

CHAPTER IX—Continued

They did, and though a trifle crowded it was pleasanter than to go to the club car to play. After three rubbers Perilla said, "I wish we had arranged to return by plane. I want to get home and see how things are. When will you be over to New York, Roger?"

"As soon as you want or need me, dear. I have to attend to some few quick action matters, and then I'll come along."

Stone watched the speaker from the corner of his eye. Not so much the words as the tone in which they were uttered surprised him. He hadn't heard Garth speak to Perilla before with quite that note of affection.

Could he be a murderer? That fine-looking man, with the calm, serene countenance—no, it was too ridiculous.

Garth did not look like the type of man whose deep emotions are concealed but ready to break out on occasion. Suppose he had been so desperately in love with Perilla that he killed Corey to get her, and then fearing a rival in Bob, he killed him, too.

But it was unthinkable. Stone had said he knew the criminal, but he couldn't be sure. How could one be sure when there was nothing to be sure of? And yet, he had watched Garth closely all through this trip, and he felt there was something wrong about him. Something secret and sinister. But so vague and elusive it could not be put into words.

Nor had he been able to get an opportunity for a long talk alone with the other. Several times he had tried and failed. He had wanted to sound him about his views on the Washington situation and as to his views on crime generally, but Garth, without seeming to evade the detective, prevented any such occasions.

As the train drew into the station at New York, Perilla felt a deeper premonition of impending trouble.

She had schooled herself to the presence of Madame Malden in her home, for Corey's mother must always receive her best attention, but it seemed to her tortured mind that the presence there of Farman, the lawyer, was more than she could bear up under. And why should he be entertained there, anyway? Let him go to some hotel—

She was roused from her thoughts by the voice of Tony Gaskell, who piloted her out to his waiting car. Malcolm was there, too, already welcoming Jane.

Fleming Stone and Garth said good-by for the present and went their ways, as the quartet started toward Perilla's home.

"Take me right home, Mal," she asked, "but Tony, you take Jane around to see mother; she'll be hungry for news."

"I'm certainly going with you," said Malcolm. "I want to protect you from the old 'nn'."

"Yes, send Tony along with me," said Jane, laughing. "You don't want too many breaking in on the dowager duchess."

When Perilla entered her apartment the sour-faced creature enconced on a "love-seat" favored her daughter-in-law with a baleful glance and seemed to shrink from her as the girl came forward. But Perilla bravely put forth a welcoming hand, which the old lady ignored.

"Well," she said, biting off her words, "so you're up to your tricks again. I suppose you killed off that poor young man, for reasons of your own, just as you killed my son."

Perilla drew herself up with a new dignity.

"Madame Malden," she said, "you shall not remain under my roof and talk to me like that. I am in my own home now, not yours, and I forbid any remarks or hints suggesting that I would harm the man I loved. One more such speech, and I shall have you removed, forcibly, if necessary."

"Hoity toity," almost screamed the dame. "Who are you to dictate what I shall say or leave unsaid?" "I am the woman your son loved enough to make his wife, and as his widow I shall protect his memory, even from his own mother."

"Fine talk!" said the old lady, "very fine talk, but you must know there's another side to that story. Where's Farman? Farman, where are you?"

The lawyer, who must have been within hearing distance, came into the room, sheepishly. Like all bullies, Farman was a coward, and he began to be afraid of this new Perilla. Still wearing her hat and furs, she stood facing Madame Mal-

den, and her attitude, as Malcolm said afterward, was "terrible as an army with banners."

"What are you doing here, Mr. Farman?" Perilla asked, scornfully. "Is it your habit to settle down in houses where you are not invited?"

"He is invited," Madame Malden squealed. "I invited him myself. This is my son's house, and as such I am mistress here."

"No," said Perilla, quietly, "no, Madame Malden, you are not mistress here. Any more than I am mistress of your house. And unless you make yourself more possible, you cannot stay here."

"You may not be staying here yourself, Mrs. Malden," said Farman, his little eyes glaring at Perilla. "You may find yourself in that building that New York boasts, with an unbecoming name, The Tombs."

