

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL H. HARDEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape. Hendricks call for a crematory employe, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Serat, Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantini had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others. Hendricks and Lampkin go to Kola's retreat. Kola tells them Gielow is dead, and to improve his supernatural powers claims to go to detective's home in his astral body and bring back a Bible, which is handed to Hendricks amidst a lot of occult haberdash. Kola warns detective an attempt is to be made on his life. Reaching home, Hendricks learns how nearly Kola deceived him when his mother tells of disappearance of Bible after one of Kola's calls during his absence in Boston. Coming now to Gielow's experiences, the story goes back to night of murder. Bantini by his strange power abducted his victim. Gielow wakes in narrow cell, and realizes he is starving. Bantini tells his prisoner he is in his power, and how during three days of unconsciousness he had been used to write letters to Miss Huntington and the police. The imprisoned artist manages to loosen a stone in side of cell. Through this opening he decides to send a message to the outside world.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Gielow did not flinch as he thrust the knife blade into his wrist. Compared to the agony of his whole being, the slight pricking sensation was nothing. Then, when the blood had flowed out and stood in a big drop on his left wrist, he began to write his message with the knife blade. It was difficult work even for a skillful artist, for his hand shook as if with ague, and his strength was almost gone. Here is what he wrote, economizing in words, for his space was limited:

"Innocent. Confined by C. Bantini I know not where. Send help. Starving. Take to police. ARTHUR GIELOW."

Then, rolling the cuff tightly and tying it with the thread, he hurriedly pushed it into the crack. He was afraid the couple would rise and walk on. According to his calculations the roll lodged just beyond the reach of his fingers and then he set about to complete his operation.

He tore his handkerchief into shreds and tying the ends together he made a long string. Then holding pieces of straw to his hand he tightly wrapped them with the strings till he had constructed a rod of straw about four feet in length. With this, after many failures, he finally pushed the cuff through the crevice. He saw it fall from the rock, strike something and leap into the sunlight space. For an instant it was lost to sight, and then he saw it fall into the roadway about 20 feet from the pair on the bench. They happened to be gazing into each other's eyes and did not see it. Then a carriage, the driver of which wore a high hat and a blue coat with brass buttons, whirled past. The hoofs of the horses knocked the blood-stained messenger out of Gielow's sight.

His heart sank within him. Tremblingly he took off his remaining cuff, but the blood drop had become smeared

and dry on his wrist, and his right hand shook pitifully.

"It's no use," he said, with a groan. Again he peered through the crevice. The sun seemed to be going down. The lovers had risen, and, arm in arm, were strolling away. For a few moments Gielow lay motionless on the straw, then he tried to replace the wedge of stone to hide the opening from Bantini, but he was so weak that it fell from his nerveless fingers.

All at once it grew dark about him. He felt as if he were being tossed on the bosom of an angry sea.

Twenty-four hours later there was a hurried step outside. The door opened and Count Bantini came in, holding a lantern over his head. He brought pen, ink, a pad of paper and an envelope. The darkness outside and the shine of his lantern prevented his seeing the crack in the rock.

Putting the lantern down by the artist, he shook him violently.

"Wake up," he said, gruffly. "I want you to write. Write! Write, I say!"

But Gielow did not stir.

The count swore sullenly and lifted the lantern so that its rays fell across the prisoner's face. He thrust his fingers into the bosom of Gielow's shirt. "Breathing, but that is all!" he muttered. "Ah!" as his eyes noted the pen-knife and the bloody wrist, "he wanted to puncture a vein and get it over. It was too cowardly. Well, you are going fast enough, my boy. I can do without your penmanship."

He unlocked the manacles from the prisoner's wrists and ankles, kicked them aside and left the cell.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next morning after the visit to Kola Hendricks reached his office before his office boy. The first thing he did was to look through the Herald for his advertisement.

It was there, word for word as he had written it. Now he told himself that there was nothing to do but to hope for a reply to it. He busied himself writing letters until nine o'clock, and then Dr. Lampkin hurried in.

"Good morning," he said. "I couldn't go to work to-day with all this uncertainty on my mind, so I came right here to await developments."

"Glad you came," said Hendricks, cordially, as he bent again over his desk. When he had laid his pen aside Lampkin said:

"I hardly slept a wink last night. I couldn't get that wonderful performance of Kola's out of my head. It is in advance of anything I ever heard of. Hendricks laughed and recounted what had occurred between him and his mother on his arrival at home.

"Ah, a trick, after all!" cried the doctor, and then his face hardened under an afterthought, "but you certainly mentioned the Bible of your own accord."

