



# COUNTY CLUB

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

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### Principal Characters

**ARTHUR DOLLIMORE:** A very modern product of the Metropolitan Police Force.

**SUPERINTENDENT DUROS:** An older and more experienced member of the Police Force.

**MRS. LEWIN:** The wealthy widow of a South African mafnate.

**MARY STENNING:** Her secretary and companion.

**SILAS ROLLITER:** A solicitor, whose knowledge of the law enables him to ignore it . . . for a time.

**MONTY FERNANDEZ:** Who manages the Mossford County Club—suave and cosmopolitan.

### Has Sadie a Husband?

It was Dollimore's turn to grin; but he said nothing as he rose from the table.

"Have a cigar," Blaunberg suggested when they were alone. "I saw that you were on that case at the County Club. And that you managed to have a good time there."

"Yes, I've come to you in connexion with it."

"I didn't kill her," Blaunberg said, solemnly.

"You're sure? I expected to have to ask you to pack two of everything in your little bag and toddle along with me."

"No. We keep well on the safe side of the law, my boy. I can't vouch for my patrons. Some of them may be a little careless at times; but we are very careful. It is the basis of the business."

"Did you recognize any of the names which came out in the Mossford case?" Dollimore asked as he blew out a series of perfect smoke rings.

"Yes. Your own Dolly. I was quite thrilled to see how nicely you were getting on."

"No kidding, Monty. I'm dead keen on getting away with the case. It was a particularly brutal murder. You don't stand for that kind of thing, I know."

"I do not," said Monty Blaunberg, in a very different tone.

"It struck me that they were the class of crook who might use a place like this until you rumbled them," Dollimore said casually.

"I had your chief in here the other evening," Blaunberg said quietly, after a momentary silence. "I happen to know him quite well."

"He's got in above the ears, Monty?"

"He has, indeed. I thought of mentioning that I knew you but decided that it might not be wise."

Dollimore nodded. "Was it in connexion with Flash Cardew he came?"

"It was."

"And could you help him?"

"In a way. Cardew had been in here the evening before, as it happened. I'd told him quietly to keep away. He's the least bit too well known for us—broadminded as we are."

Again Dollimore nodded. "You've no idea where I might run into him? I should very much like a chat with Mr. Cardew."

"Yes. The Mossford County Club—as I told the Chief," Blaunberg said, with a smile.

"That was evidently why I was sent down there. He's not there now."

"I don't suppose he will be there for a while. You've made it too hot for him."

"What about his friend Rolliter?" Dollimore watched his old acquaintance closely as he asked the question.

Blaunberg held his visitor's glance for a moment or so in silence before he asked: "What do you know about him?"

"Hardly anything. But I want to—I'm exceedingly anxious to."

"Mr. Rolliter could tell you. You know what Fernandez is?"

"No."

"A blackmailer. The club was started for that purpose. An indiscreet week-end there has cost certain individuals far more than the prices stated in that artistic little booklet they send out."

"And Sadie Pachmann?"

"No. Not in that name, anyway."

"It's the name on her passport."

"What is she like?"

Dollimore told him. "She has, he went on 'An interest in that club. She isn't merely a dance-hostess there. She's one of them."

"So!" said Blaunberg and Dollimore waited.

"There's not much doubt about it," Monty Blaunberg said at length. "Her name, I believe, used to be Pachmann, but now it's Cardew—that is, if they are actually married and from what I can gather they are."

"That's interesting," said Dollimore. "It links things up."

"A pretty little plot!—the Chiefs words came back to him."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Monty," he said. "You have helped me a great deal. If you phone me—and if any of these birds blow in, please do so at once—you know my private number?"

"In Westminster?"

"Yes."

"Sure I will. This place of mine is doing very well, and we don't want dangerous people here at all. But if you cut 'em out altogether you might as well close down. And, after all, business is business."

Dollimore nodded. Blaunberg accompanied him to the entrance. "Look me up again, Dolly," he said. "It means a lot to talk to one from the old days. I sometimes feel very lonely here."

"I will. But I'm not altogether my own master."

He felt the need of exercise and walked up Cornhill and through the deserted city. At Ludgate Circus he turned to the Embarkment and walked the length of it to Westminster. His mind was at work the whole time.

