

# THE TANGLED WEB

By Ethel Watts Mumford Grant  
Author of "Dupes," "Whitewash," Etc.

Copyright, 1908, by Beni. B. Hampton

## CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Evelyn rang. "These maids are to be questioned further. You will keep them in the servants' hall until I give further orders. And Vreeman," she continued, "when the detectives come, you are to offer no opposition to whatever they may desire to investigate. You, we, are all under suspicion until the affair can be cleared up."

Under escort of the butler the hysterical suspects were removed, and the ladies returned to the drawing room. Alice, her hands in her pockets, stood before the open fire. "Well," she said dryly, "when do you wish to go through me, Mrs. Lawdon? And Mrs. Gaynor, have you had the X-rays turned on her? We may have swallowed your jewels, you know."

Miss Rawlins's angry sarcasm fell upon unresponsive ears.

"Where's my husband?" Mrs. Lawdon demanded sharply. "I'm not going to waste another minute—not one—I want the proper authorities, that's what I'm after." A curious servant passed the door. "You, John, go and find Mr. Lawdon. Tell him I want him here at once." The servant disappeared, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with evil triumph upon Mrs. Evelyn. "Now, I'm going to take things in hand, and something's going to happen."

"Rather more than you imagine," said Mrs. Evelyn resignedly. "However, I have nothing more to say. The loss has been yours, it occurred in my house. You may act exactly as you see fit."

"I hope you happen to have a photograph of yourself wearing regalia," observed Alice. "It will be a great comfort to the reporters. By the way, Patty? Who do you wish to take charge of the interviews? We will be in a state of siege by to-



"LOOK! LOOK!" STAMMERED EVELYN, "IS SHE DEAD?"

morrow, and some one must pay exclusive attention to the telephone."

"Mr. Lawdon entered hurriedly. 'I'm sorry, my dear, but all the rooms have been searched, and—'

"His wife cut him short. 'Please notify the police at once, and have the best detectives sent down. I don't want a minute lost.'

He shot a deprecatory glance at his hostess. That lady was as indifferent as ever. 'You may do as you please. We can only assure you of our co-operation. You will have to notify Mineola, I suppose, and get your own people from New York. Not having ever found it necessary to do such a thing before, I can give but little advice.'

"Save your breath for interviews," said Alice. "I'm glad I usually look well in a snapshot."

Mrs. Gaynor rose from the deep chair where she had dropped on entering the drawing-room.

"If Mrs. Lawdon will permit, I would like to retire. These scenes have been too much for my strength, I am afraid. But, of course, if you object—"

"You treat me as if it were I who had committed a crime," flamed Mrs. Lawdon. "I'd like to know if you'd lost a fortune like that, if you wouldn't insist on something being done? You haven't the right to—"

"to sneer at me. Of course, you're not interested. You didn't lose anything. Don't let me keep you up, please."

Alice turned affectionately to Mrs. Gaynor. "Do go to bed—you're done. If you could see how terribly you look. It's a shame this thing should have come up now."

"Do go," added Mrs. Evelyn. "I'll stay here. With me and Alice as hostages of good faith. Mrs. Lawdon should be satisfied."

Mr. Lawdon presented his arm, his kindly face working with concern and mortification. "Let me help you, Nellie," he said softly. "I'm

that sorry—dear me, I'd buy the little girl her kit twice over if she'd only come to her senses. But she's too upset. You'll forgive her, won't you?" he whispered as they reached the door. "She doesn't mean any harm, but she's all upset, and she's a perfect kid, Nellie, a perfect kid."

"Oh, that's all right," she smiled brightly. "We'll all be adjusted in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," he murmured, "good night. Hope they didn't disturb your finery too much in their search. We fine-tooth-combed the whole place without respect to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. Good night again." He withdrew, and Nellie slowly moved toward the stairs.

Her hands shook as if palsied as she reached for the carved newel post, her knees weakened and she sank upon the lower step, burying her face in her hands, too weak to rise and proceed in the search for her sorely needed rest. After a moment of complete relaxation, she pulled herself together, conscious that the dizziness that numbed her throbbing brain might at any moment gain control. She stood for a moment leaning her whole weight on the balustrade, when a sudden commotion roused all her dormant energies.