"And you may find yourself in prison for that very speech!" cried Malcolm, angered beyond caution. "Shall I put him out, Perilla?"

"Yes. King that second bell for Dillon."

"Don't trouble," said Farman, striving to be sarcastic but only succeeded in showing fear. "I'm only too glad to go, anyway. You see, Madame Malden, I can't stay here."

"You're right, you can't," and Malcolm took him by the arm and put him through the door into the hall. "You'll be out of this house in fifteen minutes, or I'll know the reason why."

Farman, really glad to get away from conditions that seemed to be getting more formidable, basely deserted his employer and fled.

"Come back here!" Madame Malden screamed. "Come back, Farman, I want you!"

"I don't," said Perilla, calmly, "and he won't come back."

"Glad he's to be out of my rooms," growled Malcolm. "I wish, Perilla, you'd have a plate put on my door, so I could see who comes in."

As always, Madame Malden began to quiver and shrink at this, for Malcolm's tone denoted a firm intent.

And Malcolm was frightened. He well knew, however absurd it was to suspect Perilla of crime, the mere mention of such a possibility would stir up trouble, which would radiate in many directions. He tried a new argument.

"Do you know Fleming Stone is on this case?" he demanded. "You needn't think you can buck up against a man like that. Why, he'll turn your silly Farman inside out, once he gets at him. You'll see. He'll have that oily fathead in jail before he knows what's happened to him. And then, Madame Malden, what are you going to do, without a friend to help you? I mean a learned friend, a man of legal attainments and knowledge. You will be glad to fall back on Perilla's kindness, but I'm not sure even her kindness will survive forever the shocks you are giving it."

"I'm not afraid," and the old lady tossed her gray head. "Perilla tried just now to pull the wool over my eyes. She thought she could get around me with sweet smiles and honeyed words. But she didn't work it," and the old dame's smile was like that of a doddering imbecile.

"It would have been better for you if she had," Malcolm returned. "Hello, here comes Stone. Now, Madame Malden, sit up and take notice."

Fleming Stone came in calmly, acknowledged his introduction to Madame Malden conventionally, and then proceeded to ignore her.

He talked animatedly to Perilla and Malcolm, mostly about things the ancient dame did not understand, or couldn't quite make out.

At last, unable to stand it longer, she said: "Everybody seems to be forgetting my presence."

"I beg your pardon," Stone said, directly, "did you wish to say something?"

Taken thus, she made no immediate response, and all waited for her to speak.

"What is it you wish to say, Madame?" and Stone looked his impatience.

"No—nothing in particular—" she stammered.

"Then don't interrupt. Leave the matter in the hands of those who have something to say."

"Who are you, to dictate to me? I am not accustomed to being ordered about."

"I am Fleming Stone, and I am investigating the strange death of your son. If you prefer, you may leave the room during our conference."

"No, I prefer to stay."

"Then you will answer questions the same as the others do. What is

believe—that I loved Corey, just as you did. That we looked forward to a happy life together, shared now and then by your presence; you know—you must know that I would have given my life for him, had that been called for. This odd notion of yours that I could or would harm him is a thought put into your brain by some evil chance, and you must get rid of it. We both loved our darling," Perilla dropped to her knees beside the other. "Now that he is gone let us give that love to one another."

The girl's voice was vibrant with truth and sincerity, and for a moment the old woman gazed at her as if she meant to accede to her plea.

But at that moment Farman appeared in the doorway, a black frown on his face.

"I am leaving," he said, tersely, "but I will come here as often as I choose. A lawyer may visit his client at will. And after your treatment of me, Mrs. Malden, I may as well inform you that I will have no mercy on you. I will immediately take steps to have you accused of your husband's death. The evidence is so definite, so overwhelming, that you cannot escape arrest, trial and conviction. So be prepared for these things."

Malcolm, following, spoke sternly. "I suppose you know you are putting yourself in grave danger. You will find New York investigation more drastic than in your home town. You will find that your legal knowledge will not go far, pitted against our great criminal lawyers. You will be adjudged the criminal, charged with malicious slander against this young woman, who, it can be proved a thousand times, had no thought toward her husband but that of loving affection."