**Mr. Glinsh Reappears**

A jig-saw puzzle, Ducros called it, but the pieces did fit.

And, curiously enough, the result of his thinking left him feeling very sorry for that bad hat—the son in Paris. He stood about as much chance in the hands of the bunch of crooks Dollimore had just been discussing with Blaunberg as the proverbial wax cat chasing an asbestos mouse in Hades. He might, nominally and legally, get the money, but he wouldn't keep it very long.

Although it was getting late the House of Commons was still in sessions, he noticed. He was tired, and turned into the little square where his flat was situated, with relief. Instinctively he glanced up at the window as he turned the corner and, to his surprise, saw that the light in his own sitting room was on.

He was so surprised that he pulled up and stood contemplating the light from the silent square.

As he opened the door, Mrs. Ralley, the woman who looked after the three flats the house contained, came from her room in the basement.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you, sir," she said. "I hope I did right. His name is Glinsh."

"Quite right, Mrs. Ralley," Dollimore said and went up the stairs three at a time.

Ronny Glinsh had made himself comfortable and was sitting reading in Dollimore's armchair when he opened the door.

"Oh, hallo, Dolly!" he greeted him. "Hallo! What's brought you up?"

"I turned my job in to-day and walking out on them. And there's something I want to tell you."

"Go ahead! Have a drink. I'll pour it out while you're talking."

"Thanks. I was in the dance-room when Rolliter and Fernandez and the Pachmann woman returned from the inquest, feeling, as you can imagine, jolly well fed up. I had been in charge of the whole place all the afternoon and when the bunch returned they went at once to Fernandez's office. The whole thing was unmistakable; they're acting together."

"The office opens on to a small terrace and I strolled round there. I'm not in the habit of eavesdropping but this evening what I did, I did deliberately. Fernandez and Rolliter were both angry and their voices came out on to the terrace through a window which was slightly open. Fernandez has got something belonging to Mrs. Lewin which Rolliter wants. At least Rolliter is certain that he's got it. Fernandez denies it. Sadie Pachmann was doing her best to pacify the two men. I heard her say quite clearly: 'The will was in her jewel case. It's a will apparently that is missing. Rolliter thinks Fernandez has it and judging from his vehement denials I should think that he has.'

Dollimore nodded. "That's another piece filled into the jig-saw," he said. "I'm very much obliged to you, Ronny."

"I slipped away and they didn't know that I had overheard. I felt somehow that the whole matter was important. Mrs. Lewin's name was not mentioned, but references to the old woman were apparently to her. I had enough and went upstairs and packed my bags and just sheered off. I'd got a calamitous two-seater there—I paid ten quid for it—and went out by the side door and came back to town."

"Fernandez will probably report your disappearance to the police," Dollimore said with a smile. "He has a sense of humour, that gentleman!"

"I suppose I should have reported my intention to them? But there was only one bobby there and he seemed half asleep."

"Ducros will be back there in the morning. Where are you staying?"

"With my brother in Charing Court. Unlike me, he's a very prosperous person."

"Was Miss Stenning there?"

"I didn't see her after she came in with you. You disappeared pretty quickly, too. You've got some wonderful publicity in the paper to-night, I see."

"Rather—confound them!"

"Well, I'll toddle along, Dolly. I've got a part in the new play at the Coronet Theatre, by the way—my brother fixed it for me. Rehearsals start on Monday so I shouldn't have been there much longer in any case."

The following morning Dollimore called at Rolliter's office in Gower Street. Solicitors' establishments have an unenviable reputation of being stuffy and uncomfortable, but Rolliter's ideas, in many respects, were not in harmony with the traditions of his profession. The office itself was a flat in a very modern and efficient building. It was one of those spotlessly clean chromium-plated places one associates with share-pushers and people who wish to create an atmosphere of unjustified confidence rather than with an ordinary professional man. In accordance with the regulations of his department, Dollimore was accompanied by a fellow official—Detective Sergeant Murrayfield. The window marked "Enquiries" was opened by a peroxide blonde who would have been more at home in the atmosphere of a saloon bar than in a solicitor's office. Her fingernails were vermilion, her attitude confident to the point of boldness.

"Good morning. I want to see Mr. Rolliter."

"Then I'm afraid you will be disappointed," the blonde said with a smile as she looked Dollimore up and down. "Hes not in. What name?"