"That's the point that kept me awake last night," confessed Hendricks, dryly.

For a moment both men were silent, then Lampkin said:

"There is only one way in which he could have done it."

"How is that?" asked Hendricks, deeply interested.

"Kola had the Bible ready, and when he told you to select some article at home I noticed that he gazed steadily into your eyes. Through telepathy and hypnotism combined he must have impressed the idea of the book on your mind."

"But he opposed me in that, he—"

"That was only for effect. The whole thing was most skillfully done. He suggested the Bible to you hypnotically, and forced you to demand that and nothing else."

"Can that sort of thing be done?"

"In the east it is considered mere child's play."

Hendricks stared at his friend for a moment, then he brought his hand down on his desk with a resounding blow.

"By Jove! that makes three!" he ejaculated.

"Three what?" asked the doctor.

"Three similarities between Kola and Count Bantini."

"I don't follow you," said Lampkin, leaning forward eagerly.

"By Jove! it makes four," cried Hendricks, his eyes sparkling. "Listen. As he lay there last night and grew whiter and whiter, I remarked a little indentation on each side of his nose, which must have been made by a pair of pin-nose glasses. Now, as Kola never, to my knowledge, wore glasses, and as Bantini was never seen without them, that similarity occurred to me. Next my glance wandered to his long finger nails, and their grawame points, and Bantini popped into my head again. Then what should enter my mind but that it was Kola himself who had often used that foreign idiom, contained in the letter to Miss Huntington. And now we know that Kola is a hypnotist of rare ability, and so is Bantini!"

An exclamation of wonder escaped the doctor's lips.

"Do you really think Kola and Bantini are identical?"

"Oh, no," laughed the detective. "If I did I should act at once. The similarities are there, but they may mean nothing at all."

At this juncture the door opened, and Sergt. Denham entered. His whole manner was that of a man who had suddenly met with great disappointment.

"Good morning, Capt. Hendricks," said he, respectfully, and he made a

careless sign of greeting to Dr. Lampkin.

"Oh, it's Capt. Hendricks, eh?" said the detective, lightly. "What has come over the spirit of your dream, my boy?"

The sergeant sat down awkwardly. A flush was rising in his cheeks.

"I have come to beg for advice," he said. "As you are not concerned in the Caruthers affair, I thought you might be willing to give me a pointer. You see, the chief trusted the whole business to me, and I was so confident of the reliability of certain information I had—"

"In the shape of a letter from Gielow?" broke in Hendricks, smiling broadly.

"Yes," admitted the sergeant, in astonishment. "How did you know?"

"A letter that every known expert declared was no forgery?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on. I'm listening."

For a moment the young officer hung his head in embarrassment, then he pulled himself together and concluded:

"But in following the letter up we met with nothing but failure. Mr. Hendricks, I am at the end of my rope, and it really looks as if I am going to be set back. Capt. Melroe is furious at me."

"Ah, that would be too bad!" said Hendricks, with a touch of genuine sympathy in his voice. "You have the ingredients of success in your make-up, and, above all, you have enthusiasm, which, when it is well curbed, is the main thing. Your egotism will rub off. I see exactly how the land lies, and I want to help you. In fact, I will, if you will join me."

"I'll do anything in God's world you suggest, Mr. Hendricks," said the sergeant, warmly, a hopeful note coming into his voice.

"Well, just let it be known at headquarters that you have become associated with me in the case, and together we will get what we can out of it. I am no fool, and I know that for a young detective to join me will be no discredit to him, especially if we win."

"It will be the making of me," said Denham, beaming all over. "But I can't see what can be done."

"I can," answered Hendricks, with a glance askance at Lampkin. "Sergeant, I have been hard at work on this case since the night the affair was discovered."

"You have!"

"Yes, and never got any substantial clew till you gave it to me. That's why I am willing to help you now."

"I gave it to you?" said Denham, his brow contracted.

"The cuff with the bloody message on it," exclaimed Hendricks. "It was writ-



HE BEGAN TO WRITE HIS MESSAGE WITH HIS KNIFE BLADE.

ten by Gielow, and he is now starving, if he is not dead, somewhere in confinement. He is in the power of a certain Count Bantini—you read it 'Bantam'—who was a rival of his for the hand of Miss Huntington."

Denham's astonishment was too great to admit of expression.

Hendricks passed a copy of the Herald over to him. "You see," he said, indicating with his finger a place among the personals. "I am trying to find the man whom you sent away without taking down his address. If we knew where he picked up that cuff we would be on the road to success."

Denham crossed his legs and folded his arms awkwardly. Apparently he had a struggle with his pride.

