Author of "The Island of Intrique," "Suspense," "Ashes to Ashes," etc. Copyright, 1921, by Robert M. McBride & Co.

SYNOPSIS A would be thief enters the pala-tial residence of Eugene Christopher Greeling. He runs out again in-stantly and into the hands of a detec-tive. He is visibly perturbed and protests "he had nothing to do with

stantly and into the hands of a deterfive. He is visibly perturbed and
protests "he had nothing to do with
what's in dere."
On the floor of a room lies a man
in evening clothes, the front of whose
shirt is red with blood and within
tweeh of his hand is a huge army
revolver. The table is laid for two
with champagne on ice, still unmelted. The house is empty of human
beings. Mr. Alexander, partner in
dusiness to the dead man, and uncle
to his wife, appears saying he has
been summoned by telephone. Mrs.
Creveling appears also. Neither they
nor the servants, who later assemble,
ean throse light on the affair. Mrs.
Creveling insists on engaging the best
detective service.

letective service.
In describing the case to Terhune, In describing the case to Terhune, pricate detective, the police inspector's assistant suppresses the finding of a blood-stained playing card and of his search of the rooms upstairs. It would be time to impart that information to the private detective when he had first laid the facts before his chief.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

IN THE breakfast room they came mestion him McCarty slipped away Creveling at all, you are an imnd rejoining the group in the hall led

holding that valet, Frank Hill?"

"Of course, until he gives us some

've nothing definite as yet, but if When you frisk this man Hill at headparters if you find a pair of gloves on m keep them aside till I get there." "Gloves on a warm spring night!" The inspector's own eyes narrowed. For a valet he must be some classy resser! There were none on him when the came to the door of the breakfast

"You'll find them in one of his pockets, most likely," McCarty remarked carelessly. "See you later, hief."

pronze ornament from the telephone and seld the receiver to his ear. "Hello! Can I speak to Mrs. Crev-ling. please?" It was a man's voice sultured in its intonations and yet with

itured in its intonations and yet with note of inherent grossness. "Who is it, sir?" McCarty asked autiously.
"Mr. Douglas Waverly."

"Mr. Douglas Waverly.

McCarty pondered for a moment and hen spoke with his voice carefully modulated.

Waverly disclaimed, ignoring the question. "I wanted her to bring Mrs.

"I wanted her to bring Mrs.

w. Who the devil are you, any What happened to Mr. Crev-

ling?"
"I'll tell you, sir, when I come." "I'll tell you, sir, when I come."

McCarty hung up the receiver and eturning to the hall, made his way at by the tradesmen's entrance. It was still too early for much traffic, but huge bus like some monstrous beetle huge bus like some monstrous beetle f sunlight and as McCarty swung himelf aboard he glanced back at the house thich he had just left. The lower wing the marriage that have here closely identification." sunlight and as McCarty swung himsif aboard he glanced back at the house
shigh he had just left. The lower winlows were shrouded and blank, but at
me of the upper ones he caught a
dimpse of a woman's white face staring
limpse of a woman's white fac at him. As she caught his eye she tow hastily and the curtains were

ould she have been? He had Creveling still seated in the more youthful one than the straight alons countenance of the cooks the woman remained concealed thrust. the men from borough head-

felt an impulse to descend from and return to investigate, but thought restrained him; Mr.

third degree, but I'll listen to no more. Side out before I phone the office and have you put out!"

"I wouldn't try it, sir, if I were you," McCarty said blandly. "I'd have to ask you to take a little ride the less completions side entrance.

gth a taxi grounded against the bag which he hupatiently re- "Don't go too far, sir!" McCarty's

waited for a few minutes a, rising, tossed his paper aside ked over to the desk. Two more had made their appearance and ed in the interim, but above the hard said of the lady who was supposed to have been discussed on that occasion?"

Waverly sneered.

"If that's the way you care to put

"I didn't say." McCarty smiled blandly at him. "You'll be sending the message as I gave it, please." His tone was quiet, but there was a ring of authority in it that the clerk recognized, and with a shrug he turned to the girl at the switchboard.

to the girl at the switchboard.
"You can go right up." He returned to the counter once more.

eleven-four."

McCarty alighted from the elevator at the eleventh floor and knocked at the door of apartment No. 4.

"Come in." It was unmistakably the same voice which had talked to him over the wire at the Creveling house.

McCarty obeyed and his eyes twinkled anew as he glanced about him. The room was in disorder with clothing and newspapers scattered about and through the connecting doorway he could see newspapers scattered about and through the connecting doorway he could see the bed with its covers thrown back over the foot and its pillows rumpled. Before him the stout, red-faced man stood attired in bathrobe and slippers. "You're from Mrs. Créveling?" the latter demanded.

latter demanded.

