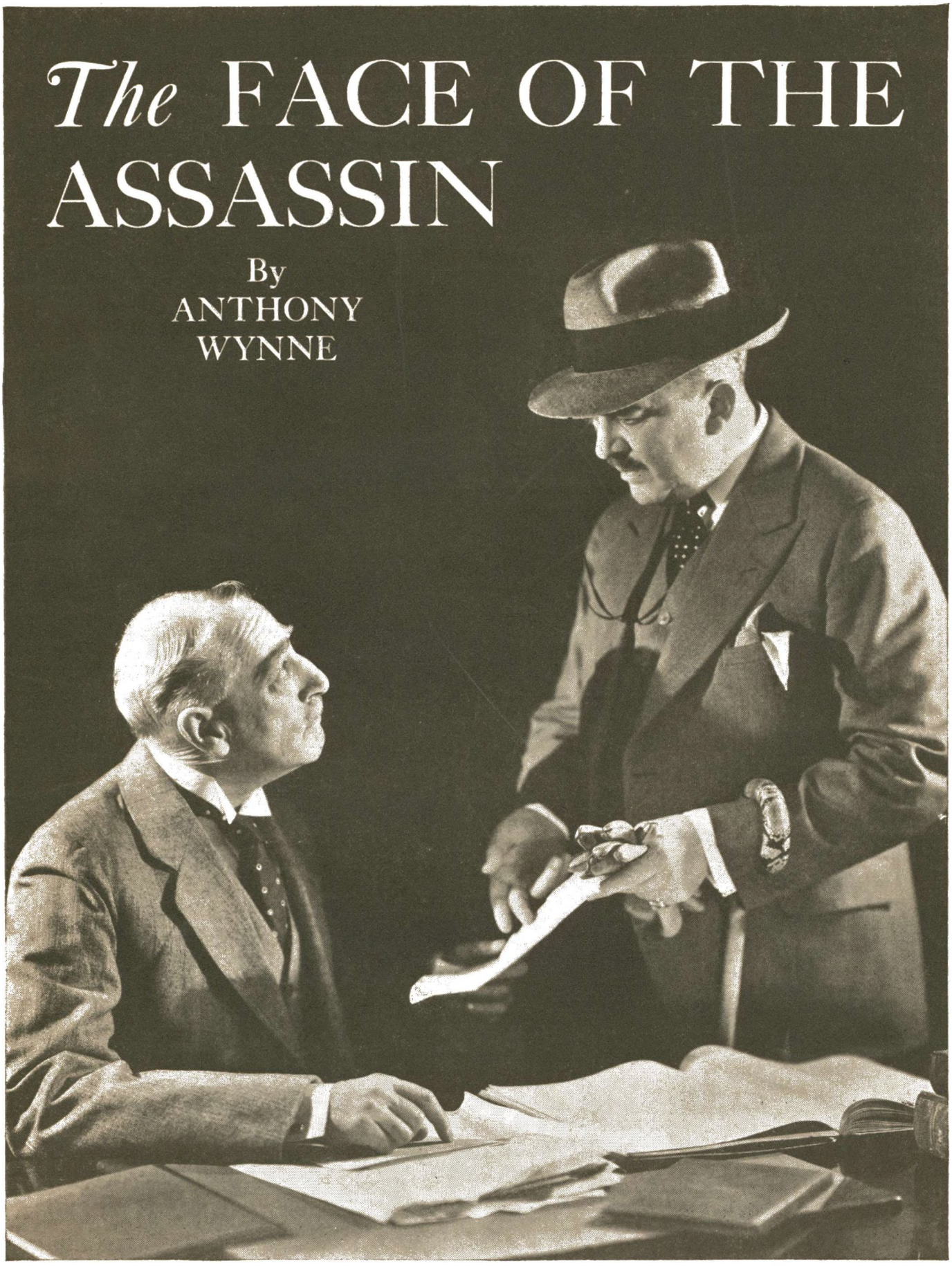
"I learned where Detective Kane lived in Brooklyn and on the night the girl was murdered I was hanging around the vicinity of the Kane home trying to determine just what form my vengeance should take. A girl came along shortly after midnight. She seemed to be familiar with the neighborhood. I had no idea who she was. I asked her if she knew the house in which Detective Kane lived and she said to me:

"Why, I'm his sister."

"The shock of her answer so aroused my desire for vengeance that I immediately (*Continued on page* 91)

The FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

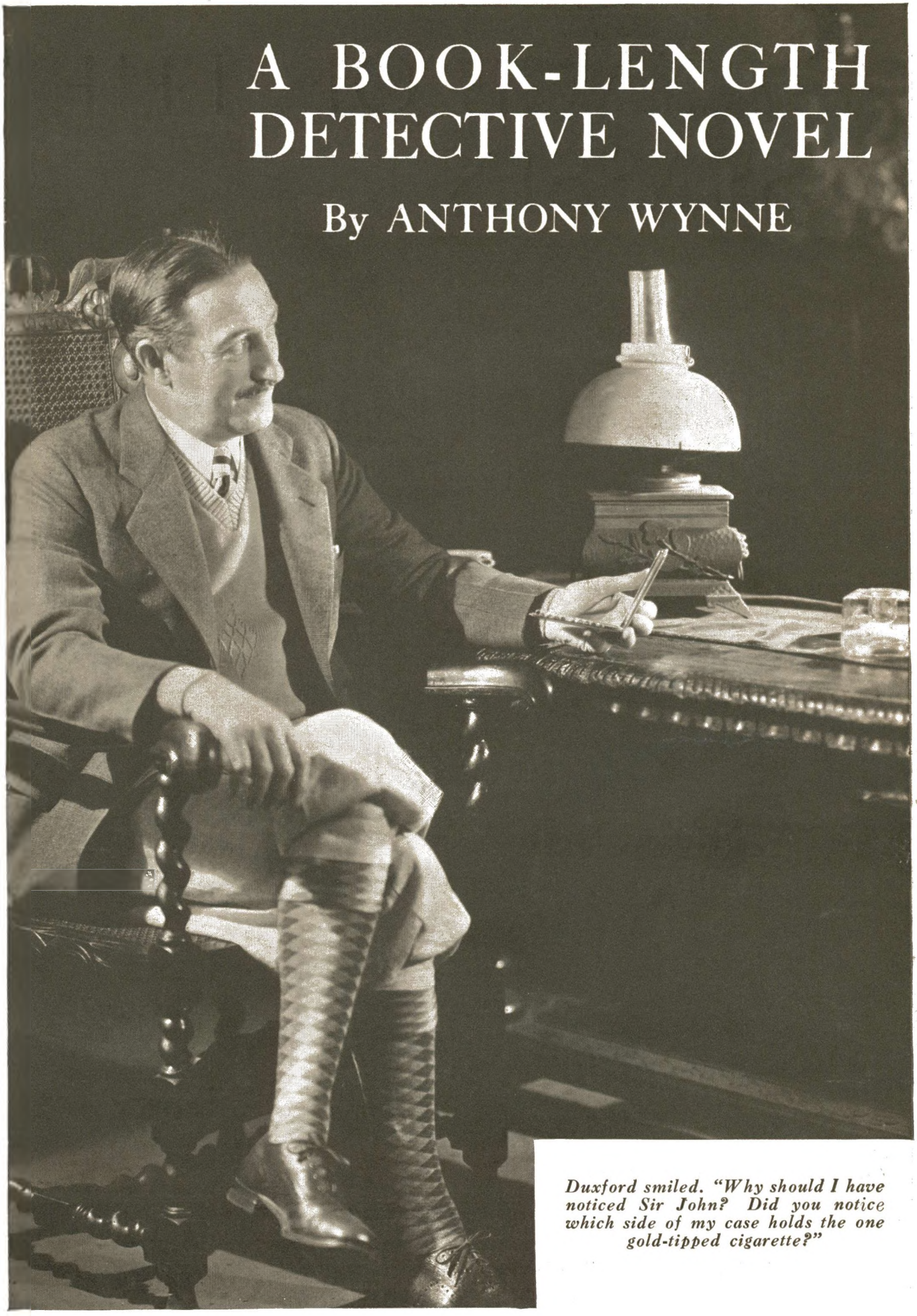
By
ANTHONY
WYNNE



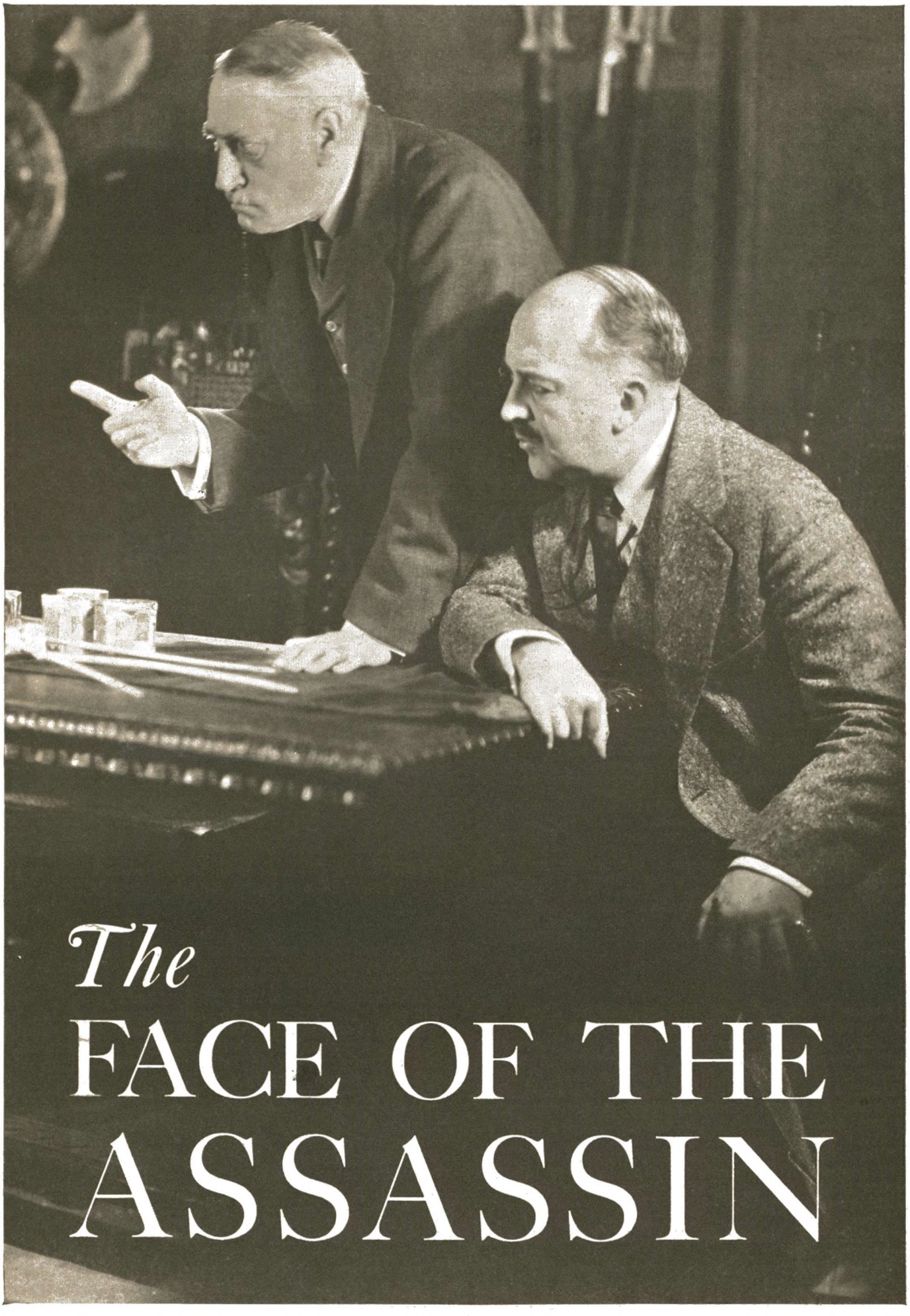
Sir John Oldmay Had Written to Scotland Yard Predicting His Own Death by Violence. Yet He Had No Enemies! Dr. Hailey, Criminal Investigator Extraordinary, Tackles the Most Mysterious Problem of His Career.

A BOOK-LENGTH DETECTIVE NOVEL

By ANTHONY WYNNE



Duxford smiled. "Why should I have noticed Sir John? Did you notice which side of my case holds the one gold-tipped cigarette?"



The FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

CHAPTER I

"An Eerie Presentiment"

COLONEL WICKHAM, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, took a letter from his pocketbook and handed it to Dr. Eustace Hailey.

"Read it," he exclaimed in the tones of a man whose nerves are on edge.

Doctor Hailey raised his eyeglass, a plain monocle without rim, and set it in his eye. He gazed for a few moments at the envelope, which was addressed in a heavy sprawling hand: "To Colonel Wickham, Scotland Yard, London," and marked "Personal and Private." A slight frown gathered on his brow.

"Sir John Oldmay?"

"Yes."

The doctor withdrew the letter, using a deliberation in the process which visibly exasperated his companion.

"My dear Dick,

"I am writing to you because I feel that I am going to die. I noticed this morning that I could smell the roses in my garden from my bedroom window. I found myself, too, listening to the lapping of the waves, though neither Gertrude nor anybody else could hear them. My bath caused me a severe shivering fit when I came out of the water. Toward evening the feeling of approaching death grew acute.

"I find it difficult to describe this feeling in other terms than those I have used about my sense of smell and my sense of hearing. I fancy that, at the back of all our minds, there's a presentiment of death. My present feeling seems to be a great exaggeration of that—just as my power to smell the roses and hear the waves is an exaggeration of ordinary senses.

"You may say I am ill. I don't think so. But for family disturbances, I have no cares, bodily or mental. That is why I am writing to you. *The death that seems to threaten me is not a death by illness but a death by violence. . . .*

"As I write this I start up. I go to the door of the room (my study) and find myself actually locking the door. What do I fear? I don't know. Is there anybody who might wish to murder me? I can't think of a soul. . . . You know how the seagulls croak and 'laugh' here sometimes at night. They are busy just now—a most horrible sound!

"I'm going to post this letter immediately so that, whatever happens, you will be informed of my condition. If nothing happens, I shall perhaps regret that I wrote it. But we have so often talked about premonitions that, now that the opportunity has come to put speculation to the test, I think it ought to be taken. Even so, I suppose that if what I fear—I *do* fear it, please note—befalls me, it will be said that all is explicable in terms of coincidence.

"I had an idea of writing to Eustace Hailey, but feel too tired now. If you see him by all means show him this letter.

"Yours,

"John."

Doctor Hailey allowed his eyeglass to drop. He looked up into Wickham's disciplined face.

"Many years ago," he said, "I made the observation that increased sensual acuity or sharpening of the senses often precedes a rise of temperature. I recall a hospital patient who used to say that he could smell the scented soap on the doctor's table in the ward when he was about to suffer a relapse of malarial fever."

"It's a queer letter, eh?"

"Very queer. Very unlike John Oldmay."

"I suppose if one made up one's mind to kill, the victim might get an inkling of what was coming?" Wickham inquired.

"Possibly."

"I mean, by mental telepathy. Don't you believe in mental telepathy?"

"It is difficult, sometimes, not to believe in it."

"That means you don't believe in it."

Wickham laughed as he spoke, but his laughter was empty of mirth, an exclamation mark. He seemed bored with the subject he was talking about or, at any rate, anxious to dispose of it quickly.

"I felt," Lady Oldmay said, "that I should tell you while I still had strength to do so."

"It's enough for me that the case isn't proved," he went on. "That's what your hesitation amounts to. I must take it or leave it at that." Wickham strode about the room, a custom of his when anybody offered to explain anything. "Would fever cause forebodings of death?" he asked sharply.

"It might."

There was a moment of silence. The detective approached the doctor, staring at him.

"What do you think about it?"

"I confess I feel a little uneasy."

"Nothing more than that?"

Wickham's voice fell.

"Perhaps a little more. I suppose that I have the human instinct to believe in eerie presentiments, though I have done my best to keep it under control."

Wickham sat down and leaned back suddenly in his chair. His face, which always conveyed an impression of length, seemed longer than usual.

"John and I were schoolfellows," he stated, "and

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Dr. Hailey leaned forward. "Perhaps," he said slowly, "your son distressed his father by getting himself deeply into debt!"

very close friends. Queerly enough it was he, not I, who was interested in detective work in those days. He used to devour Sherlock Holmes and never wearied of expounding the merits of deductive reasoning. Everything, in his opinion, could be explained in terms of material fact—from the mud on a bootlace to a ghost in a country churchyard, I can still hear him dismissing the whole realm of the supernatural as 'candlepower'. He held that electric light had laid all the ghosts in England. 'It shows 'em up, Dick. You can't have ghosts without candles.' I don't think that, till he sat down to write this letter, his opinions had changed much.

"Less than a month ago, when we dined together at his cousin's, Professor Carpenter's, he told me he had just been reading a book on Medicine and Magic and went on to expound the doctrines of Freud as the only true explanation of 'so-called spiritual experiences'. Carpenter's a philosopher of the school of Hegel and was duly infuriated."

Wickham raised himself in his chair; his voice which had held a conversational tone, grew loud.

"John Oldmay," he said, "was murdered this morning."

CHAPTER II

Professor Carpenter

WICKHAM remained silent for some minutes and Doctor Hailey did not break the silence. The tension in the room found its first relief when a heavy vehicle went lumbering down Harley Street, shaking the fabric of the house.

"The Northumbrian County Police called me up this evening," the detective said at last. "It appears that John Oldmay left Pykewood Hill as usual this morning for his swim. You know that he always had a swim before breakfast. He was in his bathing costume; the house is close to the shore. When he didn't return, Lady Oldmay and his son went to look for him. They saw his footmarks on the sand, going down into the water, and his dressing-gown and towel were lying on the beach, but he had disappeared.

"The alarm was then given and a search party, which included the village constable, put off in a boat. They found the body, floating just under the surface of the water, near the shore. The top of the head had been battered in."

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Wickham rose and strode to the fireplace. He stood, gazing in front of him.

The medical evidence is to the effect that he wasn't drowned. He was killed. It's practically certain that the murderer used a boat, because there were no footprints on the sand other than John's."

"The tide?"

"Was rising."

"So that that particular piece of sand had been uncovered for several hours?"

Wickham nodded.

"I'm going up to Northumberland myself," he declared. "I feel I owe it to John's memory." He paused. "Can you accompany me?"

"When?"

"Tonight. As a matter of fact I've anticipated. A couple of sleepers have been booked on the night Scotsman. I thought, when you had read John's letter, you'd be interested. John's anticipation of his death may or may not be a valuable clue; you are the one man in England most capable, if I may say so, of giving that fact its due weight."

Doctor Hailey's brow contracted. The praise was generous and pleased him.

"Unhappily I didn't know John Oldmay as well as you appear to think." he said.

"You'll come?"

"Yes."

They met again two hours later at King's Cross Station. Wickham led the way to his sleeping berth and ordered whiskies and soda. He invited the doctor to sit down in the solitary chair and seated himself on the bed.

"No fresh details have come through," he stated. "I went back to the Yard to get the latest news. I'm sorry to say that the newspapers are already in possession of some of the facts, but they know nothing, happily, about the letter. I've been thinking over what you said about the exaggerated sense of smell and hearing. That would indicate, definitely, wouldn't it, that John's health was below par?"

"It might indicate that."

"Would an unfit man be more likely to get an inkling of murderous feelings brewing up against him than a fit man?"

Doctor Hailey frowned slightly. These questions, rapped out like blows, disconcerted him.

"Excited nerves," he said cautiously, "are more responsive than dull nerves. If John Oldmay's nervous system was capable of receiving impressions from some other human mind then, presumably, he would be more likely to receive such impressions when his nervous system was keyed to a high pitch. Presumably, too, a mind plotting a murder exerts a stronger influence than an untroubled mind."

"Apparatus of reception more sensitive; apparatus of transmission more powerful, eh?"

"You can put it that way if you like. The real question, though, is whether or not Oldmay was capable, in any circumstances, of receiving such impressions. The factor of coincidence cannot be excluded."

Wickham nodded agreement. He took a sip of whisky and then cut and lighted a cigar.

"John," he confessed, "was not the sort of man you would expect to receive impressions, telepathic or otherwise from his fellows. He was singularly self-sufficient, even for a Scotsman, which is saying a lot. His business, I always thought, was more the product of his persistence, than his imagination. He didn't originate his business; that was done by his predecessor, old Matthew English. But hard, slogging work had turned a small into a great enterprise. English and Co. today control the tea trade of the world. And yet . . ."

The lights of a suburban station streamed past the windows of the compartment; the train roared into the long tunnels which carry the railway under the Northern heights of the Thames valley; sulphurous vapor stung the air.

They retired to their berths till morning.

CHAPTER III

The Facts of the Case

PYKEWOOD HALL was one of those square, bare houses in which the squires of the early nineteenth century got drunk and bred big families. It looked like an orphans' home, also like a tavern; a formidable house, grim and ungarnished but not unlovely; a bull's neck of a house, with the joy of strength in it. The very place to found a cellar and a nursery. A landscape gardener, with an eye for contrast, had so warily surrounded it with lawns and flower beds, falling in terraces towards the sea, that it had grown mellow, like a blooded man come to genial, grand-parenthood. This was John Oldmay's contribution.

The two men reached the house in an overfed Daimler car which had been sent to meet them. They were told by the butler that Lady Oldmay would receive them later, and were invited to "take" breakfast. At the same moment, Doctor Hailey, who was facing the door, saw a tall figure appear in the corridor.

"Carpenter!"

"What, you Wickham!"

Wickham shook the stranger's hand. He introduced him to Doctor Hailey as "Professor Aloysius Carpenter of King's College, John Oldmay's cousin."

Professor Carpenter smiled soberly. "John had called me out here earlier," he said. "Then came his death!

"I rang up the Northumbrian police," Carpenter stated further. "They told me that you had been communicated with and would probably deal personally with the case."

He shook his head as he spoke, but the expression of his face did not change. Seldom, Doctor Hailey thought, had he seen a human face so fixed in its expression as that of Professor Carpenter. The man bore an ill-defined likeness to King Charles I. He had the King's high, ample brow, his fineness of feature, his liveliness of gaze. But, though he wore beard and mustache trimmed in the Caroline manner, the likeness failed about the mouth and jaw.

The lower part of Professor Carpenter's face belied the upper part. It might have belonged to a North-country farmer. His hands, on the contrary, were long and shapely, and endowed with much grace of movement. He took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Wickham.

"The Death That Seems to Threaten Me Is Not a Death by Illness, But a Death by Violence. . . ." So Sir John Oldmay Wrote the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. And His Premonition Came True!

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Dr. Hailey finished his examination. "The blood on the horse is certainly not human blood," he announced to Duxford finally.

"I received this letter today," he explained. "It is probably the last letter written by John Oldmay."

The detective opened the letter and glanced at its contents. He raised his head sharply. "Let us have breakfast. I will read it then."

The butler, whom Carpenter addressed as Nagge, gathered their hats and overcoats without noise, speedily, a singular performance for his age, sixty-seven, and great fatness. He was a middle-sized man, exuberant of body, and his cheeks, from their color, suggested a point steak. The travelers, under his guidance, reached a lavatory that was full of the odors of costly soap, hot water and linen towels, these last folded in a pile on the marble slab which contained the basin. When they had washed he brought them to the dining-room.

This room was empty. But the table was spread and the sideboard furnished with a profusion of meats. Wickham's broad nostrils dilated to receive the smell of fried bacon, which later assailed them all most generously when Nagge uncovered it. That smell overcame every other, but there were trout in oatmeal, and golden eggs scrambled on toast and a ham whose flavor bespoke the wine it had been boiled in. When a maid-servant brought coffee and milk in silver pots, there was another aroma better than the rest.

"Commend me," said Wickham, "to a North-country breakfast."

Doctor Hailey satisfied himself that it was not possible from this room to hear the waves breaking; he watched the Scotch firs, that flanked the approach to the house, jostling one another in the morning breeze and then looked seaward, over the rampart of the dunes, which hid the beach. The path to the shore ran straight under the firs, to the sandhills.

"May I read this aloud?" Wickham asked suddenly, holding up Carpenter's letter. "Doctor Hailey has come to help me in the investigation."

"Certainly."

"The letter is dated 2 a. m. Monday, August first. 'My dear Aloysius, you told me once, long ago, that you believed every man was given some warning of the approach of death . . . even those men to whom death has appeared to come suddenly. I did not believe you at the time but I am writing to you now to tell you that I have changed my mind. During the last

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

The detective jumped up and stood over his man in an attitude that was almost threatening. "You saw Ned at 7:35?" he demanded.

few hours the feeling has been continually present with me that I am about to die. Stranger still, I have a presentiment, which grows stronger, that my death will not be a natural one. I can best express this by saying that I feel hunted. Some one is driving me to destruction.

"'Naturally, I have asked myself who this enemy can be. But no answer of any sort has been vouchsafed me. And yet I feel as one commonly feels when a name, well known at other times, has faded temporarily from the memory. I know my enemy; I cannot name him. Further, I know why my death has been decreed, but I cannot, at this moment of time, recall the reason. Sometime, somewhere, it may be long ago, it may be recently, my present danger was made clear to me. But I neglected the warning or overlooked it or perhaps refused to allow it to penetrate to my consciousness. It is like trying to remember, in an emergency at sea, what one was told about the correct way of wearing a life-belt. One has misplaced the knowledge or left it behind.

"'Was there a moment in my life when a glance from some hostile eye warned me that lively hate burned against me? I cannot remember. Did some chance expression, some trifling action or gesture convey somewhere the same message of danger? No, I have no recollection. I am blind at the very moment of my life when all my senses seem to be possessed of a singular and astonishing acuity.

"'You and I have argued so long and so fruitlessly—

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Oh, no," replied Professor Carpenter. "I saw him long before that. I saw Ned's boat the minute I stepped out into the village street."

if I may say it—about premonitions and telepathy and other similar alleged activities of the mind that I want to put my case in your hands before the event. (I have written in the same strain to Wickham of the C. I. D., so that there may be corroborative evidence.) If nothing happens, I shall call upon you to admit that even the most disturbing forebodings are but the manifestations of a disordered digestion. If what I fear happens, you will be in possession of a key which may unlock some doors.

" 'But even in that event do not, I beg of you, rush headlong to the conclusion that my mind was in metaphysical touch with the mind of my murderer. Remember what I have told you about that sense of a half-remembered warning and examine, first of all, the strictly physical possibilities. Find out, if you can, whether at any time in the past, my murderer and I were on terms of intimacy and whether or not there was any dispute between us. You see that the scientific habit of my mind is ineradicable even when, as now, I am in deadly fear.

" 'I need not add that I have not shared these anxieties with Gertrude or Ned.

" 'Your affectionate cousin,

" 'John Oldmay.' "

Both Wickham and Carpenter turned to Doctor Hailey as Wickham finished reading.

"What do you make of it?" the Professor asked.

"It's extraordinarily clear."

"But surely quite abnormal. A normal man would

have concerned himself with precautions for his safety—or called in a doctor."

"If he had really believed in his forebodings."

Carpenter's eyes opened widely.

"I had the impression of absolute conviction," he said.

A man passed the windows, and rang the doorbell. When Nagge returned to the dining-room he told Wickham that Sergeant Robson of the local constabulary had come to the house.

"I informed him, sir, that you was taking breakfast."

Robson was a burly little man of the seafaring type with a red face and bright eyes. Doctor Hailey felt sure that, in ordinary circumstances, he exhibited a boisterous manner; at present—in the squire's solemn study—his manner was subdued. The Northumbrian folk, like their neighbors across the border, are mindful of death.

"Well," Wickham asked, "any progress, Sergeant?"

"None, sir. Things have moved very little."

Robson pronounced the word very "voy" and his voice rose in a crescendo till he had spoken the last word. Wickham introduced him to Doctor Hailey and then invited him to sit down. He offered his cigarette case.

"Only a pipe, sir. I never was any hand with cigarettes."

"Tell us everything you know."

The scream of a sea bird, brought uneasy memories of the dead man. Doctor Hailey strained his ears again to catch the sound of waves, but heard nothing. He glanced out of the window and saw Professor Carpenter standing, gloomily, under the fir trees.

"The first news we had that anything was wrong," Sergeant Robson said, "was a telephone message from the Hall here. It was her Ladyship to say that Sir John had not come back from his morning swim and they were getting anxious about him. Could we get a boat and go to look for him."

"Who took the call?"

"Constable McDonald, sir."

"At the Pykewood station?"

"Yes, sir. Before he did anything, McDonald rang me up at Thorp. I told him to get a boat at once. He's waiting in the drive, sir, if you wish to question him."

"No. Carry on."

Sergeant Robson took a red silk handkerchief from his pocket and dried the inside of his collar.

"McDonald got two of the fishermen to row him 'round to the front of the Hall. Sea was calm and tide near high water. Then having come opposite this house they saw the body about fifty yards from the shore. Body wholly submerged, but floating."

Robson dried his collar again. He had spoken quickly, and had not forgotten a word. His brown hand, full of the handkerchief, rested on his knee.

"How was the body floating?" Wickham asked.

"On its face." Robson lowered his voice. "The top of the head was smashed in."

"You mean the back of the head?"

"No, sir. Top of the head. They dragged the body into the boat; the fingers of one hand had been smashed too——"

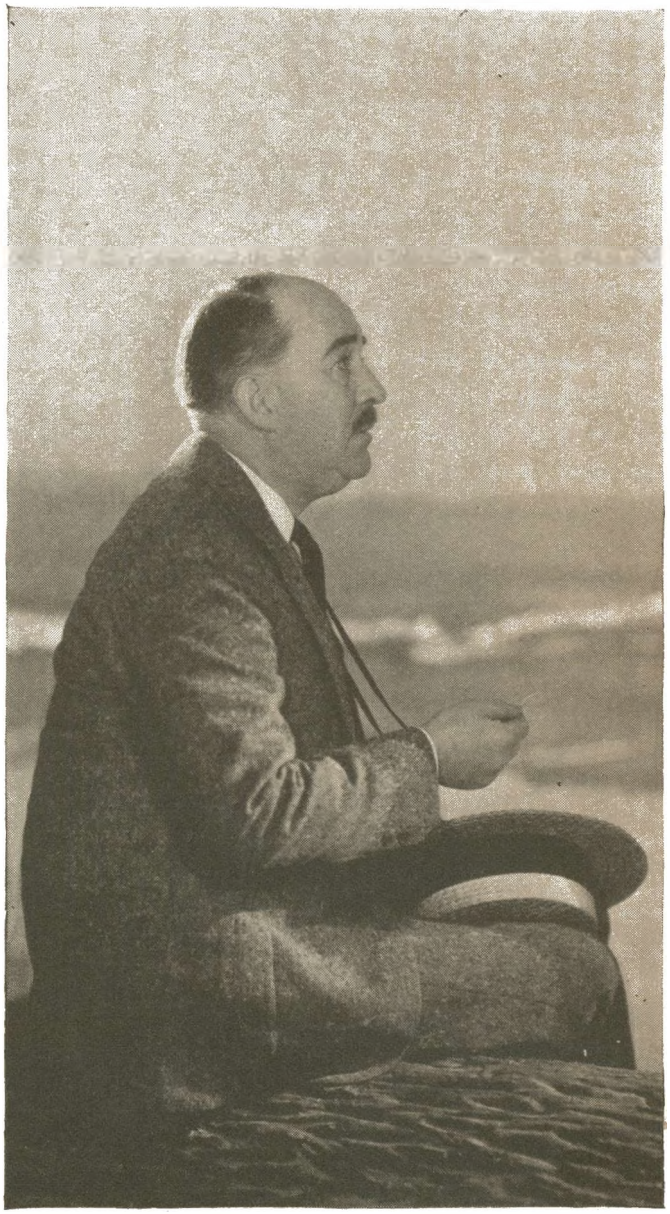
"As if he had dived on to a sunken rock?" Doctor Hailey asked.

"Aye, daresay, but there's no sunken rocks on this beach. Sand, nothin' but sand. Miles of sand. There's no place to dive from and there's no place to hurt yourself, supposin' you was able to dive."

"I see."

Robson turned to Wickham.

"Soon as I got the message, sir," he said, "I cycled over to Pykewood village. Left my bicycle at the police station and ran along the shore. Had just reached the boathouse of Pykewood Hall when I saw them lifting the body out of the water. Shouted to them and they told me what they had found, so I ordered them to bring the body ashore. Meantime had a look at the sand. Tide was coming up, but it still wanted about ten yards to high water. There, sure enough, on the soft sand were the marks of Sir John's feet going down to the water from the place where he had left his dressing-gown and shoes and towel. No other marks on the sand that I could see."



He turned suddenly and saw Caroline standing, gazing at him.

"Do you mean on the sand below high water?"

"Yes, sir. Above high water sand is deep and soft; covered with footmarks it is because every one staying here bathes from that place on the shore. It's only the sand below high-water that can tell you anything; tide makes a clean slate of it, so to speak."

"Quite."

"When the boat came to the jetty I made an inspection of the body. Then I sent a messenger to Doctor Jordan of Pykewood and came here myself to break the news to her Ladyship. Doctor Jordan examined the body within two hours of its reaching this house."

Robson's self-confidence was returning. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his short legs in the manner of a candidate at a political meeting making ready to answer questions.

She was bare-headed. "I've been looking everywhere for you," she said.

"When exactly was Sir John's body found?" Wickham asked.

"Here you are, sir," Robson pulled back the lapel of his tightly buttoned jacket with his left hand and plunged his right hand into his breast pocket. He produced an unconvenient-looking note-book and ruffled its leaves.

" 'The body,' " he read, " 'was discovered by Constable McDonald and his party at 9:10 a. m. exactly. It was lifted into the boat at 9:12 or 9:13. I have ascertained that Sir John must have entered the water about 7:30 a. m. He was a man very regular in his habits and always took his morning swim at that time. Lady Oldmay told me she heard him moving about in his room at the usual hour—between seven and the half-past.' "

"She went to the beach herself, didn't she?"

"I was coming to that. Here you are. 'When Sir John didn't come back to the house Lady Oldmay went out to look for him. She met her son, Mr. Edward Oldmay, coming up from the boathouse, and they walked to the bathing-place together. That would be about eight o'clock, because breakfast at the Hall is eight o'clock sharp. Sir John's towel, dressing-gown and shoes were lying on the beach. But there was no sign of himself. The towel was dry. Mr. Edward Oldmay ran to the boat-house and rowed about for more than half an hour; but failed to find his father's body. Her ladyship telephoned to the police while Mr. Edward was searching.' "

Wickham tapped his brow with his finger. "Did the doctor find any blood on the bathing-suit?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"The sea would wash blood away, wouldn't it?"

"Possibly."

"It had washed the wounds on the head and hands quite clean. There was wonderful little blood on the wounds."

The door of the room opened. A tall woman, dressed in deep mourning, entered.

CHAPTER IV

Lady Oldmay

LADY OLDMAY's entry made the library seem smaller. This was not due, wholly, to the fact that she was a tall, big woman; her presence absorbed space by concentrating attention.

She was blonde, of a conspicuous and singular whiteness, so active in its quality that it seemed to proceed from her to the objects in her neighborhood. Her flesh, as Doctor Hailey noted, had preserved its firmness and her eyes their luster. But she did not look healthy. Beauty mending its rags sometimes gives that impression. He glanced at her hands. They were strong and supple; but the skin had lost its bloom. She was sixty.

"It's so kind of you, dear Colonel Wickham," she said in a clear voice. Her infant-like eyes turned to Doctor Hailey, but failed to recognize him. Wickham introduced him.

"Doctor Hailey," he said, "was a friend of John's."

"I know, of course."

Aristocracy, the doctor reflected, as he watched Lady Oldmay sit down, is imperishable, a stubborn distillation which, like wine, levies toll on the years. This woman, in her distress, invited no sympathy, but rendered thanks without reckoning for the sympathy given to her. Wickham spoke in an undertone to Robson who left the room at once. He watched the door till it shut and then turned, without expectation in his face.

"I felt," Lady Oldmay said, "that I should like to tell you what I know, while I have the strength to tell you. The shock has been very great, and my nerves are never entirely trustworthy."

She held the arms of her chair as though, already, she felt the beginnings of a reaction, which evidently she foresaw, but sat erect, taking no ease from the chair's back. Calamity had not abated custom; the powder on her cheeks bespoke an unhurried discretion. She wore a single string of pearls as her only ornament.

"I noticed yesterday morning," she said, "that John wasn't himself. His life, as you know, was a time-table and his mind was as punctual as the habits it had made. The minute he came back from his swim he used to come into my bedroom to wish me good-morning and tell me how fresh the wind smelt on the dunes. He said that almost every morning in summer. Yesterday morning he didn't come near me until the gong went for breakfast and then he told me that he wished I wouldn't use such 'heavy scents'."

Lady Oldmay moved slightly in her chair.

"I use the very smallest quantities of perfume," she stated. "And have never, at any time, used but the faintest. It was the first time that John had offered such a criticism. I was surprised, and hurt. I could scarcely believe my ears. I asked him what he meant. He looked at me vacantly and then drew

his hand across his brow: 'Is it the powder that smells so strong?' he asked. 'You know that I always use the same powder.' 'It smells very strong.' At breakfast he inquired whether any of us could hear the waves falling on the beach. Nobody could hear them, but he said that he heard them quite distinctly. When Ned suggested that he must be mistaken he became violently angry—a most unusual thing."

"Do you think that he really did hear the waves?" Doctor Hailey asked.

"Oh no, impossible. His nephew, Dyke Duxford, who is staying with us, and who studied medicine before he became an actor, explained it by saying that sometimes one hears the blood throbbing in one's arteries. The sound is like waves falling on a beach. John accepted that idea and calmed down after a little. But I think that at the back of his mind he still believed he was hearing the waves.

"He had an appointment with one of his tenants in Pykewood village and walked over there in the afternoon. I offered to go with him but he refused to allow me. 'I feel,' he said, 'that if you come we should quarrel.' I leave you to imagine the terrible effect of this harshness on my feelings. I was not so much distressed as terrified. Caroline will tell you that I felt sure that her father was either seriously unwell or undergoing some terrible mental strain. When he came home, just before dinner, my fears were confirmed. He looked desperately ill."

Lady Oldmay's right hand moved to her necklace. She grasped the pearls in tense fingers.

"He was extremely pale, and there was a yellow tinge in his skin which alarmed me more than the pallor itself. His eyes were bloodshot and his face had a strange puffy look which I have never seen before. I begged him to let me send for Doctor Jordan but he refused. He kept saying: 'I never felt better in my life.' Dyke, who saw him at dinner, agreed with me that he looked most unwell. 'I only hope he isn't taking typhoid fever,' he said. 'It sometimes begins like that. I suppose your water-supply is above suspicion?' After dinner he was in the habit of reading in this room. About eleven o'clock I came to him and found him sitting at that desk with his head between his hands as though sunk in melancholy.

"He looked up when I came into the room and the expression on his face made me catch my breath. 'Am I as bad as all that, Gertrude,' he asked me. He tried to smile, for he was very brave. He took my hand and gazed into my face; after a little he told me that he felt greatly depressed. 'More depressed than I have ever felt before.' I asked him what he was worrying

He had barely reached the door when it opened. Lady Oldmay stood on the threshold.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Dr. Hailey, Professor Carpenter, and Robson waited eagerly, noticing her tenseness.

about, but he only shook his head. 'Everything, nothing. I feel . . . that life is short.'

"Suddenly his eyes flashed, a wild, terrible look came upon his face. I was full of fear. I stayed with him till nearly midnight and then left him only because he said he had some important letters to write. I heard him come to bed long afterwards and then I fell asleep. This morning I heard him leave his bedroom at the usual time to go out for his swim."

Her hands fluttered down to her lap, and lay there twitching. But it was difficult to say if she had tears in her eyes because they held tears in any case.

"Did John mention any name?" Wickham asked.

"No. None. He would give me no information of any kind about who or what was troubling him."

"And you have no idea yourself?"

Wickham leaned forward slightly, betraying the cloven hoof of his calling. It was quickly done, quickly undone, but Doctor Hailey thought he saw the infantile eyes harden. Lady Oldmay had her wits about her.

"I have no idea. So far as I know John's affairs are in order. I'm sure he had no enemies."

"Money?"

She shook her head.

"Oh no."

"It is generally believed he was worth four or five millions."

"I can't say."

Wickham took a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles from his pocket and put them on. He seemed to grow more solemn and a heavy flush arrived in his cheeks.

"Your relations with your husband?" he asked.

The woman remained unembarrassed.

"We were friends," she said with excellent candor, "because we had both outlived the time when we had been lovers. John was seventy-five. We had our share of difficulties, but my life with him was happy and I think he would have said the same of his life with me."

Her tones were clear and earnest. Doctor Hailey felt an alacrity of conviction which no exaggeration could have achieved. Truth, he reflected, is its own advertisement.

"Were Ned and Caroline on good terms with their father?"

"Yes." Lady Oldmay moved her right hand in a small, restrained gesture. "They annoyed him sometimes, I suppose," she said. "They possess my temperament rather than his."

"It would help if you could be a little more explicit."

"John was a Scottish minister's son; my people are English."

She spoke quickly. They knew that she was the Duke of Greenshire's grand-daughter.

"Ned and Caroline haven't inherited their father's capacity for business?"

She shook her head.

"Ned and Caroline understand spending money better than making it. They're headstrong, they're fond of their own way; they're eager to enjoy themselves. John had difficulty in sympathizing with their point of view."

Doctor Hailey leaned forward.

"That might mean," he said, "that your son distressed his father by getting into debt."

Lady Oldmay's body stiffened; she turned and faced the doctor, staring at him.

"It doesn't mean that."

"Forgive me, I said only that it might mean it."

She bit her underlip; the knuckles of both her hands blanched. She turned to Wickham.

"You know what a horror John had of debts," she exclaimed, "You know that Ned would not have dared to tell his father he had contracted any."

She rose. Her eyelids drooped over her eyes but the doctor observed a gleam of anger.

"I can't see what bearing such a suggestion can have on my husband's death," she added in tones of resentment.

CHAPTER V

The Brass Rowlock

"WHY did you make that suggestion about Ned being in debt, my dear Hailey?" Wickham asked the doctor when Lady Oldmay left them.

"I didn't; the suggestion, as I pointed out, came from Lady Oldmay herself; I underlined it."

"Um."

"She excused her son, therefore accused him."

Wickham's face assumed its blank expression.

"Ned wouldn't dare to tell his father he was in debt," he said. "John thought of debt as other men think of stealing."

"So that if there were debts Lady Oldmay has paid them."

Wickham frowned slightly.

"Possibly. I don't think she's got much of her own. Still I've no doubt she would try her utmost to shield Ned from his father. Without being a snob, she can't forget that she married beneath her. Ned belongs to her people, not to John's. I may be wrong, but I believe that many of the vices exhibited by young men can be traced back to the influence of their mothers. Did you notice how her voice changed when she was telling us that her children understood the spending of money better than the making of it? Her menfolk have always been fighters and hunters, not shopkeepers."

"What sort of fellow is Ned?"

"I don't think he's a bad boy. A bit effeminate looking. But the Greenshires all look like girls till they're thirty. It's a tough sort of prettiness, though. Toughest there is. His uncles were known in the Quorn country as the 'angels on horseback'; and he's another, with John's dour blood thrown into the bargain."

Wickham got up and rang the bell.

"I want you to look at the body," he said, "before we talk to anybody else."

He remained standing till Nagge came into the room.

"Ask Sergeant Robson to see me."

"Very good, sir."

They climbed the stair behind the policeman, who mounted with short sharp steps, like a turkey-cock. He turned the handle of the door facing the staircase and pushed the door wide open. He stood at attention, with his back to the door, until they had entered the room, when he closed the door behind them. The room was full of sunlight, which made the narrow, sheeted figure in the bed look insignificant. Doctor Hailey walked to the bed and lifted the face cloth.

It seemed to him that Sir John's features retained an expression of dismay but it was hard to be sure. The old man's face was not bound; his short beard and heavy mustache hid the lines of death. He bent to examine the injuries to the head and then glanced at the hands. He took one of the hands in his own and manipulated it for a few moments. Then he pressed his finger on the wound in the scalp. He returned to the door where Wickham stood, waiting for him.

"The skull has been smashed like an eggshell," he said. "Two of the fingers of the right hand are broken. The assault was determined, sudden, savage. Several blows were struck."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. There are at least two holes in the skull. Doctor Hailey took an envelope from his pocket and made a rapid sketch at which Wickham barely glanced.

"The broken fingers prove that Sir John was aware suddenly of what was coming," he explained. "They prove, too, that he was defenseless and that his assailant used a terrific violence, such as men display when under the influence of commanding emotion."

"Fear?"

"Terror, most probably. Those murders in which wounds continue to be inflicted after death are always committed by panic-stricken people. We must look, I think, for someone whose nerve Sir John—or somebody else—had broken."

Wickham did not reply. Doctor Hailey added after a moment:

"Fear which drives to murder is never ordinary fear, and it is never shown by ordinary people. The coward who kills always has a guilty conscience. He kills to avoid not only the danger which is present and immediate but the danger which habitually haunts his mind. An example that occurs to me was a confidential secretary who, on being detected in extensive fraud, battered his employer to death. The guilt that had been snarling at the fellow for years was unleashed. Stampede followed and in stampede the murder was done. The odds are, this is such another case. Murder by panic and therefore sudden, blind, unheeding."

Wickham shrugged his shoulders. Reasoning of this kind had small attraction for him.

"Don't forget that John was killed while bathing," he remarked. "The circumstances hardly suggest that he inspired fear in anybody at that moment."

Dr. Hailey, Famous for His Phenomenal Detective Powers, Was Called In. How Could the Victim Have Sensed His Own Death Before It Came? What Were His Heirs Trying to Conceal? Exactly Where and How Did Sir John Die?

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Dr. Hailey removed some of the neat-looking papers which occupied the two shelves of the safe, and examined them for a moment.

They left the room and returned to the study. Doctor Jordan of Pykewood was awaiting them. He announced that he had just been instructed by the Coroner to make a *post mortem* examination. He was a man with a short-reddish beard and a brisk manner. The kind of man who gets things done, but not, as a rule, very well done.

"There's no doubt," he declared, "that poor John was most brutally assaulted. I fancy he was killed by the first blow—for I'm ready to bet he got several blows. There was mighty little bleeding. I put the place of the murder a few yards from shore, somewhere within his depth. John took that first blow standing; it wouldn't have had the same effect if he'd been swimming. I saw his footmarks going down across the soft sand. I walked half a mile each side of them to see if there were any others, because the tide was coming up and there was no time to lose. Sergeant Robson had done the same thing before. There wasn't so much as a scratch on the sand anywhere else, from the boathouse to the Breamish brook. You see the inference. John was killed by somebody in a boat."

Jordan lowered his voice as he imparted this view. It was apparent that he was pleased with himself. He walked quickly to the door of the room and opened it. He closed it again carefully and then returned.

"I decided," he stated, "to do a piece of detective work on my own account. The police examined the two boats in the boat-house but I didn't feel satisfied with the way they conducted this examination. After they had finished I asked permission to take the rowlocks of one of the boats—only one of the boats has removable rowlocks—home with me. I made a discovery."

He took a parcel from his pocket as he spoke and laid it on the desk. He opened the paper and disclosed a brass rowlock. He invited Wickham to look at a black spot on the metal:

"That's blood," he announced, "and there's a bit of white hair sticking to the clot."

