

# A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HURLER

"I have had a talk with Chipstead," he said; "he will be dealing with the matter to-day, and in the morning you and I will go up to Town. I will take you myself to the Home Secretary. The charge against you must be dropped." Once again Creighton endeavored to express his gratitude, but his host smilingly refused to listen.

"A game of billiards before bed? We keep early hours when my wife is not here, but a hundred up should not take long. What do you say?"

Martin, feeling that all the good fairies were now watching over him, accepted.

"And so, Mr. Creighton, you have brought me a note from Sir David Warburton, the Home Secretary. Apparently he has been convinced by Lord Belshaven that you are innocent of the atrocious crime with which you have been charged. Of course, if a mistake has been made—"

"You must know that a mistake has been made, Mr. Stark. You have heard my story. I have told you how the man Juhl, who is now dead—"

Martin Creighton stopped. The Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard looked as though he was going to be very ill. All through the interview he had been wiping his forehead continually, as though he found the heat of the room oppressive, and now he clutched the side of the table for support.

Creighton stepped forward, but Mr. Jarvis Stark waved him back.

"I am not feeling myself this morning," the Deputy Commissioner said. "I have been tremendously overworked lately . . . tremendously overworked . . ." The voice trailed off.

Sorry as he was for the man, Martin felt that this was proving a most unsatisfactory interview. Earlier in the afternoon he had been taken by Lord Belshaven to see the Secretary of State. The latter had listened attentively, not only to what the Foreign Secretary had said, but to Creighton's own story. At the end he had pursed his lips.

"This is indeed a very grave matter," he pronounced, "and I as very grateful to you, Lord Belshaven, for bringing Mr. Creighton to me. I understand that Mr. Jarvis Stark, the Deputy Commissioner of Police, is not at his office to-day, but I will give you a note, Mr. Creighton, to take to him at his house. Mr. Jarvis Stark has dealt with the Sir Simon Baste affair himself. He will be very interested in what you have to tell him."

Martin had been asked to step into another room while the two Cabinet Ministers conferred together in private. As he passed through the door, he heard the Home Secretary remark to his colleagues: "A most lamentable error . . ."

He had taken a taxi to the address on the envelope, and had been shown into this large and rather poorly furnished room on the ground-floor. Evidently Mr. Jarvis Stark was something of a Spartan as regards his personal comforts.

"If you are not the murderer of Sir Simon Baste, who is?"

Wiping his forehead again, the questioner sank into a chair. Undoubtedly the man was ill, Creighton decided. Yet he was bound to reply.

"That is your business, not mine, I suggest. Perhaps it was the man Juhl."

Jarvis Stark rolled his handkerchief into a ball.

"The man Juhl," he repeated. "But he is dead, you say?"

"Yes. And now I must ask you, Mr. Stark, to give me your assurance that I shall not be subjected to any further annoyance from you or your policemen."

The Deputy Commissioner rose. He proved to be unsteady on his feet.

"I will give you the necessary assurance—I will—I will get it now. Please excuse me for a few minutes." Before Creighton could make any reply he had left the room.

After five minutes had passed, Martin became impatient. The irritation he had experienced from the beginning of this interview increased until he felt he could not stay in the room any longer. He had the impression that Jarvis Stark was somehow fooling him.

He had stooped to pick up his hat and stick, when a voice, harsh and impelling, called: "Put up your hands!"

Creighton swung around instantly. Confronting him was a tall man whose features were entirely covered with a black mask.

"You have betrayed my plans and you must pay the penalty." The masked man leveled the revolver in his right hand.

Creighton gasped. This man was that Emperor of Crime, the Lord of the Underworld to whom Juhl had given unquestioning allegiance. This was the masked man, addressed as The King, whom he had met in the house at Highgate. And now he saw him again in the house of the Deputy Commissioner of Police.

"Duck, you ass!" The warning immediately preceded the appearance of a thin, wiry-looking man, immaculately dressed, who, appearing sensationally from space, leapt on the back of the masked man, his fingers clutching the other's throat.

