The YELLOW STREAK By Valentine Williams

Berley Partish, was millionaire, is found dead in the library of his country place. Harkiters, with his weblver in his hand. Robin Greve, who had left fary Trevers, Partish's flancie, in angur when she dmitted mercenary motives, is suspected of some connection with the apparent mixeds. He finds a systemic blue paper beside Partish's body and adconnection with the apparent smirdle. He finds a projections blue paper beside Parrish's bedy and advances the theory Parrish was murdered. Bruce Wright, a former employé tells Greve of Parrish career in South Africa; of Vintae Marbran, a possible semy; of certain blue letters that Parrish feared, and of a Maxim silencer that disappeared from Parsish's amountain, Beteritive Manderion, who has been teally a Bobin, declares peace and asks help. He reveals that I rokes, Parrish's exerctary, has tried to slace Robin in a bad light before Mary, and that as allowance is still being sent out for Mine, de Malpas, Preuch woman in Parrish's Exerctary, has tried to slace Robin for a bad light probably was slain by sachmallers after he had fired one shot from the fisced automatic. Mary visits Ernest Duikinghorn, eaver of se ret codes, with one of the blue letters. Be soude her to William Schulz's of Rotterdam, that he source of the letters, Elias van der Spyck & Oc., may be hunted, down. Jeekes denies knowledge of any the letters, but later sends a mysterious telegram to be the way to Elias van der Spyck & Oc., when he has way to Elias van der Spyck & Oc. when he astounded to meet Jeekes. Mary receives a borus measure and goes to "William Schulz's country piace," where a sallow-faced man of the name of victor drugs her. Robin sies Jeekes in converse with Victor and steps into the motor car with them. On a longly country road they pish him into the ditch.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT. Battle!

E was furious with himself for the abject way in which he had been fooled. The man Victor had given Jackes his orders in Dutch and had purposely picked the soft spot on the roadside and slowed down the car in order that the unwalcome intruder might be ejected as safely as possible. And to think that Robin had blandly allowed Joekes to open the door and throw him out on the road!

He was round the second bend now. The sun was shining with quite respectable warmth and the steamy air made him desperately hot. The perspiration rolled off his face. But he never slackened his gait. Robin knew these Continental roads and their habit of running straight. He reckoned confidently on presently coming upon a long stretch where he might discern the car.

He was not deceived. After the second bend the chassade, just us he had anticipated, straightened out and ran clear away between an ever narrowing double line of poplars to become a bluish blob on the horizon. But of the our nothing was to be seen.

For the second time Robin pulled up. He sok serious counsel with himself. He estimented that he could see for about three miles sions the road. Less than three minutes had slapsed since his misadventure, and therepre he was confident that the car should yet he in sight unless it had left the road, for it seld not have warmed up to a speeding ing sixty miles an hour in the time. ere was no sign of the car on the road: mently it must have left it. Robin had d ne side roads between the scene of eddent and the second bend; therefere, he argued, he had the car before him till. He would go on.

was at a brisk walking pace. As he went he kept a sharp lookout to right and left of the road for any trace of the car. It never occurred to him that to follow on foot a swift ear bound for an unknown destination was the maddest kind of wild goose chase. He was profoundly uneasy about Mary, but at the same time immeasurably angered by the trick played upon him-suggred not so much against Jeekes as against the sallow-faced man whom he recognized as its inceptor. He had no thought for anything else.

The flat Dutch landscape stretched away on either side of the road. A windmill or two the inevitable trrigation canals with their Bitle shrices, and an occasional tree alone broke the monotony of the scene. But away in the right Robbs noticed a chump of trees which, he summised, might conceivably inclose a house

As he walked he scrutinized the roadway for any track of a car. But on the hard brick pave wheels left no mark. The first side road he came to was likewise paved in brick. In grave perplexity Robin came to a halt.

Then his eye fell upon a puddhe. It hay on the edge of the footpath bordering the chaussée, about five yards beyond the turnhas. The soft mud which skirted it showed punched out pattern of a studded tirel The ear had not taken this side road at any rate. It had probably pulled over on to the footpath to pass the manure cart which Robin had met. He pushed on again

Another hundred yards brought him to a second side road. There was no popul here, but a soft, sendy surface. And it bore elearly imprinted in the mud the fresh make of a our as it had turned off the road.