His voice rang triumphantly. He raised his head and looked Wickham straight in the face.

"It's a mighty small clue, I'll admit," he declared. "But then we have to remember that the murder was committed afloat. The murderer of course washed his weapon immediately, by plunging it in the sea. He reckoned he had removed every trace of his crime. Unless you look for that spot you aren't likely to find it. It's no wonder that, in the state of mind he must have been in, he should have overlooked it. I think that blood clot got entangled in a roughened place on the metal."

He paused to draw breath.

"I've ascertained," he added in grave tones, "that Ned Oldmay went out early this morning to lift a night line. He was back in the house here before eight o'clock."

CHAPTER VI

Dyke Duxford

WICKHAM possessed an exact mind in which ideas of order predominated. It had been his experience that if an inquiry was not kept in hand it soon brokn down.

Important, therefore, as Doctor Jordan's discovery appeared to be, its value was reduced in his eyes because it had been thrust upon him. His face expressed objection rather than enthusiasm.

"I think," he said, "that in the special circumstances of this case, it would have been perhaps better, Doctor, had you not removed the rowlocks from the boat-house."

"My dear sir, I had the permission of the police to remove them."

"No doubt."

Jordan flushed angrily but managed to keep his temper. He hesitated for a moment, glanced at Doctor Hailey as if he expected to receive a lead and then strode out of the room.

"We've got to keep clear heads," Wickham remarked, "and that fellow would have muddled them in no time."

He rang the bell as he spoke. "This suggestion that a boat was used is exactly the kind of shot that we've got to avoid. It's a theory ready-made; the next step is always to prove the theory, as Jordan has been trying to do. Truth goes begging when that happens."

Doctor Hailey nodded. But if he agreed with the detective, he felt some sympathy for his colleague. He sat down in an armchair near the desk and occupied himself reading the titles of the books on the shelves opposite. He saw the Waverley novels and Dickens and Thackeray, herded like the deer in a gentleman's park. Sir John Oldmay had read little, keeping books for his friends just as he kept boats and horses and wine and cigars for them. But he had possessed the practical man's sense of what is due to learning and the Scotsman's liking for good bindings to offset the modern article as received from the lending library. The books, however, were the owner's least claim to interest. Sir John, if no literary man, was apparently a bit of an antiquarian.

He had hung the vacant places on his walls with formidable looking weapons, deriving possibly from Border battle-fields. There were axes and pikes and broadswords and a helmet complete with visor. All these trophies had a too-good-to-be-true look, but doubtless they had been carefully cleaned and restored. Shelves high up near the ceiling carried dirks and iron gloves and other odds and ends.

The mantel-shelf was double, it suggested an altar. Sir John had kept his comforts, tins of tobacco and pipes on the lower shelf, the upper seemed to have been dedicated to his gods in the shape of two huge bronzes representing mediaeval horsemen in full armor.

The appearance of Nagge recalled the doctor's thoughts.

"Ask Mr. Dyke Duxford," Wickham ordered the butler, "if he will be so good as to favor me with his company here for a few moments."

"Very good, sir."

Nagge left the room. The detective leaned back in his chair.

"Duxford's a doctor, isn't he, who has given up medicine for movie acting?" he asked Doctor Hailey.

"I believe so. He's the son of Sir John's younger brother. His father, I happen to know, was killed in the war."

"I never met his father and I've never met him."

The door opened and a young man walked into the room. He was dressed in plus fours, and wore a gray sweater under his jacket. His approach exercised a scattering effect which made Wickham bristle.

"Sit down, Doctor Oldmay."

Duxford smiled, but remained standing. He took out a gold cigarette-case, opened it and offered it to Wickham.

"Care to smoke?"

"No."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind calling me Duxford; that's the name I answer to nowadays."

"Very well. Have the goodness to sit down."

Doctor Hailey lost interest in Sir John's books. Duxford on the screen and Duxford in the flesh were so like one another that he found it difficult to put away the sense of entertainment. But the screen Duxford was generally on horseback, in deserts. Dismounted he lacked gaiety, dash, the quality of endearing violence which numbers of women value. His head seemed to be rather big for his legs (in this respect resembling his uncles), and there was no great depth of chest. But a candor of movement redeemed these deficiencies. It was easy to understand how his eloquent gestures had won him quick promotion in the days when gesture was the screen's mother-tongue.

"How long have you been staying here?" Wickham asked.

"A fortnight."

"When you arrived here did you notice any change in your uncle?"

"None."

"He seemed well?"

"Very well."

Duxford displayed the palm of his right hand with fingers extended. His wonder that a man over seventy years of age could be so active, was by this means made excellently clear.

"Did you observe any changes in him during the past few days?"

"Oh yes. He'd been out of sorts for three days at least. Restless. Nervous. Fidgety. Irritable." Duxford raised his head, displaying his broad throat. "The day before yesterday his senses seemed to be hyperaesthetic. He assured us he could smell all sorts of things at long distances; and he got very angry when Ned doubted if he could really hear the waves on the beach from this house."

"How did you interpret that sign?"

"I thought he might be sickening for some illness."

"Any special illness?"

"Possibly typhoid fever. One gets symptoms of that sort in the early stages."

Wickham turned to Doctor Hailey.

"You agree?"

"Yes."

"Would the beginnings of an illness of that sort affect the patient's mind?"

"I think so."

Wickham made a note. While he was writing Duxford lit a cigarette. He blew the smoke he had inhaled away from him in the manner of a man ridding himself of cobwebs.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"They were in the pocket of Ned's dressing gown," Wickham said, extending the jewel-case for closer examination.

"Is your bedroom situated near Sir John's?" the detective asked.

"No."

"Is it on the same floor?"

"Oh yes."

"Did you hear your uncle come up to bed on the night before he was killed?"

"No."

"Did you hear him go out for his swim on the following morning?"

"No, but I saw him leaving the house."

"From your bedroom window?"

"Yes."

"How was he dressed?"

"In his dressing-gown. He always went down to the shore in his bathing costume."

"Did you see him reach the shore?"

Duxford shook his head.

"You can't see the shore from this house. The dunes hide it. I was almost dressed when I saw my uncle. I went downstairs immediately afterwards and walked to the stables. I rode along the dunes but didn't see him again."

"Not so fast. What time was it when you saw your uncle leave the house?"

"About 7:30."

"About? Can't you be more precise?"

"I looked at my watch when I woke. It was seven o'clock. It takes me about half an hour to shave and have my bath."

"How long did you spend at the stables?"

"Only a minute or two. My horse was waiting for me."

"So that you probably reached the dunes about a quarter to eight?"

"There or thereabouts."

"Did you look for your uncle?"

"Not really. I was rather in a hurry to join hounds, for I was very late. I glanced seaward and I remember wondering where the old man was. I thought he must have come ashore."

"Did you find the hounds?"

"Yes. They were on the dunes about three miles away. I didn't get back here till nearly eleven."

Wickham leaned forward, fixing his eyes on Duxford's face.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Now tell me, did you see a boat near the bathing-place when you rode along the dunes?"

He continued to gaze at Duxford. Doctor Hailey saw the young man close his eyes suddenly. He kept them closed for a moment, and then, reluctantly as it seemed, opened them. If he had seen he had forgotten.

"I have no special recollection."

Duxford's eyes were now wide open. They were dark eyes with a hazel streak in them. Their expression was vague, dreamy.

"You have told us that you looked seaward. If there was a boat in the bay you must have seen it."

"No doubt, as one sees the leaves on a tree."

The rebuke was uttered with a gesture which challenged the detective to show his hand and which, in addition, discounted any hand that he might show. Duxford accompanied his gesture with a smile and Wickham looked nonplussed.

"I warn you," he declared angrily, "that sooner or later you will be compelled to tell the truth."

He leaned across the desk. Duxford threw his cigarette into the fireplace and then, with a flourish, opened his gold case again. He held the case out to Wickham. When the detective refused it he shut it with a snap.

"Did you notice," he asked quietly, "in which side of my case the only gold-tipped cigarette it contains is situated?"

"What do you mean?"

"You have just looked at my case and its contents. There's a gold-tipped cigarette in it, conspicuous because it is the only one of its kind. Can you tell me on which side of the case that cigarette is situated?"

Wickham scowled but did not reply.

"One sees what one looks for," Duxford remarked.

The detective wrote and then raised his head.

"I am recording the fact that you have shown reluctance to answer my question about the boat."

"I suggest that you add that, at a quarter to eight on that particular morning the idea that my uncle had been murdered was not present to my mind."

Wickham closed his note-book and then, immediately, reopened it.

"Did you meet anybody on your way from this house to the dunes?" he asked.

"Nobody."

"Did you see anybody?"

"No, my horse was rather fresh and I was kept busy holding him."

"Have you any questions, my dear Hailey?"

Doctor Hailey had his snuff-box in his hand. He took a pinch reflectively.

"You have appeared, haven't you," he inquired of the young man, "in a number of films in which good horsemanship was made a special attraction?"

"Yes. I've ridden since I was a child."

"And trained horses too?"

"Oh yes, a few."

"The horse you rode to hounds belonged, I suppose, to your uncle?"

"No. It belongs to me."

"One of those you trained yourself?"

"Yes."

Doctor Hailey closed his eyes and then opened them again.

"Where do you train your horses?" he asked.

"At my place at Shenley in Hertfordshire. I brought this particular horse to the North to complete his education."

A note of enthusiasm crept into Duxford's voice. "He's the best hunter I've ever possessed. Jumps like a stag."

Wickham dismissed Duxford with a warning that it was probable he would be summoned again before the investigation ended.

"Do you believe," he asked Doctor Hailey, "that he did notice if there was a boat in the bay?"

"I'm afraid I don't know him well enough to answer that question."

"A boat on water is about the most conspicuous object in this world. One sees it if it is there."

Doctor Hailey did not reply. The point, as he conceived, lay beyond the region of argument. He met Wickham's comment that Duxford was no doubt concerned to divert suspicion away from his cousin with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why should he suspect his cousin?"

"He knew that Ned had gone to lift his night-line. Members of a family tend to shield one another—like thieves."

The next witness summoned to the library was Caroline Oldmay, Sir John's eighteen-year-old daughter, a girl who had inherited her mother's good looks. The color of her hair, a deep copper tint, was not less striking, Doctor Hailey thought, than the pallor of her skin, beneath which the lively blood glowed like light behind a curtain. Her expression, in spite of its gentleness was proud and reserved. Wickham's manner softened perceptibly as he introduced her to Doctor Hailey and invited her to sit down.

"I'm deeply sorry to have to distress you further," he apologized, "but it's essential that I should have your answers to a number of questions. I know you'll realize that."

Caroline didn't answer. Her lips were pressed together and her hands, though she tried to control them, moved restlessly in her lap. Wickham glanced at his notes and then raised his head sharply.

"Were you present," he asked, "when your father said that he could hear the waves on the beach while sitting in this house?"

"Yes, I was."

"You could not hear the waves yourself?"

"No."

"Was your father quite positive that it was the waves he was hearing?"

"Oh yes, quite sure."

"Do you remember if any explanation of this curious idea was offered at the time?"

"My cousin suggested that my father might be listening to the throbbing of the blood in his own arteries. I don't think that my father really accepted that explanation."

"Now tell me," Wickham leaned forward, "did you notice any change in your father's manner on the day before he met his death?"

The girl glanced about her uneasily.

"I thought he seemed upset," she said in low tones.

"Have you any idea why he was upset?"

Duxford, Who Gave Up Medicine for Acting, Presented a Pretty Problem! "I Don't Know That I Did It," He Said, "But I Would Like to Give Myself Up to the Police for Murdering Sir John. Can't One Kill Without Knowing It?"

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Believe me," said Duxford, "the decision to arrest Ned came to me as a frightful shock, a ghastly mistake." He mopped his brow.

Caroline wilted visibly. She did not answer him.

"I'm very sorry to distress you," Wickham said, "but I think that you must tell me everything you know, no matter how difficult it may be to tell me."

"My father was apt to get upset about . . . family affairs."

The words were spoken with difficulty.

"Such as?"

"Any family affair."

"But on this particular occasion?"

She looked up.

"I would rather not discuss this subject with you," she said.

Her manner was neither defiant nor resentful. She fell back on her sex and social advantage with an assurance which proved how confident she felt in their strength.

"Pardon me, you must discuss it."

She flushed; her eyes glowed. She stammered refusal and then the weakness of youth betrayed her. Tears rushed to her eyes. She jumped up and hurried from the room.

She left the door of the room open behind her.

CHAPTER VII

Ned Oldmay

WICKHAM rose and closed the door. He began to pace up and down with strides which made his legs seem too short for his thoughts. He kept throwing out angry remarks as he walked.

"What do you advise, Hailey? Shall I send for her again?"

"I shouldn't."

"Women are the very dickens when they have their own reasons for not wishing to speak. I've found that again and again. You can't frighten them as you can frighten men."

He strode to the door and back again.

"I'm beginning to think that the last day of John Oldmay's life was spent in conducting a family quarrel. And I'm ready to bet that Ned was the principal occasion of that quarrel. John had the Scotsman's horror of riotous living."

He returned to his seat at the desk.

"How well did you know John Oldmay?" he asked suddenly.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"No better than a doctor usually knows his patients. He consulted me at pretty regular intervals for some years. I met him socially two or three times."

"And yet he mentioned in that letter to me that he would like to have written to you."

"Oh yes. He always discussed his soul when he came to Harley Street. Men of his type, I've observed, have a weakness for making such confidences. Doctors exercise a special attraction for them, because doctors are supposed to be men of science as well as philosophers and men of the world. A practical man may confess himself to a doctor without losing his self-respect."

Doctor Hailey paused and assumed his eyeglass.

"Well?" Wickham demanded.

"John Oldmay was of fixed ideas; for him life was an affair of blacks and whites, of right and wrong, of good and bad, a man color-blind in the moral sense and therefore incapable of appreciating shades of conduct. He was a just man, but his justice was almost untempered by mercy. Moreover, he possessed a lively faith in the efficacy of punishment as a regenerating influence. No matter how unpleasant a course of action might be, he could be counted on to take it, and to follow it to the bitter end, if it seemed to promise the reclamation of a sinner.

All men of scientific mind are fatalists at heart. But John Oldmay had, in addition, the Scotsman's sense of the responsibility attaching to money, which is a mixture of satisfaction in the possession of wealth and of fear that, if a bad use is made of it, it may be taken away. Debts contracted in the pursuit of pleasure constitute for such minds the unpardonable sin."

Wickham nodded. Then a frown gathered on his brow.

"In other words if John discovered that Ned had been going the pace, he probably threatened to cut off supplies."

"I should say that it is even more probable that he threatened to turn his son out of doors to earn his own living. I doubt very much, too, if he would leave such a son a penny of his money. That was what I had in mind when I questioned Lady Oldmay. My experience is there's no more bitter form of dispute than that in which a woman tries to shelter her son from her husband's anger. Lady Oldmay, besides, was half-ashamed of her husband's virtues and secretly proud of her son's faults."

"I think," Wickham said, "that we had better see Ned Oldmay."

Ned proved as good looking as his sister but in a different way. He was tall, slightly built and fair. There was a cherubic quality in his face, a mixture of charm with carelessness. Enjoyment radiated from him and his blue eyes held the smoky sparkle of champagne. He came into the room diffidently and left the door open.

"Do you mind closing the door?" Wickham suggested in his driest tone.

"I'm most awfully sorry, sir."

Ned turned back and closed the door so quietly that the operation was unattended by sound. He crossed the floor and sat down opposite his father's desk. His manner, as he awaited Wickham's pleasure, was so modest as to approach nearly to insult. But it was obvious that this was a fault of temperament rather than intention. He was his mother's son.

"A short time ago you were heavily in debt, I think?"

Ned raised his eyebrows and then made a small grimace. He sighed.

"Am I to answer, Colonel Wickham?"

"Yes."

"Very well, sir, a short time ago I was heavily in debt."

"Who paid your debts?"

"They were paid."

Lady Oldmay herself asked the doctor to look at Caroline.

"Please answer my question as fully as you can."

The boy's face darkened. He remained silent, with his lips tightly compressed as though he fortified himself to refuse further information. Wickham tapped on the desk with the butt end of his fountain-pen.

"I have reason to believe that your mother paid your debts, am I right?"

"I think you must ask my mother that question."

"Without your father's knowledge?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't quite see the bearing of all this. Are you suggesting that my debts are connected in any way with my father's death?"

"I am here to inquire into the circumstances of your father's death . . . for that purpose and no other."

"I see, sir. Very well, then, I'll answer your questions." Ned stiffened in his chair. His mouth grew hard.

"My mother did pay my debts and my father knew nothing about it until three days before his death when he found out what had happened."

"Was he very angry?"

"Exceedingly angry. On the day before his death he told me that I should have to work for my own liv-

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

She caught at the doctor's hand. "I felt my heart sink. The night before I had quarreled with father about Ned and said cruel things."

ing and that he refused to leave me a penny of his money."

The words were spoken in matter-of-fact tones and without emphasis. Ned seemed concerned neither to blame his father nor to defend himself. A look of surprise appeared on Wickham's face.

"Well?"

"That's all. My mother, of course, was upset."

"You mean that you didn't take your father seriously?"

For the first time Ned betrayed astonishment.

"I understand, sir, that you knew my father?" he remarked.

"I did, yes."

"He never threatened without fulfilling his threats, sir."

"I see. Your mother meant to provide for you . . ."

"My mother always accepted my father's decisions. I was to go into an office in London."

Wickham wrote rapidly for a few minutes.

"Please tell me about yesterday morning—what you were doing."

"I rose at seven and went out to lift a night-line I had put down the night before, as I very often do."

"In a boat?"

A very faint smile appeared on the young man's lips.

"Yes, in a boat."

"When did you return to the house?"

"Just before breakfast, about eight o'clock. We have breakfast at a quarter past eight."

"When did you land at the boathouse?"

"About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour earlier."

Wickham leaned forward.

"So that you were within a short distance of the bathing place at the time when your father was actually in the water?"

"I suppose so. I didn't see anything of him."

"Did you look for him?"

Ned hesitated a moment.

"I did, yes," he stated at last.

"Well?"

"I didn't see him."

Wickham frowned.

"And yet you returned here as if nothing had happened?"

"How could I know that anything had happened?"

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"What, when you had failed to see your father? You knew he bathed at the same time each day."

The young man shook his head.

"He wasn't so absolutely regular as all that. It didn't occur to me to feel anxious about him."

"I see." The detective closed his note-book. "One other question. Did you observe your cousin, Dyke Duxford, while you were returning to the boathouse?"

"Yes, I saw him riding along the dunes."

"Did he see you?"

"Yes, he waved to me."

CHAPTER VIII

"Not Guilty"

WICKHAM began to pace the room again as soon as Ned Oldmay had left it.

"There are the facts, Hailey," he declared, speaking in staccato sentences. "The blood and hair on the rowlock. The quarrel between father and son. The plight of the son. The son's presence, in a boat—in a boat, mark you, at the time of the father's murder. We are accustomed to ask ourselves three questions about all such cases. 'Who? Why? How?' There are answers to all three."

"I usually ask myself one other question," Doctor Hailey said. "It lacks the merit of being capable of expression in a word."

"Yes?" The detective turned sharply.

"The question is, 'What manner of man?'"

"What manner of man?"

"This is a brutal murder, a ferocious murder. You must find these traits—brutality and ferocity—in your murderer, surely."

"Oh, my dear sir, all men are capable of brutality, just as all men are capable of fear."

The doctor shook his head.

"That has not been my experience, and it is not the experience of humanity. Fear, as the whole world knows, sorts out one man from another. There are those who collapse; there are those who run away; there are those who become violent and brutal and there are those who retain their self-control. Very well, to which of these categories does Ned belong?"

"How should I know?"

"You've seen him; you've questioned him. What impression did you get?"

Doctor Hailey spoke in his habitual, gentle tones, but his voice had an eager quality which made his question a challenge.

"Oh, the impression I had before. That he's a rich man's son. It's obvious, isn't it?"

"That depends on how you define a rich man's son. Ned answered you frankly and clearly. He must have known in what direction your questions were tending. Did he try to excuse himself?"

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"How could he excuse himself? Facts are facts."

"He might easily have described his quarrel with his father in less uncompromising terms. Probably only his mother and sister knew anything about it and you have seen how they acted."

Wickham shook his head. His smile repudiated the idea that he could be led away from a practical to a theoretical issue. He picked up the rowlock which Doctor Jordan had left on the desk.

"I'm going to have this examined by our own people," he declared. "Do you care to come with me to the boathouse?"

"I think not."

Wickham went away with Sergeant Robson. Doctor Hailey asked to be shown his bedroom and was taken upstairs by Nagge whose solemn appearance did not completely hide his agitation. The room commanded an extensive view of the sea and he sat down at the window to enjoy it. He could just see the roof of the boathouse and concluded that any craft leaving there would come, almost at once, under the observation of all the windows on this side of Pykewood Hall. He took a pinch of snuff and then proceeded to unpack his suitcase.

In one of the pockets of the case was a small bottle containing a straw-colored liquid. He put it in his pocket and descended to the front door. There was nobody about. He walked round the house to the stables, which were close at hand, and stood looking with approving eyes at the excellent loose-boxes which occupied two sides of the wide square. A groom was polishing harness; he approached the man and told him to show him Dyke Duxford's hunter.

"Have you been looking after the horse yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quiet?"

"Oh yes, sir; very quiet."

The man opened one of the boxes and stood back to allow the doctor to enter. The horse, a big bay, was standing at the far side, but immediately approached. It placed its hoofs saucily in the deep bedding and thrust out its neck.

"Mr. Duxford gives him sugar, sir."

Doctor Hailey patted the horse and then passed his hands rapidly over its sides and down its forelegs. Something on its right knee attracted his notice. He bent down and, having taken a pair of scissors from his pocket, cut off a few hairs. He placed these in his bottle. He was corking the bottle when Duxford spoke to him from the door.

"Hullo, doctor, what are you doing?"

Duxford entered the box and patted his horse's neck. But he kept his eyes fixed on the straw-colored fluid in Doctor Hailey's bottle. The smile with which he was accustomed to meet the perils attending love affairs in desert places, beamed on his face.

"Answering a question."

"What, about my horse?"

Duxford's arm went up 'round the animal's neck in a movement which seemed to shield a friend from harm.

"You forget I'm a doctor, you know," he said. "I recognize that bottle."

He left the horse and accompanied Doctor Hailey from the loose-box.

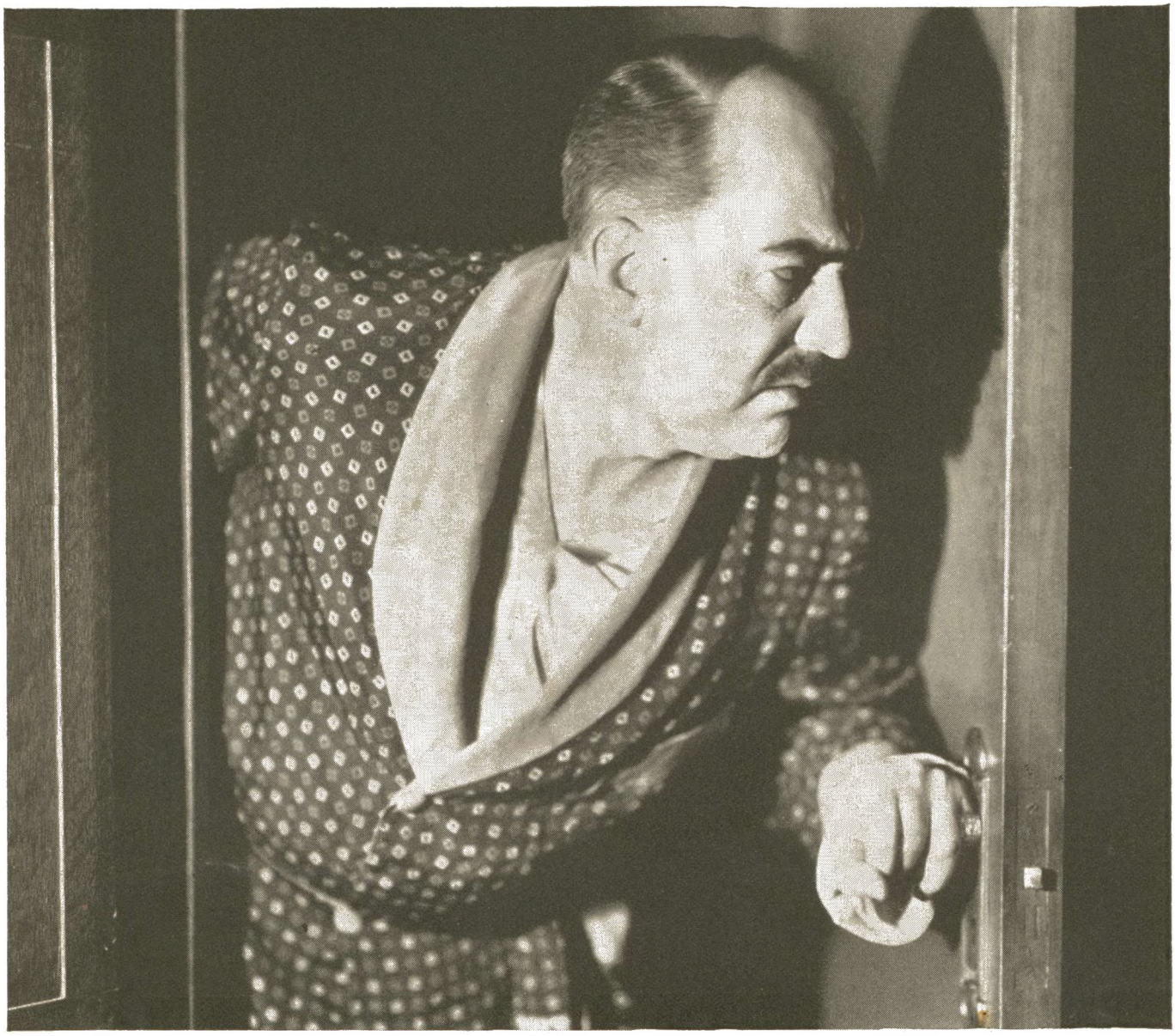
"There isn't any blood on Sahib's coat," he declared. "Not even your miscrospectroscope will be able to find any." He drew a sharp breath. "So you thought I might have ridden down poor Uncle John in the water?"

Duxford's voice hardened as he asked the question, but he did not cease to smile. When he received no reply he shrugged his shoulders.

"I might have, of course," he said. "I daresay Sahib

Lady Oldmay, Quiet, Aristocratic, Haughty, Proved Herself a Tartar When Her Son Was Accused. Her Faith in Him Never Hesitated and She Resorted to the Boldest Devices to Balk Scotland Yard

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN



Slowly he opened the door and peered into the dark corridor outside. The knob made a slight noise and he waited for a minute silently.

would have done his part. And the rising tide would have removed all the traces. What an ingenious mind you possess, Doctor Hailey! On the other hand, wouldn't it have been a trifle risky—in full view of the house? A horse plunging about in the sea would be apt to attract even more attention than a boat, and besides, could you guarantee success? What if Uncle John had lived to tell the tale? I can assure you that the movies demand a high degree of efficiency in villains.

He paused. His eyes were jolly and the blood had mounted to his cheeks. Doctor Hailey beheld him through his eyeglass.

"That idea had not occurred to me," he stated coldly.

"Really! But you're about to test for blood." Duxford's face assumed a puzzled expression and then, suddenly, cleared. "Oh, I see. You thought I might have overtaken the old man where the dunes hide the beach from the windows, and then carried his body, on my horse, into the water. There would be blood on Sahib's coat, of course." He paused, gazing at the doctor with his best look of scorn. "How about the footprints?"

The benevolence of Doctor Hailey's expression had not changed and he regarded the young man kindly.

"Surely," he said, "it is right to exhaust all the possibilities in a case of this sort."

"You mean that footprints can be faked?"

"I don't mean anything. I try to think of all possibilities. Your uncle's body was found floating in the sea."

Duxford's face changed completely. The scorn died out of it and was replaced by a look of weariness.

"I suppose I'm on edge," he said gently. "It's the penalty of possessing nerves. I see your point. If I may I'll come back with you while you examine these hairs. Say what we like, we're all under suspicion here and it's hard to endure. I shall not rest now till I know that it was not human blood which you found on Sahib's coat." He caught at Doctor Hailey's sleeve. "When I'm accused of anything, I always feel guilty. Why is that?"

"I believe it's quite a common failing."

"The inferiority complex, eh?"

The questions were thrown out, as if by sudden jerks. Duxford drew his hand across his brow.

"I seem to live," he confessed, "in expectation of disaster."

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

The object that he had found was a tiny fragment of yellowish glass. It was smooth on one side and rough on the other where it had broken off.

They reached the house. The doctor hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"Would it really ease your mind," he asked, "if I told you my findings at once?"

"Oh yes, tremendously."

"Very well."

Doctor Hailey had a microspectroscope and some glass slides in his suitcase. He placed these on the dressing-table and proceeded to examine a few drops of the fluid in his bottle. He glanced at Duxford, as he finished, and saw that the fellow was watching him like a dog that expects a beating. The cigarette he was smoking had broken between his fingers and the fine tobacco it contained had spilled on his coat.

"How I hate these damned instruments!"

"It's not human blood," Doctor Hailey stated.

"Thank God!"

Duxford rose, master of himself again. He held out his cigarette case to his companion.

"The jury find the prisoner 'not guilty'!" he exclaimed. "That's exactly how I feel." He observed Doctor Hailey's refusal of his cigarette and closed the case with a snap. "Believe me or don't believe me, I feel 'not guilty' more because you've found that I'm not, than because I know that I'm not. I never can make myself know anything about myself. If you had found human blood I'd have sweated with fear—in spite of my knowledge that I didn't ride Uncle John down."

"Human nature tends to distrust human nature, you know."

Doctor Hailey leaned back in his chair. He smiled and then shook his head. His hand moved to his waistcoat pocket and extracted his snuff-box.

"The blood is your horse's blood. A fly probably."

Duxford jumped up and stood with his back to the window.

"Do you know," he confessed, "ever since Uncle John's body was found I've had the most dreadful fear on me that I may have killed him myself?"

The second cigarette followed the first through the open window.

"Do you think that one can kill without knowing one is doing it?"

"Possibly."

"People sometimes give themselves up to the police, don't they, and confess to having committed murders they have not committed?"

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

A hand was laid on his shoulder and he turned to see Carpenter. "What on earth has happened, my dear Hailey?"

"Very often. The case-books are full of such things."

"I feel just like that. I want to go to Colonel Wickham and say that I did it. The only thing that stops me is that I'm afraid I might be sent to a lunatic asylum."

Doctor Hailey let it be seen that he wished to be alone. As Duxford was leaving the room Wickham strode into it. He glanced at the young man without addressing him. When Duxford had gone, he sat down by the bedside.

"The case," he declared, "is clear enough. The village postman has just been here and has stated that he saw John going down to bathe. He is certain that the time was exactly 7.25 because he was a little late in his round and looked at his watch as he came up the avenue. He saw John while his watch was still in his hand. One of the housemaids saw John about the same time. She says the clock in the dining-room, where she was setting an early breakfast for Duxford, struck the half hour just as her master went past the window, but I've ascertained that the clock in that room is five minutes fast."

Wickham opened his cigarette case, glanced at the contents, and shut the case again with a sharp snap.

"Take that hour, 7.25. Allow five minutes for John to reach the beach, take off his shoes and dressing-gown and walk down into the water. At 7.30 he had begun his swim.

"At that moment Ned was approaching the boathouse and there was nobody else in sight. The postman, on his way back from the house, saw Ned's boat approaching. Quarter of an hour later, at 7.45, Ned landed. As it happens, an artist who is making a sketch of Pykewood village took up his place near the boathouse just before eight o'clock and remained there till the search party came from the village. We can say positively that John was not murdered after eight o'clock. There is Duxford's evidence that he was not murdered between 7.43, when Duxford rode along the dunes, and eight o'clock.

"Therefore, since he was seen, alive and well, at 7.25 and since his footsteps show that he reached the water, the murder took place between 7.30 and 7.45. During that quarter of an hour father and son were close beside one another and were not, so far as is known, under observation. Ned was in a boat, one of the row-

locks of which is stained with clotted blood in which there are fragments of white hair. Further, Ned, as you know, had good reason for wishing his father out of the way."

He paused and this time lit a cigarette. While he was speaking Doctor Hailey had procured a sheet of notepaper and made some brief notes on it.

"Let me see," he said, "our time-table is:

"7.25: Sir John seen by the housemaid and the postman on the way to bathe.

"7.30: Sir John reaches the water and begins to swim.

"7.30: The postman sees Ned's boat approaching the boathouse but does not stay to watch it."

"Don't forget," Wickham interrupted, "that soon after he left the house the postman had his back turned to the sea."

"Quite so. He did not stay to watch the boat.

"7.45: Ned lands at the boathouse and comes up here. From that moment all his movements are known.

"7.45: Duxford rides over the dunes. Waves to Ned and goes off to find hounds.

"7.50—shall we say?—The artist from Pykewood takes up his position, until the arrival of the search party."

The detective nodded.

"Yes, that's the time-table. Exactly a quarter of an hour in which to commit the murder."

The doctor remained looking out of the window with vacant eyes. He told his companion that it had occurred to him that Duxford might have committed the murder on the shore and carried the body out on his horse, and mentioned his investigation of the horse's hair.

"Your time-table knocks the bottom out of that theory."

"Entirely." A smile, which was not wholly complimentary to Doctor Hailey, flickered on Wickham's lips. "There were no signs of a horse's hoofs on the sand," he remarked.

"I had thought of that. The horseman might have ridden into the sea, down the course of the Breamish brook, might he not?"

"But the police saw John's footmarks on the sand before the tide rose."

"Such things can be faked. . . ."

"My dear fellow, murders of this sort are never thought out in advance. They happen, as you suggested yourself, all of a sudden, on impulse. That's undeniably what occurred in the present case. Ned was coming home with his mind full of his father's injustice and harshness; chewing that cud sours the best digestion, and in this case digestion had been spoiled by pampering. His father must have seemed a brute, and it's likely enough that he persuaded himself that brutality did not stop at his own case. His father was a bully to his mother, to his sister. With the thoughts rankling and fuming in his mind, he turned round and saw his father swimming close beside him. One stroke of the oars. One blow, followed in the frenzy of reaction by a second and a third, and it was all over. He pulled himself together, he washed the rowlock in the water. Thank God nobody had seen him. Within a minute he was rowing again toward the boathouse."

CHAPTER IX

Professor Carpenter Explains

EVERY scientific worker knows the thrill of joy which accompanies the discovery of a theory that fits the facts. Wickham, when he had completed his outline of the murder, inhaled a deep whiff of smoke.

"Ned killed his father," he declared in tones that were not wholly free from complacency. "It's horrible and tragic; but there's no getting away from it."

"Apparently not."

"What! Do you mean to say you feel the slightest doubt on the subject?"

The detective stared at his companion with an astonishment which was as lively as it was unaffected.

"Yes, I do."

"How? Where?"

Doctor Hailey shook his head.

"No, I can't give you reasons, other than the reason that I don't believe Ned capable of such an act!"

"What a defense!"

"You forget that I have spent my whole working life studying the minds of men and women. One develops, what shall I say, an intuition, an instinct. The facts seem to show that this man killed his father; very well, my instinct rejects the facts. I say to myself, there's a link missing somewhere; if I'm wrong then I've failed in the task to which I have devoted more than a quarter of a century of effort. No reason here, you think. I'm not so sure.

"Have you asked yourself what sort of mind it is into which the murderous impulse came? It is, believe me, a very special type of mind. We all experience the wish that our enemies might cease to trouble us. We wish them consigned to outer darkness. Anger flares up. Hate perhaps plots in secret. But we don't kill. To be able to kill one must be abnormal or one must have been rendered abnormal temporarily. Those who kill are deficient in the social sense. Ned, as I read his character, is not deficient in these qualities. He told you that his mother always upheld his father's judgment. No murderer that I have ever heard of would have thought and spoken in that way."

Doctor Hailey's mask of indifference had fallen from him. His face, usually uneventful, was lighted by eagerness and enthusiasm and he emphasized his thoughts with gestures which gave them an excellent vigor. But Wickham was proof.

"In the eyes of the law," said he dryly, "all men are equal and all are therefore equally liable to be condemned on circumstantial evidence. If Ned didn't murder his father, who did? That's the acid test."

There was a gentle knock at the door. The detective rose and opened it, forgetful, apparently, of the fact that he was in Doctor Hailey's bedroom. He disclosed Professor Carpenter.

"May I come in?"

"Do."

The professor glided into the room with his peculiar, soft-footed gait which had earned for him the nickname of "Blondon". He sat down on the end of the bed and wiped his brow with a large, rather yellow-looking, silk handkerchief.

"I intrude," he stated, "because I have gathered that such evidence as is available in the case points to Ned as the guilty person. Am I right?"

He glanced from Wickham to Doctor Hailey and then back to Wickham again. A rather nervous expression obscured for a moment his likeness to King Charles, but the likeness quickly reasserted itself when the detective declared bluntly that he was not prepared to discuss the case.

"You must, I think, discuss it. Indeed, I am sure you must. I have something to tell you."

His tones were confidential but the pedantic, old-maidish way in which he spoke, discounted this quality. Doctor Hailey had a premonition that he was about to raise a minatory finger and shake it at them. He experienced a sudden and scarcely accountable inclination to laugh. There was something strangely and yet powerfully mirth-compelling about this tall, gaunt man, half King, half Quixote, with his mincing ways that accorded so ill with his straggling, Daddy-long-legs limbs.

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Dr. Hailey unlocked the door. "Better make sure there's nobody there before you go in," Duxford whispered.

Wickham frowned his resentment that he should be compelled to listen to any explanation, but finally submitted. Professor Carpenter began to nod his head.

"I am, as you know, a barrister," he began, "though I do not practice that profession. Philosophy claimed me, first the philosophy of law and then philosophy for its own sake. But I did practice at one time and had, I can say without any breach of modesty, as much work as I could do. Among others I used to advise poor John Oldmay."

He broke off, emitting as he did so a peculiar little snort. He swung one of his long legs across the other, in a movement that discounted the impatience under which Wickham was so evidently laboring, a movement at once exasperating and boyish, of which a simple vanity seemed to be the spring.

"Well?" the detective ejaculated.

"I advised him on many matters, for he had many activities in addition to his tea business. Some years ago I helped him to draft his will . . . the will which has now been opened and read. As you know, he left his possessions to his wife with reversion to his son and daughter in equal shares. An ordinary will. A very ordinary and, as I think, very proper will. The kind of will any sensible man, who had money to leave, might be expected to make in a normal frame of mind."

Another snort, and a wave of the professor's hands, brought this statement to an end. The man uncrossed his legs, smiled faintly and then leaned forward.

"Two days ago," he said in the tones of a conspirator outlining a plot, "I received a telephone call from John asking me to come at once to Pykewood. I was to stay at the village inn; I was not to hold any sort of communication with the Hall. He would come and visit me. 'It's tremendously important,' he declared, 'and that's all I can say about it.' Well, I decided to go, for John was a sober fellow not given to exaggeration. I packed up and reached the village the evening before last. I took a room at the King's Head. About nine o'clock John appeared."

Professor Carpenter broke off, but retained his stiff, strained attitude.

"John struck me at once as being in a very excited state. His eyes . . . you remember how dull they looked usually . . . they were glittering and the whites were bloodshot. And his hands—the muscles or sinews in his hands—kept twitching. So much so that I found myself watching the play of them; like the fingers of a musician at his fiddle. After he had shaken hands with me he went back to the door of the room, opened

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With difficulty he saved himself from falling over the man he had been seeking. Duxford began to groan again.

it, looked outside and then locked it. He gazed at me with his glittering eyes for what seemed like a very long time: 'I can trust you, Aloysius,' he said over and over again.

"It began to dawn on me at last that he was asking a question and I assured him that I was trustworthy. At that he sank down—I might almost say he fell down—into an armchair. 'Aloysius,' he exclaimed, 'I have just suffered the heaviest blow of my life. Ned has failed me.' He kept pressing his head to his temples as he spoke and I noticed that he continually moistened his lips with his tongue. 'He's in a fever,' I thought. 'He's not well!' I looked at the veins in his neck which, as my doctor has told me, are apt to pulsate when illness is at hand! Believe me, they were beating like a bat's wings. I prepared to humor him.

"But he brushed my consolations aside like so many dead flies. 'Ned's a young waster,' he said. 'A spendthrift, a winebibber—you know how his mind harked back to the Scriptures—'what's more he's been deceiving me. Contracting debts without my knowledge, overspending his allowance, borrowing from his mother. . . . Oh yes, he thought I would never find out, but I have discovered everything. And I am going to punish . . .'"

The professor shook his head as he pronounced the last word, making it clear that, as a philosopher, he rejected the order of ideas on which punishment is based. Wickham's interest had been captured and seemed to be quickening, for he moved impatiently in his chair until the story was continued.

"Punish," repeated Professor Carpenter, lowering his voice. "I guessed then what was coming. He was going to reduce Ned's share of his estate. He was going to execute a codicil to his will. Well, I was right and I was wrong. I knew John as a hard man—perhaps I should say as a stern man, but I confess that I hadn't thought him capable of disinheriting his only son. Ned wasn't to have a single penny. He knew that he was entitled by English law to make such a will. The question was, was his will certain to be proved under the law of England? I mean, might it not be argued, after his death, that he had remained a domiciled Scotsman and had never acquired an English domicile . . . ?"

The professor contracted his brows, seeming to glance upward to the ceiling.

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He was about to leave the boat when he saw something gleaming among the coils of her anchor-rope. It was a large crystal of yellow glass.

"Under the law of Scotland a man cannot wholly disinherit any member of his family. And it's difficult to prove that a Scotsman, who has lived and worked in England, may not, nevertheless, have intended to return to Scotland to end his days. John had a place in Argyllshire. He had sent for me, first and foremost, to ask me whether I could assure him that he had acquired an English domicile. That anxiety was the measure of his anger against his son. I told him that he might execute a deed declaring his intention to remain in England but that, even so, the case would probably be contested by his son.

"I had no idea that my opinion would exert so violent an effect on him, or perhaps I should not have expressed it. He glared at me. Then he lashed at the back of a chair with the stick he carried and broke the stick. 'If I have to engage a hundred lawyers to make this watertight,' he shouted, 'I'll do it. Ned shall not touch a penny. Do you hear?' I heard very well. 'This man,' I said to myself, 'is not normal. He's got some fever of his brain.' I promised him that on my return to London I would take the best advice available and would then come and see him again. 'There's no time to lose,' he told me, and gripped my coat as he spoke. 'Do you understand, there's no time to lose!' "

The professor glanced from Wickham to Doctor Hailey.

"I didn't understand. I don't understand now. But I told him I realized his difficulty. He went away, leaving me exhausted. It was only when he had gone that I understood what a tremendous strain the interview had imposed on me. The poor fellow was so highly excited that he seemed to possess the power of giving nervous shocks to other people; I felt as if I had been in a pond with an electric eel. I couldn't eat my dinner and I was sitting wondering what I ought to do when the servant brought me up a note from John. Here it is."

Professor Carpenter plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a folded sheet of paper. He handed it to Wickham who read it and passed it to the doctor. It ran:

"My dear Aloysius:

"On second thought, come and see me tomorrow on the

bathing beach below this house at 7.30. You won't be observed because the dunes hide the beach from the windows and nobody else bathes at that hour. You'll have plenty of time to get back to breakfast and catch your train.

"Yours,

"John."

"Did you go?"

Wickham's tones revealed the excitement under which he was now laboring.

"I did indeed. Unhappily I overslept and was a little late. I didn't come in sight of the bathing beach until 7.35. I looked at my watch so I'm quite sure of the time."

"Yes, yes."

Professor Carpenter shook his head.

"No. I saw nobody. There was nobody on the beach or in the sea."

CHAPTER X

The Man in the Boat

SILENCE filled the bedroom. It was broken by Wickham.

"But, my dear sir, what you say is ridiculous. We know as a fact that John Oldmay was murdered between 7.30 and 7.45 in the sea. Did you remain on the beach?"

"Near it. I watched the bathing place till close upon eight o'clock. Till an artist came and set up his easel quite near me. Then I returned to the inn."

"And you saw nobody?"

"Nobody . . . except Ned and his cousin Duxford."

"Oh!"

The detective jumped up and stood over his man in an attitude which was almost threatening.

"You saw Ned," he cried, "at 7.35?"

"Oh no. Long before that. Don't forget, my dear Wickham, that as soon as you leave the Pykewood inn you command a view of the sea. I saw Ned's boat the minute I stepped out into the village street, and I didn't lose sight of it after that."

The professor crossed his legs again. He spread out his hands.

"I could see the boat, but not the bathing beach. It was about 7:25. I kept my eye on the boat as I walked across the dunes and saw that it was making for the Pykewood Hall boathouse. Then I guessed it was Ned. That was exceedingly inconvenient to me as you can understand. I thought of going back to the inn right away and then I saw that, if I remained among the dunes I could easily keep out of sight till Ned had landed and gone up to the house. But it was necessary, in the first instance, to assure myself that John was actually having his swim and to let him know that I had kept the appointment.

"I intended to call to him, attract his attention and then lie down on the sand behind one of the hillocks. However, as I told you, there was no sign of him on the bathing beach. 'He's late,' I thought, and lay down to wait and watch. From where I was stationed I could see both the boat and the bathing beach. Ned was rowing steadily and consequently had his back to me the whole time. He rowed right into the shed without a pause of any sort."

Again the room was plunged in silence.

"You're aware," Wickham asked, "that at that moment his father's body was floating in the sea within a few hundred yards of the place where you were lying?"

"Yes, it must have been, because I stayed till the artist came, and I believe he stayed till the search-party came."

"So that, unless you're mistaken about Ned's behavior, John was murdered between 7.30 and 7.35?"

"It seems like that."

"How can he have been murdered in that time? Either he was killed in the water or his body was carried into the water. In neither case was there sufficient time for the murderer to reach the shore again and escape before you appeared on the scene."

Professor Carpenter looked a trifle bewildered. He glanced at Doctor Hailey.

"What do you say, doctor?"

"I agree with Wickham. John Oldmay was seen going to the beach. It was then 7.25. It must have been fully 7.30 before he entered the water and later still before he reached the place where his body was found. You would have seen his murderer if the murder was committed by some one accompanying him or following him to the water because the murderer had no time to get away. The same is true if the murder was committed on land."

"Besides," Wickham interrupted, "there are the footprints. The police, before the tide rose and obliterated everything, found only one set of footprints, going down from the place where John left his shoes and towel and dressing-gown. The sand, below high-water is as soft as putty. It would reveal the footprints of a mouse."

"Strange, certainly," said Carpenter.

"Surely you see the explanation. The murder was committed by some one in a boat. Where was Ned's boat at 7.35?"

Professor Carpenter thought a moment.

"It must have been pretty near the place where the body was found," he admitted. "Yes, very near. But I'm sure that Ned didn't stop rowing."

"You were watching the beach as well as the boat, remember."

"Yes, I was. But I could see them both without moving my head."

"But not without moving your eyes. It takes only an instant to strike a blow."

The professor's face grew more and more troubled.

"I should have seen John's head, swimming, before the boat reached him," he urged tentatively.

"Not necessarily, if he happened to be swimming close to the boat. The sea wasn't rough, but there were waves—big enough waves to make identification of a small object difficult. Did you see John's dressing-gown lying on the beach?"