Adele's voice rose in hysterical protest. "Madame! Madame! Oh, Madame!" The maid came down the corridor, spied her mistress, and rushed to her as to refuge. Behind her came Wendham. "Oh, Madame!" the girl gasped, "what do you think John—John, the second man, said to me? Oh, ma'am, he nudged up to me and said: 'I saw you, my girl, when you went into that room. Now, I haven't peached, and you divide with me.' That's what he said, ma'am. He accused me, he did, and as God sees me, Mrs. Gaynor, it isn't true. I was asleep there all the time. I was, I was. Oh, you don't believe him, ma'am, you don't—oh, say you don't!"

Mrs. Gaynor swayed, clutching at the banisters. "John says he saw you go in?" Her voice was sharp with something more than surprise.

Wendham caught her by the arm, and leaning over, gently pushed back the woman's arms that sought to catch and cling to her mistress's knees.

"Don't, my girl—quiet, quiet—calm down now. Don't be frightened." His voice soothed the terrified creature like magic. She raised her head fixing her tearful eyes upon his. Her tension relaxed suddenly. "John probably thought you did rob Mrs. Lawdon and just took a flyer to see if you'd weaken and divide with him if you had. You must control yourself, Mrs. Gaynor believes in you, I know she does. Be calm now." His eyes held hers as if fascinated. Slowly she drooped forward.

"Come, come," Mrs. Gaynor's voice broke in. "Adele, what nonsense. You mustn't allow people to frighten you like that. It's just as the doctor says. Of course, we know you're innocent. Go back and stay with the others, since Mrs. Lawdon wishes it."

The girl rubbed her hand across her eyes and rose unsteadily. "Yes'm," she said. "Please excuse me. I was all took back."

"It's all right, Adele," Mrs. Gaynor's voice had regained its former gentleness. "Go back, and don't run away like that again. If anything more is said, insist on seeing me. Good night."

The servant turned and went slowly away.

"Nellie," said Wendham slowly, "for Heaven's sake go to your room before anything more happens! I cannot bear to see you in this condition. It breaks my heart." He raised her unresisting hand to his lips. "Come, dear, come."

With his help she mounted the easy stairs and crossed the hallway to her room. At the door she paused and turned to him.

"I'm not worth your kindness, really, I'm not. Oh!" she cried passionately, "I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead—but I haven't the courage. Good night, and thank you."

The troubled household was at last at rest, but Wendham found sleep impossible. "Let's sit it out, Cass," he suggested. Mr. Evelyn jumped at the suggestion. "A night-cap and a chat—I need soothing." Settling themselves in easy chairs before the fire, they remained silent, each deep in thought.

Evelyn spoke suddenly. "I've got one piece of news for you, Boyd—and I'm sorry it's—what it is!"

Wendham looked up anxiously. His host recrossed his legs. "I learned something a little while ago. You remember when Vreeman called me to the door? Well, John, the second man, wanted to see me; said he had something to say; excused himself for not speaking before, but he hated to peach on a fellow worker—and all that sort of rot. Upshot of it was, he says he saw Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, come out of the Lawdon's room when we were all at dinner, and before Mary came up to prepare the rooms. Direct contradiction of what she says, you see."

The scene in the hall when the incensed maid had flown to her beloved mistress with her story came clearly before Wendham. That the girl was truly and frankly resentful was evident; that she spoke in all simplicity of soul had been equally obvious. This story, then, what was it? Had the man, knowing that his intended victim had once told of the whole encounter, deemed it safer for himself to seek equal publicity and stick to the story? It seemed

so, and yet, might not this be part of an overable scheme to divert attention from himself? Wendham's reverie lasted so long that Evelyn was annoyed.

"You don't seem interested in my latest information," he said at length.

The physician started. "I wonder—I wonder—" again he was lost in thought. "Do you know," he said suddenly, "I'd question that man very carefully. Have him here." He glanced at the clock. "It's very late, never mind," he added.