"Well, we'll see about all that," returned Farman, with his ugly leer. "But just realize, young Mr. Fairfax, your sister is in desperate straits, and she will soon come to recognize that the way of the transgressor is hard."

"What have I done?" cried Perilla, piteously. "Why are you so cruel to me?"

And then Madame Malden tuned up again. Afterward, Perilla always said that it was only Farman's arrival at that critical moment that kept the old lady from succumbing to Perilla's plea for reconciliation.

"What have you done?" the ter-magant screamed. "You killed my boy—my Corey!"

"Hush that," said Malcolm, striding toward her. "Hush that, or you'll find that this talk of lunatic asylums is real and not just make-believe. An expert brain doctor would send you to a retreat as soon as he had given you the once-over, and by Jove, it would be a good thing all around. I believe I'll send it at once for a specialist."

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"Then you will answer questions the same as the others do. What is

your reason for daring to hint that the beloved wife of your son had a hand in his tragic death?"

"Reason enough! She was alone with him in a room, and he dropped dead at her feet. My son was sound in mind and limb, and never would he have died suddenly like that unless he had been poisoned or in some way killed by that woman."

"And why would his wife want to kill him?"

"To get his fortune, and then marry some one else, which is just what she is planning to do now."

Perilla looked her horror at this speech, but said nothing.

She began to feel as if a net were closing in about her, a dreadful net, which would envelop her in its meshes until she was unable to escape.

Not a shred of guilt was attributable to Perilla; she had looked at no man with the slightest degree of personal interest since the loss of her beloved husband, but she knew, only too well, that men had looked at her with more than mere interest.

Roger Garth, she knew, was in love with her; Bob Coles had been, too. Tony Gaskell had said little, but his looks and actions told her of his feelings toward her.

None of these things had impressed her deeply until now when this old woman's words gave her a sudden shock.

"How absurd," she said, quietly. "I beg of you, Madame Malden, do not talk such nonsense. I have quite enough on my mind as it is, without listening to your absurdities."

"You won't think it is absurd, my lady, when you find yourself under arrest."

"And you won't think it is absurd when you find yourself in a padded cell!"

Fleming Stone said this, taking a leaf out of Malcolm's book. Then, peremptorily, he rang the bell and asked that Madame Malden's nurse be sent to her.

Rather frightened, the old lady allowed herself to be led away.

"I'm going now," said Stone, ignoring the departing dame. "I think, Mrs. Malden, it is time we hurried things a little. That woman means business, and while she can't really harm you she can make you a deal of unpleasantness."

"I want to tell you that I have a new line of investigation started, and if it works out we have a great deal of hope, but if it proves impossible, we are not well off."

"Oh, Mr. Stone, do bring it about! I am so anxious and worried. That Farman is ready for war to the knife. We must circumvent him—"

"And we will," Stone spoke more assuredly than he had any right to do.

He left then, and went to see his old time friend, Doctor Simpson, perhaps the most famous toxicologist in the country.

"My, but I'm glad to see you!" Simpson exclaimed, shaking Stone's hand. "Do tell me you have a problem for me, a regular sticker!"

"I sure have a problem that's a sticker," Stone returned, "but I don't know whether it's for you. Can you explain away miracles?"

"Of course, since they don't exist."

"No, but problems do, and sometimes they look as impossible as miracles. I wish I had a good old-fashioned murder, committed by a man five feet, ten inches tall, with blue eyes and a gold tooth and a Trichinopoly cigar!"

"You don't wish anything of the sort; it would bore you to tears. You want the awful nut to crack that you have, and that you can't even get into the nutcracker's jaws."

"You're right. And now we'll go right ahead. How does this sound? Two murders."

"Simultaneous?"

"No, a month apart."

"Similar method?"

"As far as I can see, yes. But I can't see far."

"Similar motive?"

"Same answer as before."

"Similar opportunity?"