"Here, give me a hand, Creighton!" called Bunny Chipstead. A minute later the Secret Service free-lance tore the mask from the face of the man whose wrists he had manacled.

"Jarvis Stark," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Sir Simon Baste."

CHAPTER XXXVII  
It was to a deeply interested gathering of police chiefs, Cabinet Ministers, and other high Government officials in the office of Sir Robert Heddingley that Bunny Chipstead told his story.

"In the first place," he stated, "it is my firm conviction that the report of the eminent alienists who are now examining him will give the opinion that Mr. Jarvis Stark is mad. He has been seriously unbalanced, in my view, for some time past."

"Mad!" The Prime Minister of England turned to the speaker with an impatient gesture. He looked as though he found it difficult to take Chipstead's words seriously.

Sir David Warburton, the Home Secretary, turned in his chair.

"Personally, sir, I should much prefer to believe that Stark was mad. The idea of a Deputy Commissioner of Police behaving as we now know this man has behaved and being in his sane senses is a too unpleasant one to contemplate easily."

Murmurs of assent came from the others in the room.

"If Mr. Chipstead may be allowed to resume, sir—" suggested Sir Robert Heddingley.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Saner Living Credited

### For Improving Health

Milwaukee, Wis. (UP)—Better health conditions provide one of the bright spots in the depression according to Dr. John P. Koehler, Milwaukee health commissioner. He cited the following facts to prove his statement.

"Fewer automobile accidents because fewer cars are being driven."

"Fewer wild parties with a reduced rate in health-menacing hangovers and an increase in per-

sons getting more health-producing sleep.

"Less stomach trouble with people eating plainer foods."

### SWEEP MEDICINE

Columbus, Ohio — When Thomas Butterfield, 39, a trusty who walked from the Columbus City prison last July, returned to take his medicine, he found it not hard to take. When he gave himself up recently he was freed by Judge Joseph M. Clifford at the recommendation of Prosecutor Wayne Fegle. He had bummed his way to California and back.

# MURDER By An ARISTOCRAT

Mignon G. Eberhart

## CHAPTER 1

Last week I had my telephone disconnected, and I am sleeping better. I no longer find myself suddenly awake, staring into the darkness, listening. Listening, every nerve tense, as if I dread what I am about to hear. And then, coming slowly to the realization that the telephone is not ringing, that the Thatcher case is over and closed. It is always with a feeling of shock that I arrive at this realization; I invariably feel tired, exhausted, and faintly terrified, as if I had just escaped some impending danger.

Having been more or less interested in the simpler aspects of psychology for some time, I strove to analyze my own thoroughly annoying trouble and came to the conclusion that I feared the telephone.

So, as I say, I had it disconnected and have slept much better.

Though as to that there are many things far more terrifying than the telephone that I have stored in my memory. There was the singular way Bayard Thatcher's head was twisted. There was the blood on the wrong rug. There were Dave's haunted eyes when I met him at last at that strange grave. And there was, curiously, the heavy fragrance of summer-night rain on roses.

But after all, it was the telephone which summoned me to the Thatcher case to nurse Bayard Thatcher who, Dr. Bouigny said, had accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver. He was not seriously wounded, said Dr. Bouigny, but Miss Odela Thatcher had insisted on calling a trained nurse. From the way he spoke, I received a distinct impression that Adela Thatcher's will was law.

The telephone call aroused me at exactly half-past two of a cool summer dawn; I know the time because I remember rubbing my eyes with one hand while I stretched the other toward my alarm clock and wondered whether it was an accident or a baby. The doctor explained the matter rather hurriedly, saying the accident had occurred about half an hour ago, he had dressed the wound and would leave orders for me, and would I please come at once. I resisted an impulse to tell him I would far rather get my sleep out, scrambled some things into a bag, caught a suburban train, and was presently walking along the turf path, raised a little, and so velvety thick with close-cropped grass that my feet made no sound at all, which led diagonally from the crossroads across the spacious lawns surrounding the Thatcher house.