"I didn't, no."

"A red dressing-gown is a more conspicuous object, against yellow sand than a human head against waves. It's very easy to overlook any object at a distance.

Carpenter rose. He towered above Wickham. There was fear in his eyes.

"I don't believe Ned killed his father," he declared in the awe-struck tones of a man who feels himself being thrust toward a monstrous conclusion.

Ned, or Duxford, or Carpenter, or Some Entirely Unsuspected Person? The Shark Theory Was, on the Face of It, Absurd. Suicide Was Out of the Question. If Only Dr. Hailey Could Get His "Timetable" Straightened Out!

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Dr. Hailey drew the blade firmly across the ball of the finger. The dislodged splinter of glass fell on the paper on the desk.

"You mean that you don't wish to believe it?"

The detective's tones were bullying.

There was no answer. Doctor Hailey asked leave to put a few questions.

CHAPTER XI

Currents

"I WANT in the first place," Doctor Hailey said, "to get quite clear about John Oldmay's mental state. You've told us that he seemed to be almost delirious when he visited you at the Pykewood inn. But his letter, asking you to meet him on the bathing beach, suggests that, when he left you, he recovered to some extent."

"It does indeed. That's how I read it," Carpenter exclaimed.

"And then there's the second letter—the one he sent to London."

"Yes. In which he doesn't even mention my visit to Pykewood. When I received that second letter I came to the conclusion that the Pykewood incident must have been completely blotted from his mind."

The doctor nodded.

"May we not put it another way? When he came to see you at the inn, John Oldmay was thinking only about Ned's debts and about the difficulty he anticipated in cutting his son out of the will. Whereas, when he wrote the letter you received in London, he was thinking only about himself—about the foreboding he had of approaching death."

Carpenter nodded.

"Exactly."

"You may or may not know that it is characteristic of certain states of mental exaltation to pass very rapidly from one idea to another without retaining any effective memory of the transition. People suffering from meningitis and other forms of inflammation of the brain frequently exhibit that symptom. The sensory perception is often, at the same time, enormously quickened. I may be wrong but I think we are entitled, on the evidence, to ask ourselves whether or not John Oldmay was so afflicted."

"But, good gracious, what does it matter if he was?" Wickham interrupted. "You don't suggest that he committed suicide, do you?"

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"Try to remember when the paper-weight disappeared," the detective snarled at Nagge. "Was it before Sir John was murdered?"

"I do not." Doctor Hailey sounded impatient. "Murder is murder, whether the victim is ill or well."

Doctor Hailey put his eyeglass in his eye.

"The other question I wish to ask," he said, addressing Carpenter, "concerns Dyke Duxford. You said you saw him?"

"Yes. Ned landed at 7.45. Just as he left the boathouse, Duxford appeared on horseback on the dunes, dressed in hunting clothes. He waved his cap to his cousin and then rode away along the shore. I watched him till he was out of sight."

Carpenter spoke in low tones. His voice had lost its cheerfulness and with that quality its timbre. He seemed to be ill at ease and kept glancing at the detective. Wickham was watching him narrowly.

"I want you to understand, Carpenter," Wickham said, "that your evidence is vital. You'll be questioned and cross-questioned. It will be the object of the Prosecution to break down your statement that Ned never stopped rowing; the Defense will, of course, try to make you hold to it."

"You mean if Ned is charged with murder?"

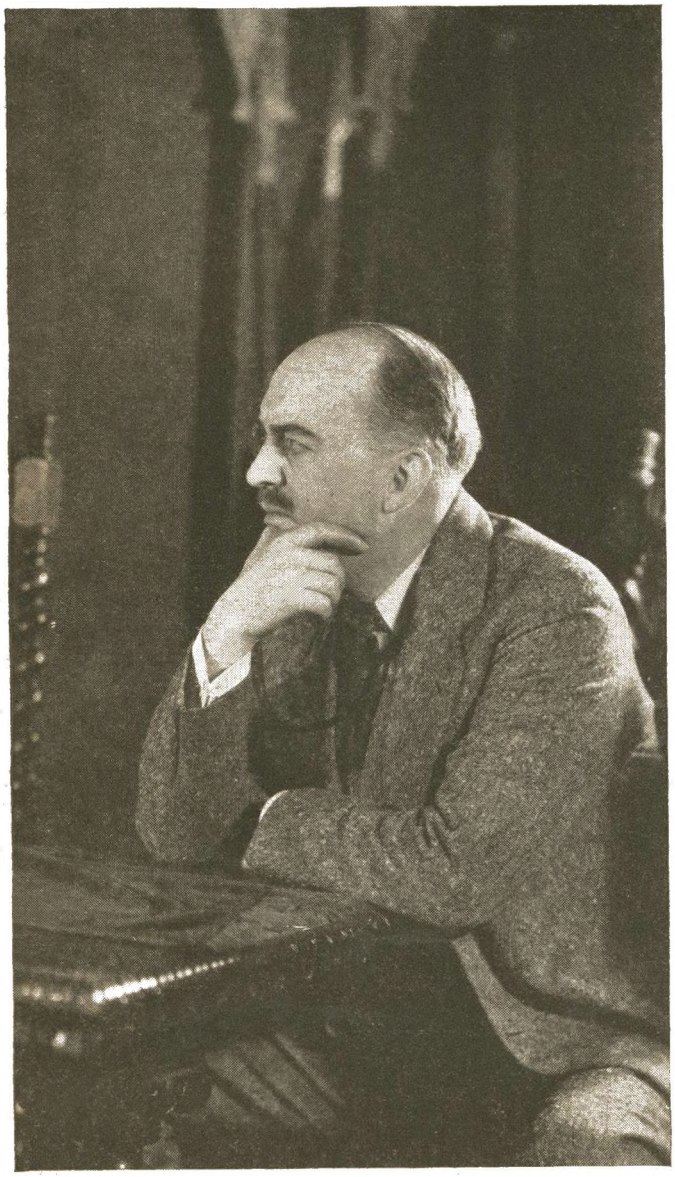
"Yes. You must be prepared for that."

"I shall hold to it. I'm as sure as I can be that Ned did not miss a single stroke."

"It's your word against that of half-a-dozen others. The circumstances are such that nobody except Ned can have committed this murder."

Doctor Hailey spent the afternoon on the shore. He found that it took him five minutes to walk from the Hall to the beach, going at a reasonably quick pace. John Oldmay therefore could not have entered the water until within three or four minutes of the arrival of Carpenter. He had had only just enough time to swim out to a point intersecting the line of approach of Ned's boat.

So far Wickham was certainly on solid ground. The fine, shifting sand above high-water made it impossible to trace any footsteps in this region. Footsteps, as he proved, left on this soft sand only little hollows of which there were already hundreds. He walked across to the boathouse and launched the second boat, that one the rowlocks of which were of the fixed type. He rowed to the place where the body had been found and then back to the shed. Seven minutes were re-



Dr. Hailey sat still, thoughtfully stroking his chin throughout the entire interview.

quired for the return journey. Since Ned had landed at 7.45, he must have been near his father's body at 7.38, three minutes after Carpenter's arrival. It would certainly be urged by the prosecution that, at this moment, Carpenter's attention was directed exclusively to the bathing beach on which, every moment, he expected to see John Oldmay appear.

The doctor realized that even an indifferently persuasive advocate would have no difficulty in convincing a jury that, before Carpenter began in earnest to watch the boat, the murder had been committed.

What could be set against that wholly reasonable contention? Only the set of the currents in the bay. Would these currents allow a body to remain in the same place for more than an hour or bring it back again? He tied up the boat and walked to the place where Carpenter had hidden. He sat down and took a pinch of snuff. The afternoon was warm and there was haze on the sea, near the horizon. The sea was in the mood in which it promises fulfillment of the dreams its gentleness arouses, if only one will sail far enough into its smoky, golden distances.

He remembered that he had known the same feelings in his teens on this same Northumbrian coast. He had been in love then and the *wanderlust* of love was added to the *wanderlust* of the sea. He wished himself now across the sea, in France, from which he had so lately returned.

He saw a girl walking on the dunes near where John Oldmay had come down to take his last dip and recognized Caroline Oldmay. She disappeared behind one of the sandhills and then reappeared again. Did she know what was in store for her brother? With an effort he brought his mind back to the problem he had come to consider, closing the ways of escape to the distances of the sea. Most of the bays on the Northumbrian coast were swept by currents, which, as a rule, varied in force and direction according to the state of the tide.

It might be possible to argue that John Oldmay's body could not have remained at the place where he was murdered and that, consequently, the spot where it was found and taken from the water had no special significance. But Wickham would certainly reply that John Oldham had had time to swim out to Ned and that this was the material point. He resolved to make a full and detailed study of the set of the currents and wrote out an order for the Admiralty chart of this part of the coast. But he did not feel very hopeful. Currents are notoriously under the influence of so many variable circumstances that it is always possible to explain them away.

A new idea crossed his mind. The sound of oars falls as a rule so agreeably on the ears that interruption of it is immediately resented. Since Carpenter had not mentioned the sound, the presumption was that it had not been interrupted. Again, if Ned had stopped rowing, Carpenter would have glanced in his direction to see why he had stopped. The distance was not so great that he could have failed, in that event, to satisfy his curiosity. If it was murder, he must have seen the murder. Several blows had been struck and John Oldmay had tried to ward off one at least of them. The assault must have lasted a minute or more. . . .

He turned suddenly and saw Caroline standing, gazing at him. She was bare-headed; the misty, golden light seemed to be entangled in her red hair.

"I've been looking for you," she said in tense accents.

CHAPER XII

A Hysterical Girl

HE observed that she was trembling. There was a flush, faint and yet unmistakable, on the whites of her eyes, which had the effect of changing the expression of the eyes. She looked as if she hadn't slept for many nights.

She told him that her nerves were giving way.

"It's natural that you should be distressed," he said gently. "The reaction which follows a shock is worse, often, than the shock itself."

Caroline shook her head.

"That's not my trouble. I know what you mean and I suppose I'm suffering a little from reaction. But that's not why I'm afraid." She put out her hand and caught Doctor Hailey's sleeve. "Why I'm afraid," she whispered, "is because—" she broke off—"No, I can't tell you."

He invited her to walk with him on the dunes, judging that it would ease her mind if she was unembarrassed by the necessity of looking him in the face. She clutched again at his arm, as if she feared she might stumble, but after a moment relinquished it.

"I feel," she told him, "as if I was dreaming one of those dreams in which there's a precipice waiting. You know how the thought of the precipice is there from the beginning. You realize where you are; you look at things, at people; you feel interest even in your

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surroundings. But it's the kind of interest people take in the cabins of a ship in which they're just going to sail out into a hurricane. It won't last; the howling of the wind is in their ears."

She stood still, gazing out to sea.

"I seem to hear oars in the distance," she said. "Can you hear them?"

"No, I can't."

"Oh yes, surely. Listen. Thrum—thrupp, thrum-thrupp, thrum-thrupp. . . ."

Her hand went up, shielding her eyes.

"The boat must be out there in the mist."

"I hear nothing."

She turned suddenly and faced him.

"Father heard the waves on the beach when nobody else could hear them," she said in awe-struck tones.

"My hearing may not be as acute as yours."

She shook her head sadly and then a sigh broke from her lips.

"If I could get these cobwebs out of my brain. Everything is so unreal; I seem to be miles away from myself. I know that I'm talking to you, but you might be a character in a book."

"Let me feel your pulse."

He put out his hand and took her wrist. Her pulse was slow, of rather poor volume.

"It's just possible that you're going to be ill," he said in doubtful tones. "A chill."

"Oh no. I know when I've had a chill." She moved her arms swiftly in a gesture which seemed to ward off imminent danger. "I'm not afraid of illness. That's not it. There's something coming—something's going to happen . . ."

Her voice failed, though her lips continued to move. He thought that she was trying to control herself, but if so the effort was unsuccessful because she began again to talk about her feelings. A big, brown butterfly fluttered up from the sea-grass at their feet, trembling and reeling in the sunlight which had intoxicated it. She stiffened to watch its antics, posing for an instant like a swimmer about to dive and revealing the grace of her figure. But interest, recaptured for a moment, escaped again like the butterfly, lost already among the particulate gold which filled the air.

"Who killed my father?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't know."

"Not Ned!" She nodded her head threateningly.

"No."

"And yet nobody else can have killed him?"

"That's how it looks at present."

She turned to face him.

"I knew the moment I saw Colonel Wickham," she declared, "that he thought Ned had killed father. There was something in the way he spoke to me, in the way he moved his hands and his head. People tell more by their gestures, very often, than they tell by their lips. You, Doctor, for example. Ever since I mentioned that I could hear that rowing, your mind has been busy with thoughts about boats and oars. . . . You've kept moving your right hand in little circles as if you were rowing yourself."

She glanced at his hand as she spoke; it relaxed instantly.

"You have quick eyes, Miss Oldmay."

"Today, yes." The fear returned to her face. "And quick ears. I've noticed a hundred trifles today that I've never noticed before—about people and things. Queer, tell-tale trifles, glances, tones, movements. It's like being able suddenly to understand a language one has heard for years without understanding."

She drew her breath sharply.

"Do you think father had the same experience on the last day of his life?"

"Perhaps."

They returned to the house. Doctor Hailey brought a stop-watch from his bedroom and asked her to allow him to test her senses of hearing. Having determined at what distance the ticking was inaudible to himself, he placed her at a still greater distance from the watch and then proceeded to restart it, requiring her to tell him when the interruptions occurred. Her responses proved beyond doubt that her range of hearing was no greater than his own. Her father's death had brought about a hysterical imitation of his symptoms.

"There's nothing wrong," he declared in confident tones.

She looked at him for a moment with troubled, bewildered eyes. Then fear once more dominated her expression.

"Father didn't think he was going to die, did he?"

He shook his head, holding the untruth justified as a measure of therapy. Caroline's distress seemed to be increasing. He rang the bell and asked Nagge if Doctor Jordan had finished his examination of the body.

"He's coming downstairs now, sir."

"Ask him to come here."

Doctor Jordan confirmed the finding that Caroline's hearing was normal. He was still sore from his encounter with Wickham, and asked no questions about the progress of the investigation when he and Doctor Hailey were left alone.

"Caroline's a hysterical girl," he declared in the tones of a man who has little time to spare for trifles. "It doesn't do to give her any encouragement. Let her hear of any symptom and she'll have it in an hour."

"Would you say she was ill?"

"No. Would you?"

"Not exactly. But there's something queer about her. Her eyes, for example."

Doctor Jordan shrugged his shoulders.

"A bit bloodshot, yes."

He threw away the cigarette he was smoking preparatory to going. It was obvious that he considered he had been summoned on a frivolous pretext. The general practitioner is never inclined to be tolerant of the whims of the specialist.

He walked briskly out of the room leaving a faint smell of carbolic acid behind him. Doctor Hailey heard the buzz of the self-starter on his car, a prolonged, unthrifty note. The car drove away. He watched it leave the avenue. It seemed unlikely that Jordan would ever possess a vehicle of better quality. Nagge came into the room and he asked him if the doctor had a good practice.

"I think he has, sir. But there's not much money now in the countryside, since all the farms has been turned down to grass. Farmers that were employing ten hands when Sir John came to Pykewood are employing two now. Doctor Jordan's very well liked, though. He has the name of being kind to the poor."

What Was the Secret of Sir John's Phenomenal Hearing, His Phenomenal Sense of Smell? Did He Possess a Sort of Mental Telepathy That Let Him Read Murder in His Assassin's Brain? Scotland Yard Needed Hailey Badly.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

He lowered the string weighted with a sinker and took a sounding. "Three feet here," he announced, as he pulled in his instrument.

The butler retrieved an empty siphon as if arming himself with an excuse for his intrusion. He seemed on the point of speech, but professional instincts held him dumb and he went away with his curiosity unslaked. Doctor Hailey lay down till dinner. Only Wickham and Carpenter appeared at the meal and only Carpenter seemed anxious to talk. He had, he said, been occupying himself by concentrating his mind on his experiences while awaiting Sir John on the dunes.

"I am more convinced than ever," he assured Wickham, "that Ned did not stop rowing for an instant. I could hear his strokes even when I was not looking at him and I should have noticed any break in the rhythm."

Wickham was sipping white Burgundy. The expression on his face recalled that of a physician enduring a medical discussion between laymen.

"So that nobody murdered John," he observed in his driest tones.

The servants were out of the room. Carpenter thrust out his hands, nearly upsetting his wine-glass.

"Not Ned, sir. Not Ned."

"Do please look the facts in the face."

"That's what I'm doing. The facts of my experience necessarily transcend in importance any other facts. And the sound of those oars, their rhythm, is, for me, the greatest fact of all. The oars did not stop. The rhythm was not broken. Therefore Ned did not kill his father."

"Very well." Wickham fingered his glass. "Then John was killed by somebody who possessed a speed of locomotion transcending that of any other living man. On your own showing there was nobody visible on the bathing beach at 7:35, ten minutes after John left the house. Nobody came ashore after that hour."

"I agree."

"You do not agree. You are saying that somebody other than Ned committed the murder, therefore somebody must have come ashore after that hour."

"Yes."

"Which is impossible."

"It looks impossible, I admit."

"It is impossible and therefore your belief that the rhythm of the oars was not broken must be mistaken, unless indeed Ned continued to row with one oar while

he was striking at his father. I take it that you're not prepared to say that you heard both oars all the time."

The sarcasm was not tempered by any wish to spare Carpenter's feelings. But it was wasted on that boyish spirit.

"Of course not. But that idea's absurd. Ned couldn't know that I was listening to him and anyhow the thought of a broken rhythm isn't likely to have entered his mind." A new gesture put the wine-glasses once more in jeopardy. "You say no other explanation than your explanation is possible. You're wrong. I can prove to you that you're wrong."

Nagge re-entered the room and Carpenter reserved his eloquence. But at the first opportunity it flowed again.

"Hasn't it occurred to you," he demanded, "that during at least ten minutes I was in sole possession of the bathing beach and that, for all you know, I may have been on the beach when John reached it? Can you say, for certain, that it was not I who killed John?"

CHAPTER XIII

When the Wind Is in the East

WICKHAM permitted himself to smile.

"I can say for certain," he remarked in his quietest tones, "that you left the inn at Pykewood precisely at 7:30. Three witnesses are prepared to testify to that. Therefore you did not reach your post on the dunes till 7:35 at the earliest. In the ten minutes remaining, before the arrival of the artist, you could not have walked to the Breamish brook, waded down the brook to the sea, committed the murder and returned, by the brook, to your place on the dunes."

"Why should I have followed that roundabout route?"

"Because, my dear sir, had you taken any other route you would have left your footprints on the wet sand—as John did—and the police would have seen them. There were no footprints on the sand, other than John's, between the boathouse and the brook. You see that, having duly suspected you, I have dismissed you from the case."

Carpenter drank before he replied.

"I fall back on the rhythm of the oars," he declared. "Until you have disposed of that piece of evidence, the case against Ned falls."

"In your opinion?"

"In my opinion."

Wickham laughed, reddening as he laughed. His thickset body, made to give and take blows, contrasted rudely with Carpenter's loose limbs.

"In matters of this kind we do well to stick to the facts," he said. "What are they? The place where you waited is on a promontory, with the bay which contains the bathing-beach on one side and the bay on which Pykewood village is built on the other. The wind on the morning of the murder was from the east. A fresh wind. Consequently sounds coming from the west, from the open sea, outside of the bays, were being carried away from you. Sounds within the bays, on the contrary, that is to say sounds arising to the east of where you were lying, were coming to you. Do you agree that would be so?"

"Go on."

"John Oldmay's body was floating at a point to the west of your position; there was, however, a rowing-boat, a fisherman's boat, to the east of you, near the mouth of Pykewood harbor. What you heard were the fisherman's oars, not Ned's oars."

"No."

"Pardon me, it must be so. You cannot have heard Ned's oars until he was close inshore, until, that is, the murder had been committed. Again, you cannot have failed to hear the fisherman's oars. Dr. Hailey will tell you that the localization of sound is always an exceedingly difficult matter. The fishing-boat was behind you, out of sight, whereas Ned was in full view."

The professor's face lost its confidence and his hands their direction. They moved aimlessly. He pushed his full glass away from him, then drew it back and then he arranged the empty glasses round the full one.

"What does the artist say?" he asked at last. "He must have heard the oars too."

"He confirms what I've told you. He's convinced that he heard the fisherman, not Ned."

"But he was nearer the fisherman than I was."

"Not very much. The real difference is that he saw the fisherman, whereas you didn't."

Coffee was served in the smoking-room by servants who went in fear. Dr. Hailey watched the triumphant attitude of the Scotland Yard chief and the despondency into which Carpenter had fallen and pitched about in his own mind for some rag of criticism to oppose to Wickham's theory. Wickham meant to hang Ned Oldmay, and had achieved the means of doing so. His case was complete, motive, manner, everything. Ned or nobody, and therefore Ned. If only it could be shown that any other human being had approached within range of the bather. He turned to Carpenter:

"Did John Oldmay offer any excuse for sending you to the village inn instead of putting you up here?" he asked.

"He said he didn't wish his wife to know what he was doing."

"But he had told her, and his son and daughter, what he was going to do. An angry man is seldom shy about letting people see that he is fulfilling his threats."

"That's what he said. I confess I felt a bit surprised myself. John always favored what he used to call the open diplomacy. What do you say, Wickham?"

"What do I say? Isn't it plain enough? We have his letters telling us that he expected to be murdered. Why? To prevent him changing his will. He took the precaution, apparently, of changing his will in such a way as to minimize that danger. Even so, he was forestalled."

There was a knock at the door. The butler announced that Lady Oldmay wished to speak to Dr. Hailey.

CHAPTER XIV

A Closed Room

LADY OLDMAY received Dr. Hailey in a small room communicating with the drawing-room. A room comfortably empty, interesting, costly. She was standing by the fireplace but sat down as soon as she had greeted him. He divined a tension in her body which less observant eyes would have missed. She asked his forgiveness for troubling him and then looked him squarely in the face.

"I want you to tell me, doctor," she said, "if it is true that Colonel Wickham suspects my son of having killed his father?"

Not a tremor of the cold, clear, well-bred voice. She might have been asking him if he had enjoyed his stroll on the dunes. He considered a moment, measuring her courage, and then answered:

"It is true."

The blow produced no effect.

"On what grounds?"

"That your son is the only person who can have committed the crime."

"Please tell me the details."

She moved her hand in a gesture which might have been construed as impatience. Her eyes were fixed on the wall behind him. He told her all that he knew.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that a dental plate?" He pointed at something gleaming through the water from the sand beneath.

"It's a question of time, you see," he concluded. "There's no doubt that Sir John did leave this house at 7:25. Ten minutes later, at 7:35, Professor Carpenter had taken up his position overlooking the bathing beach. Sir John, we know, reached the sea. That disposes of at least seven, probably eight of the ten minutes. Nobody could have killed him in the water and got away in three minutes nor could anybody in that time have killed him on the beach, carried his body into the water, and escaped."

"You mean that Professor Carpenter would have seen the murderer?"

"He must have seen him."

"Whereas Ned was afloat?"

"Yes. At or about the spot where the murder was committed."

Lady Oldmay stiffened.

"But in that case Professor Carpenter must have seen Ned actually do it."

"He didn't. But he was watching the beach as well as the boat. It takes only an instant to strike a blow."

The woman considered a moment.

"It's more serious than I thought," she confessed. "They've got a strong case. Terribly strong." She leaned forward. "What do you say, Dr. Hailey?"

"I believe that there's a flaw in the case."

He saw her eyes gleam, but only for an instant.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"I can't see any flaw—if Professor Carpenter did not watch the boat the whole time. John's body was found floating in deep water. He had been murdered."

"Yes."

"And he did go out at 7:25. I heard him go myself. His room is next to mine. I hadn't slept much and I was wide awake. There's a clock on the table at my bedside. It was exactly 7:23 when he went downstairs."

She leaned back again as she spoke; she seemed, he thought, to have exhausted her strength. But her features remained immobile.

"I wish to say," she stated, speaking with great deliberation, "that I do not believe that Ned murdered his father. Not for a moment. Never. I'm going to find the flaw in Colonel Wickham's case."

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

He realized that she was asking him to help her. He sat, fingering his monocle, doubtful whether or not to offer his help.

"Why did your husband send Carpenter to the village inn, instead of inviting him to stay here?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Did he tell you he had sent for Carpenter?"

"No."

"Did he suggest that he was afraid of your son?"

There was a moment of silence.

"I suppose that, in a way, he did suggest that."

Lady Oldmay showed no embarrassment, but neither did she display any desire to offer further enlightenment.

"I want you to tell me more about John's death," she declared, changing the subject suddenly. "Is it not possible that he was waylaid and killed in the sand dunes?"

"No." Dr. Hailey considered a moment. "I think you must look on the sea, near the bathing beach, as a closed room," he said. "So far as this case is concerned, it's exactly like a closed room. There is the door, the usual means of entry, down the beach. And there are the windows—the open sea. Possibly the Breamish brook might be regarded as the chimney, because a person who entered the sea by walking down the brook would leave no footprints. Very well. Your husband was seen going towards the 'door' and we know that he passed through it. After that it was shut and locked because the police found only one set of footprints on the wet sand below high water mark—those of your husband going down into the sea. We are consequently entitled to say that nobody else entered the 'room' by the door; and as your husband's footprints enter but do not return, we should expect to find his body within."

"Now come to the 'chimney.' Did anybody enter the sea by wading down the Breamish brook so as to avoid leaving traces? That question can be answered at once. There was insufficient time for anybody to enter the 'room' by the 'chimney,' reach your husband, kill him and return again. The time available was not more than three—at the utmost three and a half—minutes, whereas the journey down the brook into the sea and back again, could not be accomplished in less than ten minutes at the very least. Remember that Sir John was seen leaving this house at 7:25, and that Professor Carpenter had the bathing beach in full view at 7:35. I may add that what applies to the brook applies also to the boat-house. It was suggested that the murderer might have entered the sea through the boat-house, but I can assure you that this is wholly impossible.

"So we have to turn our attention to the 'windows'—the open sea. When we do that we find your son in a boat sailing right into the 'room' at the very moment when the murder was committed."

He paused.

"Might not somebody have been hidden in the 'room'?" Lady Oldmay asked.

"I don't think so. If the murderer had awaited his victim in the sea—by swimming about, for example—he would still have lacked sufficient time to escape. At least five minutes were requisite to reach the brook and he had, at most, three and a half minutes to spare. Carpenter would have seen him walking up the shore."

"Unless he had stayed in the water—a good swimmer could get away from the bay easily enough."

"Not without being seen."

"My dear doctor, Professor Carpenter did not see John, yet if Colonel Wickham's theory is right, John was swimming when Professor Carpenter came within sight of the beach. The murder is supposed to have taken place at 7:40, isn't it?"

"Yes. But don't forget that your son would have seen the murderer. He would certainly have reported the fact that he had observed somebody swimming out of the bay, whereas he has stated positively that he saw nobody. It is, I think, quite inconceivable that he could have failed to see a swimmer who must have passed close beside him and remained in view."

Lady Oldmay assented.

"Are you certain," she asked in tones which had not lost their determination, "that Professor Carpenter can be relied on? He's a queer man in many ways and very unpunctual. How do you know that he really did reach his position at 7:35?"

"He was timed leaving the village inn. I'm afraid there's no chance of disputing that timing."

A flush spread over the woman's cheeks; her eyes brightened.

"And in face of that evidence, doctor, you still believe Ned innocent?"

Again, this time more humbly than before, she was asking him for help. He divined, under her attitude of practical common-sense, a dread which moved him. She was pleading for all that she possessed. How proud she was!

"I believe him innocent, yes," he said. "I won't trouble you with the reasons which are remote from sentiment. But if I'm to help you, you must be frank with me. It's imperative that I should know what happened between your son and his father. The details."

She pressed her lips together and so remained for a few minutes. Then she glanced at the door of the room.

"Very well, I'll tell you."

She rose and walked to the door, opened it and shut it again.

"Two days before his death," she said, "John asked me if it was true that I had had a pendant containing a large emerald, which he had given me, copied in order to sell the original. I told him it was true. 'You had it copied to deceive me?' 'Yes.' 'Why?' 'Because I needed the money.'

"When I said that, I knew that he had already guessed all my secret. For a Scotchman he had an unusually expressive face. His face expressed something more difficult to bear than anger or indignation. He was distressed, cut to the quick. I was aware, instantly, how his mind was working and so was not surprised when he said: 'Ned comes before me, eh?'

"It's strange how violently a mother reacts against what she feels to be an injustice to her son. I had never been able to endure my husband's attitude to Ned because I realized that he did not understand the boy, indeed could not understand him. He was always wrong

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Now This Extraordinary Keenness of the Senses Was Coming to Caroline. She Could Hear the Ocean When No One Else Could. The Scent of the Roses Reached Her at an Impossible Distance. What Did It All Mean? What Could Explain Caroline's Nightmares?

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

Dr. Hailey found Ned pacing about among the flower-beds in the walled garden. "Can you remember the yellow crystal that used to stand on a bookshelf?"

where Ned was concerned and therefore always unfair. I felt myself growing violently angry. 'I should not have been compelled to sell my jewelry,' I cried, 'if you had made a friend of your boy and won his confidence.'

"My husband looked at me very hard for a few moments and then asked if I had sold much of my jewelry. When I told him that I had sold most of it, he seemed to freeze. He had a wonderful memory for values and I saw him calculating the sum I had probably received. I knew he would guess the sum and so, before his calculation was finished, I told him: 'Ned's debts are £20,000.' I can see his face now as he listened; it looked older all of a sudden so that I was sorry for him. Money meant so much to him, and what he called probity. 'To whom did he owe this money?' he asked. 'I don't know.' 'I must know.' He rang the bell and sent for Ned.

"I have never felt so proud of my son as I did when he came into the room to face his father. Something carried me back at that moment so that I saw him as a baby with his tiny hands stretched out to his father, and then as a little child seated on his father's knee, then as a schoolboy. . . . I felt if only I could put time back and bring them together again. And, instead, there was Ned with his manhood in his face, covering his childhood. He was pale but he looked John straight in the eyes. His lips were pressed tightly together."

Lady Oldmay broke off suddenly. She averted her head.

"Ned told his father," she declared, "that he was in the hands of a money-lender."

"'You owed him £20,000?' John asked in those cold, deadly tones of his. 'Yes.' 'How did you spend the money?' 'I spent it.' I knew exactly what was coming and so did Ned. John was going to say that Ned had a good home and enough for all reasonable needs. I couldn't endure to listen to him and so I cried: 'It all comes of your marrying me, John. My son was bound to look on life differently from you. Blame me, blame yourself. . . .' He stood gazing at me, with the blood rising in his cheeks. I realized too late how terribly I had wounded him, for he was ridiculously sensitive. 'What can a tradesman know about a gentleman's expenses?' he sneered, imitating my voice. 'You know I didn't mean that!' When I am upset tears always come into my eyes. I put out my hand and touched Ned's arm and he came a step nearer to me. He seemed to shield me. John lost his self-control. . . ."

She broke off again. "You can imagine the rest."

She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. Dr. Hailey sat looking down at the carpet. The spectacle of the boy shielding his mother from his father's anger moved him, but he tried, nevertheless, to look at it from John Oldmay's point of view. No father, in these circumstances, could have maintained a philosophical attitude. The man must have felt that his wife and son were leagued against him and that the weapons they were employing were anything but fair weapons. After all, Ned had squandered a fortune. That was bad enough surely without the added insult that he had acted in this way because he was better bred than his father.

"Did your husband find out how the money had been spent?"

"Not then."

"You mean that your son refused to tell him?"

"Yes."

The doctor leaned towards Lady Oldmay.

"Do you know how he spent the money?"

She bowed her head.

"Yes, I do know. But I can't tell you."

CHAPTER XV

Father and Son

DR. HAILEY did not press the point about the manner of Ned's extravagance. But he questioned Lady Oldmay closely about her husband's attitude to his son, after the fact of the debts had been made known to him. She displayed some reluctance in answering these questions.

"I didn't understand John at the time," she said, "and I don't understand him now. I felt that some process was going on in his mind to which I had no clue. I've told you already that I got the impression that he was afraid of Ned."

"Of what Ned might do to him?"

"Yes. He seemed to think that he was the object of violent hatred."

Dr. Hailey considered a moment.

"He had learned that his son was deeply in debt and that you had sold your jewels, including presents from himself to which a sentimental value might be supposed to attach, in order to prevent his finding out about these debts. You had defended your son and your son had seemed to defend you. Seriously, can you wonder that he felt himself isolated?"

"Perhaps not." Lady Oldmay's voice betrayed impatience. "But he seemed to expect Ned to . . . to do something violent. All the time he was shouting that he was done with him and meant to leave him nothing, I had a feeling that, behind his fury, there was fear. I can't put it more exactly than that. So far as I know, Ned never spoke a threatening, or even a rude word to his father in his life. I felt indignant that my husband should display such an attitude toward my son."

"Naturally."

"One of the things John said was: 'Who steals my honor takes my life.' He had been accusing Ned of pledging his credit with money lenders and so dragging his name in the financial gutter."

"Even so, the fact that his son had pledged his credit would scarcely make him fear for his life. Did anything happen, recently, which might be twisted into a real threat to his life—anything, I mean, connected with your son?"

Lady Oldmay started.

"Something did happen," she declared, "but it's too ridiculous. One day last week when John and Ned were out deep-sea fishing, the bung came out of the boat. John said that Ned must have pulled it out and accused Ned—in fun, of course—of having tried to drown him. The joke lasted several days."

"The incident might appear in a different light after Ned's debts were discovered?"

Dr. Hailey spoke tentatively. He watched the effect of his suggestion.

"It might. But I really can't think that John ever seriously suspected Ned."

"You've just told me he was afraid of him."

"I know. But it's too absurd. If John did come to think that Ned tried to swamp the boat his mind must have been unhinged."

"Are you quite sure that his mind was not unhinged?"

She shook her head.

"It didn't occur to me."

"He was depressed, wasn't he, on the night before he was killed?"

"He seemed very ill."

It was evident that John Oldmay had told the truth when he said in his letter to Carpenter that he had told his wife nothing about his forebodings. Dr. Hailey informed her about that letter and the letter which Wickham had received.

"You see, he was in hourly expectation of an attack on his life."

"It's horrible." She clutched at the bodice of her dress. Her lips moved but no words came. He saw her eyes fill with tears.

"I think we must recognize that the fear you observed developed in a short time into panic. It may very well be that the accident in the boat, which looked at first like a joke, began to prey on his mind when he heard about the debts. He would see, of course, that had he been drowned, your son's difficulties would have been at an end. That thought may have been followed by the question: 'Did Ned mean to drown me?' Suppose for a moment that he was not feeling very well and that, consequently, his mind was overcast. Your defence of your son against him and Ned's attitude in shielding you, may have occasioned the further thought: 'What people will attempt once they will attempt a second time.' That would account for his fear, would it not?

"And, if we assume that he was really ill—there's plenty of evidence of that—it would account also for his gloomy forebodings. He had sent, privately, for Carpenter and told him to prepare a new will. Perhaps he argued that until the new will was signed his life remained in danger." The doctor leaned forward. "Add to all this the natural distress and dismay of a father, and especially of such a father, in discovering that his son had spent a fortune and his regret that he should have been compelled to take drastic action against his son."

Once Before Ned Had Acted Strangely. People Said He Had Tried to Drown His Father. They Were Known to Have Quarreled. No One Else Could Have Reached Him on the Beach That Morning, It Appeared. Yet Dr. Hailey Wondered!

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Ah, Hailey," Wickham cried, "look at this!" He pointed to a fragment of yellow glass that had been imbedded in the black velvet glove.

Lady Oldmay sat staring in front of her. She seemed to have aged; the lines on her cheeks and round her mouth had deepened. Her hands, so vital a few minutes before, lay idle in her lap.

"If only John had understood Ned," she murmured in tones of profound sorrow.

"There's one gleam of hope," Dr. Hailey said. "Your husband sent a message to Carpenter, after this interview, telling him to do nothing until they had met again on the bathing beach. He must have sent that message after dinner. Perhaps, therefore, something happened between him and Ned to change his attitude?"

"Yes."

The woman's voice was toneless.

"You are aware that something did happen?"

She assented.

"My husband learned why Ned had contracted his debt."

CHAPTER XVI

Circumstantial Evidence

WHEN Dr. Hailey left Lady Oldmay he went to his bedroom and made a note of their conversation. She had refused to tell him the whole story of Ned's debt but he could guess. It was this story, manifestly, which had shaken John Oldmay's resolve to disinherit his son and so prompted the note to Carpenter at the inn. Its influence seemed to have stopped there because the letters posted to Wickham and Carpenter had been written much later on the same night.

Why had he written those letters? He must have gone out hurriedly and posted them. It was necessary to imagine a mind, undecided now about its course in regard to Ned, but unshaken in its expectation of death.

"It seems clear," Dr. Hailey wrote, "that what John Oldmay heard about the circumstances in which his son's debt was contracted exerted a profound effect on him. He sent a message immediately to Carpenter (whose presence at Pykewood was unknown to anybody but himself). This message in effect canceled the preparation of a new will. But the man remained under the influence of fear, as his letters witness. Was it his son whom he feared? The letter to Carpenter speaks of being hunted by some unknown enemy. Why, in his letter to Carpenter, did he omit all mention of their meeting? Why did he write to Carpenter, seeing that he expected to meet him so soon? If he did not expect to meet Carpenter in the morning, what had happened

to remove that expectation from his mind so completely?

"The letters to Carpenter and Wickham suggest that, when they were written, only one idea, that of impending death, was present to his mind. It is remarkable that he makes no reference of any sort to his son or his son's behavior seeing that Ned had so recently monopolized his attention."

Dr. Hailey closed his note-book and put it in his pocket. He descended to the smoking-room where Wickham and Carpenter were still wrangling. Their point of argument had shifted from the sound of Ned's oars to the large question of the validity of circumstantial evidence. Carpenter seemed to be greatly excited.

"Because you cannot think of anybody else on whom to fasten the guilt of this crime," he cried, "you select the man who happened to be nearest at the time. That's what it amounts to."

"On the contrary," Wickham said, "I have most carefully excluded every other person who could possibly have committed the crime. I have suspected everybody in turn. It was only when I reached full assurance that not one of these people could have killed John Oldmay that I allowed my suspicion to fasten finally on Ned. As I told you in the dining-room, the position is that if Ned did not kill his father, then the case is not a case of murder. Unhappily for that view, murder, in this instance, is certain. Circumstantial evidence lies outside of this question altogether. But there is plenty of circumstantial evidence for all that.

"I begin by saying that Ned is the only person who can have killed John Oldmay; I go on from that to show you the motive which actuated him, a very powerful motive; finally I point to the blood and hairs on the rowlock, the very weapon which lay ready to hand at the moment of opportunity."

The detective, who was standing in front of the fireplace, with a tumbler of whisky in his hand, turned slightly so that Dr. Hailey might have the advantage of receiving his exposition.

"Let me add this. Only one objective of any importance has been advanced against the view I am now expressing, namely, that you did not notice any break in the rhythm of the oars. That has been disposed of on grounds which must carry conviction to every reasonable man. Neither you, nor Hailey—and I am aware that both of you would like to exonerate Ned if it could possibly be done—can suggest a single circumstance tending to weaken in any degree the force of the suspicion which now attaches to him. For those reasons I have asked for a warrant for his arrest which I propose to execute as soon as I get it—tonight, if possible."

He sipped his whisky. Dr. Hailey sat down and rested his head in his hands. He saw how excited Carpenter was and hoped that the good man would not make a scene. Carpenter's life had been directed by his feelings and he had learned to trust them; bewilderment and indignation divided his mind that they should be set aside merely because an order of events opposed their findings.

"There must be some way of proving an innocent man innocent," he declared bitterly.

"If he is innocent."

Dr. Hailey thought of the incident in the boat about which he had just been told and felt glad that Wickham did not know about it. He wondered if he ought to intervene at all, with the scanty resources at his command. But Ned's conviction was certain if some intervention did not take place.

"Have you given enough weight," he asked the detective, "to the fact that John Oldmay changed his mind about altering his will? His message to Carpenter shows that something had happened to soften his asperity toward his son."

"It may or may not show that. How can we know what he intended to say to Carpenter?"

"We can guess from what he had said earlier in the day. We know that he proposed to disinherit his son. One can't advance farther in that direction so it's a fair inference that he intended to recede from a position which he no longer believed to be justified. Lady Oldmay has just told me that she explained to him how Ned's debts were contracted and that, after her explanation, his attitude changed. Ned was certainly aware of this change. It seems strange, doesn't it, that he should have chosen this very time to kill his father?"

Carpenter raised his head sharply.

"Good!" he ejaculated. "Good! John did intend to disinherit Ned. He can only have sent for me the second time to rescind that order."

Wickham had set his tumbler down on the mantelpiece. He seated himself and crossed his legs.

"These, if I may say so," he remarked, "are speculations. I can speculate with as much justification and say that probably John meant to suggest some fresh name for inclusion in his will. No jury would listen to such evidence."

"You think more of juries than of justice, Wickham," Carpenter cried.

There was a knock at the door. A servant entered and announced Sergeant Robson. The policeman came thudding into the room and presented a long blue envelope to Wickham.

"The warrant?"

"Yes, sir."

Wickham rose. His face was slightly flushed, but his expression threatened.

"Wait here," he ordered Robson. "I shall execute it myself and bring the prisoner to this room. Is the car at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

The detective walked to the door. As he reached it he drew back a step. Lady Oldmay stood on the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII

Diamond Cuts Diamond

LADY OLDMAY hurried into the room, shepherding Wickham in front of her. She signed to Carpenter to close the door, and he obeyed with alacrity.

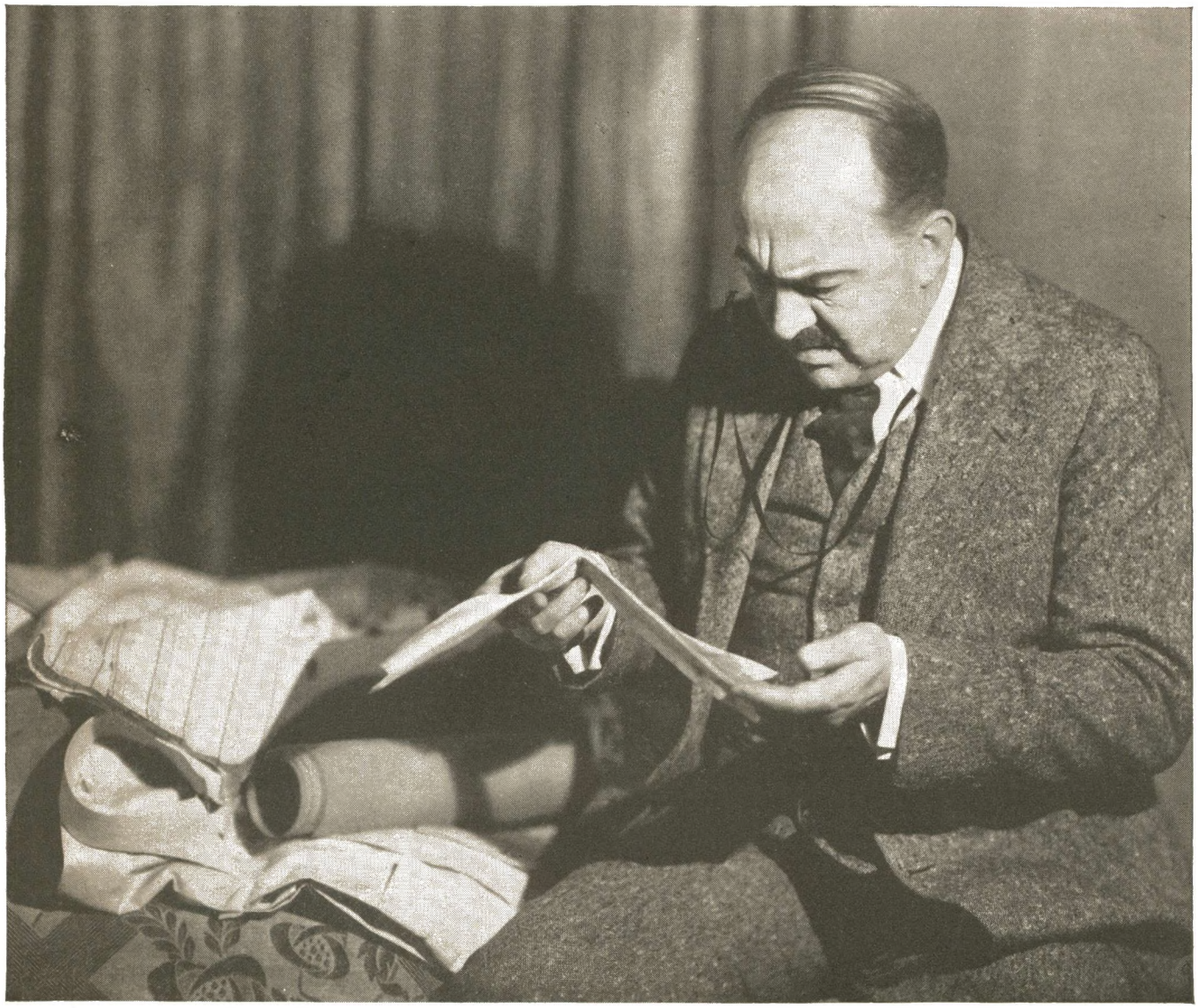
"Please tell me what has happened?" she asked in breathless tones.

"Nothing has happened."

"Oh, dear Colonel Wickham, I know you wouldn't wish to distress me needlessly. It's uncertainty that kills, isn't it?"

Eustace Hailey Worked by Methods Peculiarly His Own. Now He Had a Whole Set of Broken Yellow Crystals. But What Could They Have to Do With the Killing of a Man Beaten to Death While Swimming? It Was a Jig-Saw Puzzle.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN



He saw in a glance that the collar was heavily stained with blood. In faded lettering inside he made out a name, "John Oldmay."

Her face expressed courage as well as anxiety. She glanced at Dr. Hailey, then at Carpenter and Sergeant Robson, gathering such enlightenment as might be available, but her eyes soon returned to Wickham.

"There's a car at the door . . . are you . . going to arrest Ned?"

"I'm afraid that is my duty."

Wickham's face reddened. It was he, not Lady Oldmay who looked ill at ease. She dismissed his accusations in little, rapid gestures, which routed and scattered them.

"Your duty. Poor man! I'm sorry for you." She shook her head. "But have you thought, my dear Colonel Wickham, that John was the finest swimmer *and diver* you ever knew? If one is attacked in the sea and can dive out of harm's way, well, perhaps one dives out of harm's way, perhaps not."

She came nearer to Wickham. Her eyes were lively and the muscles of her face remained in play in a kaleidoscopic fashion, effecting a rhythm of expressions.

"A sudden blow," said Wickham, "leaves no time for diving."

"An unexpected blow leaves no time for diving."

"It comes to the same thing, doesn't it?"

"No, no. You are swimming, dear Colonel Wickham; I am rowing in a boat, I creep up behind you so quietly that you do not see me. You do not know that I am there, you think you are still alone in the sea. Then I strike you. That is the unexpected blow."

The white hands struck downwards. Lady Oldmay was discovering a histrionic talent which nobody had suspected. And the character she had chosen to play spoke English like an educated Frenchwoman. Dr. Hailey felt his enthusiasm quicken.

