

"THE ACCOMPLICE" A Glance at Current Topics and Events

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

A Unique Murder Trial as Described by the Foreman of the Jury, in Which Is Revealed the Most Astonishing and Inconceivable Act of Rascality.

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PROLOGUE.

Mr. Lambert becomes foreman of the jury in the trial of Alice Emory for the murder of her aged employer. In a series of adventures he meets the fair Barbara Frayne, friend of the accused, and helps to rescue the murdered man's housekeeper, Madeline Mapes, and Bethna Field, a maid, from Hunt, assistant to Barstow, the counsel for the defense. Lambert's interest in the case is noted by Dick Gilbert, the prosecutor, who calls him as a witness. This brings forth vigorous protest from Barstow, his utterances provoking the court. Barstow's tactics in trying to make out Madeline Mapes the murderess causes Alice Emory to demand a hearing, and she begins to tell her story, revealing her engagement to Barstow. As she unfolds her story the threads of evidence tighten about Barstow, who had told her that Hunt was the murderer, and he wished to shield him. Hunt on the stand astounds the court by revelations as to Barstow's duplicity.

The Verdict.

"DID YOU, Mr. Hunt, call at Mr. Shaw's house in Pollicet on the evening of Nov. 2?"

"I did."

"At Mr. Shaw's invitation?"

"I suppose so. We had an appointment with him."

"Whom do you mean by we?"

"Mr. Barstow and I."

"And you kept the appointment?"

"We both kept it."

"Did Mr. Barstow accompany you?"

"No, I arrived first. Barstow came later."

"Who answered the door when you arrived?"

"Miss Emory."

"Do you know who let Mr. Barstow into the house?"

"Yes, I did. I saw him coming in at the gate from the hall window and went downstairs and opened the door for him myself."

"Very well. Describe what occurred after Mr. Barstow arrived."

In the breathless silence which followed Gilbert's demand Miss Emory rose and drew her chair close beside her counsel.

"We went into Mr. Shaw's study and found him writing at his desk," began the witness. "He was excited, and when the papers were produced and he discovered that they were made out in Barstow's name he refused to sign them, saying they would put him completely in Barstow's power. This led to angry talk, but the upshot of it all was that Shaw would not yield and Barstow finally asked him how he proposed to do the business. Then Shaw drew a paper from his desk showing a transfer of all the property to Alice Emory, and the moment Barstow read this he threw it on the table, saying he would not permit the use of Miss Emory's name."

The witness paused, groping at the counsel's table with outstretched hand, and one of the attendants, interpreting the gesture, hastened forward with a glass of water. Hunt moistened his lips and sank back in his chair with a gasp.

"Did you hear Shaw's reply to Barstow's declaration?" prompted Gilbert, after a pause.

The witness nodded slowly.

"He demanded Barstow's authority for saying what Miss Emory should do or leave undone," he responded, "and Barstow declined to give it. That was the beginning of the trouble, and they soon got to talking so fast I couldn't distinguish what they said until Shaw shouted out that he'd talk about his wife in any way he pleased and thrust another paper under Barstow's nose."

"Did you see what that paper was?" interposed the judge.

"It was a copy of the will made out in favor of his wife Alice," Hunt responded, "and the moment Barstow saw it he flung it on the floor. 'You impudent rascal!' he hissed. 'You're not married to Alice Emory and you know it!' Shaw laughed in his face. 'I'm as good as married to her, and what's good enough for her and me ought to do for you,' he leered, and before I realized what was happening Barstow had him on the floor and it was all over."

The speaker's voice sank to a whisper, and in the awful silence which followed I glanced at Alice Emory. From the moment Gilbert had called the witness to the stand her expression had indicated horror, and as Hunt uttered the last words she suddenly threw her arm around Barstow's shoulder, sobbing convulsively.

"Did you not know what had happened, Mr. Hunt?" Gilbert demanded after a pause.

"Not until Barstow got up," the witness answered, "and then I saw he had a miniature foil in his hand which

Shaw used as a paper cutter. I had seen it lying on the table just a moment before."

The witness paused again, took a sip of water and waited for a prompting question.

"Did the sight of that weapon tell you what had occurred?" queried Gilbert.

Hunt shook his head.

"I never dreamed of it until Barstow gripped my arm and whispered that the man was dead," he answered, "and even then I couldn't believe it, for I dropped down beside the body and tried to restore it to life. Barstow helped me for a time, but he must have known it was useless, for as I worked he locked the door and outlined his plan to make it a case of suicide. I did whatever he ordered. He hypnotized me once, and since then I've never been able to oppose him. He owned me until—until I got this jolt on my head yesterday. Maybe that cured me."

The injured man smiled faintly and motioned the attendant to lift him higher in his chair.