"Really, yes; though it doesn't look so."

"Expound, fully."

So Fleming Stone first told old Slims, as he called his friend, all he knew of the Malden murder.

"Why do you call it a murder?" asked the old man.

"That's the miracle part. If it isn't murder, what is it?"

"A natural death."

"That's where you come in. What sort of natural death would occur in those circumstances I've described?"

"Autopsy?"

"No."

"Embalmed?"

"Yes."

"Not so good. Well, when do we examine him?"

"Whenever you like. But listen to the other murder, if any."

And then Stone gave a full account of the death of Bob Coles.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Organized Crime Old

Organized crime is not new. Fifty years ago Chicago had several hundred pickpockets, few of whom ever spent a day in jail in a decade because they were never caught with the loot, having passed it to a confederate. Each telephoned his attorney every hour. Failure to do so meant he was arrested, and his lawyer would immediately appear with a writ of habeas corpus and obtain his release, sometimes as often as three times a day.—Collier's Weekly

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About

Reducing and Nervousness

THE difficult part about reducing weight is the cutting down on the starch or sugar foods—sugar, bread, potatoes, pastry.

Everybody, whether thin or fat, needs these particular foods, as they are the "energy givers," and the body must have foods to supply this energy.

Meats, fruits, minerals, vitamins are all necessary to health and all give a certain amount of energy, but it is the starch, that is, really the sugar foods, that give energy in the amounts the body needs.

In the overweight individual, nature has been kind or generous, as it were, in that the sugar foods eaten not only supply the energy but a portion of them is stored away in the liver, muscles, and other tissues and can be used if the individual is unable to get a further supply at any time.

The point here, and it is very plain, is that if the overweight will do without quite as much starch food, this sugar that is stored in the liver and other tissues can be used to supply energy. Less starch food being eaten will prevent any gain in weight, and after a time will bring about a loss of the fat tissue (which will be used as fuel for the body's needs).

Source of Nervousness.

Now when the overweight begins doing without his or her usual amount of starch or sugar foods, one of the first symptoms noticed is a weak or nervous feeling. This is because the amount of sugar in their blood or tissues is not as much as usual; it is the sugar that gives the energy—the feeling of strength. It is only natural then that they turn to starch or sugar foods again and many of them give up the whole idea of trying to reduce weight.

However, the very fact that sugar is so helpful in overcoming this nervous or weak feeling, has been used by some physicians in reducing the weight in their patients.

Thus with the usual amount of food cut down by one-quarter to one-half, when the patient begins to feel nervous or weak, he is given some sugar—candy or in some other form—and this overcomes the weakness or nervousness until the regular meal time arrives.

In the Medical Journal and Record, Drs. Y. Yoshida and I. J. Roberts record their method of reducing weight, which consists of cutting down the usual diet by about one-half and giving dextrose (sugar) when there are symptoms of fatigue, hunger, nervousness or weakness the result of an insufficient amount of sugar in the blood.

Doctors' Daily Plan.

Their daily plan is as follows: The daily diet consists of clear soup, a liberal helping of vegetables, two or three pieces of bread and butter, one average portion of meat, two glasses of milk and one orange.

In addition the patient takes about one ounce of dextrose daily in the form of pleasantly flavored lozenges—each lozenge containing about a half teaspoonful—one lozenge being dissolved in the mouth every half hour from 9:30 to 11:00 a. m., 2:30 to 5:30 p. m. Liquids must be cut down as much as possible and only five glasses—water, tea, coffee, soft or hard drinks or any other form of liquid—are to be taken daily. Absolutely no food should be taken between meals except the dextrose mentioned above.

Moderate exercise in the form of walking is advised but no severe gymnastic exercises.

Thus while sugar is fattening and must be cut down in all reducing diets, yet using a piece of candy, a chocolate bar, or a banana (the meat of which is rapidly turned into sugar) when that hungry, nervous, weak feeling comes, not only overcomes this feeling, but is really a safeguard whilst reducing.

The use of an alkali—common baking soda is always at hand—prevents the acidosis which occurs during the reduction of weight; a level teaspoonful two or three times a day in a half glass of water is sufficient.