"As far as that is concerned," he said, sheepishly. "I can help you on that point. I remember now that my assistant, who talked with the fellow, told me that he said he had picked up the cuff on the new road which has been cut by an old colonial house above Fort Lee, on the Palisades. I could have told you then, but I was an ass. I was so full of my own importance that I simply lied to you."

Hendricks raised his open hand in the air, all the fingers apart. He was gazing into Lampkin's astonished eyes.

"Five!" he exclaimed. "Kola and Count Bantini are one and the same. Gielow is confined somewhere about the old house."

The sergeant was more than mystified.

Hendricks sprang up.

"Explain it all to him, doctor," he said, pointing to the officer. "I must formulate a plan of immediate action."

He stood at the window, his hands locked behind him, while Lampkin was explaining the matter to Denham, and just after the doctor had finished, he whirled into the adjoining room, routing the astonished office boy from a seat near the telephone.

"We must prepare Kola for our coming," he said to Denham. "If he sees our turn-out approaching he may give us the slip. I think I can fix him by calling him up a moment."

"Good idea," remarked the sergeant, and he and the doctor drew near the telephone.

Hendricks rang and in a steady, unconcerned tone asked for the desired connection. For a moment he stood perfectly still, holding the receiver to his ear, then he laughed.

"Hello, Kola! I know your voice. I say, my boy, you played me fine last night. I never closed my eyes once. Oh, you needn't laugh. There's no fun in that sort of thing."

"What? Yes, he's upset too. He was in my office as soon as I was, anxious to talk it over. He lost sleep, too, I think. But, I say, Kola, I am in a dilemma about this murder case. I want your advice. When I tell you what I half way suspect I think you may advise me to go ahead. If you have no objections I'll come out with Lampkin and give you my views and then if you still hold that I ought to drop the matter I will do it."

"What's that? A little louder, please?"

"Oh, yes, a thorough convert at last. I shall never make sport of your philosophy again. Then we may come out at once?"

"And then, although the doctor was within reach of his hand, Hendricks raised his voice as if speaking to some one in the next room.

"All right, doctor, he says we may come. I'll send down for a cab."

Imposing silence with a gesture of the hand, the detective led them into the other room and closed the door.

"He's completely off his guard, and tickled to death over my credulity. He'll be the worst surprised individual that ever looked down the barrel of a six-shooter. Now, to business. We'll all three take the elevated to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. I'll telephone for a carriage to meet us there. Doctor, make out an order for some restoratives. In case Gielow is alive we will need them."

Dr. Lampkin penciled a prescription, and sent the office boy to the nearest drug store.

"I hope," he remarked to Hendricks, "that you are sure of your ground in believing that Kola and Bantini are identical."

"Oh, that's all right," grunted Hendricks. "You see, the count didn't cause Gielow to disappear the very night I got back without a reason. He must have been keeping a close watch on my movements and knew when I returned. My mother tells me that Kola called to ask about me every afternoon during my absence, and he never let a day slip during that time without dropping in this office. Why, every time he came he saw his letter to me lying unopened on my desk. Oh, the whole thing bears the imprint of the Indian, and I could make it clear to you if I had time. In his role as psychic adviser to the rich set he got acquainted with their ways, and, being desirous of getting rich suddenly, he resorted to the Italian nobleman ruse. He felt that I knew him better than anyone else in New York, and tried to blow me out of his path. Failing in that, he may have decided to let me exist awhile longer, but when he had stained his hands with human blood he became shaky and made another trial at my windpipe."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Honors of War.

Little Harry—Pa, what is meant by marching out with the honors of war?

Pa—Well, for instance, if Tommy Brown were to knock you down and pummel you until you yelled "enough," and then let you up and told you to go home and never step into his back yard again, you would march off with the honors of war. But if, instead of letting you up when you confessed you were licked, he kept on pounding you until somebody stopped him, then you wouldn't get off with the honors of war.

"But I wouldn't march off with the honors of war anyway, if that's how it's done."

"Why not?"

"'Cause when he let me up and told me to never step in his back yard again, I'd get a rock and swat him."—Cleveland Leader.

An Economical Cook.

A Chinaman will bake a dinner for a dozen with a mere handful of fuel. The boiler he uses is large and cone-shaped, being sometimes two feet in diameter and one foot deep. It covers the fire with merely a small portion of the lower part of the case, but the heat and flames envelop the rest. Water and rice are put at the bottom with a frame over them, and on this are placed dishes of fish, fowl and vegetables to boil. The whole is covered with a wooden cover, in the center of which is a hole about four inches in diameter, and in this another dish is often placed, the contents of which are cooked by the steam.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Proud Descent.