"You know how we escaped," he continued. "It was Barstow who knelt in the candle drippings and gave the clew to the blue threads, but neither of us knew we had left any trace until we heard what the police had discovered; then I got panic stricken."

"How did you escape from the veranda roof?" the judge inquired. "Did you pass through the window?"

The witness glanced at the bench and smiled.

"No, sir," he answered. "The foreman gave the clew to that. We swung down from the veranda roof on a shutter of one of the kitchen windows just as Mr. Lambert suggested."

A ripple of applause started in the audience, but the judge's gavel quickly suppressed it.

"Did I understand you to say you became panic stricken after the discovery of the blue threads from Mr. Barstow's trousers?" the prosecutor continued quietly.

"Yes, sir," Hunt responded. "I wanted Barstow to get out of the country, and when he wouldn't hear of that I threatened to leave him. He soon cured me of any such notion, however, and when I was sufficiently cowed he told me his plan. He was engaged to Miss Emory, he said, and she had promised to say nothing about having seen me in the house, and she stuck to her promise, all right," he added warmly.

"Do you mean to say you plotted to shield yourself and Barstow by casting suspicion on Miss Emory?" demanded the judge disgustedly.

"No, indeed, sir," protested the witness. "I never dreamed she would be suspected until it was too late, and then Barstow argued that she was hopelessly implicated anyway, and the safest way for us all was to stick it out and get her acquitted."

"Did you know that he had told her that you were the murderer and that in shielding you she was protecting his dearest friend?" interposed the prosecutor.

"I did not," Hunt asserted. "I never knew it until Miss Frayne brought me your message saying she was swearing my life away," he added.

"You entered into Barstow's plans without any particular fear of the consequences, did you not?" suggested Gilbert.

"Well, at first it seemed as though there was little or no risk," the witness answered, "but I got panicky when Barstow told me he had retained the paper transferring Shaw's securities to Miss Emory and had it filed. After the trial was safely over he was going to marry her, he declared, and then he'd make a rich man of me. I was afraid that paper would ruin her, and when it was discovered I thought the game was up. But Barstow assured me that no harm could come to her, that he loved her and would confess rather than injure a hair of her head. It didn't take much to persuade me, anyway. I was an accomplice and Barstow never let me forget it. His only fear was that Miss Mapes and the household would make some damaging admissions, and when he finally got them out of the way he thought all the danger was over. Then Miss Mapes turned up, bringing the Field girl with her. She was in a towering rage because the case had proceeded to trial, for Barstow had promised to clear Miss Emory without a trial if she would leave the state. We knew she had destroyed Miss Emory's skirt with the idea of helping her, and Barstow was so scared that she'd make some other fool break that he wouldn't put her on the stand even to prove the exchange of rooms, and he was equally afraid the prosecution would get hold of her. I called on her the night the jury was impaneled and begged her to go away or, at least, make a clean breast of everything she knew, but I never discovered what she was keeping back until Mr. Corning told me what she blurted out about the quarrel between Shaw and Miss Emory. Of course that almost unhorsed Barstow, and he naturally turned on her to divert the attention of the jury. But Miss Emory was too loyal a friend for that, and he ought to have known it. Hadn't she risked her life to save him or his friend or somebody he called his friend? Hadn't she stood by him?"

Gilbert raised his hand and checked the excited witness, whose voice was gradually rising to a shout.

"Tell the jury how you received the injuries from which you are now suffering," continued Gilbert calmly.

"One of our men, who was keeping track of Miss Mapes and the Field girl in Melton yesterday, discovered that they wanted a carriage to get back to Pollicet," the witness responded, "and this struck Barstow as a good opportunity to get them out of the state. He made me hire a hack, remove the handles from the doors and disguise myself as a hackman. Then I was to meet the two women at a shop in town, get them into the carriage and carry them over the state line and keep them away until the trial was over. Everything worked well until some fellow tried to stop the horses, thinking they were running away, and when I was trying to dissuade him with the butt of my whip I was thrown from the box seat and fell on my head. That's all I did."

The witness' voice died away in a husky whisper, and he sank back wearily in his chair. Gilbert stooped and spoke to his assistant and then gravely addressed the court.

"That is all, your honor," he announced.

The judge leaned over his desk, gazing earnestly at Barstow, and every eye in the room centered on the lawyer, who sat quietly watching the limp figure in the witness chair.

"Does the defense wish to cross examine?" he inquired gravely.

Barstow rose and faced the court with perfect self-possession.

"The defense does not wish to cross examine," he retorted. "But the contradicted testimony of this witness demands the instant discharge of the defendant, and I renew my request that the jury be forthwith instructed to acquit."