It was that cool, lovely gray hour before the sun, and I recall very clearly but with some incredulity the feeling of peace and tranquillity and serenity induced in me by the wide green lawn, spreading into misty gray, the dim outlines of the shrubbery, the sleepy twitter of the birds in the great old trees, and the house itself, which loomed half clear, half shadowy ahead of me. It was an old house of mellowed brick with clean white trimmings, sprawling contentedly there amid its trees; a house of undecided architecture with a turret here, a bay window there, an unexpected wing somewhere else; a house that, once neat and compact, had been added onto during several generations. It was now a rambling mixture of many modes of architecture, but the effect, somehow, was still gracious and possessed a mellow and charming dignity.

The wide front door was

open, with only a screen door across it; a light shone in the hall beyond. As I took a last breath of the sweet morning air which mingled the scents of sleeping flowers and dew-drenched, recently cut grass and stepped on the low porch, a woman came from the stairway in the hall to open the door. She was a small woman not much past 50, I thought, in trailing lavender silk with lace falling about her wrists. She looked worried and anxious but was not flurried.

"Miss Keate?" It was a soft, rather high voice, delicately modulated and very deliberate. The kind of voice that in my girlhood was called elegant. Or refined. It continued: "I am Adela Thatcher. Will you come this way, please?"

She gestured toward the stairway, and I followed. The light above had fallen directly upon her face and her gray hair, which was in what, I instinctively felt, was an unaccustomed state of disorder. The arrogant curve of what I came to know as the Thatcher nose was softened in her face to a line of not unpleasant dignity, and her somewhat faded blue eyes squinted near-sightedly. She was not tall and, save for a thickness about the waist and hips, was rather slender, but she gave an impression of stateliness and assured dignity. Her hand on the polished railing was white under its laces, but a little broad and thick knuckled; it was a generous but not a sensitive hand.

At the moment I saw very little of the darkly gleaming stairway and hall. I saw little of it, but at the same time were things I knew about that house immediately. I knew there were glittering bathrooms, lavishly supplied, and generous linen closets delicately fragrant with lavender; I knew that there were many books and good old rugs and ancestral portraits carefully hung; I knew that a stain on the silver—which would be solid and old—was like a stain on the family honor, and that somebody in the household had perpetually red knees from polishing floors and ancient mahogany.

We emerged into a wide, well aired upper hall. At a door almost opposite the stair well a girl in a yellow chiffon negligee stood, apparently waiting for us. One slim hand was on the doorknob of the room she seemed to have just left; her dark hair was pinned back in a remarkably becoming dishevelment, and even at that hurried moment I was conscious of what was almost a shock. The girl was amazingly beautiful.

Now beauty is a rare word, a delicate word, one which may not be used carelessly, but it is the only word for Janice Thatcher. But I do not know to this day exactly why she was beautiful. I suppose she had regular features and a graceful body. I know her black hair was soft and wavy and had a warm brownish tinge. I know she had a creamy magnolia-like skin, very dark gray eyes which were direct and grave under well defined eyebrows and, I believe, long-lashed. But many, many women have all that and have not beauty. No, it was something subtle; something elusive; a sort of inner flame, a something that glowed occasionally like the lambent flashes of a fire opal when you turn it in the light.

Since I am of the generation which quotes Browning, I found myself thinking, "All that I know of a certain star"—and then Miss Adela was saying a little breathlessly:

"How is Bayard? Is he better?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Russians as Dissatisfied

### As Under Czars, Is Claim

Milwaukee, Wis. (UP)—The Russian masses are as dissatisfied today as they were under the rule of the Czars, Major F. Yeats-Brown, British author and sportsman, said while visiting Milwaukee on a lecture tour.

"Thoughts of revolution run through the minds of the Russian masses today," he declared. "They are discontented with their lot under the Soviet regime and tired of the starvation rations upon

which they are forced to subsist because of the shortage of food."

The author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Bloody Years" recently returned from a visit to Russia. He said only the army there is well fed, adding that "the Soviet Government sees to that because a well conditioned army can stave off revolution."