"What's the odds?" said Evelyn. "He and Vreeman are sitting up guarding the suspects, at Mrs. Lawdon's request." He rang. "Send John here," he ordered as the butler appeared.

## CHAPTER VII.

A moment later the valet entered the room. His face was sullen and determined.

"Yes, sir, I'm here, sir."

"John," ordered Evelyn, "tell Dr. Wendham what you told me."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir. I came up with the ice-water trays, sir, about nine, as it might be, and Mrs. Gaynor's young woman, Adele, sir, was just leaving Mrs. Lawdon's room. She crossed ahead of me. 'Good evenin',' says I. She goes right on as if I wasn't there. 'What's your grouch?' says I; but she'd gone down the corridor."

"How far away were you?" inquired Wendham.

"Oh, quite the length of the hall, sir, and the lights were low, only the far electrolights being lit, sir. But I couldn't be mistaken, no sir."

"Could anyone have impersonated her walk, do you think?"

The man shook his head emphatically.

"No? Well, tell me and your employer here, what did you mean by going to her and telling her you'd seen her, and that if she'd divide you'd keep quiet?"

Evelyn, who knew nothing of these developments, sat up suddenly with an exclamation of surprise. The valet reddened, but was evidently prepared for the question.

"I was hopin' to get a confession, sir," he answered glibly. "Then I'd had the whole thing in me hand, and no doubt Mr. Lawdon would have rewarded—you understand, I'm not graspin', sir, but I thought as if detectives and police were comin'—"

"What did she say—what did the woman say?" interrupted Evelyn eagerly.

"Up in the air like a colt, sir. Wouldn't have none of it. I'd insulted her, and she'd go to her mistress—an' she did," he added ruefully. "Then I came straight to you, sir."

"Wendham, do you hear that?" Evelyn exclaimed.

"I was there when it happened—or rather, when she ran to Mrs. Gaynor with the story. She was, as John says, up in the air."

"What did Nellie say?" inquired Evelyn.

Wendham's face clouded. "Mrs. Gaynor isn't strong, as I've told you. This evening has been terribly hard on her. I was afraid that this final complication would prove the last straw, but she pulled herself up like a thoroughbred, told Adele that she had absolute confidence in her, and then ordered her back to remain under Mrs. Lawdon's supervision."

"What do you make of it?" asked Evelyn. Wendham hesitated, and his host read his wishes.

"You may leave us, John. Thank you. Good night."

The servant bowed and retired.

"I don't know what to think," said Wendham, reverting to the last question; "but this I do believe, that girl is as innocent as you are. She was beside herself with shame and indignation, and it was genuine. I'm far more inclined to suspect John."

It was Evelyn's turn to fall into a brown study, from which he emerged with his friend's words upon his lips. "I wonder—I wonder. That would be a foxy game, wouldn't it? But has he the sense? Supposing this man did see some one, and that one wasn't Adele? Who could it be? If a man, then small and slender enough to dress and pass for a girl; if a woman, one who was either in our employ or who dressed as a maid. It's beyond me. Suppose the things were stolen by some one in the house—Adele, let us say, or John—what would they do with them? No one has left the place, the robbery was discovered so soon."

"Of course," said Wendham, "they're hidden, and, of course, in a place that would not be likely to be thought of, at least in any superficial search, such as we made to-night. This has been planned, Heaven knows how long ahead, and the receptacle chosen. If John is the guilty one, I would incline to the garden—an old well, the cellar. I once heard of a butler who put stolen diamonds into a bottle of port, corked it, and resealed it, marked it, and put it with the other bottles. Unfortunately the very next day the master happened to take out that bottle from the back row—and—there you are. It was mere luck. We may be as fortunate. If, on the contrary, it's Adele, there's no telling. If that girl is clever enough to lie with such absolute appearance of truth, she's clever enough to out-wit us all, and our only hope is that she'll be too clever and meet us halfway round the circle again."

"Oh, well, what's the use? Let's go to bed, old man. I'm down and out." Evelyn rose, stretched himself, and suppressed a yawn. "Look here comes the dawn. Was Evelyn's

thing better than that? Corot is a back number, as Alice would say."