"Dollimore."

"Dolly More?" she repeated in surprise.

"No. Inspector Dollimore, of Scotland Yard," Dollimore said sharply. He disliked all peroxide blondes and this one more than most.

"He's not in, anyway. He's down in the country on the case in the paper. Oh! I remember. You're in the case, too."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I can't say. Is there anything I can do? I'm his confidential secretary."

"I'm afraid there isn't. He's still at the Mossford County Club you say?"

"I didn't," she said sharply, for it was obvious that the Inspector was not impressed by her. "All I know is that he went down there yesterday—to the inquest—and has not yet returned."

"Please tell him that I called and ask him to let me know when he returns."

"What's your number?"

"Whitehall 1212," said Dollimore. "Quite!" said the peroxide blonde, and closed the window that was marked "Enquiries."

(To be Continued)  
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## Blue Monday, Truck Drivers, Indians and Other Real Savages

### Dated Doughnuts, Germans, Emergency and Other Things.

Writing in his breezy column in The Toronto Telegram this week, Thomas Richard Henry touches on many subjects, including the following:—

#### Creaking Axles

Our ammunition is always a little low on Monday morning—as a matter of fact we personally are usually a little low on Monday morning. Daily work is fine about the middle of the week when you get warmed up to it but we always find the Monday morning start a little creaky.

Maybe it is the pioneer in us. You remember how those wheels on the old lumber wagons used to creak at the start of a frosty morning.

Or don't you?

If you don't you can stand outside our garage any frosty morning and listen to us starting up our "Dented Fender W73."

That will give you a fair idea. Both the emergency and the foot brake were frozen slightly this morning.

That is a fine thing just when we are starting to hope for spring.

#### Blue Monday

Just to cheer us up we turned to the news hoping that the navy had been able to catch up with a German battleship.

We hadn't bagged a single measly submarine.

Then just to polish the morning off, we receive a book entitled "Your Income Tax."

Somebody would be sure to bring that up.

And so with a splash like a lieutenant-colonel trying to do a jack-knife dive, we launch ourselves into our column. We begin with a protest.

Why does everybody refer to that chap who is stirring up trouble around the Khyber Pass as the "Fakir of Ipi" when down at Ottawa they call politicians "the gentlemen from so-and-so."

We want to hold out for the "Gentleman from the Khyber Pass"—or the "Fakir from so-and-so," just to keep things uniform.

#### Truck Drivers

Maybe we have been wrong about truck drivers.

We have always given them credit for having the courtesy of a Prussian officer, the gentleness of a rugby player, and the vocabulary of a Billingsgate fish porter.

We have a letter before us that hardly bears this out.

We all know that if there is a time when it is hard for one man, to forgive another it is when the other man has just killed his dog.

A gentle maiden aunt would immediately seem to sprout horns and a tail of a man whose dog she had killed.

It seems that a Telegram truck ran over and killed a man's dog.

The man wrote in, complimenting the truck driver, in spite of feeling badly about the dog.

"If there were more truck drivers like this one, people would not feel so bitter about the death of their pets," he writes.

"The driver came back three times to say how sorry he was that the accident happened."

That attitude probably helps a lot more if the driver had enquired: "Why the something-or-other don't you keep your this-and-that dog off the road?"

Maybe we were wrong about truck drivers.

#### Indian Civilization

Down in the States four Indian tribes have foresworn the use of the swastika, because of its association with Nazi aggression.

We sometimes forget that civilization has progressed so far with the red man.

He now has little in common with the "savages" of the past.

So far from having sympathy with his ancestors who lifted scalps and practiced barbarism in many ways the modern red man appears anxious to sever connection with savagery and barbarism even in the emblems that stand for it.

The tribes held a ceremony and burned a blanket, and a basket bearing a swastika in decorative design.

Maybe they should have thrown a hammer and sickle in the bonfire, too.

#### Dated

Merchandising experts in the United States say that housewives are asking for dated doughnuts.

Maybe it is just the antique collectors.

#### The German

A. M. writes: "I can fully subscribe to what 'Electrician' said on Friday in The Telegram. Get one German in a bunch of a dozen whites and everything is O.K. But reverse the position and you soon learn the 'German frightfulness' was a world word long before Hitler was born."