"If I stoop down and pick up the poker and strike you with it, that also will be an unexpected blow."

She nodded assent.

"Yes. Now I will ask you a question. The wounds on John's fingers—were they received before death or after death?"

"What do you say, Hailey?"

"Probably before death."

"So. Before death. So my husband covered his head with his hands, to ward off my son's blow that he saw coming. Tell me, if a swimmer puts up his hands he sinks, eh?"

"Does he? Not necessarily I should think."

Lady Oldmay shook her head.

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"You must answer that question," she declared. "If John sank then that blow with the rowlock didn't break his skull. If he had time to put up his hands he had time to sink. It's not so easy to put your hands up when you're swimming. It's easier to dive, quicker too." She went back a pace. "Several blows were struck. A blow which kills sends its victim to the bottom."

She watched Wickham unflickeringly, like a rabbit in grass watching a man. She would bolt, double, lie close as occasion required.

"All these points have been considered," the detective stated. "John, I believe, swam to the boat and put his hands on the gunwale. The blow was struck while he remained in that position talking to Ned. As happens in cases of sudden, violent shock, his grip tightened in a last spasm. He continued to clutch the gunwale. It was necessary to complete the work of killing . . . to get rid of him."

"The first blow didn't kill, then?"

"Yes, it killed, but the heart must have gone on beating for a few seconds. Death was not complete when the blows on the fingers were delivered. Dr. Hailey will tell you that this is the usual experience in severe head injuries."

"At first you thought John had taken the blow standing. Dr. Jordan told me that. He said, 'Depend on it, your husband was within his depth because otherwise the blow could not have been so effective.' But now that you know that Ned rowed straight to the boat-house, and so never came into shallow water at all, you say that John was holding onto the boat when he was struck. That's having it both ways. If he was not standing he was holding; anything so long as Ned is made guilty." She moved her hand outwards, horizontally, in a swimming stroke. "The first blow was fatal but it did not kill instantly, and so the blows on the fingers were given before death as well as after. It's not good enough."

"You must tell me what it all means," said the actor in hoarse tones.

She drew herself up. "And then you have to prove that men who are dead or dying grip so strongly that it is necessary to break their fingers to make them relax."

"I can't discuss the matter. . . ."

"Of course not. Listen, because I'm not finished yet. Those other blows on the head, they were given after death, were they not? After the blows on the fingers which were given before death? After that terrible grip of death had been relaxed? Did the body remain floating then, to receive them? Floating upright, too, like a living man's body?"

Wickham had regained his composure.

"Believe me," he said, "it's quite impossible in this case to fix any order for the blows. We're dealing with probabilities, not certainties. All the wounds appear to have bled a little and therefore all were inflicted before the heart had stopped. The skull was smashed; the odds are that it was smashed by the first blow, seeing that there was no resistance and no cry for help. But it's possible that it was not the first, but a subsequent blow that smashed the skull. The only certainty is that John was killed and not drowned. When he sank he had ceased to breathe."

Lady Oldmay received this information as if she was listening to a halting excuse, a considerable achievement in face of Wickham's menace. She opened the little bag she carried and took out a letter.

"This has just been delivered," she said. "It's from Mr. Doyle, our next-door neighbor, the astronomer. He says:

> "'My dear Lady Oldmay:
> "'I have just heard that Ned's presence near the place where his father's body was found is giving rise to some ugly suspicions. . . .'

(Mr. Doyle is under treatment at present by Dr. Jordan.)

> "'I am writing to you to tell you that these are baseless. It happens that, in the last week, I have taken delivery of a new telescope constructed to follow a moving object. I have been testing this

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Dr. Hailey's voice was sharp. "It's open to you to tell me the truth."

instrument by watching various boats, among others that in which Ned went to lift his night-line on the morning of the tragedy. I followed Ned's boat from the place where he lifted his line to the boat-house, keeping him under observation the whole way. He rowed steadily throughout this period. Your poor husband's body was not at that time within the field of observation.

"'May I add my deep sympathy for you in your distress?

"'Yours sincerely,

"'Michael Doyle.'"

She raised her eyes from the paper, meeting Wickham's eyes.

"You see, my dear Colonel Wickham, appearances may be deceitful."

"I saw Mr. Doyle this afternoon, on Dr. Jordan's recommendation."

"You saw him? And you dare to say that Ned is guilty!"

The detective's mouth hardened.

"Mr. Doyle showed me his telescope. It's mounted in such a way that only a small part of the bay can be seen with it—the place where John's body was found can only just be seen with Mr. Doyle's telescope. . . ."

Lady Oldmay looked at the trembling sheet of paper in her hands.

"But he says he followed Ned from the place where he lifted his night line. He saw Ned taking the line into the boat."

"He saw Ned manipulate something, and assumed that the night line was the occasion of that act."

"Oh, you are wicked. . . ."

"The place where the line is said to have been laid cannot be seen with Mr. Doyle's telescope. I tried to make that clear to the old man, but apparently failed. He believes, as you say, that what he saw was the lifting of the line." Wickham paused. "Mr. Doyle is a witness for the prosecution."

"What, with a telescope one cannot distinguish between the winding of a line and the striking of blows?"

"Mr. Doyle is eighty years of age. Professor Carpenter says that Ned did not stop rowing at all. Both of them cannot be right."

"I don't understand. . . ."

"Mr. Doyle says that Ned lifted a fishing-line. Carpenter says that Ned did not pause. In these circumstances it is legitimate to draw conclusions from the facts themselves."

The woman rallied her courage.

"Mr. Doyle will swear that John was not near the boat."

"Can he swear that John was not swimming behind it?"

"And that Ned struck no blow . . ."

"He saw Ned raise his hand."

"Ah, to arrange his fishing-line . . ."

"Or for some other purpose . . ." Wickham frowned. "Believe me, I have left nothing undone that could be done to clear Ned of this charge. The case against him stands, unfortunately. If he did not strike those blows then no human hand struck them."

"So it's true. You'll arrest him?"

"Yes."

"When, sir?"

"Tonight."

"I've told him to go away. He's not here."

Lady Oldmay nodded her head, seeming to commune with herself.

"What?"

"While you're looking for him there will be time to find the real murderer of my husband."

The detective's face became rigid.

"I warn you that you are making yourself an accessory. . . ."

"Please, dear Colonel Wickham, don't trouble to tell me." She clasped her hands. "To lose a little more, what's that?"

"If Ned has run away, he has sacrificed his last chance——"

"No. You've taken his chances, except that one."

"Has he run away?"

"Yes. Yes."

"We shall find him."

She shook her head; she replaced Mr. Doyle's letter in her bag and shut it. Dr. Hailey saw her long fin-

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gers moving in accord with some undisclosed rhythm. Wretched as this last device for saving her son appeared, her faith compelled trust in it. He almost believed she had tricks up her sleeve. The wish to help her, so attractive is courage, was rigorously renewed.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Packet of Jewels

NAGGE entered the room and approached Wickham.

"You're wanted on the telephone, sir," he stated. "A trunk call from Scotland Yard."

"Very well." The detective turned to Robson. "Find out if Mr. Oldmay has left the house, will you?"

He strode out of the room. Dr. Hailey walked to a table on which whisky and siphons had been placed and poured himself out a peg.

"Do you suppose Ned has bolted?" he asked Carpenter.

"I hope not."

"So do I."

He brought his drink to the fireplace and stood, leaning against the mantelpiece.

They remained gloomily silent until the detective returned. His face, when he entered the room, betrayed an unexpected irresolution.

"It seems," he said, "that a few days before his death John received a quantity of jewelry. . . The jewels his wife had sold to pay Ned's debts. He had bought them back. They weren't found when the place was searched."

He rang the bell as he spoke and when Nagge answered it told him to come in and shut the door behind him.

"Did your master receive a registered packet within the last few days?" he asked the butler.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"By the first post one morning. Let me see, sir, two . . . three . . . four . . . four days before his death. I gave him the package when he came back from his swim and he took it into this room."

"Before dressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see the packet again?"

"No, sir. Sir John shut the door when he came into this room. I saw him going upstairs a few minutes later."

"So that probably the package went into the safe over there?"

"I think so, yes."

"It isn't there now?"

"No, sir!"

"No?"

Nagge shook his head. In spite of his fresh complexion and air of well-preserved age, there was an underlying suggestion of weakness in his manner. His master's death appeared to have upset his universe.

"The key of the safe was found in the pocket of his dressing-gown on the beach. Do you know if he always carried it about with him?"

"Yes, sir, always."

"So that nobody can have opened the safe."

The butler assented.

"How big and about what shape was the packet?"

"It seemed quite a small packet."

"About that size?"

Wickham pointed to a cigarette box on the desk.

"Smaller than that."

"Thank you, Nagge."

When the butler had gone Wickham took a key from his pocket and opened the safe. He invited Dr. Hailey to say whether or not it contained any hidden receptacles and returned to his place behind the desk while the doctor was investigating.

"I may tell you, Hailey, that it's an old type. I don't profess to be an expert but I know that any competent burglar could easily crack it."

"It hasn't been cracked."

"No."

Dr. Hailey removed some of the neat looking papers which occupied the two shelves of the safe and examined the interior with a pocket lamp. He returned the papers.

"There's nothing here."

"Quite so. One of those documents is his will. The others are title deeds."

Dr. Hailey closed and locked the safe. He handed the small key back to Wickham. His face was severe.

"If I may say so," he remarked, "a fact like this ought to disturb you more than it seems to have done. What, after all, do you, do we, know about John Oldmay? Could you have said off-hand that he was the kind of man who would have bought back the presents he gave his wife? Can you make even an approximate guess at his object in buying them back?"

Wickham stared, looking for a moment like a goldfish.

"Why should I?"

"Because that's your job or your duty or whatever you like to call it. Evidently John Oldmay loved his wife. I'm prepared to bet that he loved his son, too."

"You heard what Carpenter said this afternoon."

"I did. And now I've heard something which seems to contradict that evidence flatly. Carpenter told us about a man who thinks nothing of turning his son out of doors; the same man cannot endure the idea that his wife's personal trinkets should be alienated from the family. Believe me, you've got to reconcile these traits if you wish to understand John Oldmay."

The doctor took out his snuff-box and opened it.

"And then there's Ned. A boy who offends against his father's most cherished ideas but won't allow a word of criticism of his father to pass his lips. And that doctor-actor Dyke Duxford, and Lady Oldmay and Caroline. What do we know of any of them? All of them are more of less under suspicion, surely."

"None of them except Ned, is under suspicion."

"My dear Wickham, if I could show you that your calculations about distance and time are incorrect, you would be compelled to suspect each of them in turn."

"Quite. But that's exactly what you can't show me. This problem, as it happens, is mathematical, not psychological. If the premises stand, the conclusion follows. It was my business to test those premises and I have tested them. The conclusion cannot be resisted."

Dr. Hailey recovered his glass of whisky from the mantelshelf and sat down.

It Was Suggested That the Face of His Assassin Had so Astounded Sir John That He Had Not Been Able to Withstand the Assault. And Yet His Broken Fingers Indicated Otherwise. Where Did Ned Get His Mother's Jewels? Here Was Another Angle.

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"Won't you help me?" she implored. "Must I go on living under this frightful strain? I can't bear it very much longer."

"I made a few independent observations, this afternoon," he said. "I satisfied myself that a current of considerable strength and velocity sweeps the bathing bay and sets outwards from a point near the boat-house. I watched various pieces of weed and wreckage moving seaward though the tide was flowing."

"Well?"

"It seems to me that that current may conceivably upset your calculations."

"How can it?"

Wickham frowned in spite of his attempt to look judicial.

"I'm not prepared as yet to say how it can. I had meant to keep my observations to myself till I was able to extend them. But your haste to accuse Ned makes it necessary to raise the point. John Oldmay may have been murdered much nearer the shore than you suppose."

"My dear sir, no matter how near the shore the murder took place, the murderer had no time to get away unless he ran up the beach. We know that he did not run up the beach because had he done so his foot-prints would have remained."

"Don't forget that the boat-house holds two boats!"

Wickham looked puzzled. He glanced from Dr. Hailey to Carpenter who was leaning forward in an attitude of tense eagerness.

"Two boats? What has that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Sir John left this house at 7:25. That fact is well attested. I've paced the distance to the beach. It's just possible that he entered the water at 7:29. Suppose the murderer was afloat at that moment, in the second boat, waiting to receive him? Suppose further that he waded out to the boat to speak to the murderer—I am assuming of course, that they knew one another. It was now 7:31; four minutes remained before Carpenter's appearance on the scene; one minute for the murder, three minutes in which to reach the boat-house. If the murder took place well inshore, the boat-house could, as I satisfied myself this afternoon, be reached in three minutes, or even less."

"What does that prove? The murderer didn't stay in the boat-house."

"Again, my dear Wickham, observation has enabled me to answer you. As you know the dunes extend down practically to the boat-house. I satisfied myself that, from where Carpenter was waiting, it is not possible

A thin stream of blood was running from a cut on Dr. Hailey's brow. His face had become exceedingly pale, and his breathing was labored.

to see the boat-house door, though you can see almost the whole of the house itself. The reason is that one of the hillocks of sand is slightly higher than its neighbors. Anyone leaving the boat-house could make his way through the dunes without showing himself at all to a watcher posted where Carpenter was posted—as I shall prove to you tomorrow morning. Carpenter believed he held the boat-house in full view because, unlike me, he does not doubt an impression."

The doctor turned to Carpenter allowing Wickham a moment in which to rally his forces.

"Yes, yes, Hailey, that's sound. Absolutely sound," Carpenter exclaimed. "Of course it never entered my head to analyze any impression. I was only concerned to see John without letting Ned see me. Ned had his back to me, but I was afraid he might stop rowing and turn around."

"He had his back also to his father?"

"Yes, of course he had. If your theory is correct, Ned saw nothing of the murder. Thank Heaven we're getting to the truth at last."

Carpenter's relief contrasted strikingly with Wickham's discomfiture. Suddenly, however, the detective's brow cleared.

"You seem to have forgotten Professor Doyle and his telescope. The telescope does give an excellent view of the boat-house."

"But it was not, at that moment, directed upon the boathouse. Doyle stated positively that he continued to follow Ned's boat. If so, he may easily have overlooked another boat sailing near the shore for such a very short period of time."

"Only Ned had any reason to wish his father out of the way."

Dr. Hailey bent forward.

"Let me remind you of those jewels. The police took charge of Sir John's dressing-gown. But we have still to hear when they found the key of the safe. Somebody who wanted that key and knew where to find it, may have taken occasion to borrow it for a few moments after the dressing-gown was brought back to this house."

CHAPTER XIX

The Perfect Butler

WICKHAM was not the man to refuse to face facts. He rang the bell and asked Nagge if Sergeant Robson was still waiting.

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Duxford started like a man surprised in crime. He stepped back and reeled a little. Wickham saw the doctor's eyes open wide suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I want him."

Robson came hurrying in, full of the information that Ned Oldmay had left the Hall by car two hours earlier. He did not try to hide his astonishment when Wickham cut short his statement by a demand for exact details about the disposal of Sir John's dressing-gown.

"I brought it back to the Hall myself, sir."

"Yes, and after that?"

"I put it in this room, on that armchair where Professor Carpenter is sitting."

"Had you searched the pockets?"

The man's face became blank.

"No, sir."

"When did you search them?"

"After the doctor came."

"When?"

"It would be about one or two o'clock."

"So that the dressing-gown lay here for hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you lock the door of this room?"

"No, sir."

"Had you any idea, at that time, that the key of the safe was in the pocket of the dressing-gown?"

"No, sir."

"Who told you the key was in the pocket of the dressing-gown?"

"Nobody told me. I found it there. I guessed it must be the key of the safe because Sir John had taken it with him to the beach."

"Send Nagge here, will you?"

The butler looked greatly alarmed, but he closed the door noiselessly and crossed the floor as though he carried a tray of cocktails.

"Yes, sir?"

"You suggested, Nagge, that you were the only person who knew that Sir John had received the registered packet the other day?"

"No, sir. I said that I had handed the packet to Sir John when he returned from bathing. The post comes before half-past seven as a rule. The packet was lying on the hall table from that time till Sir John returned.

"Well?"

"There was a letter for Miss Caroline and a letter for Mr. Duxford. Both these letters had gone when I gave Sir John his packet. Mr. Duxford was walking in the drive and Miss Caroline was in the breakfast room."

THE FACE OF THE ASSASSIN

"So that they saw the packet?"

"Yes, sir. They must have done."

"Was there any name on the packet?"

"Yes, sir. The name of a jeweler in London."

"Can you remember it?"

"No, sir. I just happened to notice the word 'Jewelers' on the label. It was the kind of packet that you might expect to come from a jeweler's shop."

Wickham nodded. He considered a moment and then asked:

"When did Mr. Duxford return from hunting on the day Sir John was killed?"

"Before luncheon, sir."

"And Miss Caroline?"

"Miss Caroline wasn't hunting that day, sir."

"Was she present at luncheon?"

"No, sir. Neither her nor her ladyship. Mr. Ned was present and Mr. Duxford."

"Did Mr. Duxford come into this room before luncheon?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you come into this room during that morning?"

"No, sir."

"You're sure?" Wickham's tone menaced.

"I'm quite sure, sir. The police were using this room and I told the servants not to go into it. I wouldn't go in myself if I had told them not to go in, unless, of course, the police happened to send for me."

"How long have you been in Sir John's employment, Nagge?"

"Seven years, sir."

"You know that Mr. Ned had quarreled with his father?"

Nagge's fat face became solemn. He closed his eyes.

"I was afraid something was amiss."

"From what you had heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you hear?"

The butler shook his head.

"My calling, sir," he declared, "has its rules like any other. One of these rules is, that we don't repeat what we hear. A butler should have no ears, except for orders."

The words were spoken with dignity. They made Wickham blink behind his spectacles.

"No doubt," he said, dryly. "But in this case professional rules do not apply. We're investigating a murder. I must ask you to tell me what you heard."

Nagge drew himself up. In this posture he resembled a large white rat sniffing at the bars of its cage.

"If her ladyship consents, I will tell you," he declared.

"Take care, my good man."

The butler took a very large handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

"I am prepared, sir, to abide by the consequences of my decision," he stated.

Wickham scowled.

"I hold a warrant," he stated, "for Mr. Ned's arrest on the charge of murder. I warn you that it is a criminal offense to shelter a suspected murderer."

"Pardon me, sir, if I suggest that your legal information is at fault. No man is compelled to give evidence except in a court of law." Again the butler wiped his brow. "What's a man," he added, "but his word?"

They sat spellbound while the doctor painstakingly told them the whole involved story.

There was an exhortatory expression in his eye, which suggested that he was about to explain his moral outlook. The detective made a peremptory gesture.

"This was Sir John's room, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he usually sit here alone?"

"As a rule, yes. Often her ladyship sat with him."

"She sat with him on the night before his death?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see them together?"

"Yes, sir, when I brought in the whisky and siphons at half past ten o'clock."

"There was nobody else in the room?"

"No, sir."

"Had there been anybody else in the room?"

"That I can't say."

"Do you know that Mr. Ned has bolted?"

"Mr. Ned left the house by car this evening, sir."

"Um, you do know. The Oldmay family is to be congratulated on possessing the most discreet butler in Britain."

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"The murderer he had dreaded so long was himself," Dr. Hailey said slowly, polishing his eyeglass as he spoke. "His illness was a cause."

Wickham sneered, but the compliment was not thereby tarnished. Nagge bent his unbendable neck.

"I thank you, sir."

He retired as quietly as he had come. Nobody heard the door shut.

"Good fellow!" said Carpenter fervently.

Wickham smiled a little, then turned and stood looking into the fireplace while he filled his pipe. Dr. Hailey saw him, when his pipe was full, raise his eyes to the black knights on the upper mantel-shelf.

"Funny that a man with such a butler should have bought these iniquitous things," he remarked. "John could be distinguished and also incredibly vulgar. I suppose he thought they rounded off his armory. I'm going up to Ned's bedroom to look around," he added. "I want you both to come with me."

The room declared its owner. Everything in it was very plain and very costly. But there were splashes of another quality. The bed, which Wickham duly felt, was hard; the carpet was unusually soft. Three separate wardrobes, of the newest form, mothered Ned's clothes. Wickham opened all the drawers he could see but discovered only large numbers of silk shirts, collars, vests, neckties, waistcoats. He turned to the wardrobes and disclosed hunting pink among tweeds and flannels and then, in another wardrobe, morning and evening clothes. There were a few boxes on the dressing-table, but they contained waistcoat buttons and studs.

"What are you looking for?" Dr. Hailey asked.

He got no reply. The detective was going through the pockets of the various garments. He worked quickly, without hurry, but found nothing. He walked into the bathroom which was attached to the bedroom. A moment later they heard him exclaim. He returned to the bedroom carrying two jewel cases.

"They were in the pocket of his dressing-gown."

He put the cases on the toilet table and opened the larger. It contained a diamond necklace. The smaller case contained two large emeralds set as earrings. He took the jewels in his hands and examined them under the lamp. Then he passed them to Dr. Hailey.

"As an expert?"

The doctor raised his eyeglass and focused it on the diamonds. Then he glanced at the emeralds.

"The necklace is perfect. The diamonds are flawless. They can't be worth less (*Continued on page* 92)

GANGSTERS OF CHICAGO

Photos Underwood & Underwood

Here is Al Capone with Chief of Detectives Stege of Chicago. Since gangsters carry more front-page stories in the newspapers than even the President, it is suggested that they must employ a good publicity man.

Joe Aiello, another bright light of the Windy City. What do you see that all of these faces have in common?

George "Bugs" Moran who, like all the rest here, is at large today

Frank Biege, characterized as Al Capone's own personal executioner.

Frank McErlane, more prominent than most politicians in the news.

Edward "Spike" O'Donnell, cheerful, carefree, happy-go-lucky!

CHRONICLES OF CRIME in FACT and FICTION

THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE NEWS

THE PIONEER MYSTERY TABLOID OF AMERICA

Vol. 1. No. 6.

ANGEL-FACE IS HUNG!

Story on page 3

International

(Above) Mrs. Nellie Smith with her two-months-old child. With her is a police matron. Mrs. Smith was arrested on charges of running a "crime school" in which 5 boys, all in their teens, were pupils. (Right) 17 members of an alleged kidnaping gang, believed to have taken a quarter of a million dollars in ransom since the first of the year, were arrested by Chicago police as they sought to extort money from Theodore Kopelman, broker. Photo shows 11 of the 17.

P & A

Irene Schrader, convicted gun-girl, calls Walter Dague (in center) "my man." With Dague are sheriffs. *(See page 3)*

International

Louise Rolfe, friend of Chicago gunman, thought to be the woman found burned and dismembered at Deep Lake, Ill.

EIGHT YEARS OF VENGEANCE!

Story on page 2

STRANGE BANDIT CHASE NETS ROBBER No. 8

Found at Poor Farm, Fled 15 Years Ago

It took nearly fifteen years and a trip to the poorhouse for the Department of Justice to track down Abram Cornelius, Jr., alias A. P. Cornell, wanted at Englewood, N. J., for embezzling $11,000 from the Citizens' National Bank in July 1915. Cornelius was arrested at the Cheyenne, Wyo., county poorhouse after he had been recognized by Department of Justice Agents from a photograph.

Arraigned before a United States Commissioner, the prisoner entered a plea of guilty. Unable to furnish $5,000 bond, he was placed in the county jail to await action by Federal officials in New Jersey.

Cornelius left a wife and three children when he disappeared from Englewood, where for nineteen years he had been cashier of the Citizens' National Bank. Miss Loretta Adelgais, a stenographer, formerly employed at the bank, disappeared simultaneously. At the time, Cornelius was 48 and the girl 23.

A shortage of about $2,000 in the bank's books was discovered soon after Cornelius had disappeared. It was also reported at the time that

(*Continued on page 7*)

Reign of Terror at French Seaport

Five of the men now under arrest.

A long reign of terror at Marseilles, France, has culminated in the trial of ten bandit leaders, all charged with crimes committed by the sinister underworld of the seaport. One of the accused, Arnaldi, was condemned to Devil's Island, the others received minor terms.

Newspaper investigation revealed that the southern port was seething with crime, a plague spot of France. Since the revelations, the Prefect of the city has set about to wipe out the bandit gangs, but in a city with about half a million foreigners, including 200,000 Italians, the job has proved no

(*Continued on page 7*)

Robbed in 1922, Cutten Now After Last of Gang

On March 27, 1922, a band of robbers comprising nine men, invaded the Downers Grove mansion of Arthur Cutten, in Chicago, robbed him and locked him in a basement vault to die.

Since, Arthur Cutten has relentlessly, year after year, hunted them down. One by one, he has seen the bandits captured, prosecuted and sent to prison. Simon Rosenberg, leader of the band, was arrested recently in Cleveland, the eighth to be seized. Only Rosenberg's brother, Kasper, now remains at large, and Mr. Cutten says he will spend another eight years and more thousands of dollars to bring that last one to justice.

When the robbers invaded the home with revolvers they took $20,000 worth of jewelry, $500 in cash and twenty-five cases of whiskey from Mr. and Mrs Cutten and his brother, Harry.

Angry at Treatment

"The money and jewelry were nothing," said Mr. Cutten. "What made me determined to get them, if it took a lifetime, was the fact that they tied up

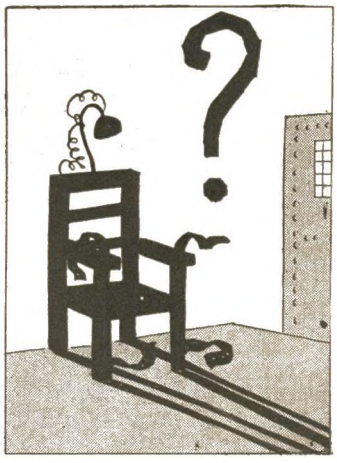
(*Continued on page 7*)

WITCHCRAFT AND MURDER

The sculptor, designing a set for a museum, selects for his model a beautiful Indian maiden. As work progresses his feeling for the Indian girl grows stronger and stronger.

In the girl's breast a great love for the white man develops. The witch women of her native village make strong medicine to aid her in her romance. They invoke magic.

In the dead of night the hand of an assassin strikes death in the sculptor's home. His wife, the mother of his children, falls under a hammer. Witchcraft has had human aid.



But even the powerful Spirits of Indian sorcery can not insure immunity from justice. Relentlessly, the Law of the White Man is tightening its coils. The murderer will be punished!

VERDICT, FOX KILLED MOTHER: HANGS!

SLAYER PLEADS ABSOLUTE INNOCENCE TO END

All Europe Agog Over Case of "Room 66"

England's first case of matricide in fifty years has resulted in the execution of Sydney Harry Fox, thirty-one-year-old confidence man and forger who murdered his widowed mother.

The pleasant young man, once known because of his engaging smile and cherubic face, as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has just gone to the gallows. He protested his innocence to the end.

International

Dr. Bronte, pathologist; Mr. Kindle, attorney for Fox, and Professor Sydney Smith—all witnesses for defense in Fox trial.

Fox's death marked the final episode in the sensational "Room 66" case. Seventeen days of drama more thrilling than fiction filled the court of justice at Lewes, Sussex, while the son battled for his life.

Guests Found Body

International

Sydney Harry Fox

The tragedy occurred Oct. 23, 1929 when fire broke out in Room 66, at the Metropole Hotel, Margate, Kent. Mrs. Rosaline Fox, a woman of sixty-three, was in the room asleep. Her son, Sydney, had an adjoining room. He gave the alarm, but other guests in the hotel entered the room and found Mrs. Fox dead.

A verdict of "death from misadventure" was returned the next day and a week later Mrs. Fox was buried at Great Frensham, Norfolk, her native place.

Suspicion was aroused when Fox began to make inquiries regarding the collection of $15,000 insurance. On Nov. 3, Fox was arrested on a charge of fraud. A week later his mother's body was exhumed and on Jan. 10 Fox was charged with her murder. At the trial, the prosecution contended Mrs. Fox died of strangulation some time before the fire, since there were no soot particles in her lungs, while there were bruises on her throat.

Fox Found Guilty

The jury, including one woman, returned a verdict of guilty on the following considerations: That Fox was in a desperate position, due to passing forged checks; that he had insured his mother's life for $15,000 some time before, but the policies would have expired at midnight on the day of his mother's death and he had no money to renew them; and that the fire, presumed at first to have started at the grate, was proved apparently to have started on the rug, burning the seat of the chair and the rug more than other parts of the furniture and the room.

Led Criminal Life

Incidentally, Fox's had been a life of crime. He was whipped at the age of thirteen when a schoolboy for collecting funds for an institution that did not exist. He forged checks, was a "confidence" man, in and out of jail for his thefts and frauds.

Heroic Goldfish Smile in Death

Two little goldfish performed an act of unconscious heroism when they gave their pampered lives to protect their master, George Edgar's home, at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The bowl of goldfish was in the path of burglars who forced a dining-room window there and were all prepared to ransack the house. They bumped into the fish, upset the bowl, and fled as if dogfish were after them, when they heard the resounding crash. The entire city is talking about the sacrifice. When they were found, the two were lying with features composed beside the shattered remains of their dwelling.

Radio Menace Uncovered by Powerless Department of Health

The New York Department of Health has recently uncovered what it believes to be a serious situation. Results seem to indicate that the radio is being widely used by persons offering to cure diseases through the sale of various products and services.

The Department is powerless, under the law, to protect the public against these charlatans whose claims in many cases are completely unfounded, fraudulent, and inimical to the public health. The Commissioner has called this menace to the attention of the Federal Radio Commission.

Since any form of radio censorship would be obnoxious to our ideals, and dangerous, a conference has been called of the forty-six radio broadcasters within the immediate vicinity of New York, and it has been suggested that all radio health programs be voluntarily submitted to the scrutiny of a joint committee of the medical societies.

In its campaign to drive out the radio medical quack the Health Department is giving leadership to a movement which has already attracted nation-wide attention, and is receiving the serious consideration it deserves.

Gun Girl Cool in Face of Death

"Iron Irene" Shrader, 21-year-old gun girl, must die in the electric chair. This girl, whose nerve has carried her through a score of holdups, whose gun bears two notches, has come to the end of her blazing and reckless career. She has been found guilty of murder in the first degree in the killing of State Trooper Brady Paul.

State Trooper Paul was slain last December when he and Trooper Ernest Moore intercepted Irene, and Glenn Dague, her lover, as the two were fleeing by auto from a grocery store holdup in Butler, Pa. Moore was badly wounded. The fugitives were captured in an Arizona mountain retreat, after staging many robberies, and killing another policeman on the way.

Before the jury returned the verdict, they heard Prosecutor Charles J. Margiotti denounce the girl as a ruthless killer.

Using District Attorney Powers as the other actor in his grim playlet, Margiotti enacted the scene of Paul's shooting to the horror-struck spectators of the New Castle, Pa., courtroom where the trial was held.

The aged father of the gun-girl toppled over in a faint as Powers, in mock agony grasped his side where the imaginary bullet entered.

Donnie Shrader, Irene's five-year-old son, who has been with his mother in her crime ramblings with Dague, was playing about in the yard of the nearby Detention Home while the verdict was being returned.

International

Donnie Shrader

When Dague heard of the verdict, he said, "Yeah?"

That was his only comment.

But before Irene was back in her cell, the two began to talk through a drain-pipe.

"It's all O. K., honey," Irene called to him. "We've stuck together. I guess we can 'burn' together."

It was always like that. Irene, as evidence at her trial showed, was ever the hardy spirit of the pair, encouraging Dague when his spirits flagged, bolstering his courage when he wanted to surrender during their mad flight from Pennsylvania to Arizona, taking command in the audacious crimes they committed along the way. Dague, the ex-Sunday school teacher who ran away from his family and respectability for Irene, shows the strain now more than she.

But all Irene thinks of now is her small son, Donnie.

"Now I don't care what happens to me," she said when told

(*Continued on page 7*)

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF

International

Mrs. Lottie Gabrinski, of Jersey City, charged with fatally striking neighbor with footstool during quarrel. She is shown with her young son.

International

Mrs. Lamberta Calderon, eighty years old, held in the Los Angeles county jail, as a bootlegger. She sold a pint of whisky for $2.00!

P & A

Appeal for a new trial stayed the execution of Weyman, left, and Harvey, at Watkinsville, Georgia. They were convicted of killing Dr. Elder and wife, Negroes.

International

Finding his rival, Rosario Emma (second from left) with his wife (at right with child), Frank Zemba (left) fired four shots, one wounding his wife. He was locked up in Clinton Street police station, New York City.

CRIMES OF THE MONTH

International

(Left to right, top row) Major Charles Shepard of Denver, who denies he poisoned his wife so that he could marry Grace Brandon; Miss Brandon; Mrs. Mildred Rankin of St. Louis, who charged Elwyn Bentley, retired bank president, with pulling three of her teeth without permission.

P & A

Ten-year-old Mary Kennedy, doped with chloroform, was kidnaped in Jamaica, Mass. Police found her and returned her to her father, shown above.

International

Lottie Villipique, with her "boy friend," Cleo Gregory, in the Camden, S. C., city jail, where she was held after the fatal stabbing of Bessie Robinson, alleged to have been caused by a quarrel over Gregory.

International International

Mrs. Mary McGranahan of Cleveland, and Dr. Ernest Watzl, who is said to have shot Mrs. McGranahan in a Vienna hotel and then to have turned gun on himself.

P & A

George McKinney, fifty-two, of Mitchellville, Iowa, who killed his daughters, aged twelve and twenty-five, "because something told me to do it." The twenty-five-year-old girl was beaten to death. The twelve-year-old had been shot in the head three times.

Stranger than FICTION

COUNTERFEITER

Water-colors, rubbed off with handling, led police to the arrest of Pansy Coates twenty-two-year-old artist and former school teacher of Simmons, Mo., who had been making counterfeit bills with the use of some expensive paper, water-colors, and a mimeograph machine.

VENGEANCE

Two fiery matrons of Warsaw, Poland, went home to cook breakfast after trying to settle an affair with pistols which ended happily when, after several shots, each discovered she was unable to hit the other.

COURTESY

A six-foot Negro, Julius Johnstone, who was indicted for burglarizing the Sherman Ewing home in New York City and carrying off $14,000 worth of jewelry, has just been sent a box of fine cigars by the millionaire victim and $15, because he treated Mrs. Ewing and her husband kindly when they were at his mercy.

SAMARITAN

After a seven-year sentence was passed on James Walton in Los Angeles for transporting a stolen car from Kentucky and robbing several stores when he couldn't obtain work, a woman juror Mrs. Earl Eames of Glendale, Cal., gave a home to his girl wife Nona Mae Walton, twenty-two, when she said she wanted to share her husband's jail sentence with him, because she'd be lonely without him and the prospects for supporting herself were poor.

DUST

Two robbers held up the First National Bank of West Alexandria, O., and after being told by the receiver for the bank and a neighboring cashier that the bank had been broke since a year previous, they searched the vaults for themselves only to find nothing but dust and a musty odor, so after staring somewhat incredulously they took their guns with them and drove away.

BANDITS

Before leaving the Watertown, Conn., bank with spoils amounting to $15,000, two thugs, who were pulling a carefully planned and executed holdup, waited while their third comrade asked a girl cashier to be seated when he realized she was about to faint from the excitement.

PHYSICAL

After pleading guilty to holding up banks, three Indianapolis, Ind., youths, Harry Reed, William Stone, and George Swift said: "We have been in a dance marathon and we didn't know what we were doing. We had been doped for weeks and were such wrecks, physically and mentally, that we didn't know what we were doing."

NOT RETIRING

In Ossining, New York, after receiving letters from 200 applicants for his job, Robert Elliot, head executioner at Sing Sing Prison, denied he would retire.

SOUTH

For chaining three Negroes, who owed him money, to trees so they couldn't run away, James E. Pigott of Washington Parish, La., pleaded guilty to violating the anti-slavery amendment, and was sentenced to 18 months in the Atlanta Penitentiary.

VALUABLE CAT

Worried, R. V. Wayne of Detroit, Mich., offered a reward for the return of a kitten with 23 toes which had been sitting in the back seat of his Cadillac car when robbers made off with the automobile.

MIDGET

Manhattan police found a small hole in the window of a store, while inside the store they found a tiny man, James McCauley, who admitted that with his partner, tiny Leslie Hahr, he had burgled many stores, using entrances and exits impassable to full-sized burglars.

DOPE

Alleging that they had sold him narcotics when he was "just about off the habit," Mack Searle, twenty-eight, of Kismet, Kans., shot and killed Bob Boaz, thirty, and probably fatally wounded Miss Bonnie White, in Wichita, Kansas, then turned the gun on himself. "It was rotten stuff," said Searle. "It about had me crazy. And these two sold me dope."

THE FIRST THIEF CAUGHT BY RADIO

P & A

C. P. Westergaard (center) on the President Harding with T. F. Gaughan (left), special agent who brought him back, and Alvin Sylvester, Assistant U. S District Attorney.

Man Fatally Hurt By Hitch-hiker in South

Virginia, which has no anti-hitch-hiking law, has just had an occurrence that is the sort of thing U. S. motorists have been told may happen if they pick up strangers.

Charles Latham, of Manhattan, driving out of Knoxville, Tenn., gave a ride to a stranger who said he was a jobless bus operator. Latham let him spell him at the wheel.

Suddenly, the stranger flipped out a revolver, shot Latham through the side. When Latham attempted to jump from the car, the stranger ordered him back, beat him over the head, drove the car on to Christiansburg, Va., where he escaped. Passing motorists carried Latham to a hospital, where, in a dying state, he made his will before being placed on the operating table. Bloodhounds sniffed along the hard Virginia highways in vain.

Many a motorist has been warned against picking up unknown characters along the road. Wisconsin first passed a law making it an offense not only for a hiker to solicit a hitch but for a motorist to pick him up. Other states with laws aimed only at the hitch-hiker: Maine, New Jersey, Minnesota, District of Columbia. Athens, Ga., passed a municipal ordinance to prevent University of Georgia students from begging rides into Atlanta.

Unlike the walkers of Germany who are out for the sport of pedestrianism and who want no rides, unlike the troops of unemployed in England who move from town to town on foot to get a dole and who shun an automobile, the U. S. hitch-hiker is going places as fast as possible. Taking this, with the fact there are 26,501,443 motor vehicles running up and down throughout the land, the menace is more than imminent.

New York Police Flash Photo to Get Man

The most surprised man in England was C. P. Westergaard when Scotland Yard men caught him in Harwich, England. He had supposed himself safe from pursuit after safely escaping from America. Westergaard was wanted by New York City police on charges of stealing $60,000 from the Chatham-Phenix Bank.

For the first time, officials radioed a picture for identification purposes. Immediately detectives in London were in receipt of Westergaard's picture, they sent men to outlying districts where Westergaard, who was already under suspicion, had last been seen.

Buffalo Regulations Start Rioting in Calcutta

In Calcutta, new regulations reducing the maximum loads of buffalo carts and forbidding the use of buffaloes in the heat of the day, started a serious uprising. In street riots, six were killed and sixty or more injured.

Stones Used in Attack

During the morning rush, carters removed the wheels of their vehicles to show their resentment. At the approaches to the Howrah Bridge, traffic was completely blocked. While the police were trying to remove the obstacles in the presence of a huge crowd, a concerted attack was made on the European sergeants with stones and long wooden staves, and several were badly hurt. Gurkha police were rushed to the scene until the crowd quickly scattered.

Police Injured

When the police fired on the carters at the Calcutta end of the Howrah Bridge, fifty policemen and fifty civilians were injured. Twenty persons were arrested. Four more persons were killed in rioting later at Harrison Road, the usual storm quarter in this region. The district between the bridge and Harrison Road presented the aspect of a battle scene.

Students in Sympathy

Students demonstrated in sympathy with the carters outside the student hotel in Cornwallis Road. They erected barriers with material taken from a road repair job, and threw bricks at the police. The police retaliated by dispersing them with barrel staves.

A procession carrying black flags with defiant inscriptions appeared in some of the streets. And double police patrols were put out to prevent further disorder.

The Cutten Robbery

(*Continued from page* 2)

Mrs. Cutten, tied up my brother and tied up the servants, and then locked me in the basement vault to be smothered to death.

"That was an unnecessary, futile and fiendish piece of cruelty. It filled me with rage and I vowed then that I'd spend every dollar at my command, if necessary, to put them where they belong—behind bars."

Private detectives in the employ of Mr. Cutten have followed Rosenberg from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. Working as an insurance and bond broker, Rosenberg has moved from city to city. When informed of the arrest, Mr. Cutten said:

"Number eight! When I get number nine, this one's brother, I'll be through with the job."

P & A

In the Shadow of the Gallows I. B. Anderson, of Berlin, N. H., who faces the gallows at Cape Breyon, Canada, for the murder of a hotel clerk. He was ready to die under an assumed name, but was identified as a former ski-jumping champion.

The Cornelius Case

(*Continued from page* 2)

$11,000 in cash had disappeared from the bank's vaults, but officers of the bank denied this. Cornelius was bonded for $20,000 by a surety company.

Mrs. Adelgais said at the time that she was convinced her daughter had gone with Cornelius. She said that the girl had resigned her position at the bank four or five times because of the cashier's attentions to her, but each time he had induced her to return.

Cornelius, it was learned, came to Cheyenne immediately after fleeing from Englewood, and bought the Wee-Wee Lodge west of there. The enterprise was not financially successful.

Arresting officers said the former bank cashier told them that his stenographer accompanied him to Cheyenne and that they were married.

Just Married Girl

A marriage license was issued by the County Clerk there on Jan. 12, 1930, to Abram Cornelius and Loretta Agnes Himilita Adelgais, 23. Officers said Cornelius explained that the marriage was delayed because his first wife was still living. She died recently in New Jersey.

Cornelius's wife, who formerly was secretary of the Cheyenne Community Chest, where she secured a position in an endeavor to support her three children and Cornelius when he was ill, has just been placed in the Wyoming State Hospital at Evanston. It is believed she is mentally unbalanced. Their three children, meanwhile, are in the State Home for Dependent Children. The oldest child is now fourteen.

The Gun Girl

(*Continued from page* 3)

that she could not see Donnie. "They can put me in the 'fireless cooker' right away. It would be a relief. I don't believe in God. I don't believe in anything any more. If I can't see my baby I don't care for anything."

It is typical of Irene that she scolded her sisters, Mrs. Frank Muldoon, Mrs. Mamie Braum and Ruby Shrader for collapsing when they heard she was to die in the electric chair. She allowed herself to be led calmly away while her overwrought sisters were weeping at her fate.

Reign of Terror

(*Continued from page* 2)

easy one. Another difficulty is that a large part of the population is migratory.

Criminals Hide Underground

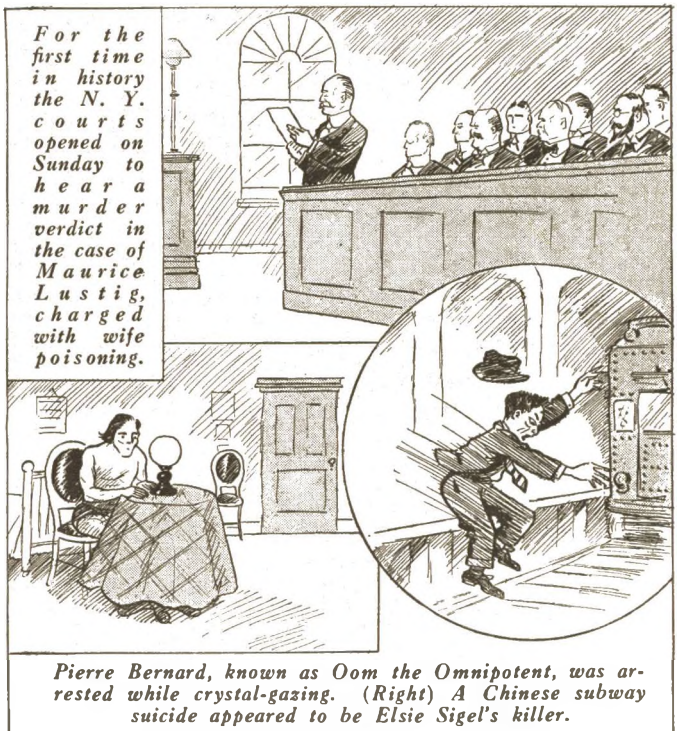
The crime element is literally an underworld, living in caves and dens and cellars, in the approved apache manner. It is well-known to tourists who have stopped off there that there are streets in Marseilles where no stranger to the district ever goes.

Many are the tales told of foolhardy explorers in the black area who either woke up in a hospital with a bullet in the back or never woke up at all. There, however, there is not the same big financial interest involved as in the gang wars of American cities. The Marseilles bandit seeks his victim among lone bank clerks, stock exchange messengers and such small fry. He stoops to petty forgeries.

Crime Increasing

For all that, however, the daily toll of crime has been steadily mounting, and if the Prefect himself cannot control it, the Paris Surete-Generale probably will be called in, with the consequent help of the chief of the Paris police, Jean Chiappe, who has done so much to wipe out the plague spots of Paris, where so many tourists were destroyed in the not very distant past.

Already the good people of the town are praying for the day when M. Chiappe will take charge. It can't come, they say, too soon.



For the first time in history the N. Y. courts opened on Sunday to hear a murder verdict in the case of Maurice Lustig, charged with wife poisoning.

Pierre Bernard, known as Oom the Omnipotent, was arrested while crystal-gazing. (Right) A Chinese subway suicide appeared to be Elsie Sigel's killer.

20 YEARS AGO IN CRIME

CHRONICLES OF CRIME in FACT and FICTION

THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE NEWS

THE PIONEER MYSTERY TABLOID OF AMERICA

VOL. 1 No. 6

TODAY IN CRIME

A CODE FOR INSANITY is now being urged for crimes by representatives of the American Bar Association, American Medical Association and American Psychiatric Association. Investigations were started three years ago to correct the existing methods of trying criminal cases where mental disease is an issue. The committee has been impressed with the fact that the criminal law has developed through trial and error, without science, much of it being handed down from an age when modern scientific methods were unknown.

RADIOPHONE COMMUNICATION to Chile and Uruguay! The modern wizardy of science, now flashes communications immediately where formerly a six-months voyage was the connecting link. Word of escaping criminals can be flashed as soon as their destination is apparent. Telephone connection which is used between the United States, Mexico City and Havana has already proved efficacious. During the Mexican revolution, early in 1929, fast work on the telephones between Ambassador Tellez and his Foreign Office was a vital factor in quickly counteracting the movement.