The great plain far below the hill was wrapped in blue night, grading to purple. A thread of scarlet touched its uttermost rim, while above the clouds melted to tones of opal. Higher yet, the almost white sky was limpid as a moonstone. The two men stood by the window a moment, then simultaneously turned away. "Good night—excuse me, good day, old man. Thanks for your help and your pleasant company."

"Don't mention it," said Wendham. "There's something stewing at the back of my brain. I think I'll have an idea soon. If I do, I'll let you know. They've not been of much use so far. Good day."

They sought their rooms. Wendham's brain was too active for sleep. Instead, after a cold plunge, he seated himself, wrapped in a heavy bath robe, by the window and watched the miracle of morning.

Suddenly the inward self, as if after huge and hidden labor, supplied a recollection. Apparently it was not connected with the case in mind. It seemed rather, in the effort to reach the thing desired, the dislodgment of another memory from its cell.

"Why, of course, Mrs. Wimbledon was the woman whom the famous French specialist had once named as the most gifted hypnotist of his acquaintance." Yes that was the name. He had not been able to place it—no wonder. Who would have connected Mrs. Gaynor with a science as remote from her interests, or with any one so devoted to it pursuits? Wimbledon—the name on the envelope entrusted to his care, had uselessly haunted him. The strange, insistent, relentless personality that dwells in us all, pushed aside his conventional wonderings and thoughts. He found himself suddenly confronted by the vision of the maid as she clung to Mrs. Gaynor's knees—of the strange relaxation of her body, when with gentle, forceful firmness he had ordered her to be quiet. He recalled the anxiety of her gaze. He had no thought of compelling her will, other than his wish to spare the woman he loved a painful scene which might break down the slender barrier of self-control that still protected her throbbing nerves—no thought but the great desire. With astonishing readiness the girl had bent to his suggestion. He recalled the sharp, almost frightened tone in which Mrs. Gaynor had mentally seized and shaken the prostrate servant, breaking the spell his voice and presence were closing about her predisposed personality. She knew then—she realized what was happening—what might happen! "Am I insane?" he said aloud. He thrust back the tumultuous thoughts that flashed and seared in brain and heart.

Again he was forced to see and to fit another piece into the puzzle. Mrs. Gaynor had spent nearly a year abroad—in Paris, three years ago, while he was following his medico-psychical research in Vienna. So much Calvin Mortimer had told him. That was the time when Mrs. Wimbledon had studied with Berlioz. They must have known each other there. It was fair to suppose

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, THE "SOCIALIST JOAN OF ARC"

Three years ago Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a girl then fifteen years old, was heralded in New York as "a new Joan of Arc." She made impassioned speeches from public platforms in the interest of socialism. Afterward she spoke in other cities. Although a radical and fiery speaker, she was personally quiet, modest and simple in her every-day life.

Last January she married, though she still holds her maiden name, and for a year she and her miner husband, John Archibald Jones, have been in Chicago doing propaganda work there for the Industrial Workers of the World.

"We can cut words from a newspaper."

then that Mrs. Gaynor was familiar with a subject so successfully, if erratically, followed by her friend. This girl, this Adele, had accepted her mistress's fallen fortunes and accompanied her.

"This is sheer nonsense," he exclaimed, "sheer nonsense! There wasn't evidence enough to cast even a suspicion. The whole thing was natural. It was the peculiar manifestation of extraordinary conditions—nothing more. It is my own state of mind that is disordered. For God's sake, man, be sane! Walk off this madness!"

Dressing himself hastily in his tramping tweeds, he traversed the silent house, and selected a heavy black thorn stick from the hall rack. At the door a pallid, red-eyed servant barred his way.

"Pardon," he murmured respectfully. "Mr. Evelyn requests no one to leave the house."

Wendham sighed. "Right, Alfred; I hadn't thought of that."

"Besides—" the man opened the door slightly, giving a glimpse of lawn, drive, and distant spangled hills; in the foreground a young man in puttees and heavy traveling homespuns, was busily taking photographs. "That's the first of 'em, sir," said the servant grimly, "and I know what it is, sir. I was with Mr. Elwell-Kanes when Master Bob was shot."