"I have a literal translation of the closing paragraph of a recent German book, which reads: "And when the German Nordic man has set his foot upon the last strip of conquered land he will take up the crown of the world, and lay it at God's feet, that he may be crowned by the Almighty."

#### Emergency

The Annalist says that the Administration down in the United States needs a new emergency.

Maybe Finland would let the Administration have its emergency if it really needs one in U.S.A.

Possibly the old-fashioned democrats will tell us, however, that Finland is only threatened by the Soviets, while the United States is almost sure to be taken by either the New Dealers or the Republicans at the next election.

## TEA GROWERS DONATE MOBILE CANTEENS TO CANADIANS



The surroundings may not have the atmosphere of an English drawing-room but the custom is the same. General McNaughton, with Captain Otter of the Y.M.C.A. and Sir Alfred Pickford, representing Empire tea growers, turns aside from military matters to enjoy a good cup of tea. The group takes refreshment at one of the three mobile canteens presented by the Empire tea growers for service with the Canadian Expeditionary Force at its training camp in England.

### Finis

And that is that for to-day, thank goodness. As we mentioned before, the column creaked worse than old Dented-Fenders as they both got underway to-day—and that is something. But they each got to the end of their journeys—some way.

## To Guard Canadian Army Against Tuberculosis

(By J. M. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.)

According to McLean's magazine, more than 3,000 of the Canadians who enlisted in the Great War died of tuberculosis. Ten per cent of them saw service in Canada only. More than 4,000 veterans are still on pension for tuberculosis laid to war service. If the 3,000 who died from tuberculosis were treated for an average of two years at a cost of three dollars per day the approximate total cost of this group alone, not counting pensions to dependents, would be sixty and one-half million dollars.

More than 4,500 men are receiving pensions for tuberculosis. Many of these are totally disabled and on full allowance. If the average pension is \$75.00 per month, the annual cost has been \$4,050,000. The cost in the twenty years since the end of the war would amount to \$81,000,000. Since some of the disabled men were in institutions for a part of the time the cost of tuberculosis in the Canadian Expeditionary Force has probably reached \$100,000,000. The Canadian Tuberculosis Association is correct in asserting that a great deal of the disease could have been detected at enlistment by the use of proper methods. It is only by an x-ray examination that early signs of tuberculosis can be revealed.

The Royal Army Medical Corps, which is responsible for the health of the Canadian soldier, has been ordered to have x-ray plate of every recruit as well as special tests for diabetes, kidney diseases and ear defects. It is said that in the x-ray examinations already completed, less than 1 per cent of the men have shown signs of tuberculosis. The value of these examinations is not entirely to the enlisted men who exhibit signs of tuberculosis. The sifting out of infected men will prevent their spreading the disease to their associates. It is a valuable piece of prevention.

Port Arthur News-Chronicle:—The fighting top of the Graf Spee remains above the waters and Montevideo gets a tourist attraction that puts her in debt to Germany.

## Confident that the War Services Fund Will be Big Success

### National Campaign Chairman Gives Opinion on Campaign.

Ottawa, Feb. 28.—Complete expectation that this week the \$500,000 objective of the Canadian Legion War Services will be sent "well over the top" was expressed here by Brigadier-General Alex Ross, national campaign chairman of the Legion's wartime organization.

General Ross said that the appeal which officially started February 12, very properly paused due to the untimely death of the Legion's Grand President, His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, who "staunchly and with great enthusiasm supported the Legion in all its efforts and who was loved by every ex-service man in the land."

The death of His Excellency was a severe blow to the Legion, General Ross stated, and in his passing the organization lost one of its best and most active friends. One of his last official acts was to endorse the Legion's appeal by publicly urging the support of the Canadian people.

"We paused to pay our tributes to his memory," General Ross said, "even though we knew that he would have wanted nothing to interfere with our war effort."

General Ross expressed the Legion's gratitude for the generous response al-

ready made by the public. This response, he said, was indicative of the nation's appreciation of the Legion's important work on behalf of the Canadian armed forces at home and overseas and "augurs well for the success of the campaign."

Yorkshire (Eng.) Post:—A Yorkshire business man who visits Finland frequently, says the Finns, besides being brave and likeable, are the straightest in business in all Europe.

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