"I've come straight from her house, Mr. Waverly, though it's questions I've brought, not a message." McCarty's manner was respectful, but the twinkle had died out of his eyes. "If you'll answer me straight I'll not be keeping you long, sir, from the sleep you must be needing."

IN THE breakfast room they came upon Rollins hastily removing the debris of the supper which had ended so you mean about my needing sleep? I don't believe you have come from Mrs.

postor-!"
They don't call me that down at Inspector Druct aside.

"The cook and butler are back, sir, and I think if you don't need me for while I'll be getting on; there are a few things I want to look into. You'll few things I want to look into. You'll want to look into wan

must need some sleep."
"Police headquarters!" The ruddy face paled. "That fool clerk downstairs "Of course, until he gives us some set of an alibi that we can establish; he's our one best bet now unless you've to some dope you haven't told me about." The inspector glanced at him shrewdly.

McCarty's eyes twinkled.

"I've had no time, sir, and besides l're nothing definite as yet, but if"
"I've nothing definite as yet, but if"
"I've had no time as yet, but if"
"I've nothing definite as yet, but if"

've nothing definite as yet, but if why, the night before last, Tuesyou'll be going back downtown soon and make my report.
I'll come in and make my report.
When you frisk this man Hill at headWhen you frisk this man Hill at head-

My wife said something about an accident, but if it is just that he hasn't turned up—"

"He's turned up all right, sir; turned up his toes on the floor of his study, shot through the heart!" McCarty watched the effect of his announcement carefully.

"Gene Creveling! Good God, it's impossible!" Waverly's flabby jowls took on a purplish tinge and his pale blue eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets. "You don't mean murder!"

"Looks like it, sir. The last time you saw him alive was on Tuesday night? Where was this?"

"At Nick Cutter's." Waverly raised a thick, pudgy hand to the folds of flesh which hung pendulous over his throat as

hief."

As he turned to go the telephone in he study shrilled in subdued insistence and Rollins appeared in the door of he breakfast room, but at a sign from he inspector McCarty was before him.

Crossing the study, he lifted the gronge ornament from the telephone and the receiver to his ear.

You saw him alive was on Tuesday night? Where was this?"

"At Nick Cutter's." Waverly raised a thick, pudgy hand to the folds of fiesh which hung pendulous over his throat as though the collar of his bathrobe had suddenly grown too tight. "God! Creveling dead!—I suppose you're a detective, but why have you come to detective, but why have you come to

"To get the particulars of how you learned of the supposed 'accident,' sir." McCarty's smile was disarmingly candid. "You say your wife telephoned to you; where did she get you on the wire?"

"Mrs. Creveling is indisposed. Can take a message, sir?"
"This isn't Rollins talking! Is he bere or Frank? My wife just telephoned a me that some sort of an accident and happened to Mr. Creveling, and I amessage had come between half-past ten do. Please convey that message had come between half-past 4 and 5 o'clock this morning from Mrs. Creveling a cook, summoning her imcan do. Please convey that message of Mrs. Creveling."

"Very good, sir." McCarty waited or a brief space and then spoke into the mouthpiece once more. "Mrs. Creveling is sending me down in person with a message, sir. It is most mportant and she doesn't want any more here just now. Where can I find rou?"

"At the Belterre Hotel." The reply ame after a moment of evident hesi-shakily for the fresh pitcher of ice water.

ame after a moment of evident hesi-tion. "I'll expect you in about half upon the table at his elbow. McCarty waited until he had drunk deep and then as the pitcher clattered back upon the table once more he observed :

"And you and Mr. Creveling, Have you been getting on together lately as well as you used to?" McCarty's tone was ingratiating. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Waverly, but didn't you and he have a quarrel not so long ago?" "''Quarrel'?" the other repeated. straightening himself suddenly in his chair as though to meet an unexpected

thrust. "Great heavens, no! Who told you such a lie?" "You didn't have a dispute with Mr. coulse to descend from to investigate, but restrained him; Mr. had named a half heir interview and he

for their interview and he ly rose from his chair with a threaten-with evident reluctance that ing seawl. The stood about all of this at the Belterre Hotel. McCarty heory of his own as to that and treach his destination as quickly sible in order to put it to the clighting from the bus he entered clighting from the bus he entered.

paper and dropped into a chair less conspicuous side entrance duge hostelry. The lobby was the early risen patrons depart in charge of the case what it was you not entered from the street and clarty regarded with swift aptron behind the screeping folds was paper.

have to ask you to take a little ride downtown with me and the head house downtown with me and the head house detective here and tell the inspector in charge of the case what it was you not entered from the street and clark properties. Thought you'd rather week before last, I thought you'd rather week be why I came to you quiet like."
"So that's it!" Waverly's lip curled.

o deliver into the hands of the Mi Carty eyed him as he strode across the counter and spoke to ker's shake of the head the new-strawled his name hastily in the and, turning, followed a bell-the elevator.