Turkish marriage applicants are issued a license only on the presentation of a certificate showing that they know their new alphabet.

## Romantic Origin of Package Medicines

Some of the most interesting romances will be found in the march of industry; for back of nearly every product which gains public acceptance is the very human story of somebody's ideal, ambition, ingenuity, enterprise, disappointment, struggle and final achievement.

The privations and hardships which accompanied the early years of the development of package medicines are an important part of the history of our nation. The public seldom appreciates the doubt, the ridicule, the ostracism and the enormous financial risks which were suffered by the early pioneers in medicines. Their faith, determination and pioneering spirit were responsible for developing and bringing to our medicine shelves those well known package medicines which afford economy and convenience, and which are so essential to our everyday lives.

Today we take our family remedies for granted as naturally as we accept the air or sunshine.

Most package medicines were originally prescribed by that beloved individual, the memory of whose self-sacrificing life is most beautiful—the old family physician. Being prescriptions of merit which produced results, they survived. They became much in demand and consequently much prescribed by their originators. Perhaps the demand grew so rapidly that the old doctor found himself unable, with his limited equipment, his modest kit, to fill the need. Often he, sometimes assisted by his kinsmen or friends, prepared to meet the demand by a

quantity production, that the meritorious prescriptions might receive the widespread use which their popularity justified. Then came years of toil, hardships, risks, struggles with life's earnings and life's efforts invested. Eventually the laboratory and the machine entered the picture, and every invention of a modern world was utilized to increase perfection, production and distribution.

Whether an individual package medicine has been on the market for scores of years, or whether it is the more recent product of medical research, a large proportion of package medicines in general are based upon solid scientific knowledge, and deserve the confidence of the public. Proprietary remedies which can ease human suffering, mitigate human distress, or add to human health and physical efficiency, at a price within the reach of the poor man's pocket-book, are indeed worthy adjuncts to American life, as well as American commerce. "They can be safely relied upon," as Lord Bacon expressed it, "to tune the curious harp of man's body."

## CHAPPED HANDS

To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

## MENTHOLATUM

## NOW! EASE A SORE THROAT INSTANTLY

Feel Rawness, Irritation, Go At Once

These Pictures Tell You What To Do



## Remember Only Medicine Helps A Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes.

Results are among the most extraordinary in medical science. On doctors' advice, millions are following this way . . . discarding old-time "washes" and "antiseptics." For it has been found that only medicine can help a sore throat.

Simple To Do. All you do is crush and dissolve three BAYER Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water. Gargle with it twice—as pictured above. If you have any indication of a cold—before gargling take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. This is to combat any signs of cold that have gone into your system. Keep on taking if cold has a "hold." For Genuine Bayer Aspirin will not harm you. Your doctor will tell you, it does not depress the heart. Get a box of 12 or a bottle of 100 at any drug store.

Reduces Infection, Eases Pain Instantly. Gargling with Bayer Aspirin will do three things: Relieve soreness at once. Alleviate inflammation. AND—reduce infection; which is the important thing in fighting a sore throat.

It requires medicine—like BAYER ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists throughout America are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways. Results are quick and amazing.

Be careful, however, that you get real BAYER Aspirin Tablets for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles. Watch this when you buy.



NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

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NIGHT AND MORNING

Fight COLDS 2 ways

AND PUT

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## Clear-up! Cheer-up!

The "blues" never last long in a healthy body. Why feel sluggish, sickly and despondent when a simple internal cleansing makes all the difference in the world in how you feel? Drink Garfield Tea for a week or so. You'll be delighted with the improvement in your good looks, humor and appetite. (At all drug stores.)

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## GARFIELD TEA

A Natural Laxative Drink

## IT IS THE DOLLARS

. . . that circulate among ourselves, in our own community, that in the end build our schools and churches, pave our streets, lay our sidewalks, increase our farm values, attract more people to this section. Buying our merchandise in our local stores means keeping our dollars at home to work for all of us.