Breaking into a run, Robin followed the track down the turning. It led him to a black gate, beyond which was a twisting gravel drive fringed with high laurely. And the gravel showed the same tire marks as

He wanted the gate lightly and ran up the drive. He was revolving in his head what his sext move should be. Should be walk boldly into the house and confront Jeckes and his rascally looking companion, or should he first spy out the ground and try and ascertain whether Mary had arrived? He decided on the latter course.

Accordingly, when an unexpected turn of the drive brought him in view of a white perch, he left the avenue and took cover shind the laurel bushes. Walking softly on the wet grave and keeping well down bebind the laurels, he went forward parallel with the drive. It ran into a clean courtyard with a conchinouse or garage on one ate and a small green door, seemingly a side entrance into the house, on the other.

There was no one in the courtyard and the house seemed perfectly quiet. From his post



served that a tall window beside the green nded the view across the court yard. He therefore retraced his steps by the corner of the house he returned to the drive and keeping close to the bushes, walked quietly into the courtyard. There, hugging the wall, he crept round past the doesd doors of the garage until he found himself beside the tall window adjoining the

The window was open a few inches at the top. From within the sound of voices reached him. Jeekes was speeking. Robin recognized his rather grating voice at once. . . . no more violence," he was eay ins: "first Greve and now the girl. I don't like your methods, Victor . . . "

Very cautiously Robin dropped on one knee and shuffled forward in this position until his eyes were on a level with the window sill. He found himself looking into a narrow room, well lighted by a second window at the farther end. It was apparently an office. for there was a high desk running down the center and a large safe cocreted a promisent place against the wall.

Jeekes and the man Victor stood chatting at the desk. The yellow faced man was

"Parrish don't like your methods. I'll be bound," he retorted. "Don't you worry about the little lady, Jeckest Bless your heart, I won't hurt her unless . . ."

The houd throbbing of a car at the from of the house made Robin duck his head hastily. The car, he guessed, might be round at the garage any moment and it would not do for him to be discovered. He got clear of the window, rose to his feet, and thetoed round the house by the way he had come. Then he crossed the drive and sed the shelter of the laurels. Crawltog along until he came leved with the

perch, he peeped through. Mary Trevert was just entering the house

As the girl collapsed the yellow faced man, with an adroit movement, whisked the handkerchief off her face and crammed it into his pocket. Then, while he supported her with one arm, with the other he thrust at the door to close it. Without paying further attention to it he turned and, bending down, lifted the girl without an effort off her fee and carried her across the room to the Chesterfield, upon which he laid her at full length. Then he seized her must which dangled from her neck by a thin platinum chain.

Soddenly he heard the door behind him creak. In a flash he remembered that he had not heard the click of the lock as he had thrust the door to. He was springing erect when a firm hand gripped him by the back of the collar and pulled him away from the couch. He staggered back, striving to regain his balance, but then a savage shove flung him head foremost into the fireplace. He fell with a crash among the fire frons. But he was on his feet again in an instant.

He saw a fall athletic looking young man standing at the couch. He had a remarksuit which was beavily besmeared with white planters, and the trousers were rent across vellow faced man.

Something struck him half-way. The young man had waited composedly for his coming, but as his assailant advanced and shot out his left hand there was a sharp crack and the yellow-faced man, reeling, dropped face downwards on the carpet without a sound. In his fall his foot caught a small table on which a vase of chrysanthe mums stood and the whole thing went over with a loud crash. He made a spasmodic effort to rise, hoisted himself on to his knees, swayed again, and then collapsed full length on the floor, where he my motionless.

The sound of the fall seemed to awake the girl. She stirred uneasily once or twice. "What . . . what he M?" she must dered and was still assis.

Bending down, the young man gathered her up in his arms and bore her out through the door with the blue curtain through a plainty furnished sort of office with high desks and stools and out by a side door toto a paved yard. There an open car was standing. The fresh air seemed to revive the girl further. As the young man hild her on the seat she struggled up into a sitting position and passed her hand across her forhead.

"What is the matter with me?" she said in a damed voice. "I feel so iii!" Then catching sight of the young man

he peered into her face she excisimed:

"Thank God, you're all right, Mary," said Robin. "We've not got a moment to less. We must get away from here quick!" He was at the bonnet cranking up the

car. But the engine, chilled by the cold air. refused to start. As he was straining at the handle a man dashed suddenly into the yard by the office door. It was Jeakes. The little secretary was a

changed man. He still wore his pince-nez. But his mild air had utterly forsaken him. His face was livid, his eyes buiged horribly from his head, and his whole body was trembiting with emotion. In his hand he held an atte pistol. He came so fast that he was at the car and had covered Robin with his weapon before the other had seen him. Mr. Jeekes left Robin no time to act. He

called out in a voke that rang like a pistol "Hands up, Mr. Smartiel Quick, d'you hear? Put 'em up, damn you!" Slowly, definantly, the young man raised

his arms above his head. Mr. Jeekes stood close to the driver's seat." having prudently put the car between himself and Robin. As he stood there, his automatic leveled at the young man, a remarkable thing happened. A black, soft surface suddenly fell over his face and was pulled

back with a brisk tug. Mary Trevert, stand-

ing up in the back seat of the car, had flung

her fur over the secretary's head from be-

hind and caught him in a noose. Before

Mr. Jeekes could disentangle himself Robin

was at his throat and had borne him to the from his hand and fell clattering on the flags. Robin pounced down on it. Then for Itt up his blue eyes.

Brave, Mary?" he said. "That was an ideal New then, Jeekes," he ordered, "crank up that car. And be quick about iti We want to be off

The little secretary was a lamentable sight. He was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, his clothes were covered with dust, and his glasses had been broken in his fall. Peering helplessly about him, he walked to the bonnet of the car and sullenly grasped the handle. The smile had left Robin's face and Mary noticed that he looked several times anxiously at the office door.

And then suddenly the engine bit. Handing the pistol to the girl, Robin warned her to keep the secretary covered and, leaping into the driving seat, turned the car into the avenue which curved round the house.

Mr. Jeekes made no further show of fight. He remained standing in the center of the courtyard, a ludicrous, rather pathetic figure. As the tires of the car gritted on the gravel of the drive, the office door was flung open and the yellow faced man ran out, brandishing a big revolver.

"Stop!" he shouted, and leveled his weapon. The car seemed to leap forward and took a sharp turn on two wheels fust as the man fired. The bullet struck the wall of the house and set up a shower of plaster. Before he could fire again the car was round the house and out of sight. But as the car whizzed round the turn an instant before the yellow faced man fired, the girl heard a sharp cry from Jeekes: "Don't, Victor! . . ."

The rest of the sentence was lost in the roar of the engine as the car raced away down the drive.

They left the avenue in a splutter of wei gravel. The gate still stood open. They wheeled furiously into the side road and regained the chaussée. As yet there was no sign of pursuit. The car rocked dangerously over the broken pavé so Robin, after a glance behind, steadied her down to an easier pace. Mary, who looked very pale and ill, was lying back on the back seat with her eves closed.

They ran easily into Rotterdam, as, with a terrific jangle of tunes played jerkily on the chimes, the clocks were striking two. Robin slowed down as they approached the center

"Where are you staying, Mary?" he asked. He had to repeat the question several times before she gave him an address. Then he found himself in a quandary. He was in a strange town and did not know a word of the language so as to be able to ask the way. However, he solved the difficulty without great trouble. He beckoned to a newspaper boy on the square outside the Bourse and, holding up a two gulden piece, indicated by signs that he desired him as a guide. The boy comprehended readily enough and, springing on the footboard of the car. brought them esfely to the hotel. Robin

left Mary and the car in charge of the boy and went to the office and asked to see the agor. He had decided upon the story be

"Miss Trevert," he mid when the manager, a blonde and suave Swiss, had presented himself, " has been to the dentist and has been rather upset by the gas. Would you get one of the maids to help her up to her room and in the meantime telephone for a doctor. If there is an English doctor in Rotterdam, I should prafer to have him?" The manager clicked in sympathy. He

spatched a lady typist and a chambermaid to help Mary out of the car. "For a doctor," he said, "It ees fortunate.

We 'ave an English doctor staying in se hotel now-a sheep's doctor. He is in al lounge. Ref you come heis?

The "sheep's doctor " proved to be a doctor off one of the big liners, a clean shaven, red faced, hearty sort of person who readily volunteered his services. As Robin was about to follow him into the lift the manager

"Zere was a shentelman call to see Mees Trevert," he said, " two or three time 'e been 'ere . . . a Sherman shentelman, E

leave 'er a note . . . will you take it?" Greatly puzzled, Robin Greve balanced in his hands the letter which the manager produced from a pigeonhole. Then he tore open

"Dear Miss Trevert." he read. "I was extremely sorry to mise you this morning. Directly I received your message I called at your hotel, but, though I have been back twice, I have not found you in. Circumstances have arisen which make it imperative that I should see you as soon as possible. This is most urgent. I will come back at four o'clock, as I cannot get away before. Do not leave the hotel on any pretext until you have seen me and Dulkinghorn's letter as identification. You are in grave danger."