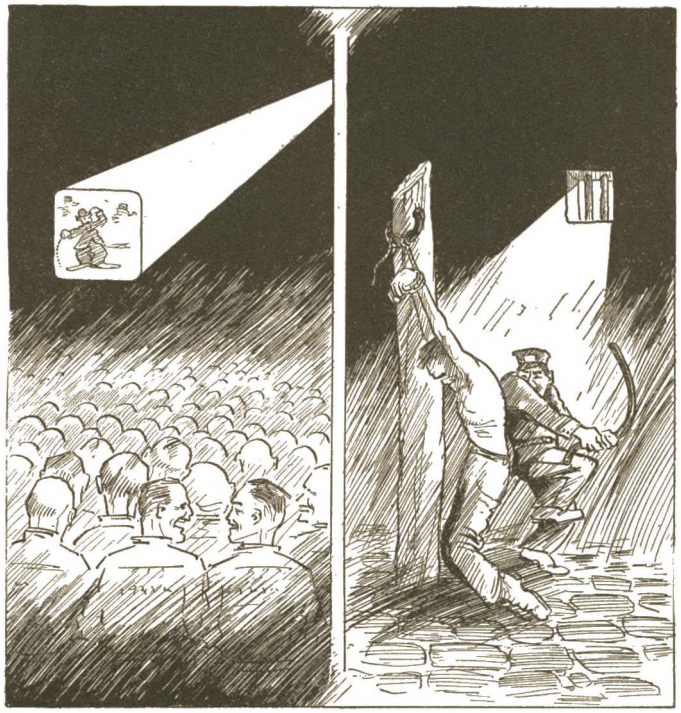
CHICAGO EIGHTEENTH AMONG MURDER CITIES, says Charles S. Peterson, city treasurer of Chicago. "Our city is not as bad as it is made out to be," he says. "We are a little bit sensitive, and I would like to point out that so far from being No. 1 when it comes to murders, Chicago is No. 18. Why, the city of Washington has more murders per capita than we, as the last census shows spectacular crime is confined to 1 per cent of our foreign population. The gunmen, to give the devils some kind of due, are excellent shots and very few innocent bystanders are hurt." Mr. Peterson denied that Chicago was "broke." He said that the bonded indebtedness of New York is twenty times higher than that of Chicago. "And nobody but a lunatic," he exclaimed, "would pretend that New York is in a bad way financially."

EL EXCELSIOR, Mexico's best newspaper, which hitherto joined with other Mexican dailes in playing up crime at its goriest, has voluntarily announced it will suppress all news of crime. Thoughtful Mexicans have been saying that the press may be to blame for Mexican wrongdoing.

TROUBLE INSIDE PRISON WALLS

For three days running, the Jefferson City (Missouri) prison had a serious inside rebellion. On the second day of the siege approximately 500 convicts in five factories inside the penitentiary walls went on strike after 750 had struck the day previous, crying "We want fried meat!" Warden Rudolph promised better food. The inmates were quieted. The third day saw interesting developments. Mutinous disorder continued. An iron-clad rule was inaugurated that resulted in sixty-two convicts being treated in the hospital for injuries inflicted by guards, or, in some cases, by their own companions.

Shockingly enough, the blame for the trouble according to Warden Rudolph and other prison officials, can be ascribed entirely to the lenient methods that have been in vogue and to "outside interference" from welfare workers and persons who have criticized disciplinary methods in the institution. It has been a growing situation, the warden said, and finally got to the place where about 200 convicts thought they could "get away with anything and run the prison."



What can be done about this situation? To begin with these convicts are barred from society for laudable reasons. They are not placed in cells in the expectation they will mutiny, or even go so far as to kill guardians of the law. The recent murder of Keeper George A. Durnford in the Auburn riot is sad enough evidence of further outbreak. Although we are now being convinced that less leniency with these wrongdoers does not work; on the other hand, we know that extreme severity does not work well either.

The famous old cartoon strips showing the prisoner banging away on a rock pile, with a ball and chain anchoring him to his task, always seemed to amuse good citizens. Granted, it was not so humorous to the prisoner himself. But at least he had something to do—something to keep him hard at work.

Model prisons today have their own factories, their own workshops, that keep men busy on simple industrial jobs. But not all reform institutions have these innovations!

The Atlanta, Georgia, penitentiary has never had a mutiny. The authorities there seem to have a system that actually works. Prisoners have been put to the task of building State roads. The men are more healthy since they have been working in the open. The lash has been abolished. Stock and solitary confinement are the only punishments there, and the need for such chastisement is negligible. E. L. Rainey who has been Chairman of the Georgia Crime Commission for eighteen years has the commendation of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE NEWS. He has experimented, and humanely too, with gratifying result.

If these men are sent out as road gangs in Georgia, why not in New York State, in Missouri, in Kansas, and in other States throughout the Union? That the Georgia treatment helps to solve this great problem can be attested in that it works in other countries than our own. In Haiti, that small section in the West Indies now on the verge of political rebellion, the bulk of the road-builders are recruited from the prisons. And not once, so far as can be learned, has there been disorder in the ranks of workers in the open. In fact, the men in stripes are better-behaved than many of the natives who are not under judicial disapproval.

Granted again, there are more criminals outside bars than within, too much attention is paid to those who are apprehended, by sympathetic amateur criminologists. The solution to the problem is better reached by experts who know when to experiment and when not to. The authorities who control our large penitentiaries know that work is the first salvation of pampered minions. Perhaps even now they are considering putting these men on jobs that will reflect credit on both factions.

Held in Arson Racket

After arresting Christian Consiglio on a charge of arson, third degree, Buffalo, N. Y., police revealed the existence of what they termed a well-established arson racket in this city.

Consiglio, police said, had been identified as the owner of a cottage which was destroyed by fire after a mysterious explosion three days ago.

According to the detectives, if a house owner has insurance on both building and contents, the arson racketeers take ten per cent of the building insurance and five per cent of that on contents for destroying by fire.

The Linnell Case

(*Continued from page 18*)

"I recall that I baptized Miss Linnell three years ago in Hyannis," replied Richeson cooly, "and I know Miss Linnell's parents, but I do not see why I should be called in this matter." Miss Hanscomb's amazement can be readly understood, knowing, as she did, that Avis and Richeson had been engaged for nearly two years, and had, on that very day, lunched together. Before she could terminate the conversation, however, Richeson asked, "Did Miss Linnell make any statement before she died?" To this, Miss Hanscomb replied, "No, she didn't say anything before she died, but she did say something this afternoon."

This intriguing conversation Miss Hanscomb related to the police, who, by this time, were inclined to in-

vestigate further into the matter.

Certain acute members of the Reverend Mr. Richeson's congregation recalled later that on the following Sunday their pastor chose for the text of his sermon the words, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

The next day, Avis Linnell's roommate wrote the unfortunate girl's mother the sad details, and added, "A great many things have happened that we dare not write, but Mr. Richeson took Avis out to lunch yesterday. She returned about four o'clock, apparently in good spirits, and had supper with the girls."

On October 19, William Hahn, a Newton druggist, appeared at Police Headquarters. He was badly shaken and very nervous, and said that he had come to them at the behest of his attorney. On October 10, four days before Avis died, the Reverend Mr. Richeson had appeared at his drug-store, Hahn told. The minister and the druggist were old friends, having become acquainted during the former's student days at the Newton Theological Institute. In the drug store, the following interesting conversation took place, according to Hahn:

"I want to buy something to put my dog out of the way," said Richeson.

"I didn't know you had a dog," said Hahn.

"Oh, yes," replied Richeson, "I keep him in my room, but he is complaining so much that I want to get rid of him." Hahn suggested chloroform, but Richeson said he hated the odor of choloform too much to use it for any purpose, and asked the druggist to recommend some poison which would be administered internally and which would act quickly. Richeson liked the idea of cyanide, he said, and asked for "plenty" of it. On saying goodbye at the door, Richeson had turned to Hahn, according to the latter's testimony, and said, "Don't forget to come to my wedding." It was generally known that some time before Richeson had broken his engagement to Avis Linnell, and announced his plans to marry the wealthy and socially prominent Miss ——— of Brookline.

Hahn related that he acknowledged the invitation casually, but that Richeson then said, "This may seem strange to you. Can you keep a secret? I haven't bought this stuff from you, and remember, you do not know me."

That settled the matter for the police, and, procuring a warrant, they set about their search for the Reverend Mr. Richeson. They found that he was spending the night at the home of his father-in-law-to-be. The home was dark and no one answered the door-bell. All night long, newspapermen and the police waited outside. At seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. ——— came to the door and greeted the officers. He refused them the right to enter until he had secured the permission of his lawyer. This being granted, the officers proceeded to arrest the badly frightened Reverend Mr. Richeson, whom they found in the guest-room. The minister was pale and so nervous that he could only dress with difficulty. He asked permission to say goodbye to his fiancée, who was ill in bed from the disquieting nature of the developments. After encouraging the frightened girl, Richeson went with the police.

While held in jail, the past history of the suspect went under searching investigation. Born in Virginia of a fine, proud family, he had left while in his early twenties for Missouri. There, he had been expelled from a small college for cheating. He was next heard of during the St. Louis car strikes, where he appeared as "rabble-rouser," and developed his unsuspected ability as an orator.

He decided to enter the ministry, and while a student became involved in an unsavory manner with at least a half-dozen girls. Despite this, he was ordained, and came to Newton, Massachusetts, to take his post-graduate course. In 1908, he was given the Hyannis Baptist Church, at Cape Cod. It was there that he met Avis Linnell, who was only seventeen at the time. Avis was an exceptional student, and very quiet. Completely swayed by the personable young minister, she shortly abandoned her studies to devote herself to church work. Soon, their engagement was announced, and Avis wore a diamond solitaire. Shortly, the young pastor was promoted to the pulpit of the Immanuel Baptist Church, at Cam-

bridge, where Avis followed him.

Apparently, the ambitious young man thought he could accomplish something more advantageous than marrying the quiet Cape Cod girl, and within a few weeks after his promotion, Avis went back to Newton on a short visit, minus the engagment ring she had so proudly worn. She explained, in embarrassment, that her fiancé had taken the ring to have it reset, only to have her harmless "white" lie exposed when Richeson announced his engagement to Miss ———. The latter's father was prominent in the national councils of the Baptist Church, and it was undoubtedly better politics for Richeson to establish such an alliance. Poor Avis went to Boston in the Autumn of 1911, and again took up her musical studies.

In the summer of 1911, Richeson suffered from a nervous breakdown, and his church gave him a two-month vacation, which he spent in Hyan-

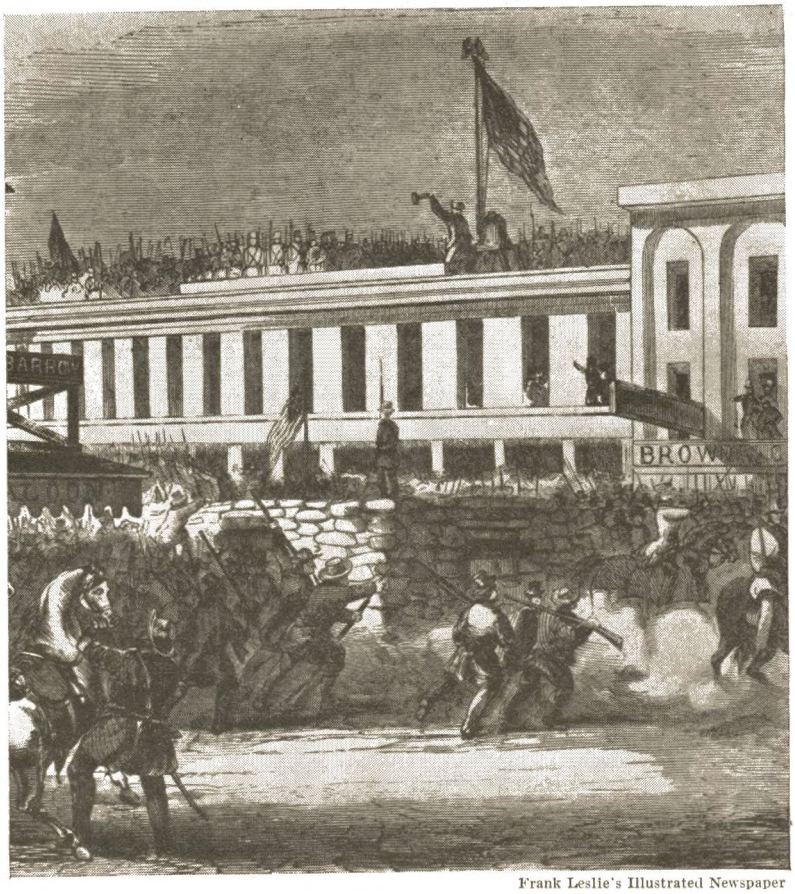
nis. There, he resumed his association with Avis Linnell, as though nothing had happened, and their friends assumed that the engagement had been renewed. They continued to see each other, however, as we have already seen. The situation rapidly became more dangerous to his plans, as the day of his marriage approached. And it was then that Richeson evolved the scheme which was to bring his adventurous career to an end.

In jail, his first act was to write his church in Cambridge and ask them to withhold judgment until the grand jury had met. On October 31 an indictment for murder was brought against him, and he forwarded his resignation to the board of deacons. The latter tabled his application and passed a resolution of confidence in his behalf. His fiancée's family were equally valiant in their loyalty. That some people were not entirely friendly was evidenced by the fact that while Richeson was in jail his effigy was found hanging one morning in front of the Hyannis Baptist Church. To it was attached a card which stated some frank opinions of Richeson's character, and suggested that those interested in the Scriptural text appropriate to the situation, read the second verse of the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke, which is as follows: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." The card also announced that the effigy would be burned in three days. A few days before his trial, following a series of performances indicative of weakness and cowardice on his part, including a number of "scenes" when he battered his head against the wall of his cell like an angry child, Richeson wrote a full confession of the murder of Avis Linnell. He begged for mercy. A week later he was carried before Judge George A. Sanderson. He was terribly worn and ill, and appeared on the verge of a collapse. His counsel hoped for a charge of second degree murder, but upon the insistance of the District Attorney, a first degree charge was allowed to stand. The full confession being acceptable, and the first degree charge sufficient, the necessity of formal trial was done away with, and the Richeson case stands as one of the few instances in which a confession accompanied such a charge. He was convicted and sentenced to electrocution without trial. The time was set for the week of May, 1912.

Something closely akin to hysterics seems to have affected the public throughout the country when the news of the final decision became known. The usual deluge of maudlin appeals descended upon Governor Foss. One woman wrote that "Richeson is too handsome to be killed, and the world will be doing a great wrong by executing him." A Massachusetts man so abhorred the idea of capital punishment that he offered his nine-year-old daughter for execution in Richeson's stead if capital punishment would be abolished thereafter.

Pleas before Governor Foss found the latter adamant, though he appointed two of the nation's best-known pscyhiatrists to examine Richeson's record and mental state. Their report developed tragic evidence which, in some instances, at least, would have been accepted as proof of the man's insanity. The history of his family showed that his mother was one of seven children, five of which (Richeson's aunts and uncles) were, at the time of his sentence, deranged or under treatment in insane asylums. Four of his cousins had also been adjudged insane. This evidence, combined with a comprehensive report of Richeson's own history, showing many periods when he acted like an insane man, suffering from fits, sullen rages, and the like, was submitted to Governor Foss. It accomplished nothing.

On May 21, 1912, alternately praying and singing, the Reverend Mr. Clarence Virgil Richeson was carried to the death chair.



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Sounding the alarm bell over Fort Vigilance, San Francisco, California.

Here we show you the first of a series of pictures collected by Charles Phelps Cushing on those organizations of law and order known variously as "Minute Men," "Vigilantes," etc.

Succeeding pages will carry more pictures and information. On page 102 you will find a general story.

Codes and Ciphers

(*Continued from page* 20)

so that BANK shows under the squares. It is most likely that BANK is preceded by the word THE, and in the line above we see T, H and E—two T's, in fact. Let the T's go for an instant and mark the squares with H and E on our tissue paper; then give it a half-turn and see what we get. Aha! We see NEED IT staring us in the face. We are surely on the right track.

Now give the tissue-paper a quarter-turn to the right. We see an HE in the top lines, which looks like part of THE; and in the fourth line we see that our marked squares cover FF. There is an O which makes it look like the last two letters of OFF; but if we assume our HE to be the last two letters of THE we can make no sense between THE and OFF; however, between the HE and FF we notice an S, a T and a U. This would spell STUFF, and give us THE STUFF, which is very likely. Let's mark the squares, anyway, and see what happens.

Give the paper a half-turn. Your squares now cover S in the second line, O just below it, and then spell out SYOUCAN. This looks very like the last part of AS YOU CAN; there is an A in the line above the S, so we mark it.

We have now marked 10 squares. There can be only 16 in the grille, as each quarter-turn exposes one-fourth of the letters in the whole message.

Go back to the position showing NEED IT. There is an E before NEED. Guessing again, we decide that the W at the end of the top line would conveniently make WE NEED IT, so we mark it. Now let's try the position showing BANK. We see that in the second line we expose the letters FE, which in connection with BANK makes us think of SAFE. We also see that BANK is followed by GE. GET would be a nice word there, and in fact there is a T waiting for us in the bottom line. We mark it.

Now, in order to prevent confusion, let us check on our original square all the letters that are exposed by successive turnings of the grille as constructed so far. As each letter is used only once we will thus eliminate a good deal in our search. Start with the position spelling BANK, and we put a small check in the squares beside F, E, H, E, B, A, N, K, G, E, T and I. Make a quarter-turn and check the new letters exposed, and so on.

Now put the grille in the position showing NEED IT. We see that farther down appear the letters LY. The only letters unchecked before LY are B, A, S. I, N and D. Of these we can make only BAD to go with the NEED IT—LY. Let us mark these squares.

We now have marked 15 squares; there is only one left. We need not bother hunting for it. What do our four positions reveal?

1. T A SOON AS YOU CAN F
2. OR WE NEED IT BADLY
3. THE STUFF IS IN T E S
4. FE AT THE BANK GET I

It is quite clear that the third line is the first of the message, the fourth the second, the first the third and the second the fourth. The message, with the missing letters still out, reads

THE STUFF IS IN T?E S?FE AT THE BANK GET IT A? SOON AS YOU CAN FOR WE NEED IT BADLY?

There are only four letters left unchecked—H, A, S and Q. These fill out the message, the last one, Q, being either a signature or a filler to make the message come out even.

To try your skill, here is a short message coded by the grille method. There is a sure clue in it and it should be easy. To save you the trouble of ruling paper and counting letters, we present it as it would be arranged by a crytographer preparatory to solving it. Here is the message:

Y S C Q P O U O O S U I
D A E R S E S T E I E O
T C O O B T N E H S E M

And here it is arranged in a square. Get your tissue-paper and pencil and see if you can solve it:

(*Answers on page* 132)

The Death Warrant

(*Continued from page* 10)

his wife of having a love affair with Richardson. She denied it. In the morning the quarrel was patched up. And McFarland left the house in a cheerful frame of mind.

"Good-bye, darling!" he said, as he kissed her.

When he returned in the afternoon, McFarland found that his wife had taken their two children, and left his bed and board forever. Later he learned that she had gone to number 8 Washington Place, and was living at the home of Samuel Sinclair. Richardson, he discovered, was also a guest at Mr. Sinclair's. Insane with jealousy, McFarland now began to haunt the theater, molest his wife, and annoy her friends.

Sick of her husband's persecutions, Abby McFarland decided to divorce him. The children had been sent to her mother's in Massachusetts. A meeting was arranged, and in Mr. Sinclair's parlor, before her father and Richardson, Abby announced her intentions to her husband. McFarland accepted her decision with seeming calmness. Richardson then left for Hartford, where he planned to stay and finish his book. Tenderly, Abby bade him good-bye in a whispered consultation at the front door. She would finish her engagement at the Winter Garden and go to Massachusetts in April. McFarland left quietly. And Abby, accompanied by a "lady friend," went back to her old rooms at number 72 Amity Street. Things seemed in a fair way toward peaceful settlement.

Unable to stay away from his darling, Richardson soon returned from Hartford. A few nights after his arrival in New York, he received a deadly prophecy of the future. Had they heeded that warning, the lovers would have put the space of the Atlantic ocean and the Sahara desert between them and Daniel McFarland.

After the show, as was his habit, Richardson called at the theater for Abby. Although she was later referred to as a "frivolous butterfly," she was playing the sober part of Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice". As the two were walking down the street together, a man darted up behind Richardson and fired a bullet through his thigh. Richardson turned and recognized McFarland. Calling to Abby to run, he grappled with his assailant. A policeman arrived on the scene. He arrested McFarland and took him to the station-house, while Abby and her lover were driven to Mr. Sinclair's home. The bullet had inflicted only a flesh wound, but Richardson was laid up for several days. He did not appear in court against McFarland, and the case was dismissed.

Abby McFarland nursed her lover while his wound healed. She read to him and brought up his meals. The attack strengthened her determination to get rid of her husband forever. As soon as Richardson had recovered, she departed for Indiana, and a public notice under Richardson's name appeared in the *Tribune*, to the effect that he intended to marry Mrs. McFarland as soon as she had secured a divorce.

McFarland had the melancholy temperament of his Irish ancestors. He alternately raged and brooded. His home was broken up; his wife and children gone, and he had lost all his money. He was in a state bordering on insanity. He dreamed of conspiracies, and talked constantly to his friends of the man who had

robbed him. He exhibited the intercepted letter, and frequently threatened to kill himself.

"Oh my God, my God! What do you think. I have heard that Richardson has obtained a divorce for my wife, and that they and my children are living over in Jersey City. I will go home and kill myself! My God, my God!" Thus he raved to an office companion.

In one respect, at least, he had heard correctly. After sixteen months in Indiana, Mrs. McFarland had returned to New York on November 17th, having obtained a divorce on the grounds of drunkenness, cruelty, and non-support. And for one brief week, before McFarland yielded to his murderous impulse, the lovers were re-united.

The best medical experts in the city had been called to attend Albert Richardson. Again Abby McFarland played the rôle of nurse. Doctor Swan had removed the bullet and, for the first two days after the shooting, the wounded journalist seemed to have a chance for recovery. On the third day peritonitis set in. He had taken no nourishment since he was shot. His strength began to fail, and his pulse rose to 132. The ball had passed through his stomach, liver, and a small intestine. All the doctors in the world could not save him. Death was a matter of hours.

On December 31st, five days after the shooting, at the dying man's request, preparations were made for his marriage to Abby Sage McFarland. Richardson had made the doctors promise to tell him when he no longer had a chance. He would die more peacefully, he said, if he was married to the woman he loved.

The marriage was a pitiful sight. The room was fittingly filled with flowers—but they were the flowers of death. His friends were there—Horace Greeley, Whitelaw Reid, Lucia Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, and members of the theatrical profession. But they were strange wedding guests—tears streamed down their faces. There was a bottle of champagne by the bed—but only the bridegroom tasted a teaspoonful of it to stay his ebbing life. Richardson lay partially propped up by pillows, very weak, and somewhat flushed. Abby McFarland sat in a chair at the head of his bed. The Reverend O. B. Frothingham delivered a prayer. And that distinguished clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher, performed the marriage ceremony.

Only 37 years old, Richardson had shown remarkable vitality. But he now began to sink rapidly. Dozens of people had called to inquire for him during the day, but at half-past four on the morning of December 3rd, there were but few watchers by his bed. His wife, Doctor Swan, Colonel Knox, and Mr. Browne, with whom Richardson had spent eight months in a Confederate prison, were there. Deeply affected, they stood by, helpless any longer to stave off death. Richardson had sunk into a stupor. For a moment he recognized one among them.

"Abby," he murmured, and lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Occasionally he gasped for breath. In spite of morphine, he was suffering severely. Low moans escaped him as he turned spasmodically from side to side. His eyes became glazed. The deathlike stillness was broken only by the occasional tinkle of a street car outside, and the dull rumble of milk carts going up Broadway.

Shortly before five o'clock, the dying man again tried to turn himself. For an instant consciousness returned, as the bell of St. Paul's church struck five. Before its last vibration had melted away, Richardson drew a last gasp, and was dead.

The news was carried to his murderer in the Tombs. McFarland had been a cheerful prisoner, except when his wife's name was mentioned, when his eyes would moisten and blaze with a maniacal light. He received the announcement that Richardson was dead without any sign of agitation.

"It was unfortunate, but now it can't be helped," was his cool comment.

On April 5, 1870, Albert McFarland was brought before the bar of justice on a charge of murder in the first degree. In several ways his trial resembles that of Harry K. Thaw. Both defendants had killed a man in a jealous rage over a woman. Among the counsel and witnesses in both cases were some of the most prominent men in the country. And both trials exposed spicy details of the intimate lives of New York's intelligentsia.

The McFarland trial hinged on the relations of Mrs. McFarland and Richardson; the various places he and she had boarded; the supposed cruelty with which McFarland had treated her; her going upon the stage; how many pieces she had in the wash at such a time, and what they were; her leaving her husband; the Indiana divorce; the intercepted letter; McFarland's insanity and drunkenness.

There was much talk of Bohemianism and free love. Fashionable ladies fought for seats in the courtroom. And "most of the time the court presented the appearance of a cock-pit, rather than a hall of justice."

The case was tried before Recorder Hackett. It lasted four weeks. Notable counsel was lined up on both sides. The sole defense was temporary insanity, with the shadowy background of the old unwritten law.

People everywhere took bitter controversial sides with, or against the accused. Henry Ward Beecher was upheld by some, and savagely denounced by others, for his part in the "blasphemous marriage" at the Astor House. A Chicago minister preached a sermon on the hypocrisy of Vice-President Colfax attacking polygamy in Utah, while sympathizing with adultery in New York.

It was one of the first murder trials in which an endless procession of medical experts testified on such questions as, how long a man can live without sleep; whether insanity is easily feigned, and the significance of dreams.

The defense proved that there was insanity in the McFarland family. An uncle who resembled the defendant had died in an insane asylum.

McFarland's physician testified that on the night before the shooting the defendant had come to his office in a "muscular tremor, his eyeballs flashing and glaring like balls of fire." For fifteen minutes he had raved around the office, and the doctor had given him two grains of morphine. A waiter who served McFarland's breakfasts through the months of September and October, testified that he always seemed excited, and muttered constantly to himself. Mr. McFarland's meat diet in that restaurant might well bring stronger men to the point of insanity. According to the waiter, he ate either mutton chops or pork steak for breakfast every day.

Abby Sage Richardson was as much on trial morally, as her ex-husband was for his life. Because of a ruling that wives could not testify against their husbands, she did not take the witness stand. But she made a written statement in which she denied any unlawful intimacy with Richardson.

She stated that from the day of their marriage, McFarland had deceived, and failed to support her. He had told her of his vast wealth in real-estate holdings out in Wisconsin, yet, on their honeymoon he had to borrow money. From time to time, he pawned his own watch, and her jewels. He frequently borrowed money from her father, including enough to pay the funeral expenses of their first child. In Brooklyn, where he rented a cottage, he used to come home drunk every night. He made life interesting in the Brooklyn love-nest, by hurling lamps, mirrors, and heavy furniture at her. And he insisted on keeping a bottle of "vile liquor called Schiedam Schnapps", beside the bed, from which he drank all night.

Later, in one year, they moved out of eight boarding-houses, because McFarland could not pay the rent. And when, in self-defense, she got her first engagement at Steinway Hall, McFarland objected to her giving a public show, and as a punishment, took all but $25 of the proceeds for himself. She claimed that throughout the latter part of their married life, he beat and abused her, and called her vile names. As a crowning insult, he ransacked her trunks, and took away letters, priceless manuscripts, and pictures. And he poisoned the mind of Mrs. Mason, the landlady at number 72 Amity Street, against her.

The defense claimed that an unlawful intimacy had existed between Mrs. McFarland and Richardson long before he moved over to her boarding-house; that McFarland finally discovered the truth about their relations, and that Richardson then persuaded Abby to leave her husband. Mrs. Mason testified that McFarland was a model husband. The servants at number 72 had often seen Mrs. McFarland in Richardson's room. An old family friend told how she had called one day and found Richardson in Abby's room. They were both embarrassed, and Abby was immodestly engaged in arranging her false curls in his presence. Mr. Sinclair's valet had seen the lovers "hugging and kissing". He testified to the fact that they had slept in the same room at Mr. Sinclair's. All of this, it was alleged, by the defense, was known to McFarland before the homicide, and the knowledge had driven him temporarily insane.

There were plenty of eye-witnesses to the murder. And the prosecution presented its facts ably. But the sympathy of the court was with the wronged husband. Throughout the long weeks of the trial, he sat like a statue, with his son Percy on his knee, or by his side.

On May 11, 1870, Judge Hackett delivered his charge to the jury. After a short deliberation of an hour and fifty-five minutes, they brought in a verdict of acquittal. Men cheered, and ladies crowded around the defendant, kissing him and shaking his hand. They waved their little cambric handkerchiefs, as Daniel McFarland walked out into the park—a free man.

Sign of The Sphinx

(*Answers from page* 6)

Fig. 1 shows how we may cut the cross into four pieces that will make

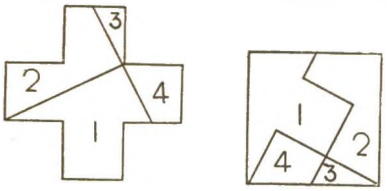


Fig. 1

a square. Fig. 2 shows how it is done so that all four of the pieces

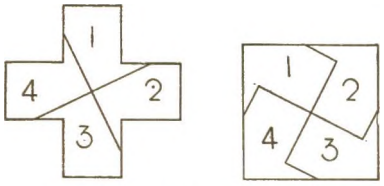
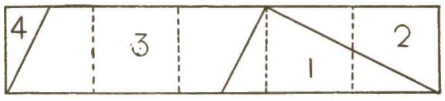


Fig. 2

are the same size and shape. You can see that by making two cuts at right angles, provided that one of the cuts is parallel to a line from one corner of an arm to the middle of the opposite side of the same arm, and provided the point where the lines cross is always within the central square, you will always get four pieces which



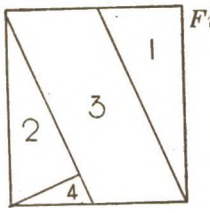


Fig. 3

will go together to make a square.

The method of cutting the five-by-one-inch strip into four pieces is shown in Fig. 3. The pieces are numbered to show how they go into the square, and the dotted lines are to show how the original cuts are located.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

Divide the figures into the three groups 715—46—32890. The first group multiplied by the second will give the third. If you happened to think that 5 times an even number gives a result ending in 0, and decided to try your luck with that, you solved the problem immediately.

THE FAMILY REUNION

At that family party there were a grandfather and a grandmother with their son, who had married and had three children, a boy and two girls. His wife was with him. This made the seven persons. The grandfather was a father and a father-in-law; the grandmother was a mother and a mother-in-law; their son was their child as well as a father; his wife was a mother and a daughter-in-law; their three children were a son, two daughters, a brother, two sisters, and three grandchildren.

Who Killed Florence Kane?

(*Continued from page* 26)

beat her and strangled her. I left her lying in the lot, thinking, of course, that the blows I had given her, while apparently painful, were not serious.

"I read in the newspapers the next day that the girl had died and I decided to beat it. I've been wandering around ever since and I'm giving myself up now because I have a hunch the New York police are on to me and I am fearful of the torture they'll give me if they ever get their hands on me."

Here was a super-thrill for the thrill lovers. McAvoy's lodgings in New York were visited. Police found the walls of his room covered with rotogravure pictures of bathing beauties. They found the shoe laces and pencils he had used in begging at subway entrances. They heard his landlord tell of his reputation for cruelty, of the woman who had lived with him and whom he had driven out into the street with blows. Insane, was the neighborhood verdict as voiced by a policeman from the nearest station.

And so nothing came of that, and the Kane case was gradually forgotten by all save a few who were fascinated by the grotesque beggar, McAvoy.

But only a little while ago a last chapter was written to the story. What had become of the actors in this tragedy? What became of Mother Kane, who sat all through that terrible night of May 28th, waiting for the daughter who never returned? Only recently we have learned.

Day after day Mother Kane has been sitting by the window wondering if the mystery would ever be solved. Every evening, summer, winter, autumn, spring, she has climbed the stairs at 1020 East New York Avenue and lighted a candle, a beacon, in the window, vowing to keep it there until the slayer is brought to justice. For more than 1,600 evenings that candle has burned.

Still we do not know who so foully murdered Florence. Somewhere today, perhaps, the murderer is laughing at the success of a "perfect crime."

The Watch-Key

(*Continued from page* 19)

was an easy matter to follow her footsteps to the Davis Hotel in Richmond. There, she had registered that night as Miss F. L. Merton. Hardly had she reached her room when a note was delivered to her by a little colored boy. She dispatched a hastily scribbled note in response, and almost at once she had left the hotel, passing by the desk on her way out. This occurred at about eight o'clock. The messenger returned to

the hotel in a few minutes and reported to the clerk that he had been unable to find the man to whom the girl had sent him.

Detective Wren, operating independently of the county officials who were ostensibly in charge of the case, asked the hotel manager for the note. The latter had torn it up and thrown it away, but a short search discovered it in the wastebasket. Pieced together, it read: "I will be there as soon as possible. So do wait for me." It was unsigned and addressed to T. J. Cluverious, a young attorney who often appeared in Richmond in his practice. Cluverious was a second cousin of the Madison girl and an intimate of her family. His mother being dead, he had been adopted by a wealthy aunt, named Tunstall, whom he lived with at Little Plymouth. When in Richmond, he had often called on the Madisons, and on several occasions when Lillian was visiting her brother, had taken her out for the evening.

William Tyler, night watchman at the hotel, told Detective Wren that late Friday evening a young stranger had appeared and asked for "Miss Merton." On being told that she was registered, the young man sent a card by Tyler to her room. Tyler reported that while on his way to deliver the card, he had met "Miss Merton" on the stairs, accompanied by a shabbily-dressed old man. Tyler stated that the second mysterious stranger had said to him, "I want a room for this girl," as though he did not know she had already registered. Tyler delivered the card, and as the couple walked through the hotel office with him, the girl had glanced curiously at the first stranger and said, "That young man looks like a man with whose sister I went to school." The couple left the hotel, and the young man addressing himself to Tyler in a casual tone remarked, "I thought I knew that girl," and departed without giving the watchman time to tell him that the girl in question was "Miss Merton."

Within a short time he returned, however, and asked if the girl had come back. Tyler offered to go to her room and find out. He reported shortly that "Miss Merton" was now in her room and would see him in a few minutes in the parlor. The stranger, whom Tyler described as being about twenty-two or three years of age, nattily dressed, and sporting a small mustache walked up the stairs to the parlor. At 10:30, Tyler went to the parlor to close it for the night. He found it empty. A little later, he started his round of inspection, and as he passed "Miss Merton's" room at midnight, he saw the light burning and the door slightly ajar. He knocked, and, receiving no answer, looked in. The room was empty and the baggage missing.

The search for the two men got under way, but finding no definite evidence beyond the watchman's somewhat vague testimony concerning the old man, and feeling that the principal clue depended upon the torn note, efforts to locate Cluverious became the main object. Wren found that Cluverious had been registered at a nearby hotel the previous Thursday and Friday, and had been out of his room until nearly daylight Friday morning, and had retired before midnight on Friday. On Saturday, before the finding of the body, Cluverious returned to his home at Little Plymouth.

Two officers, armed with a warrant, set off for Little Plymouth. They were told that Cluverious was not at home, but was in town. Returning a little later, they were received with word that the young lawyer was at luncheon, but would see them shortly. In a few minutes, Cluverious appeared, very much at ease, and greeted the detectives in a friendly manner. He was shown the warrant and said he was willing to go back to Richmond, though, he stated, that he did not even know that his cousin, Lillian, had been in Madison until he read of her death. The description of the watchman, Tyler, tallied so exactly with Cluverious' appearance and dress that the officers felt fully convinced that he was lying when he expressed ignorance of Lillian's presence in Richmond. As the trio rode off, one of the detectives kept an eye on Cluverious' watch-chain, which dangled across the front of his vest.

In the county attorney's office, Cluverious gave a frank account of his whereabouts in Richmond on the three days before the murder. His version covered the finest details, even as to where he took his meals and what he ate. Detective Wren asked Cluverious to show him his watch-key. The latter was apparently ready for the question, as he blandly said that he would be glad to accommodate the officer, but that he had given his watch chain and key to his brother a few days previous. It was not found on his person, and his brother, upon being questioned, readily admitted that he had the chain, but that no key was attached to it. Wren informed the press that a watch-key of peculiar design had been discovered by the curious boy beside the reservoir, and submitted that it was the "key" (no pun intended) to the solution of the murder of Lillian Madison.

That same day, District Attorney Richardson received an anonymous letter, suggesting that he visit a certain local jeweler named Joel, who "might" know something about a "certain watch-key." Joel readily admitted that he had repaired a watch-key of peculiar design for T. J. Cluverious, but refused to identify him.

Detective Wren began to draw his net. Two days following the finding of Lillian's body, he had discovered her hat in an empty wing of the pesthouse; her employers had sent him her trunk, which proved a wealth of material tending to draw the meshes closer about young Cluverious. In it, were no less than a hundred letters written by Cluverious, most of them couched in the most intimate of terms. His own correspondence had been checked, and many of Lillian's letters were later introduced as evidence against him.

On May 16, 1885, Cluverious was taken to the scene of the crime, where he stood unmoved. His trial was set for early in June.

The defense pleaded "no witness," and circumstantial evidence. One witness stated that he had seen Cluverious in the theater at the time he was supposed to have met Dr. Stratton. Cluverious again repeated without a flaw, his statement of his comings and goings on the night of the killing.

It was then that Detective Wren played his trump card and added a fifth to his record of four solutions and convictions. He introduced the question of the mysterious watch-key which had apparently been forgotten when Cluverious' brother failed to produce it. The broken clasp on the key fitted exactly the twisted end of the chain.

In closing their defense, Cluverious' counsel presented two letters written by Lillian and dated "March 14," the day her body was found. Innocent in content, and frankly happy in tone, it was alleged by the defense that they proved conclusively that Lillian Madison was alive at the time she was said to have been dead by the hand of Cluverious. The state passed this testimony off as proving nothing but the distraught state of the unfortunate girl as too unhappy to be careful how she dated her correspondence.

It took two hours for the jury to decide that Thomas Cluverious had killed Florence Lillian Madison.

At 1:10, in the afternoon of January 14, 1887, Thomas Cluverious was hanged. On the scaffold, he was calm, and his last words were, "I am innocent."

The Face of the Assassin

(*Continued from page 77*)

than £18,000 to £20,000. The emeralds are not, I think, so good, but emeralds always fetch their price."

"I've seen Gertrude Oldmay wearing those diamonds," Wickham raised his head sharply and faced the doctor. "Can you suggest any reason why Ned should be in possession of these jewels?"

"A man who has murdered his father is not likely to have any scruples about robbing his mother."

They heard quick steps in the corridor. Ned walked into the room. Dr. Hailey saw him start slightly

when he observed the jewels, but he recovered his self-control immediately.

Wickham crossed the room and rang the bell.

"I'm about to give orders," he said, "that you are to be kept under surveillance."

CHAPTER XX

A Confession

DR. HAILEY did not return to the study with Wickham and Carpenter. Further discussion, he recognized, was useless and he felt the need of clearing his mind. Dyke Duxford was awaiting him in his bedroom.

"I felt I must see you. . . ."

"Sit down, please. . . ."

Duxford seemed to be greatly agitated. He kept mopping his brow, but it gleamed again as soon as he had mopped it. A lively play of expression troubled his features.

"I've just heard of Wickham's decision to arrest Ned. Believe me, it came as a frightful shock. Frightful. A ghastly mistake, of course. Ned's utterly incapable of such a thing."

Dr. Hailey sat down on his bed. His cheerless countenance offered no consolation.

"Unfortunately," he said, "if Ned is to be saved somebody else must be found to shoulder the guilt. And there's nobody else—apart at least from a slender idea that I've already communicated to Wickham. As the facts stand at present, Ned must have killed his father."

Duxford jumped up and began to fret about the room.

"You know," he asked, "that Caroline and I are engaged to be married?"

"I heard something."

"It's true." He came and stood in front of the doctor. One of his eloquent gestures conjured up a desert-place big enough to hold his passion. "My love for Caroline is me, myself. If it dies I die. Do you understand? But of course not." His hands reached his heart. "Caroline is sacred. She must not suffer; she must not shed so much as a tear. Ah, you have not been in love, Dr. Hailey."

There was much melancholy in his aspect as well as a busy agitation. He seemed to weigh some matter in his mind.

"You know that Ned was in debt?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know the details of the transaction which put him in debt?"

"No."

"I'll tell you. Ned went surety for me to enable me to produce a film of Macbeth, with myself as Macbeth. A money lender put up the money."

Duxford's face underwent a sudden and remarkable change. His eyes flashed and his mouth set in a hard and proud expression.

"Will you believe it, the critics refused my reading of the part? Ignorance, prejudice, convention leagued themselves against me. 'Desert love at Dunsinane one of them called my work. Result: next to no bookings. The money lender began to press for his money and when I asked for time—because I believe in the film with all my heart—applied to Ned. Imagine my feelings, Caroline's feelings! But what could I do? We didn't care to tell Uncle John. Ned would have been summonsed if Aunt Gertrude hadn't sold her jewels."

Duxford wiped his brow.

"That was in London, a month ago. Ned had come up with Aunt Gertrude's necklace and things. We fixed up with the jeweler who bought them that they weren't to be sold again for a year, so that if Macbeth pulled round after all we could buy them back again."

Duxford struck his brow, shedding Macbeth in favor of business.

"I happened to hear that Uncle John was a big shareholder in Cinema Theatres. I had an idea: if I could convince him, I might be able to override the managers and turn defeat into victory. I wrote to Aunt Gertrude and got myself invited up here. Caroline and I gave the murder scene at a concert in the village hall a week ago. Success? My dear doctor, it was tremendous. These simple folk understand their Shakespeare—when they get the real Shakespeare—as well as Shakespeare understood them. Audience was absolutely spellbound. Spellbound! Caroline was wonderful."

The actor sank into a chair. A gesture waved Macbeth back to oblivion.

Then the crash came.

Keystone View

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Signal lanterns gleam in the tower of Boston's Old North Church. Two horsemen, watching from across the river, go galloping off up the road to Lexington and Concord. Thus, with "the midnight ride of Paul Revere," begins the epic of America's Minute Men. Those hoof-beats still reverberate—"listen, and you shall hear!"—on down to the present moment. Turn the pages which follow, and the pictures and captions there will tell you how and why.

"Uncle John discovered that Aunt Gertrude had sold her jewels to pay Ned's debts. I don't know the details but I do know that Ned kept my name out of it. Think of it, he allowed his father to believe that he had spent the money himself; even after Uncle John had told him to leave the house! I didn't hear anything till the day before Uncle John's death. Caroline told me. I went to Uncle John. He was sitting alone in his study with his head in his hands. He looked broken. But the moment I mentioned Ned he jumped up. 'Don't!' he shouted. I'm not easily frightened, but he frightened me. His eyes were blodshot and there was sweat running down his cheeks. 'You're ill, Uncle,' I said. He didn't seem to hear. He walked towards me, repeating the word 'Don't!' I gathered my courage and blurted out: 'Ned spent that money on my film of Macbeth.'

"I tried to put pride in my words because I felt pride. He stopped in his walk and stood staring at me, like a man whose thoughts have been scattered. 'What?' he cried. I repeated my words. I saw a gleam of understanding in his eyes and began to hope that I had succeeded. 'Do you mean to say Ned was mad enough to finance a film?' 'Yes, sir. My film of Macbeth.' The blood rushed up to his brow. 'Did you ask him to finance you?' 'I did.' 'Because you're engaged to Caroline?' 'Certainly not.' He was glaring at me. I tried to explain, but that was useless. His anger was boiling. 'You're a scoundrel,' he shouted. 'Get out of my house and never show your face in it again. Caroline shall not marry you!'

"He looked dangerous, but I stood my ground. 'She shall marry me.' 'I say no.' He came at me again. He seized me by the throat and pushed me against the door. I felt my breath sticking in my throat and when I tried to cry out no sound came from my lips. Suddenly, he released me. I staggered out of the room. Caroline was waiting for me in the hall."

Dr. Hailey leaned forward.

"When was that?"

"Just before dinner."

"Did you know that your uncle had sent for Professor Carpenter to change his will?"

"No."

"He had. Carpenter stayed at the inn in Pykewood. Before you confessed to your uncle he had disinherited Ned. After you confessed he sent Carpenter a note telling him to come to the bathing beach next morning."

Duxford looked bewildered.

"I don't understand."

"Your confession made your uncle change his mind about disinheriting Ned." Dr. Hailey put his eyeglass in his eye. "Did your uncle seem to be afraid?"

"It didn't strike me that he was afraid."

CHAPTER XXI

Father and Daughter

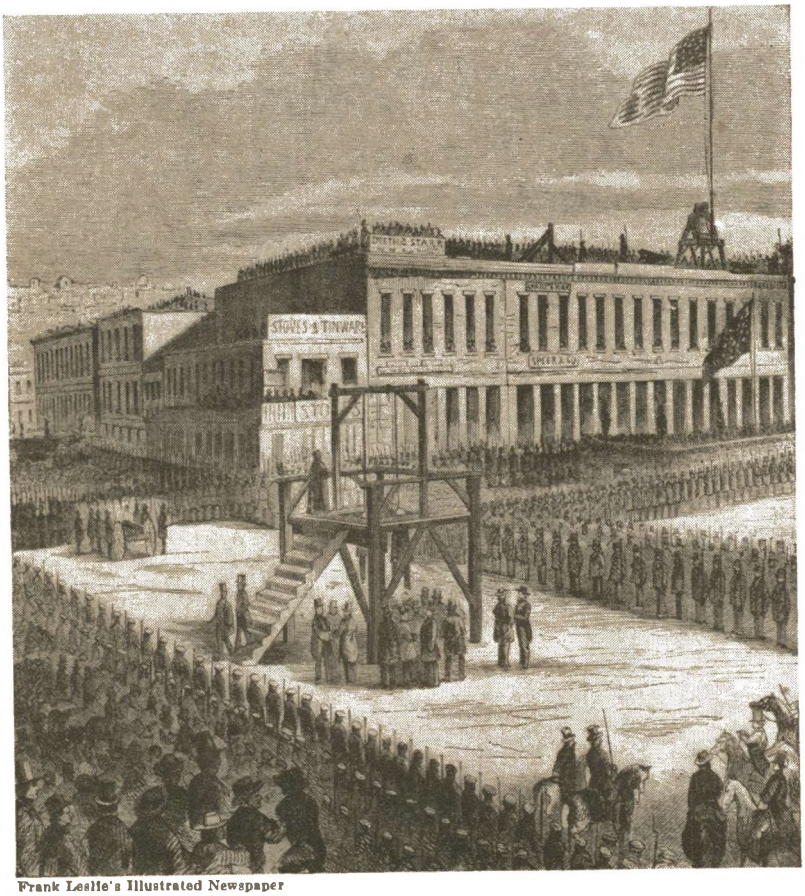
DUXFORD lit a cigarette. He flung the match toward the fireplace but it fell on the carpet.

"Caroline," he declared, "was the only person in this house who really understood Uncle John. She was the only person who wasn't in the least afraid of him. She could see through the Scot to the man." He made a grimace which recalled a child in despair about the dullness of its elders. "Uncle John was a big baby, who hadn't even the self-confidence to say he wanted mothering. He always waited for people to tell him they loved him and of course very few people ever did. Those who did got growls for their trouble because he wasn't taking anything from anybody, thank you.

There was a pause. Dr. Hailey offered no comment.

"That's how things were," Duxford went on, "when this wretched trouble about the jewels began and Uncle John ordered Ned out of the house. Something happened to Caroline then. She came to me and told me to go at once to her father and confess everything. Her face was still, without expression. Her eyes seemed quite vacant. 'Put the blame on me,' she said, 'because I suggested that Ned should help you.' Naturally I protested. 'You don't understand,' she told me, 'Father can be brutal as well as kind.' When she heard that he wasn't to be moved and was going to send me away too, all her listlessness vanished. I noticed a great change in her and it frightened me. After dinner she said: 'I'm going to talk to him. You're to come with me.' I tried to dissuade her but it was useless.

