

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

ZENITH OF ADORATION "Did you weigh a ton, I would love every ounce of you!"

THE BARRED SEVEN (Conclusion)

There was only the sound of Hilda's breathing as she sat perched rigidly on a chair. Mirthbone knelt with screw-driver and pliers before the cold air grill. He caught the shiny knob between the tools and carefully drew out the missing miniature sword. Hilda audibly caught her breath. The blade had been hastily wiped, but there was a longish dark smear along the thick edge. The detective unfolded his handkerchief and dropped the tiny weapon on it from the pliers.

"This will be tested for fingerprints," he said, watching Hilda, who sat staring back at him, wide eyed. "But I know pretty well whose marks will be on the handle." I looked at Roger. "He is taking it well," I thought.

The front door opened and George walked in. His suit bagged terribly; he looked exhausted and disheveled. Seeming to sense the importance of the gathering, he barely glanced at Hilda, gave my hand a quick clasp, and sank into the seat beside me, without taking his eyes off Mirthbone, who still stood in the thick dust where the radio had been, holding aloft the tiny sword on his handkerchief.

"I'm glad you got her, Misty," the detective said. "I think you can clear up a few things for me." "Yes, I can tell you almost anything you want to know, now that we've finished the job in Texas," George answered. "We've dismantled a German espionage headquarters with shortwave sending station, and I think we were in time to forestall their getting out any data on weapons from your plant, Roger. We've taken all the men except Oscar, and I don't think he'll bother anybody any more."

"They were a hard bunch to find," George went on. "We knew messages were being sent by radio from southern Texas, but they managed to elude our monitoring system. It's a big, lonesome territory, hard enough to 'case' where one stranger is conspicuous; but when you're being trailed by one of Mirthbone's plain clothes men—" "My men picked up quite a little information down there," the detective said. "They might have helped you, Misty, if you'd cooperated a little."

"We're under strict orders not to work with anybody not trained for our service," George answered, "not even the police."

Mirthbone nodded. "Of course our monitors would have located the station soon," George went on, "but speed was important. When I got the message from the man we had watching Roger's plant that Miss Eilers had been in communication with a German, and had given him an address in the suburbs where he'd find a drawing among papers, and that the house was apt to be empty and unlocked that Thursday night, I took a plane to Chicago, picked up the address—you can imagine the shock when I found it was our home, but I figured Roger had brought it out—I came out here. I hoped either to catch the man—we'd have ways of getting information out of him, or shadow him back to the hideout in Texas. . . . Well, you know how I found him. . . . Somebody'd been through his pockets; a good agent doesn't carry anything important on him anyway. But I found one thing—his Pullman stub, that showed the nearest railway town to his hideout."

"I wanted to phone you at the party, Angela, to save you the shock of finding the body. But I was afraid you'd give things away when the police started in. Too much was at stake. So I just stopped to shave and change clothes."

Mirthbone laughed. "So that's what you've been keeping from me, Mrs. Misty! I knew you'd found some evidence concerning your husband, when you came down, all flustered, to empty ash trays."

I thought again of the suit that I had never examined, except in the dream.

George continued, "When I landed in Texas, I rounded up the rest of my men, and we drove to the town named on the Pullman stub. The electric power company there gave us the location of their only new applicant for electricity, a farm in the middle of nowhere, that had been deserted by the wife right after her husband died—he was a bleeder, they said,—bled to death from a cut finger. The man who applied for electricity claimed to be the man's brother."

"Why it adds up beautifully," Mirthbone exclaimed. "Our corpus delicti here (I think of him now as Oscar) was a bleeder too, so he was the brother who applied for electricity on that farm. Haemophilia runs in families, you know."

Well, I thought, now we knew who Oscar was, and why he left

such a huge crimson spot on my Aubusson, and why his blood was still liquid after so many hours. But we didn't know who killed him, unless it was Roger. I glanced at Hilda, who sat crouched in her chair, pale, and trembling fitfully. It seemed an uncalled for melodramatic by-play to put her through such an ordeal, just to get Roger off his guard. George, I noticed, was eyeing Roger too.

"My plain clothes men, who embarrassed you down in Texas," Mirthbone continued, "got more local history from the natives, about the couple who used to run that farm,—that would be Oscar's brother and his wife. They didn't mingle much, had no children, and spoke with a German accent. But when there's a death, people in such a community will gather around, and are apt to ask questions. Haemophilia is an uncommon ailment, and aroused a lot of curiosity. The woman left pretty hurriedly for a trip to Germany, to visit her husband's people, she told them."

"Now a German who goes back to the old country normally stays with relatives, and doesn't come back with hotel stickers from small German towns on her bag—" "There aren't any!" burst from Hilda, and as we all looked at her she put her hand over her mouth.