Wendham reddened angrily. "Have him sent off at once, the beggar!"

"What's the use?" said the servant, wisely resigned.

(To be continued.)

## APPARATUS TO SHOW SEX

Experiments with Sexophone Seem to Bear Out the Claims of Its Inventor.

London.—How to determine sex before birth has long puzzled scientists—especially the sex of a bird while still in the egg. An Englishman has invented an apparatus which, it is said, will do this. He calls the apparatus the sexophone, and declares that with its aid he can determine the sex of any living creature.

Recently some experiments were tried with the sexophone at the home of W. T. Stead, the well-known publicist. The inventor had stated in describing the apparatus that if it were held over a male the pendulum would gyrate in circles that grow wider and wider, while if it were held over a female the pendulum would swing backward and forward.

The sexophone was shown to be a pendulum of copper wire and a piece of highly magnetized steel, ending in a pith ball. It was held above the subject by means of a wooden handle with a copper core.

Various tests were made at Mr. Stead's house not only with human beings, but with eggs, a rabbit, a hedgehog, a guinea pig, and a pigeon, and in every case the instrument responded according to the sex of the subject as the inventor said it would.

Besides Mr. Stead, among those who watched the proceedings were Major Gen. Sir Alfred Turner. The former expressed himself much interested and said that he intended to go further into the subject.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, THE "SOCIALIST JOAN OF ARC"



Three years ago Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a girl then fifteen years old, was heralded in New York as "a new Joan of Arc." She made impassioned speeches from public platforms in the interest of socialism. Afterward she spoke in other cities. Although a radical and fiery speaker, she was personally quiet, modest and simple in her every-day life.

Last January she married, though she still holds her maiden name, and for a year she and her miner husband, John Archibald Jones, have been in Chicago doing propaganda work there for the Industrial Workers of the World.

## FEW BLACK HAND CONVICTIONS SHOWN

New York City.—The Black Hand's record of murder and extortion during the past fourteen months, as known to the police of New York City and adjacent towns, is little less than amazing.

From Bingham's annual report, Jan. 1, 1909:

### Black Hand Cases.

Cases reported	424
Arrests	215
Convictions	36
Discharges	156
Cases Pending	22
Years of sentences, 54 years, 2 months 5 days.	

From Bingham's annual report, Jan. 1, 1909:

### Bomb Explosions.

Cases reported	44
Arrests	70
Convictions	9
Discharges	68
Cases Pending	3
Years of sentences, 5 years 6 months 10 days.	

Don't Snub Children.

Children love to be treated with courtesy and respect. They resent having their opinions and sentiments snubbed, and parents might learn a good deal from them and about them if they would encourage them to talk more freely of all they think and feel. We are hardened by the gathering years, and we have lost our keenest sense of what is the very truest and the very best. The contact of a child's mind with its pure vision is like a message straight from God.

## HOME DRESSMAKING

By Charlotte Martin.

### EMPIRE DRESSING SACQUE.



Pattern No. 409.—This attractive dressing sacque is in two pieces and easily made. The seam in the back gives an empire effect but may be stitched down to the actual waist line if preferred. In the above picture it is made of dotted lawn but may be made of any material.

Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yds. of 36 inch material.

### LADIES' SHIRTTWAIST.



Pattern No. 439.—This is one of the new models with a yoke in the back. It makes a charming waist made up plain like the picture or can be varied easily by stitching tucks in the back and front before cutting.

Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1-2 yds. of 27 inch material.

### PRETTY SCHOOL DRESS.



Pattern No. 436.—Blue and white striped goods was used to make this dress. With the belt and bands of plain blue, a little darker in color, it makes a frock that will be very useful. The skirt and waist are both sewed to the belt and closed in the back.

Cut in 3 sizes, 12, 14 and 16 yrs. Size 16 requires 6 yds. of 27 inch material.

### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.—

Send ten cents for each pattern desired to Charlotte Martin, 402 W. 23d Street, New York. Give No. of pattern and size wanted.