And apparently about forty and all, light blue eyes set in his red face reminded McCarty and tirrelevantly of those of a pig.

"Don't go toe far, sir!" McCarty's tone was ominously quiet and there was on good to be calling names. I've got proof that two weeks ago come to-morrow night you had supper alone with Mr. Creveling in his house and high words passed between you over a lady; I've a witness who can testify as to that I'm not one to work up sensations for the press to spring on the public and drag people that's maybe innocent into notoriety and scandal; twas for that I came here to you, man irrelevantly of those of a pig. | twas for that I came here to you, man

to man."
"Did your witness tell you the name

he fat man stood out holdly and Mean's smiled to himself. His theory will you be a correct one.

Will you be sending word to Mr. Sees is here?" he requested.

The dapper young man behind the "What name?" he snapped.

Waverly sneered.

"If that's the way you care to put it. yes, sir," responded McCarty. "There were two ladies talked of, for the matter of that, but only one mentioned by name. You left the house in a rage, I understand, yet Mrs. Creveling stayed on as a guest at your country place and Creveling himself spent the last week-end there."

CONTINUED MONDAY

THE GUMPS-Andy Can Be Independent

OOR GUMPS -@ HOUSE HUNTING® m IF THEY REEP ON MAKING IT TOUGH FOR ANDY- HELL TAKE

THAT \$20 000.0 UNLLE BIM GAVE HIM AND BUY A HOME OF MIS OWN -SIT ON HIS FRONT PORCH AND MAKE FACES AT LANDLOROS.

REAL ESTATE MEN.

AGENTS AND



WHEN IS THIS ALL GOING TO HAPPEN? IS SOME BODY GOING TO WHEEL UP A LOT OF HOUSES AND SHOW YOU SAMPLES! THEY RE SO ANXIOUS TO RENT PLACES THIS YEAR - THEY RE WALKING AROUND WITH BOOKS SHOWING YOU A PICTUREOF THE HOUSE AND THE PLANS

By Sidney Smith WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START THIS BUILDING? ISUPPOSE YOU CAN PUT IT UP IN A COUPLE OF DAYS -I TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO -GO BUY YOUR SELFA LOT- THEN GO OVER TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND GET A DOOR KNOB AND STAND THERE WITH IT IN YOUR HAND - MAY BE HOUSE ON IT - THEN JUST YOU'RE HOME

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Is a Convert

GAZE UPON THIS CHARMING MOCTURA ; DEEPLY OF ITS PEACEFUL INFLUENCE; BE BUT PERCHANCE FRUTFUL OF NEW POSSIBILITIES - LE'S GET GOIN' - SHOOT!

YOU'D THINK THE BOSS WOULD HAVE A HEART : EE-MAGIN HIM BEIN PEEVED BECAUSE I LOANED THAT POOR HORSE HIS UMBRELLA AND RAINCOAT YESTERDAY!
I WISH I COULD GET HIM TO JOIN TO OUR HUMANE SOCIETY AND BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS THE OLD CRAB :

PST MOW - MOW -

SCHOOL DAYS

THIS POOR KITTY DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST MIGHT, LET'S MAKE HIM A BED OVER IN THE T CORNER . A-E-HAYWARD - 16

By Hayward

Bu DWIG

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she attended an informal affair once in a while, but gave up partisanship entirely during Lent.



DONT YOU WON! TO HEAR THE REST OF I B'LIEVE I'LL GO YOUR FORTUNE? BUT AN' PLAY, MANA SEEMS TO BE RIGHT 6000 TODAY I COT A LIL SUMPIM Hene's A JOURNEY FOR YOU e hand at the wimdow

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PETEY—She Must Have Been a Bird



-SAY- LISTEN HOW--EVERY TIME HADDA BE POLITE DIDL'T YOU SEE A RED HEADED ?-SHE ASKED ME WHY WAS THE FEDERAL UOT HAMOW RESERVE BANK AND I JUST THROW 2 HADDA TELL YOURSELF AT HER DIDUY I HER-WELL -



-THEN SHE WANTED TO KNOW



By C. A. Voight

CLANCY'S KIDS By Percy L. Crosby WIDOUT DE HOLES AN' ASK FERA CAKE BEIN' ME AN' I GOTTA DIME OOH! THE SCRUNGER!! YOUSE FRENS AN' IM GOIN' LET'S HELP YER. WISH MY OLD TO GIT CAKES HUH, WILLIE? NAW! GIT BUNS. MAN WAS A WID IT YER BIG STIFF!!! DERE BIGGERN'EM BAKER AND DEY LAST LONGER HUH. WILLIE? DAST YOUSE COME OUT ANY MORE DIS AFTER-NOON, WILLIE?