"No, there aren't any now, Hilda," Mirthbone answered, "but when you soak one off it leaves a dull spot on the luggage. Your bag has a dull spot just the shape of this!" and he brought out the Waldhaus Villingen label.

It seemed outrageously far-fetched. "I don't see how her traveling around Germany a few years ago proves anything about this murderer," I said.

"It doesn't prove anything, I admit," he answered. "It only indicates an unusual behavior pattern, perhaps a guilty conscience, to travel so far, and yet not spend the time with relatives."

"But that isn't all I find interesting about Hilda. That, nor her mania for dusting in here, yet neglecting the living room. . . . Last night I visited her in the basement while she washed. The ink stained clothes were soaking in one tub, the water already pretty green. I recognized the percale sheets from Roger's bed. Mrs. Misty's bed clothes weren't in the tub, because they came down the chute while Hilda and I were chatting. But I saw soaking in the tub with the ink stained articles a white cotton garment—big gathered sleeves, and embroidered ruffles around the neck—somehow I knew it didn't belong to either Mrs. Jason or Mrs. Misty; in fact there was only one person I could picture wearing it. Now a good wash woman wouldn't put it in with her ink stained sheets unless it had ink on it too!"

I thought of that pause between the footsteps and the slammed door! "But Roger—" Gertrude began. "Yes, Roger had ink on the back of his hands, and on the top of his sheets and spread. Easy to put it on him while he slept. And can you imagine a man who has just tried to strangle a woman calling attention to himself by slamming his door?" "And you let Hilda stay here?" George said accusingly.

"I thought it best, Mr. Misty," the detective answered. "I didn't have a full case worked out, and I had no evidence I could produce in court, such as this weapon, with its fingerprints. But I did watch her and guarded Mrs. Misty, day and night."

"You see," he went on, "I knew the knife with the double edged wasn't the murder weapon, and when the medic confirmed my suspicion that Oscar was a haemophiliac, I couldn't help wondering what a bleeder would be doing with such a knife on him. Every bleeder knows his danger, or he wouldn't be alive. The knife is an old one, and a German make. But when I learned that one of the brothers did die of a cut finger, a few years ago, on a lonely farm in Texas, I presumed that somebody sharpened the dull side of the blade for him; and when Oscar found it, he knew what had happened. . . . Come, Hilda, you might as well tell us!"

Her face was an unlovely sight, cheeks puckered and wet, and her lips drawn back from her teeth, crying silently.

"All the time I have had luck," she moaned between sniffs. "First, I hide that knife so good, after Herman cut himself; I knew a place upstairs where was a loose baseboard, and I put it behind, and heard it drop inside the wall. I don't see how Oscar could find it!"

"They must have opened that wall when they did the wiring for the radio apparatus," George explained.

"Whatever made you sharpen the back of your husband's knife that way, Hilda?" I asked.

Hilda stopped crying. "He was terrible to live with. I did all the work; he was afraid he'd hurt himself. Then he'd sit around and read books about farming, and tell me how. Always telling me how I should do things, as though I didn't know. Then when I'd answer him back, he'd sit and whittle with that old knife. Well, I was doing the work anyway, and I could get along without him. I didn't kill him. I just fixed it so he'd cut himself, and then I hid the knife. . . .

"I was going to stay there and

Bridge-Luncheon for Wives' Club at USO

On Friday, Sept. 15, the Wives Club will meet at the Highland Park USO for luncheon and bridge. All new comers are invited to come.

Friday evening, the Kenilworth G.S.O. will sponsor a special dancing party. The 344th Army band will play, and Miss Dorothy Linden will sing a few selections during intermission. Refreshments will be served at 9:30.

Sunday, Sept. 17, the Service Mothers club will serve a special breakfast for the Java club at 10 a.m. During the day, golf and horseback riding are available. From 6 to 8 the Service Mothers under the leadership of Mrs. Florence Schmidt will serve a buffet supper. At 6:30 there will be a sing-song. At 7 a full-length feature movie will be shown, and at 9 the 344th Army band will play for dancing.

On Tuesday, Sept. 19, the Jewish Welfare board will sponsor a dancing party at the USO. The 740th M. P. band will play for dancing and at 9 there will be a variety show. At 9:30 the J.W.B. will serve refreshments.

Woman's Symphony Begins Season Oct. 6

Friday, Oct. 6, will be the opening date for the Woman's Symphony orchestra season, under the direction of Jerzy Bojanowski, the new conductor, at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, according to the announcement of Mrs. Jack B. Spachner, Oakmont, president of the organization.

