



SIXTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: A card game is in session in Elmer Henderson's penthouse atop a New York skyscraper. The players are: Henderson, Police Inspector Flaherty, Martin Frazier, Archie Doane, Max Michaelis, and his friend, Williams, a stockbroker.

Doane leaves the party early when Fitzgerald fails to appear. A short time later he telephone Inspector Flaherty with the frantic news that he has found Fitzgerald and Miss Lane dead in Lydia Lane's penthouse apartment.

When Flaherty and the medical examiner reach the apartment they find that Miss Lane is still alive. She is rushed to a hospital where blood transfusions and care promise to restore her.

All circumstantial evidence points to Archie Doane as the murderer, especially when the murder gun is found carefully planted in the chimney clean out in the basement.

"Did you see or hear that incident yourself?" asked the lawyer. "No, but it was generally gossip around the studio."

"I'll get up again, Dan, that you ought to find this girl Adele," said Michaelis. "You are composing as well as a dramatist as those things."

"Miss Lane never had a man in her life when she was in New York. The mail is up for the evening, so you'll see Saturday. Fitz Fitzgerald called Miss Lane on her telephone and she came to the door. She found him because he had come to her apartment."

"They quarrel violently. Adele who perhaps is really afraid of Fritz and may have taken the pistol from the property room at the studio for self-defense, comes in and misinterprets their altercations or perhaps interprets correctly Fitz's intention toward her mistress. She obtains the pistol from the place where she had concealed it, fires at Fitz and missing him, wounds Miss Lane. Fitz rushes to take the gun from her, he was no coward and she shoots him through the heart as he overtakes her in the hall by the telephone stand."

"What would a servant naturally do then, in a panic? She would call for help, hide the pistol and vanish. Where would a servant naturally think of hiding a revolver? In the cellar. She had both keys to the apartment. She could slip down the cellar without being noticed."

"Archie," he went on suddenly turning to Doane, "are you sure it was Miss Lane's voice you heard over the telephone? It could not have been that of Adele, by any chance?"

"I was sure at the time," replied Doane slowly. "I hadn't thought of any other possibility. Now, on reflection, I am still sure. Adele's voice and Miss Lane's are in the same register, but there are overtones which make them distinctly different to one who knows them both. It was Lydia's voice."

my profession, you know, one has to cultivate a verbatim memory. The words were: "Come quickly! Hurry! Something terrible has happened! Then there was a loud scream, and nothing more."

"Why do you say that Adele would not have used that phraseology?" asked Inspector Flaherty. "Because the words were an exact quotation from Miss Lane's part in the talking picture we are making," was Doane's reply. "Adele might have heard them, but she would not use them as the first words to spring to her mind under stress. It would be natural for Lydia to have done that, as that part of the picture was rehearsed many times. All actors fall into the habit of quoting from their parts in ordinary conversation, it's subconscious with them."

"Still, I see something in Max's idea," said the Inspector. "Has Tony come up with the janitor yet? Tony? Bring your man in here and take my instructions."

"I've got you to go through everything in the paid's room, next to the kitchen, and see if you can find any letters or anything at all that might be to her credit."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said the Inspector. "You don't know how deep your friend Adele may be in this, or whether she's in it at all. Has she been in your cellar this evening, by any chance?"

"Early in the evening, sir. She came to give me a French newspaper. About six o'clock that would be a little before Miss Lane if just come in, she said and so she left the night."

"You stand like a soldier. Were you ever in the Army?" "No, but I was on the force, sir. Retired for disability ten years ago, and with my pension and the wages I get here I'm managing to send a boy through college. Name's Jenkins, sir."

"I'll take your statement as true, Jenkins," said the Inspector. "One thing more do you know the girl who works for Miss Lane—Adele?" "Adele Marceau? Very well, sir. She's a fine young woman. We get along very well together; she calls me 'Uncle,' you see, I'm French on my mother's side and I've always had the language, so she likes to come down and talk to me. I hope she isn't mixed up in this terrible affair, sir? Is it true that Miss Lane will pull through?"

