

# The Pelham Affair by Louis Tracy

(Continued From Yesterday.)  
 "Is that really Mr. Pridoux, of the 'Yard'?" he inquired.  
 "Undoubtedly," said Pelham.  
 "Well, you never can take the book by the cover. I saw the bishop, the other day, and he was the dead spit of a chap I got two months to for double D. last Monday."  
 "What's double D?" inquired Pelham.  
 "Drunk and disorderly. A fair cough drop this bird was. Nearly tore my tunic off, and chewed my ear, he did." As the car sped west the soldier saw newsboys racing along with the early editions of the evening papers. Early contents bill proclaimed the murder of lady Pelham. Within another hour the death of her slaver would become

known. For good or ill, the affairs of his disgraced family were now public property, yet he was far from realizing how the crime experts on the staff of the news organizations of London would delve and probe into each chink and cranny of the mystery until it would be in all men's mouths. Indeed, his reflections on the matter. By idle chance he knew more about the really sensational elements of the crime than might ever be published and he could not help admiring the thoroughness and efficiency of the criminal investigation department. It was a natural corollary that if he, a mere migrant through this great city, had a share in the hunt after this particular set of criminals, there must be hundreds of other mysteries of politics, finance, and the underworld at large, with whose strange twists and turns the department and its officers were familiar.

It happened that the car stood in the front row of traffic coming out of Cornhill which was held up at the bank, and he watched with admiration the way in which a few constables manipulated six converging lines of vehicles, and ushered them into their desired channel, no matter which of the other five directions was sought. And suddenly the thought gripped him that Mr. Somers was in earnest in offering him a place in the splendid force which not only dealt with London's crime but entered into its daily life in so many beneficent ways. It was a man's job, this safeguarding of so many millions of human beings. Why grow apines in Nova Scotia when one might share in the responsibilities of such capable public servants as Somers and Pridoux? For some time that morning Scotland Yard as a career dwarfed all else in his mind. He was seated in his flat when the telephone rang a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

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**\$1 Started One Today**  
 for the Babies Born Today to

Paul and Alma Nelsen, 39th and Grover, girl.  
 Ralph and Elizabeth Viner, Caspar and Mary Offutt, 145 North 34th, girl.

Courtesy of Strand Theater, Showing "His Children's Children" Your Child Should Have One

State Savings and Loan Association  
 317 S. 17th St. JA 2443

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At the Strand Today announces more new savings accounts for the babies of  
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 Joseph and Sophie Wasikoski, 4218 S. 39th St.  
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 Standard Savings & Loan Association  
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## "His Children's Children"

At the Strand This Week starts more accounts for the babies.  
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 for the Babies of  
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sible doctor. Lunch? She could not eat in a restaurant, but if he awaited her at the Kensington Gate at 12:30 they might sit in the gardens for a while, and one could get a cup of tea in the Park restaurant. She was very anxious to discuss matters with him. Last night's dreadful occurrence had so altered everything.

He did not quite grasp the significance of those concluding words, but sought no explanations.  
 "Have you heard of this morning's developments?" he said.  
 "No. Surely nothing has happened to Sir Arthur?"  
 "He is on his way to London. But the police have caught Carre. He is dead."  
 "Did he fight? Have they killed him?"  
 "No. It was his own act."  
 "Oh, Mr. Pelham, what a surfeit of horrors! I feel as though I can never be happy again!"  
 "Why take that view? These tragic events must have been brewing for years."  
 "Ah, well. I cannot explain over the phone. Look for me at 12:30; Kensington Gate is beyond the Albert Hall, you know. I'll come in the car."

Evidently she was looking forward to this meeting. Yet, he was not quite happy about it now. Some hint of a melancholy not to be dispelled, some hint of inflexible purpose, had crept into her voice. He was disturbed, without knowing why. Were those callous detectives using both the girl and himself as cat's paws? In the jargon of the Stock Exchange, Scotland Yard experienced a heavy slump in his esteem.

A well-appointed car brought Phyllis to Kensington Gate. The chauffeur gave Pelham a sharp look as he stepped forward to open the door. It was not that the man was surprised to find Miss Daunt meeting a stranger. He, like Peters the gardener, detected the prewar likeness between the cousins.  
 Phyllis was dressed in black, but not aggressively so, as she wore white gloves and had some white lace around her neck. She was far too healthy and sun-browned to show outward signs of strain, but her eyes had a pathetically hunted expression, and the smile with which she greeted Pelham was wistful.

"How much time can you spare?" she said, when the hands of the two met for a moment.  
 "I am wholly at your disposal," said Pelham.  
 She turned to Tomlinson.  
 "Captain Pelham and I will be in the park until two o'clock," she said. "Will you pick me up here at that hour?"  
 The chauffeur saluted, and went away at once.  
 "Forgive a woman for changing her mind," she said pleasantly. "That little drive has made me hungry. Shall we go to the open-air restaurant?"

They passed into the gardens, and many appraising glances were turned on them. They made a handsome couple, typically English, well-bred, perfectly poised, with the spring of youth and of fine physique.  
 "You've had a pretty bad time since we parted yesterday," began Pelham.  
 "Yes, I shall never forget last night's experience. I suppose I shall have some unnering hours again."

None of us can escape the sorrowful things of life, but my heart nearly stopped beating when I saw that poor old woman lying sprawled over a table for all the world like a lay-figure in an artist's studio, which has been cast aside with its wooden joints all askew."  
 "Well, retribution has followed swift on the heels of the murderer. He is a far more unlovely object, I assure you. I saw him this morning."  
 "Where?"  
 "In a poverty-stricken East End tenement. He had taken poison, and the police had so much difficulty in forcing the door that they reached him too late to try any remedies."  
 "How did they find him so quickly? It is quite marvelous."  
 "They had a slice of luck," and Pelham related the adventures of Detective Dobson. He suppressed, however, the corroborative details imagined by Furneaux.  
 "How strange," said Phyllis. Then she added irrelevantly: "That maid is a nice girl. I know her. We have come from Hammersmith three times in the same 'bus, so I spoke to her. I hope she will be happy if she marries her policeman."  
 "Dobson will be quite a hero in her eyes now."

"Yes. There is always a woman in the case. In a sense she is responsible for his success."  
 "Well, that is as it should be. I am thinking of joining the London police myself."  
 "You?" At last he had started her into a flash of yesterday's animation.  
 "Why not? I'm out of work, and the chief at Scotland Yard thinks I might do well as a detective."  
 "You don't look a bit like one."  
 "Nor does Pridoux."  
 "But your appearance is against you. You have 'officer-sahib' written all over you."  
 "It's only another couple of syllables to 'police-officer-sahib.' And if it comes to that—well, no."  
 "What were you going to say?"  
 "Something about your appearance as a nurse. But I've seen heaps of pretty nurses."  
 Phyllis did not favour him with even the ghost of a smile. She did not so much as look at him, but kept her eyes fixed on a far distance as though she were seeking someone or something which eluded her vision.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)  
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