

TODAY'S MYSTERY STORY

By PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN

Saturday's Mystery Solution

IN THE case of "Undue Influence" Harvey Hunt expected to find a woman at the Reilly home...

Hunt figured that Jones' advertisement and fake motion-picture firm, while apparently a roundabout method of getting the girl out of the way...

Under his direction a plain-clothes man went out with the warrants, asking for the girl...

A Mystery in Typing

"GOOD Heavens, Harvey, haven't you ever failed to copy a message that was not put up to you? Don't you ever make a mistake?"

There was a trace of irritation in DeKane's tone. For Hunt had just unrolled for him a puzzle on which he had hoped to bulk the criminologist...

"I shall tell you about one of Cullen's murders," said the criminologist. "I'll do Cullen's memory the honor to say that he is what I may call the greatest genius for crime I have ever known..."

"Well, there was a girl in his ring, who, I imagine, had fallen in love with somebody else. To Cullen, this meant

merely the possibility that she would disclose embarrassing information. So on the slight chance that she might, he removed her. He did it in a spectacular manner, at the height of the evening...

"I knew Cullen had done it. But there was absolutely no proof. That end of the room had been pitch black, and everybody's memory was confused. The people at the table with him, four or five, I was sitting down there after the shot. They had spoken to him and touched him, of course he was. He had stepped aside a few feet to fire the shot, and had slipped back into his seat again. I could see how he had done it easily enough. But I couldn't prove it."

"The one thing that puzzled me was what had become of the revolver. Everybody in the room was searched. I was particularly careful to see that he and everybody near him was given special attention in this respect. But we couldn't find it. Why, then, three months later I kept him under the closest surveillance for a week, and I tell you there wasn't a moment when that man was not under observation. He knew it, and with cynical bravado used to aid us. He would leave the light on in his room, for instance, when he knew we

"Then tell me about one of them," DeKane demanded. "I ask it as a favor. I'd like to convince of you in a position of error, just to convince myself that you really are human, you know?"

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"Well, there was a girl in his ring, who, I imagine, had fallen in love with somebody else. To Cullen, this meant

had taken a room in the same apartment house, across a small lightwell, so that we could keep him in view even when he was asleep. He slept with the peace of an untroubled conscience, too.

"After four days I got a typewritten message from him. It came through the mail. We had seen him write a number of letters and mail them, but he wrote none of them on a typewriter. He didn't go near a typewriter the whole time, in fact.

"The note was one taunting me with my failure to find the revolver, and told me where it was. It had been tossed on a ledge that formed part of the wall decoration in the cafe, close to the ceiling. It further challenged me to deduce how the writer had written it, and assured me upon his 'word of honor as a gentleman' that it had not been written for him. It was, of course, unstruck, and so carefully worded that it could not be used as evidence.

"To make a long story short, we never did get anything on Cullen in that case, and I failed utterly to figure out how he had written it, until he gave me the hint a long time afterward, when I was trailing him on another proposition.

"And yet the explanation was so simple that I mentally kicked myself for not thinking of it. 'What was it?' asked DeKane.

"Do you know?"

"The answer will appear tomorrow."

Boy Falls and Breaks Leg While attempting to reach his toy airplane, which had caught in the branches of a tree on Snyder avenue, William Clark, nine years old, of 2804 Snyder avenue, fell and broke his left leg in two places. The child was taken to St. Agnes' Hospital, where his injuries were treated. He had climbed to the top of the tree, when he lost his footing and plunged to the ground.

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Deaths ADAMS—At Clayton N. J., on March 6, 1921, Captain JOHN W. ADAMS, aged 64 years, service on Thursday afternoon 6 o'clock at the Oliver H. Bahr Bldg., 1820 Chestnut St. Interment private.

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Deaths JOHN—March 5, 1921, JOHN J. JOHNSON, aged 78 years, at his late residence, 1212 N. 22d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment private.

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