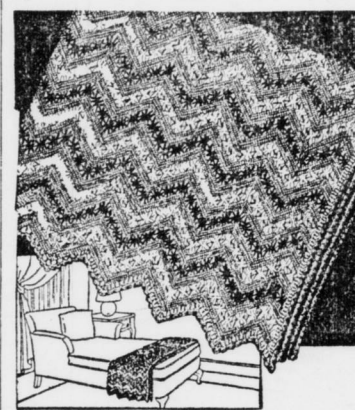
Getting Out of Bed.

THERE has been a feeling for some time in the minds of many surgeons that patients after severe illness should be sitting up and actually getting out on their feet for a few minutes daily, much sooner than is usually the case at present.

Thus in appendix cases, operations on the stomach and gall bladder, or repairing a hernia or rupture, Dr. A. Challer, Lyons, France, states that he gets his patients up between the third and fifth day—that is to say, as soon as the shock following operation has passed off. For the first few days, of course, the patient only stays up 15 to 30 minutes.

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Crocheting a Fluffy, Lacy Afghan, to Be the Heirloom of Tomorrow



What more conducive to "forty winks" than this fluffy, lacy afghan! Its crocheted warmth will ward off

the most treacherous draughts, its color brighten and gladden any room it adorns. A very simple pattern to follow, too. The stripes look like tiny daisies strung together, and are in a crochet stitch which busy hands and needle soon learn to do by heart. Lovely in three shades of one color, it is also effective with each stripe a different color.

In pattern 5254 you will find directions for making the afghan; an illustration of it and of the stitches used; material requirements, and color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 250 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

All Around the House



Try rolling doughnuts after frying in cinnamon and sugar. You may like the flavor.

When the lining of your hat becomes soiled take it out, wash with soap and water and iron. Steam hat, if felt, to renew the color, and sew in clean lining.

A very fine sandpaper rubbed over soapstone set tubs or sink before applying linseed oil and turpentine will make tubs as smooth as when new.

For luncheon try serving frankfurters in this way: Wrap a slice of bacon around each frankfurter and fasten with a toothpick. Place under broiler until bacon is crisp.

Glue used to keep furniture parts together cracks and dries out in heated rooms. If a good grade of fish glue is used furniture should stay glued for a long time.

If tea stains are on cotton or linen and only a few days old, soak them in a solution made of one-half to one teaspoon of borax to one cup of water. Rinse in boiling water.

Linseed oil applied to leather furniture makes it soft and pliable, gives a darker shade and increases its durability.

Onion soup is delicious when grated parmesan cheese is sprinkled on top of it.

The glass which covers the indicator on your gas oven may be cleaned by wetting a stiff brush with water, sprinkling liberally with a scouring powder and rubbing over glass.

Fill the coffee pot with cold water to which a tablespoon of baking soda has been added and boil for one-half hour each week. This will remove the brown stain on inside of pot.

If fruit juice from pies runs out into the oven, throw salt on it. There will then be no odor and where burned crisp the juice may be easily removed.

When a hot-water bottle leaks it may be repaired with adhesive tape to hold hot salt instead of water.

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Research Finds Genius as Often in Girls as in Boys

After studying the intelligence and special abilities of 14,149 boys and 13,493 girls Prof. Paul A. Witty of the psycho-medical clinic of Northwestern university scoffs at the widely held assumption that genius is more likely to be found among males than females. If other investigators differed with him it is because they limited their studies to such special fields as art and science and because they dealt with but a few gifted children.

Out of the thousands that he rated Professor Witty found only 47 boys and 48 girls who could be classed as geniuses. Next came an alert, gifted class that numbered 250 boys and 244 girls. And in the rear trailed the hundreds and hundreds doomed to plod on as more or less average men and women.—New York Times

Mark Twain Footnote

The city council of Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, not only talks about the weather, it does things. When icy streets and snow drifts menace traffic there councilmen order the street department to tap a main leading from a natural hot water spring and melt the barriers.