The note was signed "W. Schulz." "H'm," was Robin's comment, "he writes like an Englishman anyway."

He ascertained the number of Mary Trevert's room and went up to her floor in the lift. He waited in the corridor outside the room for the doctor to emerge and lit a cicarette to while away the time. It was not until he had nearly finished his second elgarette that the doctor appeared.

The doctor hesitated on seeing Robin. Then he stepped close up to him. Robin noticed that his red face was more flushed than usual

and his eyes were troubled. What's this cock and bull story about gas you've put up to the manager?" he said bluntly in a low voice. "The girl's been doped with chloroform, as well you know. You'll be good enough to come downstairs

Robin took out his note case and produced

"That's my name." he said. "You'll see "Well?" said the doctor in a noncommittal

voice after he had read the card. "I'm not surprised to hear you say that Miss Trevert has been doped," Robin remarked. "I found her here in a house on the outskirts of Rotterdam in the hands of two men, one of whom is believed to be im plicated in a mysterious case of suspected murder in England. Through the part he played this morning he has probably run his head into the noose. But he'll have it out again if we delay an instant. I told the manager that yarn about the dentist to avoid inquiries and waste of time. I have here a note from some man I don't know, address to Miss Trevert, warning her of a grave danger threatening her. It corroborates to some extent what I have told you. Here-

read it for yourself! " He handed the doctor the note signed "W.

The doctor read it through carefully. "What I would propose to you," said Robin," is that we two should go off at once to this Herr Schulz and find out exactly what he knows. Then we can decide what action there is to be taken. . . He paused for the doctor's reply. The lat-

ter searched Robin's face with a glance. I'm your man," he said shortly, "And by the way, my name's Collingwood-Robert Collingwood."

There's a car downstairs," said Robin, "and a guide to show us the way. Shall we

Five minutes later, under the newsboy's expert guidance, the car drew up in front of the small clean house with the neat green door bearing the name of "Schulz." Leavthe boy to mind the car they rang the bell. The door was opened by the fat woman in the pink drent dress.

Robin gave the woman his card. On it he had written "About Miss Trevert." Speaking in German the woman bade them rather roughly to bide where they were and de parted after closing the front door in their faces. She did not keep them waiting long. Herr Schulz would receive the gentlemen.

Within the house was spotlessly clean with that characteristic German house odor which always seems to be a compound of cleaning material and hot gres. L Up a narrow staircase, furnished in tlain oil-cloth with brass stair rods, they went to a landing on the first floor. Here the woman motions them back and, bending her head in a listening attitude, knocked.

"Herein!" cried a guttural German voice The room into which they entered would have been entitled to a place in any museum for showing the mode of life of the 20th century Germans. With its stuffy red rep curtains, its big green majolica stove, its heavy mahogany furniture, its oleographs of Bis marck, Room and Moltke, it might have been lifted bodily from a bourgeols house in the Fatherland.

A man was sitting at a mahogany rolltop desk as they entered. The air in the room was thick with the fumes of the cheap Dutch clear he was smoking. He was a sturdliy-built fellow with blonds hair shaven so close to the skull that at a distance be seemed to be bald.

At the sound of their entrance he rose and faced them. When he stood erect the sturdiness of his build became accentuated and they saw he was a man of medium height, but so muscular that he looked much shorter. A pair of large tortoise shell spec tacles straddled the big beaklike nose, and he wore a heavyish blonde mustache with its points trained upwards and outward rather after the fashion made famous in the

his ill out suit of cheap looking blue serge which he wore with a pea green tie, Robin thought he looked altogether a typical specimen of the German of the non

"You sak for me?" he said in deep guttural accents, looking at Robin. "I am Herr Schulz! "

The German's manner was cold and formal and Robin feit a little dashed.

"My name is Greve," he began rather hurriedly. "I understand you received a visit today from a young English lady, a Miss Trevert. . . .

The German let his eyes travel slowly from Robin to the doctor and back again. He did not offer them a chair and all three remained

standing. "Ye es and what if I did?"

Robin felt his temper rising.
"You wrote a note to Miss Trevert at her hotel warning her that she was in danger. I want to know why you warned her. What led you to suppose that she was threatened?"

Herr Schulz made a little gesture of the

"Wass I not right to warn her?" "Indeed you were," Robin asserted with conviction. "She was spirited away and

drugged. . . ." The German started. A frowning pucker appeared just above the bridge of his big spectacles and he raised his head quickly.