"It looks that way," the Inspector replied. "We don't know how deep your friend Adele may be in this, or whether she's in it at all. Has she been in your cellar this evening, by any chance?" "Early in the evening, sir. She came to give me a French newspaper. About six o'clock that would be a little before Miss Lane if just come in, she said and so she left the night."

"Did she have anything else in her hand besides the newspaper?" "Only a bag, such as ladies carry their lipstick and such in."

"Was it possible that she had a revolver? You saw the one that was found in your chimney clean out. Could she have put that there at that time or at any time?" the Inspector demanded.

"It's possible, of course, but I should say unlikely, sir," replied Jenkins. "I was getting the ash cans up to the sidewalk on the hoist when she came down, and how long she had been there I couldn't say. She stopped only a moment after I saw her. Just gave me the paper, said she was off to her other job."

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"Heh other job, eh? What's that?" "I forgot you didn't know, sir. For that matter, even Miss Lane doesn't know. Adele was afraid she might not like her earning the extra money so she let Miss Lane think she had a lover. But she works in a night club every Saturday night. It's their busy night, you know, and they put on extra attractions. She has a song and dance act, I believe—something quite Parisian, —A La Montmartre, if you understand what that means."

"A bit off color, eh? Does she do this act under her real name?" "Oh, no, sir; she has a stage name. 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres' it is. She's saving her money to help her old father over in France buy a piece of land, she told me."

"Do you know which night club it is she works in?" "No, but it is somewhere in the West Fifties."

"Tony!" the Inspector called, and Detective Martinelli came in. "Her name's Marceau, Chief," he said.

"I know it, and her stage name's 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres' and she works in a night club in the West Fifties every Saturday night. Now get busy and find the dame," the Inspector ordered. Then he turned to the others. "We've gone as far as we can go to-night," he said. "It's almost three o'clock in the morning. Say we adjourn to some place where we can get a bite and then try to get some sleep between now and two-thirty this afternoon. Max, if you'll be

responsible for Doane, I'll let him go in your custody. Agreed?

"I'll produce him whenever he's wanted, Dan," responded the lawyer. "There are one or two things I wish you'd do for me, though."

"Shoot!" said Flaherty. "I'm getting sleepy."

"First, have Headquarters get a record of all telephone calls from this number between six o'clock and eleven-fifty-five."

"Second, ask the Medical Examiner to have Fritz's body taken to a mortuary and a careful examination of it made for any other wounds, scratches or abrasions of the skin on any part of the body."

"Hear that, Doc?" the Inspector said to the Medical Examiner. "I don't know what it means, except that Max has got one of his theories."

"Hardly even a theory yet," said Michaelis. "I need a few more facts. What I want to know, Doctor, is whether there is, anywhere on any part of Fitzgerald's body, anything of the sort that you medical men call, I believe, a 'solution of continuity' of the skin, and if so, of what nature and where?"

"That's easy enough," the examiner assented. "I'll have the report in your office by noon, Inspector."

"One more thing before we go, Dan," the lawyer persisted. "I want you and Frazier to join me in Miss Lane's dressing room for a moment."

He led the way and the others, wondering, followed. "Look at these shoes," said Michaelis, "and tell me whether the soles have been wet recently."

"Dry as a bone," pronounced the Inspector. "And this fur coat. Has that been wet spotted with water?" "Doesn't look like it," the others agreed.

"She might have worn rubbers," suggested Frazier. "Where are they?" asked Michaelis. He opened the door of a dressing closet and disclosed a shoe rack which held a dozen or more pairs of shoes, all of which were perfectly dry.

"I'll tell you about it after we've talked with Miss Lane," replied the lawyer, as the group broke up. "And I don't think I'll go with you Dan; I want to get Archie to bed in a place where he'll be sure of a night's sleep, and I've got some work to do myself. By the way, Doctor," he went on addressing the Medical Examiner, "who would you call the best authority in New York on narcotics?"