The man's tone and manner were as rough and aggressive as they had been at the opening of the trial. To all outward appearances the testimony had no interest for him save that it was favorable to his client.

"I think it my duty to join in the defendant's request, and I therefore move that the jury be instructed to acquit the defendant at the bar."

A burst of applause followed Gilbert's solemn announcement, and the judge's gavel was powerless to suppress the tumult until Barstow rose and held up his hand.

"I withdraw my suggestion and request the court to deny the prosecutor's motion," he exclaimed as soon as he could be heard. "This defendant is entitled to the only reparation the state can make her under the circumstances, which is an unqualified verdict of not guilty at the hands of her peers. I therefore demand not as a matter of favor, but as a matter of right, that her case be submitted to the jury with no directions from the court, save to do full justice."

I do not like to think I was the only person in the room who understood the dignity of this appeal, but I know I felt like cheering it.

"The jury will retire to consider its verdict," announced the judge.

My associates rose, but before they could leave the box I held them in whispered consultation for a moment, and we quietly resumed our seats.

Then Judge Dudley nodded to the clerk, who immediately rose and faced us.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," I answered, rising as I spoke.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury?" he continued. "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the offense as charged?"

"Not guilty," I responded, but before I had completed the words they were drowned in a thunderous burst of cheering, and immediately all was wild confusion. Men leaped on the benches and howled like maniacs, women wept, and enthusiasts sought to clasp the defendant's hand, while the judge pounded his desk and attendants rushed about endeavoring to suppress the demonstration. We were still standing in our places watching this scene of frenzied joy when we heard ourselves addressed in even, earnest tones.

"Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, I thank you on behalf of my client and on my own behalf for the justice of this verdict at your hands."

Barstow stood close to the jury rail as he uttered the words, and as we stared at him in open mouthed amazement a sheriff's officer approached and whispered something in his ear.

"Certainly," we heard him answer. "Wait till I've had a chance to congratulate my client and I'll be at your service."

He moved away as he spoke, and as my eyes followed him across the room I saw Barbara Frayne greet Gilbert with outstretched hands, and they were still standing together gazing into each other's eyes as the crowd surged around them and hid them from my view.

[To be continued.]

Dirt and Disease Germs.
If we would only eliminate all the preventable causes of disease," says a noted physician, "we wouldn't know our cities and towns in two months. Our people are very careless with regard to the elimination of waste and rubbish of all kinds which carry disease germs. Nobody makes it his business to see that ordinary cleanliness and neatness are maintained. Who would think of approaching a man tearing a letter to shreds and casting it in the street and telling him he was doing wrong? Yet in Berlin a man would be arrested and fined for such an offense. We should have a similar law here and enforce it."

Naval War Games Around New York.
New York, April 19.—Plans have been completed by the navy department for the mobilization of the entire Atlantic fleet, the destroyer and submarine flotillas and the naval aviation corps off Newport on May 18. Newport will be the base of operations, which will involve the working out of a naval problem on which the war college at Newport has been busy for weeks and which will cover the coast from Nantucket to Montauk Point, the approach to Long Island sound.

The morning of May 8 the fleet will head for New York from the capes of Virginia. It is due in the North river

lagoos), died in the thick of the fighting, and the Turks poured in over his corpse to plunder and devastate his capital.

It is in what may lie under St. Sophia that the interest of archaeologists will center. These vaults have always been jealously guarded by the Turks, and few indeed have been the outsiders allowed a peep at them.

Splendid libraries, containing probably practically all of the lost classics, are undoubtedly buried at Heracleum, but even easier and more direct methods of finding the lyrics of Sappho, the plays of Menander, the lost books of Livy and Aristotle will offer themselves to the present day representatives of the old Humanists when Constantinople is taken.

There are known to be 3,000 manuscripts in the sultan's library. Among the buildings that Frederic Harrison wants thoroughly explored is the imperial seraglio. He believes that it will be found to contain Greek, Roman and Byzantine treasures of extraordinary value.

Striped Uniforms For War.
London, April 18.—The experience of this war may lead to the trial of soldiers' uniforms striped like the zebra or banded by the colors of the rainbow, in the opinion of some military observers, who have serious doubts as to the effectiveness of khaki, blue gray or any of the other colors now in use.

In India and South Africa, where khaki got its reputation as a uniform cloth, it fitted well into the backgrounds of the landscapes, but in the different atmospheres and landscapes of Europe both the khaki and the blue gray show up conspicuously in mass.

Nature, the color experts now say, did not stripe the zebra by way of ornament, but as a protective measure. It is the unbroken mass of color, no matter in what shade, that catches the eye in the distance. Colonel Maude, a well known expert, recounts an instance in India when his party, approaching a parade ground from a distance, were unable to see but one of three battalions until comparatively close up. The troops all wore scarlet jackets. But two battalions were made invisible by white pipe clay belts and cross straps, which broke the mass of color, while the conspicuous body had dark straps which blended in with the red. Tigers, leopards, birds, lizards, snakes and most living creatures use the mottled coloring.