O'Brien—And so Jaykers is proud as his descent is he?

McTurk—Yis, he is turribly stuck up about it.

"Well, begorra, O'ive a bit av a descent meself to boast about. O' deseined four stories wanst whin the ladder broke and niver spilled a brick!"—Chicago Evening News.

EMPLOYES' STORES.

Leaders of Different Railroad Organizations About to Open Stores at Division Points on the Co-Operative Plan.

Chicago, Sept. 18.—The Chronicle today says: Leaders of the different railroad employe organizations are now considering plans for the establishment of employe grocery stores at the division points of the various lines throughout the country. It is proposed to have the stores conducted on the co-operative plan, the stock to be subscribed for by the employe of all branches. The object of the store is not only to reduce prices, but to protect men against garnishee proceedings, which are often instituted to collect small accounts and which many times cost otherwise faithful employes their position, as on many roads a garnishment suit is cause for dismissal. The new plan is to be tried first at Chillicothe, O., the division headquarters of the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern road. Practical grocery men will be placed in charge and their accounts will be subject to inspection by a committee of the stockholders. If the grocery store is a success, other departments such as clothing, boots and shoes, hardware and furniture may be added.

RECEIVE BUT LITTLE FOOD.

Lieut. Gillmore and 14 of His Men, Who Were Taken Prisoners Six Months Ago, Faring Badly.

Washington, Sept. 18.—News concerning Lieut. Gillmore and 14 of the enlisted men of the gunboat Yorktown, who were captured by the Filipinos at Baler more than six months ago, has reached Washington in letters to military officers from their fellows in the Philippines. The latest information comes through a Spanish planter by the name of Garza, who was imprisoned by the insurgents and subsequently made his escape. He said that the men were at Bigan, where they were subsisting on a meager quantity of rice, valued at not more than one peseta per man per day. The allowance, however, was more liberal than that for the Spanish prisoners, every one of whom was allotted one-half peseta per day. There were fully 2,000 of the latter at Bigan, Garza says, and all prisoners, Spanish and American, showed signs of giving way under the rigorous confinement and the poor and insufficient food. He is quoted as saying that the captives could not stand such hardship and such fare much longer.

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POPE AND AMERICANISM.

Rome Correspondent of the London Times Hints at a Duel Between Anglo-Saxon Temperament and Jesuit Discipline.

London, Sept. 18.—The Times prints a four-column article from its Rome correspondent on the pope and Americanism, who says:

So long as the American Catholics formulate no doctrine, claim no liberty and avoid all action which might give a handle to their foes they may hope to live in peace. Yet the question arises, how long will respect for their past, their independence of spirit and especially the constant influence of the American environment permit them to pursue their tranquillity on sufferance or to enjoy their freedom by stealth? The duel between the Anglo-Saxon temperament and the Jesuit discipline will be worth watching for the sake of civilization.

TERRIBLE STREET FIGHT.

A Negro Miner Shot at Some White Miners, Who Then Opened Fire and Killed Six Negroes.

Murphyboro, Ill., Sept. 18.—At noon yesterday a terrible street fight took place in Carterville between a crowd of negro miners from Brush's mine in Carterville and white miners, resulting in the death of six negro miners. The negroes were down town and were ordered back by the white miners. A quarrel resulted in a negro non-union miner shooting at the crowd. The white men at once opened fire and killed six of the negroes and fatally wounded another. No white men or union men were injured.

Soldiers Paraded in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 18.—Great crowds lined Kansas City's streets at two o'clock Saturday afternoon to witness the parade of the Thirty-second volunteer regiment, which was en route to Manila. Col. Louis A. Craig, of St. Joseph, is in command. Lunch was served at the Coates house, and every man was supplied with cigars done up in a neat package wrapped in red, white and blue ribbons. The soldiers presented a fine appearance and were enthusiastically cheered as they marched through the streets.

All Paraders Will Be Dismounted.

Washington, Sept. 18.—It has been decided that the Dewey parade in this city October 2 shall be a dismounted one, owing to the danger incident to the use of untried horses in the presence of a great pyrotechnic display. One of the finest processions ever held here, that of the Grand Army in the fall of 1892, was a dismounted one, and it is still recalled with inspiration how ex-President Hayes and many of the best-known men in the country walked the entire distance.

Alger Withdraws from Senatorial Race.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 18.—Russell A. Alger has written a letter formally withdrawing his candidacy for the United States senate, leaving to Senator James McMillan a clear field and no visible opposition.