"Doctor Smith of Cornell Medical College," replied the examiner, after a moment's thought. "George T. Smith."

"Do you happen to know who stands high in glandular therapy?" "Two or three good men. Bartow is perhaps the most thorough as well as the most competent."

"Thanks, Doctor. A client of mine wanted to know. Good night, Dan. Frazier going with you? Good night, Martin. We're all to meet at Center street at two-thirty? Correct. Good Night."

He hailed a passing taxi and climbed into it, accompanied by Doane, "I'm taking you to my club," he said. "I'm going to turn you over to Peters, who has charge of the baths. After he has finished steaming and sweating and rubbing you, and fed you a glass of hot milk your nerves will be calm enough to let you get some sleep. I'm going to my house and rout a few people out of bed over the telephone. I'll pick you up at noon and we'll have breakfast together. Don't worry. Everything will come out all right, so rest easy until I return."

"You've got a theory, then?" asked Doane. "Not a theory yet; only a hunch. But you're not to think about this miserable business any more. Here we are at the club. Now don't forget to do what I told you to. Keep calm."

He left Doane in the friendly hands of Peters and went on to his own home, whence he proceeded to carry out his threat to rout several persons out of bed by telephone and have explicit and definite talks with them.

"Miss Lane is doing splendidly," said Martin Frazier, as he joined Inspector Flaherty, Max Michaelis and Archie Doane in the Inspector's office at half past two on Sunday afternoon. "I've just got word from the hospital. It was a close call, Carrel says, as she is what the doctors call a 'hemophile'—a bleeder; the blood doesn't coagulate. But a single transfusion fixed that after they had stopped the flow from the bullet wound. There was a puzzling angle to the case, they told me. For a long time after she regained consciousness she acted as if she had been under the influence of some narcotic and was having difficulty throwing off its effects."

Max Michaelis' eyebrows lifted and his thin lips curled in a slight smile. "Has that got something to do with your theory, Max?" asked the Inspector.

"It has a thing to do with it," replied the lawyer. "I can see Miss Lane? What did the doctor say?"

"He said that one person could talk to her for a few minutes and she'd be all right again."

"I'll go up right away but first let me see what the nurse has to say. Where is the 'hemophile' Inspector? He's out of the office."

The Medical Examiner, as writing outside, I personally made a minute examination of the body, as requested," he reported. "I found no scratches or abrasions of the skin, but in the calf of the left leg there was a puncture, somewhat larger than a pin prick."

"Could it have been made by a hypodermic needle, Doctor?" asked Michaelis. "That is what it suggested to me," was the reply.

Again Max Michaelis smiled his enigmatic smile, as he thanked the medical man. "What about those telephone calls?" he asked the Inspector. Larkin laid a memorandum on Flaherty's desk.

"The telephone company reports that there were no calls from Miss Lane's phone between two P.M. and eleven twenty-four," the Inspector read.

"But she telephoned me at eleven o'clock!" exclaimed Doane. "They haven't any record of it," replied Inspector Flaherty, glancing at Max Michaelis. The lawyer smiled his enigmatic smile again. "My hunch is rapidly becoming a cinch Dan," he said. "Did Marti-

nelli find the girl Adele?" "Waiting outside," replied the Inspector. "I wish you'd tell us what all that's about."

"Not the first time," retorted Michaelis. "I can't tell you a thing, Dan, until I get a telegram that I'm expecting any minute now. Have Larkin call my house and see if it's been delivered there, won't you, while we talk to the girl?"

Adele Marceau, alias Mademoiselle from Armentieres, proved to be a fluent but apparently straightforward witness, and was evidently stunned and horrified at the tragedy in her mistress's apartment. Under the alternate questions of the Inspector and Max Michaelis, with the Assistant District Attorney occasionally intervening, she said that she was alone in the apartment all Saturday afternoon, doing the weekly cleaning of the place. She had permission to leave every Saturday at six and not return until Sunday night. Miss Lane had not returned at a quarter of six, but Adele got ready to go out and had her hat on when Miss Lane arrived accompanied by M'sieur Henderson.