"Uncle John was alone, just as I had found him earlier in the eve-



Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Minute Men and Vigilantes

San Francisco in the 'fifties went through a period of lawlessness brought on by the gold rush. A Vigilance Committee which grew into a small army—by 1856 it numbered around 6,000 and was organized into infantry, cavalry, artillery, and a marine corps—restored order. But it did so at the price of usurping all the functions of the duly appointed courts and peace officers. The Committee's last sensational ceremony is pictured here. It hanged two men who had been acquitted in court! And thus it hastened its own dissolution.

ning. Only he seemed more depressed. Caroline walked across to his desk and stood in front of it. 'Dyke told you,' she said, 'about Ned's debts.' He looked up, frowning: 'Yes, and I told him you should not marry him.' 'I'm going to marry him. I'm going to marry him!' She was speaking very quietly. He stood up. 'So you're against me too, are you?' 'I'm not against you, father; but I love Ned and Dyke.' 'All of you against me. All of you. Wife and children.' A sob broke from his lips. 'You deceive me, you betray me, rob me, defy me.' Caroline put out her hand to him but he drew back.

" 'Your mother,' he said, 'married me for my money. She despised me from the first day of our married life. She grew to hate me as well—after Ned was born.' His voice became louder and louder. 'Ned was her son, a gentleman, not to be interfered with by tradespeople like his father. I mustn't have too much to do with him. Mustn't get to know him too well. Mustn't contaminate his mind with common ideas, honesty, thrift, hard work. Gentlemen don't make money; they spend it. Your mother taught Ned how to spend my money and despise me at the same time. Year after year it went on. Eton, Oxford, now here. And I hadn't the courage to fight. Till this crisis.' He was shouting. He crashed his fist on the desk. 'I tell you I've finished with him.'

"I watched Caroline. She was pale. Her lips trembled. But her anger was as strong as his. 'Do you know what it is that has ruined your married life, father?' she said, 'and all our lives? It's your vanity. You are so vain that you can't bear the idea that mother is a duke's grand-daughter. You wanted a wife who was what you call an aristocrat, but when you got her, her birth stuck in your throat. Why do you always jeer and sneer at aristocracy in her presence? To cover your mortification that you aren't an aristocrat yourself.

" 'Mother loves you and is hurt. Do you care? Ned loves you. Does that stop you baiting him? You're jealous of Ned because he possesses what you've coveted all your life and can't possess. You thought I didn't see all that. I understood you, you thought, because I played down to you and pretended. I saw everything but I loved you. Not more than mother or Ned. Differently. I'm colder than they are, more detached. I can play a part. I didn't find it difficult or even irksome to humor your foibles and flatter your vanity. It was quite easy to say I admired brains and energy more than any other quality because, as it happens, that's the truth. But it hurt me to know that you liked me because I flattered. That you couldn't see that mother's love and Ned's love were stronger, perhaps truer, than mine.' She stopped at that. I hoped she wouldn't say any more because her father was swaying on his feet. But her anger was hungry.

" 'Since Ned is going,' she told him in a voice I could scarcely hear, so low was it, 'I am going too. And I am going to urge mother to accompany me. I'll never come back.' She turned when she said that and walked quickly out of the room and I followed her. I tried to shut the door as quietly as possible behind me, but I was shaking and the door slammed."

CHAPTER XXII

A Lonely Man

A FEW MINUTES later Duxford returned in agitation to Dr. Hailey's bedroom.

"My aunt," he exclaimed, "would like you to come and see Caroline."

The doctor had not begun to undress. He followed Duxford along the corridor to the door of Caroline's room. The actor stopped here.

"My aunt is in the room. I haven't seen Caroline myself. Aunt Gertrude thinks she's on the edge of a nervous break-down."

Dr. Hailey knocked lightly on the door and then entered the bedroom. A dim light was burning under a green shade and for a moment he could not see anyone clearly. He shut the door and walked toward the bed. Lady Oldmay rose to meet him. She held up a warning hand and led him to the end of the room farthest from the bed.

"I asked Dr. Hailey to see you, dear, because he's a specialist in nerve troubles. I thought he might be able to give you something. I've told him what it is that's distressing you."

Caroline sighed again but made no response. The doctor leaned toward her.

"Nothing can be more certain," he

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Ewing Galloway

Montana rid herself of road agents and other "bad men" in her frontier days by means of highly efficient Vigilante organizations. These five headstones in the old cemetery at Virginia City remain on view to testify to that efficiency. In a single day's round, January 14, 1864, Frank Parish, Jack Gallagher, Boone Helm, Haze Lyons, and "Clubfoot George" Lane, were tried, hanged and buried, causing the local road agent industry to go into a sudden decline.

declared, "than that your father was killed. The fact that he went out swimming shows that he was in his usual spirits."

"Ned didn't kill him."

"I agree."

"Nobody else can possibly have killed him."

"My dear girl, he cannot possibly have killed himself."

Caroline sat up.

"He could have injured himself by diving from the platform in the boat-house," she declared.

"Perhaps. But in that case his body would have remained in the boat-house."

"How did he meet his death?" She turned as she spoke, gazing into the doctor's face.

"From a series of blows on the head."

"I don't think so."

"Facts are facts, you know."

"Somebody must have struck the blows."

"Quite so."

She began to tremble as if seized with a shivering fit.

"I didn't tell you the truth when you questioned me this morning," she said. "I told you I didn't see father going to swim. I did see him. I hadn't slept well and I got up much earlier than usual and went for a walk. I was coming up the avenue, behind the postman, when father came out of the front door. I didn't want him to see me so I stood behind a tree. I watched him till he was out of sight among the dunes."

She sighed again and again clutched at her brow.

"You needn't tell me he was in his usual spirits. Father always walked like a young man, but I saw that his nerves were keyed up to a terrible pitch. His steps were jerky and he held his head stiffly as if his muscles were tense. That wouldn't have struck an outsider; father's carriage was so characteristic, he was so much himself, so different from other people that nobody who didn't know him intimately would have observed these little changes. They terrified me. . . ."

She caught at the doctor's hand.

"I felt my heart sink. The night before I had quarreled with father about Ned and said cruel things. I knew, while I watched, that my cruelty had wounded him."

"One is apt to see what one expects to see, you know."

Caroline released Dr. Hailey's hand and lay back on the pillows. "You don't understand. When people love one another there's a bond between them. Words aren't needed; the smallest movement, the most insignificant gesture speaks. Why should I have felt afraid?"

"Because of the quarrel."

"No, because fear came only when I saw father; until then I hadn't felt the slightest fear."

Her voice broke. She closed her eyes to hide the tears that filled them. The doctor found it difficult to identify her with the woman about whose cruel logic Duxford had told him, but was conscious nevertheless that the two attitudes were congruous. Caroline had not, probably, overestimated the effect she had produced on her father's feelings. It was inevitable that she should grieve to have inflicted wounds so distressful. He was considering how best to discount her remorse when she sat up again.

"Don't forget," she exclaimed, "that we were all against father on the last day of his life. Mother had sold her diamonds to help Ned because Ned daren't ask father to help him. He could guess from that what our real feelings were towards him. His rage against Ned wasn't due solely to Ned's debts. Nor to mother's sale of her jewels. Its real cause was in his own heart—the knowledge that we feared him and had reason to fear him. He was alone, shut up in our fear, isolated. And yet how good he had been to all of us! He must have thought of his kindness to us as well as of our fear and distrust of him. I'm sure that during the last day of his life father felt crushed and broken. His anger was only an excuse to himself for carrying on."

She leaned toward the doctor, holding him silent.

"He used to say that Ned was mother's son but that I was his daughter. I think he must have counted, that last day, on my sympathy. I would understand his anger and forgive it. I would make him feel that we didn't really distrust or fear him. I had often done that before. But he quarreled with Dyke and forbade my marriage to Dyke. I forgot everything but his injustice."

CHAPTER XXIII

Mother and Son

LADY OLDMAY accompanied Doctor Hailey out of Caroline's room and conducted him to her private sitting-room. She looked shaken, but had not lost her self-control.

Minute Men and Vigilantes

"The Birth of a Nation"

Even to mention "Ku Klux Klan" is likely to stir up a controversy. A motion picture, D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," from which the above picture is clipped, shows that secret society of the days just after the Civil War in a favorable light. In quite another light appear the offenses charged against it which led to the U. S. Army taking action to break it up in 1871. At least, as a chapter of history, it cannot be ignored.

The doctor rubbed his eyeglass between his finger and thumb.

"Did you know that your jewels, the originals, were bought back by Sir John?"

"Impossible!"

"There is no doubt about it. I have seen the jewels myself, this evening." He put his eyeglass in his eye. "Colonel Wickham found them a short time ago, in a pocket of Ned's dressing-gown. Ned acknowledged that they were genuine."

The woman tottered. She put her hand on his arm to steady herself. Then her courage reassured its power.

"He bought them back . . . " she murmured.

"Yes,"

She drew her hand across her eyes as if banishing an evil dream.

"He gave them to Ned?"

"I don't think so."

Her eyes became troubled.

"How could Ned have them if they weren't given to him?"

"I don't know. He had them."

"John would keep such things locked in his safe. He wore the key of his safe on a chain round his neck. . . ."

"Except when he was bathing."

She started.

"Yes. That's true. I had forgotten. He always took the key to the beach with him. I used to laugh at his caution."

She leaned back in her chair. Her face, usually so expressive, became drawn and vacant-looking.

"During the last day of John's life," she said, "I became dreadfully frightened about him. I can't describe the feeling, but it clutched at my heart. Suppose I had driven him too far! He looked so ill, so weary, so disappointed. I kept recalling the occasions on which he had given me those wonderful jewels, the days of our early married life when he was my lover. John had the deep feelings of his race and the possessive instincts of his race. How had I dared to sell his gifts! To cheat him with imitations of them? It's strange how one feeling can displace another. A few weeks before I had been glad to have those imitations made and to think that he would be deceived by them. My hatred of his treatment of Ned was blazing then.

"Ned found me crying. I told him the truth. I begged him to help me to put things right with his father. His distress was as great as mine, but I think it was due more to my distress than to any fear he had about his father. 'I've let you in for this, Mother,' he said, 'and it breaks my heart. You must promise me not to change toward father when I've gone.' How could I promise? 'When father knows the whole truth', I told him, 'he's bound to take a different view. What I'm so frightened about is that he may become ill or break down before he really understands. It's terrible to think that I've hurt him so cruelly.' Poor Ned, he did his best to comfort me. All that day, after John's death, he kept telling me what you've just told Caroline and assuring me that the tragedy had nothing to do with what had gone before." She broke off and remained silent a moment. "I only wish that I could believe him."

"Surely you must believe him."

She shook her head. "Yes and no. My head believes; my heart doubts. I feel just as Caroline does. Ned didn't kill John. Who can have killed him except himself?"

The question, spoken with unexpected bitterness, revealed the depth of Lady Oldmay's distress. She added, after a moment——

"It's frightful to think that I may have driven him to his death."

CHAPTER XXIV

Footsteps

DOCTOR HAILEY found it difficult to get to sleep. For, in spite of the comfort he had tried to administer to Caroline and her mother, he had to admit that, so far, there was no alternative to Wickham's theory of the crime. If it was impossible to imagine how John Oldmay could have committed suicide it was equally impossible to see how he had been murdered by other hands than those of his son.

He grew drowsy while attempting to answer that question. But the sound of footsteps in the corridor outside of his bedroom door made him immediately alert. They were soft footsteps, creeping footsteps, the footsteps of a person exercising the utmost care to avoid making a

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Charles Phelps Cushing

In the county seat town of their own home county (Liberty, Mo.) the James Gang arrived the morning of St. Valentine's Day, 1866. They pounced upon the bank which then occupied this brick building at a corner of the courthouse square, and successfully made a "daylight raid" by methods which have been copied with but little change in the sixty-four years following. . . . But when this same gang tried the same tactics in Northfield, Minn., where the citizens were organized for defence, the gang took a terrible beating!

noise. Indeed he had sound of them chiefly through the creaking of the boards in the old floor. He got out of bed and walked to the door, using a care not less active than the individual to whom he was listening. The footsteps seemed to have stopped altogether, but a small creak, some distance away as he judged, announced that this had been only temporary.

Should he open his door? He bent to see if there was any gleam of light under the door. There was none. He did not know where the switch controlling the lights in the corridor was situated. Before he found the switch the chance of making any discovery would be gone. A louder creaking, which he thought came from the staircase, reached him and he strained his ears to verify that idea. When the sound had been repeated several times, so that he no longer doubted that some one was descending, he turned the handle of his door.

The door made a slight noise in opening. The corridor was quite dark, so dark that he could not see the top of the staircase. He walked in the direction of the staircase, feeling his way with outstretched arms. When he reached it he stood listening. The floors downstairs, unhappily, were more securely founded than those above. He heard nothing.

Again he was doubtful what to do. If he descended, the staircase would betray him, if he stayed where he was he might miss an opportunity. Had Ned broken from his room in spite of Wickham's orders? But Ned had chosen to give himself up. There was Duxford, and Nagge, and perhaps Caroline or her mother. . . . He almost believed he could hear the waves on the beach. The night though was calm and quiet except for the seabirds. Then a faint sound, which he instantly recognized as that of a window being opened or shut reached him. He descended to the hall.

The house was without breath of movement; night had penetrated and possessed it. He moved toward the front door and, when he reached it, stood again to listen. His ears were filled with emptiness. But he could not say that he was alone and, merely by thinking that he might have a companion in the dark, he gave leave to his over-strained senses to imagine the fulfilment of his thought. He put out his hands. He stepped forward and then backward. When he encountered no resistance and heard no sound his apprehension was quickened. The walls seemed to come nearer, taking and holding him prisoner among uneasy shadows. The air felt hot; it became quick as if it were charged with electricity.

He put his hand on his brow and discovered it wet and the discovery brought lively memories of John Oldmay's last night in this place and of the forebodings which had attended it. Had that man experienced the sensations he was experiencing? He leaned against the door, with his back to it, and from this vantage searched the darkness again.

He was dressed only in his pajamas. He felt cold suddenly in the heated air and wished that he might return to his bedroom to dress himself. Then he became aware of a mild draught of wind which was flowing to him from the door of the study beside him. Was the door being opened? He recoiled a few steps and upset a chair which went clattering on to the floor. He crouched down.

But the night swallowed the sound. Nothing happened. With his nerves steadying because of the shock and its passing he entered the study. He could feel the draught distinctly now and recognized its source in one of the windows. His hands sought and found the electric switch.

The light showed him an empty room; one of the windows was open. He turned back to the hall and illuminated that also. There was nobody in the hall. He returned to the open windows, which looked out on the sea, and stood gazing at the thick darkness. Then he glanced round the room at John Oldmay's books and old weapons. Nothing had been disturbed. A sudden curiosity brought him to the safe. He tried its door; it was locked.

He had decided to return to his room and dress when he caught the flash of a very bright object on the hearthrug. He went to pick it up but could not find it. Returning to the safe, he saw it again and marked its whereabouts carefully. And this time he was successful. The object was a tiny fragment of yellowish glass, a mere spicule.

He held it in his palm and allowed the light to play on it. It was smooth

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STAR, SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1908.

A KANSAS PARADE OF THE ANTI-HORSE THIEF ASSOCIATION.

The thief who in the early days in Kansas stole a horse took away the farmer's most valuable possession. Horse stealing came to be an offense punished by hanging. Farmers throughout the state organized themselvesh for protection. That was the beginning of the Anti-Horse Thief association.

In late years the A. H. T. A. has become almost a social lodge, but the protective feature has not disappeared. Last year two bank robbers broke open a safe in Osawatomie. The alarm was spread after they were a few miles out of town and the A. H. T. A. made telephone wires warm in every direction. Farmers with shotguns patroled all the roads. The thieves were captured before they had gone five miles.

Two weeks ago Osawatomie, Kas., which has a population of about 3,500, held an Anti-Horse Thief picnic. More than 6,000 persons attended. A parade of horsemen in double file on the way to the picnic grounds was ten blocks long. First, of course, came the band. Then a squadron of young women in cowboy hats followed.

A small boy led a horse on which was a dummy with a noose around its neck. Except for that the event was as social as Kansas spirit could make it. Lodges from Miami, Franklin and Linn counties took part.

The Kansas City Star, August 30, 1908

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Let this clipping make its own comment upon a later successor of the Ku Klux Klan—the A. H. T. A., which had some of the faults and some of the virtues of its predecessor, but perished for slightly different reasons.

"-down the long road Quality Counts!"

Down the long road—as the months and miles roll by—that's where quality counts. And that's where you'll appreciate your Chevrolet most—for this stronger, sturdier, more powerful Six is built to serve long and dependably under every condition of usage.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The New
CHEVROLET SIX
-at greatly reduced prices!

The Roadster	$495
The Phaeton	$495
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The Coach	$565
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The Sport Coupe	$655
The Club Sedan	$625
The Sedan	$675
The Special Sedan (6 wire wheels standard)	$725
The Sedan Delivery	$595
The Light Delivery Chassis	$365
The 1½ Ton Chassis	$520
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The Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

Scores of vital new advancements—in design, construction and materials—have given additional strength, stamina and endurance to every unit of the chassis.

The motor has been increased in capacity to 50 horsepower—enabling it to handle the car with ease, whatever the driving conditions may be.

The pistons have been bushed with high-grade bronze for longer life and finer performance.

The new banjo-type rear axle is heavier and stronger, with all the gears nickel-faced.

The braking area has been materially increased, with both front and rear brake drums tightly enclosed for protection against dirt and water.

The drive shaft is heavier. The transmission is stronger. The new Fisher bodies are built of selected hardwood and steel and rigidly re-enforced at the points of strain—assuring thousands upon thousands of miles of quiet, safe, comfortable service.

In fact, every single feature that must bear the stress of operation has been designed with an extra margin of overstrength.

If you are considering the purchase of a low-priced car, think what this extra quality can mean to you in terms of dependable, long-lived performance. See your Chevrolet dealer today.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

No. 111/7. The always popular striped socks in a choice of bright color combinations.

No. 111/33. Rayon socks in plain colors with gayly contrasting four-color tops.

No. 111/34. Four-color socks in a smart striped pattern with harmonizing tops.

DIAMOND W SOCKS

No. 111/656. Another popular version of the striped sock, with turndown matching top.

MOTHERS ALL OVER AMERICA

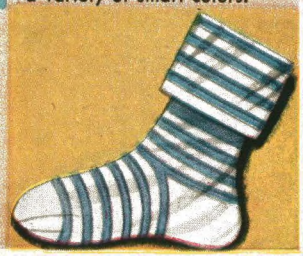
BUY THESE SOCKS . . . THEY COST LITTLE AND WEAR WELL

Busy little people need many socks in the course of a romping week. But that's no problem . . . when lovely socks, in smart colors, can be bought at all Woolworth Stores. It is not price alone that makes them inexpensive. They wear and launder so well.

BE SURE TO SEE THE NEW DISPLAYS OF SOCKS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

No. 111/60. The ankle sock, patterned in wide stripes, in a variety of smart colors.



on one side, rather rough on the other, where it had been broken. The light was reflected chiefly from the broken side. He took an envelope from the desk and put the piece of glass into it, obeying an instinct which experience had sanctioned. He looked about him but could see nothing from which the glass might have been broken.

He returned to his room and dressed quickly. Then he descended again and opened the front door, achieving that operation without much noise. He closed the door behind him. The night was wide and fresh, full of its own thought. He looked up at the bare stars and then sea-ward, observing that there is always an illusion of light on the sea's face. The gravel of the carriage way was curtained right up to the study window so that it was idle to look for footmarks and dangerous, too, since the beam of his torch must advertise his whereabouts. He waited for a few moments till his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and then set out toward the shore.

The going was difficult and he stumbled several times on the mounds of tufted grass among the sand. The rhythm of the waves speeded his steps like a music, coaxing and controlling them. Slow rollers were coming into the bay to break themselves on the flats and that major resonance was augmented by the lapping of smaller waves, dim notes which at moments became nearly inaudible. The revolving flash of the lighthouse on Holy Island winked across the distance at the lesser lamps of a light-ship. He walked over the piled weed and wreck which marked high water and descended the shelf, that is the containing lip of the full tide, to the ribbed sand below. The tide was at ebb; gulls, feeding on the flats, kept up a mirthless chuckling. But this was not loud enough to prevent the splash of oars from reaching him.

At the first intimation of that sound he stiffened, holding his breath. The hour was too late and too early for night-line fishermen and there were no other boatmen on this coast. When he had reached absolute conviction, he ran down to the water's edge, actually splashing into the water in his haste. The oars were distinct from here, a thrifty dipping interrupted by the soft sound of the rowlocks. He tried to determine the direction of the boat but failed. The sounds grew louder. Was it approaching the shore?

It could not, he knew, reach the shore because of the insufficient depth of water. The idea that the boatman had lost his way crossed his mind and prompted a wish to warn him. But he remained silent. The oars stopped; he heard them roll on their locks. Then he heard the boat lurch in the water as its occupant moved about. What was the fellow doing? There was no wind but the waves would soon bring the craft ashore. A few moments passed. The oars dipped again; they grew fainter.

Doctor Hailey waited for a few moments in order, if possible, to discover the direction in which the boat was going. He found it impossible to do this because the sound of the oars grew so faint as scarcely to be audible, and when the sound finally died away he walked in the direction of the boat-house. He found it easily enough; it was locked. He wondered if he ought to return to the house and awaken Nagge who had the key.

But there were objections to that course, the chief being that he would lose the chance of witnessing the return of the boat, supposing that it had been taken from the house. So he waited and was rewarded soon by the flare of a flash lamp. The beam was directed at first a little to the right of him but quickly found him. Instinctively he moved into the shadow of the boat house. As he did so he heard the boat enter the house and come bumping and splashing against the landing pier.

He lit his own lamp and tried to direct its light into the house but soon abandoned the attempt. He stood behind the door ready for the emergence of the boatman and determined to grapple with him. But the man didn't emerge. He put his ear to the door and fancied he could hear the fellow breathing. Then he began to think of ways of getting round to the front of the house.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned to see Carpenter.

He explained the situation.

"Good gracious, this may be John's murderer."

(*Continued on page* 104)

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Keystone View

The three-cornered hats of Revolutionary days, the uniform coats and knee breeches are no more. But the Corn Belt farmers and small-town business men pictured in this snapshot are just as truly Minute Men as any of Captain John Parker's troops who fought at Lexington in 1775. This snapshot shows a detachment of Iowa "Vigilantes" ready to block a road to the passage of the motor cars of escaping bank bandits.

Minute Men and Vigilantes

By Charles Phelps Cushing

TODAY we have thousands of Minute Men to match the few hundred who were roused to battle in April of 1775. Instead of a galloping Paul Revere, the telephone and the radio and electric alarm bells call these moderns to arms. Instead of flintlocks, they shoulder shotguns and express rifles; in lieu of the saddled plow-horses, speedy motor cars whiz them to their posts.

They answer to a variety of titles. In Iowa their popular description is "the Vigilantes." In Illinois, they are "Town Guards"; in Minnesota, "County Rangers." Elsewhere the name of "special deputies" may suffice. The important thing to note is that, whatever they may be called, all of these modern Minute Men are police officers, duly sworn to obey the commands of a town marshal or a county sheriff; and all wear stars or shields for their badges of office.

They are legally inrolled for an emergency of defense. They are trained and armed to repel invaders—who in the modern instance are bandits bent upon robbing farm town banks.

Shortly after the close of the World War, bank bandits discovered easy pickings in the towns of the Mid-West. By two systems they operated, and both methods were for several years successful.

Through the back of this book, mostly in pictures, we are giving you what is practically a history of those law-enforcement organizations which existed and still exist in this country under various names—Minute Men, Vigilantes, Ku Klux Klan, etc. Sometimes the organizations have strayed far from their original purpose. Sometimes they have been singularly successful in straightening out frontier communities. In any case, they are a tremendous symbol of the great American passion for organized law and organized justice. In a sense, they have done excellent police work, where police protection was inadequate. The extent of the work today of the modern minute men in the Middle West has been seldom brought to public attention.

In swift daylight raids the robbers swept into little Corn Belt towns in motor cars. At a bank's door the drivers paused, with engines running. Quickly the gunmen dashed inside, held up the cashier, scooped cash into sacks and returned; then the drivers stepped on the gas; the raid was over before the town had time to do much more than raise a shout and fire some shots that rarely hit a mark. Except that motor cars were substituted for saddle-horses, this method was simply the old system of the daylight holdup perfected by the James-Younger Gang in the middle sixties.

The night robbery was a second method which, for a time, worked equally well and produced a heavier total of swag. The lone town marshal or night watch usually found on duty in small towns was pounced upon and bound or slugged unconscious. After the local telephone switchboard had been wrecked and all wires cut by which help might be summoned, sentinels were posted around the bank to terrify any townsmen who might approach the spot. Then yeggs inside the bank worked at their leisure until they had blown the vaults and cleaned out all the cash and negotiable securities on hand. If any house showed a light, a shot promptly shattered the window.

When the safe blowers had finished their work a roar of motors and the cars vanished in the darkness; soon the gang was back in safe hideouts in neighboring cities.

Bank robbery insurance rates mounted, soared, finally reached prices so high that many banks faced ruin. The prospect ahead was that no insurance at all would be available unless something could be done to check the raids.

Now read the figures which are so eloquent of what happened in Iowa. From June to June of the war year, 1917-8, the state's loss from bank robberies was only $2,748. But next year it jumped to $36,413; the year after that, to $182,684. And in 1920-21 the year's losses amounted to $228,973.

But suddenly the red line of that "crime chart" descends, like the graph of a crash in the stock market. The losses of 1921-22 are $54,941. Next year the figure is down to $29,897. And in 1922-23 the total is only $18,549.

What happened? Bitter experience had taught Iowa to organize citizen defense forces in the form of companies of special deputies — a revival of the old time-tried idea of Minute Men. Organized banditry clashed with organized community defense and the "bad men" took a licking. Word went out in the underworld to give the "Vigilante towns" of Iowa a wide berth. The unorganized towns continued to suffer until they, too, learned their lessons.

In Illinois, the same story. Profiting by the experience of Iowa, Illinois organized bands of "Town Guards." In fifteen months these guards succeeded into lowering a robbery total of $600,000 to a mere $35,000.

Kansas added the next division to join this new army of Minute Men. Most of Oklahoma came in at about the same time; then sections of Minnesota, Nebraska and Missouri. Today this army carries the names of about 25,000 on its roll calls of defenders. Meantime, the efficiency of the pioneer organizations steadily increases. In Iowa the annual losses now do not amount to an average of more than $10,000 a year. In Illinois, likewise, bank banditry is reported as "an almost ruined industry."

Thus does the old tradition of the Minute Men persist. In fact, it has been kept alive in some form or other through many generations. An emergency of defense with which regularly appointed peace officers cannot cope always has been answered successfully by the organization of Minute Men. The Vigilante Committee of San Francisco, the Montana Vigilantes, the Minnesota townsmen who administered a crushing defeat to the James-Younger Gang, carried on that tradition. When the idea took on the form of such secret societies as the Kuklux and the Anti-Horse-thief Association, the perils involved became too threatening to be tolerated. But the modern form of an army of duly appointed policemen little fault can be found with the plan.

(*Continued from page* 101)

"Possibly."

"Can he get out from the other side?"

"Not without being seen. There's two feet of water in the boathouse even at full ebb."

"Really. John told me he had spent a great deal of money on the house. I heard you go downstairs but didn't hear you come back. So I went down myself. The front door was open."

"I thought I had shut it. Did you see the open window in the study?"

"No. I came outside and saw a light flash down here. I didn't go back after that."

Carpenter paused for breath. "My wind isn't as good as it used to be," he apologized, "though I try to keep fit." He caught at Doctor Hailey's arm. "It's somebody from the house, eh?"

"I think so."

"Duxford, perhaps."

"Or Ned. Or maybe Nagge or somebody else."

"Wickham told me he had shut Ned in his bedroom."

"Um, without a guard."

"What could Ned want down here at this hour?"

"What could Duxford want? What could anybody want? The fact remains that somebody had one of the boats out and that he's in the boathouse now."

Carpenter gasped in the manner peculiar to him when excited.

Doctor Hailey remained silent for a short time and then announced his intention of entering the boathouse from the sea.

"I want you, if you will, Carpenter, to stay here. If the door is opened turn the lamp on whoever comes out. Try to close with him, of course, but in any case see him. See him without fail."

The professor sighed deeply, several times.

"I'm not a very strong man, Hailey," he suggested. "Should rather doubt if I'd be much good. Don't forget that he's probably desperate. I do think we'd do better to keep together and wait on events. Two's better than one, when it comes to a fight."

"We can't stay here all night."

"Why not? If you like, though, I can go back and waken the servants. That would be wiser, I'm sure. Then we should have ample resources."

There was no mistaking the anxiety in the man's voice. When the doctor hesitated, that anxiety found new argument.

"You would need to enter the water. Believe me that's dangerous at night for a man of your age. Besides, who knows what might happen to you in the darkness? I wouldn't do it, really."

"Very well. Go and get help."

Carpenter hurried away. The doctor sat down on a sandhill and continued his vigil.

Carpenter's return was announced by beams of light. He came back with Nagge and Duxford, Nagge carrying a shot-gun and trying to look bold, Duxford in his dressing-gown not trying but yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"We've brought the key," Carpenter said.

"What?"

"It was hanging on its hook in my pantry, sir," Nagge declared.

He handed it to Doctor Hailey, who told him to go and keep watch on the seaward side of the boathouse.

"You'd better go with him, Carpenter. Duxford and I will open the door. Is that gun loaded?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're not to fire unless you're attacked."

Carpenter and Nagge went away, sweeping a path for themselves with their lamps. Doctor Hailey unlocked the door and pulled it open. He directed the beam of his torch into the boathouse.

"Best make sure there's nobody there before you go in," Duxford whispered. He was standing close behind the doctor and showed some care not to expose himself. He had scarcely spoken when the lamp in Doctor Hailey's hand was smashed. The doctor stepped back and collided with him so that he nearly lost his footing.

"Look out, Duxford."

Doctor Hailey sprang to shut the door but in the darkness spent a moment finding it. When he tried to shut it, it encountered a strong resistance.

"Quick, he's here. . . ."

He attempted to bar the way and grapple with the escaping man, but the fellow was too quick for him. He felt the breath smitten out of his body and reeled back, calling feebly to Duxford. A moment later the sound of heavy breathing told him that his companion had been lucky. He stumbled in the direction of the sound, crying to Duxford to hold on at any cost. The breathing grew fainter. A groan broke on the silence.

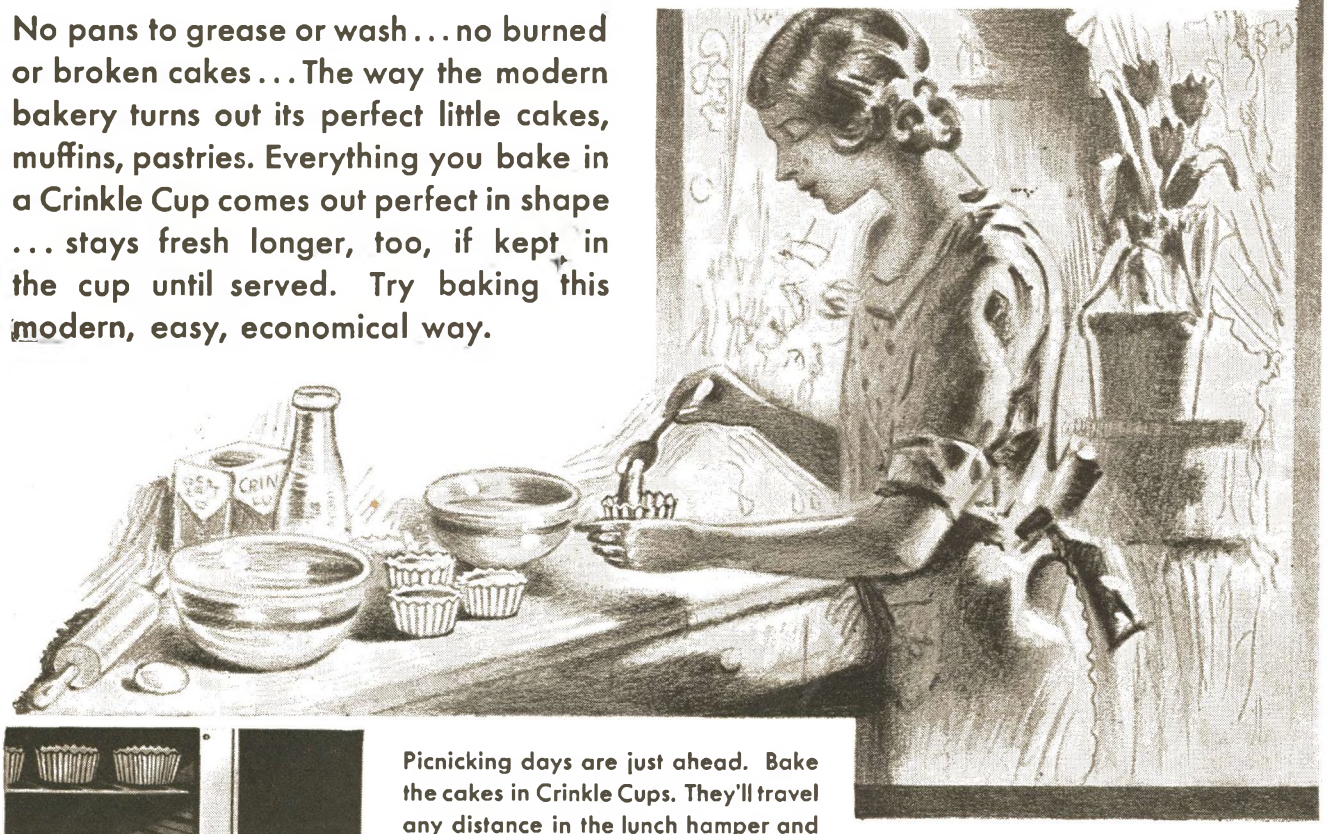
Minute Men and Vigilantes

Keystone View

In Illinois the companies of modern Minute Men raised to combat banditry are known as "Town Guards." This snapshot from Cobden in Union County shows a typical unit. State-wide organization began in 1925 and soon had more than 3,000 members trained and armed. Within fifteen months these Town Guards had cut down the profits of banditry from $600,000 to $35,000. To encourage straight shooting, a reward of $500 is given to any Town Guard who drops a robber.

YOU WILL ENJOY BAKING WITH THESE HANDY CUPS

No pans to grease or wash . . . no burned or broken cakes . . . The way the modern bakery turns out its perfect little cakes, muffins, pastries. Everything you bake in a Crinkle Cup comes out perfect in shape . . . stays fresh longer, too, if kept in the cup until served. Try baking this modern, easy, economical way.



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WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

1 cupful sweet cream
3 egg-whites
½ teaspoonful salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ cupfuls sugar
2 cupfuls pastry flour
½ cupful water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Whip cream until stiff; beat egg-whites stiff and mix them together lightly. Add the water and vanilla. Then add a little at a time the dry ingredients which have been sifted together twice. Bake in Crinkle Cups at 375° F. for thirty minutes.

You can buy Crinkle Cups at most Woolworth Stores. Or send the coupon below, with 10¢, and we will mail you your introductory package.

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Enclosed find 10¢ for which please send me, postpaid, a package of 100 Crinkle Cups.

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"Are you all right?"

There was no reply. He stood peering into the darkness, cursing the cowardice of Carpenter which had robbed him of the third lamp and then his own lack of foresight in having allowed it to be taken away. Hearing nothing he walked a few paces, the sand yielding under his feet.

"Hullo! Hullo, there!"

He waited. This time a very feeble cry from very near at hand answered him. He came a step or two further and with difficulty saved himself from falling over the man he was seeking. He knelt and took Duxford's hand.

"Are you hurt?"

"I . . . I don't know. I feel sick." The actor began to groan again.

"What happened?"

"He struck . . . I got faint."

Doctor Hailey stood up. The boathouse was illuminated. He called for help.

CHAPTER XXV

The Yellow Crystal

A GLASS of toddy, mixed and administered by Nagge, restored Duxford to something like self-confidence. He apologized for having given so much trouble.

"If you hadn't found me I should have lain there all night," he assured Doctor Hailey. "My heart seemed so terribly weak. He struck at me again and again and always on the heart. I did cling to him as long as I could."

"Evidently."

The doctor indicated his torn shirt.

"He seemed brutally strong. He smelt of garlic. I think he was tall."

Carpenter accepted a glass of the butler's toddy with alacrity and swallowed a mouthful or two.

"We heard nothing," he said in the tones of a man far from sure of himself. "I began to get anxious."

"I wish we had had a second lamp. I suppose I am to blame for dividing our forces, but he might have tried to escape by swimming."

Doctor Hailey's voice was cheerless. The blow he had received had not hurt him, but he continued to feel shaken. The temptation to blame his companions was still strong enough to force him to keep a curb on himself, especially when he thought of the way Wickham would receive news of the adventure.

"What about Mr. Ned?" he asked Nagge.

"He's in his room, sir. I knocked on his door when I was calling Colonel Wickham."

Wickham entered the room. He wore a black dressing-gown with yellow parrots embroidered on it and looked owlish.

"Well?"

Doctor Hailey gave him an account of what had happened.

He picked up the telephone receiver and stood holding it, waiting for a response.

"I suppose we may take it," he said to Doctor Hailey, "that the man you heard in the corridor upstairs was the man who broke out of the boathouse?"

"I think so."

"Any idea what his game was?"

"None."

Wickham gave his number and then turned to Carpenter.

"Did you hear anything?"

"I heard Hailey unlocking the front door. I got up and looked out and saw a light at the boathouse."

"What about you, Duxford?"

"I heard nothing till Nagge roused me."

"Your bedroom's next to Ned's, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear him moving about?"

"No." Duxford hesitated a moment. "As a matter of fact I looked into his room before I went out. He was asleep."

The detective's eyes narrowed. He seemed to be going to ask a further question when his call came through. His manner of putting down the receiver betrayed his exasperation.

"The window was half open?" he asked Doctor Hailey.

"No. It was only very slightly open."

Wickham turned to Nagge who was standing near the door.

"Why didn't you call Mr. Ned when you called Mr. Duxford?"

"Because I understood, sir, that Mr. Ned was forbidden to leave his room."

"Please ask Mr. Ned to come here now."

The butler bowed and left the room. Wickham sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Does the door of the boathouse lock itself automatically?" he asked at last.

"I don't know."

"It does," Duxford said. "You can open it from the inside without a key but not from the outside."

"So that, if it was left ajar last night, no key was needed?"

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Keystone View

An annual state shoot on the rifle range is held by the organization of special deputies in Iowa popularly known as "The Vigilantes." Iowa has enrolled more than 4,000 of these Minute Men. By their efficient defense methods, the loss from bank robberies in this state has been reduced from a peak of $228,973, nine years ago, to an average loss in recent years of not more than $10,000.

Duxford shook his head.

"You can't leave it ajar. It shuts on a spring."

Ned entered the room. His hair was disordered and he looked cross and sleepy. But the strained faces which greeted him effected an awakening. Wickham invited him to sit down.

"When did you go to sleep?"

The young man smiled faintly.

"Pretty soon after you left me, I think."

"Were you awakened at all?"

"I'm not quite sure." He stuck out his flamboyant bedroom slippers and contemplated them. "I seem to remember hearing somebody come into my room. But I may have dreamed it."

"When?"

"During the night."

"Please be serious. Did you look at your watch?"

"No, no. I didn't wake up, really."

"Did you hear anybody walking in the corridor outside your room?"

"I may have. I'm a heavy sleeper and my recollection of what happens in the night is always pretty mixed, you know."

"Still, you would have wakened if anybody had come into your bedroom."

"I doubt it. I've been a bit strained lately and that always makes me sleep more heavily."

Wickham leaned forward.

"Someone did enter your bedroom last night," he declared.

"Really."

"So that you were not sleeping so heavily as you seem to suppose."

Dawn had turned the sky a deep violet before the Pykewood policeman arrived. Wickham and Doctor Hailey accompanied him to the boathouse. The broken glass of the doctor's lamp on the threshold reflected the beams of their torches. The lock on the door had not been tampered with. When they entered the house Wickham pointed out that the boat with the fixed rowlocks was riding free.

"He didn't trouble to tie her up."

"It was pitch dark, you know."

Doctor Hailey got into the boat and moved the beam of his lamp up and down, over her seats and foot-boards. He was about to leave her when he saw something gleaming among the coils of her anchor-rope. He bent and picked it up. It was a large crystal of yellow glass.

CHAPTER XXVI

Nagge Protests

INSTINCT is quicker than intelligence. Before he had decided what to do with the yellow crystal it was in his pocket. He glanced at his companions and saw that they were busy examining the door. He stepped on to the jetty beside them.

"I don't think" he said, "that we're likely to find anything until the light is stronger. I'm going back to bed."

He left them and walked back to the house. As soon as he reached his

room he opened the envelope in which he had placed the fragment of glass the night before. He laid the fragment on a place on the surface of this crystal where that surface had been chipped. It fitted exactly.

There was another large chip on the crystal and several smaller ones. He took a reading glass from his suitcase and made a careful examination of each of the facets. There were fingerprints all over the glass.

He regretted bitterly now that he had handled the crystal so freely and carelessly; but that feeling changed to surprise when he began to realize that the prints had been made by his own fingers. He worked diligently for more than two hours to confirm or disprove this conclusion. Apart from his own fingerprints the glass was clean.

A knock at the door startled him. He put the crystal and reading glass into his suitcase and went to answer it. Nagge was standing behind the door.

"Excuse me, sir," he apologized, "but might I ask you the liberty of showing you my finger? I seem to have run something into it."

"Come in."

The butler held out his right hand and pointed to the little finger.

"It's at the point. I can't see anything myself, but it hurts if I touch anything. I noticed it when I was cutting up the lemons for the toddy and it's got worse since then."

The doctor touched the sore place with the nail of his middle finger.

"Does that hurt you?"

"It pricks like."

"I can't see anything. There doesn't seem to have been any bleeding."

"Oh no, sir, there's been no bleeding."

Doctor Hailey carried his suitcase to the opposite end of the room and opened it on the floor. He took out his reading-glass and returned with it. He focused the glass on the finger.

"You're quite right. There's a spicule of glass in the skin."

"Glass, sir?"

"Yes. I can see it clearly. It's the merest point."

He took a penknife from his pocket and drew the blade firmly across the ball of the finger.

"There. It's out. No, don't move, till I tell you."

Nagge remained with his hand extended while the doctor brought a sheet of paper from the writing-table. The dislodged spicule was caused to fall on the paper. Doctor Hailey examined it and exclaimed in surprise. The white background revealed the yellow tint of the glass.

"You have no idea how you got this into your hand?" he asked the butler in sharp tones.

"None, sir."

"This is yellow glass."

Nagge's large face exhibited surprise but not embarrassment.

"Is that so, sir?"

"Yes, you're sure you haven't broken any piece of yellow glass lately?"

"I'm sure, sir, because there isn't no yellow glass in the house and anyway I haven't broken no glass at all." He was indignant.

"Do you ever clean Sir John's study?"

"No, sir." Nagge bridled as he answered, displaying the lively resentment of a professional man whose dignity has been assailed.

"I asked you that question," Doctor Hailey explained, "because I have reason to think that there was a piece of yellow glass in Sir John's study."

He turned and faced the butler as he spoke. The man's face cleared suddenly.

"That's right, sir, I had clean forgot. Sir John had a paperweight of yellow glass. It's on the revolving bookcase at the door—the one what holds the Encyclopaedia Britannica."

"It isn't there now, Nagge."

"No, sir?"

The man appeared to be genuinely surprised.

"No. If you look you'll see that it isn't there now."

When Nagge left him Doctor Hailey decided to take Wickham fully into his confidence. He had not meant to do this until he had followed up the clue of the yellow crystal, because he was feeling sore about the way he had mismanaged things earlier in the morning. But he recognized that the butler's intervention was too important to be kept to himself. It would be necessary to interrogate the man in the most searching fashion and with the full weight of authority behind every question.

He put the spicule of glass in an empty pill-box and hid it away with the other exhibits. Then he shaved and dressed. He found Wickham in

G. A. Douglas

Minute Men and Vigilantes

By various titles in differing localities the modern Minute Men are known as "vigilantes," "town guards," "county rangers" or "special deputies." But the important thing to note is that all essentially are the same, for all are regularly appointed deputy sheriffs. A town police chief or a sheriff commands them; they are police officers and wear shields or stars as badges of office. Nothing fancy in the way of uniforms for them—but don't mistake them for a rabble. They know their stuff and do it legally.

the study reading a portentous looking document.

"Look at this," the detective said. "It's the report on the rowlock. They've found traces of blood at several points of the metal. The hair is genuine enough and almost certainly belonged to John. I sent them a piece of his hair for comparison."

Doctor Hailey glanced at the careful account of tests and counter tests. He handed the paper back to Wickham and told him what he had discovered.

"If you care to come to my room," he said, "I'll show you the pieces of glass. There is no doubt that the piece I found in this room was broken from the yellow crystal. There is very little, if any, doubt that the spicule in Nagge's finger came from the same source. It had not pierced the skin to a sufficient depth to draw blood and consequently may have escaped notice for some time—until he happened to press upon it."

Wickham had folded the report. He put it into his breast pocket.

"The crystal used to stand on the top of that bookcase," he recapitulated. "It was apparently broken where I am standing now. You found it among the coils of the anchor-rope of the boat which has fixed rowlocks. Nagge had a piece of it in his finger. Is that the complete story?

"Yes, if you add that there were no fingerprints, other than mine, on the glass."

"You say Nagge may not have known that he had the glass in his finger? Does that mean that he may not have felt its first entry into his skin?"

"Yes. The surface of the skin is insensitive. It's only when the deeper layer is pressed on that pain is felt."

"Surely he might have picked up the glass when cleaning this floor. You found one piece of glass on the floor. There must have been other pieces."

"I thought of that. He denied that he ever cleans this floor."

Wickham looked down and examined the sides of the fireplace. The black marble was unscratched. He looked at the hearth and then at the carpet.

"The crystal wasn't broken by being flung across here," he stated.

"No."

He rang the bell and when Nagge answered it asked him to come in and sit down.

"You told Doctor Hailey," he said in his crispest tones, "that a yellow crystal paperweight used to stand on that revolving bookcase over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had it been there long?"

"Oh yes, sir. It was there when I came here first."

"Doctor Hailey asked you if you had noticed that it was there no longer. You said that you hadn't noticed?"

"That is so, sir. I hadn't noticed."

"Can you remember the last occasion on which you did notice it?"

Nagge rubbed his brow. His face had reddened and resembled a freshly cut steak. Lines of worry were gathering about his mouth.

"No, sir, I can't."

"Try to remember," the detective snarled, warning Nagge that he commanded rather than persuaded.

"I can't remember, sir. I know that I saw it not so long ago, but when, that I don't know."

"Does 'not so long ago' mean before Sir John was murdered?"

"I think it does. Yes. Yes, it does."

Nagge raised his head, sticking out his chin. But he failed to look easy or even dignified. His big body seemed to shrink.

"Your reasons?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Your reasons for saying that you last saw the crystal before the murder?"

"That is my recollection, sir."

"I want to know what your recollections are based on. How can you be sure that it was before and not after the murder that you saw the crystal?"

The man remained silent, seeming to sniff at the air above his head.