Thomas L. Thomas, baritone, will highlight the performance, and "Harnasie" ballet suite by Szymanowski, will be played.

Jennie Tourel of the Metropolitan opera company, will grace the second program, to be given on Monday, Nov. 3, and the 3rd concert, slated for Monday, Dec. 11, will feature Gilette and Micardi, duo pianists. These concerts will also be given in Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

LIBRARY WILL MAKE SUMMER READING AWARDS

Awards for summer reading will be made at the public library Saturday, Sept. 16, at 1:30 a.m. The guest speaker will be Mrs. A. R. Boetsch.

farm, but when people found out he was dead, they all came to see me, made a big funeral, and asked questions, always more questions. Then one woman said I wouldn't feel so bad if I took a trip and visited his folks, and they all helped me get ready. . . . Like you said, Mr. Mirthbone, I didn't want to go to my folks, or his, thinking about the way he died. So I staid a while at the Waldhaus until I started to worry about money. Then I came to Chicago and got work. . . .

"And you were here, Thursday night, when Oscar came?" Mirthbone prompted.

"I heard the door open," she went on. "When I heard that hall light click, I knew it wasn't Mrs. Misty or the doctor, so I came down. When I saw Oscar, I nearly died! I thought I was seeing Herman (that's my husband) again. Oscar was scared, too. He said, 'I've got to get something out of the library here.' I said, 'You can't.' He said, 'You try to tell me what I can or can't do, after what I know about you?' And he showed me the knife."

"Well, I thought he would make trouble about the way Herman died. So when he was hunting around and had his back turned, I grabbed that Schwert and—hit him with it. He walked just a little and fell down. I wanted to go away quick, but I was afraid he might have something in his pockets that would get me in bad. . . . I had to turn him over to get in his pockets, so I pulled out—that thing—and I thought where I put it it would go down the wall like the oother time. . . ." Her voice trailed off and she started to cry again.

"Mr. Craig, would you mind calling Reddigan to bring the—er car?" Mirthbone said, without taking his eyes off Hilda.

Roger heaved his bulk sadly from the wing chair.

"You sure it won't exhaust you?" Gertrude called after him.

"What we didn't find," Mirthbone said, almost to himself, "was Oscar's billfold. Surely he carried one."

"I saved it—it was such good leather," Hilda volunteered. "Want me to get it for you?" She brightened and started up.

"No, you don't," Mirthbone showed her back, into the chair.

She started to sniffle again, and it was a relief when Reddigan came with Hurley and Keller to take her out. It was a scene I didn't want to watch. Mirthbone stayed behind, too.

"You don't mind my taking this miniature sword, do you?" he asked. "You'll never use it again for a letter opener, I don't imagine."

"Why, take it, of course. You need it for fingerprints, don't you?"

He laughed. "That handle probably has everybody's prints smudged on it. It got me the confession; that's what I needed. But this," and he fondled the curved blade, "is for a collection I'm making."

(THE END)

—I.B.

Dr. E. C. Reichert Will Speak at Elm Place PTA

The opening meeting of the Elm Place P.T.A., Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 20, at 3 o'clock, will afford parents the opportunity to get acquainted with the new superintendent, Dr. E. S. Reichert, who will address the meeting.

Dr. Reichert's talk will be preceded by a Community Sing, held in Miss Sproul's room, and following his talk, a short skit, "Women in Revue," will be given.

Tea will be served in the teachers' conference room. Mothers with small children are urged to bring them along if necessary. They will be cared for in the lunch room, a P.T.A. service for parents.

Crompton-Fossberg Nuptials on Saturday

Miss Patricia Crompton became the bride of Flight Officer Theodore B. Fossberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fossberg of Wilmette, Saturday, at a small informal wedding which took place in Trinity Episcopal church.

Miss Lucille Hutchins of Glencoe was the bride's only attendant, and John Ogelby, of Elkhardt, Ill., a cousin, served the groom. A wedding at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Yoeman Crompton, 186 Elmwood, followed the ceremony.

Mrs. Fossberg received her education in England, and F. P. Fossberg was awarded his wings on Sept. 2 at Victorville, Calif.

Pastor Leaves For New Field

Rev. F. S. Robinson, pastor of the First United Evangelical church, having completed seven successful years and enjoyable years in this community, will leave soon to take up a new pastorate in Youngstown, Ohio. He will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday morning.

His pulpit will be filled by Rev. R. S. Wilson, who was, until recently pastor at Dixon, Ill.

A luncheon honoring Rev. Robinson was given at the Open House tea room on Tuesday by his fellow pastors of Highland Park.