Wireless Without Tower.
Boston, April 20.—Experiments conducted by the wireless society of Tufts college have shown, it was announced, that messages may be transmitted and received without using high aerial antennae. Tests have shown that the apparatus can be ready for use within a third of the time required for setting up the aerial equipment. Two ordinary wires ninety feet in length when stretched on the ground in a direct line with the transmitting station were found to be sufficient to receive messages from fifty to seventy-five miles distant.

Pan-American Unity In May.
Washington, April 19.—Treasury officials are going ahead with plans for the forthcoming conference of Pan-American financiers in Washington, when ways and means will be considered for strengthening the financial and commercial relations between the nations of the Western Hemisphere. It will be held on May 10 under authorization of congress, the date having been chosen by President Wilson. An appropriation of \$50,000 was provided for the purpose.

An elaborate program is being prepared for what promises to be one of the most, if not the most, important gathering ever held in the United States for the promotion of its fiscal and trade relations with other countries. Already the Central and South American nations have indicated an intention to participate by sending their ministers of finance and leading bankers to confer with American financiers and treasury officials. In addition to sending formal invitations to foreign governments, American cabinet officers, diplomats from the Central South American countries here and the federal reserve board will be invited to participate.

To Paint War Scenes.
Paris, April 11.—While Germany stimulates public sentiment with cinematograph films of the war, France, says the Petit Journal, purposes to allow a few well known painters to enter the military zone to make a more permanent record of the noteworthy scenes.

Although the 1915 salon will probably be canceled, instructions have already been given to certain generals to give facilities to artists to work under their supervision.

The Petit Journal names Thayer, Scott, Jacquier and General Niox among the artists already at the front.

Treasures Hidden In Constantinople.
Chicago, April 19.—Frederic Harrison, veteran writer and philosopher, has made a lifelong study of Byzantium. Mr. Harrison believes that Constantinople treasures of the past which exist in the city, hidden since the time of the conquest by the Turks, will amaze the world when they are brought to light. Already, Mr. Harrison remarks, some of the objects discovered in the city by the Golden Horn surpass anything else in Europe.

After the Islamic conqueror had entered Constantinople, following a combined land and sea attack, incredible barbarities were committed. The brave Greek emperor, Constantine XI. (Pa-

Photo by American Press Association.

Admiral Frank F. Fletcher to Command Mighty Fleet.

the following morning, there to remain at anchor while the officers and men enjoy shore leave until May 17, the day before the big naval game is to begin. The assemblage of the great fleet will give New York its first opportunity to see the mighty organization since Admiral Fletcher became commander in chief, and it will be the first time a four starred pennant, the flag of an admiral, ever has been seen on a Dreadnought in these waters.

The war game will last from May 18 to May 30, and on June 1 the various ships will proceed to their home yards for docking and necessary repairs before starting on the long voyage to San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle via the Panama canal. The fleet will assemble in Hampton Roads on June 21 and is scheduled to sail for the canal on June 25.

Photo by American Press Association.

Toymakers Look to Guatemala.
Washington, April 20.—Both wholesale and retail toy dealers of this country are greatly interested in the report of Garrard Harris, special agent of the department of commerce, who is stationed at Guatemala. The isolation of the chief toy supply of this country by the war, he says, would not be felt if the toy importers would look to Guatemala as a new source of supply. Both the Indians and the city dwellers, he declares, are clever as well as artistic, and the toys they make would please any child and would appeal even to their elders because of their novelty. In part the report reads:

"Around the 'portales' of the plaza in Guatemala City a few days before last Christmas the display was bewildering. In all the other cities and towns—Zacapa, Quezaltenango, Antigua, Huhuehuetenango, Escuintla, San Marcos, Chimaltenango—the same Christmas sale was going on. It was the chance of the year to sell the toys made by the women and the girls at odd times—a manufacture which has great possibilities of development as a 'house industry' if a market is provided for these toys in quantities. The prices asked are very reasonable, and makers of the toys plying their trade while waiting for customers said that if quantities were ordered cheaper prices would be made than were asked at retail."

American is Hero In Serbia.
Philadelphia, April 19.—Mme. Grouitch, wife of the undersecretary of foreign affairs in Serbia and special pleader for that country's relief in this city, told the story of what a hero Dr. Edward F. Ryan of Scranton, Pa., has become in her adopted country.

"He is quite one of the biggest men in Belgrade now," said Mme. Grouitch.

Photo by American Press Association.

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