The detective crouched:

"Come, come, Nagge, this won't do. You were present, as I happen to know, when the crystal was broken."

The butler's mouth opened and remained thus for several seconds. Then it shut, slowly.

"It isn't so, sir."

"Why not tell the truth?"

Doctor Hailey watched Nagge. The man's face seemed to tighten as though all its muscles had contracted together. Dignity and courage lighted his eyes.

"I am telling you the truth, to the best of my ability," he said.

"Very well," said Wickham. "Let me tell you that the piece of glass Doctor Hailey has just taken from your finger is a piece of the yellow crystal.

Nagge shook his head.

"I don't understand it."

"Do you still deny you were present when the crystal was broken?"

"I was not present."

"Take care. This may be a far more serious matter than you think."

"I was not present, sir."

"When did you first notice the glass in your finger?"

"When I was making the toddy for Mr. Duxford. I rubbed my finger and found that the more I rubbed it the more it pained me, so I asked Doctor Hailey to look at it."

"Did you go into the boathouse this morning?"

"No, sir."

Wickham waved his hand in dismissal. But the butler ignored that gesture.

"For the moment, sir," he said, "as I cannot disguise from myself, I am under your suspicion. That entitles me to speak as man to man. Speaking as man to man I desire to say, with due respect, that I think you have acted in this case with too much precipitancy. For example, you have as good as accused Mr. Ned of the murder of his father. We, who live here and know Mr. Ned, know that he did not kill his father, that not being possible to his nature which is good and kind and gentle."

Nagge paused. He had risen and looked down at Wickham. He held himself so stiffly that it seemed as if he had more to say. But no, he turned and stepped out of the room.

"What do you think of him?" Wickham asked.

"He gave me an impression of honesty."

The detective laughed without mirth.

"Most people seem to give you that impression, my dear Hailey. It's astonishing what faith and trust you have in your fellow men."

CHAPTER XXVII

The Riddle of the Sands

THE mailman brought Dr. Hailey the Admiralty chart of the coast about Pykewood village for which he had telegraphed the night before. He spent an hour after breakfast studying it. It showed that a current ran into the bay, near the boathouse, and swept round it. Part of this current left the bay again to travel seaward toward Holy Island, but the larger part made a complete circle, returning to the boathouse. At high states of the tide there was, therefore, a sort of whirlpool in the bay, in which an object afloat might move round and round indefinitely.

He marked the place where John Oldmay's body had been found, putting a cross in pencil on it. This place lay at the junction between the incoming current and the whirlpool. The farthest point to which John Oldmay could have swum lay somewhere on the outer side of the whirlpool, but so far as the currents were

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Herbert Photos, Inc.

James E. Davis, chief of police of Los Angeles, is giving free lessons in pistol shooting to bank employees of the city, and the art of getting the drop on the bandit, even though he might be pointing a gun at your head is part of the instruction.

Here Chief Davis is shown demonstrating to Miss Madylene Morneau, a bank teller of the coast city, how one should act to get the drop on bank thieves—represented by diagram charts. His pistol was drawn from its holster under the shelf of the prop cage even as he started to obey his own shouted "Hands up" command.

concerned he might have been murdered anywhere within the bay. His body would be carried round so long as the tide remained high enough to float it. The depth of the water, at different states of the tide, was given in the chart, but it would be necessary to verify them by actual observation.

He found Wickham at the boathouse pursuing some investigation of his own and told him what he proposed to do.

"The position of the body," he said, "may be very important."

"I had the same idea. I want, in any case, to test the theory you suggested last night—about the use of a second boat. I don't feel absolutely justified, especially since the escape of that man last night, in arresting Ned till I've tested it."

Dr. Hailey took a knife from his pocket and cut a number of the floats from a net which hung on the wall of the house. Then he and Wickham entered the boat with the fixed rowlocks. He took the oars and rowed to the point given, on the chart, as the place where the incoming current met the circulating.

"They found the body here?"

Wickham assented. The doctor took his watch from his pocket and laid it on the seat in front of him.

"It's quarter past ten. High tide's at noon. The conditions are almost exactly those which obtained when John Oldmay began his bath. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

The doctor dropped one of his floats into the water. It moved slowly away from the boat, going toward the bathing beach. He went to the bow and threw out the anchor. They saw the float pass along the face of the beach to the Breamish brook and then turn seaward again. It returned to them in twenty minutes from the time of its going. Dr. Hailey made a calculation.

"If the murder took place at 7:40," he said, "there was time for the body to make four complete rounds of the bay and one incomplete round before it was discovered here at 9:10. The murder must have taken place, on that showing, off the mouth of the Breamish brook."

"Some distance off."

"Yes."

"In other words at a point on the line of Ned's approach to the boathouse?"

"Yes."

Wickham stared at his companion.

"That disposes of your idea that John was killed near the shore and that a second boat, this boat, was used?"

"Yes."

"Ned killed his father, Hailey."

"I should like to measure the depths, if you don't mind."

Dr. Hailey pulled up the anchor.

"John Oldmay's body would require two feet of water to float it," he said.

He released a second float and then took a piece of string from his

pocket. He tied this to the sinker of a deep-sea fishing line with which he had provided himself and took a sounding.

"Three feet," he announced.

The cork bobbed ahead of them. A stroke brought them to it and again the doctor sounded.

"Two and three-quarters."

At the next sounding the depth was two feet, then a foot and a half, then a foot, then eight inches.

"Obviously," Dr. Hailey said, "the body did not circulate in this current. There wasn't enough water to float it all the way round."

"But the tide was rising."

"Admittedly. All I'm suggesting just now is that the calculation we made out there is worthless. The body must have gone aground here for a time at any rate. It didn't circulate like these corks. It remains to discover whether, even at high tide, there was water enough to float it."

Wickham looked puzzled.

"You're assuming that the murder took place out there."

"No. That's not the point. Wherever the murder took place the body must have been carried by the current seeing that the lungs were full of air. It must therefore have approached the beach; the current runs toward the beach. As it approached the beach it must have gone aground because there isn't enough water to float it. But the tide was rising. It may very well be that, at full tide, the body floated again and so was free to continue its course."

"What if there wasn't enough water at full tide to float it again?"

"In that case we can say for certain that the murder took place in a depth of water insufficient to float the body until near high tide. The body, if it could not complete the circle of the current must have remained where it was murdered until the tide rose. It cannot have begun to float until about 9 o'clock because, had it floated earlier, it would have been carried back again by the current into shallow water and stranded before being found. We know that it was found in deep water at 9:10 and further that it takes any floating object twenty minutes to make the complete circle of the bay at this state of the tide.

Wickham did not dispute the reasoning. He seemed listless and gave only fitful attention to the new experiments which the doctor was conducting. But when the tide rose to its high water and the lead showed that, at high water, the circulating current passed over an area where there was insufficient depth to float any human body, his interest revived. He took the lead and himself confirmed the observations.

"The body," he agreed, "was not carried round in the current."

"No."

"Therefore the murder did not take place near Ned's boat."

"No."

"Good Heavens, man, your calculations must be out somewhere! Do you expect me to accept them when that entails denying my own reason. These corks of yours are too light. They have no grip on the water. A heavy body will behave quite differently. It must be so."

Wickham pronounced the last words angrily as if he regretted having confused his mind with this arithmetic.

"Possibly. We can try. This boat is a heavy object."

Dr. Hailey rowed back to the place where the body was found. He shipped the oars and allowed the boat to drift. It followed the same course as the floats. After about five minutes it came gently to ground.

"You see, my dear Wickham. The heavy object behaves exactly as the light object."

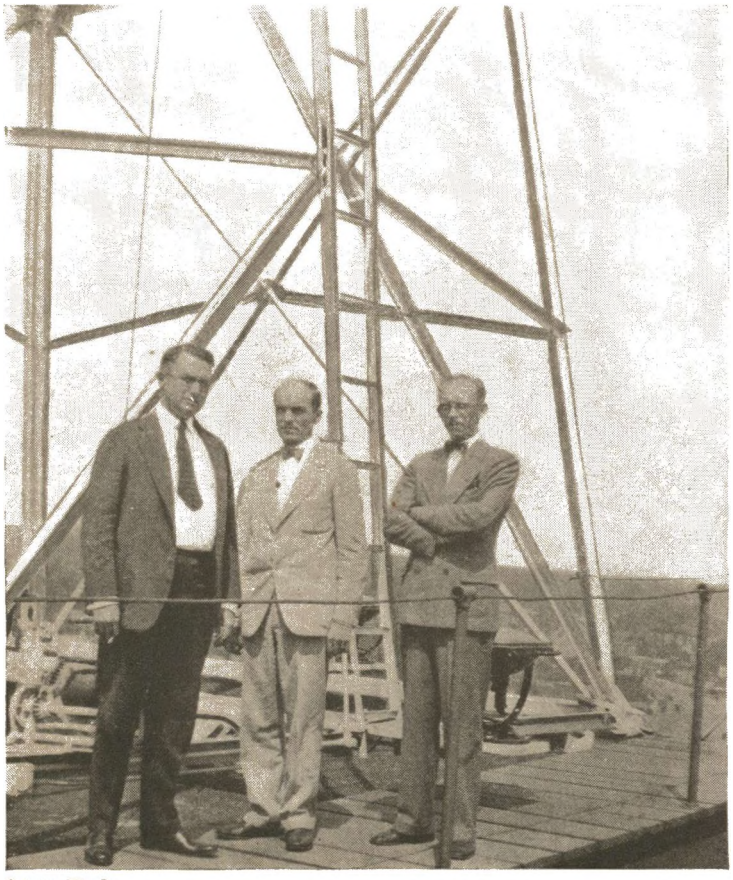
He looked at his watch.

"There is still about a quarter of an hour to go to full tide. I think I can show you how the body floated to the point where it was found."

He pushed the boat off the sand with one of the oars and rowed along the shore to the point near the Breamish brook, where the current turned outwards again. He allowed the bow to ground lightly and once more shipped the oars. They saw pieces of weed and other material moving slowly past them in an outward direction. After a few minutes the boat began to move also. Dr. Hailey held out his watch for the detective's inspection.

"We're afloat now. See how long it takes to reach the place where the body was found," he suggested.

The boat drifted out for a short distance and then turned across the bay towards the boathouse. It reached the place where the body had been found in ten minutes from



Quintan Wood

Minute Men and Vigilantes

Paul Revere would marvel to see how the Twentieth Century Minute Men have improved upon his old-time alarm system. This radio tower upon the roof of an office building in Des Moines is specially equipped to energize alarm signals in any sector of Iowa. At any time, day or night, that a bank in this state is attacked, men to defend it or to pursue escaping robbers can be roused to action upon what literally is not more than a minute's notice. (*Station WHO.*)

the time it had floated. Dr. Hailey took a piece of paper from his pocket and made a quick calculation.

"The tide is higher now than it was when the body was found," he said, "and this boat draws less water than was required to float the body. Allowing for these differences, I'm prepared to show you exactly where the murder took place."

He handed his notes to Wickham.

"Obviously," he said, "we have to look for the spot where, at or about nine o'clock (but not before) on the day of the murder, two feet of water were available. This spot must be situated in the course of the circulating current and beyond that area in which, even at high tide, the requisite depth of water is not available. In other words, there are four conditions to satisfy. First, *time.* The body was found at 9:10 floating in the circulating current. Had it been left in the water it would have been carried by the current on to the sand within five or six minutes—as this boat was. Therefore it left the spot where the murder took place, and where it had lain until the tide floated it some minutes before 9:10. Second, *depth of water.* Some minutes before 9:10 there must, at the place where the murder was committed, have been water enough to float the body—otherwise it would have remained where it lay. Third, *position.* The place must lie somewhere in the course of the circulating current, because the body was found in the course of the current. Finally, *position in relation to that part of the course of the current where two feet of water are not available even at high tide.* The murder was committed near where the current flows away from the shallow area and remote from where the current approaches it. Do you agree?"

Wickham nodded.

"Yes. Unless we assume that the murder was committed outside of the bay altogether and that the body merely drifted into the circulating current at the last moment."

"No, that won't do. John Oldmay had no time to swim farther than the outside limit of the circulating current before Carpenter came on the scene."

"Didn't you suggest yourself that Carpenter may not have observed the swimmer?"

"I did. But Ned cannot have failed to observe him. If John swam out to sea, he crossed the line taken by Ned when returning to the boathouse. A rower looks out over the stern of his boat. Ned must have seen his father."

As he spoke Dr. Hailey began to row again. He brought the boat to a point near to where he had grounded her to await the rising of the tide.

"I think," he said, "that the murder was committed here."

Wickham leaned over and looked down at the sand over which a few desultory whelks were crawling. The genial sun filled the water with gold.

He uttered a cry of astonishment.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A Matter of Minutes

"LOOK, Hailey!"

Dr. Hailey tried to obey, but his weight threatened to upset the little craft. Wickham was compelled to change his seat before the inspection could be carried out.

"That white object."

"Good Heavens!"

The doctor sat up, excitement gleamed in his eye.

"Well?"

"A dental plate."

"I think so."

The doctor tied one of the floats to the end of the lead line and lowered the lead carefully.

"The tide will have receded in a couple of hours," he said. "Then we can examine the place."

He let the boat drift. The cork, at the end of the line, bobbed on the ripple.

"I saw something gleam in the sand," Wickham said. "I thought at first it was a shell. It's pretty nearly covered."

Their eyes met. The detective's were troubled.

They returned to the boathouse and walked to Pykewood village. Neither of them spoke, because each was busy with his own thoughts.

They met Dr. Jordan entering his house and accompanied him to his surgery, a room which smelt of lysol and damp. Dr. Jordan smelt of whisky. He seemed to be excited and shut the door with a bang.

"I've been at the Hall looking for you," he exclaimed. "Extraordinary news. Johnstone the M. O. H. of Newcastle is at the inn now. He's on the track of a typhoid epidemic and swears that poor John Oldmay had the disease on him when he was murdered."

"What!" Wickham ejaculated.

"My dear fellow," cried Jordan, "diseases are like criminals. We use your methods of tracking them. Three weeks ago Lord Scott, the brewer, gave a dinner in Newcastle. It began with a dozen oysters apiece or *hors d'oeuvres*. Three of the people who chose the oysters are dead and others are ill. John Oldmay was one of those who had oysters. Johnstone's got a list of all the guests and he's following 'em up so as to get 'em isolated." He turned to Dr. Hailey: "Now, by George, we have the explanation of those long-distance hearing and smelling feats. Irritation of the brain, my dear sir. Irritation of the brain."

"Duxford suggested that."

"Duxford be hanged. Fella that chucks medicine for the movies ought to be."

Dr. Jordan opened a cupboard and brought out a decanter, a siphon and glasses. He invited his visitors to drink and looked disappointed when they refused. He poured himself out a stiff peg, slumped in the soda and raised his glass:

"May we all live as long as ever we want," he exclaimed, "and never want as long as ever we live."

"We'll call and see Dr. Johnstone immediately," Wickham said, "but what brought us here, was to ask you if John Oldmay had a dental plate."

"Yes, he had. Two of 'em as a matter of fact. He had a lot of teeth extracted last year. I gave the anaesthetic. Only a few weeks ago he called me in because one of the plates was hurting him. A bad fit."

The detective kept his eyes fixed on the glass of whisky, as if he wished to avoid meeting Jordan's eyes.

"Did you notice whether both plates were in his mouth when you examined his body?" he asked.

"By George, no, I didn't." Jordan put his glass down. "There you are. That's our science for you. I think I'm making a complete report and I omit the obvious. Too much detail, too little common sense. Mind you, though, Colonel Wickham, you're a bit to blame yourself. Don't mind telling you I was rattled by the way you behaved over my examination of the rowlock. Getting turned down like that makes a fella' careless. Yes, it does."

Dr. Johnstone was a very small man with a face which instantly and irresistibly suggested a frog. It was a benevolent frog, though, grown old and stout in well-doing.

"A most extraordinary case," he declared. "And a most disturbing one. It was only three days ago that we realized what we were dealing with and by that time there were some fifteen infections. Fifteen! A most virulent infection, too. Several of the patients showed cerebral symptoms before the classical signs presented themselves. From what Jordan has told me I conclude that this was the form Sir John Oldmay's attack assumed."

Dr. Hailey assented.

"He had a great exaggeration of sensual acuity."

"Quite so." The Medical Officer of Health raised his fat hands and shook them at his visitors. Fat, white, featureless hands they were. "Several others had the same exaggeration. It was accompanied, naturally, with a good deal of mental disturbance, irritation and then depression. One cannot help wondering whether the state of the nervous system bore any relationship to the tragedy of Sir John's death."

Wickham stiffened like a terrier.

"There's no question of suicide," he declared.

"So I gather. Still, provocation may play its part in murder, may it not?"

Dr. Johnstone smiled without joy. He had no desire, apparently, to pursue the matter. "My visit," he stated, "is concerned with the pos-

sible spread of infection, with the 'contacts.' I have given Jordan full instructions about watching for any manifestation of the disease."

Wickham's gloom deepened as they walked back to the Hall.

"We can't dismiss the fact from our reckoning that John was ill," he said, "but I fail to see what bearing it can have on the murder. Typhoid fever doesn't crack skulls."

Dr. Jordan had preceded them. He joined them in the study shortly after they reached the house.

"John's upper dental plate is missing," he stated.

Wickham told him what they had found on the shore.

"We shall of course confirm the observation when the tide falls," he said. "But there's little doubt about the plate. Hailey, without knowing of its existence, chose the spot where it is lying as the probable place of John's murder."

"Good Heavens! Then Ned is innocent."

Jordan's face flushed. The blear in his eyes lighted up.

"Possibly."

"But, my dear sir," he cried, "what becomes of the rowlock? You needn't tell me that the blood and hair I saw weren't real."

"They were real."

"If John was murdered inshore, Ned can't have done it. Ned was afloat when the old man left this house."

Wickham offered no further opinion, nor did he discuss the case with Dr. Hailey after Jordan had gone. But on the way down to the beach his uneasy silence broke.

"I confess I can make nothing of it," he said.

"Nor I."

They found the float immediately. The plate was half-covered by sand. Both men inspected the place where it was lying but added nothing to their knowledge.

"The murderer had no time to reach Breamish brook before Carpenter came on the scene," Wickham said. "I can think of no way in which he can have escaped."

"No."

They stood looking about them; the bare sands offered no cover.

"At least we get rid, finally, of the suicide theory. There isn't so much as a cockle-shell on which he could have injured himself. Do you know, my dear Hailey, when Nagge told me half-an-hour ago that a shark had been caught off Pykewood village, I actually began to wonder if . . ."

Wickham didn't finish his sentence.

"I'm afraid sharks need more than two feet of water for their activities."

Wickham secured the plate, leaving the float and sinker to mark the spot where they had found it. They walked back slowly to the Hall, to which Sir John's dentist had been summoned by telegram.

"Haven't you built on Carpenter's evidence to a large extent?" Dr. Hailey asked thoughtfully and slowly.

"Yes. But don't forget that I tested his evidence. He must have reached his observation post about the time he gave us—7:35."

"It's a matter of minutes. Assume that his time of arrival was 7:40; the murderer could perhaps have got away up the course of the brook into the shelter of the dunes. Ned's back was turned, don't forget. Unless he stopped rowing he saw nothing till after Carpenter's arrival, till he got very near the boathouse in fact."

Wickham shook his head.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help us. John may have reached the beach at 7:30. He didn't reach the place where he was murdered till 7:35 at the earliest. The tide was well up and walking—or swimming—in two feet of water is slow work. The murder must have occupied a minute or two. If Carpenter arrived at 7:35 he ought to have seen the murder. If he arrived at 7:40 he ought to have seen the murderer making off toward the Breamish brook. If he arrived so late as 7:45, the murderer was probably still in sight. The artist was at his post at 7:45 and at that same moment Ned reached the boathouse. Ned, therefore, ought to have seen the murderer, too.

"Finally, there's Duxford. He rode along the dunes at 7:45 and ought therefore to have seen the murderer escaping—ought to have met him face to face. None of these people saw anything."

Wickham paused. His jaw was thrust forward, but his eyes were blank. He smiled bitterly.

"That's one aspect of the case. 'Very well,' you say. 'John wasn't murdered where the plate was lying.' But you, yourself, proved that he cannot have been murdered elsewhere. You reached that particular spot by a process of reasoning in which, I'm bound to say, I can see no flaw. The odds against there being no connection between your reasoning and the fact of the discovery of the dental plate at the exact spot selected by you are enormous. Coincidences happen, but scarcely coincidences of that sort."

Dr. Hailey nodded assent.

"I agree with you."

"Very well, take another line of escape. Assume that John began his swim earlier than we have believed. You're confronted at once by your independent witnesses, all of whom are prepared to refute you. Duxford saw his uncle leave the house while he was dressing to go hunting. He had overslept and was therefore acutely aware of the time. As a doctor he's had special training in accurate observation. Then there's Caroline. You told me what she confessed to you. She had not been able to sleep. She had been counting the hours. Killing time. She was returning to breakfast when she saw her father. Again, there are special reasons why the sense of time must have been active.

"That would be good enough, see-

ing that Duxford and Caroline are agreed, but in addition we have the postman, the most punctual of public servants and wholly disinterested, and the housemaid who had a clock before her eyes at the moment when she saw her master. It seems to me we may dismiss the idea that John left the Hall before 7:25. What is there left? So long as it was possible to suppose that Ned had killed his father the case looked simple; now, I confess, it looks—grotesque. Who is this invisible murderer who can hide himself in the sea?"

Dr. Hailey shook his head. He had nothing to reply to this clear exposition of the case. He experienced a feeling of satisfaction that Wickham had been compelled to abandon his oracular manner.

They reached the house. Nagge informed them that Sir John's dentist had arrived and awaited them in the study.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Doctrine of Reaction

MR. ISAACS was a hurried little man whose manner suggested a canary.

"I came as soon as I got your wire," he told Wickham in the quick tones of a person eager to excuse himself and placate possible enemies. Mr. Isaacs evidently feared the police.

"Very good of you," Wickham pointed to a chair. He sat down himself. "You made a plate for Sir John, I believe some time ago?" he asked.

"I made two plates, upper and lower. Sir John was suffering from pyorrhœa — *Pyorrhœa Alveolaris*" —the dentist rolled the big words on his little tongue—"and wholesale extractions were necessary. Absolutely. Dr. Jordan will tell you."

Wickham took the box in which he had deposited the plate from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Isaacs. The dentist opened it and glanced at its contents.

"This is the upper plate which I made for Sir John."

"Sure?"

"I take my oath on it."

The dentist bent over his work.

"The plate has been broken," he exclaimed. "Perhaps at the time when Sir John was killed."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a new break. The vulcanite is red. See."

He pointed to a thin red line which traversed the plate.

"Vulcanite darkens with use," he declared positively.

"Now tell me," Wickham stared at the dentist. "Is it likely, in your opinion, that the blow on the head would dislodge this plate?"

"From the mouth?"

"Of course."

"I don't think so."

"What?"

"I don't think so."

"My dear sir, the blow, in this particular case, smashed the skull."

Mr. Isaacs shook his head and waved his hands in the manner peculiar to his race.

"No doubt, no doubt. But you do not understand the principles of modern dentisty, if you think that any shock of that sort is capable of dislodging a plate. It is not possible, I assure you, provided the dentist has been competent."

"After death the shape of the mouth changes, eh?"

"Perhaps."

"What do you say, Hailey?"

"I think that would be a safe assumption."

"So that the plate probably became dislodged merely as a result of John's death?"

"Very likely."

The dentist shook his head.

"I don't think so," he declared stubbornly. "There must have been something else."

"So far as we know there was nothing else."

When Mr. Isaacs went away, Wickham lit a cigar. He looked tired.

"The little dentist may be right," he exclaimed. "He ought to know. It's only one more mystery to add to the list. Can you think of a single fact in this case which admits of reasonable explanation?"

Dr. Hailey had his snuff-box in his hand. He took a pinch and then replaced the box in his pocket.

"I have been trying," he said, "to understand the condition of mind in which John Oldmay passed the last day of his life. Do you know anything of the physiological theory known as the 'Doctrine of Reaction'?"

"Nothing." Wickham's voice discouraged the explanation he perceived to be imminent.

"The idea is that the world in which we live gives us blows, to each and all of which we must make reply or response of some kind. For example, cold water, at the first plunge, makes the bather gasp; but if he reacts well he's glowing in a few minutes. Cold has been met with heat and has, so to speak, been swallowed up."

Dr. Hailey paused. Wickham said nothing.

"Reaction depends on the integrity of the nervous system. In speaking of responses we assume that the nervous system is normal, that is to say that it possesses an average tone or degree of excitability. In other words that cold water or any other stimulus will affect you much as it affects me or Smith or Jones or Robinson. But exceptional cases occur. The majority of diseases change the degree of excitability of the nervous system."

"For example: A man with a feverish cold is unlikely to glow if he goes into cold water. The reason is that the poison in his system has so greatly excited the nerves in his skin that a severe shock is inflicted by the cold water. He is unable to make response to this very violent stimulus and emerges from the water shivering and blue. Do you follow me?"

Wickham nodded. He was beginning to grow restless.

"We know that John Oldmay was suffering from typhoid fever, in its earliest stage and that his nervous system was greatly excited. He could hear sounds that ears, normally attuned, could not hear; he could smell scents normally beyond the limit of smell; probably his eyesight was more acute than usual. Lady Oldmay told me that, some days before his death, he detected the fact that the jewels she was wearing were copies of those he had given her. They are admirable copies which must have deceived anybody but a person endowed with special knowledge or special acuity of vision.

"The man, therefore, was living in an environment of a wholly abnormal kind. His world was dealing blows of exceptional severity. Every stimulus which reached his brain was exaggerated and therefore he was compelled to expend his reserves of nervous energy in making responses. Fatigue was inevitable as soon as the reserves were spent. In fevers there is, first of all, a condition of excitement which corresponds to the period of excessive nervous expenditure; it is followed by a condition of low spirits where expenditure can no longer be maintained at the necessary high level. The stimulus which, earlier in the day, evoked a violent reaction, whether of pleasure or anger or irritation, evokes, at night, a sense of emptiness and failure.

"The essence of this mental condition," Dr. Hailey went on stubbornly, "is weakness. The exhausted man feels that life is too much for him and that he can no longer stand up to take its blows. The more extreme the exhaustion the more profound this sense of inadequacy. Naturally, the immediate color of his views depends on his circumstances. He may feel forsaken or beaten or betrayed. John Oldmay, I think, felt forsaken. His wife and his daughter, too, had taken sides against him. Lady Oldmay had deliberately deceived him about her jewels—and we know, from the fact that he bought back these jewels, that he attached great importance to them. His family had shown him that he was the skeleton at their feast and that they wished, above everything, to exclude him from their lives. Translate that idea into the language of depression; his family wished him dead."

The doctor paused a moment, and took snuff.

"A fit man would certainly not have allowed his feelings to carry him so far. Had John Oldmay been in his usual health he might have felt greatly upset, but he would have preserved a sense of proportion. He would have fallen back on his knowledge that, in spite of their fear, his wife and children cared for him. He

would never have entertained the idea that they wished him serious ill. The transition from a natural distress to an unnatural despair is a sign of disease. There is a further step in that descent. Those who feel themselves forsaken and so find no prospect of happiness sometimes indulge in thoughts of suicide. Suppose that the enemy whom John Oldmay apprehended but could not recognize was—himself."

"John was murdered."

"That doesn't invalidate my reasoning. When he wrote those letters he was sunk in despair. He felt himself alone, isolated, shut out from the only happiness he knew. He was a man of domineering mind, self-centered, egotistical, vain, of an excessive sensitiveness; the position must have been intolerable. These, as I know from long experience, are the conditions most favorable to suicide. But the man's instincts, his breeding, his ideas were irreconcilably opposed to such a crime. He would not admit the thought of it to his consciousness, and was aware only of the dread it inspired. He saw violence, but not his own hand raised to strike. The enemy, hauntingly familiar, nevertheless wore a mask."

Doctor Hailey remained silent for several minutes.

"A man who is afraid of being murdered," he said at last, "sometimes murders because of his fear. That applies to people in normal health; it applies with even greater force to people whose nerves are on edge."

He paused. Wickham's face remained blank.

"Go on."

"John Oldmay might just have reached the Breamish brook and so returned to the shelter of the dunes before Carpenter came on the scene."

The detective sat up.

"I don't understand."

"I'm drawing a bow at a venture. I'm assuming that the murdered man left this house with murder in his own heart. His brain was clouded with fever but it's likely that he retained enough wit to cover his tracks."

"But why should he come ashore? Who was there to murder at that particular place?"

"He knew that Duxford was going hunting."

Wickham drew his breath sharply.

"That's true."

"And it was to help Duxford that Ned had borrowed money. Duxford was the cause of all the trouble. The night before his death he forbade Caroline to marry the fellow."

The doctor assumed his eyeglass. "If we keep John Oldmay's state of health in view the obvious objections to the theory are discounted to some extent. He was unarmed. Perhaps he jumped out from behind one of the sandhills and snatched at Duxford's bridle. If so, the horse may have reared and struck him with its hoofs. I've asked myself how the actor would behave in such circumstances." There was a moment's quiet.

"Lose his head, probably. Duxford's the kind of fellow I don't trust."

Dr. Hailey's eyes narrowed.

"I'm not sure. He's nervous, hysterical if you like, but I think he's a decent fellow at heart. I believe that if his uncle had been injured he would have brought him back here at once and got help. The case would be different if the man was dead. In these circumstances he might, I think, become afraid and take steps to dissociate himself from the tragedy. The obvious thing to do was to put the body in the sea. At eight o'clock Ned was home and Carpenter had returned to the village inn. There was only the artist on the shore and as he was painting the village his back was turned. Duxford had only to put the body on his horse and ride down the course of the brook into the water. As a matter of fact I examined the horse and found a little of its own blood clotted on one of its forelegs. A bite from a fly perhaps, or a scratch from John's nails as he defended himself."

"That would account for the broken fingers?"

"Yes."

"When the body was flung down into the water the dental plate probably got dislodged."

Wickham's irritated nerves did not allow him to delay questioning Duxford. With a candor which surprised Dr. Hailey, he told the actor exactly how matters stood.

"I'm not making any formal accusation, understand," he declared. "I'm merely pointing out to you that it is possible, in a material sense, that your uncle met his death in this way."

"He didn't."

Duxford's brave tones accorded ill with his white cheeks.

"I'm not even suggesting foul play," Wickham went on calmly, "a frightened horse, rearing up suddenly, can easily kill a man in spite of its rider."

"I tell you I never so much as saw my uncle."

The detective, who had returned to his place at the desk, tapped on the wood with his pencil.

"Your uncle was killed, you know. Only you and Ned were anywhere near him at the time. We have reason to believe, as I told you, that Ned cannot be guilty."

Duxford glanced about him and then suddenly sank into his chair. He tried to make a show of smoking a cigarette but dropped his case on the floor.

"I've just heard," he stammered, "that a shark was landed this morning at Pykewood."

"My dear, sir, sharks don't venture where the water is only two feet deep, nor do they attack those parts of a man's body which are out of water."

"My uncle prided himself on being able to swim under water for long distances. He was always prac-

tising that trick in the morning."

"In two feet of water?"

Duxford picked up his cigarette case, but the act of bending down did not bring the blood back to his cheeks.

"How do you know," he asked, "that he was attacked in two feet of water? He may have tried to reach the shore."

"Good Heavens, are those the kind of injuries which sharks inflict? Use your common sense."

"I don't know. Do you?"

Wickham caught his breath.

"I feel certain they're not. Besides, death was instantaneous. It's impossible that he can have moved about after he was attacked."

Duxford recovered himself enough to light a cigarette.

"How do you know his body didn't float in with the tide?" he demanded.

"Because, as I've explained to you, the current moves in a circle. As I told you, Dr. Hailey indicated the spot where we found the dental plate as the spot where the body must have been lying when the tide rose high enough to float it. If the murder didn't take place at that spot—and it cannot have taken place there—then it must have taken place among the dunes."

The cigarette broke in Duxford's fingers and he flung it into the fender.

"I know nothing about it," he said in low tones. "Absolutely nothing. I thought the current flowed out of the bay toward Holy Island."

"It does, in part. But the greater part sweeps back to make a kind of whirlpool."

Wickham leaned back in his chair, a sign that he had no more questions to ask. His face had recovered its expression of menace. Dr. Hailey, who was watching the actor, saw that he was exceedingly alarmed.

"You've studied the currents in the bay?" he asked him.

"No. I've heard my uncle and Ned talking about them."

"Surely they knew of the circulating current?"

"They didn't mention it."

The doctor looked incredulous.

"It's the most striking characteristic of the conditions here. I can't imagine that it was left out of any discussion of them."

Duxford was about to leave the room when Nagge entered.

"Mr. Ned wants to know, sir," the butler asked Wickham, "if he may leave his room."

"Ask him to come here, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

Ned's composure emphasized his cousin's anxiety. Duxford, who had been told to remain and was standing by the door, frowned and blinked by turns while Wickham told Ned what he had found.

"I'm hiding nothing," the detective concluded. "And I'm accusing nobody now. I merely state the facts. As they stand it seems obvious that the accusation against you must be withdrawn."

"You mean that it must be transferred to my cousin?"

"No. Even granting that your father met Duxford among the dunes there is nothing to show that his death was not due to an accident—"

Ned's mouth hardened.

"Accidents which are not acknowledged at the time," he said, "are apt to be looked at unfavorably later."

"That may be."

"The whole idea is absurd."

"Why so?"

"My father would not have behaved in the way you ascribe to him."

"Your father was ill with typhoid fever. His brain had been attacked. Dr. Hailey has no doubt on that point."

"What?"

Ned's voice rang out. When Wickham informed him about the visit of the medical officer of health he sighed as if a heavy anxiety had been lifted from him.

"So that he was not fully responsible for his actions?" he asked eagerly.

"Probably not."

Ned glanced at Duxford.

"I'm quite sure, all the same," he said, "that my father didn't leave the water. I saw Dyke riding along the dunes as I was landing. He waved to me."

"Did you watch him riding away?"

"I watched him till I came near the house. The trees hide the dunes from the avenue."

"You see. There's a period during which his movements were not observed. Professor Carpenter was on the dunes, near the boathouse, but from that position you can't see the spot where your father may have met his death."

Ned frowned.

"Isn't it more likely that my father swam out too far and got struck by the propeller of some passing coaster? A great many small vessels pass just outside the bay."

"My dear sir, your father had no time to swim out of the bay before Carpenter appeared on the scene. Carpenter was looking for him and must have seen him. You yourself must have seen him since he would have been swimming at or very near the place where you were rowing at that moment. Unless he swam clear of the circulating current in the bay his body must have been carried inshore and stranded near the boathouse, for there is insufficient depth of water to bear it right round the circle of the current, and it is certain that he cannot have swum clear of the current."

"I see."

"Consequently it follows that he was killed in the bay or among the dunes. He was not killed in the bay."

When they were alone again, Wickham told the doctor that he believed that at last they had struck the trail.

"Duxford was mortally frightened. You saw that?"

"He's an actor, you know."

"Doesn't that tend to confirm the theory rather than to disprove it? He can't have wished to show us his anxiety."

CHAPTER XXX

The Crystal Again

DR. HAILEY found Ned in the walled garden at the back of the house. The young man had lost his confident manner and was pacing about among the flower-beds. He showed no eagerness to welcome the intruder.

"I've just heard about the shark they landed this morning at Pykewood," he declared. "Depend on it that's the explanation of father's death. These brutes inflict frightful injuries as any of the fishermen will tell you. Attacks by sharks in northern waters aren't nearly so uncommon as people suppose."

He stared defiantly at the doctor as he spoke.

"The difficulty of it is that if your father was not killed on dry land he was killed in two feet of water. You know about the course of the current in the bay, I take it?"

Ned nodded.

"Yes."

"I bought a chart in order to study it. But I fancy it varies with the state of the tide. Is that so?"

"It varies a little. The circulating current is less well marked at low tide."

"Do you suppose that your father knew about the circulating current?"

Ned stood still and gazed at his companion.

"How could he possibly help knowing about it?" he demanded. "He bathed practically every day and spent most of his leisure in boats."

"Do you suppose that your cousin, Duxford, knew anything about the currents?"

"Oh, yes. Every one who comes here gets to know about them."

"He suggested that he didn't know about the circulating current."

Ned started and then grew confused.

"Perhaps you misunderstood him."

"Oh, no."

They walked a short distance in silence. Suddenly Ned put his hand on the doctor's arm.

"Do you really believe," he asked, "that my father was ill at the time of his death?"

"Yes."

"Mentally as well as physically ill?"

"Yes. He was suffering from *encephilitis* — inflammation of the brain—typhoid fever often begins in that way."

"He was temporarily insane?"

"Not quite that. He had lost his sense of proportion, the power we possess of setting one thing against another. Because your mother had sold her diamonds he concluded that she no longer cared for him. He seems to have thought, for example, that you wished to drown him when the bung came out of your boat some days ago. Your sister's quarrel with him convinced him that she, too, had forsaken him. And so on. He felt himself isolated, deserted and lacked the power of a healthy man to discount these gloomy feelings.

"There were flashes of anger, as when he sent for Carpenter and when he broke off your sister's engagement to Duxford, and moments of relenting as when he told Carpenter to hold his hand about the will till the next morning. These ups and downs always occur in such cases."

Ned's grasp on the doctor's arm tightened.

"If only we had known!"

"My dear sir, if he hadn't worried himself about one thing, he would have worried about another."

"Still, we might have made him feel that we cared for him."

The young man turned away his head as he spoke.

"The whole business is like a nightmare," he said sadly. "My cousin Dyke was so eager, so earnest, so sure of himself that I really believed that his film was bound to succeed. It seemed a small thing to put my name on a bill, when that was going to give him such tremendous satisfaction and perhaps establish him in his profession. I never dreamed that I would be asked to pay a penny."

He broke off, remaining silent for a time.

"Perhaps I would have risked it, even if I had felt some qualms," he admitted, "because Dyke's a good fellow and I love my sister deeply. If he hadn't persuaded me, she would have. He had rather a thin time as a boy and felt, I daresay, that the luck was all on my side. That, of itself, made me inclined to help him. When I realized, suddenly, that I owed many thousands of pounds, I felt like a spent fox with hounds running into him. I couldn't tell father."

He paused again.

"Probably you won't understand. I was fond of father but I was horribly afraid of him. He had an uncertain temper and when he lost it, used to scourge me with complaints and threats. He could strip away all the small defences with which young people shield their dignity. I always became panic-stricken and often, in my fear, stimulated his anger. Then he left me no rag of self-respect. When his anger cooled he preached, for the blood of the Scottish ministry was in his veins—about thrift and honesty and hard work. He always seemed to be giving my mother back-handers and I could not endure it. Every time he lost his temper, she was sure to suffer. And yet we knew him for a good friend. We trusted and loved him. It's the feeling that our behavior may have driven him to his death that's so terrible. My mother and sister, I know, are haunted by it."

"I've explained to them," Dr.

Hailey said gently, "that, since your father defended himself, they can dismiss from their minds the idea that his death was connected in any way with family affairs. As Wickham said, domestic upheavals don't break skulls."

Ned sighed deeply.

"So long as the cause of his death remains undiscovered," he exclaimed, "my mother and sister will go on believing that they had a share in it. Mother is convincing herself now that she is responsible; Caroline is convinced already. In their hearts, both of them believe that father killed himself. You know what women are, the kind of evidence Colonel Wickham deals in simply doesn't convey anything to their minds. I know they'll shipwreck their lives unless we can give them something definite to set against their feelings—coroner's verdict for example. When Wickham withdrew his charge against me I really believed, for a moment, that he had come to the conclusion that father had met with some accident. I felt a tremendous load taken from my mind. Now that he's transferred his suspicions to Dyke all the ground will be gone over again, and I don't think mother and Caroline can stand it. The idea that Dyke could possibly be guilty is absurd, of course. But when women's nerves get frayed they lose their sense of proportion."

They came to a seat made of carved stone. Dr. Hailey sat down.

"Can you remember," he asked, "the last occasion on which you saw the yellow crystal which used to stand on the bookshelf near the study door?"

He raised his eyes to look at Ned as he spoke. Immediately he jumped up.

"You're feeling ill?"

The young man reeled and caught at his arm. He brought him to the seat and instructed him to put his head between his knees.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Coal Glove

NED recovered himself quickly. He declared that he could not remember when he had last seen the yellow crystal. He kept his hand pressed to his brow.

"You have seen it on the bookcase?" Dr. Hailey asked.

"It always stood there."

They walked back to the house. The young man explained that the strain of these last days had worn him out. He left the doctor at the study door. In the study Dr. Hailey found Wickham bending over a large glove of black velvet which he had taken from the coal box. The detective seemed to be greatly excited.

"Ah, Hailey," he cried, "I've been waiting for you. Look at this."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a fragment of yellow glass which lay embedded in the velvet.

"Look at it with the reading-glass," he urged. "Study it closely!"

The doctor obeyed.

"Another piece of the yellow crystal?"

"Yes."

Wickham pointed to the hearth-rug.

"You found one piece there. I have found a second piece in the coal-glove. A third piece was embedded in Nagge's finger. The crystal itself was in the boat. What do you make of this evidence?"

His eager tones suggested that he had arrived at his own conclusion and found satisfaction in it. Dr. Hailey shook his head.

"Nothing," he confessed.

"Where was Nagge when John left this house to go to the beach?"

"I don't know."

"Nobody knows; I've just been questioning the servants. Shall we assume for argument's sake that he was waiting among the dunes?"

"Well?"

"And that, when his master approached he struck him with the yellow crystal. Killed him. Stripped off the dressing-gown and carried the body into the water. There was no watcher anywhere at that moment remember. Nagge had only to remove his boots in order to leave the footmarks on the sand which we have assumed were John's. He possessed ample time to leave the body where we found the dental plate and come ashore up the Breamish brook. Once among the dunes he put on his boots and returned to the house.

"But it was necessary to wipe the crystal. Look at that stain on the velvet. Is it a blood stain, do you think? The crystal had been cracked. In cleaning it he broke away some small fragments—this one in the glove, the one which stuck in the skin of his finger. He was too agitated to notice such trifles; he must wipe his fingerprints from the glass and get rid of the broken crystal. He visited the boathouse and dropped it among the coils of rope, where you found it."

The detective drew a sharp breath.

"Why did he kill his master?" he went on. "He had seen the packet of jewels arrive a few days before. He knew it was locked in the safe in this room; he knew that his master carried the key of the safe in his dressing-gown. A fool would have taken the key at once, and been discovered; he was content to wait until the gown was brought back to the house. When I questioned him about the jewels, though, he lost his nerve. What if his room was searched! Ned had run away that night. Why not put the jewels in Ned's pocket till the danger had passed?"

Wickham removed his spectacles and wiped them. His face was grave but triumph shone in his brown eyes.

Dr. Hailey picked up the glove and looked at it closely.

"I agree that this may be a blood-stain," he said.

He sat down and took snuff.

There was a knock at the door. The butler entered.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he said to Wickham.

"Yes, Nagge."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I was out when you sent for me."

"Shut the door, will you?"

Nagge obeyed and came to the desk. His big body swayed a little as he crossed the floor. The expression of melancholy on his face seemed to have deepened. He stood, with his head raised, sniffing the air.

"Where were you, Nagge," the detective asked, "between 7:20 and 7:45 on the morning on which your master was murdered?"

"In this house, sir."

"Where?"

The butler cleared his throat. A slight flush spread over his red face.

"As a matter of fact, sir, I was in my bed. On that morning, unhappily, I overslept myself, a very rare fault with me, if I may be allowed to say so."

Wickham bent forward.

"Your fellow servants say that they do not know where you were at that time."

"No, sir, they would not know."

"What do you mean?"

"My habits being so regular, sir, they would think I was up at my usual hour, which is seven o'clock. Naturally I did not tell them of my fault."

"Um. So you can't prove that you were in bed?"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"You can't prove that you were in bed at the time I have stated?"

"Yes, sir, I can prove it, sir, as it happens. When I got up, sir, I went to the window of my room to close it while I was dressing. Looking out, sir, I saw Miss Caroline walking toward the house and I'm sorry to say, sir, that she, happening to raise her eyes, as you might say, saw me, too. If you ask Miss Caroline, she will confirm what I have told you."

Nagge's head seemed to have risen further and further while he was speaking. His broad, ruddy throat was stretched tight from chin to collar.

Wickham dismissed him.

CHAPTER XXXII

The End of the Road

CAROLINE confirmed the butler's story without hesitation.

"He wears a white night-gown, you know," she told Wickham, "and a nightcap."

"When did you see him?"

"Just after I saw father going to bathe. I was waiting till father got away from the house. I looked up because I heard a window being shut."

The detective's air of alacrity vanished; he passed a weary hand over his brow.

"Does Nagge often oversleep?" he asked without interest.

"More often than he's inclined to admit. He's getting old, though he doesn't like to think so."

Caroline had refused to sit down. She turned to leave the room and then hesitated.

"You don't suspect Ned any longer, do you?"

"No."

"Nor . . . Mr. Duxford?"

"No."

She caught her breath in a gasp of distress.

"I know," she said in a whisper, "that father killed himself."

She continued to nod her head slowly and sadly like a victim of melancholia. Wickham regarded her unfavorably:

"My dear Caroline, let me tell you, as a detective, that this is the clearest case of murder it has ever fallen to my lot to investigate."

She clasped her hands. Her lips parted.

"If only I could believe that."

Caroline left the room, shutting the door softly behind her. Wickham sat down in one of the big armchairs.

"So we come to the end of the road," he said bitterly. "Ned didn't do it; Duxford didn't do it; Nagge didn't do it. Nobody did it. John wasn't murdered at all. He killed himself by jumping out of a window and rolled into the sea where a shark was lying with open arms to receive him. My dear Hailey, I confess to you that I've had enough. If John wasn't murdered I'm a Dutchman; if he was, I'm a fool. He was and he wasn't, because he can't have been; he wasn't and he was, because he must have been. Do suggest something like a good fellow."

"I've satisfied myself that Duxford lied when he pretended not to know about the currents in the bay."

"Still harping on Duxford. What does it matter, anyhow?"

Wickham was lighting his pipe. The mood of hilarity into which he seemed to be sinking was so unaccustomed that the doctor delayed replying to him.

"It may not matter, of course," he said at last, "but at least it's a lead. People don't tell lies unless they have something to hide. That which is hidden is important."

"The fellow knew we suspected him. He wasn't going to hand himself out."

"He was frank on every other point."

Carpenter was strolling on the beach. He received the doctor with eagerness and listened to him with a lively regard.

"The fault," he proclaimed, "lies in Wickham's method. He tries to find a puzzle, a mere equation, whereas the elucidation of crime is a job for psychologists. I felt that every time I attended a criminal trial and heard expert witnesses contradicting one another. It's a quality of puzzles that you can pull them about to suit your mood. Human nature isn't so accommodating. It resists. It was obvious from the beginning

that Ned wasn't guilty, but I suppose that if John's plate hadn't been found Wickham would have hanged him."

"What about Duxford?" the doctor asked.

"He's an actor."

Carpenter flung out his arms, like a woman about to take a baby to nurse.

"I confess that I suspected him—on the puzzle principle, I'm afraid."

"He didn't kill his uncle. Actors never kill. They're like artists and musicians and writers. They know how to find an outlet for their feelings. And they aren't greedy; only spendthrift. Murderers are people with no outlet for emotion, passion-bound people, prejudiced people, moral cowards, above all self-centered people. Most murders in this country are committed in spring, when the blood is hot; most murderers are highly respectable folk. Why should Duxford murder his uncle?"