POLIO PATIENTS ARE DOING WELL

The three polio patients in this town are all said to be doing well. Young John Peters, 61 Windsor, is entering school part time, this semester. Miss Delora Scheemaeker, 1900 S. Sheridan, still in the Evans-ton hospital, is said to be improving, and Richard Flinn, 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Flinn, the latest case, is being cared for in his home at 417 Oakwood.

Local Talent Represented In N. S. Art Club Exhibit

Mrs. Hortense Steiner, 900 W. 10th St., is among the members of the North Shore Art league whose work is now on exhibit in the Galleries of the Club Woman's bureau at Mandel Brothers. Mrs. Steiner is showing both an oil and a watercolor study. Her oil is a flower arrangement called "Lilacs" but it is a beautiful composition of fruit and flowers done in deep rich tones. Her still life in water color is also an arrangement of flowers and fruit.

Sadie Whitworth, 2387 Deere Park Dr., is another well-known member of the group who has two oil studies in the current exhibit. One is a delightful bunch of brilliantly colored asters in a vase. The other picture, "Willows," is a landscape study which throws the willows into prominence in a very pleasing soft manner.

Mrs. E. Moore, 828 S. St. Johns, has two water colors on exhibition. One is a landscape sketch which has a penetrating effect with a good running through the deep green woods. The other is a still life study delightfully done. It is a study of fruit and cactus harmoniously arranged. This sketch is also done in deep greens.

Membership in the League is open to all patrons of art living on the North Shore from Evanston to Lake Forest. The offices and studio of the North Shore Art league are in the Community House at Winnetka. The league has thrown its membership open to the men in the service on the North Shore. Two men who have taken advantage of this opportunity are Captain C. E. Côté and Lt. A. Raymond Davis who are exhibiting with the group this year. The exhibit will be on view at Mandel Brothers in the galleries of the Club Woman's bureau through September.

Announce Engagement Of Phyllis Randall

The engagement of Miss Phyllis Randall to Wendell Haner, of Hillsdale, Mich., has been announced by her parents, Maj. and Mrs. Philip M. Randall, 261 No. Linden.

Miss Randall, a graduate of National College of Education, at Evanston, has been a teacher in the elementary schools at St. Joseph, Mich., where her fiance is employed as head of the high school mathematics department.

PLEGGED TO SIGMA CHI

Richard McDaniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lyle McDaniel, 265 Prospect Ave., has been pledged to Sigma Chi fraternity at DePauw university. A freshman at DePauw, Richard is in an apprentice seaman in the V-12 unit.

Week's Births at Local Hospital

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis C. Eiker, 321 Bloom, a girl, Sept. 7.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McGaw, 914 Sunnyside, a girl, Sept. 7.  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kurz, 2419 Berkeley, a boy and a girl, Sept. 7.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Shadick, 232 Railway, Highwood, a girl, Sept. 8.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Castellari, 8 Webster, Highwood, a girl, Sept. 8.  
Mrs. and Mrs. John M. Derby, 932 Waukegan, Deerfield, a girl, Sept. 9.  
Sgt. and Mrs. Wm. Jordan, 308 Highwood, Highwood, a boy, Sept. 10.  
Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Lenzi, 231 Jeffreys, Highwood, a girl, Sept. 10.  
Mr. and Mrs. August Hirschner, 132 S. First, a girl, Sept. 11.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Kelley, 1305 Summerset, Deerfield, a boy, Sept. 12.

Nazi's Lament

Among the brass hat trophies yielded up by the fall of Cherbourg was Admiral Hennecke, who remarked, wearily he had for two years been a prisoner of the British in the last war. Now he's a prisoner of Americans, and he wonders into what captive cage he will wander next. The admiral seems to have made a career of it. And to judge from his wry comment, it's getting a bit monotonous and inconvenient. But others of his braid-brothers are in the same scuttled boat. When will these Junker boys realize that they are doomed to death or prison just as long as they persist with their historic mania for supermaning

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT RADIO BROADCASTS DIRECT FROM GOVERNOR'S EXECUTIVE MANSION. Open Round Table Discussions of Public Plans and Problems Between Representative Groups of People and Governor Dwight H. Green. Station WGN (Chicago) 7:30-8:00 O'Clock & over 15 Downstate Stations

FELL'S Announce the Opening of a Specialized SHOP FOR CHILDREN at 509 Central Avenue One door east of the Mens and Womens Store This shop will specialize in infant needs and childrens wearing apparel. Mrs. W. G. Edwards who has had much experience in childrens wear will be in charge. Store hours: Monday thru Friday 9:00 to 6:00 Saturday 9:00 to 9:00 FELL'S STORES For MEN, WOMEN, And CHILDREN Highland Park Winnetka Glencoe