M'sieur Henderson, Adele said, did not come in, but left Miss Lane at the door of the apartment. "You knew Mr. Henderson? You had seen him before?" asked Max Michaelis.

"But yes. At the studio many times. Also at the Folies Bergeres."

Had you ever seen him at Miss Lane's apartment before?" "Oh, but certainly. Two times, three times—not so many as M'sieur Fitzgerald and, naturally, not so often as M'sieur Doane. But he got flowers more often than any of the other gentlemen."

"Now, just what did M'sieur Lane say and do after she came in and before you left?" asked the Inspector.

"She said, 'Adele, I've got a pin in my clothes somewhere and it's sticking in my leg. So if you can find it, I looked and there was a great pin sticking in her skin. I took it out and showed it to her. While I was looking for the pin she asked if her sum had called. I told her, 'nobody had called. She asked didn't Archie call, and M'sieur Doane call and I said no. She said she'd call him up in a minute. She was taking off her hat and gloves and I stood around trying to put her things away. She said I needn't wait, it was after six and she could look after everything herself. So I went, and that is all, M'sieurs."

"Did you lock the door after you went out? The upper lock?" asked the Inspector. "But no, so long as Mademoiselle was in, why should I?" was the reply.

"Where did you go when you left the apartment?" "But naturally, to the Folies Bergeres in Fifty-seventh street, where I perform every Saturday night."

"You didn't stop anywhere on the way, between Miss Lane's apartment and the night club?" Inspector Flaherty demanded. "But yes. I went to the cellar to give l'Oncle Jenkins a newspaper. He is the janitor and we are great friends."

"How long were you there?" "Only to give him the paper. A minute, perhaps two, perhaps three."

"You didn't hide anything in the cellar?" "But no m'sieur. What should I hide?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



The janitor's hearing suggested honesty and intelligence

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur



Country

Davis Hill

(Mrs. Floyd Sloum, Re Aug. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Orday, Mr. and Mrs. Sloum were callers at the Independence, Monday evening. Mrs. Julia Hoagland and Mrs. Floyd Sloum were Ernest Orvis's Saturday and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Perry on the Wellwood Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Halsey, Monday. Supt. and Mrs. W. G. visiting at the home of cum, Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Victor are enjoying a vacation Lake this week. Mr. and Mrs. Cecile and family and Mrs. Ed. of Canadice were visiting Hoagland's, Saturday evening. Mrs. Floyd Sloum had a party of meeting a sister in the Andover News. Mrs. Stewart of Slate Creek evening. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde S. Transburg and Mr. Frank Sloum of Shongo of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sloum.

Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Aug. 8. Mrs. A. W. Watson, Pa., is in Andover. Mrs. Maude C. Mrs. Wayne Crandall. Fourth have been passed with her parents, Mr. V. Crandall. Mr. and Mrs. Buttle Little Genesee passed Mrs. Lottie Drew. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. and Billings attended the one held at Guy Coat. Mr. and Mrs. Cleon accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Bassett to Buffalo, and Mr. Bassett entered General hospital for Messrs. Edward and all are having a wonderful fishing in the Adirondack. Messrs. Robert Spi and Claude Drew and were in Canisteo on Sunday. Mrs. Esther Bassett with Mrs. Anna Robbville. W. W. Clarke of spent Monday with h. D. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Cleo and Mrs. Earle Gree Virginia and Patricia Florence Lee, Clayton and Mr. Halsey attend reunion held at the Mrs. Merle Mattison, Mr. and Mrs. D passed Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Myrtle. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. bara and Charles, Jr in Niagara Falls with Langworthy. Miss Wanda Mattville is visiting Mr. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. R. I. tained Mrs. Mary C. Floyd Clarke Saturday it being their mother day. Miss Betty Green with Doris and Rob Andover, are taking bama. They expect days. Mrs. Charles C. Grantier and Mrs. were in Hornell Mo