"Drugged?" he said. "Certainly," said Robin. "This gentleman with me is a doctor. . . Dr. Robert Collingwood of the Red Lion Line. He has examined Miss Trevert and can corroborate my

statement." By Gad!" exclaimed Herr Schulz-and this time his English was faultiess and fuent -"shut that door belind you, Mr. Greve, and shoot the bolt-that's it just below the

knob! Sit down, alt down, and while I mix you a drink, you must tell me about this!" In uttering those words Herr Schuls seemed suddenly to become loose-limbed and easy. His plethoric rigidity of manner vanished and, though he spoke with a brisk air of authority, there was a jovial ring in his voice which instantly inspired confidence. With the change the illusion supported by his appalling clothes was broken and he looked like a man dressed up for charades.

"Are you-English?" asked Robin in astonishment. "Only in this room," was the dry reply, " and don't you or our friend, the doctor here, forget it. You'll both take whisky? Three fingers will do you good, Mr. Greve, for I

see you've had a roughish time this morning. Say when!" He spurted a siphon into three glasses "Before we go any further," he went on, "perhaps I had better identify myself-to save any further misunderstandings, don't you know. Do either of you gentlemen happen to know a party called Dulkinghorn? You may have heard of him, Mr. Greve, for

I can see you have been in the army. . . "Not Ernest Dulkinghorn of the War Of fice?" asked Robin. "The identical party." "I never met him," said Robin. "But I was at the War Office for a bit before I was

demobilized, and I heard fellows speak of him. Counter-espionage, isn't he?"
"That's right," nodded Herr Schulz. "You

can read his letter to me introducing Miss Trevert' He handed a sheet of paper to Robin "Dear Schulz," it ran, "Victor Marbran't push appear to be connected with Hartley Parrish, who has just met his death under read about it in the English papers. Miss Trevert was engaged to H. P. and has a letter from Elias van der Spyck and Comafter his death. I should say that the Marbran-Parrish connection would repay investigation. Yours, E. Dulkinghorn.

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"P. S.-The letter is, of course, in conventional code. P. P. S .- Don't frighten the life out of the Trevert girl, you unsympathetic brute!"

Robin read the letter through to the end. Then Mary Trevert has this letter from Rotterdam which we have been hunting for, he cried. "Have you seen it?"

Herr Schulz shook his head. Miss Trevert called here this morning, he said, "when I was out. She gave her letter to Frau Wirth, my housekeeper, with her card and address. Frau Wirth was cleaning the plate on the front door, and a moment after Miss Trevert had gone a feller appeared and said he was a friend of Miss Trevert, who had made a mistake and left the wrong letter. My housekeeper is well trained and wouldn't give the letter up. But she made the fatal mistake of telling the feller exactly what he wanted to know and that was who addressed to Herr Schulz,' said this excellent woman, 'and if there's any mistake he will find it out when he opens it.' And with that she told him to clear out. Which, having

"What was this chap like?" asked Robin The big man shrugged his shoulders.

got all he wanted, he was glad enough

"I can teach my servants discretion." he replied, whimsically, "but I can't teach 'em to use their eyes. Frau Wirth could remem ber nothing about this feller except that he wasn't tall and wore a brown evercoat. . . Jeekes!" cried Robin, slapping his thigh. "He must have been actually coming away

from your place when I met him. . 'And who," asked the big man, reflectively who is Jeekes?"

In reply Robin told him the story of Hartley Parrish's death, his growing certainty that the millionaire had been murdered, the mysterious letters on slatey-blue paper, and Jeekes' endeavor to burke the investigations by throwing on Robin the suspicion of having driven Parrish to suicide by threats. He told of his chance meeting with Jeekes in Rotterdam that morning, his adventure at the Villa Bergendal, his finding and rescue of Mary Trevert, and their escape.

Herr Schulz listened attentively and without interruption until Robin had reached the end of his story.

There's one thing you haven't explained," he said, "and that's how Miss Trevert came to walk into the hands of these precious

"There, perhaps, I can help you," said the doctor from behind one of Herr Schulb's rank cigars. "I have it from Miss Trevert herself. Some one impersonating you, Mr.-er, ahem Schulz telephoned her this morning after she had left her letter of introduction here. asking her to come out to lunch at your house. She suspected nothing and went off in the car they sent for her.

By George!" said the big man, thought-"I suspected some game of this kind when I heard of the attempt to get at that letter of introduction. If I only could have got hold of Marbran this morning.

Continued Next Sunday. (Copyright 1921 by The Chicago Tribune)