"John Oldmay had turned him out of the house."

The professor shook his head.

"Caroline's in love with him. That's all he cares about. She would not have heeded her father. It's certain that Duxford isn't guilty."

"There's Nagge."

"What, the old cockatoo. Never!"

"Can you suggest any other name?" Hailey asked.

"The puzzle again, eh? If these three didn't murder John nobody murdered him."

"Perhaps."

"It won't do. It won't do. Why should anybody have murdered him? John wasn't the kind that gets murdered."

Dr. Hailey's face cleared suddenly. He caught his companion by the arm.

"I told Wickham I should get enlightenment from you and I've got it," he exclaimed. "This was a murder without motive. I think I must have recognized that from the outset, in a dim kind of way, for I've never before felt so barren of ideas. My mind has gone round in circles." He walked a few paces in silence. "Murder by a madman, perhaps."

"Or a brute beast. They've landed a big shark at Pykewood."

"No. That won't do."

Carpenter turned, thrusting out his beard.

"Why not?"

"Those injuries were not inflicted by a shark."

"My dear sir, any kind of injuries, believe me, can be inflicted by sharks. I didn't spend five years of my youth in Sidney for nothing. The brutes can come into quite shallow water. I'm ready to wager that there isn't a coroner's jury in England that won't accept that solution if it's given to them by people who know what they're talking about. Besides, what about your puzzle? On Wickham's own showing no human being can have committed this murder. Not even a madman. When it comes to mechanical details of that kind you can trust your Scotland Yard. They don't dismiss people from their cases for nothing—especially when they have nobody to put in their place. Did you see the shark?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I'm afraid not."

"I did. I made a point of going over to the village and looking at it. A monster with a set of teeth like the blade of a reaping machine. The only mystery is that it didn't bite off an arm or a leg. But you get all sorts of injuries. John probably struggled to his feet as soon as he was bitten in the hand; he wasn't out of his depth. The brute must have knocked him down and then struck at his head."

The doctor retired to his bedroom and lay down. After about an hour he got his note-book and wrote:

"Duxford would not have lied about his knowledge of the currents in the bay unless that knowledge had been exact and special and not merely casual and general. He must therefore have made a study of the currents."

He sat gazing out at the sea, become tranquil under the feet of evening. Then he wrote again:

"In all probability Duxford knows exactly where the murder took place. I reached that knowledge by a study of the chart. Did he? And why?"

He rose after a few moments and went to the door of his bedroom. The light on the landing was growing dim. He listened but heard nobody moving about. He walked to the door of Duxford's bedroom and knocked. There was no answer. Warily he turned the handle of the door. The room was empty. He entered and closed the door behind him. Then he walked across the room to the writing-table and opened the drawers. They contained blank sheets of note paper. He turned to the wardrobe and searched the drawers in that formidable piece of furniture. He found a roll of paper under some shirts in the fourth drawer. It was a copy of the Admiralty chart of the bay.

He carried it to the writing table and held it out. A line, in pencil, ran across the chart, connecting the lighthouse on Holy Island with the lightship between the island and the shore and running from the lightship to the bathing beach. Near the beach this line was marked with a cross, at the spot where the dental plate had been found. A second cross in pencil indicated the place where John Oldmay's body had been taken from the sea.

He gazed at these markings for several minutes and then rolled the chart and put it back in the drawer. As he did so he observed that there was a collar lying under the pile of shirts. He withdrew it and saw that it was heavily stained with blood. He glanced at the inside and caught his breath.

The collar bore the name "John Oldmay" in faded letters.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A Damp Bathing Suit

AFTER hesitating for a moment he put the collar in his pocket and shut the wardrobe. He returned to his own room and at once marked his own chart as Duxford's chart was marked. Then he scraped a small quantity of the dried and clotted blood from the collar, allowing it to fall into a watch-glass in which he had put some of the fluid used by him to test the clot from Duxford's horse. The blood was human.

Having locked both chart and collar in his own wardrobe and put the key in his pocket, he returned to Duxford's room, knocking again before entering. He re-opened the wardrobe and examined the contents of the three drawers which he had not searched on his first visit. In the lowest of these he found a bathing suit. It was damp. A sound behind him made him rise and turn sharply. Duxford was standing in the doorway. Even in the dim light he could see that the young man was on the point of collapse.

"What are you doing, doctor?"

"As you see, searching your wardrobe."

Duxford tottered into the room and sat down on the bed. He put his hands over his face.

"Well?"

"Don't you get your bathing suit dried after you've worn it?"

"If I remember."

The actor's voice sounded faint. He made one of his eloquent gestures, beseeching that the wardrobe might be shut.

"You own a pair of kid gloves, I think," the doctor said.

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"In my coat pocket, behind the door."

Dr. Hailey walked to the door and put his hand into one of the pockets of the coat. He found the gloves. Then he switched on the light and looked at them. He brought his eyeglass to focus over one of the fingers.

"The leather has been scratched, eh?"

"Has it?"

"Yes, look."

He showed Duxford the scratch, a short cut running transversely across the ball of the finger. The young man offered no comment. He went on wiping his brow with diligence but small success, seeing that it continued to gleam.

"Do you observe that there's a fragment of glass embedded in the leather?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"Yellow glass?"

Duxford shook his head.

"I can't say."

"It is yellow glass . . . curiously enough exactly like the fragment I took out of Nagge's finger this morning. There's a puzzle for you, my dear Duxford, how pieces of the same kind of glass should be found in

Nagge's finger and in the finger of your glove."

He walked to the door. The actor jumped up and caught him by the sleeve to detain him.

"You must tell me what it all means?" he cried in hoarse tones.

"Believe me, I must find out what it means."

"You have found out."

"No, sir."

"You have. You must."

"I have not." Dr. Hailey freed himself and saw Duxford shrink back. "It's open to you," he said in stern tones, "to tell me the truth."

"No."

"I'm not inviting you to do so. Don't misunderstand me. Probably you'll be sorry if you do."

"I can't tell you."

A faint smile appeared on the doctor's lips. For once his geniality had forsaken him.

"Why not say you won't tell me?" he demanded.

"Because it wouldn't be true. I would if I could, I would indeed." He drew his hand across his brow. "I . . . I can't tell you."

His voice broke. Emotion shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"I know it sounds mad, crazy," he cried, "but I can't tell you."

"Let us leave it at that."

Dr. Hailey opened the door and stepped out on the landing. He closed the door softly behind him. When he reached his own room he locked the door on the inside. He took his electric lamp from his suitcase and looked at its cracked lens. The glass had been broken in several places and some of the pieces were missing.

He re-read the notes he had made and then, in spite of the late hour, went out to the boathouse, taking the key and Nagge's electric lamp with him. Having unlocked the door, he walked at once to the boat in which he had found the yellow crystal. He shed the beam of light on the timbers of the bow of the boat and immediately saw that one of these had been indented and slightly cracked on its inner aspect, close to the place where the crystal had been lying.

He returned slowly to the house. Caroline Oldmay was in the hall when he entered. She asked him to accompany her to the drawing-room. She closed the door of that apartment as soon as they entered it.

"I saw you go into Dyke's bedroom," she exclaimed. "I found him and told him you had gone there. I sent him into the room to find out what you were doing."

She paused, catching her breath. Dr. Hailey did not speak.

"After you left the room I went to him." She came nearer. Her voice fell. "What have you done to him?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"He was trembling, unnerved. He had suffered some terrible shock."

She wrung her hands. Her pale face was full of resentment, like a

mother's face when her child has been hurt.

"He's an actor, you know."

"Ah, you're brutal. You don't understand him. Dyke is incapable of acting any part before me. Tell me what you said to him?"

The doctor sighed. "My dear Miss Oldmay, if he can't tell you, how should I be able?"

"Because you're hurting him. I feel it."

"On the contrary."

"What, you don't suspect him?"

Dr. Hailey considered a moment. The girl exclaimed at his hesitation.

"You can't deny it. I knew I was right. I love Dyke, Dr. Hailey; and when a woman loves a man she knows what is going on in other people's minds about him. You've found something that seems to incriminate him. He's so highly strung that the slightest hint of suspicion upsets his mental balance. He suffers so terribly."

She broke off. She was pleading now, rather than accusing.

"I didn't get the impression," Dr. Hailey said, "that he was a coward."

"Of course not. He's one of the bravest men I've ever known. Surely you can distinguish between highly strung nerves and cowardice."

"I mean that it didn't strike me that he was afraid—only distressed."

"He told me that when people suspect him of any fault he always feels that he has committed it."

"That's common enough among innocent folk."

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Muzzle of the Gun

HE led her to a sofa and bade her sit down.

"You can help me, if you will," he said gently, "because there are still a few points on which my information is not exact enough. I should like you to tell me again about the impression your father's appearance made on you when you watched him going out."

"It frightened me."

"I know. But why?"

Caroline hesitated. "It was the way he walked," she said at last. "I could see that his nerves were on edge."

"He was some distance away, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

Dr. Hailey leaned forward.

"How was he dressed?"

"In his red dressing-gown. He always carried his towel wrapped round his neck like a muffler."

"No hat?"

"No."

"Shoes?"

"I didn't notice. I suppose so."

"When did you hear that your father was missing?"

"When I came down to breakfast. Mother was just going out to look for him."

"You didn't accompany her?"

She shook her head.

"I knew it was no good."

"What do you mean?"

"We had killed him, among us."

Dr. Hailey frowned.

"You mustn't talk or even think like that," he exclaimed. "It's grossly unfair to your mother and brother. And it shows an unbalanced judgment. People who make great haste to accuse themselves of crimes are usually actuated by vanity."

When he left her Dr. Hailey went to the gun room. He had not before visited this apartment and was struck by the large number of weapons it contained. John Oldmay had bought guns, apparently, much as he had bought books, to look at them, or lend them to his friends. The guns were all in cases, behind glass but the doors of the cases were not locked. He went to the study for the reading-glass and then began a careful inspection of the stocks of the guns, examining the wood, in each instance, under magnification.

One of the stocks was slightly indented near the lock, but it was not this fact which caused him to bate his breath as he looked at it. Embedded in the wood was a tiny spicule of yellow glass. He glanced at the muzzle. The left barrel was very heavily "choked"; the gun had probably been used exclusively for duck. He carried it into the study, where the light was stronger, and made a further examination of both stock and muzzle. Then he sat down in an armchair by the fire and laid it across his knees. He turned his head to glance at the door, which he had left ajar, and appeared to enter into some calculation.

His gaze rested, finally, on John Oldmay's over-crowded mantel shelves. He opened the gun. It was loaded in both barrels. He closed it again and raised the muzzle to the level of his mouth, holding the stock between his knees. Another glance at the door caused him to move his chair slightly. His right hand fingered the triggers; he thrust the muzzle into his mouth.

The gun was struck violently from his hands. He jumped up, caught at the mantle shelf above him and immediately sank on the floor.

CHAPTER XXV

The Head of the Horseman

WICKHAM sprang across the study and seized the gun which had fallen close to where Dr. Hailey was lying. He opened it as a man breaks a stick and exclaimed in lively astonishment. He unloaded it and flung it down on the sofa where lock, stock, and barrel lay huddled together. Then he bent over the doctor.

A thin stream of blood was running from a cut on Dr. Hailey's brow. His face had become exceedingly pale and his breathing was labored. The detective called him by name several times and then, growing alarmed, rang the bell. When Nagge appeared he told him to call Duxford. He pressed his handkerchief on the wound and succeeded very easily, in stopping the bleeding. Duxford entered the room followed by Ned.

"Shut the door," Wickham ordered, "and lock it on the inside."

"What has happened?"

"I don't know."

Duxford's cheeks were almost bloodless when he knelt beside the doctor, a circumstance which did not escape Wickham's notice. The detective turned and glanced at Ned, who had obeyed his order and was standing beside the door. Ned, too, looked fear-stricken.

"He's been stunned," Duxford said in the tones of a man who has seen a ghost.

"Is it serious?"

"I don't think so. He's got a good pulse."

"The head of that ornament fell down and struck him."

The detective indicated one of the John Oldmay's bronze horsemen.

Duxford rose to his feet. His eyes remained fixed on the shining barrels of the gun. He drew his hand across his brow on which beads of perspiration were standing.

"Head injuries shouldn't be moved," he declared in mechanical tones. "At least not until consciousness returns."

"Hadn't we better get a pillow?"

"I think not. The head should be kept low."

Wickham remained silent for a few moments. He glanced from Duxford to Ned and then back to Duxford. Both remained under the influence of an extreme agitation.

"I happened to come in here a few minutes ago," he said. "Hailey was seated in that chair with a gun between his knees. The muzzle of the gun was in his mouth and his hand was on the trigger. Happily he had his back to me. I picked up a book from the revolving bookcase and flung it at him, knocking the gun out of his hands." He spoke in staccato tones, with effort. "God knows it was a close shave."

He, too, wiped his brow. Neither of his companions spoke.

"I find it hard to believe my senses. But both barrels were loaded. Half an hour ago I'd sworn that Hailey was incapable of such a thing. This house . . . " He broke off and swept the room in a wide gesture. "My own nerves are none too steady."

A sigh, long and heavy, broke from Dr. Hailey's lips. Duxford started. like a man surprised in crime. He stepped back, reeled and would have fallen had not Ned caught him in his arms. Wickham saw the doctor's eyes open.

"Only a scalp-wound, my dear Wickham." He sighed deeply. "I hold the secret of John Oldmay's death," he added. "You shall hear."

The key turned again relocking the door. Ned's figure loomed up against the door. He was no longer supporting Duxford who sat, huddled, in a big chair.

CHAPTER XXXVI

The Assassin

"I WON'T weary you," Dr. Hailey said, "by going over the ground we have covered already. John Oldmay, as you know, was suffering from cerebral typhoid and, in consequence, was taking the revelation about Ned's debts and his wife's sale of her jewels very badly. As I tried to explain to you he had fallen into that deplorable state of mind, so common in cases of inflammation of the brain, in which a sense of isolation from the accustomed stream of life is produced by relatively trifling distresses. No doubt Ned had been foolish to finance Duxford's adventure, but they were cousins, about to become brothers-in-law and the actor has built up a considerable reputation. There was nothing so very extraordinary, and certainly nothing in any way disgraceful, about the transaction. . . ."

The doctor paused. He asked for a cushion behind his head and expressed lively gratitude when Wickham brought it from the sofa.

"As for Lady Oldmay's part, it admitted at least of a reasonable explanation. In his normal state of health her husband would probably have been angry, but I think he would have recognized that his unbending attitude on the question of debt and his uncertain temper afforded if not justification at least excuse. Sooner or later he'd have seen the affair from his wife's point of view, bought back the jewels and thought no more about it. Perhaps he would never have discovered anything, because the copies had been made and worn some time before the increase in visual acuity which accompanied the attack of fever, led to his detecting them. But where a normal mind would have made allowances a mind inflamed by disease gave itself to despair. The first part of that licentious pessimism was the transmutation of the sense of loneliness into the thought of death."

Again the doctor paused. His voice had become stronger but the effort of concentrating his thoughts seemed to be greatly exhausting.

"The thought of death," he continued, "is of course present to every human mind at all times. But, usually, it is buried deep in the unconscious. We think without thinking—though that unacknowledged thought influences all our conduct. The nearer the thought of death approaches to the threshold of the conscious mind, to consciousness, the greater becomes the influence exerted by it. I had a patient once who dreamed that he was protecting his wife from an assassin approaching to kill her. He was stricken with great fear when it was revealed to him, suddenly in his dream, that the murderer he dreaded was himself.

"This was a case of extreme jealousy, in which, I feel sure, thoughts of murder had lurked in the husband's subconsciousness. John's mind was obsessed with the loneliness of death. He felt that death, in some violent shape—for his discovery of his isolation from his family had come with the effect of a heavy blow—was close beside him. More than that, he was dimly aware that the features of his foes were known to him, though he could not recall them to his mind. He had not, when he wrote to you and to Carpenter, recognized the assassin as himself.

"That was to come. Now let me turn to my own process of reasoning. As commonly happens with me, I got a lead when Duxford told you that he was unaware of the direction of the currents in the bay. I felt quite sure that he could not be ignorant of those currents and Ned, whom I questioned, confirmed my opinion. Why had Duxford tried to hide his knowledge?"

Dr. Hailey awaited an answer to his question. Wickham shook his head.

"I have no idea."

"I argued that, since he disclaimed knowledge, his knowledge must be unusually complete. For, had he possessed only the ordinary information he would certainly not have troubled to deny his possession of it. Why should he? Everybody here knows about the circulating current. He took a risk in denying such commonplace information. I concluded that if I could discover the reason of his reticence I should discover something of material importance. I went to his bedroom and found there what I expected to find, namely an Admiralty chart of the bay and its currents. I had, as you know, obtained the same chart for myself.

"Duxford, therefore, had informed himself especially about the very subject of which he pretended to be ignorant. His chart was marked in two places. First there was a cross in pencil exactly where John Oldmay's body was taken out of the water by the police; in the second place a line had been drawn between the lighthouse on Holy Island and the lightship outside of the bay. This line had been continued right across the chart to the bathing beach. A cross, near the beach, marked the spot where, as I myself had determined, the murder took place and where we found John Oldmay's dental plate."

"Good Heavens!"

For the first time Wickham showed real interest. He put on his spectacles and bent toward the doctor.

"Duxford may have known, before the event, where the murder was going to take place," Dr. Hailey continued, "but he cannot have known where the body was going to be found by the police, do you agree?"

"Of course."

"Very well, then, either he marked his chart on two different occasions—the first time to show the place of

the murder and the second time to show where the body was taken from the water—or all the markings were made at the same time. I found it difficult to understand why it should be necessary to mark the place where the body was found by the police unless it was desired to establish a relationship between that place and the place where the murder was committed.

"In other words Duxford's chart suggested that he had followed the same method as I had followed and for the same reason. Given the place where the body was found, he desired, as I had desired, to discover the place where the murder had taken place. As his chart showed, he reached the same result as I reached. I needn't trouble you with that because we worked out the influence of the circulating current fully this afternoon. The question I want to ask is: Why did Duxford desire to know where the murder had taken place?"

Again there was silence. Wickham shook his head.

"Let me amplify my explanation," Dr. Hailey said, "by telling you that I found one of John Oldmay's collars in Duxford's wardrobe and that the collar was streaked with human blood."

He paused, watching the tension of the muscles in the detective's face. He moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"Why did Duxford want to know where the murder had taken place? I confess I could not answer that question, even with the blood-stained collar before me, until I turned my attention to the long pencil-line running across the chart and connecting the lighthouse with the lightship. Another question presented itself: Why, in his search for the place where the murder took place, did Duxford thus indicate the positions of these lights relative to the bathing beach. The answer, I felt sure, must be that he proposed to visit the scene of the murder at night. He could be certain when the lighthouse and lightship were in line, of being in the neighborhood of the place he had marked as the scene of the murder.

"All he had to do to reach that place if the tide was low, was to pace the distance from highwater mark. Supposing that he approached the place by boat, as we did, a lead line would give him his bearings.

"The adventure at the boathouse, last night, began to assume a new significance. I asked myself if it was possible that Duxford had played the chief part in that adventure. I recalled that I had heard footsteps passing the door of my bedroom—Duxford's bedroom, as you know, is so situated that he must pass my door to reach the stair. The man who passed my door left the house by the window of this room—because one may open a window with less noise than is likely to be occasioned by unbolting and unlocking a heavy front door. He went to the boathouse and took out the boat with the fixed rowlocks—the rowlocks of the other boat being in your possession. He rowed to a point at which, as I can testify from personal observations, the lighthouse and the lightship were in line. And he came as close in shore as the ebb tide permitted. Can you guess what his purpose was?"

"The dental plate," Wickham said in tense accents.

"I think so. I think that he had put himself to all this trouble in order to deposit John Oldmay's dental plate on the one spot to which a study of the available evidence must point as the scene of the murder. He used the boat in order to leave no footprints on the sand. I was imprudent in that I forgot the beams of the lighthouse must have indicated my presence, however dimly, and I suppose that I ought to have made use of my electric lamp, but I was afraid of advertising my presence. The occupant of the boat must have thrown the plate ashore, making a guess (a good one as we know) at the distance. I feel sure he knew that he was being watched because as soon as he reached the boathouse he searched the darkness with his lamp. Again I acted mistakenly in hiding behind the house, but I was afraid that, if he recognized me, I should miss what seemed like a good opportunity of learning something. Before I had time to turn my lamp upon him he had brought the boat into the house. What happened then?"

"I don't know."

The detective's voice betrayed his impatience to hear the end of the story.

"You do know, my dear Wickham, that Carpenter, who had heard me going out, joined me at the boathouse, that I sent him back to get the key, and that he returned with Nagge and Duxford. You know, too, that the key of the boathouse was found on its hook and that Duxford was in bed. How can Duxford have been in the boathouse and in his bed at the same moment?

"Consider the circumstances. The tide was low, therefore there was no great depth of water in the boathouse. If Duxford left the boat the moment he brought it into the house it can have taken him only a couple of minutes to wade out of the house and come ashore in the bay. If he did that then, as he came ashore, he must have seen Carpenter coming down to the boathouse, for Carpenter carried a torch and lit it, as he told me, every step or two. Duxford might now have gone straight back to the house, but he didn't do this because he left no footprints on the sand.

"What he did do, apparently, was to run along the sand, close to the water's edge, till he came to the Breamish brook and then wade up the brook to the dunes.

"In five minutes at the outside he

was back at the house and, as Carpenter had left the front door open, had nothing to do but hang up the key to the boathouse, strip off his bathing suit and get into bed. He was wearing a bathing suit. I looked for it and found it, rolled away and still damp, in a drawer in his wardrobe. So it's obvious that he had considered what steps he would take in the event of being surprised."

"But he returned to the boathouse," Wickham said dubiously.

"Yes, in response to Carpenter's request. He couldn't very well refuse to do so, could he? And in any case he had a plan ready to put into execution. He was dressed in a black dressing-gown. In the pockets of that gown was a pair of leather gloves and John Oldmay's yellow crystal paperweight. How do I know? This afternoon I examined the bow of the boat where I found the yellow crystal. The wood is heavily indented, evidently by the crystal. The crystal can only have been thrown from the door of the house.

"You see the inference? Duxford remained with me when I unlocked the boathouse door. He was standing close behind me, an invisible figure in his black gown. It was the crystal, which he flung at it, which smashed my electric torch. The crystal went thudding into the boat below, meanwhile Duxford jumped in front of me so that, when I tried to shut the door I encountered him. The illusion of some one escaping from the shed was complete and says a lot for his powers as an actor.

"He hit me in the wind when I tried to hold him, for he knew exactly, of course, where I was standing. The rest was high comedy, or farce, though I'm bound to say he gave an excellent rendering of a man who has been knocked out. That touch about the smell of garlic was superb."

"He's a doctor," said Wickham grimly.

"Quite. And that explains also why he wore gloves when handling the crystal. He avoided leaving his fingerprints on the glass. The crystal, though, cut his glove. I found a fragment in the cut. Now we come to the crystal. Why should he have chosen so remarkable a missile?"

Again Wickham's impatience was manifested in his assurance that he had no idea.

"Let me say that no ordinary explanation is going to suffice here. It's certain that this man acted in this way because he was driven to do so, forced by circumstances or emotions which were, for him, irresistible. What was the position of affairs at the moment when Duxford flung the dental plate on to the sands? You were convinced that Ned had murdered his father and were in possession of evidence that seemed to be conclusive. Every attempt to shake that evidence had failed and you were already armed with a warrant for Ned's arrest. But the discovery of the dental plate shook that evidence to its foundations. Perhaps it's not too much to say that it saved Ned from the gallows."

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Lure of Death

DR. HAILEY raised his eyes as he spoke and looked at Wickham steadfastly.

"Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Do you agree that Duxford's adventure was undertaken, in all probability, to save his cousin?"

"It seems a reasonable conclusion."

"It was the finding of the plate at the very spot from which the body must have come—taking into consideration the movements of the current—that convinced you that the murder had occurred at that place?"

"Yes."

"And the escape of the midnight visitor made the arrest of anyone difficult till his identity had been proved?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now come back to Duxford. He was in possession of his uncle's blood-stained collar as well as of his false teeth. Yet John Oldmay was wearing his bathing suit when the police found him, and the dental plate was not then in his mouth. How did the actor become possessed of these things? And why was he ready to take such great personal risks to save his cousin if, in fact, he himself was the murderer? Murderers are not careful of other people's skins."

"If Ned was the murderer . . ." Wickham interrupted.

"If Ned was the murderer, I can't see how that blood-stained collar came into Duxford's possession—nor how the dental plate was secured—assuming, that is, that the murder took place in the sea. Come back to the facts of the case. You have shown yourself, and I accept your proof, that John Oldmay cannot have been murdered where the dental plate was found. Very well, then, he wasn't murdered at that spot.

"But it is equally certain that he wasn't murdered at any other spot in the bay, because, had he been, the body would have been carried round in the circulating current and stranded, or, if the place was far inshore, it would have remained stranded. In any event it is long odds that the police would have seen it at once, which they didn't. We're compelled, therefore, to assume that the murder took place outside the bay and that the body was carried into the bay by the main current. But this, too, is impossible, for John Oldmay, good swimmer as he was, had no time to swim

beyond the reach of the circulating current. Isn't the conclusion obvious, namely, that the murder did not take place in the sea or on the shore?"

"But, my dear doctor, three separate people saw John go out to his bath. Surely you don't suggest . . ."

"Wait a bit. If the murder didn't take place in the bay, then, either the dead body was deposited where we found the dental plate or it was conveyed some distance out to sea—one or other of these hypotheses must be right owing to the set of the currents. As I've said, the objection to the idea that the body was deposited inshore is that nobody saw it there, though several people looked for it. On the other hand, we have the blood and hair on the rowlock to suggest that it was carried by boat."

Wickham started.

"Good Heavens, is that the explanation?"

"I think so." Dr. Hailey moved himself again. "If it was carried by boat the object, evidently was to take it so far out that the injuries, if it was ever again found, would be put down to a blow from the propeller of a passing steamer. The object was to suggest accident, and, had the current not brought the body inshore at a very early moment, the plan would no doubt have succeeded. That doesn't concern us. What we have to answer now is the question how the yellow crystal, which used to stand on the bookcase behind me, there, found its way into Duxford's pocket? How it got broken . . . And how, of the fragments broken from it, one remained on the rug, another got embedded in the coal-glove, while a third was taken by me from Nagge's finger. The yellow crystal, believe me, is the connecting link. I began to realize its significance when I remembered that Nagge came down to the boat-house last night carrying a shotgun."

Dr. Hailey indicated the gun on the sofa.

"In the stock of that gun I found a further fragment of the crystal embedded in the wood."

He sighed and remained silent a moment. When he resumed his voice had fallen almost to a whisper.

"The story begins," he said, "when John Oldmay went out to post the letters he had written to you and Carpenter. At that moment he was obsessed by the fear of approaching death, fever stricken, hunted, but not, I think, aware as yet of the personality of the foe whom he knew to be treading close on his heels. Somewhere in the darkness, under the night, with the boom of the falling waves in his ears, knowledge came to him. He saw the face of the assassin and recognized it as his own. I think that, in that instant, his mind was raised to a new plane. Like all men of great ability and great success he was an egoist. He lived, to some extent, remote from his fellows. Yet he desired that his fellows should come close to him. They had refused. His own people, or so he thought, had drawn away from him. To his tortured brain the contemplation of death, a short time before so distressing, became agreeable, even alluring. When he was gone they would regret him. He would be revenged then of the ingratitude and neglect which had driven him out of the world.

"He returned to the house. He got that shotgun and brought it in here. He loaded it. Then he unlocked the safe where the jewels he had bought back were lying. He spread the jewels on the desk, the rings and necklaces which were the symbols of his love. They should find them there, on the morrow, mute witnesses to the truth of his feelings. I think he handled them for some minutes, pressing them to his lips. The gun was beside him. He rose from the desk and sat down in this chair. He put the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. His hand moved along the barrels to the triggers . . ."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A Resolute Course

THE cackling of the sea-birds filled the silence, quickening it dolefully. Dr. Hailey raised himself and leaned forward, gazing into the fireplace.

"John Oldmay was not alone," he resumed. "Ned had heard him go out and had listened for his return. Ned was uneasy and sleepless. He came downstairs and crept to the door of this room. The door was ajar. He pushed it open and looked inside. He saw his father's hands on the triggers, as you saw my hands just now when I was trying to reconstruct the scene and so recapture John Oldmay's feelings. What you felt, he felt. If he cried out, or spoke a word, or tried to reach his father, tragedy was certain.

"What should he do? The yellow crystal, on the bookcase beside him, gleamed in the lamplight. He snatched it up and threw it, aiming at his father's hands. The crystal broke John Oldmay's fingers and was broken itself on the stock of the gun. It struck one of the fire-dogs, rebounded and fell on the hearth-rug. Stung with most lively pain, John Oldmay jumped up, then grew faint at the sight of the blood gushing from his wounds and reeled.

"He put up his hands to save himself and grasped that upper shelf, overburdened already with his horrible bronzes. Look, and you will see that the shelf gave way under his weight. The bronzes crashed down on his head, killing him with formidable blows. The head of one of them, that which fell and struck me a moment ago, was broken off.

"When Ned reached his father the man was dead. But he could not be sure of this. He felt he must get help at once. He rushed upstairs and wakened his cousin, Duxford, the doctor. Duxford told him the truth. Then these two decided, as I think rightly, upon a resolute course. They decided that the truth about John Oldmay's death should not be dragged into a coroner's court. Ned knew too well what the effect of disclosure must be on his mother and sister. Duxford desired only to protect Caroline from lifelong sorrow, perhaps—having regard to her nervous constitution—from a still more terrible fate.

"Ned went upstairs to his father's room and fetched his bathing-suit. They dressed the body in the bathing suit and Ned took the clothes they had removed up to the bedroom and disarranged the bed. They carried the body to the boathouse and put it in one of the boats, that with the movable rowlocks. Ned rowed the boat into the bay while Duxford walked barefooted down the sand into the water and was picked up.

"The tide was low and would not be at high-water until after the time of the dead man's bath in the morning. There would therefore be footprints on the sand, going down into the water, when the search for the body began. They rowed far out, as they thought beyond the reach of the inshore current, and launched the body into the sea, hoping that it would be carried far away. If it was found, the assumption must be that the swimmer had been struck by some vessels. Miscalculation of the distance necessary to escape from the inshore current was their only mistake."

Dr. Hailey paused. He pressed his hand rather wearily on his wound.

"When they returned to the house they found the dental plate. It had been dislodged by the muzzle of the gun when the gun was struck by the crystal. The wounds had not bled much, because death had occurred instantaneously, but there was blood on the collar. Duxford took charge of that and the dental plate. He cleaned the crystal on the coal glove.

"Ned thrust the jewels into the pocket of his dressing-gown, meaning to remove them from the house so that his mother should never know they had been bought back. Perhaps they lay down, I don't know. At seven o'clock in the morning Ned left the house and went down to the boats. He rowed out to a point from which he could command a view of the bathing beach and signal if it was clear. He pretended to busy himself with a fishing line. Duxford, meanwhile, had been making up as he had done for his part of Macbeth at the village theatrical entertainment. He told me himself that his Macbeth was modeled on his uncle. The photograph of the play in the drawing-room shows how excellent was the likeness achieved.

"He was in hunting dress, with his top-boots slung round his neck. His uncle's big red dressing-gown, into the pocket of which they had put the key of the safe, according to the dead man's custom, covered him completely except at the neck. He wrapped a towel round his neck just as the dead man had always done. For the rest he trusted to his powers as an actor.

"It must have been a great shock to encounter Caroline, but she noticed only a certain tension in the gait of the man she supposed to be her father. The postman and the housemaid observed nothing. Ned, from his boat, signaled that the beach was clear. Duxford then emerged from the dunes and deposited gown and towel and shoes at the place where the footsteps made during the night led into the sea. Returning by the brook to the shelter of the dunes, he drew on his boots. He strolled back to the house and called for his breakfast. Complete success had been achieved and only the return of the body and the suspicion which, in consequence, attached to Ned, defeated the plan. It became necessary then to play the last card—the dental plate or confess everything.

"To their great credit these young men were determined not to confess if silence could, by any possibility, be maintained. I fancy Duxford chose the crystal as a missile to extinguish my lamp because it was less likely to be seen than any other available. Besides he had it in his pocket."

The lights in the room were switched up suddenly. Dr. Hailey started to his feet and turned to the door. He saw Ned standing guard over the door, as though determined still to prevent this secret from reaching the ears of his mother and sister. Duxford sat near him, completely recovered, though a little pale from his ordeal.

"I had no idea that you were in the room," the doctor said.

Ned's eyes flashed.

"I congratulate you, sir," he exclaimed in tones which challenged and pleaded.

The doctor turned to Wickham.

"Carpenter tells me that he knows something about sharks. He has no doubt that John Oldmay encountered the shark the Pykewood fisherman afterwards landed. He's ready to swear to it. A coroner's jury of fisherfolk would have small difficulty in accepting that explanation. What do you say?"

Wickham took off his spectacles and wiped them.

"That," he stated in deliberate tones, "will be the view of the case which I shall have the honor to submit to the coroner tomorrow on behalf of Scotland Yard."

THE END.

MURDER ISLAND

by

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The Illustrated DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

The Bridegroom Slayer

(*Continued from page* 13)

Meanwhile Harris, in Virginia, not knowing when she would select the fatal pill, waited. It might be tonight, it might be tomorrow night, or the next night—but it must be by the fourth night.

On the evening of the fourth day he started back for New York, knowing what awaited him. He arrived at his lodgings without hearing a thing of Helen Potts. He bathed, shaved, and put on clean linen and freshly pressed clothing, steeling himself for the ordeal he must face. Then he went, just before noon, to the Comstock School to learn what had happened.

Helen Potts was scarcely dead when he rang the doorbell and learned that his diabolical plot had been successful.

All this the clever young reporters of *The World* dug up and published in screaming headlines. The prominence of Harris's family and the human interest of the case caught the attention of the newspaper reading public and made the case celebrated.

Harris went on trial for the murder of Helen Potts on January 14, 1892, more than eleven months after the death of his bride. Francis L. Wellman, who later became a leader of the New York bar, prosecuted his case. Harris was represented by John A. Taylor, another leader of the bar, who was assisted by William Travers Jerome, who later became one of New York's most famous district attorneys and prosecuted Harry Thaw for the killing of Stanford White.

The case was purely circumstantial but the circumstances were woven into a net by Mr. Wellman, from which Harris could not escape. After a trial which occupied practically the whole of the city's attention, the jury returned a verdict of guilty and Harris was sentenced to the electric chair.

The case of course was appealed, and Harris, dissatisfied with his counsel, discharged Taylor and Jerome and employed Howe and Hummel, whose reputation was as successful as it was unsavory. Attorney Howe, in appealing for a new trial, brought before Recorder Smyth, of General Sessions, a number of affidavits purporting to show that Helen Potts was a drug addict and had access to large quantities of morphine.

It is not on record that Recorder Smyth smiled at the criminal lawyer's efforts to besmirch the name of the dead girl, who could not possibly have been of the character he described, but he refused to allow a new trial. Then an appeal for executive clemency was made and Governor Flower, realizing that New York was divided and bitterly argumentative over the verdict, appointed ex-Senator George Raines, who was so well known as the father of the Raines Law Hotel Statute, to hear what evidence Harris's counsel could produce, and as a commissioner to determine whether there was ground for executive clemency.

Ex-Senator Raines heard evidence for nearly a week and during the last week of April, 1893, reported that he could find no grounds for clemency. Governor Flower immediately notified Harris that he would not interfere.

In the meantime Harris had taken a novel method of pleading his case before the court of public opinion. He wrote long articles for the newspapers which were published under scare heads. He made appeals to various persons of prominence, in the names of his mother and grandfather, who stuck by him to the end. He argued with his guards, the warden of Sing Sing, the chaplain, who failed to bring him to a state of repentance, any one who would listen to him and perhaps describe the conversation to a newspaper man.

He exhibited no fear of the chair or of death and he maintained until the end that he was entirely innocent of the crime of which he was convicted. He would not weaken or show emotion—he was all cold and callous. It was apparent, after his actions had been observed in the death cell, that he could have waited in Virginia, without weakening, calmly wondering on what day his bride would take the fatal pill.

On the day he was electrocuted he was calm, perhaps calmer than any one who saw him die. For an hour before the call came for him to walk to the chair, he argued theology with the prison chaplain and was triumphant when he drove home arguments denying a future life or the existence of God. He looked as serene when he stepped into the death chamber as if he were entering upon some casual inquiry and he smiled at those who hurried him to the chair so that the agony of waiting might not be prolonged. He had no last message to send, no confession to make, and he died nonchalantly, without a quaver.

There are those, old men and women now, who still believe that Carlyle Harris went to his death nearly forty years ago for a crime that he did not commit.

But those who saw the man, heard him talk and knew the history of his case, are, with Recorder Smyth and Mr. Wellman, satisfied that in that case of circumstantial evidence, the jury judged correctly of the guilt of the prisoner.

Had there been the slightest possibility of any other person having murdered Helen Potts, Harris's counsel and the private detectives which they employed with such ostentation to delve into the case would certainly have found some clue.

But the fact is that the pure and innocent schoolgirl was so unsophisticated, so apparently unworldly wise and had lived a life so guarded, that it would have been impossible for her to have gone wrong without her derelictions having been known.

Her two room-mates could not possibly have overlooked her addiction to drugs if there had been any addiction. They lived in the close intimacy of school girls, three in a bedroom, and saw each other practically every hour of the day.

Harris, on the other hand, was the type of which murderers are made. Helen Potts was not the only girl he had loved briefly. While his bride was quaking with terror over her problems of maternity, after he had promised to make public their marriage within a very short time, he had been ejected from a hotel in Canandaigua to which he had taken another very young girl.

It was also shown, on evidence dug up by *The World* reporters, that while Harris and his mother were spending their summers at Asbury Park, then as now a resort for the ultra-dry and ultra-religious, while his mother was writing temperance tracts for the W. C. T. U. and delivering lectures in favor of the prohibition which was not to come for nearly thirty years, he operated a speakeasy and small gambling joint in that haven for saints.

All this was brought out at the trial. Those *World* reporters did their work well, and Carlyle Harris was found guilty of murder as much because of his low and despicable character as anything else.

Small and Smart

(*Continued from page 17*)

usually alone. It was said that he and his wife did not get along. He was known to have manifested a violent temper at times.

In February of 1916, Small called upon Winfield Chase, of Mountainview, to talk insurance with him. His would-be client made application for a $20,000 policy on both himself and his wife, specifying that in the event of the death of either, the sum was to revert to the living member of the family. For some reason this effort failed. Next he called upon Edwin Conner, agent for another company, and the pair went to Boston to file application in the home office. The first year's premium took nearly $2,000 out of Small's nest-egg of $5,000, but he had bigger sums at stake. All was quiet until the ensuing fall.

On September 27, the last members of the Lake Ossipee colony closed their cottages and departed, leaving the Smalls alone. Early that morning Conner received a call from his friend and client, Frederick Small. Small asked Conner to accompany him to Boston to "sell some insurance to friends." Conner feared he could not go, but said he would meet Small at the train if he could arrange it. Later in the morning Small phoned the grocer and ordered some things delivered. The grocer made the delivery at the back door of the Small cottage and talked with Mrs. Small at the time. Early in the afternoon Small phoned his friend Kennett at the Central House and asked him to drive him to the station in time to catch the 4:07 train. He suggested that Kennett come early—at 3:30, to be exact.

Kennett was ahead of schedule, but Small was ready, standing on the back porch, bag in hand and dressed for the trip. He had asked Kennett to bring his mail and taking the letters from him, returned to the cottage, tossed them through the back door, emerged, turned and called "Good-bye," and got into Kennett's buggy. This little episode was later to form the backbone of his alibi.

Arriving in town he found that Conner had decided to go with him. The two arrived at 8:00 o'clock that evening in Boston and registered at a hotel. They embarked upon an evening's entertainment. From time to time they had a friendly drink. They even bought post-cards and inscribing them with affectionate messages sent them to their respective wives. Small wrote on his: "Fair weather at Young's. Fred." (Young's was the hotel at which they were stopping. He added to the simple message the following "Sept. 29, 8:40 P. M." and showing it to Conner remarked, "Mrs. Small and I are very exact." They went to a play and took dinner at Clark's grill.

Upon their return to the hotel after the theater, the clerk informed Small that he was wanted on the phone. Small entered a lobby booth, leaving the door open. His caller was the innkeeper at Mountainview, and his message, that Small's house was in flames, almost burned to the ground, in fact, and that Mrs. Small was missing. "Where could they find her?" he asked. Small at once set up a wail for his darling. He appeared to have no hope that she was alive according to his listeners, and finally begged Conner to take the rest of the message. The two started back to New Hampshire that night by automobile. All the way back he speculated about "how it could have happened."

They arrived in Mountainview just before daylight. They did not go to the scene of the fire, however. Small went to the inn and ate a hearty breakfast, and Conner went to his home. Soon after sunrise, a party of men, including Small, drove to the cottage. It was in ruins. Only the cellar was smoldering. Several inches of water covered the debris in the basement floor. It had seeped

in from the lake. Small's investigation was cursory and he appeared grief-stricken. He told his helpers that they could have the several thousands of dollars' worth of jewels which "must" be in the ruins and returned to town to phone the insurance company. Conner and several others donned rubber boots and inspected the cellar. A pile of rubbish still smoking in one corner interested Conner. Taking a bucket of water he doused it, and then went back to town. In a short time he returned with the sheriff, coroner and several doctors. Under the pile of rubbish and lying in a few inches of water, they found the body of Mrs. Small. It was still easily identifiable as it had been protected by the water. Around the throat was a stout cord, indicating strangulation. In the head was a bullet wound, and eight stab wounds disfigured the body. An autopsy indicated that she had been killed about one o'clock. Small was heart-broken, when the news was brought to him in town, but he appeared shocked when the doctor asked him about the disposal of the body. "Was there anything left of it?" he asked, and upon being told that there was, seemed quite upset. He said, "Nothing is too good for her," and going out, ordered a $35.00 casket. In the meantime the sheriff was inspecting the ruins with interest. The following were his deductions: That Mrs. Small had been slain in her bedroom on the second floor; the fire had started on the first floor and was of such intensity that it had burned through the ceiling causing the bed with the body to fall upon the stove on the first floor; the stove was almost melted and in the slag were signs of thermit, readily obtainable in New Hampshire and which, when burned, produces heat of over 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and that Frederick Small had killed his wife and burned his home, expecting the evidence to be destroyed. Small was arrested. Again he wept, and ordered roses sent to the undertaker to be placed on his wife's casket.

He accused the doctor of having ordered his arrest, and told all who would give him ear that Kennett had seen him kiss his wife good-bye as they drove away the previous morning. Kennett said that there had been no answer to Small's "Good-bye." Conner told the sheriff that on the way back to Mountainview from Boston, Small had said several times, "Do you suppose there will be any question with Merritt?" Merritt was the insurance agent. He talked of the inevitable tramps, and when a bloody towel was found in a boat near the cottage, acclaimed anew his innocence. He did not know that the man who had cut his finger and wiped it with the towel had told his own little story.

An indictment resulted at once, and the trial started in Ossipee late in December. Small was a pitiful figure. Crippled, weak and in tears most of the time, he had moments of sullen defiance. The prosecution had little trouble. Motives were easily established. Among the evidence were papers found in Small's bag when he was arrested. They contained letters of his second wife; account books and memoranda, and even the deed to the house of Lake Ossipee, with an inventory of its contents down to the last cent. Neighbors and an employee named Davis related tales of quarrels they had witnessed between the Smalls, and told of at least one occasion when Small had kicked his wife and threatened to kill her.

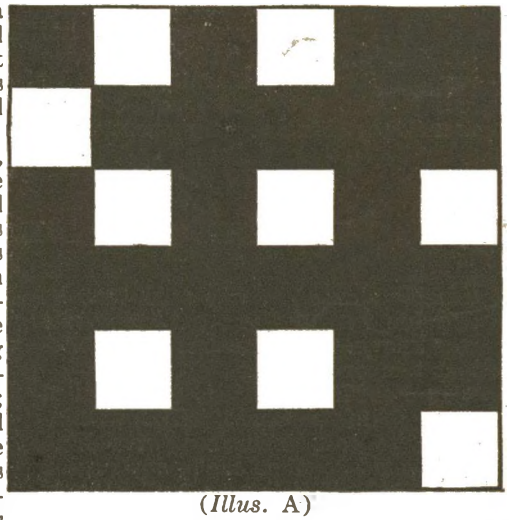
The defense was feeble at best. It rested upon Small's care-free behavior when in Boston with Conner; on his being 100 miles away when the fire started, and on Kennett's testimony that Small had at least said good-bye when they left. He reiterated his original story that Mrs. Small had not answered. The prosecution introduced another important detail. The police had found in the ruins a shattered alarm clock, with wire, dry batteries, spark-plugs and all the apparatus necessary to fire thermit.

It took the jury three hours to decide that Frederick Small must hang. When sentenced he wept and insisted upon his innocence. The sentence was carried out in the state prison at Concord on January 15, 1918, at eighteen minutes after midnight.

Codes and Ciphers

(*Continued from page* 89)

The grille, as worked out, looks like this:



(*Illus.* A)

The complete message reads as follows: "You see the codes to be square compositions." The clue was in the letters THE in the fifth and sixth rows. If you decided to select these for your three squares and then gave your paper a half-turn you discovered SQU in the first and second rows. In the third row, immediately below SQU, was the combination ARE. The whole made SQUARE. It is true that you might have spelled SQUIRE, but SQUARE was a much more likely word. This gave you six out of the nine necessary openings in your grille, and by using these and checking off the letters there should have been no difficulty with the solution. Send us some grille composed messages and let us have a try at them.

No Night for Murder

(*Continued from page* 23)

played because he had been, time and again, befriended by the physician, and to a lesser degree because he disliked LeBoeuf.

The relationship between Dr. Dreher and Ada LeBoeuf, and between Dreher and Beadle converged in the moon-light murder on Lake Palroude. Jim LeBoeuf, drawing hatred as a magnet attracts steel scraps, was driven to this converging point, and paid the penalty for his swaggering, brutal and passion-ruled life.

The taciturn Beadle, whose story of the actual killing the jury believed, began serving his life sentence months before the appeals for his companions were exhausted.

Ada LeBoeuf and Dr. Dreher have gone to the scaffold. She was led out first. When standing on the trap, while the noose was being adjusted, Ada complained that the sheriff was too rough and hurt her throat.

"Don't let me hang there too long. Don't let me suffer any more than I have to. Isn't this a terrible thing? This is murder itself! Oh, don't make the rope too tight!"

Just before she dropped, she offered a prayer for the executioner.

Dr. Dreher came out next.

"Two innocent souls gone to their deaths for a crime they did not commit! Mr. Charlie," he said to the sheriff, "ain't your heart aching?" Sheriff Pecot answered, "Yes, sir. But you'll soon be out of your suffering." A few seconds later the trap was sprung.

The State had claimed its forfeit, and so James LeBoeuf, passionate even in death, had his vengeance.

HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS....

but

SHE WAS A WOMAN

the Incomparable

NORMA SHEARER

in THE

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with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
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